on the field across the road from the Emporium. Small boys and older men played together.

Within yourselves you have a wonderful oneness. That's why I envy you. Why, I tell myself, that I am spiritually one of you. Yet I am as guilty as others of flaunting superiority. I felt very brave about my embarkation this morning, and thought of how you might have taken advantage of me. Yet, I have only used you to reinforce that imagined superiority.

The pitcher bowled the ball. The batter swung on it so that it was tipped backwards. A small boy ran to get it as it rolled near Benedicta. She was acutely aware of her own youth, the sun burnishing her light red hair, and the transparency of her tan that had hitherto made her an islander. The elements were supposed to have made her one of them.

A half hour or more had passed before Benedicta noticed that the sun was going down. When the game was finally ended, and all conjecture aired as to the possibility of the West Indies winning at Lord's Saturday, night had fallen.

Night! night! Make me one of yours and one of them. Enfold me, cover me.

She followed the crowd to a dimly lit, shelf-bedecked cafe. A group of people were clustered together in the dingy room. How many times had she passed and longed to be one of the laughing crowd? Someone pushed a plate of fish, ackee and plantain towards her. A bowl of rice and peas was circulated around the table. Benedicta was caught up in the earthy congeniality.

Last night, and unaccountable other nights, I sat on the porch of our house and listened to this calypso, this song of the island. Now I am in it, and part of it. She had half-eaten her plate of food before the fly-infested kettle on the stove in the back of the room caught her eye. She saw a hundred un-washed brown hands. They raked their fingers through grimy black hair, and then tended the stove. She turned from the food and concentrated on the music.

Somewhere she was turned out with the foggy, brimming crowd into the night air. Near the market place a religious-calypso ceremony was going on. Pokomino, or white magic. She turned her head.

Give me good old fashioned myal. Honest black magic.

They were all in the square, the Chinamen from one of the small shops, the slanty-eyed Indian boys that all looked like Kims, and the natives. It had turned out to be a sort of ethnic sorcery session. Benedicta reeled sleepily.

How am I representing the white race?

ABERRATION

BY BARBARA HAUP

What expectation, unsuspected
Till a cloud passed,
Transforms a butterfly
Beyond the borders of a meadow-day?
And then whose flitting
From an instantly indifferent daisy
Forsakes a revelation
Someone might have lived with?
Who's away?