

EL CLIMA

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EL CLIMA

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Christine's Corner



Patience, yeah, yeah. Just a little patience. Someone recently told me that the classic Guns N Roses song that these lyrics are from is actually a love song. And I thought they were singing a song about the virtue of patience. Peace Corps Volunteers, in general, should have lots of patience, right? We often have to wait hours for meetings to start or buses to come. Why is it then that Volunteers seem to have no patience with each other? I am one of those kinds of people that is fascinated by those little caramelo carts- all those different kinds of hard candy and gum. I never know which to choose, and I always have to compare prices. I am, also, for some reason, prone to having loose shoelaces. What does this have to do with patience? Well, when I'm with other Volunteers and I stop to inspect a candy cart or to tie my shoelaces, I am always left behind. I look up and they're halfway down the street. Males and females alike, they keep cruising on down the road without a thought to their friend, Chris. I have to run to catch up with them. Where are they going in such a rush? Or do I need to choose new friends?

But, you see, it's not easy for me to find friends because I'm very particular and have certain idiosyncrasies that are somewhat, shall we say, unique. I walk on the left side of people. I do not feel comfortable walking on the right side of anyone. This has no relation to which side of the street I'm on or which way the traffic is going. This habit or need began when I was in college, but I had never really noticed it until one day when I was walking with my Personality Psych T.A. I switched from one side of him to the other and he asked me what I was doing. I told him that I just liked to walk on the left

side- I never thought that it was peculiar. He told me that either I was hit by a car on the right side when I was a baby or that my sense of personal space was skewed.

Anyway, if you like piña coladas and getting caught in the rain, if you're not much into yoga and have half of a brain, if you've always liked to walk on the right side and are into champagne, if you like candy and gum and are not completely insane, maybe we can get together and not be lame (hey, I needed to rhyme something with insane).

We've got some good stuff in this issue. Miles Cooley's story is reprinted because a page was missing in the last issue. It's an incredibly moving story. I'm sorry for the goof. We also have a good travel story, lots of work-related submissions from APCD's, poetry, and a story on the AIDS conference that took place here in Quito.

In response to VAC's request to publish our submission policy, the next El Clima will contain another description. Have a good Valentine's and Happy New Year.

Chris Samuel, *Cuambo*

From JCV...

Please continue to send articles, and artwork, including cover art, keeping in mind the el clima letterhead. Also, please send in any printable quotes for the ¿Como? section. Otherwise it will always be people I know and things I hear. Lastly, we're always looking for people to help on El Clima. All you have to do is drop Chris or myself a line and send in an application so we know who's interested. Remember, you have to wait until six months into your service to be eligible for staff positions.

Juan Carlos Velasquez, *Mira*



El Clima is a bimonthly magazine by and for the Peace Corps community of Ecuador and beyond. Opinions expressed are those of the author and are not necessarily the opinions of the El Clima staff, the Peace Corps, or the United States Government.

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Mar/Apr issue- Feb. 22.



Feliz Año! I hope that you all enjoyed the Holidays, quemaron los Años Viejos, and are ready to begin a

productive and happy New Year in Ecuador. Many of our Staff and Volunteers have been on vacation. January 9th marked the return to business as usual in the office. I put one of my New Year's resolutions into practice early this month as I headed to the Coast to visit PCVs. Accompanied by DCM Sue Wood, Counsel General from Guayaquil Dan Johnson, APCDs Nellie and Miguel, I visited five PCVs in Manabi. We saw three PCVs from Omnibus 72 happy, well settled and productive at their three month mark. No easy task. The "old timers" who we visited also enjoyed productive counterpart relationships and the results of their work over the past year were very visible. Thanks to you all for the warm welcome, delicious coastal food, and for the opportunity to share a bit of the most important part of Peace Corps, PCVs at work in their communities.

I am frequently asked by Volunteers how, or if, Peace Corp ever evaluates what it is doing. In this issue of el clima I'm writing about two ways that PC Ecuador has recently been evaluated. The first is the Project Status Review process which is an internal evaluation of our programming. The second is an external evaluation conducted by two Inspectors General who visited Ecuador in November and December (please see Inspectors Visit).

What follows is a fairly technical (probably boring) description of these evaluations. My hope is that it provides you with a better idea of our evaluative processes.

November and early December were very busy times for PC Staff. Program Managers particular-

ly were involved in their annual project review process. In December of each year, each PC country completes a Project Status Review (PSR) of each sector project. Each PSR identifies project successes, constraints, and suggests course corrections when appropriate. We especially depend on PCV quarterly reports to provide us with the data necessary to document each project's milestone accomplishments. This past week we received back from the IA Region a compilation by sector of all the PSRs submitted by each IA Country. Please ask your Program Manager if you'd like to read your project PSR or research other IA countries development projects.

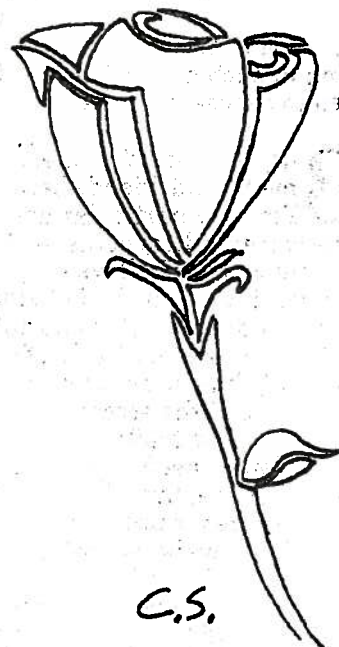
In January, PC Washington enters into a period of intense PSR Review. Each country's PSRs (Ecuador submits 10, one for each of our projects) are read and critiqued by a team of PC/W development experts. IA Regional Staff, including our Desk Officer and Assistant (Janice Davis and Lizzie Clapham), and OTAPS (Office of Training and Program) Staff (Sector Specialists, Women in Development Specialists, etc) each offer suggestions to improve our programming. Results of each of our PSR review meetings will be documented by Janice and Lizzie and sent back to us for discussion and follow up. The PSR process is a helpful mechanism providing each post with good ideas from development experts and other countries who often face similar development challenges. We are proud of PC Ecuador's accomplishments, the work of Volunteers, Counterparts and community members.

Program Managers have also been very busy revising their Project Plans. Last August Ecuador was visited by Randy Adams, Program Officer for the IA Region. Randy worked with Barry and the APCDs reviewing all of Ecuador's Project Plans. Updated versions of our Project

Plans are being completed by APCDs. Thanks to the Volunteers who have been working with their Program Managers on this task.

The PSR cycle lays the groundwork for the next major annual administrative understanding of each post. In March, PC/Ecuador along with its 93 sister countries will submit our Integrated Planning and Budget Submission (IPBS). This integrated planning and budget document begins with a narrative description of post's goals for the next three years, and reports on progress made toward the goals identified in the previous years' IPBS. Additionally, a detailed budget intended to fund post activities is submitted. PC/Ecuador, along with all the other IA posts, will then enter into discussion and negotiation with the Region. We are entering a challenging time in relation to support for Foreign Aid and Development Activities. I will keep you posted as to how this process goes.

Jean E. Seigle, Country Director



Other Remarks on the PC Pregnancy Policy

By J.W. Carter III, San
Fernando

This letter is in response to "PC Pregnancy Policy" written by Corella Payne in the June/July issue of El Clima. First, I agree with Ms. Payne's statements and examples that the PC pregnancy policy provides unequal treatment towards female and male volunteers. A male volunteer who impregnates a female volunteer or Ecuadorean should be subject to the same responsibilities for the pregnancy and treatment under Peace Corps policy as a female volunteer who becomes pregnant by another male volunteer or Ecuadorean. Such unfair treatment implies that a pregnancy is completely the female's responsibility, and that a male need take little thought of his sexual activity. Furthermore, why can't a female volunteer impregnated by a male Ecuadorean raise their child here during her Peace Corps service while a female Ecuadorean impregnated by a male volunteer need not raise their child in the States? Many U.S. citizens raise their children overseas because of their jobs, why can't we do the same?

Secondly, I disagree with Ms. Payne's statements on abortion and government payment for an abortion. Ms. Payne's answer to those amongst us who believe that having an abortion is "genocidal," "child killing," or "taking the lives of the unborn," is to quote a "pro-choice" pin which

says "Against abortion? Don't have one". The implication is that if you don't want an abortion, that's your choice- but don't stop me from aborting my child. With this logic, the pin could read, "Against theft? Don't steal" or "Against murder? Don't commit it" or "Against infanticide? Don't do it". If you don't want to steal or murder, that's your choice- but don't stop me from stealing or murdering.

Our country was founded on the belief that all of us are entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" (of interest is the order in which those three principles were written) and our constitution was set up to protect the rights we hold dear. The rights of all are protected, but when the desires of one's "pursuit of happiness" affects another person's life, that is where U.S. law has traditionally drawn the line. Doing away with your dying old man in order to get your inheritance might greatly improve your happiness- but it infringes on your old man's right to live and is therefore against the law. Killing your infant may provide new found freedom from the worry, effort, cost, and time needed to raise the child- but it infringes on your child's right to live and is therefore against the law. Killing your unborn child (or "terminating the the fetus" or whatever polite term you'd like to use) may provide the new found freedom previously mentioned and exercise a sense of "personal autonomy" - but that action takes the life of another person, an innocent person who has no conceivable moral, ethical, poetic, or legal reason to die - and therefore it should be against the law. Furthermore, those of us who are so called "pro-life" must speak in their defense because unborn children simply cannot speak for themselves.

Please notice that I haven't used the "moral argument" or the "religious argument," but rather the "legal argument." Yes, I do think the Roe vs. Wade decision is morally wrong, and yes, my faith does compel me speak out against that decision, but I also think that it is LOUSY, DISCRIMINATORY, POMPOUS LEGISLATION!, and therefore my argument need not be dependent on personal religious or moral convictions. It is for this reason that the statement on the pin, "Against abortion? Don't have one" is irrelevant. I do not think abortion is a question of "choice." The choice to have a baby happens before conception. All people use various artificial means (condoms, birth control pills, etc.) and/ or natural means (abstinence, "rhythm method," etc.) of birth control to choose when and if we will become pregnant or impregnate. However, after conception, the choice has already been decided. (It may not have been intended, but it has been decided.) The time to choose has passed. No, abortion is about WHO LIVES, AND WHO DIES, AND IF ONE CAN DECIDE who lives or dies. In effect, Roe vs. Wade lets one "play God" with the life of another, and for that reason it is pompous. It allows the abuse of a natural right to life, as written in the Declaration of Independence, of a certain class of people, and for that reason it is discriminatory. Finally, it permits a person or a group of people to freely kill another, and for that reason it is lousy.

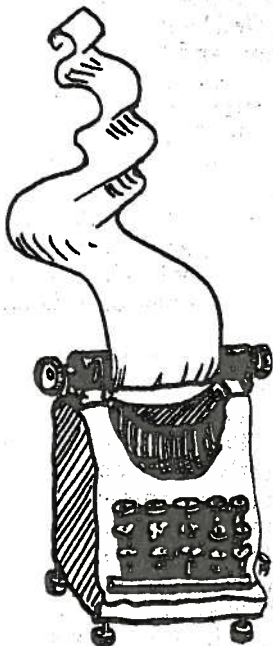
In stating my thoughts on abortion, you can probably understand the outrage I feel in Ms. Payne's request that I indirectly fund abortions through government financial assistance. It is for this reason that I request those who are outraged at the loss of innocent life through abortion and who at the very least don't want to see

their own money go to the cause of abortions, to also write to Peace Corps Director Carol Bellamy and Secretary of Health and Human Services Donna Shalala requesting that tax dollars not be used to fund abortions as a part of Peace Corps policy or a National Health Care Policy. The addresses are given below:

Carol Bellamy, Director
Peace Corps
1990 K. Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20526

Donna Shalala, Secretary,
Department of Health and
Human Services
Washington, D.C. 20201

Finally, Ms. Payne says that a pregnancy is not better than an abortion. I firmly and unequivocally disagree. A continued pregnancy gives another human being an opportunity at life - the same opportunity we all have been blessed with. An abortion ends in death of a child an possible physical, emotional, and mental trauma of a formerly pregnant woman at killing her baby. *



VIEWPOINT

untitled

Quechua Rebuttal

By Marlene Jaramillo,
Coord. de Lenguaje
Centro de Entrenamiento

Me he tomado la libertad de hacer un comentario sobre el artículo intitulado que escribió Joe Johnson en la revista El Clima de oct/nov. de 1994.

Es innegable que en el Ecuador existe discriminación a todo nivel como en cualquier otro país del mundo. También es cierto que todos tenemos algún prejuicio consciente o inconsciente, pero de esto a generalizar que toda una Institución sea "racista", es algo muy apresurado.

Como ecuatoriana que soy, estoy a favor de los derechos indígenas y hasta comparto ciertos argumentos de las comunidades indígenas pero desde un punto de vista realista, entendiendo que son una minoría como otras minorías, respetando sus ideas, etc. No desde una visión romántica y paternalista como se infiere del mencionado artículo.

También estoy convencida que nunca voy a ser parte de la cultura indígena porque no pertenezco a ella, porque tengo otra escala de valores y porque los indígenas saben esto tan bien como yo, y tampoco ellos me van a aceptar como parte de su cultura. Siempre me verán como una persona diferente a ellos, aunque conozca su Idioma; por lo que debo respetar sus intimidades. Y si quiero ayudarlos debo hacerlo hasta donde me lo permitan.

Las comunidades indígenas tienen una memoria colectiva. Esto quiere decir que recuerdan todas las experiencias negativas que tuvieron. Hablo de experiencias negativas con otras Instituciones de Ayuda

Internacional como el Instituto Lingüístico de Verano, que además fue expulsado del país. Esto hace difícil la entrada a las comunidades indígenas. Tienen que pasar muchos años para empezar a ganarse la confianza de los indígenas, aún para un ecuatoriano mestizo que hable quichua. Sugiero que veas la película "Llucshi Caimanta", para verificar lo que te estoy diciendo, o investigar más sobre el Instituto Lingüístico de Verano.

El hecho de hablar un Idioma, no garantiza que serás aceptado por la comunidad, esto se lo gana a través de un proceso que uno mismo se forja, especialmente en las comunidades indígenas cuya idiosincracia es bastante cerrada. Los indígenas cuando no quieren ser entendidos tienen su metalenguaje que no puede ser traducido por una persona que no pertenece a su comunidad, y eso ni el mejor profesor de quichua te lo va a enseñar.

Creo que el tema en tu artículo es más bien un asunto transcultural y no de dominio de la lengua. Además te aclaro que el papel de los "desafortunados" facilitadores es enseñar el español o el quichua como segunda lengua, no son ni sociólogos ni antropólogos, tampoco el objetivo de los facilitadores es tu adaptación a la nueva cultura, esa es tu responsabilidad.

Como tu mismo lo has dicho y no es que no nos hayamos dado cuenta que el Ecuador es un país pluricultural y multiétnico, sino que tres meses de entrenamiento no son suficientes para que un entrenando salga con todas las respuestas. Cuando ellos van a sus comunidades es que surgen las situaciones reales. En el Centro de Entrenamiento lo que hacemos es un acercamiento a esa realidad, más no es la realidad misma. Son los entrenandos los llamados a continuar su aprendizaje si están interesados y si quieren integrarse a la comu-

nidad. No deben pensar que los indígenas los están esperando como sus salvadores y/o esperar que la gente vaya a solicitar su ayuda, sino ofrecérsela.

En cuanto al programa de español para avanzados este es un programa para adultos y por lo tanto es flexible a cambios. El grupo de avanzados del Omnibus 71 tuvo esta oportunidad desde el primer día, es más yo tuve dos reuniones con el grupo para discutir y aclarar dudas sobre el programa, el grupo no sugirió ninguna alternativa sino que estaban de acuerdo con nuestra propuesta.

(Ed's note: The following is the same article translated into Quechua).

Joe Johnsonca 1994 octubre/noviembremanta "El Clima", pancacunapi quillcashca, chaimantami caipi rimacrini.

Ecuadorpica shuctac mama-llactacunapi shinallatac huaquin runacuna nata chican-chishcami can. Shinallatac tucucunapash yuyashpa, mana yuyashpa huaquinpica llullac-yuyaicunata charinchic, shina-pash ñucanchicca mana yahuarta ricushpaca (runacuna-mishucunata - chacracunata) llancanchicchu, pimi shina yuyan jahuallami yuyashca.

Ecuadormanta cashpaca, runacunapac allicunahuanmi cani, paicunapac nishcacunata japinimi, paipac yuyaicunata alli yupaichashca shinapash mana yaya - mama shinalla ricushpa, ñucanchicca paicunapac causaita yuyaicunatapash ricishpa llancanchic.

Ñucaca mana jaicapi paicuna shinalla cashachu, ñucaca mana quichua huarmichu cani, ñucaca shuctac yuyaicunatami charini, runacunapash chaitami yachan, chaimanta paicunapash paicuna shinalla mana ñucata chasquin-

cacunachu, paicunapac shimita rimashpapash chican-huarmi shinami ricuhancami, chaimanta paicunapac yuyaicunata alli yupaichinami can, paicunata yanapanata munashpaca paicunapac munashcata rurana cani.

Runacunaca tucucunami rurashcacunata yuyarin, ashtahuancarin mana alli rurashcacunata, chaimanta canca yachana canqui imatatac Ayuda



Illustration by Neeta Kapila

Internacional, Instituto Lingüístico de Verano rurashca, chaimanta aillu-llactacunaman mana yaicunallachu. Ashca huatacunami yallina canca runacunantin, mishucunantin alli causachun, "Llucshi Caimanta" shuyucunata ricuna canqui, ñuca nishcata chaipi ricuchun, chaipi ashtahuan can yachacuchun.

Runacunaca ashca huichashcunami can, paicunahuan causancapacca mana quichuarimacla cana can, chai llactacunanaman yaicuncapacca paicuna shinalla cana can, mana shina cashpaca, mana yaicuncallachu, chaitaca mana pipash yachachincami, quiquinlla paicunapac cau-

saita ricushpa, paicunapac yuyaicunata japishpa, yaicuna canqui.

Quiquin chaita mana ushshapaca, mana yachachicunamanta rimana canqui. Canpac llancaillami can.

Canca paicunapac shimita yachanquimi, shinapash paicunapac causaicunata mana yachanquichu, chaimi canpac llaquica.

Ashtahuancarin "huaccha" yachachicunapac llancaica mishu-shimita quichua-shimitapash yachachinami can. Paicunapac llancaica mana runacunahuan causachichun canchu, chaitaca quiquin rurana canqui.

