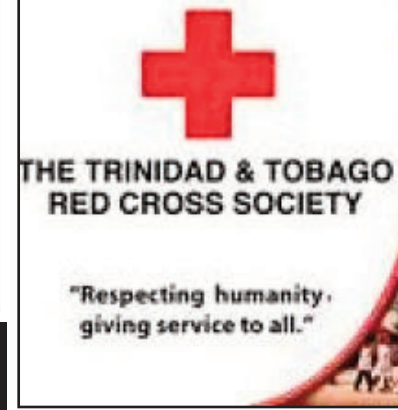


my trinidad



Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow. September 2024. Issue #09, Volume #15



Inside:
The Struggle Syndrome
Good Professor, Bad Professor

The Five Trini Brothers
The Unbreakable Spirit of T&T

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my
trinidad

My Trinidad Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow is a monthly digital magazine capturing the essence of Trinidad, the most southerly of the Caribbean islands. It offers a nostalgic look at the island that was, and casts a skillful eye on the island that is, in an attempt to enlighten readers to the island's potential.

Its editorial vision is based on the old English philosophy that you can't really know where you are going unless you know where you've been.

In an effort to fulfil that vision our cast is made up of Trinidadian nationals at home and in the Diaspora who represent some of the most thoughtful minds of the day. In terms of infamy as opposed to celebrity, they are as follows:

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Any income generated from this magazine will go directly towards a children's charity to be established.

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The views of readers will be welcomed, and when possible, published. We reserve the right, of course, to edit same. All opinions offered in this magazine are not necessarily those of the publisher and editor.

Cover Photo: "Dawn" by Marrison Richards, courtesy the T&T Ministry of Tourism, Arts & Culture.

Happy Republic Day

What's inside! You are given a glimpse of the politricks, amid witty and humorous episodes of the habits of chameleons back



Margaret Syne

Publisher's Note

in 76. Back then, they really needed the renaissance of mindfulness. It compares to the unfair marking by some professors at university level, as we delve into the struggle of equality. You can look to the past in Trinidad that continues to intrigue, sadly with unsolved murders. There are stories about in-laws and the unfair treatment of married daughters. Read about the five Trini brothers and how they tamed a dragon. Lighten the mood by enjoying beach treats while on the way to see the last of the leatherbacks for the season.

Fyzabad with its duplicity is clear, but where is

Babylon? Read to find out!

For your cooking skills, a simple side recipe for Chinese/Cantonese noodles and vegetables.

Once again, awesome photos display just another day in SW Trinidad. For your information, a short synopsis of Christopher Columbus and the part he played in our island history and his coming to the new world. Locally, there has been a lot of speculation on this ancient mariner: Both good and bad.

The Rainy season is still here. We are in the Petit Careme (small lent) or short dry period in September, but with flash flooding in Port of Spain and everywhere possible. Please be careful and don't drive through deep waters.

Trinidad and Tobago became a Republic on August 1st 1976. However, it is celebrated as a holiday on September 24th, which was the first sitting of the New Republican Parliament.

Happy Republic Day



From Independence Day on August 31 to Republic Day on September 24, national pride abounds in Trinidad and Tobago, as illustrated above by a group known as the Kaisoca Moko Jumbies. Celebrations include parades, fireworks in some municipalities and other festive events. Trinidad and Tobago became a Republic on September 24 1976, officially replacing the British Monarch as the Head of State with a Governor General.

The "Struggle Syndrome"

Good Professor, Bad Professor

Once-upon-a-time somebody asked me the question: "Why did the boy throw the clock out of the window?" The answer came quickly: "Because he wanted to see time fly." Well, it's almost 20 years since I graduated from Kansas State University (K-State) with both a Masters and a Doctorate in Geography. Time flew! A professor once asked me why I decided to study the discipline of geography. I replied that geography completed the circle. It seemed to me that geography is in itself a proponent of the "gravity model." It pulls in everything...almost every discipline is found under its wings. The mag-



Johnny Coomansingh

pie of the Arts and Sciences. Nevertheless, I cannot say that my sojourn in the study of geography at K-State was totally enjoyable. At K-State, there are good professors and there are bad professors. Trust me, I taught high school for eight years of my life and I know that good teachers must savor the position of going the extra mile to create successful students. I was just 18 years old when I started as a high school teacher. In high school teaching, I prepared students for Cambridge University, General Certificate of Education (O'level) in Mathematics (algebra, arithmetic, and geometry), Human and Social Biology, Regional Geography and Scripture. My students had really good success.

In retrospect, there were incidents and events that "rattled" me a bit at K-State. Lack of respect for me as a PhD student saw me transfer out of the College of Human Ecology to the College of Arts and Sciences. A really good professor assisted me in finding a place in the Department of Geography. I did not mind the ruffling of my feathers but why were some of my geography professors bent on fostering the "struggle syndrome?"

At one incident, it appeared as though I was an object to be harassed, ridiculed and embarrassed. Thank heavens that my major professor (A good professor) was there to defend me and put those other professors in their place. The event that day was similar to a vitriolic fiasco. I asked myself, "Who were these people? Where did they come from? One of them in his comments on my paper surmised that I had some kind of "hate" in me by stating: "...forget the hate." Why would he write this sort of comment? Who was this man to accuse me of hate? I wrote the truth on my paper about what I experienced working on a group project. We all know that some members in group projects tend to just slide along while the others are saddled with the work. Is writing the truth now treated as hate? I could testify candidly that I had no hate for anyone. My genetic make-up comprises genes that come from almost every part of the globe...of which I could boast! Maybe that's why I became a geographer.

In another case, I did two courses with another professor. In the both courses, I received an "A." When the professor found out that I was enrolled for his third course he quipped: "Let's see if you could get an "A" in this one." This to me was a shocker. To think that a professor would predetermine whether I get an "A" was totally disgusting. I should have dropped the course.



The writer with the guitar he made to honour his teacher

As I said when I taught class, "I do not give grades. You earn grades." I push students to earn the highest grades. Some of them emerged with distinctions from Cambridge University in the United Kingdom. Yes, as time went on in this professor's class, I was a top scorer in all assignments...up to 99% but I did not know that he had a devious plan. I had all hopes of receiving an "A" in the class but I was robbed! The marks of the final paper went so far down that I ended up with a "B" in the course. I accepted my "B" but not without some serious observation.

On the paper, when I raised it up to the light, I saw where he scratched off two sets of marks. The scratched off marks were 135/150 and the other was 125/150. I was still in the loop for an "A" but this Bad Professor ended up awarding me 117/150 just enough to drag me down to a "C" on the 15-page paper. It's quite clear that he vacillated to appoint a mark. He then told me that this paper is not worth more than a "C" because it's similar to an undergrad paper. Adding to his comments, he said that I used too many citations for a certain paragraph. How many citations are too many? Did he give rules and regulations about how many citations to use? No!

