BY HIS OWN admission Williams has left the country and the region in a shambles.

So far from making good his boast of establishing a party, he has left behind a flagrantly corrupt and incompetent oligarchy, disorganised and ignoble in every detail.

The inter-racial solidarity which was promised in the early halcyon years has culminated in a fanatic Afro-Saxon club, as fiercely jealous of the Indians who have succeeded to the European and Syrian business elite as it is contemptuous of the Indians who have languished at the bottom.

The predicament of this African elite is that it dares not shed a tear in public after 17 years of power under the Greatest Doctor Leader ever. If they have had their self-confidence demolished, if they have been tainted by all the bribery and corruption and yet have secured no pillars in the world of business, who but their own monster has wreaked the havoc?

Above all, Williams, the master-builder, has left no constituency among the young for those unfortunate greenhorns who will succeed him. The idealism of youth which his speeches sparked in the 1950’s needed the service of libraries and of archives, of new textbooks and curricula, of museums and theatres, of publishing houses and media of communication pointing our noses into higher realms.

The youth needed intellectual purpose and direction, emotional and spiritual support, a relevant dream by which to live. It found only a house-slave and schoolmaster, complacent in the servant’s quarters. That was enough to send us on a trip, far from the University of Woolford Square.
No constituency, no party, no chance of survival. That is what the PNM will inherit from 17 years. One from PNM leaves nought.

The old national movement will inherit no leader either. New leadership can only be activated by old. The function of Prophecy and Messiahship is to destroy.

Kamaluddin Mohammed has been so destroyed. He went to the PNM with all the qualities that budding leaders need: energy, resilience, diplomatic skill, oratorical power and technical competence enough to grasp the essentials of all the public issues.

If the PNM had had a semblance of democratic practice, he would have emerged today as a major force because he is infinitely more genuine a politician than the entire party front-bench, not excepting Eric Williams.

ROBBER-TALKER

There is no politician in the country less competent to govern than Eric Williams. Such is the paradox of the colonial world where book usurps the place of sense and mimic men act for men of substance.

Williams is an academic robber-talker who has not had an original idea in his entire existence. He is a college-exhibitioner whose great strength lies in his intellectual ability to paraphrase metropolitan orthodoxy and turn it to advantage in the ignorant backwater of the colonial world, and in his unrivalled capacity for doing it with such explosive violence of rhetoric and such utter single-mindedness of purpose that it kindles the imagination of impotent colonials.

As a politician and an administrator, Williams has bungled every major issue: Chaguaramas, Federation, morality in public affairs, economic planning, political education and interracial solidarity. He leaves Trinidad and Tobago and the West Indies in a hopeless shambles.

In 1970, he was quite prepared to gambit Independence away when he telephoned the Americans to come and shoot black-people in defence of his debasements.

The British figured him out very early and saw that his rhetoric threatened nothing. He has survived at the top of the heap by assuming the mantle of a Colonial Governor, high and mighty above the natives, pouring his scorn down upon us. In our impotence we accepted it.
We did not dare believe that our brightest son, the child of over a hundred years of search for deliverance through education, was the one who scorned us most of all.

So long as it appeared that the alternative remained the same empty Doctor Politics as offered by Capildeo and James, Williams survived as the acknowledged master and we held the strain as best we could.

**ONE-MAN SHOW**

But when the *New World* and the *Moko* and the *Tapia* offered new assumptions about our people, the days of mimic-men were over.

Williams has now bowed before the movement. Power is a competitive game which he has never learnt to play. It has always been a one-man show.

Williams has for 17 years kept radio and TV to himself, always outside and above the competition. He was so scared of competition that he even ran from the deliberations of the Wooding Commission.

**COMPETENCE**

Now a new dispensation is at hand. On stage there are men of judgment, competence and patience, with both the interest and the capacity for permanent political organisation. Such men exist in Tapia too, where we are not chasing any simple expedient in a union or a racial or religious grouping to build foundations for our party.

The old national movement is in many warring factions: Robinson’s DAC, Jamadar’s DLP, Lequay’s DLP, and all the pieces that Williams’ departure and Sinanan’s arrival will effectively create.

The new national movement is ready, Wooding’s Re-port is coming soon. The confusion could lead to a military solution but if Tapia has anything to do with it, the one choice will be an Assembly of the people and a revolutionary national party. After that, electoral politics will take its rightful place.