Tucucunami yachanchic Ecuadorca ashca causaicunatami charin shinallatac ashca chican runacunami caipi causan, shinapash pachami mana pactanchu yachachincapacca, quimsa quillaca ashallami can, shamuc runacuna tucui quichua causaita yachachun, caipica imashinatac causan, imashinata yuyan yachachinchicmi, shinapash quiquincunami yachacushpa catina canqui, paicunata ricushpa, paicunapac yuyaita japishpa, paicunahuan alli causancapacca. Quichua runacunaca mana quiquincunata quishpichic shinalla shuyacunchu, paicunaca mana quiquincunapac yanapaita mañancapac rincacuna, quiquincunami cuna canquichic.

Ashtahuan yachac mishu-shimi llancaimantaca, caica runacunapacmi can, chaimanta shuctac llancaicunata ruranata ushanchic. Omnibus 71 tantanacuica shucniqui punllamanta cai ushaita charirca, ñucapash paicunahuan ishcai tantanacuita charircani, cai llancaimanta rimancapac, shinapash manapishpa mana imatapash nircacunachu, tucucunami ñucanchic llancaihuan allimi carcacuna nircacuna. *

Ashtahuan yachac mishu-shimi llancaimantaca, caica runacunapacmi can, chaimanta shuctac llancaicunata ruranata ushanchic. Omnibus 71 tantanacuica shucniqui punllamanta cai ushaita charirca, ñucapash paicunahuan ishcai tantanacuita charircani, cai llancaimanta rimancapac, shinapash manapishpa mana imatapash nircacunachu, tucucunami ñucanchic llancaihuan allimi carcacuna nircacuna. *

Who the Hell?

By Juan Carlos Velasquez,
Mira

I've been reading another repulsive edition of Newsweek. I just ran across this little bit of wisdom: "The Mexicans are going to go to the United States whether Americans like it or not. We're smart people. We know how to get past any barrier you put up against us." - Agustin Garcia, a Mexico City messenger, on the passage of California's Proposition 187, which would deny social services to illegal immigrants.

Man, this really pisses me off. This is my State doing this shit. I'm taking this personally because I'm Mexican- American. I'm the son of legal immigrants. My Dad served in the United States f...ing Armed Forces. I pay taxes. And I don't care if the guy whose kids are going to the same school as my nephews and is cutting Pete Wilson's lawn is an illegal immigrant.

But what this guy said means something. And I think Peace Corps being here is sort of related. Can you imagine some

American "development" worker saying this about Ecuador: "The Americans are going to go to Ecuador whether Ecuadoreans like it or not. We're smart people. We know how to get past any barrier you put up against us.... And dammit, we're going to develop Ecuador if it's the last thing we do!" Use your imagination.

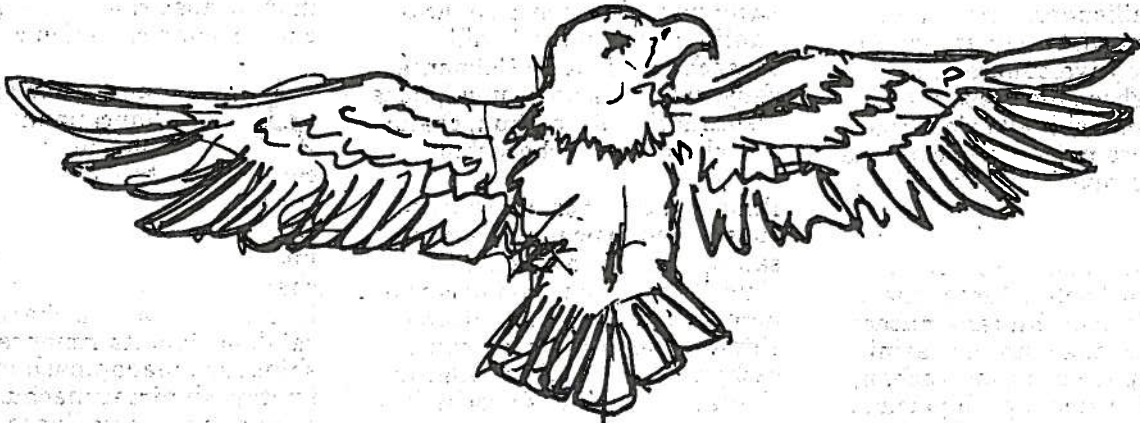
What does the passage of some proposition have to do with us being here? Nothing really. Or, a lot, depending on how you look at it.

Why do Mexicans cross the border? Better movies? 49¢ tacos? How about because they want to better their lives? They go looking for jobs. They generally don't go to the U.S. to get their kids a free education. Not when there's a good chance their child won't speak English, the teacher won't speak Spanish, and their child will finish high school not being able to read or write - in neither language. This proposition means nothing. It's not going to stop the immigration. As long as the U.S. has better opportunities and there are Mexicans looking to improve their lives, immigration will exist.

All this proposition shows is the

attitude of Americans. We don't want you in our country. (Never mind that California once belonged to Mexico and is basically stolen property). We don't want to have to pay for your kids' education or the medical bills of your poor. Never mind that this will end up costing the State more because of increased crime and disease.

But wait a minute. Why do we help countries like Ecuador? Why are we here? Is it because Ecuador is poorer than Mexico? Aren't we helping to educate Ecuadorean children and paying for the medical bills of their poor (indirectly)? When you build a water system with money from USAID or SPA, money that comes from your tax dollars, isn't that money that can stay in the U.S.? Why should Ecuadoreans get it? We're put here with U.S. taxpayer money. All in the name of "development". We want to better the lives of Ecuadoreans. We decide who gets to improve their life. We decide who gets to live where, whether they want to or not. We decide who we'll give our money to, whether they want it or not. We decide who we think wants to improve their life. And we decide if we're going to let them or not. *Who the hell do we think we are?**



Women and HIV/AIDS Conference

By Corella Payne,
Conference Co-Coordinator
and RPCV Ecuador

The "Mujer y VIH/SIDA" conference was held 11/25/94. I won't bore you with all the details of the work involved, the stream of letters mailed to the States re; financial/material donations, the constant stops and starts, unexplained and prolonged mail delays, etc., etc., and etc. It was a movie in the making. The important issue is that it happened, and the work paid off.

Approximately 110 people attended the conference. There was a nice diversity of host country national participants, including representatives from women's groups, family planning agencies, human rights and religious groups, and several people from the medical professions. Two ex-PCV's (Monica Mueller and Kim Stephens) who had worked with the Ecuadorean deaf community had previously asked me to invite deaf nationals to the conference for two reasons. One was to create an awareness among the Ecuadorean hearing community that there are deaf nationals in this country and that they deserve recognition. The second reason is that as a very marginalized group, deaf Ecuadoreans would otherwise have little access to such

important health information.

In the conference, it was both interesting and thought provoking to watch the reactions of the Ecuadorean hearing community to the deaf interpreters and the deaf participants. A special effort was also made to include Black Ecuadorean, and indigenous women to the conference, as they are also not fully integrated in the Ecuadorean mainstream. Carrie Caballero was good enough to find and invite 3 indigenous people from Cayambe. Though they said little, their presence was necessary and welcomed. Thank you, Carrie.

One of the most important conference objectives was to create an initial awareness of HIV/AIDS and women, and to draw a strong focus on how the disease impacts on their lives first as human beings, and then as mothers, wives, and caregivers. This objective was accomplished in that the majority of participants and conference speakers were women, and everyone was given information and materials to make copies, distribute, and share with their colleagues and family members.

We are indebted to Country Director Jean Seigle for taking time out of her incredibly busy schedule to inaugurate the conference. She expressed her

strong commitment to the health, well-being and status improvement of women worldwide. The conference folders were wrapped in red ribbon, the American symbol of AIDS awareness and America's willingness to work together in combatting this disease. Director Seigle shared this information as "cultural food for thought". Perhaps in time Ecuador will come up with its own symbol for HIV/AIDS awareness as AIDS eventually becomes part of this country's national consciousness.

Conference speakers covered a wide variety of topics, including statistics on HIV/AIDS, clinical manifestations in women, negotiating safe sex/condom usage within the cultural context of Latin America and alcohol/drug use, and unprotected sex. A panel of three people from a local AIDS organization discussed special topics: male homosexuality and the more crucial issue of male bisexuality. It is the key and hidden form of sexual transmission, and poses the greatest risk to Ecuadorean women. Both bisexuality and homosexuality are sensitive and controversial topics, and did not generate questions or discussion from anyone in the audience.

I recall giving Kathy Vavricka (Conference Co-coordinator) a glance that said, "I do not believe not one person has anything to say regarding these subjects". I refrained from making any comments, as this was a health symposium for host coun-

try nationals. I later asked the conference moderator (an Ecuadorean woman who works for APROFE, a large family planning agency) about the silence on these specific subjects. She explained the lack of response as "the newness of the subject and that homosexuality, bisexuality, and HIV/AIDS are not yet part of the Ecuadorean vocabulary or consciousness, and it is very difficult to openly speak of such issues." Another Ecuadorean who attended the conference said that "to ask questions in public about these forms of sexuality is to draw attention to oneself". I had to respect that. In a different country, addressing the issue of AIDS and bringing it to the forefront has to be done with delicacy and cultural sensitivity. You can only give people information and the space to talk about all the ramifications of the disease. It is for those nationals to deal with HIV/AIDS, in their own time, at their own "comfort level" and within the context of their own culture.

It means that many HIV-infected Ecuadorean women will probably die of AIDS without even knowing they were infected. Before we think to jump on Ecuador's slow response to AIDS, let us not forget there were a good many gay men, and women who died (and continue to die) of HIV/AIDS in the U.S., before our country decided to take any form of governmental action.

I want to say something about having a Women and HIV/AIDS symposium in a lesser developed

country. When one talks about women, we are theoretically talking about all women, even the ones we may not necessarily want to include, for cultural, social, personal or religious reasons. We did not talk about all the women at this symposium. I think either homophobia or the extra work involved in finding a truly hidden population got the best of me here. I remember over a box (it was probably number two) of white wine saying to

Ecuadorean gay/lesbian underground (I can't assume they'd be above ground) to even invite them..... at any rate, Ecuadorean lesbians were not invited, nor part of the outline or discussion. I don't feel great about that exclusion, but there's no point in beating myself over the head, either.

HIV infection and incarcerated women was another non-targeted community. I do want to

mention however, that finding and gaining access to some populations of women is a much more difficult task in another country. We all did the very best we could, and the whole process and the conference made for a fairly excellent, unprecedented event. The food was good (yes, I do have my priorities straight), I think the materials and the conference overall were well-received by all who attended, Barry Bem was kind enough to let me wear his red pin of AIDS awareness so I felt well-dressed and appropriate (thank you, Barry) and we were all pleased by the outcome and results.

I thank Dr. Miguel Artola, our Health Program Manager, and all the Washington and

Ecuadorean Peace Corps staff for their patience (we really tried not to drive you all crazy), support, and invaluable collaboration. We could not have pulled off the conference without you. Last but certainly not least, to the HIV-infected woman generous enough to give me her personal testimony, it is hoped that the conference shed new light and a broader understanding to women worldwide living with HIV/AIDS. *

Kathy and Kelly (Conference Co-Coordinator), "if we're talking about Women and AIDS are we going to include a section on Ecuadorean lesbians?" I don't know how it got decided that we couldn't/wouldn't... we were covering more than enough topics in a day, there wouldn't be enough time, what Ecuadorean conference speaker could we find to even discuss such an issue, how would we as gringas go about the



The Driver

By Juan Carlos Velasquez, Mira

So I went home for Christmas. I know, I have said that people who go home are weak, but that's only my stage persona. The fact is I was bribed by my folks. How could I resist some home cookin' for a couple of weeks? So how did it go? Well rather than bore you with gastronomic tales of bagels and burritos I think I'll share something a little more personal.

I've always been someone who ponders my role in life, the significance of my relationships with family and friends, and where I belong in this picture. Who am I, really? How do my words and actions affect others? What exactly is my responsibility to all of them? Well, all of this came to a head on my trip home when one of my best friends told me he was gay. Needless to say I was shocked by this revelation. So many thoughts came into my head that I didn't know what to think. I don't consider myself to be homophobic and I have known other people who are gay. But this was somehow different.

I don't know why, but I didn't know how to react. I guess the fact that this was one of my best friends for the past ten years had a lot to do with it. Why hadn't he told me before? Should I have been able to figure it out? How many times over the years had I probably offended him? Did my behavior over the years make him think that I wouldn't accept him, and prevent him from coming out before? And what now?

I was a little overwhelmed to be honest. We talked about it and he asked me what I thought about it and how I felt. We were both very nervous and I knew he had been through this several times before when telling other friends. There wasn't much I could say. I told him that it was cool with me, that nothing's changed between us and that I accept him however he is. I guess I knew these were the right things to say. But I know I was just talking at that point. My mind hadn't really had time to think, process and react. I was still reeling.

The rest of the time I was home was dominated by this. Whenever I was with another friend we'd talk about it. I didn't really have time to sit back and think until now, coming back to Ecuador, where time to think is all we have sometimes. And I have come to some realizations.

I now feel like I am a part of this. I am now a defender of homosexuality, whereas before I was a nonparticipant in the debate, I will now attack homophobia. I will now be offended if I hear the word 'faggot' or 'flamer' etc. I will now get angry when I hear gay jokes. Then I came to another realization. Why only now? Why did I not care before? Why did it take this to make me feel this way? Even though I have always accepted homosexuality, only now am I really confronting it. And it hasn't been easy.

People who know me know that I am a very proud person, especially when it comes to being Mexican-American. I am always pointing out my ethnicity to others, making damn sure that people know that I am different and not like them. I like to think that I am accepting of other cultures and peoples. What does this have to do with it? Is being an ethnic minority any different than being gay? Not really.

I realized I was being hypocritical. How could I have been such a defender of minorities while ignoring the gay population? Don't gays represent a segment of the population that is as "different" as minorities are? I guess the point I made to myself is that we're all individuals. I should never forget that everyone is different in some way. No one feels the same things that I feel, sees things the same way I see them, or has the same perspective I have. I guess this experience has made me realize that I shouldn't jump to conclusions about people.

I purposely gave this article the nonsensical title "The Driver" to prove a point. This article has nothing to do with driving anything, proving that sometimes you don't really know what something's about until you get into it. But the sad fact is, I know that if I would have titled it "Coming to Grips with Homosexuality" it would have been passed over by some readers. *

Agua; Un Salto en el Desarrollo, Como Medir Su Impacto

Por Napoleon Cevallos, APCD de Infraestructura Rural

El proyecto de Infraestructura Rural del Cuerpo de Paz ha trabajado desde el año 1984 en la construcción de sistemas de agua y letrización así como también en actividades de Educación Sanitaria en varias comunidades rurales del Ecuador. La construcción de todos los proyectos se han realizado con la cooperación de agencias de desarrollo tales como IEOS (Instituto Ecuatoriano de Obras Sanitarias), Plan Internacional, CARE, CRS, Municipios Cantonales, la participación comunitaria y la dirección técnica de los Voluntarios Ingenieros o Promotores del Proyecto.

Desafortunadamente después de haber construido o haber participado en la construcción de los diferentes proyectos de saneamiento, no hemos regresado a las comunidades beneficiadas para conocer si los sistemas han funcionado o funcionan bien, y el impacto que éstos han tenido en la vida de la gente de la comunidad.

De ésta manera ante la ausencia de información válida, especialmente en lo que habido cambios de comportamiento y hábitos se refiere, decidimos desarrollar instrumentos de medida que nos permitan, lo mas cerca posible, averiguar que ha ocurrido con los sistemas de agua y saneamiento y con las personas beneficiarias de aquellos proyectos.

Así entonces se estableció un Plan de Trabajo que contenía los siguientes aspectos:

- 1.) Solicitud de ayuda a OTAPS - Sector de Agua y Saneamiento para contratación de un consultor experto en ésta clase de actividades
- 2.) Trabajo con el consultor enviado por OTAPS.
- 3.) Informe preliminar.
- 4.) Elaboración de formatos de encuestas y documentos de tabulación de la información colectada.
- 5.) Revisión de los formatos de encuesta y pruebas de campo por los Voluntarios del Proyecto
- 6.) Reajuste de los formatos.
- 7.) Elaboración de formatos de encuesta finales.
- 8) Seminario para el entrenamiento de los Voluntarios del Proyecto y sus contrapartes sobre el uso de los documentos de evaluación.

En la semana del 20 de septiembre/94 al 2 de octubre/94, el Sr. Chris Roesel, técnico contratado por OTAPS y yo visitamos 9 comunidades rurales, poblaciones en las que 8 años atrás los voluntarios del proyecto construyeron sistemas de agua y letrización. Durante estas visitas el Sr. Roesel tuvo la oportunidad de entrevistarse con líderes campesinos y con directores provinciales del IEOS, charlar con los pobladores de las comunidades y dialogar con los Voluntarios y aspirantes del Proyecto de Infraestructura rural.

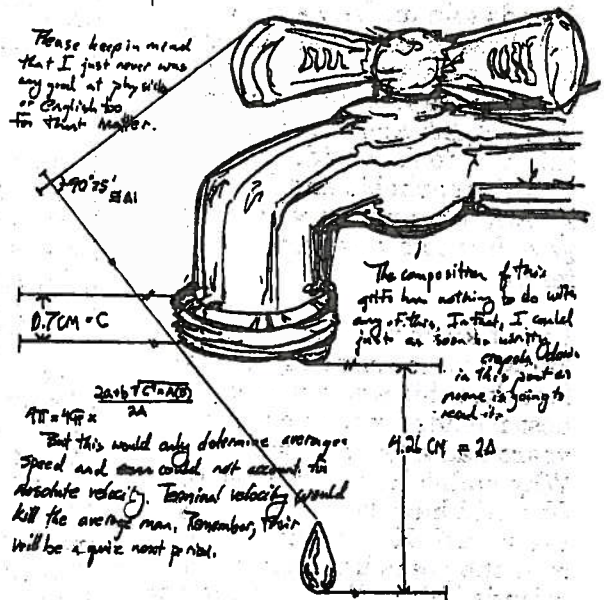
Aunque el tiempo asignado para esta actividad fué escaso y el número de comunidades visitadas reducido, no obstante se pudo obtener valiosa información e indicadores que facilitarían la elaboración preliminar del documento de evaluación.

Algo satisfactorio y estimulante fué el escuchar a la gente de las comunidades visitadas, expresarse con orgullo sobre el sistema de agua o letri-

nas terminado, las dificultades que tuvieron que vencer y el papel protagónico que desempeñó el Voluntario en el desarrollo del Proyecto, increíblemente la mayoría de los campesinos narraban con lujo de detalles alguna experiencia o anécdota vivida en su relación con el Voluntario del Cuerpo de Paz.