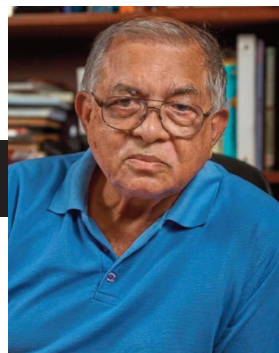
Now my people, which undergrad would give over 50 references for a final paper? When I made the observation about the reduction of marks that he wrote and scratched off, he became flustered, more like irritated. I should not have reasoned with him...he was god!

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Politricks in 1976

"Excellent, i' faith, of the chameleon's dish. I eat the air, promise-crammed. You cannot feed capons so." (Hamlet, act 3, scene 2?).

The usual crowd had gathered at the Elvira Bar and while the talk was not about suffrage it was about politics, specifically the kinds of insults and accusations parties and politicians were hurling at one another.



The latest and the one that excited the greatest interest was the description by a government junior minister of the leadership of an opposing party as "Chameleons." While the meaning of the word and its relevance were being hotly disputed, from the corner of the bar came the voice of old Mr. Clarke asking for silence since he had something to say.

Mr. Clarke is notorious for his stories and while they have the ring of truth, I am convinced that they are merely stories. Yet, I have never been able to catch him out. Looking at us all, and taking a sip of his accustomed double brandy, he said, "This is not a new word or a new development in our politics. Let me tell you of an event that happened some time ago right here."

And this is Mr. Clarke's story:

The maximum leader of the Social Unrest and National Konfusion party (SUNK) was extremely upset about the fact that he and his leadership had been called Chameleons and immediately told the party's secretary (a self-made man who worshipped his creator reverentially) to summon a party caucus for the next day. "Unless we nip this thing in the bud," he said. "We're sunk." To which the Secretary agreed they were.

Unfortunately, this meant that the Secretary had to use the phone to contact members or to ask some of them to contact others. All members were eventually contacted. However, some did not quite get the message. One member, from Siparia, went to Icacos and when, on reaching there, did not see his colleagues, went looking for contraband Scotch for his leader.

An individual from the South East who had applied for a party card was not certain whether he was included. He wondered about the high price he was paying for the card and hoped that he would get it at pre-va prices.

A third member, Brother X from the Chaguanas area, was not sure what the event was, but assuming that it would entail the accustomed rum and roti, and knowing his leader's penchant for sacrifice, thought that he was being asked to find a carcass. He was an ambitious man with senatorial aspirations and thought that he would steal a march on his rivals for the post by going out early to get the finest young goat that money could buy. He knew he was on to a good thing and he could see himself with his sixteen-year-old daughter, a very religious lass, making his maiden speech.



Tony Deyal at the National Council for Indian Culture

However, the rest of the caucus had got the message right, and two of them, Brother J and Brother K, travelling together from the San Juan area were very concerned, Brother J most of all.

As he angrily told Brother K, "The man call we 'Sham-minions.'" It is true that I was once a judge on Mastana Bahar but that has nothing to do with politics." Secretly, Brother J was extremely worried because he, too, had senatorial aspirations and he was hoping that with Brother K's support they would present a united front.

Brother K, who also eyed a senate seat, was very supportive. "Don't worry," he advised. "The man was being hypocritical and accusing us of charming millions. What he is doing is saying that we are fooling the people."

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The Five Trini Brothers

The unbreakable spirit of Trinidad & Tobago

Once upon a time, in the vibrant land of Trinidad and Tobago, there lived five brothers who were as close as can be. Each brother possessed a unique gift, and they were known throughout the island for their extraordinary abilities.



Joseph Lopez

The eldest brother, Malik, had skin as dark as the rich soil of the island. He had a strength that could rival the mighty waves of the Caribbean Sea. Malik could lift the heaviest loads and move mountains with his bare hands.

Next was Raj, the second brother, with eyes as bright as the tropical sun. Raj had a remarkable vision that could see beyond the horizon. He could spot a fish swimming in the deepest waters or a bird soaring high in the sky.

The third brother, Anil, had a heart as warm as the golden sands of Maracas Beach. Anil possessed the gift of empathy and could feel the emotions of others as if they were his own. He brought comfort to those in need and spread kindness wherever he went.

Shane was the fourth brother, with a smile as infectious as the rhythm of a steelpan band. He had a way with words that could charm even the grumpiest of souls. Shane could tell stories that captivated audiences and brought joy to all who listened.

Lastly, there was Dev, the youngest brother, whose laughter echoed through the lush rainforests of the island. Dev had a connection with nature unlike any other. He could communicate with animals and plants, and they would respond to his call.

One day, trouble came to the shores of Trinidad and Tobago in the form of a fearsome dragon. This dragon had terrorized the island, causing destruction wherever it went. The people were filled with fear, and they knew not how to defeat the beast.

But the five Trinidadian brothers stepped forward, ready to face the dragon and protect their home. Malik used his strength to hold back the dragon's fiery breath, while Raj guided his brothers with his keen vision. Anil comforted the frightened villagers, giving them the courage to stand strong. Shane used his words to distract the dragon, while Dev called upon the creatures of the forest to aid them.

Together, the brothers worked as one, using their unique gifts to outsmart the dragon and drive it away from the island. The people rejoiced, grateful for the bravery of the five Trinidadian brothers.

From that day forth, the brothers were hailed as heroes, their legend echoing through the hills and valleys of Trinidad and Tobago. In addition, whenever trouble threatened their home, the five brothers stood united, ready to face any challenge that came their way.

With the dragon vanquished and peace restored to Trinidad and Tobago, the five brothers, Malik, Raj, Anil, Shane, and Dev, settled back into



their lives, basking in their newfound hero status. Little did they know, the dragon's departure had not been a permanent solution, but rather a temporary lull in the beast's mischief.

Several months later, the island's tranquility was shattered once more. This time, the dragon, now sporting a shiny new set of golden scales, returned with a vengeance. It began wreaking havoc across the island, but this time, it had a new trick up its sleeve: it was stealing all the doubles and bake from the street vendors!

The dragon's taste for local delicacies had reached unprecedented heights. No longer content with mere destruction, it was now on a gastronomic rampage. The local vendors were in a frenzy, and the islanders were left with empty hands and hungry bellies. It seemed that the dragon was not only a menace but also a food critic of the highest order.

The five brothers gathered once more, their previous triumph fresh in their minds. Malik, with his mighty strength, was ready to face the dragon head-on, but the others had other ideas. They quickly realized that fighting the dragon was no longer just about bravery; it was about understanding its peculiar new obsession.

