

Five Photos: Interview transcript

Mrs Weeks and her daughter audio recording transcript

Image of Nutmeg, Mirabeau, Grenada (INF 10/379/10)

NB: this interview was conducted in an open setting and other voices can be heard intermittently.

Interviewer: I think of it as being a place of spices... Grenada?

Mrs Weeks: Yes, Grenada is the land of spice.

Interviewer: Exactly.

Mrs Weeks: The land of spice.

That's where you get your nutmeg and your cloves and things like that.

Yes, there is nutmeg, there is cocoa. There is spice, all that is from Grenada.

Interviewer: So I imagine and I may be wrong as I've never been. I imagine that the air you can smell.

Mrs Weeks: You can smell it from afar, when it's ripe when it's ready. You smell it when the wind blows, you get the scent of it, you know when it's ready to reap.

Interviewer: Is that therefore part of more of your childhood there, you use them more, they feel healthy?

Mrs Weeks' daughter: You can smell them throughout the island. Wherever you go, there is something growing. It's very aromatic and the fragrances are really, really strong and because you have such a variety... As even outside your own home you would have your herbs growing, you'd have plum trees, you'd have sugar apple trees, you'd have mango trees. Every house had them, their own.

Very fertile soil.

Yes, you'd have sapardilla trees (Jackfruit trees).

You'd have green bananas and plantains. The Caribbean has always been self-sufficient and we always had to be sustainable. We couldn't, the only thing that we didn't grow was rice. Even as a child... some islands grew rice, we ...

Mrs Weeks: We cannot grow rice. The climate is too hot.

Mrs Weeks' daughter: My mum grew all of those, watermelon. My mum grew her own.
Explain about the cocoa mum, and how it is grown, how they have to extract it from the pod.

Mrs Weeks: They plant the seed and the seed grows and it grows into a massive big tree and they look after it, they feed it and it puts out cocoa ani. The bit like that (*demonstrates size of its shoots*).

Interviewer: Very large.

Mrs Weeks' daughter: They are different sizes and you can get them like that. It would generally be that sort of shape (*demonstrates*).

Mrs Weeks: How they know it's ready? It's yellow. The colour changes from green into yellow so they know it's ready, and then the people will pick it and put it in their basket and bring it and place it in a trough.

Mrs Weeks' daughter: They split it.

Mrs Weeks: It's a big thing and then they leave it in the sun.

Interviewer: To dry it?

Mrs Weeks: No, the sun going to soften the skin the pad, and then going to split it in half, and then they get a scoop and scoop out all the seeds from inside of it and they put it there, and then they wash it.

Mrs Weeks' daughter: Before they do it, because inside the cocoa, there's a sap. It's like a white fleshy substance. As children, you can eat it and as adults you can eat it. If there was something to describe it compared to here, it's like a lychee. It's the seed inside that they then ...

Mrs Weeks: They use.

Mrs Weeks' daughter: Because if they didn't take the sap out, they would just put it through the fermentation process and it would go mouldy. It would ferment and that is how they would extract the seeds.

And they would have huge troughs, as you see them there (*refers to another picture, go to CTAL on flickr for this*). Once the fermentation process is gone and all the sap has been removed from it, the inside is where you are going to get the cocoa itself. But that has to be dried out because it is quite moist. So you put it out in the sun and every day, someone would turn it.

Mrs Weeks: Yes, you'll pass and you'll turn it.

Mrs Weeks' daughter: They had workers. All this was manual labour. They had their hands and they had... Mum, do you remember?

Mrs Weeks: A pallet.

Mrs Weeks' daughter: It's a pallet. It's a wide pallet with a handle.

Mrs Weeks: And it's long.

Mrs Weeks' daughter: It's like a shovel but it's flat. Everything's flat. Shovels here have got the dip but this is flat and you'd take it.

Mrs Weeks: That would be made of wood.

Mrs Weeks' daughter: Yes, made of wood.