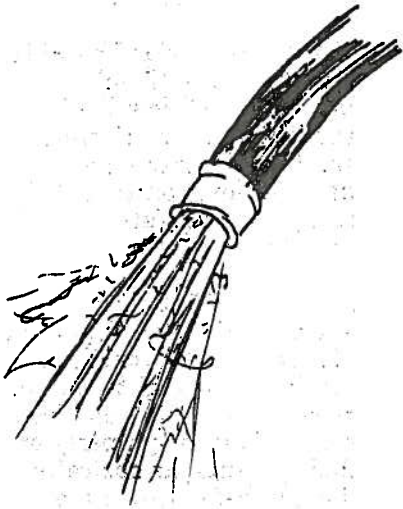
Al momento el borrador del Documento de Evaluación está terminado; durante los meses de enero a marzo/95 este documento será analizado y probado en las comunidades por los Voluntarios del Proyecto y en el mes de abril/95 durante la Conferencia de Trabajo se revisarán todas las sugerencias con respecto al diseño y uso del Documento de Evaluación, las mismas que serán enviadas a OTAPS para la elaboración del documento final.

Si todo continúa como está previsto con seguridad en el mes de agosto/95 será necesario realizar un taller de trabajo para entrenar a los Voluntarios del Proyecto y sus contrapartes en el uso del Instrumento de Evaluación, en la tabulación de la información



obtenida y en la aplicación de los resultados.

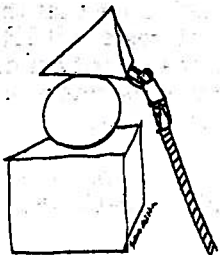
Y, hablando de aplicación de



resultados considero que esta fase es quizás la mas importante tanto para el Proyecto, los Voluntarios, sus contrapartes y las comunidades mismas, pues el conocer las fortalezas y las debilidades del trabajo realizado, constituyen luego la fácil enseñanza que evita errores y deficiencias futuras; así como tambien el reconocimiento de tareas bien realizadas orienta y motiva a todos quienes participamos en la ejecución de proyectos de saneamiento ambiental.

Espero que este documento una vez terminado sea un complemento adecuado a aquellos que actualmente estan siendo usados para el estudio preliminar de las comunidades participantes en los proyectos de agua potable y saneamiento.

Finalmente, creo que habrá entre quienes lean esta nota, personas bien informadas y con basta experiencia en este tipo de actividades, recurro a ellos para saber de sus comentarios y disfrutar de sus generosas sugerencias.*



Youth as a National Priority for Ecuador

By Marie Skertic, Guaranda

According to official statistics, more than 60% of the population of Ecuador are children and youth, the majority of whom live in conditions of extreme risk. 79% of the population lives below the poverty line, with 30% living in conditions of extreme poverty. Social costs were reduced from 11.4% in 1980 to 3.9% of the national budget in 1992.

The above-cited figures are some reasons why I am very proud to be a part of the Youth Development Program, under the direction of the very capable Srta. Nellie Villavicencio Ledesma.

I also have the good fortune to work for the Programa del Muchacho Trabajador (PMT) del Banco Central del Ecuador. We are a program dedicated to working with youth, especially working youth, in espacios alternativos, where youth can participate in recreational activities and learn about their rights under the law. We also organize camping trips, youth conferences and work with the medio ambiente to create greater consciousness of environmental problems which affect Ecuador. Perhaps most importantly of all, we provide the kids with structured activities, with love and affection, and give them our time and attention. The majority of the kids here have difficult lives and we try to give them a space of their own, and the opportunity to **Be Children**.

Our work also includes informing the kids about the Codigo de Menores, updated and changed in

1992, but of which, unfortunately, many adults here are completely unaware.

"Los Derechos del Niño" includes 54 articles, which can be summarized as the following:

1. The right to Identity: Nationality, name and cultural roots.
2. The right to family: To be cared for and educated by the parents until age 18, and if the minors do not have a family, to be protected by the State; and when a child is abandoned, all have the obligation to notify the Tribunal de Menores.
3. The right to a relationship between parents and children; to have mutual respect between them both and the right of children to respect their parents.
4. The right to health care: All health centers and hospitals, public and private, have an obligation to give urgent medical care to minors.
5. The right to prevention of dangers: The sale of liquors, cigarettes, toxic substances and firearms to minors is prohibited; they are not allowed to work in dangerous occupations which might endanger their moral or intellectual development. Adults are held accountable for this.
6. The right to Education: Ecuador guarantees that all children under the age of 18 have an obligatory, basic and free education.
7. Youth with Difficulties: It is an obligation of the State to provide services for incapacitated youth until they can participate actively in the community.
8. The right to protection: The obligations parents have as legal representatives of their children to always do what is in their best interest and to fulfill their obligations to their children, whether they live with them or not.
9. The right to be respected: The right to live free from violence,

from sexual abuse, exploitation or any other kind of mistreatment, mental or physical. These abuses should be reported to the agency involved or the Tribunal de Menores.

10. The right to freedom from sexual abuse: The Tribunal de Menores and everyone has the right to intervene in sexual abuse cases.

11. Youth Accused of a Crime. Youth have the right to not have their name or picture publicized when they are accused of a crime, to not be mistreated in custody, or to be left incommunicado or placed in an adult jail.

12. Regarding work: The State protects youth who have to work from exploitation and prohibits them from working in mines, gathering garbage, or from working far into the night.

13. The Media: The state requires the media to produce and distribute social and cultural programs for children, and to control the program planning for children during certain hours so that it is not against their moral or physical development; and it prohibits the divulgence of a minors name or photo if they participate, are a victim of, or a witness to, a crime.

14. Organizations which guarantee the rights of minors include: El Consejo Nacional de Menores; La Direccion Nacional de Proteccion de Menores; El Servicio Judicial de Menores; La Brigada de Menores; and other organizations, private and public, which protect the rights of children in our society.

Of course these are laws written in books; the compliance of these laws, and the reality in which we live, is quite different. It is encouraging to know that at least we have the laws on the books, when other countries in



Latin America do not, that we are working on assisting youth, and that changes will occur and are now occurring.

Important Dates in Ecuadorean Legislation Concerning Minors

February 1990: Ecuador became the first country in Latin America to ratify the Convention de Los Derechos del Nino, which was later converted into law. Ecuador promised, in this country and for this decade, to assist with the rights of children regarding protection, development, participation and surviving components.

September 1990: Ecuador participated in the Cumbre Mundial por la Infancia, held in New York with the participation of 71 Heads of State. They wrote the World Declaration about the Protection and Development of the Child in the Decade of the '90's. Those present promised to make funds available and to find ways to make the promises a reality.

December 1991: Ecuador approved the Plan for National Action in favor of Ecuadorean

Children in the 90's.

November 1991: The PMT had its first national cumbre, entitled "Now We Have the Word", in which thousands of children on a national level participated, to discuss the National Plan and their needs as youth.

August 1992: Ecuador approved the New Codigo de Menores, which considers youth to have rights as well as responsibilities; children are not just the property of their parents, as basically thought before this time.

March 1993: Alberto Dahik, the Ecuadorean Vice President, declared the Plan de Accion to be a national priority.

November 1994: Local foros were arranged by the PMT to discuss children

being a national priority in Ecuador, then as subject to rights and as Ecuadorean citizens. The foro local in Riobamba was held Nov. 8-10, 1994, and the one in Guaranda from Nov. 16-17, 1994.

The 4th National Cumbre of Youth and Children was held in Quito from Nov. 24-27, 1994, and was organized by the PMT. Themes discussed included youth as a national priority and the Codigo de Menores as related to the Constitution, as a special law for the protection of youth and children.

The law, Ecuadorean society, and public consciousness is changing in favor of its youth (por fin!) and hopefully we will see many more positive and important changes in favor of youth in the months and years to come. Let's hope that their voices and interests will TRULY become the priority of all politicians, administrators, and the public as a whole.

Our Foro Local in Guaranda: November 16-17, 1994

We organized our foro local, or local public meeting in favor of youth, in Guaranda very rapidly but very well. I had moved to Guaranda only two weeks before from my old site of Riobamba and we had many things to organize in a short amount of time.

After inviting every high school in the city, three elementary schools, a number of public officials, teachers, etc. to participate, we wound up with the participation of 60 youth and 10 officials/teachers. This was a bit disappointing, considering all the time and energy we had put into organizing the event, and had planned for 150 or 200 participants. But the paro in our colegios and the protests against the latest rise in prices of gas and combustibles interrupted things.

The themes we discussed were the same as listed above: Children as citizens, having rights, the Derechos del Nino, as well as a public question and answer period. We had very lively discussions, debates, and the children and youth were quite motivated and interested. I was impressed with their dedication and intelligence. They obviously love their country and want to make it better.

We were fortunate to have the participation of the Ministeria de Educacion of Bolivar, who has always been very supportive of our efforts; a representative of the Casa de la Cultura, Nucleo de Bolivar; the President of the Tribunal de Menores; and various members of the local Red Cross, to which I also belong.

The national office of the PMT in Quito had mandated that all espacios alternativos (and there are about 30 throughout the country) have a foro local in November, to give the youth and local citizens an opportunity to talk about their rights, feelings, wishes, hopes for the future, and to better understand the legal and social issues facing Ecuador. We in Guaranda hope that the

foro local will continue and that we will be able to have several each year, in the Consejo Provincial, with much active participation.

Youth are the future, and it was excellent to listen to their debates and see things from their perspective; I was impressed by their knowledge and by their realization that, yes, they are the future, but they are also THE PRESENT and need to assert themselves and to let their voices be heard NOW if change is to come later.

The youth who participated in our foro local were concerned with the number of laws we have on the books, which are not enforced or even known by the general populace; with problems in education, which are numerous, but especially regarding the disproportion of services and materials as related to education (por ejemplo, according to the Ministeria de Educacion, there is at least one school near Guaranda with 2 teachers for 8 children! and another school with 17 teachers for 100 children!, while in other schools some teachers have 35, 40, or 50 students in a class); the fact that the majority of citizens know nothing about theCodigo de Menores; they were concerned about the student demonstrations going on outside the meeting room, with the burning tires and raised voices which interrupted our proceedings; that the rights of children are fine on paper, but a conflict is created when children know about their rights, but the parents are unable to complete them, usually for economic reasons, etc.

The foro local, the cumbre, the PMT, and all the work we in the Youth Development program (as well as those PCV's in other programs who's secondary projects are with youth) are able to accomplish is small; that is a given. But we must start somewhere, one child, one life, one opportunity at a time. Here in Ecuador, God knows, it is so much easier to see what we can't

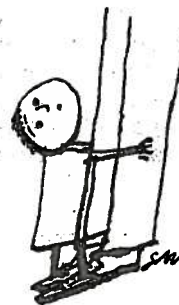
do, and why: let's try to concentrate on what we CAN do, and why, and how; poco a poco.

I've heard that some folks in the upper echelons of PC\Washington think that cutting or eliminating the Youth Development Program here might be in order. I certainly hope this is just an unfounded rumor, not fact. With all the youth in our world, and especially here in Latin America, we need MORE youth development volunteers, not less; more resources, not less. In this way, we can truly "touch the future".

As Arthur Gordon said in his book A Touch of Wonder (1974), on page 20: "Perhaps this is the way that everything of consequence begins. No certainty, no guarantees, just a choice, an intention, a promise, a hope . . ."

Can't we all make a conscious choice for youth and the future? *

Country Director's note: Support for Youth Development Programming has never been stronger in Peace Corps Washington and beyond. This is actualized by the presence of staff and funding dedicated to Youth Development activities. APCD Nellie Villavicencio has recently restructured the Youth Development Project Plan with the help of some experienced Youth PCV's: PC Ecuador has decided to keep a separate Youth Development Project, while other IA Peace Corps countries are instead focusing on a Youth component in each of their existing projects. For example, Small Business Development and Youth- a modified Junior Achievement Model is implemented.



Mejoramiento de la Ganadería Ecuatoriana

Por Jorge Delgado, APCD

Por tradición nuestro ganadero es un colono que ha emigrado de la sierra hacia el oriente y la costa. Por lo tanto es un ganadero que posee muy poca información sobre el manejo de animales y sobre la necesidad de la conservación de los recursos naturales en dichas zonas.

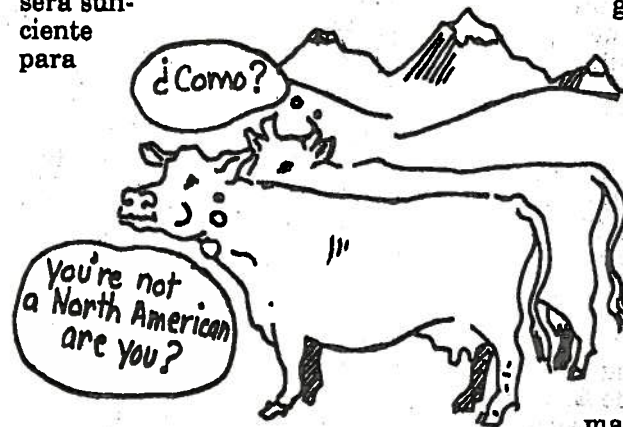
Es además un ganadero con pocos recursos económicos, conformista, tradicionalista, no tiene una relación clara de los costos de producción de un animal, desconoce técnicas nuevas de manejo de ganado y de pastos, no tiene, o tiene muy poco conocimiento de los mercados y no dispone de información sobre las posibilidades de añadir valor agregado a la producción primaria de leche y carne. (Agroindustria).

El Ecuador que se acerca al año 2000, sin embargo, demandará de sus habitantes y de entre ellos de sus ganaderos, cambios sustanciales en el comportamiento tradicional anteriormente descrito. El crecimiento poblacional que nos ubicará en 15 millones de habitantes para dicho año, la migración hacia las urbes (ahora 60% de la población vive en centros urbanos), la creciente competitividad producida por la apertura del mercado andino, el alza en el costo de la tierra, la liberación de los mercados, el deterioro de los recursos naturales, son entre otros los retos que los ganaderos deben enfrentar en el inmediato y largo plazo.

La mejor manera de enfrentar dichos retos será a través de una

intensificación de la capacitación en aspectos como el manejo de los pastos y el manejo de los animales. Además será necesario preparar a los ganaderos en aspectos administrativos y en destrezas empresariales. Al momento, al momento entre varios indicadores, el promedio de productividad de la leche es de 3 litros por vaca, la carga animal es de 0.5 animales adultos por hectárea y existe una mortalidad de terneros de un 35%. Si se realiza la capacitación en las actividades anotadas anteriormente, es de esperar un incremento en la productividad de la leche en hasta 5 litros por animal, una carga animal de hasta 1.5 animales por hectárea, y una disminución de la mortalidad de terneros en hasta un 20%.

La capacitación sobre aspectos de manejo y administrativo-empresariales no será suficiente para



enfrentar el futuro. Una mejor productividad deberá estar en función directa con la realidad ecológica.

El siglo venidero presenta retos profundos para todos los agricultores y ganaderos en como mantener una alta productividad en forma sostenible. La sostenibilidad se puede lograr solamente si se instrumentan medidas que tiendan a hacer uso de los recursos sin destruir la naturaleza. Algunas de dichas medidas son: el establecimiento de sistemas silvo-pastoriles, la implementación de sistemas de

manejo de animales semiestabulados, el aprovechamiento de los pastos de corte, la incorporación a la ganadería de arbustos forrajeros, la rotación de potreros, el uso de cercas vivas y la asociación de gramíneas con leguminosas.

Una alternativa adicional constituye la crianza de especies menores en combinación con la ganadería y la agricultura. Dicha combinación proveerá a la naturaleza con una mayor biodiversidad y al ganadero le brindará, al mismo tiempo, un incremento en sus ingresos.

El programa de ganadería del Cuerpo de Paz se encuentra colaborando en la solución de varios de los problemas descritos. Al igual que es necesario que el ganadero intensifique sus esfuerzos en mejorar sus actuales

métodos de explotación ganadera será también necesaria

una intensificación de las actividades de capacitación de todas las entidades involucradas.

A propósito de conservación de los suelos, me gustaría incluir un

mandamiento del Dr Walter Cowdermilk.

"Herederás tu Santa Tierra como su fiel sirviente conservando de generación en generación sus recursos y su productividad. Salvaguardaras tus campos de la erosión de los suelos, tus aguas vivientes de que se sequen, tus florestas de la desolación y protejeras tus colinas del excesivo pastoreo, de modo que tus descendientes puedan disfrutar de eterna abundancia. Si fallas en esta servidumbre de la tierra, tus campos fructíferos se convertirán en campos pedregosos y estériles y en barrancas inaprovechables, y tus descendientes disminuirán y vivirán en la pobreza o desa-

Shadow Day

by Corella Payne

Let me say this for starters. The names and incidents have not been changed to protect the innocent. Everything in this letter actually happened. I will periodically be interjecting this article with observations about women's work, and other comments in general. Stay tuned.

Due to my work schedule during the week at the hospital, I shadowed my "Mother" Carmen in Tumbaco, March 6, two days before International Women's Day.

6:35 am Carmen, my 28 year old "mother" rises with her husband. He is going to a "minga" for his children's school, and she is in the process of preparing his desayuno. Her two sons, 8 and 11 years old respectively, rise a little later. I want to say something here about family planning and its supposed correlation to educational level: Carmen has a 6th grade education and has been married 13 years, sleeps with her husband every night that he comes home, and neither she nor he have much access (let alone the extra money) to prophylactics in Tumbaco. In this very Catholic country, Carmen has 2 children and does not want more. Her lack of education has little to do with this very personal decision. She's doing something. Women all over the world, and as best they can with the resources they do and do not have, take the initiative to control their own fertility.

7:20 am Carmen dresses herself.

8:10 am I have had a head cold from hell for the last two weeks. Nurses from work tell me ajo (garlic) cooked in warm milk, ajo with lemon, ajo mixed with milk and raisins, or warm rum mixed with lemons and orange juice

will cure me. Nothing has helped so far. Carmen tells me that small cotton balls drenched with the milk from a lactating woman placed in my ears will cure anything. Who am I to argue? Her sister-in-law is currently breast-feeding. Carmen gives me two cotton balls dripping with breast milk. I spend the vast part of the day "shadowing" Carmen with drops of breast milk dribbling from my ear.

9:20 am Carmen's husband, Segundo, goes off to the minga. Her two sons stay with her.

9:25 am Carmen is fixing the beds of her sons. Why they cannot assist in this work (as it is their beds) is beyond me.

9:40am While Carmen is sweeping the living room, a domestic empleada comes in to do the laundry. This is "Women's work". In developing countries men are usually not hired to do domestic work. Lest we not get ahead of ourselves as people from a very developed country, do not forget that childcare is also domestic work. Who are the majority of nannies and babysitters? Who constitutes the majority of people working in "guarderías" (daycare) in the U.S.?

I have to interject here about work, class and disposable income. I was in Biblian, on one of those infrequent occasions that I leave Quito (I rarely go places where there is no SuperMaxi or Mi Comisariato, and yes, I am hopelessly urban). I was visiting a Volunteer. For lack of anything else to do we were sitting on her patio drinking beers. We noticed a woman hand-washing a room-sized rug. I was immediately reminded of watching Carmen hand-wash a

living room rug in the bathtub. The Maytag washer commercial came to mind. Anyway, we watched this woman labor with this rug for about 20 minutes. Nell (the Volunteer) took a swig of her beer, looked again at the woman, and said, "Hell, if I had to do that to a dirty rug I'd throw the damn thing away". I agreed. But we can, because we have the income to do so, as Volunteers and as North Americans.