Raj, with his eagle-eyed vision, spotted the dragon lounging atop a hill, devouring a mountain of doubles and bake and shark. "Aa-ya-yai!" he exclaimed. "It's not just causing trouble; it's after our food!"

Anil, feeling the dragon's emotions, sensed an unusual craving in the beast; a longing for something beyond mere sustenance.

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Chinese Crispy Noodles

The Chinese food we love so much came from Canton in China. The Chinese started arriving in Trinidad in 1806. After indentureship, they opened shops and restaurants with delicious Cantonese food. Here is a simple recipe of vegetables and crispy fried noodles.

Prep time: 30 min Cook time 10 min

2 oz Chinese mushrooms
8 oz Chinese cabbage
1 carrot
8 oz broccoli florets
8oz tin bamboo shoots
8 oz tin water chestnuts
1 medium onion
2 cloves garlic
½ tsp ginger
Salt
2 tbsp soy sauce
1 tbsp cornstarch
4 tbsp oil
8 oz egg noodle
Oil for frying.



Green onions/Parsley

1. Boil a few cups water. Place water in bowl. Soak the Chinese mushrooms for half hour. Drain. Cut into quarters. Put aside some of the water.

2. Thinly slice the carrot, cabbage, water chestnuts, bamboo shoots and onion. Crush the garlic and ginger.

3. Use 4 tbsp of water (from mushroom soak), mix in soy sauce and corn starch

4. Cook noodles in salted water for 5 mins. Drain and set out into 4 equal portions.

5. Heat 4 tbsp oil in wok or shallow pan. Stir-fry Onion, garlic, ginger for a minute. Add the carrot, cabbage, bamboo shoots, chestnuts, broccoli and mushrooms. Stir for another couple of minutes. Add a sprinkle of salt to taste. Pour the corn flour mix and cook until thickened. Put mix in a wide shallow serving dish to keep warm.

6. Heat a pan with oil to deep fry. Take one noodle portion and curve in a circle keeping it together and deep fry for a few minutes until golden brown, one at a time. Drain.

To serve, place the 4 fried clumps of noodles on top of the vegetables. Serve with seafood or meat dish if desired. Garnish with green onions and or parsley.

Enjoy! Bon appétit! All for you!



Admiral Explorer or Villain?

The year was 1451 and the place was a maritime republic called Genoa in Italy. A baby was born to Susanna and Domenico Colombo: The parents of Cristoforo Colombo, whose name was anglicized to Christopher Columbus. Little did these parents know how their baby boy would turn out. He grew up to be six feet tall with red hair. He studied Arithmetic,



Margaret Syne

Geography and Navigation. As a young man, he delved into his father's business in the guild of Clothiers merchants in Genoa. As a teen, he got a job on a merchant ship, where he stayed until 1476. He was in his element and got firsthand experience to become a master Navigator.

At this time in Europe, The Ottomans had captured Constantinople (now Istanbul) and the Marco Polo overland trail became much worse than before. Europe was looking for a way to get to Japan, China and India by way of the seas. The Portuguese mariners had sailed along the western coast of Africa, but had not yet made it around the Cape to the Indian Ocean. Columbus having spoken to astrologers, mathematicians and navigators was convinced that the world was a sphere. They laughed when he said he could sail westward to reach the east. He traveled to Portugal and further north to Britain and Iceland in 1477 and had discourse with learned people as he had done in Greece. He was determined to find Japan by sailing across the Atlantic. To begin the travel process, he needed ships and a crew. Columbus approached the King of Portugal for transport funding and supplies, but they were relying on the sea route to India along the unchartered African coast. His brother went to the King of England, but they were unsure and not ready. Next stop would be the King of Spain. After many years of back and forth talks, Spain finally agreed!

Christopher Columbus was given three ships, supplies and men, who were former prisoners' for his first of four trips across the Atlantic. Those four voyages started in 1492 and the last was in 1502. The Pope Alexander VI issued a papal decree that compelled the islands or lands found by Spain or Portugal, to be colonized, converted and have no civil rights. Columbus was ordered to claim as much land as possible in the name of Spain.

On May 30th 1498, Christopher Columbus, who was Viceroy/Governor of lands he claimed for Spain, and admiral of the ocean blue, was on his third voyage. He was given six ships this time. When they were in the Azores, he sent three ships ahead to the colony of Santiago. He decided to sail in a more southerly direction. The crew was aggressive and anxious because there was no sight of land for months. The wind changed and the ships drifted in the doldrums. The heat was unbearable. Food supplies spoiled, casks busted open and there was not much water left. Mutiny was looming, when land was sighted on August 01. Three moun-



tain peaks were seen on the horizon. Columbus knelt down and gave thanks for sighting land. He named it La Trinité, known as Trinidad! The men rejoiced! The ships sailed along the south coast and stopped at Moruga Beach. The men went ashore to look for fresh water and whatever supplies they could get. Columbus was sick at the time and did not go ashore. They continued around Icacos Point, Los Gallos, Cedros Bay and into the Gulf of Paria via the narrow strip of sea, which he named the Serpents Mouth. They crossed the Orinoco Delta and landed on the North West coast of Trinidad to relax for a short spell before heading through the Dragon's Mouth, as he called it, because the passage was so turbulent. The natives they met here were friendly and provided provisions before they moved on to Hispaniola.

The King of Spain and the then Pope were furious that Columbus did not find gold, nor Japan. They sent an officer to put him in chains and when brought back to Spain, was thrown in jail. He subsequently died on May 20, 1506 penniless.

Christopher Columbus (Cristoforo Colombo Italian) (Cristobal Colon Spanish), left a legacy! He was a master navigator and admiral of the sea. His voyages opened the way for European conquest, colonization, exploitation and exploration. Conversely, the modern world blames him for the ills of African slavery in the Caribbean and the Americas. Please note that the transatlantic slave trade began in 1526, two decades after he died.

He is credited with the 'discovery' of the Americas for Europe. This does not mean that he created it nor was he the first to see and be there. The natives were here for thousands of years before. Had he not sailed across the Atlantic, someone else would have!

House of the In-Laws

I am writing this from my hospital bed where I am confined with some ill health but I need to keep my spirits up. Nurses and staff have treated me very well as they tried to make me comfortable. When I was being prepared for admission, I was asked how I was feeling.



Mootil Boodoosingh

I joked, "I feel I am going to my mother-in-law's house."

If you are puzzled, let me explain...

In Trinidad, especially in the Hindu Community, sons-in-law or damaads, especially when they are new, are treated with great reverence. In fact, during the wedding ceremony, mother-in-law, father-in-law and brother-in-law all bow to him, symbolically wash his feet and welcome him as if he is royalty. He receives many gifts, often a thick gold bracelet from his mother-in-law, the thinking being, "Damaad khush tho Beti khush." If the son-in-law is happy, then the daughter is happy.

After marriage, he still receives special treatment. When he comes to visit, the mother-in-law will go to any extent to make him happy.

'Hot food in tharia,' (special brass plate used in puja), I have heard my friend Kissoon grumble as he, the father-in-law, is relegated to number two, eating his lunch, often leftovers from breakfast, from a regular enamel plate. He, however, draws the line when asked to give up the master bedroom for the recently married couple. "Let them stay in her old room," he insists.

Traditionally, the damaad gets a dowry, sometimes a large sum of money, or even a piece of land, following a custom originating in India, and continued here in Trinidad.

Once the son-in-law arrives, the father-in-law becomes second-class, and totally irrelevant. His advice is no longer sought. The frugal father-in-law, often on a fixed pension, has to fork out huge sums of money to satisfy the new purchases that the damaad recommends. The traditional walls that were forever off-white have to be painted in pastel colours, whatever that is. Suddenly, the fridge that has been serving faithfully for over twenty years has become too small, and there is need for another TV, smart sixty-inch, if you please. In addition, he feels that the car is getting old.

I wonder why there isn't a Hindu tradition to put the bahu, the daughter-in-law on a pedestal similar to the damaad.

Does the mother-in-law make an effort to make her feel comfortable when she comes to her new home? Is she treated to her favourite meals and pampered? Alternatively, is she expected to suit the needs of the new household?

The Hindu holy books celebrate the daughter-in-law.

In the Ramayana, Sita is a heroine who is presented as an equal to Lord Rama as she accompanies him in banishment. Savitree, by her knowledge of the scriptures and her cunning, bettered the Lord of Death, Yama in debate and saves her husband and in-laws.



One of the most profound attributes of Hinduism is the worship of God as feminine. There are the many festivals such as Divali where Goddess Lakshmi is revered. The period of Navaratri is dedicated to goddess worship and the holy books often refer to the daughter-in-law as the Lakshmi of the house.

Yet, in practice, we see the ill-treatment of the daughter-in-law in our society. Even in the Indian soap operas on television, this is prevalent. Hindu mothers-in-law need to understand that the bahu is not there to take away their sons.

Here is an extract from a story from my book Aagee aur Nani Kahanis that my grandmother told me about mother-in-law/daughter-in-law relationship:

"There was once a man and his wife who had an only son. They lived in a small village and as was the custom at that time, they had arranged while the son was still a boy, for him to be married to his mother's rich relative when he grew up.

As the boy became a young man, he fell in love with another village girl. She had no parents and grew up with her brother who was very poor. His greedy mother was furious, but the boy wouldn't budge. The dowry was small, but the grasping mother took it all as well as the bride's jewellery. The father-in-law was all right, but the mother-in-law was cruel. Every day after the father and son went to work, she treated the new bride with brutality. She had to clean, wash, cook, and leepay the floor. If she wasn't satisfied, she beat the daughter in law. Sometimes she wasn't given food. She bore it all and said nothing to her husband and father-in-law. But this did not make things better. The old lady was always plotting how to get rid of her.

I now want to shift focus to another house: the father-in-law's house.

In Indian literature, the father-in-law's house has a double meaning. It is a euphemism for jail; the place you are cared for and have no expenses.

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Triptych on Equality

I...Sightless Eyes

Four eyes roll on the ground;
In the dust,



Johnny Coomansingh

Insensitive relics of what is just,
Two gropers of darkness remain
Optics sockets void of members strain
To see beyond the
darkness of righteousness,
Of this eye-plucking recklessness,
Eyes on the ground,
Dead to light
Cannot visualize a hateful night,

For mental blindness comes first,
Eyes in the dust,
Icons of a vengeful thirst
Created in the chalice of the eye-plucking philosophy;
And you gouge my eye
And I gouge yours,
Take turns, we end with three,
Only one left to see
But that must not be!
We struggle in half the light
Into an endless night
Until blinded all are we.

II...Same Color

This man broken,
Cut me open!
What do you see inside of me?
Blood!
Green blood?
Blue blood?
Black blood?
Jew or gentile blood?
No, it's blood!
Simply blood...
Rip my heart from open chest,
Yes...you guess,
Same colour,
No pallor.
III...The Exchange

Eyes of blue,
Eyes of brown,
See green as green,
And brown as brown,
My air,
Our air?
I breathe your air,
You breathe my air,

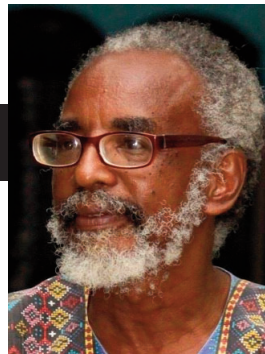


Nothing strange
The air exchange,
Still your air,
And my air,
Is someone else's air
Whose air?

[[Published in Show Me Equality (2010)]]

FYZO BY ONE!!

Fyzo! Fyzo by one!!
 Taxi!!
 You want to know why I going Fyzo eh
 If it eh one thing is two thing
 My name is Makyla Sylvester
 One girl... two name
 Just like Fyzabad... one place... two name
 Fyzabad and Faisalabad...English and Hindi
 That is why people from up town does call
 it Delee Road
 And people from Fyzabad does call it
 Delhi Road
 Ah tell you Fyzabad good too bad
 Fyza Good and Fyzo... bad
 Me... I from Fya...bad



BABYLON IS WHEY

Babylon, sah?
 Where Babylon is, you say sire?
 Doh look for the place king, look for the signs
 Babylon is whey...