In the States we throw away products for no other reason than we're tired of it, we don't have to wait until it's no longer useful before we trash it, and we have the disposable income to replace it. How many of us in our sites have seen Ecuadoreans wear clothing and shoes we would not dream of wearing in public? How many people in your sites have gone through your garbage that you thought was garbage? I live in the nation's capitol, and on garbage pick-up days, I see women with their children (this is unofficial work) going through garbage before the garbage truck comes. This is "official", paid work, as it is only men driving and picking up garbage.

In many developing countries where there is not a lot of extra anything, one person's garbage often becomes another's treasure.

Back to "Shadow Day" with Carmen....

Two children who are not Carmen's have been here nearly all day. The mother has been studying in the Colegio. The father has been out since last night drinking with his friends and has not returned. Carmen tells me the children are here every time the mother is out studying and the father is out with his buddies. I recall

that this was also the case when I lived with Carmen during Training. We call this informal child care and it's usually the care under the protection of a woman, and in other cases, of children watching children.

10:20 am Carmen has a thriving poultry business. The chickens on her roof are stomping around (what does one call the noise chicken make with their feet?) or doing something awfully rambunctious up there. I accompany her up on a rather shaky ladder and watch her check, give water, go up and down the roof and climb up again to feed her 800 (you read it right) chickens. She sweeps the pens and performs other necessary tasks. She has to haul up a couple more heavy bags of chicken feed, and I'm tired just watching her. So I help haul bags and feed the chickens. I am not used to this (urban women do not feed chickens..we just buy and eat them) nor am I accustomed to having chicken scratching and defecating all over my shoes, but I'm a real trooper.

11:20 am We walk half a mile up to the bus stop to catch the bus going to Puenbo. It's a 15 minute ride. Carmen needs to get more chicken feed and doesn't want to wait until Monday. The man from whom she's buying the feed told her to be there at noon. She leaves her 11 year old son in charge of his younger brother and the other 2 young children permanently stationed in her house.

2:10 pm We return to the house. The man Carmen was waiting for never showed up, neither he nor she has a phone, so all she can do is return on Monday. Carmen is cranky, irritated that she wasted time, and now has to cook (fast-food, anybody? And with what extra money?). She's hungry, and so are all four children. The mother of the two youngest kids has not yet returned from the colegio, nor the father from being with his friends. Segundo, Carmen's husband, has not

returned from the minga. After she cooks and feeds the children, we go to the store. Someone in Carmen's family is having a wedding later on that afternoon, and Carmen needs to buy a gift. She looks at a diner set for under 10 mil sucres, and immediately decides to buy it, not having the time or energy to shop around.

3:40 pm Some in-laws of the kids who have been at Carmen's all day, found the father of the children. He was on the road somewhere, passed out from drinking. Somebody saw him, placed him in a wheelbarrow, hauled him home, and put him in bed.

3:50 pm Carmen's husband, Segundo comes home from the minga. He has been drinking, and whips out a bottle of Ron Caney for the wedding. Carmen dresses herself, while helping her two sons change their clothes, and combs their hair.

4 pm The mother of the two children who have been in Carmen's charge all day, arrives.

4:10 pm Even though I am "shadowing" Carmen, I tell her I am not comfortable going to the wedding. She is gorgeous and dressed to the T. I am dressed as if I could go play Volleyball. She tells me it doesn't matter what I look like. I am not convinced. She tells me there will be food. I of course agree to go. Carmen remembers from Training that I love food I don't have to cook. We go to the wedding.

4:40 pm Carmen's husband, who had previously been drinking at the minga, is singing and dancing up a storm. Carmen is eating, while watching her children run around and periodically gives them tid-bits of food when they're hungry. Whatever the social occasion women all over the world still have the primary responsibility to watch, feed children, make sure they don't hurt themselves, know where they are, take them to the bathroom when they need to go, and hold

them in their arms while they sleep.

5 pm The mother of the two children who were at Carmen's all day arrives at the wedding with the kids. I ask her if her husband will be angry when he wakes up and does not see his wife or children at home. She said, "If Javier (her husband) can go out and enjoy himself, I certainly have the right to do the same. Besides, I have the children. He only has to worry about his chuchaqui"! (hang-over).

7:20 pm I've had more than 7 sips of trago, chicha, and goodness knows what else. I'm tired and want to get back to Quito. Carmen and all the children want to go home, too. We have to cross a river over a single plank of wood less than a foot wide. The river is 20 feet below. It is a tad dangerous for children, not to mention Volunteers who are used to paved/concrete roads. Carmen walks over the plank slowly with her 2 sons. It is getting dark and she's a little nervous, but there's no other way across. Segundo wants to cross the plank with me. He is more than drunk and I sense he's in the mood to play games. I can cross by myself, though at this point I'd have felt safer hang-gliding blindfolded. A man comes over the plank and crosses with me. Segundo follows behind, joking around on the plank. I hear a splash. Segundo has not fallen into the water....he has thrown himself in. Carmen and I both look at each other. She shakes her head in disgust. She is Ecuadorean and I am North American, and I can tell we are both thinking the same thing: We do not understand men who drink too much. I look at Carmen and say "No entiendo los hombres". Carmen tells me "Ni yo tampoco, y estoy casada con uno!".

7:40 pm With Carmen holding my hand, and another man holding Carmen's hand, I reach down near the slippery reeds and pull Segundo out of the water. After

standing up (or trying to) he decides to walk back over the river (something like Jesus, I guess) and remain at the party. Carmen throws her hand back in disgust, says, "all men are crazy", and with children in tow, we head back to our respective houses.

Comment: Put this social situation in reverse: A married woman from any developing country (this is not to imply this wouldn't happen in developed countries) being found blitzed from too much drink and being hauled home in a wheelbarrow, or going to a party, getting a nice buzz, and deciding to stay (alone) at the party while hubby leaves and takes the kids safely home. NOT. The role reversal doesn't reverse.

8:20 pm Carmen has to go check on her 800 chickens again. She also has about 200 baby chicks that need to be kept warm. I climb on top of the roof and she hands me a filled up (re:heavy) gas tank for the "calentadora" (heater). Then she has to make sure that all 10 one-gallon tanks of water are filled for the chickens before she goes to bed. That's a couple of trips up and down that ladder. And I used to wonder why she was getting thin.

Comment: In many developing countries women do not seem terribly thrilled with aerobics, swimming, stairmasters, Nautilus machines, or other forms of "exercise". But the constant physical work (handwashing, heavy clothing, harvesting fields with children on their backs, having to walk anywhere one wants to go, maintaining homes without any kind of modern technology) that they perform on a daily basis, kind of gives new meaning to the word "workout".

8:40 pm Carmen's finally done cooking, cleaning, caring for the kids and chickens.... for that day. The kids are watching TV, and are fading off to sleep. Carmen is going to knit a tablecloth to

relax. I have never seen her read a book. I have never seen her sit back, feet up, and/or simply contemplate her navel. When would she have the time, not to mention the extra energy, to do so? And who would go to the open markets in the first place, to shop? Who would then prepare and then cook (not to mention serve) the food, clean, wash, take care of hers and other people's children, and the animals, so that she could sit, read a newspaper, and/or write a letter? Women's work is often invisible, grossly underpaid and undervalued, but it is never intermittent, and is absolutely necessary.

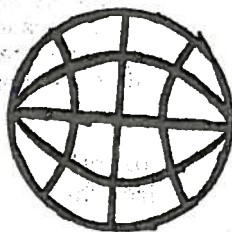
Carmen debates against leaving the door unlocked because her husband may show up later on that evening, and she doesn't want him banging on the doors and waking up neighbors. Then she tells me the help with it, he can stay across the river, sleep on a rock in the river if he wants, or he can bang on the door whatever hour he decides to come home. She decides to lock the door for the safety of her and her children.

I sincerely thank Carmen for her time and participation and tell her I'll see her at the end of the month. I head up to the bus stop and hope like hell there's a bus going to Quito. I have no idea where I left my car keys.

P.S. Breast milk drenched in cotton and stuck in both ears does help getting over a cold. Do not ask me why.

P.S. No, I don't have a car!

(ed. note: this article appeared in a previous El Clima. We are re-running it so that Volunteers who would like to participate in Shadow Day this year can get an idea of how it's done...)*



Just Do It!

Submitted Anonymously



Have you ever stopped and wondered just what the Nike advertisement really means when it says to "just do it?" After having spent several sleepless nights fighting off bazaar sized mosquitos on the coast I came to a near conclusion. How about this for an answer:

I spent the first three months of my service "adjusting to my community and learning the cultural difference that Peace Corps could not provide me with in the Sierra". Then I thought about all sorts of projects I could do. I made my lists, I checked them three or four times, and finally went to the beach in frustration. The blues set in and I pondered the meaning of life, but the answer is 72 so I didn't ponder long. I sought advice from those that had been here longer than I. In the end I slowly came to realize that the only way to get anything done in this country was to just do it. Red tape is red tape and some places it is worse. Projects involving \$\$\$\$\$\$ seem to cause problems, but as many of my friends found out you just stop planning the project and just do it.

One really doesn't need the shoes to get the job done, they can help you get off your butt and on the road but black Air Jordans don't plant the papas any faster than bare feet.

Stop wondering if the project will succeed or not and get out there and just do it.

Author wishes to remain anonymous in case he/she doesn't get around to doing it.*

NUESTRO Idioma

By Chris Samuel, Cuambo
and Julie Piskur, Bilovan

February will be here soon, reminding me of never-ending Chicago winters and, of course, Valentine's Day. That special day when I never seem to be able to find someone special with whom to share it. But, you know, a box of chocolates tastes quite good whether you're alone or with someone else. This column is dedicated to those of you who are looking forward to a romantic, candlelit night. Whether your night will be shared with a Spanish or English speaker, I hope that this vocabulary list of caring, sharing, loving words will help get things off to a good start. Not all of these words are romantic, so even if you don't have anyone to woo, don't stop reading. Julie Piskur suggested I do a summary of the subjunctive tense. She has kindly contributed her review to this *Nuestro Idioma* (subjunctive tenses with haber were covered last time). Have a good Valentine's and send all flowers and chocolates to: Chris Samuel c/o El Clima, Casilla 635, Quito.

mimar- to pet, fondle, fig., pamper, spoil
acariciar- caress, fondle
encantar- to charm
amar- to love
amor- love
querer- to love, like, want, wish
desear- to want, desire, wish for
pedir la mano, hacer propuesta de matrimonio- to propose
declararse- to declare your feelings or to propose
compartir, dividir, repartir- to share
hacerse amigo de- to make

friends with
regalar- to give, to make a present of
compadrear- to be pals
noviazgo- engagement
boda- wedding
novio/a- boyfriend, girlfriend, sweetheart, fiancé, bride/groom
enamorado/a- boyfriend, girlfriend
enamorzarse- to fall in love with
enamoricarse de- to be just a bit in love
admirador- admirer
asociarse- to associate, team up, join forces, become partners
asociacion- association, partnership, society
socio- member, partner, associate
amigo- friend, can also mean boy/girlfriend, sweetheart, lover
compinche- pal, chum
compadre- name used to express kinship between father and godfather, pal, friend
comadre- name used to express kinship between mother and godmother, midwife, best friend, crony
amante- lover
bondad- kindness
caridad- charity
amistad- friendship
querida/o- dearest
romance- romance
romantico- romantic
corazon- heart
flores- flowers

The easiest explanation of the subjunctive tense is in Schaum's Spanish Grammar. Here it is:
"Subjunctive implies subjectivity. If there exists the possibility that the action about which I am speaking has not or may not take place it is necessary to use the subjunctive. However, if it is a realized fact that the action has taken or definitely will take place the indicative is used."

The subjunctive is almost always found in a dependent clause. You don't need to memorize lists of verbs, clauses, and phrases which require the subjunctive tense. Just keep in mind the idea of subjectivity.

Present subjunctive:
 Formation: drop the -o ending

from the first person singular of the present indicative. and add "e" endings for -ar verbs and "a" endings for -er and -ir verbs
 ie: hablar—hable, hables, hable, hablemos, hablen
 comer—coma, comas, coma, comamos, coman

Irregular Verbs:
 dar-dé, ir-vaya, ser-sea, estar-esté, saber-sepa
 Yo quiero dormir-
 I want to sleep
 Yo quiero que Uds. duerman-
 I want you all to sleep.
 Ella quiere irse.- She wants to go.
 Ella quiere que se vayan - She wants them to go.

Imperfect subjunctive:
 Use: In the same situations when you use the present subjunctive, but the verb of the main clause is in the imperfect, preterite, or conditional.

Formation: Use the third person plural of the preterite (ie: hablaron) and add the endings así:
 hablar: hablara, hablaras, hablara, habláramos, hablaran
 comer: comiera, comieras, comiera, comiéramos, comieran
 ie: Prefiere que nosotros salgamos.- He prefers that we leave
 Prefería que nosotros saliéramos. He preferred that we left.
 Espero que se puedan venir. I hope that they can come.
 Espería que se pudieran venir. I hoped that they can come. *



Seeds

Por Nelson Oleas Jaramillo,
APCD AG/ SED

Como es de conocimiento general, el Cuerpo de Paz administra un Programa de Semillas de hortalizas que tiene como objetivo el fortalecer las actividades de campo que cumplen los PCVs y apoyar técnicamente al desarrollo de las comunidades del Ecuador.

Conforme a los datos obtenidos de la Interamerica Region, se conoce que la oficina del Ecuador es la que cuenta con la mayor cantidad de semillas, en relación a otros países, esta situación ha sido posible hacerla gracias a los informes y evaluaciones realizadas cada año y enviadas a Washington. De acuerdo a esas mismas evaluaciones, pienso que es pertinente el mejorar la administración del mencionado programa, a fin de que el beneficio para los PCVs y para las comunidades, sea el mayor posible, razón por la cual, mediante, este medio de comunicación me permito dar algunas respuestas a varias interrogantes acerca del tema:

1. Cómo el Cuerpo de Paz / Ecuador recibe las semillas de la oficina de Washington ?

En Washington existe el Seeds for the Americas Program que funciona gracias al apoyo de la W. K. Kellogg Foundation and the Upjohn / Asgrow Seed Company. Este Programa recibe donaciones de semillas todos los años y para nosotros poder acceder a este insumo requerimos enviar los requerimientos de semillas y un formato de evaluación del Programa en cada país, se incluyen fotos, reportes, recortes de prensa, etc., por este motivo, es importante la recopilación de estos materiales de parte de los Voluntarios que retiran semillas.

2. Quienes son los grupos de personas y/o agricultores más idóneos para recibir semillas ?

Debido a que las semillas constituyen un material vivo y que en el comercio tiene precios elevados, es pertinente optimizar su uso, razón por la cual deberíamos entregar las semillas a personas que posean estas características:

- Ser un agricultor y/o persona que posea algún conocimiento respecto al manejo de semillas de hortalizas.
- Ser comunidades que se encuentren servidas por la presencia de un Voluntario que conozca del tema.
- Ser personas emprendedoras, que sean capaces de mantener y desarrollar huertos familiares, aunque el Voluntario ya no se encuentre en el sitio.
- Ser grupos que organizativamente funcionen bien.
- Deseen aplicar sistemas de agricultura orgánica.

3. Cómo se pretende organizar de una mejor manera el sistema de entrega de semillas, implementación de huertos, monitoreo y evaluación.

A partir de Febrero de 1995 se implementarán algunas nuevas ideas con el propósito de mejorar el sistema:

- Se seguirá registrando las cantidades de semillas que los PCVs solicitan.
- Adicionalmente a la entrega de las semillas se entregará un formato de evaluación de las semillas que deberá ser enviado a Quito cuando se disponga de la información respectiva, en lo posible nos sería de mucha utilidad el disponer de fotografías y cualquier otro material.
- Para el caso de los PCVs que no tienen experiencia en este campo, se les entregará un pequeño manual, que constituye una guía técnica para hacer semilleros, preparar camas, hacer trasplantes, etc. También esta abierta la posibilidad de tener entrenamientos cortos en Tumbaco, para las personas que lo requieran.
- Con el propósito de constituir, en las comunidades, programas de semillas que sean sostenibles, existe la idea de crear BANCOS DE SEMILLAS, los mismos que funcionarían de la forma siguiente:

Las semillas recojen los Voluntarios y llevan a sus sitios, dicha semilla puede ser entregada, en forma gratuita, a alguna organización existente en la zona, es decir, Asociación de Agricultores; Junta parroquial; Club de Madres; Centro Agrícola; etc. Estas organizaciones reciben las semillas y venden a los socios a precios menores a los que se encuentran en el mercado.

Con el dinero generado por la venta de semillas, los grupos pueden adquirir otros tipos de semillas que el Cuerpo de Paz no dispone, por ejemplo: esparrago, alcachofa, berenjena, etc., de esta forma el banco de semillas seguiría creciendo y dando buenos servicios para las comunidades.

4. Algunos datos relativos al funcionamiento del Programa de semillas en el año 1994.

- En general, la mayoría de las personas que recibieron semillas se encuentran satisfechas con el producto, a pesar de que no son semillas de la mejor calidad.
 - Se trabajó aproximadamente con 754 familias y 42 escuelas primarias.
 - La mayoría de familias que instalaron huertos familiares, utilizaron los productos para su propia alimentación, lo cual redundó en el mejoramiento de la nutrición de los niños y adultos.
 - En muchos sitios se ha logrado introducir productos que antes no eran conocidos ni utilizados, tal es el caso de la oca, broccoli, zuchini, etc.
 - Las economías familiares se han visto mejoradas, por cuanto existen productos que las familias cultivan y ya no tienen que salir a comprar en los mercados.
 - Se presentan algunos datos sobre porcentaje de germinación de las semillas:
- | | |
|-------------|------|
| Squash | 60 % |
| Onion | 50 % |
| Carrot | 50 % |
| Green beans | 60 % |
| Radish | 20 % |
| Broccoli | 40 % |
| Okra | 50 % |

The Violation

by Miles Cooley, Esmeraldas

Author's note:

It isn't easy to understand the evil that we do. We of humanity are often compelled to acts of malevolence, I think, by reasons we cannot fully understand. Violence seems to be as much a part of the human schemata as kindness. The citizens of El Diamante have a reputation for violence, yet I cannot be sure whether this reputation is warranted or not. How can an entire city, and the people in it, be known as violent? The generalization is absurd. Yet, I do know that the rape of Daryl Marsh last fall in the manglar a half-mile from my house was an act of senseless violence. But, I also believe that what compelled the rapist to his act was something he didn't fully understand. You see, the oppressive poverty that casts an ugly pallor over every facet of life in El Diamante is the serpent that can tempt the soul to evil. The people of the city see that the life that swirls before their gaze is brutish and cruel. To a child growing up in the squalid city, looking toward the future, I am certain, is a bleak exercise. Few jobs, hardly a sound education, little real material comfort, only the idleness and desperation that have characterized the city for generations. Not all of the city's citizens are poor, but the majority are. Not that there is no happiness to be found in the boundless barrios of the poor, there is, just very little of it. The people are working too hard to survive. Not that powerlessness and poverty

are excuses to perpetrate the unthinkable, they are not. Oppression does not preclude the placement of blame upon the individual. Yet in the effort to understand how something so horrible could have happened to Daryl Marsh, why evil is so carelessly wielded in our world, it is necessary to maintain a perspective on such things. However difficult.