man does treat
Zeno Obi Constance car like woman
 and woman like dog

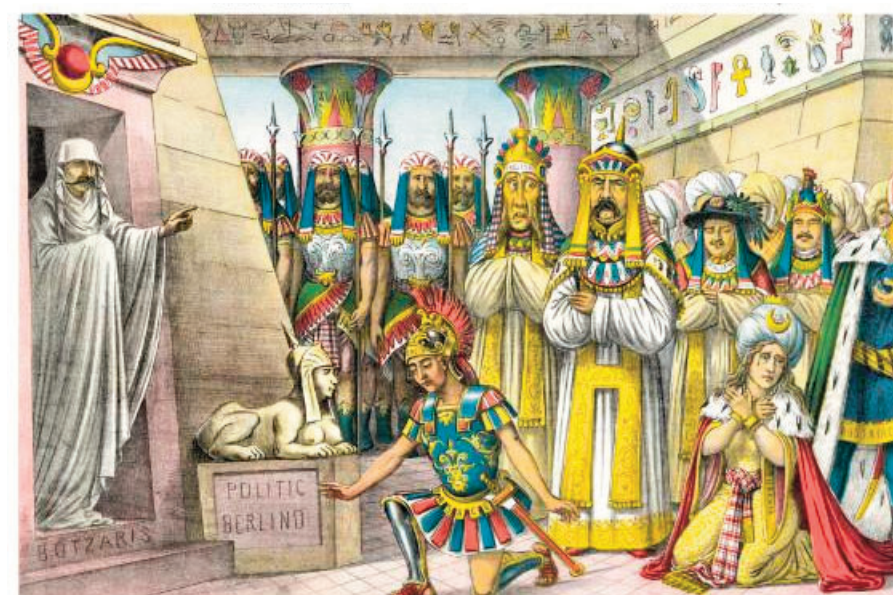
dog like king
 king like queen
 queen like car...
 Babylon is whey...

it have more rape than rep
 more cents than sense
 more preacher-man than preaching
 Babylon is whey...

more bingo than bongo
 more bongo than 'binghi
 more pro-stitutes than pro-fessionals
 Babylon is whey...

more common-law than common-sense
 more dreadness than dreads
 more brethren than bread
 Babylon is whey...

more lawbreakers than lawmakers
 more lawyers than law-fully wedded
 more ends than beginnings
 just look for the signs,
 'tha' is whey Babylon is, sah!



Fyzabad have two school
 the both ah dem have the same name
 One is compo and that name Fyzabad secondary
 The next one is Inter and that too name Fyzabad secondary
 Both ah dem does wear blue skirt and white shirt
 And both does wear tie
 Ah tell you Fyzabad good too bad

Is a one two town
 Fyzo win Best Village two time
 One with Worrel and one with Zeno
 One two

Fyzo have one police station and two gas station
 one drama group, two dance group
 One bank and two Credit Union
 One health centre and two cemetery
 One constituency office and two community centre...
 One two

Two statue of Uriah Butler
 And one statue of La Brea Charles
 And one famous singer... Billy Ocean
 Who real name is Leslie Charles
 Ah tell you Fyzabad good too bad
 Fyzabad does be busy two time for the year
 One time for Carnival and one time for Labour Day
 And one bus does pass two time for the hour
 One time going up and one time going down
 One two
 Fyza..good and Fyzo..bad
 I good so I from Fyzabad
 Taxi! Fyzabad by two

Timeless Wisdom of Uncertainty

For our adult generations, uncertainty was a reality of engagement with life. Imagine the un-educated decades ago in rural environments. What is the ultimate definition of ancestry? Whether indigenous, nomadic, immigrant or transported? It was their embrace of uncertainty.



That was the common characteristic of all those groups. You can create a narrative to suit your

imperative to write history. However, your narrative may

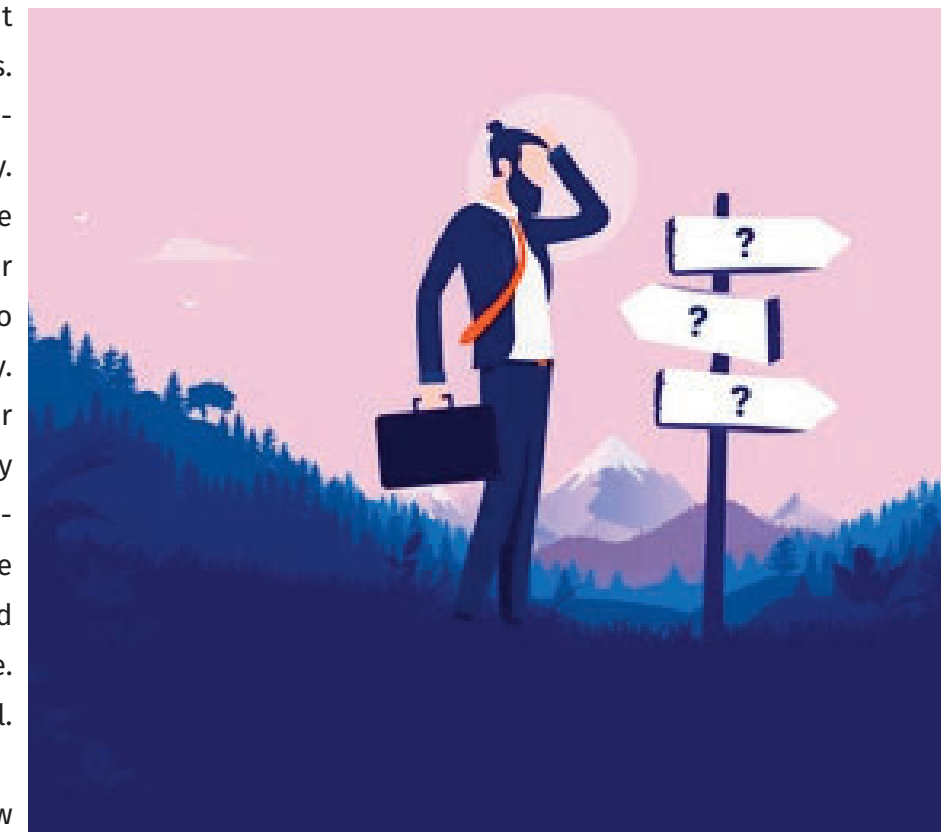
not contribute to continuity as did your ancestors. Manifest in their DNA was mastery of the timeless wisdom of uncertainty. If you inherited that patient hope, you would perceive what enabled them to survive. Resourcefulness; the continual renaissance of mindfulness was crucial. They created your past for your future. Could you do the same?

Do you have faith in science to live comfortably and grow tomorrow in uncertainty? An inspiring, imaginative lesson I absorbed in science class was the teacher asking a simple question. What useful science could we students offer if we were transported back in time? With nothing but the knowledge we had. That was realism defining the value of science as knowledge. The world evolves with every renaissance we experience, bravely facing uncertainty.

We learn such wisdom only from accepting the reality of uncertainty as a way of life. It is a process of incremental, existential learning. We inherit that mindfulness. We discard wisely what is not working for our well-being. We build new pillars on the foundations of truth. A renaissance adds to the timeless wisdom of ancestry. Answer the question that inspiring teacher asked the class. For years, no student failed to appreciate science. That culture nurtured a sense of purpose that ensured success in exams, from sixty years ago, up to today.

Truth is fundamental in love for science. Connecting young students in a school science laboratory with ancient ancestral life was fun. For students from a diversified rural environment the hypothetical connection was a spark of reality. That was a vivid reminder of ancestry. The popular reluctance of today to learn and adapt is destructive. That would have caused the extinction of our ancestors. We would not be here otherwise. Can humans once again embrace uncertainty in a positive way of life?

First, we need to overcome emotional dysregulation. That malaise destroys communications and trust. Afraid to practice detachment, we perpetuate the epidemic of depression and anxiety. We need to detach. Abandon things and thoughts that retard our educated minds. Open to creativity and co-operation. If we cripple our minds with self-



ish pride and shame, we cannot add to the generational treasury of timeless wisdom. We cannot cure our failings, fears, and anxieties by changing history we already know. Even revolting history taught our ancestors something that ensured togetherness and survival. That is why we are here. They learned wisdom gleaned from their mindfulness. We must not discard the learning experiences of their renaissance. Otherwise, we naively re-create the original state of backwardness. There is still hope.

There will surely arise another generation that will discover the wisdom of continuity. They will find truth and use science to their advantage. What historical label will they put on our older generation? The age of dis-continuity? This is the first era in which four generations could not solve their problems. We are unable to live in truth and love. All ancestor generations did, living with uncertainty. There is hope in the current generations of Generation Z and Generation Alpha, their younger siblings fourteen or younger in 2024. What is this hope?

They show signs of independent thinking and inter-dependent cooperation. They are showing courage. They will live with uncertainty. They are painfully curious, mindful of learning opportunities. They are willing to detach. They take on challenges, unthinkable for their previous generations. They will be celebrated as good ancestors.

We do not make rain or the sunlight. We just sow the seeds and fertilize the soil.

No shame in letting the flowers bloom naturally. This is the budding wisdom of uncertainty. This is detachment, a human intelligence that is scary to learn. We are creative when we recognize our inability to transform or direct anything in the future.

Another Day in SW Trinidad



By Sham Sahadeo

1.The Yellow-Crowned Amazon Parrot: Seems like the rains are bringing out many irregular and uncommon visitors to the garden lately. (Amazona ochrocephala) is a species of parrot native to tropical South America, Panama and Trinidad and Tobago.

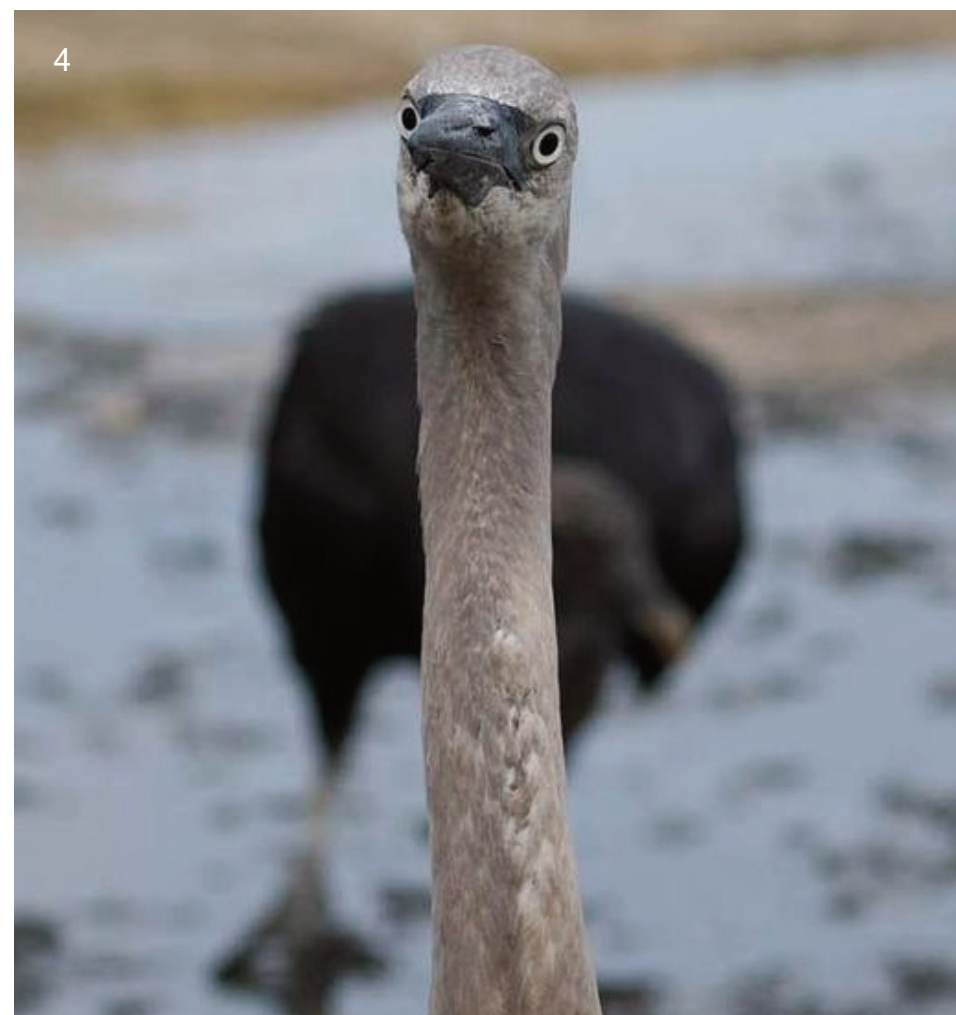
2.Toucan: The channel-billed toucan (Ramphastos vitellinus) is a near-passerine bird found on the Caribbean island of Trinidad and in tropical South America.

3.Aurora Day Flying Moth (Urania leilus): More beautiful than most butterflies, these moths are all over Trinidad at this time. The green-banded species was first described by Carl Linnaeus in his 1758 10th edi-



tion of Systema Naturae. It ranges from the Amazon rainforest to Trinidad.

4.Reddish Egret: World Shorebird Day... and which bird better to choose to represent than the Reddish Egret, a rare and uncommon visitor to our shores. It is native to Central America and the Caribbean. Its habitat of choice is the mud flats.



A past that Continues to Intrigue

By Kin Man Young Tai

(1)
Near despair the notes on the murder of Raymond Choo Kong Chinese in Green Street, Arima, a laundry with a steam stack and his works on stage or sets, in memory with fun and worth. Seventeen in a week, his included adds to the dread that last the Buddha faced, and others to eventually know and he with compassion, how real and final it remains. So enlightened, he smiles the infinite and sky, knowing it's all life able to sidestep desires to reach and grow a soul Long fooled and now less by the vanities plied by this world. Kathryn, a dear friend weeps, her friends despair and Francis, seeks retribution should we not kill to stop the killings, let them die too is just an exchange of blows with the wind. A life is like a day and here fourteen lines in my words to question qualities even as I slap dead a mosquito.