Though the city sits only several thousand yards from the vast Pacific, there are no gulls in the skies above El Diamante, only legions of black vultures scanning the landscape for dead or vulnerable flesh.

I awoke on that morning with the crisp, warm wind that blows off the sea signalling the coming of a clear, tropical day.

It was going to be the kind of day that makes one think of the circus, with all that popcorn, bright color and pomp, or a sunny picnic with the red and white checkered table cloth, cool lemonade and the three-legged race. I was sharing the top floor of a house out on the beach with a co-worker, about ten miles from the El Diamante city-limits. The house was of rustic wood, two-stories, the top floor of which was an open porch facing out over a shiny, green coiffure of two almond trees, onto the sand and the outstretched Pacific twenty yards away. I had been living there for four months, and the life, save the commute to El Diamante to work everyday, was quite agreeable. Running every morning at sunrise, after work swims in the soothing depths, languishing in the glow of the navel orange sunset and slumbering to the sea's tidal murmurs every night was heaven. The prospect of a beautiful day then, wasn't anything excep-

tional, as I had accustomed myself to the blessings of beach living. But on this particular Saturday I was playing host to three of my girlfriend's *gringa* classmates who were visiting on break from their study-abroad program at the Catholic University in the capital city. Tamara, the track star from the Pacific Northwest, with a brilliant smile and acerbic wit. Amy, the high-energy jock, with a soft edge, and Daryl, the sensitive feminist with an inquisitive sensibility. None of them had been to the coast before, and the weather's cooperation couldn't have been better, as a hot, clear day on the beach was as good as any day could ever be. I got out of bed and went out onto the porch. Rubbing the sleep from my eyes, I looked out over the dark blue of the sea, which almost melted into the lighter blue of the sky. I could see the fishing skiffs with the fishermen hauling in their nets, filled with the morning's bounty. The contrast between the billowing white sails of the skiffs and the dark figures of the fishermen laboring below, glistening in the day's first rays of sun, pleased my eye. My girlfriend and her friends had already risen and were down on the beach, swimming and splashing in the surf.

"How are you water nymphs doing this morning?" I called down sarcastically to the four of them. They sneered in unison and yelled for me to come join them. It was a funny sight, four *gringas*, in their designer bathing suits, splashing around as if they were in a halftime commercial for light beer. This humble fishing community will never be the same, I thought, as I slipped on my bathing trunks and spirited down the stairs to the beach. Already the sand was

hot under my feet. I paused for a moment in the shade under the almond trees, then sprinted across the hot sand to the frolicking group. The four of them, like myself, were in high spirits because of the weather. "We have to do something special to celebrate our good fortune of being alive today on a day like this." Daryl said through the laughing and splashing. We all laughed harder at the neo-hippiness of the statement but immediately agreed. We decided to have a BBQ picnic later that afternoon. We discussed the menu. The party favors were to be chicken to marinate in lemon and then slowly broast, choclo, an ambrosia of fruit for a fruit salad, and most importantly, a couple bottles of cheap rum, to mix with ice, lime and Coca-Cola. My girlfriend and I offered to do the shopping, leaving the three guests to explore the beach, and soak up some golden rays. When we parted company with the three, it was with smiles of anticipation and that feeling of excitement you get when you know you're going to ease into an afternoon of revelry, of fun in the sun, like a country boy anticipates the county fair and all it's pleasures. As we walked away from them there on the beach, I turned back and over my shoulder said in my best mother voice, "Be sure to be careful now dears, that sun can be a killer. Better put on number 75." They grinned and Tamara threw sand at me. "Get movin' chore boy," she called. I mumbled a "Yes ma'am" and trotted to catch up with my girlfriend who had run ahead, playing tag with the foamy waves. We headed off the beach and up the path between the manglar swamp and the road that led to Atacara.

The sights and sounds of the market in Atacara were as poignant as ever. It was the usual carpet of color, wave of smells. The rows of fruits and vegetables, reds and yellows and browns and greens and purples, the piles of white quintal sacks of flour and rice, big black jugs filled with cooking oil, the dull reds and pale yellows of the freshly slaughtered pigs and chickens, mixed up into a strange but valid odor of freshness, rot and the sweat of commerce. After about an hour of inspecting and haggling, we completed our purchases and made our way back down the road to the beachhouse. Coming up the stairs, I looked up to see my co-worker and his girlfriend standing in front of the closed bathroom door with strange expressions on their faces. The sound of the shower was coming from the behind the door. "What's up?" I asked jovially, then realizing that we hadn't thought of including them in the picnic plans. "Uh, we're having a picnic later. We could get some more chicken..." My co-worker looked at me and pointing to the bathroom door whispered, "She got raped." "Who? What?" I sputtered confusedly. "Daryl," he said. "She got raped." Then from the bathroom, Daryl's voice called out, asking my girlfriend to come in to the bathroom. I pressed my co-worker for details. He had none, except that Daryl had been walking alone in the manglar on her way to Atacara to meet Amy and Tamara who had gone on ahead, and had been raped. My head was spinning. Where? How? I thought about trying to find the assailant, my eyes darted immediately to the machete I had hanging on a nail near the stairs. I must have been staring at it transfixed, because my co-worker had been

talking to me, but I didn't hear a thing. "I'm going into town," he said. "I can go with her to El Diamante, since I am going to a party that way anyway." His last words broke the spell of the machete. "Since I'm going to a party that way anyway."

Before I could question the absurdity of the statement, Daryl came out from the bathroom, wrapped in a towel, looking pallid and asking for hydrogen peroxide for her head. The rapist had hit her over the head with the dull side of a machete. A large chunk had been taken out of her scalp. With clear, vibrant eyes and a steady voice, she told the story of what happened while my girlfriend and I put antibiotic ointment on her head. "I was walking along the beach to meet up with everyone in Atacara and I came to the place where the river flows into the sea, and you either have to cross, if the tide is low, or walk around. I was wearing a dress, and I didn't want to get it wet so I decided to go around, up by the road. So I walked up through the manglar, and there was this guy standing there in the path. He had a machete in one hand, his t-shirt in the other, but I don't know, I didn't feel threatened, so I walked towards him as if to pass. He came at me. It was so weird like it wasn't happening to me. He put his machete to my throat and I think he told me he would kill me if I screamed. The trees formed a kind of hollow and the path was bounded by these trees, so there was no where to run, and no one could see really, although I could hear people playing on the beach. So I thought of what they talk about at the rape crisis center in Berkeley where I volunteer, and I decided to make it easy, I didn't

want him to kill me. As I started to go to the ground, he hit me anyway with his machete. Twice. That really trips me out that he hit me, I wasn't even struggling. But I couldn't even feel it when he hit me. So he got on top of me, put his t-shirt half over my eyes and did it. Get that, he covered my face, not his. He didn't seem to enjoy it, it was like he was miserable. I kept thinking how weird it was that I was thinking about what he was thinking about while he was raping me. It was totally bizarre. Anyway, he rubbed my face in the dirt, I think he was trying to get me to eat dirt. How weird. Then he left. I laid there for a moment or two and just tripped on what happened. I still can't believe it. I'm glad he didn't kill me. At least now I will be able to relate really well to the women at the crisis center." She said all of this in an unwavering, almost detached voice, as if she were recounting something that she had seen on television, or read in the paper about something awful that happened on a far off continent. I was amazed at how composed she was. I asked her what she wanted to do, go to the police, the hospital, what? I felt exasperatingly helpless. Daryl said, "Well, I guess we'd better go to the hospital first. My head hurts." I turned to my co-worker's girlfriend, who had been absolutely silent and asked her if she knew of any clinics where we could go in El Diamante, her city. She responded with vacuous, "No." No. No words of consolation, compassion or possibility. A limp, unsympathetic no. I looked at her in incredulous disappointment. My co-worker mumbled something about being late and with a hasty goodbye, they went down the stairs to their party. Leaving a note for the others who still had not returned from

Atacara and who had no idea of what had transpired, we went to the road looking for a taxi to take us to El Diamante and the hospital.

Standing on the road trying to flag down a passing car seemed to add insult to injury. Cars flew by, filled with drunk students heading back to their cities in the mountains after a long weekend of partying, spraying us with gravel, dust and exhaust. After what seemed to be forever, I spotted the car of an acquaintance who worked down the beach in one of the shrimp laboratories. Paco was taking a right turn towards Atacara. I ran across the road over to the car's driver's window and explained to him and his female companion that one of my friends had been attacked and we needed a lift into El Diamante. "Which one?" he asked, looking at the two gringas, Daryl and my girlfriend, standing across the road, their light dresses billowing in the breeze, contrasting the gray clouds that had rolled in with the late afternoon. *Which one?* "It's not important," I said, "please take us." Paco looked at his companion who returned the look with indifference. "We are on our way to Atacara just now," he said. I looked at his squat face and his vacant eyes and insisted, "Listen, we'll pay you if we have to." His companion repeated the earlier question, "Which one?" Ready to give up, I turned to look at Daryl standing there calmly. I could feel the bile rising in my throat. I was angry, angry at the whole sick way that this planet turns sometimes. I wanted to stop it from turning and say, "This is my stop." and hop off. I wanted to do something rash, drastic, but just then Paco's companion

said, "Paco, let's take them." Reluctantly, he turned the steering wheel left and said, "Let's go." We filed into the back of the small car. Paco slid a cassette into the stereo and turned the volume up as loud it would go. The blaring salsa, light and tropical, the words waxing romantic about some love affair, gave the ride a comically ironic feel. Paco, singing along, put his hand on his companion's thigh, while she stared at my girlfriend and Daryl in the back seat, trying to figure out which of them was the victim. They dropped us off at a clinic in the center of El Diamante. Daryl was examined while two doctors and two nurses looked on. My girlfriend, who sat with her in the examination room, was outraged. "Why do all of you need to be in here?" she protested. Daryl said calmly but with resolve, "Don't you understand what I've just been through?" The doctor explained that filing charges for rape was a difficult process and that the signatures of doctors present were needed to file the needed forms.

After the exam, my girlfriend poked her head out the door to the waiting room where I was sitting impatiently and asked me to come talk to the doctor, the idea being that maybe I could make some sense out of what he was saying. As I was listening to the doctor, trying to understand the process, I noticed that Daryl was touching the wound on her scalp. I asked the doctor if she was to need stitches, he replied, "For what?" He hadn't seen the wound, or even examined her body in general, just her genital area. My girlfriend whispered to me in English that the doctor hadn't even used the usual

gynecological tools sitting in the glass cabinet in the corner, he only probed around with his fingers, asking questions like, "So, are you soltera? Why were you walking around the beach by yourself?" As if being alone on a beach and being a woman were mutually exclusive possibilities. As if Daryl had asked to be raped. When I heard this, I felt as though everything were in slow motion. I felt like a character from Kafka. Everywhere a sordid enigma, a dark, twisted dream that couldn't be reality, but was. Mad hatters around every bend. As I was ready to burst, to rip the heart out of the doctor, Daryl looked at me with a reflective smile and said, "This is just what life is like here, a lot of paperwork. It's o.k., calm down." We left the hospital and took a taxi to the police station. We were ushered to a dingy, windowless room with a desk and on it, a typewriter. There were two detectives in camouflage t-shirts sitting on the edge of the desk, talking animatedly to who appeared to be a secretary sitting behind the typewriter. Behind the secretary, tacked up on the wall, was a large, glossy color poster of a voluptuous, blonde woman bending over naked. She was leaning on the butt of a large firearm, in her right hand a bandolier of bullets. With her teased hair and pouted lips, she leered back over her shoulder at us in a kind of weird greeting. "I'm here to report a rape," Daryl said. The younger of the two officers jumped to his feet and asked who had been raped. *Who?* But before Daryl could respond he added, "Was it a negro?" Daryl hesitated, "Um, I don't think so, he had dark skin, he looked like a lot of the people here, but black, I don't think so." "What difference does that make," I interjected. "Because the blacks are the ones that do

this type of thing, that's why," the older officer responded. Flabbergasted, my girlfriend left the room, tears of frustration and anger welling in her eyes. The secretary dryly asked Daryl some specifics about the rape and tapped her responses on the typewriter. The officers asked Daryl what she was doing alone on the beach. "Don't you have a boyfriend?" Leaving the police station, we sensed that to pursue the issue with the police was not going to be very fruitful. We got in a taxi and headed back out to the beachhouse. During the ride Daryl remarked, "It's too bad we didn't get to have our barbecue, it sounded so fun, and you bought all that food. Let's have it anyway."

Back at the house, Amy and Tamara were waiting. Upon hearing the news they erupted into tears, and I went outside to start the barbecue. I had to do something productive to counter the profound feeling of powerlessness within me. As I carried the plate of chicken up the stairs I heard the four discussing their histories of sexual abuse. Three out of the four of them had been either raped or molested as children. A teary discussion continued throughout dinner, for which no one had much appetite. Hearing the recounting of various acts of sexual malevolence made me feel that, as a man I had no place at the table with the four young women. At first I felt ashamed, then I started to smoulder with anger. Without really even thinking, I excused myself and went downstairs onto the beach. I walked almost trance-like to the cabana of a friend who lived down the beach. He had shown me his hunting rifle a couple of days earlier. I was going to get it, and then I was going into the

manglar to find the rapist. "Why do you want the rifle?" my friend asked me nervously. "Que te pasa?" I told him that a friend had been raped and that I was going to find the one that did it. I was sure that the perpetrator lived in one of the shacks along the river in the manglar. "O.K.," he said, handing me the rifle and a handful of shells. "Cuidate." I thanked him and with the rifle sweaty against my palm and the pocketful of shells rubbing against my leg, I walked briskly in the moonlight, past the lighted veranda of the beachhouse where they were still sitting and talking, through the briny mist coming off the sea, into the dubious night. Once in the manglar, I moved quietly, only the surf and the crunch of my sandals in the dry mud could be heard. I saw up ahead the glow of a fire inside one of the shacks. I quietly loaded a shell into the rifle chamber. I began to stalk toward the cluster of shacks and I caught a glimpse of the full moon, high and brilliantly metallic, and I felt as if a beam of its phosphorescence was shining on me, and nowhere else on earth. As I stood there, looking up at the moon, rifle in hand, sweat on my brow and blackness in my heart, I realized that I, at that moment, was no better than the rapist of Daryl Marsh. I was motivated by a power that was beyond me, propelling me to commit an act of irrational violence, perhaps on someone as innocent as Daryl. I had been motivated to that point, the precipice of no return, by fear, hate and powerlessness. The same nasty ingredients that gave rise to the events of the afternoon. I looked at the moon, beautiful in its cold loneliness, and felt as if my soul was lost, way up there on the icy lunar surface. I thought of my first reaction upon hearing of the rape, the machete. The rapist

too, had used a machete. My mind whirled in the arc of moonlight. I thought of Daryl, her sensitivity, her repose. Surely, she would have to face the shock of what had passed, but her grace, her composure, demonstrated throughout the fantastic events of the day, dwarfed the character of the man standing in the manglar, holding a rifle, hunting a rapist. I looked at the moon and realized that the place for my heart was here on this planet, in spite of the evil that we do, the things we are capable of. The true work is to be done not in the way of the rapist, nor my way, with violence and malice. For if it is, rapists, their hunters and people like them will cover the world with fire and blood. No, it is to be done in the way that Daryl Marsh taught me on that Saturday that had started so full of promise. "At least now I'll be able to relate really well with the women at the crisis center," she had said. The work is to be done with grace. As I walked out of the manglar that night to give the rifle back, I realized something about what lurks in my heart, in the hearts of us all, most likely. That night in the moonlight, thanks to Daryl, I locked up the beast and threw away the key, and I will be ever vigilant to keep a watchful eye on it, lest it escape. •



Beginnings- READY, SET, GO

by Nicole Dino

Ready-

We're here, we're out there, it's happening. It felt like it would be forever before we'd actually be at our sites. There were two months of speculation, guessing, and asking others "Where do you want to go?" After our first trip to the sites, we found ourselves asking lots more questions and making countless trips to the map. "What do they want me to do, where am I going to live, how close is that to Quito, is it safe there, how far do I have to walk for helados and how am I going to get all my stuff there?" Obviously, we did get there; by bus, truck, or plane. That Monday morning when I left Tumbaco, I was loaded down with everything I could possibly carry, including a full set of jangled nerves. After talking to a few others, including those with a Spanish level far above mine, I was surprised to hear that they were feeling the same and asking the same question, am I ready for this? Well, ready or not, we left the "Tum" behind. **Set-**

Getting set, or set up, more accurately, is certainly an exercise in patience. At home things can be done ahead of moving day by making phone calls and inviting a few friends with trucks. Promise them beer and pizza, and in a weekend the moving is completed. Even with some luck the gas, electric and phone bills have already begun to count the days. We were told

things take longer. I met six people from my group on my first trip to the bank, and after waiting only a few minutes, I found out I was in the wrong line. There were six lines, and the average wait was 2 hours. Well, I beat that. At the first window, "Giro," I was informed they didn't have any money for me. How nice, no waiting. Maybe next week the money will be there and I'll get the opportunity to wait longer. Then I can get "setup." I must say at this point how valuable it has been to have the "veteran PCVs" guide us in the right direction. It is the "right direction" isn't it guys? Just think, O-72 in six months, we'll be the veterans.

Go-

Beginnings are overwhelming. The tasks seem endless, and they probably are. This might be a good time to remind ourselves that the process of development and change happens one step or task at a time, "poco a poco." The advantage of being at the beginning is that all the opportunities are out there waiting to be explored. Change and development will be two-sided, while we help Ecuadoreans in their process, we, too, will change and develop.

So here we are, ready or not. It feels like being on the "GO" space of a monopoly game. We've been given our start money, well at least some of us have, and we are set with the dice in hand ready to throw for the first round, hoping the first time out we land on some good property to buy and don't land on "go to jail." Most of us have strategies for playing monopoly and hopefully a few for life. For me, I'm planning to buy all the railroads because, first, I love to travel and second, if you get the "Take a ride on Reading" card, I get paid double! Ready, Set, Go... See you at Free Parking. •

In late July I had a conference in Cayambe, and a week later I had a presentation for the just off the boat trainees in Quito. A dilemma - should I huff the nine hours back to Cuenca and then return to the north in just a week or... take a trip? As the bogus corporate world calls it, "a window of opportunity"...