(2)
Like seeds cast to the wind and in a new place, alive and aging

among the established and with others as foreign as you your past, centuries ago forgotten or fading, the sun with your god still.

Maharaj or Maraj as spelt on a cunning or need after disembarking Chin, Chou, Chang with a dynasty in its past, mixed and confused in a fortune seek

and with the emancipated; their roles, black, white, and colors to distinguish and blend.

Human to the bone, flesh and blood, in mind and soul with a God or no

in growth no more than a plant or tree with a little imagining, and as conflicted

all with a sun that has seen it all, and the many vanities.

Where I sit, with a useful cool, a memory of yesterday's work and heat I think back to green barely known because of time in a shop names local and Latin, yards in passing with flowers and fruits, stalls with offerings.

It is humbling this infinite of dreams with things seen or perceived but in a mortal turn, home is where it is, the hope or curse with each discovery.

The “Struggle Syndrome”

Coomansingh, from Page 3

I told him that he could have avoided all this commesse (confusion, controversy and bacchanal associated with arguments and gossip) if he knew how to use a calculator. I still have the paper somewhere in my files. I laugh.

In conclusion, whether you want to believe it, or not, I have learned over time that there is something, a feature called the “struggle syndrome” in tertiary education. Not because a professor and his professors before him or her struggled to make it to the ‘top’ should he or she apply the same ‘strategies’ or methods to cause students to struggle to succeed.

I wrote this, probably to the chagrin of many, but intimidation of students is a nasty element. Some professors do it imperceptibly! Many may want to argue with me but I know what I experienced at the hands of some professors at the university level in both the undergrad and graduate levels...and know this, there are Good Professors and there are Bad Professors. The good professors would always receive my honor and deepest respect. In the photo is a trophy I designed and made to honor my music teacher in classical guitar.



House of the In-Laws

Boodoosingh, from Page 8

Food and clothing are free, but you have to observe rules, obey instructions and your movements are restricted.

There is a celebrated short story by the Indian Nobel Prize winner, Rabindranath Tagore, called *The Cabuliwallah*, which tells of a little girl who befriends a fruit seller. When he is arrested by the police for beating a man who owes him money, he tells the girl that he is going to his father-in-law's house!

Staying on the Indian theme, I recall a popular song from an old Indian film, 'I S Johar and Mehemoood in Goa' where two prisoners are being taken to jail and they sing:

*Ye do deewaane dil ke
Chale hain dekho mil ke
Chale hain chale hain
Chale hain sasuraal
Chale hain chale hain
Chale hain sasuraal
Ho o ho o ho o
Ho o ho o ho o*

Meaning we are two 'kinda crazy' men going to our father-in-law's house.

As for me, being confined to a hospital ward, did feel a bit like jail, although the food, accommodation and medications were far from free.

Two incidents stood out for me while at the hospital. One was when

my granddaughter, Jayleigh, aged five, came to visit.

“Ya Ya,” she said. “You are not well. Do you want me to read you a story?”

And she did for a full four minutes!

In another instance, the night before I was to be discharged from the hospital, there was a critical admission. I was in the room that had many of the emergency equipment. I was asked to relocate to another room. It was only in the morning when I saw the sign on the door that I realised I had been moved to the Delivery Room!

I want to say that I am feeling much better, will be having surgery in two weeks' time, and my doctors have assured me that I will be okay.



Searching for Leatherback Turtles

From our small, yellow house in Penal, my family drove to a three star, comfortable hotel called Mt. Plaisir Estate Hotel. Around here, we could find turtles. Although, people at HADCO Experiences said there is a chance that we might find only one turtle because it was almost the end of the turtle season.

As far as I know, HADCO Experiences is an organisation in Trinidad and Tobago that helps endangered animals such as leatherback turtles to be able to survive in the wild. It has won the permission of



Jayna Boodoosingh

Asa Wright Nature Centre, Mt. Plaisir Estate Hotel, Pawi Lodge and Mayaro Beach Houses to be in their property and teach the people of Trinidad and Tobago and those who visit the importance of the animals who live alongside us so they could spread the news

around the world.

As the song *Road Trip* was playing in the car, I looked out the window, hoping to sleep all through the journey but then thought it definitely wasn't likely because of the talking and songs playing in the background so I recapped what I know so far about our destination.

Mt. Plaisir Estate Hotel is near a private beach where turtles come and lay their eggs. We had booked a room on 'Seafloor' where we could see and bathe in the wonderful, quiet beach.

It was in a town called the Grande Reverie, which was about three hours away.

We will be staying for the night and leaving straight after lunch, as we were only there to see the turtles, which my mum has been dying to see; she said that it was her dream. Soon, it was one stop, two stops, three stops and so on but only I can remember three stops along the way since it was four or three weeks ago.

The first stop I can remember was on a quiet, calm road where a man was selling some pineapple. My dad bought one or two boxes of multi-coloured, mouth-watering pineapple and took a picture of us holding it along with four or five boxes of pineapples behind us. After that, my brother and I got into our black car while dad remained outside to wash our car because there was mud on it, we definitely could not drive around Trinidad with our car looking like that! The kind, happy pineapple seller lent my dad a bucket of water to scrub and clean the car.

A few minutes later, our car was sparkling clean! We exited the pineapple tent and hit the road. After some time later, we arrived to our second stop; right next to the road was the sea! We took some pictures of the big, blue waves crashing against the tall, black rocks and the yellow, bumpy-looking sand, which looked as if they were punching someone. We also took some family photos along the edge of the grass with the wonderful, ferocious sea in the background.

Once again, we continued our long, exciting road trip to our third and (because of my memory, probably) final stop in our road trip to go to Mt. Plaisir Estate Hotel and that stop was to get some refreshing, tasty snow cones! Mine was strawberry and passion fruit flavour, which tasted super nice but as to the rest of the family's snow cone flavours, I am not sure. We took some family photos again, one with me drinking my thirst-quenching, delicious snow cone and the rest were just general family



photos. Now, we hit the road once again and drove off with me not knowing the wondrous experience yet to come.

(To be continued).



Politricks

Deyal from Page 4

Meanwhile, among the group waiting for the meeting a heated discussion was ensuing. One member from the Oropouche area was rightfully aghast and presented another view. "The man is accusing us of promising Sham-millions and that is a direct attack on our economic policy. I told you that nobody would accept those dollars. A dollar with the queen face, yes, but not one with three mountains on it. It is fiscal madness."

This outburst was taken personally by some members from St. Augustine and nearly led to a scuffle which was, fortunately, obviated by the theory of a member from Princes Town. "What the man said is that we are Shah's minions and he is accusing us of trying to undermine the party." There was no more time for further discussions as the meeting was called to order by the chairman, who deemed it the psychologically right time to start.