So the Aztec warrior Juan Carlos and I, started

BETWEEN THE CARIBBEAN AND THE AMAZON

pouring over the geeky guide books trying to suss out the situation. Painstaking research provided us with our destination: La Reserva Ecologica Cayapas-Cotacachi, the largest protected area in Ecuador, half in the northern coastal jungle and half in the northern Sierra. Look on a country map at the coastal regions, and it's the largest area with absolutely no roads, probably the most remote part of The Coast.

We started off in Ibarra at Ralph's house. Alex was also there, for their highly anticipated big disco night out on the town with five famous, supposedly "different" and gorgeous Ecu-Colombiana sisters. I was very burnt from the Cayambe conference, and passed up on the supposed opportunity of a lifetime to dance cheek to cheek with the

woman (or teenage girl) of my dreams. (Three of the five are teens Barry, but I guess they're all too young for you, eh? - JC). I knew we'd be waking up at 4 AM to catch the train to San Lorenzo, though figuring it was a 50/50 chance at best the train was even running. But, of course, this did not deter Juan Carlos, who can't bear to miss a second of potential fun. Those guys swilled the cheapest rum they

could find to get primed for their big night. (If the PC paid us more, we'd be able to afford better rum - JC). For a change, I didn't indulge, and of course, was called a weak loserio, etc. etc. I opted for relaxation, a two bag cheese puff dinner, and I stole Ralph's

last cookie that his mom sent him.

The boyz arrived back in the very middle of the night, not yet engaged but very happy campers. At first they were surprisingly quiet, but couldn't hold their excitable enthusiasm for long. (No nooky-nooky but of course lotsa potential). As Juan Carlos plops down on the mattress, Ralph asks "aren't you going to use the blankets?". The Aztec replies, "Why, I'm getting up in an hour anyway."

Lo and behold the wonderful alarm goes off at 4 AM. I get up, not sure if I have ever slept. The Aztec remains horizontal as I practically force him up. He's still buzzed, very grumbly and not pleased in the least. (I was having a good dream! - JC). We find a taxi to the train station, expecting the infamous and much read about

mob scene. No one around. Not a good sign. As anticipated, there wasn't a train that day, so we caught an early bus to Quito, and another to Esmeraldas. Upon arrival, I immediately felt the electricity of the coastal atmosphere. Had a very snacky "pescado encocado" lunch, then off we went in a "ranchero", the coast's charming rickety open-air mini-buses with the crammed rock hard benches, for the two hour ride north to Rocafuerte, our stop for the first night. Of course, the ranchero put more people and crap on top and inside than is humanly possible. As we've all experienced too many times, we could not comprehend how they could be stopping and putting even more shit on board. I was itchin' to see the dog-piled scene on the roof, but no way was I going to leave my shmooshed rock hard knee-jammed-chin seat.

Outside of Esmeraldas, we hit the turn-off, and a mob of more kids than passengers screamed onto the ranchero, selling everything from fresh fish special to mystery empanadas. They crawled all over the sides of the ranchero, enveloping us in a human wall and an array of edible aromas. The "tortilla de maiz" was tasty - gotta love that street food. (You know, the Aztecs invented tortillas - JC). Passed through the town of Rio Verde, where we saw dozens of nesting pelicans perched high in the trees. the ride calmed down and we putted into Rocafuerte.

We meandered through the small typically ramshackle coastal town looking for it's only residencial. The population is primarily black. Passed a birthday party for kids, with the merengue music distortedly blaring and the kids shaken their booties. Found our home for the night, quite basic as expected, though I'd slept at worse (barely). Luckily, we brought our own sheets, otherwise it would have been a bit ugly.

After checking in with the insane literally babbling old "duena", we began looking for what the geeky guide books describe as "the best food in Esmeraldas province." All we could find was "carne asada." What's up with that? (Hey, that's my saying! - JC). For a fairly desolate town, surprisingly few people were staring at us tourists, probably due to all the transients (fisherman) there. Plus the Aztec and the Jew can practically pass for Ecuatorianos. (I thought it was cuz we looked so tough - JC).

Just after dusk we were walking by the small dirty "beach" and heard quite a commotion with lots of shouting, flashlights flashing, and boats speeding by. As always, my insatiable curiosity was aroused. The fishermen and their potential clients were closely examining giant camarones, big prawns. We asked a well-to-do mestizo man what was up, and he explained that a lucky few caught females with eggs... which sold for 200 mil-100 bucks each! Their purchasers were middlemen who sold the very delicate precious puppies to the shrimp farm "laboratories." It was like the stock exchange. Big biz in a small poor pueblo. We later realized that Mr. Mestizo was definitely not a local, but must've been a "shrimp broker" from the city.

We managed to find a good camarones dinner, then retired to our posh abode. The crazy lady mumbled incomprehensibly at us. We were exhausted, especially Juan Carlos after his big disco night in Ibarra. I didn't sleep very well. I could clearly hear the couple in the next room doing the hoochy-coochy. Thankfully the man didn't last long, not even the

second time. And anytime somebody walked remotely close to our room it felt like a huge earthquake.

The next morning we caught a very early bus for the two hour ride to Borbon, which is about halfway between Esmeraldas and San Lorenzo. It was Sunday, market day, and the town was bustling. Had a ceviche breakfast and explored the town after making a reservation with Captain Franco's canoe for the trip up the Cayapas River. Borbon is quite exotic. I felt like I was in the Caribbean, say the Dominican Republic (though I've never been there). The blacks spoke with the jet-speed coastal dialect. A man with a cigarette hanging from his lower lip was butchering a big fish with a machete, and wiped off his machete with a rag that he'd just hit a mangy dog with. I got an amazing photo of a big cheerful shirtless man chopping the shells off of a pile of coconuts. At 9 AM a few folk were dancing and drinking in the waterfront discoteca. Where we in Ecuador, or a "foreign" country? I was having a super chevere time and knew that more great sights and sounds awaited...

We made our way to the canoe and slowly, but oh so surely, it filled up to capacity, which of course, meant zero leg room. What else is new. Hours later the seats on the canoe would make the benches on the rancheros seem thickly cushioned. But a much more horrifying problem confronted us before disembarking. There was another gringo on the friggin canoe! Elation became depression, hitting both of us like a freight train. Chuta, we were supposed to be going to a remote area! The gringo was actually a gringa, a solo euro-traveller. We decided that she couldn't be that bad if she was going there alone, and thankfully she was returning to Borbon early the next morning. So we

grudgingly accepted the intrusion.

The geek-book wasn't clear (surprise) on the length of the canoe ride to our next destination, the tiny village of San Miguel, the only "gate-way" to the western side of the ecological reserve. Our friendly ceviche waiter said it was about three hours there. Many hours later we realized he could never have been there before. Also, it was the dry season, so the river was very low and therefore very slow. Yet, also a clear deep green, versus its muddy murkiness of the wet season.

The river started out fairly wide, gradually narrowing as the surrounding rainforest thickened. The weather was just right, scattered clouds and intermittent sunshine. We passed a couple of (bogus?) missions, and a supposedly nice and expensive lodge run by some Hungarian bloke. Also passed occasional tiny thatched hut villages, and the occasional isolated house. At the three hour mark our butts were severely numb, we asked what was up, and to our dismay discovered we were only halfway there. Well, it was time to really settle into those comfy concrete-like seats. But, we got a second wind, and the scenery only became more and more beautiful, the river even crystal clearer with perfect reflections, the jungle even denser.

But the most amazing aspect was the people. There are only about 5,000 Cayapas Indians remaining, all in this region. The population seemed about 60% black and about 40% indigenous. I have to say once again that the Aztec and I did not feel we were in Ecuador, but another world. Like a cross between the Caribbean and the Amazon. Some villages were mixed, some segregated. I heard that many years ago when the blacks first arrived, the indigenous felt an infringement on their territory and there were clashes, but the

situation is calm now. What a shame, conflicts between two oppressed races...

Anyway, there was light traffic on the river, with hand carved wooden motorless canoes being the standard mode of transpo. Young children to old women to mothers nursing their babies rowed their boats. We saw a couple of old indigenous women topless, and little kids rolling around in the mud on the banks of the riverside. An elderly man had a meter long blue-bellied striped-tail iguana for "seco de iguana." On our canoe one friendly man with a big smile of perfect white teeth seemed to know everyone we passed, dropping off bundles of this and bundles of that and getting cold hard sucres in return. Capitán Franco definitely knew everyone, and due to our somewhat frequent stops and inquiries it seemed everyone owed him money, he being the connection from the villages to "civilization." Franco was a Cayapas, and often conversed with his cronies and debtors in an indecipherable local tongue. Between their dialect and the rapid-fire s-less Spanish I wasn't always sure what was goin on. No importa.

The closer we got to San Miguel, the closer we got to having the motorized canoe getting stuck in the shallow waters. After many "ya mismos," just after the nice sunset and seven hours from Borbón, we glided into the final stop. We paid Franco 16 mil each and walked up the steps to suss things out.

But... once again depression struck us like lightning bolts. Que horror! There were four f_king Euros there! And that's how many beds there were for travellers. We were supposed to be the only foreigners there, no? What's up with that??? We brought no camping gear, but the village "chief" loaned us a tent, and we spread out all of our clothing for mattresses. At

first a tad ticked off, we once again reluctantly accepted the bogusness of Euro-tourists. Luckily we never saw much of them, by avoidance and as they all split early the next morning.

After hardly eating all day on the canoe, Juan Carlos and I greedily devoured our cans of tuna while several children sat and stared. After the gourmet multi-course extravaganza a few of the young village guys played a guitar and sang pretty, (very) dirty songs, whilst passing a bottle of white rum. (Talk about cheap rum!- J.C.) After socializing and a couple of shots, we crawled into the tent for an anticipated hot, uncomfortable night's sleep. But the padding of clothes, a slight breeze and our weary bodies combined for a much needed good night's sleep.

San Miguel consists of about twenty thatched hut houses on stilts and an all black population except for the one Cayapas Indian family. It is perched atop a small hill at the confluence of the Cayapas and San Miguel rivers. We awoke early and were treated to an eerie view of a gray mist over the rivers and the jungle. At 7:30ish we met our two guides/rowmen from the village, 18 year old Jefferson and the somewhat older Wilfredo. We were off to our final destination, La Reserva

Ecológica Cayapas.

Luckily the Aztec and the Jew are skinny and our butts were able to slide into the narrow canoe. Our guides rowed from each end. Wilfredo patched holes in his canoe with the clay-like mud found on the riverbanks. The houses became fewer and soon far between. The river was so low at spots that the two of us had to get out and walk on the rocky spits, a welcome change from sitting. A medium rain fell for a short time, then the sun shined for the rest of the day, making the San Miguel River as clear as possible. During the rain our rowers didn't even seem to get wet while we got drenched, and in the sun they didn't even seem to sweat while we were baking.



Omnipotence or what? Saw a few parrots flying overhead, a few Kingfishers, a Blue Heron and a Great White Egret.

Three hours from the village we were at the entrance to the reserve. Unlike most other "protected" areas in Ecuador, no people are allowed to inhabit the reserve (at least the western/coastal half). Therefore the area is quite pristine. We hiked a couple of hours in the sub-tropical rain-forest, Jefferson pointing out the trees and plants, Wilfredo lagging behind, constantly smoking a pipe of the fragrant local tobacco. By the end of the day he was red-eyed and seemed to be feeling no pain. The hike was of course, very pretty. We made it to a good vista with a view of dense green jungle extending to the horizon. Swung several feet in the air on a jungle vine.

After the hike, and after not showering for two and a half days (on the coast no less. A bit pungent.), the swim felt more than phenomenal. We lunched and basked in the sun, then swam again. Jefferson threw an empty tuna can in the forest, and we asked him to retrieve it and explained why he should do so. We headed back, down river to San Miguel. About halfway there we stopped at an uninhabited "ceremonial area", consisting of a small dilapidated wooden church, a tiny cemetery, and an open-walled roofed structure used for a variety of events, from weddings to shamanistic ceremonies. There was even a rack-like torture device. (Obviously no influence from the peaceful Aztecs here - JC). Primo, we were out there!

Minutes before arriving back at the village, our guides taught us how to row the canoe, and miraculously we (barely) kept our balance rowing while standing and didn't go overboard. All the Euros were gone, and the place was as it should be, just Juan Carlos and I and the super friendly villagers. And, we had a clean room with beds.

Luxury. I then went down to the river to bathe. Washed with several giggling squeaky clean kids, as a couple of women were washing clothes. Soaping the sleeze off felt like heaven, and since the river wasn't silty at all I felt as clean as from a hot shower. The people there were remarkably healthy and incredibly clean. While I sat and dried off, a pretty cheerful woman named Maribelle started chatting with me. She looked older than her seventeen years and was married. She asked me several times if I would want a "morenita" girlfriend or wife, and enjoyed my positive response.

Towards the end of the day, I strolled through San Miguel and took amazing photos of the sparkly people. The children were precious, the old folk serene, and the adults all flashed wide smiles. I bought a (typical to the area) woven reed basket from the only indigenous woman in the village. As a man played a guitar, tiny children swayed and danced to the music. He said to me, "they have a natural rhythm, no?" These niños were born with the riddim!

After nightfall the diesel generator kicked in for two hours of light. The Aztec and I went to the chief's house, where Maribelle cooked us a dinner of soup, rice, a fried egg, and agua aromatica. Never had such simple food, especially rice, tasted so rico. (O. K., some prices. Nothing was cheap, as the geek-book says. Six mil each for dinner, six mil each for the room, no charge for the tent and camping. The canoe and guides for the day were fifty mil total, and for us the park entrance fee was ten mil each. Plus the thirty six mil each round trip canoe fare from Borbón. Not an inexpensive trip, but EASILY worth it).

After dinner, Maribelle, who turned out to be Jefferson's hermana, came to our room and asked me if she could have my bandana as a gift. I told her it was a ten year "antique" (not a lie), and I wanted to keep it. So, I said that one day I'll come back with one or give it to someone to bring to her. Seriously, if any of you go, PLEEEZ let me know and help me fulfill my promise to Maribelle.

Capitán Franco picked us up at 4:30 AM for the ride back to Borbón. The darkness enveloping the river and the fireflies in the trees created a spooky atmosphere. A charismatic man on the boat named Lucio knew everyone on the river, and he had an astounding deep growly baritone voice, a la Howlin Wolf or Prince Far-I. The trip down river of course, took longer than expected, six hours, mostly due to a veritable mountain of cargo. And, since there was a shortage of gas in the area and the prices were higher than before, the ride was twenty mil each (the locals paid the same).

Back in Borbón, we had the delish fish special for brunch, then were off on the rancho, for yet more sitting for the dusty four hour ride to Esmeraldas. I felt fantastic, having just taken one of the best trips of my life, and the best excursion for me in Ecuador this time around. (Must have been the company - JC).

At the main road, the Aztec and I said our farewells, he returning to Quito then to his site in Carchi. I still had a couple more days until my presentation in Quito. So, what the hell - I hit Atacames, ending the trip with swimming in the ocean, volleyball on the beach, tropical drinks and piles of seafood. Cloud nine for a week. Life can be tough...

Barry N. Lazarus, Cuenca •

A LITTLE STROLL WITH THE INDIGENOUS

By Shane McCarthy Rlobamba

You could eat an egg off their pants, while I, on the other hand, look like I've been wallowing with hogs. I somehow even manage to get mud and leaves under my hat. They don't slip, they don't stagger, slide, stumble, splash or side step. They glide. Like a ponchoed monorail. They don't whip, wobble, or whirl. I, on the other hand, must look like a willow in a hurricane. Watching them go up a mountain slope reminds me of watching a spooked mountain goat, a human gondola-straight up, with measured steps, non-stop to the damned peak. They don't even stop to adjust their trousers. And when they get there they are not sweating, they're not even breathing hard for God's sake. I, arriving 20 minutes later, am soaked through and smelling like a locker room, I am hyperventilating, my knees are shaking, trousers hanging on only by a pimple and my ultra-scientific pack has rubbed big weeping sores on my drooping shoulders and creaking hips.

Watching them go down is equally impressive. For anyone that has ever skied and watched a mogul hotdog pick a line through the bumps, it is virtually the same: the beautifully rhythmic bobbing of the head as if to music, the squared shoulders, arms flaring ever so slight (hands never more than six inches from the waist), the

articulating ankles and oscillating hips....the shock absorbing knees. They do this with 80 pounds on their back, tied around their chest with a rope. They do this in knee deep mud, pouring rain, eyelid snapping brush, and they do it with a damned smile on their face.

Part of the personal reward gleaned from being a Peace Corps Volunteer is the dose of embarrassment, humiliation, defeat, and humbling you are handed during two years. Theoretically, and I believe it's true, it makes you a wiser and more humble person. After almost two years of heaving up and down mountains, lurching through bogs, stumbling across rivers and flailing through jungles behind men half my size and often twice my age I should be 100% pure humble and wise. Of course I am not, but I have, through it all, developed a sense of appreciation and awe for the form and function of the indigenous people that I work with. They, on their worst day, can smoke you on your first day, guaranteed. I don't give a shit how fit you are, pound for pound there is no comparison between an indigenous Andean and your standard gringo, and the sooner one accepts this, and views it with reverence rather than contempt the happier you will be, at least psychologically, anyway.

So the question is, then, why? Why are they so superior at this endeavor? I am on a perennial quest to justify and rationalize my comparative weaknesses (re: find viable excuses) and even though there are several possibilities, in reality it is probably a combination of two or three: 1) Genetics, basic survival of the fittest and most capable over the course of millenia, 2) Conditioning and adaptation, being born and raised at 3400 meters, walking up and down mountains with a load on your back from the time you are old enough to walk, 3) Mind-set, high mental threshold of pain and discomfort, resignation, whatever.

In my analysis of it I have come to some very definite conclusions through the experience: 1) There is absolutely NO advantage to being tall and skinny if you live here (in fact it is greatly disadvantageous). 2) My body is not only clumsier and weaker, but not nearly as efficient; I just can't seem to derive enough energy out of a bowl of rice, a handful of dry machica, five tablespoons of salt and ten of sugar and a cup of potato soup to walk all day, 3) and finally, that having \$1500 worth of junk on your back may make you a bit more comfortable at times but significantly less comfortable at other times. Let's take a quick look at the comparative inventory on the backs of gringo vs. indigenous:

ME: Tent, ground cloth, stove, extra fuel, sleeping bag and pad, headlamp and extra batteries, leatherman tool, binoculars, compass, altimeter, pocketknife, camera, film, full rain gear, two or three changes of clothes, a shitload of socks, polypro underwear, ballcap, neoprene gloves, rubber boots, tennis shoes, felt insoles, towel, two bic lighters, matches, iodine tabs, toilet paper, toothbrush and paste, bug dope, lip balm, moleskin, prescription glasses, sunglasses, bowl, cup, spoon, fork,



large cooking pot, scrub pad and soap, candles, first aid kit, sewing kit, notebook and pens, plastic bags, string, electrical tape, novel, vitamins, 15-20 lbs of food, fishing, climbing, and/or filming gear additional.

THEM: A meter square piece of plastic, a costal with some rice, salt, sugar, machica, potatoes, and matches, a poncho, a hat, and the clothes on their bodies.

And while I'm at it there's another thing, their trails are too damn small!

These trails, custom-designed by the passing of a thousand indigenous feet are by utility perfect for someone with narrow hips, straight legs, small feet, and good coordination. So for us wide hipped, knock-kneed, big-footed, weak-ankled, uncoordinated oafs every step is a challenge. On my first trip I rolled both ankles, jammed both big toes, did an Olympic-class cartwheel and blew the crotch out of my pants in the first half-hour. My feet sort of just ricocheted off of one another like the legendary click-clacks, creating a rhythm that the indigenous fellows have come to associate with chaps such as myself.

All of this adds up to a conglomerate excuse which soothes my ego and relieves me of having to be too wise and humble. The conclusion: I don't have enough calories cooking in my body (adaptation), I'm too tall and skinny (basic genetics), I've got too much shit on my back which makes me top-heavy (socio-economics), and the trails are too damn small (infrastructure), and and I grew up in Nebraska (plain old bad luck) and and and..... •



Karl's Cloud

Ever wonder what it would be like to live in a cloud? I guess I never did. I often peered out of the airplane window, dreaming about the mountain-sized clouds, thinking it would be cool if one could climb them. Now I don't think so romantically of clouds, since now I live in one. I just arrived at my site in the Loja province, the town of Celica.

I'll start with the positives. I had been faced with the depressing prospect of inheriting a shoebox of a room from the last volunteer; I could touch both walls at once. It's in a full, crowded building, sharing one pit latrine smelling bathroom, two floors down. Sure, it only costs S/20.000 per month, but like they say, you get what you pay for and with this place maybe not even that. Anyhow, I found a much larger room with a small balcony overlooking the lowlands and the Trans-Loja Cooperativa, so I can watch every bus arrive and depart the bustling hub Celica is. The place is great. It's never been lived in before, painted turquoise and blue with green and yellow colored light bulbs, the green fixture being in the center of a white star painted on the ceiling. I saw that, and I knew I was meant to be there. I set up my cocineta, hung my Guayasamin print and Galapagos poster, and called it home.

Of course they warn you about the fishbowl effect, especially in small towns. I had no delusions of anonymity, but some people stick out more than others. I think that my blue eyes and light brown hair are quite enough, not to mention my very North American wardrobe, but being 6'5" is another matter altogether. For the first few days people just stared in wonder—a kid nearly crashed from not looking at the curb while riding by on his bike. Then girls would giggle and laugh as I passed by. I'm not yet sure if I should be offended, flattered or what. Every time I walk by the volleyball court, I get a chorus of stares and the men betting on the games confer quietly. The office has been unproductive all week. My counterpart is away, so I decided to hang out, work on my Spanish, and take time to get to know the office staff. I spent some time in the engineering department, but there wasn't much to do there besides study the canton maps and chit-chat with the intern from the University in Loja. I hung out with the president's secretaries, who are dynamos; typing, making calls, stamping documents, and taking them to the president for his signature. I

spent an hour in the president's office while he signed and signed. He had a stack of documents to be signed two inches (5 cm.) high, and just about every member of the staff came in once or twice with more documents a-signing. And of course he doesn't have a one-second but rather a _____ which is not completely illegible, but takes a good 6-7 seconds to produce. We shot the shit a bit, and then I got a big hint to go out somewhere else. I went to the treasury. Now there are some characters there.

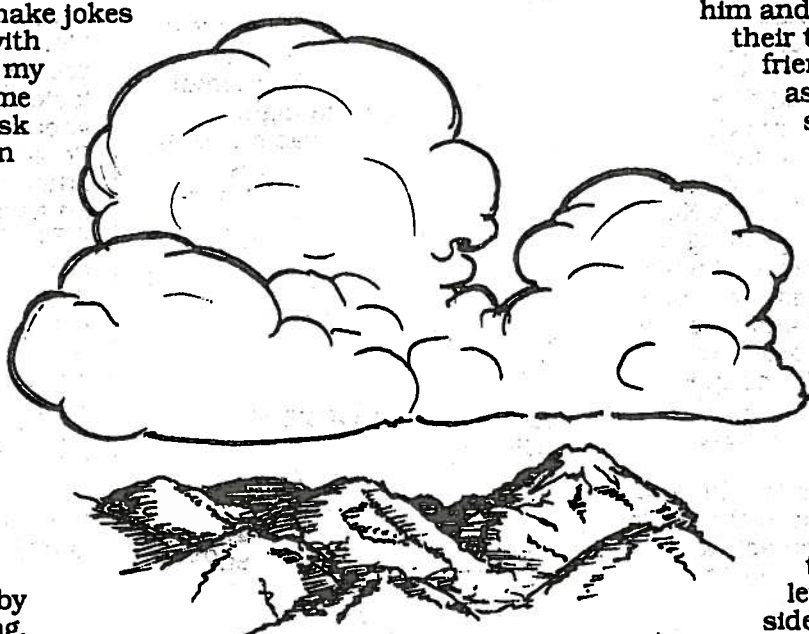
The guy in charge of rents and property taxes is a year younger than myself and always has a multitude of questions for me. "Oye! Oye! Karlos (whistle whistle) Do you mind being called Yankee?" "Yeah! Sort of." "Oye! (whistle) Karlos is New York City dangerous?" Well I wouldn't count my money in Times Square. "What about Miami?" Miami sucks, (course that doesn't exactly translate). The other guy is the record keeper and I don't see him do anything but crossword puzzles. Another employee comes down to pester the gringo. He informs me that all eight of the women in the office are single and asks me which of them I would choose. How to be culturally sensitive and tactful. Some of them are cute, some are real woofers. I reply that I need more time to really get to know them. I'm introduced to a very attractive girl, (I refrain from referring to her as a 'biscuit', lest I offend the sensitive readership) who just happens to be in the office with her sister. Of course I can't remember her name, which is just as well, her being only 15 and all.

Now there's the treasurer. Her nickname is Barbie. She wears bright red lipstick and always insists that I do the little kissy-cheek thing every time I see her. The guys in the office make jokes about her liking guys with large feet. She did ask my shoe size. She makes me sit beside her at her desk the rest of the afternoon and helps me with my Spanish. I don't learn much Spanish but she had her hand on my knee the whole time and scolded me when I wasn't sitting close enough. She invites me to drink and dance with her and her friends (it was Friday) and the guys invite me to go swimming and play sports the next day. They say they'll swing by for me the next morning.

(Great! I thought. I'll just start settling right into the community this very weekend.) Of course things never go that smoothly for Karlos, ever. Barbie left work without mentioning a time or place. I went out at about 9:00 looking around and ran into this guy I had met that day, some engineer from Loja, just in town for the week. He was already quite drunk, so we went and had a beer. Afterwards we walked around the totally dead little town looking for action. We ended up at the gymnasium where I paid a mil for us to spectate at the contest between the Celica women and the Amazons from Alamor in basketball. There was a smattering of giggles as I enter the gym and a whole new group of Celicanos get their first glimpse of the giant gringo who very nearly bumps his head on the door frame. The drunk out-of-towner and I place a bet on the game. Of course, I bet on the Celica girls, but they lose 18-6. It was quite a game. I blow off my incoherent "friend" and talk with some local boys, who are nice guys and ask questions about the States. They are cool and we talk for the entire second period, which only saw 2 baskets scored by Alamor. It was a defensewoman's period.

Our bet being decided, I say goodbye to my new adolescent friends and the stumbling engineer, and I head to the nearest all-night trago stand to settle up. I lost, so I had to buy the 4 mil bottle of rum and he had to buy the Coke. We get two plastic cups and commence a chumarnós. The bank clerk is there and not so wasted that he doesn't remember who I was (go figure) and that my money wire had come in. He went on to slur some unintelligible dribble about everyone in Celica being my

friend and whatnot. It was very touching. We started to join him and his friend at their table but his friend very angrily asked us not to since he and the banker were in the middle of a conversation, even though they had not spoken since we had been there and continued to drink in silence afterwards. The angry-man was visibly wasted and was spitting to the right and left, but off to the side. Then my buddy



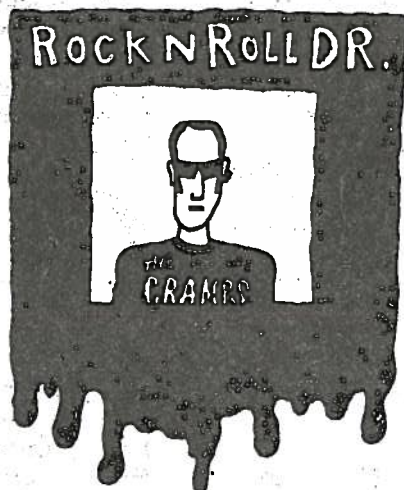
wanted to talk shop. He asked about my technical specialty, so I gave him the drunken 5 minute composting charla, and the guy actually seemed to comprehend what I was talking about. So, after a couple more shots, I told him that I'd had quite enough fun for one night and that it was time for me to head home. On the way out an angry man poured three shots, and he indicated that I needed to drink with him. I left as he shouted "mal amigo" at me. Oh well, he will be lucky if he remembers where he lives, let alone that the new gringo committed a social faux pas by refusing a last drink. The enebriated engineer asks me for the eighth time where I live, so I give him the same vague "abajo", and I point him towards his hotel (the only one in town) and head home with the remainder of the bottle of trago, which he insisted I keep.

Predictably, the next day I'm stood up for the pool and sports, so I stay in and read. I finished my third book in my first six days in town. I went out to buy some sugar and soup mix. The kids still stare except some call me by my name. Often they say very insulting things like "hello" and "How are you?" Boy, that really pisses me off. I answer "Hola" and "bien." Many of them call me Charles (pronounced in Spanish, of course), and I hate that. My name is not Charles, it's Karl. I've all but given up trying to explain the difference. I wish my name was Dwight or something like that. I know no one would be able to pronounce it, but there would be no question about it either. Maybe I'll change my name to "Esteban."

So, the fog is rolling in as I write this. I'm rather sick of reading, and I'm actually running out of interesting books already (send books). I've been through all twenty-eight of my tapes (send music).

If any of y'all are ever in Loja and want to take the scenic five and a half hour bus ride or if you're on your way to Zapotillo or Pinda, please don't hesitate to drop in. My place is right across from the cooperativa and the yellow-green glow is unmistakable. I'll whip up Maggi soup in no time, peas with pork or chicken with rice. Faithfully reporting with my head in the clouds, Karl. "Con" K.°

Karl Banks, Celica



15 NOV. EN ROUTE QUITO-MIAMI

Gorgeous clear views of the Caribbean and several islands. I think of the incredible dream from the night before, in which I was standing underneath an enormous aqua-blue wave, yet was surrounded by air. In real life, we land in the middle of a huge storm. As we touch the ground I see the wing of the plane tilt at a sizeable angle. I'm thoroughly amused.

15 NOV. EN ROUTE MIAMI-LOS ANGELES

Strange sitting next to this person, who has phoo-phoo bleached-blond hair, long red fake fingernails, is reading People magazine and drinking endless Diet Cokes. The lasagna lunch is worse than a

TV dinner. Shortly before arrival a first-class stewardess, who I barely caught a glimpse of earlier, buckles in for the landing, facing me a couple of feet away. My jaw drops open. She is extremely beautiful; I soon discover she's from Barbados. She is regal. Her skin is a deep brown and her cheekbones reach the sky. We begin talking; her name is Renee. Renee is friendly, very intelligent, very sensual, and a bit flirtatious. I'm weary and spaced out. I want to ask her out, only have a few seconds to give her my phone number, and am too comatosed to deal with it. As I depart Renee touches me four, yes, that's FOUR times, (who's counting?), and says "see you soon". I soon feel very stupid and worthless for missing THE possible opportunity of a lifetime. I was already fantasizing about our... marriage.

15 NOV. LOS ANGELES

Doesn't seem like I've been gone 16 1/2 months. Mom made an incredible downhomecooked dinner of a giant killer SALAD with a zillion different VEGGIES, and super tender SPARE RIBS. Plus a lovely MERLOT. I gorge.

16 NOV. LOS ANGELES

Thoroughly enjoy driving Mom's old red 2-door Mercedes around town. A gorgeously clear windy day. L.A. looks beautiful! (Culture shock #1). Lots of fall colors. Forgot there's four seasons in other parts of the world. Have an awesome lunch at the WEINER FACTORY. The sign in front says "we've served 4 hot dogs this year". Had the usual, a SPICY POLISH SAUSAGE with CHILI and the works, and a ROOT BEER. Yum. At night go to ROBIN HOOD'S in Van Nuys, a perfectly divey hip British pub. Dreamy pints of GUINNESS STOUT, a SCOTCH EGG and a good jukebox.

17 NOV. LOS ANGELES

Go to a rough downtown 'hood to an old restaurant for their

famous superb PASTRAMI sandwiches on RYE. The POPPY SEED DANISH is terrific. Want to see the FAST-BACKS at the WHISKEY A-GO-GO in Hollywood, but am too damn lazy to go solo.

18 NOV. BERKELEY

"Home" sweet "home", wherever the hell "home" is. First a delish NOAH'S BAGEL

**WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND
A TYPICAL DAY AT WORK**



with CREAM CHEESE and super STRONG COFFEE. Then go record shopping! I'm Jonesin' to spend \$\$\$ on my vinyl fetish. My faves from that big stack are the superb new album by SUGAR, "File Under Easy Listening", the brand new CRAMPS LP "Flame Job" the latest from BIKINI KILL, and of course the new 45 by SICK & WRONG. Continue getting my priorities straight by consuming SIERRA NEVADA CELEBRATION ALE plus BEN & JERRY'S ICE CREAM. Berkeley looks wonderful. On to San Francisco. Tonight I'm on a serious mission. A rockn-roll mission. Marky and I drive over the Bay Bridge into my favorite (and the greatest) city in the world. First hit the PARADISE LOUNGE to see DAVE ALVIN, guitarist/singer who was in the Blasters and X. Opening band MENTAL

REVENGE plays good 'ol honky tonk country. Talked to their pedal steel player Joe (the Kosher Cowboy). DAVE ALVIN was excellent- hot guitar, deep baritone voice, a variety of roots American music. We leave a bit early so we can catch the RIP OFFS at the BOTTOM OF THE HILL, a great dive club. They play rippin' 60's style garage punk. They all have black face masks. I have a big smile on my mug.

19 NOV. SAN FRANCISCO

Go to my fave district, The Mission (the Latino barrio), to my fave taqueria for a luscious REAL BURRITO and a big glass of HORCHATA (a Mexican rice drink). Then more record shopping, this time at the super chévere EPICENTER ZONE. The 45's by Japanese bands THE 5678'S and TEEN GENERATE shred. The best of the bunch is by S.F.'s SPOILED BRATS. Man, I think these days the girls rock out heavier than the boys! That night hit my old haunts-TORONADO for brews, CAMPO SANTO for FRIED CALAMARI, PRAWN QUESADILLAS, and CHICKEN MOLE. Yum. Lastly to VESUVIO'S, a classic beatnik joint from the 50's, for IRISH COFFEES. The gluttony continues.

20 NOV. VALLEJO

Culture shock #2. After five days I finally remember to put the TP in the toilet BEFORE flushing. Instead of holding it in my hand looking for the trashcan. I head northeast from S.F. to Ray and Pam's house for the big party. There's a huge BARBECUE. The bottle of ZHUMIR I brought is quite popular. No accounting for good taste.

21 NOV. SAN FRANCISCO

Been trying to track down Laurette, my old flame whose phone # was disconnected. She's a private eye. Ever try to track down a private eye? Not easy, but I finally prevailed. We go to the RAT & RAVEN for brews. The

ANDERSON VALLEY STOUT is black heaven. Later have REAL PIZZA DELIVERED. One with PEPPERONI, GARLIC, and EXTRA CHEESE. The other with SPINACH, GARLIC, and EXTRA CHEESE. Wow. Then I go solo back to the BOTTOM OF THE HILL. Meet up with Jerry and Warlock. THE MOLECULES are playing a blistering blend of improvisational avant-garde "jazz" and loud rock with a punky edge. Not exactly easy listening. I love it. Late in the night Chris and I do what we've been doing the previous three nights. Listen to jazz and eat a multitude of BEN & JERRY'S flavors (the CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIE DOUGH is orgasmic). Tomorrow it's back to southern California, leaving my heart in San Francisco.

22 NOV. LOS ANGELES

Still zero smog. Mom made another phenomenal dinner with another giant SALAD and superb meltynourmouth BRISKET.



23 NOV. LOS ANGELES

Go to a new, very L.A. style restaurant with a very L.A. scene. Great people watching. Gluttony seriously continues with ANCHOR STEAM BEER on DRAFT.

CAESAR SALAD, a juicy medium-rare CHEESEBURGER, and a hot gooey BROWNIE with VANILLA ICE CREAM. My stomach FINALLY feels the effects of a week of massive overindulgence. I don't want to stop.

24 NOV. LOS ANGELES

Dad, my bro Steven, and I do our traditional Thanksgiving Day brunch at OAK TREE DELI. Had our usual LOX, SMOKED COD and BAGEL PLATTER. At the Turkey Day Party, Dad is pouring cocktails, including mediocre whiskey. I ask "how about the good stuff?" He breaks out a 12-year-old DEWAR'S SCOTCH that he's had for 15 years. 27-YEAR-OLD SCOTCH! INCREDIBLY smooth and satisfying. I later sneak into the liquor cabinet to nab a tad more. Some things don't change. The TURKEY and FIXINS are awesome, but have to fight my depression due to the absence of Mom's legendary whipped mashed potatoes. Steven's homemade PECAN PIE is perfect.

25 NOV. LOS ANGELES

Don't eat too much today. What a surprise. I finally lose my enthusiasm and capacity for piggin out. Too bad, but I'm sure I'll make a comeback. I see Ron, who just picked up a "how to do your own divorce" book on the way over. Not good. We head to FATHER'S OFFICE pub for ANCHOR CHRISTMAS ALE. Hit the TURKEY leftovers at one in the morning.