The Chairman was secretly very worried. He knew that while the maximum leader believed in fate or karma, to be called a chameleon was an insult. After all, whoever heard of a karma chameleon? By that time the Research Officer, who had spent the night looking, first of all vainly under the letter "S," and who in the wee hours of the morning had finally hit

pay dirt under the letter "C," was anxious to speak. "For the benefit of members," he said, "Chameleons are reptiles characterised by their ability to change colour. Their colour change is determined by emotions such as fright, victory and defeat."

This provoked a massive uproar. The Maximum Leader was white with rage, and of the others some were purple and some red-faced in anger. The Chairman expanded his body, puffed out his throat and snapped his jaws demanding silence, and when he got it said, "What the Research Officer did not say is that a Chameleon is what we call a "Twenty-Four Hours." That did it. A member from Couva shouted heatedly, "We cannot let him get away with that. We have to rebut him in all the media. On radio and television. We must have our own time slot...I mean, slot."

Everybody shouted their agreement and then, as the anger subsided, the Maximum Leader started to speak. "Brothers and Sisters," he said to his cohorts, "You know that I have never hesitated to act. I have always acted on your behalf. But there is a time to act and a time to reflect. And at this time we must reflect. We have our enemies. We have to establish our credibility. What we need now is not anger but cool calculation. We must find a sacrificial ram. What we need is a scapegoat."

At this time Brother X, making his triumphant entrance, shouted from the doorway, "Don't worry boss. I have the damn thing right here!"

The Five Trini Brothers

Lopez from Page 5

"It seems our dragon is missing something," he said. "Maybe it's not just the food but the festive spirit it once knew!"

Shane, ever the storyteller, suggested a new approach. "All-yuh, leh we host a grand food festival," he proposed, "and invite de dragon as de VIP guest of honor. We'll go make it so enticing that it cya resist."

Dev, who had been chatting with the forest animals, had a different idea. "I will talk to the dragon directly. Maybe a personal touch will convince it to share our food instead of hoarding it."

Therefore, the brothers put their plan into action. Malik used his strength to build a grand feast, complete with an assortment of doubles, bake and shark, pelau and every local delicacy and food imaginable. Raj set up the feast in a spectacular display that could be seen from miles away. Anil calmed the anxious vendors and the islanders, reassuring them that the feast would bring back the joy and unity of their community. Shane crafted a captivating invitation, filled with tales of Trinidad's rich food culture. Dev took the lead in delivering the invitation to the dragon.

When the dragon arrived at the feast, its enormous eyes widened with wonder at the spread laid before it. Dev approached with a friendly grin, "Welcome, mighty dragon! We've prepared this feast especially for

you. We hope you'll join us and share in the joy of our food!"

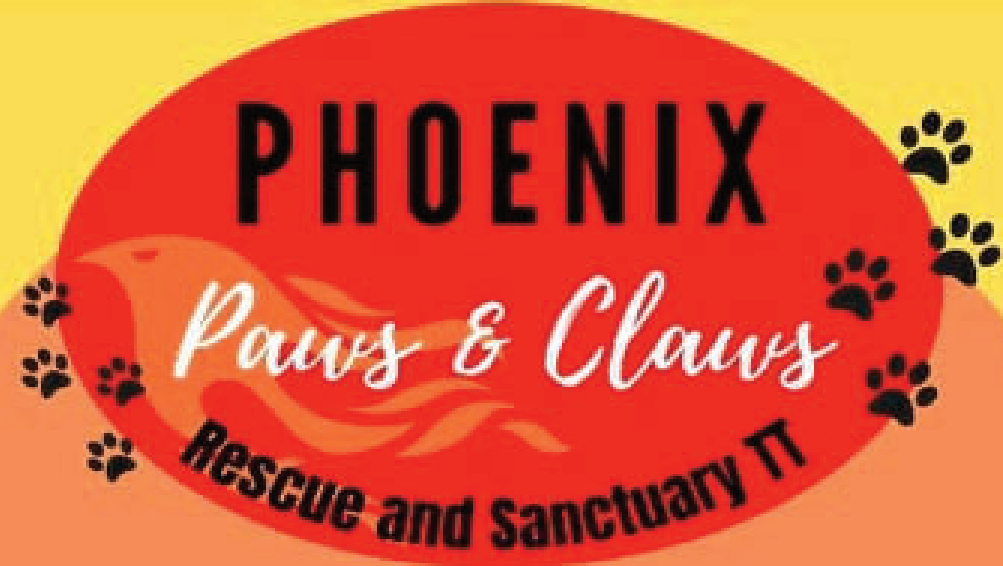
The dragon, touched by the warm hospitality and the array of delicacies, was overwhelmed with emotion. It had been so long since it had felt such a welcoming atmosphere. The dragon realized that it had been missing more than just food; it had been missing a sense of belonging and community.

As the feast progressed, the dragon shared stories of its travels, and the brothers, in turn, shared their adventures. Laughter filled the air, and the islanders, once again enjoying their beloved treats, rejoiced. The dragon, now satisfied and content, promised to never again disturb the vendors' supplies and even offered to help replenish the stock for everyone.

From that day on, the dragon became a beloved part of the island's festivities. It would join in the annual food festival, bringing joy and an occasional fiery spectacle to the celebrations. The Five Trini Brothers were once again hailed as heroes; not just for their bravery but also for their wisdom and creativity in turning a potential disaster into a joyful celebration.


Therefore, the legend of the Five Trini Brothers continued, enriched with new tales of food, friendship, and the unbreakable spirit of Trinidad and Tobago.





TO ALL OUR AMAZING FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS

Funds are very low at the moment, and we have MANY animals in our care, so, if you were thinking of donating to our Rescue and Sanctuary we would be extremely grateful, and could really use the following:



- Purina Blue bag puppy chow
- Purina Green bag adult chow
- Alpo Red bag chow
- Purina Yellow bag kitten chow
- Canned puppy food
- Cat litter
- Collars (if cat, quick release)

- Kale
- Lettuce
- Pak choi
- Callaloo bush
- Master mix rabbit concentrate

Cash donations can be made to

Deposits can be made to:
 First Citizens Bank- West Court
 The Foundation for Heritage Preservation and Legacy Creation
 Chequing Account #2838003

Or Whatsapp message
 Aleeyah Amanda All
 1-868-758-1823

- Soap powder
- Bleach
- Disinfectant
- Dishwashing Liquid/ Laundry Detergent
- Newspapers
- Shredded paper

Phoenix Paws & Claws Rescue & Sanctuary TT is a project unit of The Foundation for Heritage Preservation & Legacy Creation