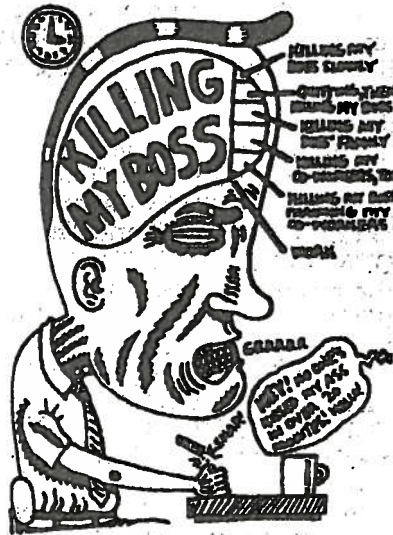
26 NOV. LOS ANGELES

It's Dad's 65th birthday. My stomach is back! Lunch at TITO'S, which I've been anticipating literally for MONTHS. No anticlimatic let down. BURRITO and TACO to die for. Stop at the LA BREA TAR PITS, where dinosaurs once roamed. Near the Pits is the museum with an ANNIE LBOVITZ exhibition. Excellent photographs of movie stars and famous rockrollers.

Then to the cemetery to visit MARILYN'S gravesite. Next see an incredible exhibit on the PAPER MACHE ART of the LINARES FAMILY of MEXICO CITY. The family celebrates Dad's b-day with a very good SUSHI dinner. Unfortunately, I can only eat a few bites of my BEN & JERRY'S that night.

27 NOV. LOS ANGELES

Steven makes BELGIAN WAFFLES for breakfast. I'm back into my consuming



rhythm. Pick up CHICKEN in MUSHROOM SAUCE and other delectibles at ANDRE'S for tonight. Heartfelt goodbyes to the family.

28 NOV. MIAMI

California was a fantastic blur, but way too quick. Wish I ate more there. Definitely wish I saw more live rocknroll. Realize I've hardly thought about Ecuador- it still seems a million miles away. I land in Miami. Renee lives there, I make a last ditch desperation effort and leave a note for her. Loserio. Am here to spend my last two days in the U.S. with Grandpa. He's 90-years-old; his great sense of humor is intact and his memory isn't much worse than mine. The woman who takes care of Grandpa is quoting me the Bible, but is makin great

MEATBALLS. Gramps falls asleep next to me on the couch, as I settle in to watch my 49ERS ROMP on Monday night football.

29 NOV. MIAMI

We head to the tip of South Beach to JOE'S STONE CRAB RESTAURANT for lunch. THE BEST MEAL OF THE TRIP. First, they have S. F.'s ANCHOR STEAM BEER. Next a heapin plate with a variety of fresh breads straight out of the oven. The BLACK ONION ROLLS are heavenly, as are the CRUNCHY POTATOES that accompany the main feature, STONE CRAB CLAWS. Outta this world. Sweet and succulent, defying further description. After a two week food orgy I've died and gone to heaven. THE KEY LIME PIE should be more tart, but who cares as I'm still recuperating from my orgasm over the STONE CRAB. THIS is shit. Word. After sex, I mean lunch, we go for a stroll (oh no, exercise!) through Miami's famous historical SOUTH BEACH art deco district. Beautiful architecture. More gorgeous than the art deco is the exotic variety of people struttin their fashionable stuff. Very hip guys and very alluring women. Hard to imagine I'll be back in Ecuador tomorrow night.

30 NOV. MIAMI

Take a little day trip to VIZCAYA, a 1910 Italian-style villa on the BISCAYNE BAY. It's surrounded by sub-tropical forest and huge gardens, and filled with zillions of ostentatious antiques. Back at Grandpa's we have my last U. S. meal, a cold refreshing Jewish-style lunch with different SALADS and delectible SMOKED WHITEFISH. A very snacky finale. An amazed I'm still skinny and haven't ballooned into a chancho gordito. Am now on the plane to Quito, reflecting on my whirlwind trip. Fully fulfilling. As I wait for my FREE BEER, I figure I'll slide right back into life in Cuenca as if I never left...



P. S. If you made it this far through my rambling, maybe (I doubt it) you can handle 2 to 3 weeks with me. I'm looking for one person to go backpacking to the Cordillera Blanca/Parque Nacional Huascarán in Peru, and to the northern coast/ruins of Peru, sometime in the next 6 months or so. Prerequisite: be adventurous and abnormal...*

Barry N. Lazarus, Cuenca

Dear
Rock N Roll
Dr.,

Musical Wonderboy, Lord of Insider Knowledge, etc.

I thank you for your uncommon generosity regarding the latest musical stirrings amongst the sub-culture of the First World. The reviews are solid and enticing. Makes me want to walk down to the local dub pirate and pick up a copy of Two Nuns and a Pack Mule, or perhaps Albin's latest opus, Shellac, and then

finalize my purchase with some Charlie Manson folk songs. But the problem is I can't. Sure, the Shortwave will provide a Christian Death Metal review Saturday at midnight, but squeaky clean souls sound sterile through the medium of a Gee-tar.

What kind of Dr. are you? An academic locked in an Ivory Tower too high to care about the masses forced to nourish themselves on mangled hip-hop beats by Proyecto Uno or mutated renditions of the Police by MANA?

It's really great, all those things you know, you could make Casey Casem blush in shame or slink beneath his finely knit sweater; so far out there you've leap-frogged into Generation Z. But if the music is inaccessible to my ears it's nothing but worthless abstractions; blind men feeling an elephant (although that could be interesting in its own right). Even as a lowly neophyte, just now learning the marvels and mysteries of music coming from the fringe, I know it is better to listen to than read about. Ah, but here I am in a country of haves and have nots. Where information is jealously guarded with the masses kept sedated on Television, San Miguel, and for that matter Cher.

Share the wealth, deconstruct the social strata, empower the culturally bereaved. Jello Biafra used to leave one side of his tapes

blank, with the intention to distribute music freely and to monkey wrench the big labels. Good music must be accessible. Think like a venereal disease: send me a mix and I'll pass it on. Otherwise, thanks for the salt in the wound, Doctor, and I hope your scumpit opens up the next time you try a stage dive.

Sincerely,

John Hays
Guayzimi, Zamora.



The Birthday Beatitudes

Blessed are those who take birthdays in stride,
Who can smile when the big day is here...
Blessed are those who can look back with pride
on another enjoyable year...
Blessed are those who have stayed young-at-heart,
who will always seem right in their prime...
Blessed are those who have mastered the art
of living one day at a time...
Blessed are those who could never be said
to have bowed to today's tears and sorrow...
Blessed are those who have learned how to see
all the beauty of sharing and giving...
Blessed are those who've discovered the key
to a life that is really worth living.

By Marie Skertic, Guaranda



¿COMO?

"He likes it and I like doing it."

Dave Bolko, when asked about his habit of giving
Charlie Armstrong headrubs.

.....

*"You know how sometimes the skin
gets loose."*

Karl Riebel, on peeling ripe mandarinas.

.....

"Is this Bob Dylan?"

The Rock 'n Roll Dr., while listening to ACDC's "Ride On".

.....

"I had their Barbies!"

Robin Rogers, during a discussion on Sonny and Cher.

.....

*"Man did you see that lady with that
mango? She was just sucking on it!"*

Chris Schutz, taking in the sights of Ibarra.

.....

"Somebody peed my pants!"

Troy Crowe, during a night of drinking.

.....

"Just put me up on a rafter and light me up."

Jack Bellanger, on whether he wanted to be cremated
or buried at death.

.....

*"I'm going to the bathroom. Dammit!
I hate going to the bathroom. It takes time
out of my day."*

Chris Samuel

.....

"Yeah, and I like it!"

Jeff Nield, when asked if he was hot in Papillon.

— JCV

Extinguished
What does it mean
when what was once thought
(and may still be,
but is hidden
by tempestuous emotions)
the most exhilarating,
vibrant and colorful
state of living
is in a world
of complete confusion?
Denial
Am I dying
or truly living?
Can something
that hurts the soul's core
with such force
that I can only wonder
"Will I live?"
can this something
be good?
Be it good or bad,
it is.
It is.
If I choose to live,
where will I be?
Does love ever die?
In the aftermath
of emotions,
of humans' chemical imbalances,
of strange cosmic physics,
of journeys through hells,
will there still exist
what once was?
Is everything a sparked flame
to die out
Or is there eternal life?
Is there such a thing?
I have not seen it.
I may be feeling it.
If all passes
and there remains
something,
will I care?
Will the experience
ruin me?
Then I shall die.
Can I hold it against another
for being human?
Is anger appropriate?
Where is my vengeance?
Extinguished

By Christopher Schutz,
Cayales.

It's How You Cope

Life has its measure of setbacks
Some are small, some are larger in
size

There are portions of every
existence
which clearly we'd like to revise
But stresses and problems are
normal
disappointments are part of the
game.

If we let these moments control us,
we must assume part of the blame.
It's how we react that's important;
we mustn't distort what we feel.
Let's work with what life has to
offer

and never begrudge a bad deal.
Depression can never assist us
in weathering woes on this earth.
We shouldn't let each
disappointment
give rise to more grief than it's
worth.

Instead we should try to discover,
as life in intensity mounts,
a way to place things in proportion.
You see, how we cope is what
counts.

by Marie Skertic, Guaranda•

Having taught at the Coptic Catholic seminary in Cairo, Egypt, for six years, I had been spiritual companion to the seminarians. One day Rimon entered my room to talk. "You know," he said, "when we go to the vegetable market, we might buy a tomato that isn't quite ripe. In fact, it might even be hard and tough. But we turn it in our hands, warming it ever so slightly to soften it. I think that's what you are doing in our minds and consciences. You help us to think and reflect, and that softens us up to new ways of thinking and acting!" Little did Rimon know how much he and his companions had been turning me over and softening me as well. (That's what our Ecuadorean family and friends and co-workers are doing for us here, too.)

by Marie Skertic, Guaranda•

How Many Pieces Do I Have?

"Hi, how are you? What's up?
How's life?...Yeah...Yeah...
When do you need it by? Here, take a piece."
"Good Afternoon, What's going on?...
Yeah...Yeah...Are you sure?...Yeah...
Well, that'll be difficult for me to do,
especially by that time...Yeah...Yeah...
Here, take a piece."
"Well, Good After-...!...?...Yeah...Yeah...
Absolutely not! I have too much work to do
as it is. I can't...Yeah...
Yeah...Yeah, but it's difficult to do just how.
It'll have to-...Yeah...Yeah...
Well, all right. Here, take a piece."
"Hey, buddy, how's it-...?...?...Yeah...
Uh-huh...Yeah, Yeah, take a piece!
"Good evening, friend, what's hap-...?...
Oh, go away! I NEED THIS PEACE!!!

By J.W.Carter, III, San Fernando, Azuay•

"All In the Getting There"

Riding, gliding with each curve I slide across the vinyl seat until I stick from the heat, sweat, and soda I spilled from the bag that I slurped it from. Long, long bus ride. Bobbing, nodding, my head flings forward and back as I give myself whiplash trying to sleep in-between stops and I finally find rest against the jolting window. Many, many pot holes. Aching, gurgling, my stomach percolates as I ponder what I ate over the last miles of a trip so long I have forgotten where I am going except that the screeching doorman reminds me. Major, major indigestion. Bumping, bouncing down the road with vendors, buckets of fish, and salsa-techno tunes until we rock through my pueblo and the driver touches the brakes as my cue to jump...without a parachute. Bad, bad case of bus butt.

By Shaila "Sierra" Reidhead, Valdivia•



St. Valentine's Day Fall

DATA

Total surveys: 40
Total returned surveys: 21

GENDER:
Women: 10
Men: 11
Under age 29: 16
29 years old or over: 5

SEXUAL ORIENTATION:
Bisexual Women: 1
Bisexual Men: 0
Heterosexual Women: 9
Heterosexual Men: 10
Gay Men: 1
Gay Women: 0

RACE:
Asian/Latino: 1
Black: 1
Caucasian: 9
Greek /Albanian: 1
Hispanic: 1
Mixed/other: 1
Pinkish-white: 1
Did not respond: 6

Top Five Qualities Women are Looking for in a Mate:

5. Spiritual
4. (tie) Romance/passion; Communication
3. (tie) Intelligence; Altruistic/kind
2. Sense of humor
1. Common interests

Top Five Qualities Men are Looking for in a Mate:

5. Physical attributes
4. Sexual compatibility
3. Honesty/trustworthy
2. (tie) Sense of humor; Intelligence
1. Common interests

In honor of St. Valentine and the Peace Corps-Ecuador dating, mating, and commiserating scene, El Clima conducted a small survey of the top ten qualities (in order of importance) that volunteers are looking for in a mate.

This survey was not a "SC" (statistically correct) survey; no statistical theory was used. However, in the interest of diversity we attempted to reach a cross-section of volunteers from each omnibus and with respect to age, ethnicity, gender, and sexual orientation.

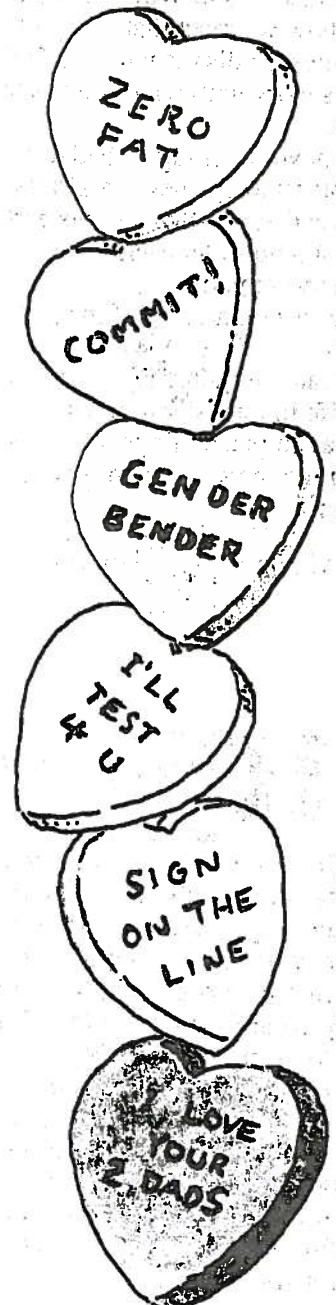
The completed surveys that we've received indicate a rather homogenous group, respectfully speaking, but also a very creative cohort.

Thanks to all who participated and happy hunting.

RANDOM PICKS

"Joie de vivre" • Innocent but guilty • Beautiful eyes • Sexually Inventive • Follow-the-heart • Loves sex • Not prejudiced • From the midwest (they're the best kissers) • Likes to be touched • Honest eyes • Seeker of answers to questions • No.11 • Humble • Interested in finding out who I am • Takes care of himself • Sensitive, but not wimpy • Centered spirit •

BE MY
P.C.V.



Shanahan

Compatible?

Our three top picks of returned surveys from St. Valentine's Day Poll

10. Someone who takes themselves very seriously.
9. Someone who knows the power of disco.
8. Someone who picks their nose with both fists.
7. Someone who's stayed at least three years on the Greco-Roman wrestling circuit.
6. Someone who understands the male obsession with plaid.
5. Someone who understands Ann Arbor Day.
4. Someone with extremely full earlobes.
3. Someone who is enticed by foolishly and visually challenged men.
2. Someone who understands the revisions made in the 1990 National Income Tax Code.
1. Someone I can beat at Scrabble.

Sandra Bernhardt?

CLASSIFIEDS

SERIOUSLY: Looking for donations of wool yarn; any color, any quantity to help with the startup of a hat making cooperative by the womens' group of Cayales. Please contact Chris Schultz, Carchi.

10. Romantic.
9. Wants a balance between career and family.
8. 3 digit I.Q.
7. Altruistic.
6. Responsible.
5. Has to love 70's disco dancing.
4. Fun-loving (but serious minded at the right moment).
3. Sensitive.
2. Monogamous.
1. A nice Jewish boy with glasses.

Woody Allen?

PERSONALS

SF - Macrobiotic, Non-Christian, looking to graduate from current plane of consciousness with a tender and caring hand to hold. Must have an open mind and organic farm.

Two-pie turns a quarter of a century. Commemoration with inebriation Feb. 18. Hook-up the word. Mt. Cayambe

10. Somebody who doesn't believe in dating.
9. Faithful, and places a high value on the rarity of love, but isn't 100 sappy about it.
8. Should prioritize life as such 1) water 2) sleep 3) food 4) love.
7. Has no quaims about raising beef cattle and predator control.
6. Hates television.
5. Must be able to enjoy the sublime in Karate films.
4. A woman with finely honed mothering instincts.
3. A non-Christian or at least not a Bible thumper but is spiritual.
2. A-political or perhaps a disciple of nihilism.
1. A good sense of humor; someone who doesn't mind being mocked.

Shirley McClaine?

SMPCV looking for casual but hot relationship to melt the snow off Chimbo Casilla URIT.

The old years burned in a blur when being lost wasn't. Sands and sunsets beckon a long ride; but for eyes and smiles and Valentines.

CUENCA BOOK REVIEW

The Cuenca Book Review is a non-profit organization established to help readers decide what to read and why. The reviewers are supreme authorities on various subjects and are assigned code letters to protect the guilty. No part of this article may be used or reproduced without the expressed permission from El Clima or the CBR. Please direct all correspondence to: CBR, Casilla 4926, Cuenca.

The Fountainhead

Ayn Rand (*architect just wants to build buildings*)

J: (didn't read)

A: In a wall of granite, Roark tells it right

Y: I heard McCarthy just loved this book

S: I named my dog after the hero, now that's a complement

E: (didn't read)

Q: What reviewer "X" says

X: Ayn Rand paints Karl Marx a bloody Red

A Prayer For Owen Meany

John Irving (*short kid has weird voice*)

J: 'JOHN IRVING'S BEST BOOK EVER'

A: You'll never feel the same about granite again

Y: Heard good reviews. Different

S: Intelligent and clever

E: A "Scarlet Letter" - only better

Q: Whoa, deja vu!

X: It's not a story about a young boy and his dog who travel the countryside doing good deeds.

Jitterbug Perfume

Tom Robbins (*perfume-wars w/a twist of beet*)

J: I always knew there was something to this pheromone thing.

A: (didn't read)

Y: I'll never refuse beets again

S: Tom Robbins makes me masturbate.

E: It's good to be King

Q: Like good sex, I didn't want it to end

X: Read well, smelled well

Immortality

Milan Kundera (*characters search for things to leave behind*)

J: Who has this book? It's my turn now isn't it? Didn't we establish that I could read this book next? Hmmm?

A: (didn't read)

Y: An unusually ironic book dealing with the contrasting similarity of lifes' phase

S: (didn't read)

E: ?

Q: Kundera has an easy to read writing style that still challenges intellectually

X: Led me to read other Kundera books

The Lion, The Witch, And The Wardrobe

C.S. Lewis (*kids play in wardrobe*)

J: (didn't read)

A: A book to be read with eyes of a child and mind of an adult

Y: A time when centaurs were centaurs and dwarfs were dwarfs. Love that christian allegory: justification, propitiation, mercy, justice, kinship by servanthood, all interestingly presented. Can't wait for the other 6 books to come out.

S: Magical

E: Aslan - a funky fierce Jesus Christ

Q: A great escape

X: (doesn't read books that have "the" three times in the title)

David Letterman: On Stage And Off

Rosemarie Lennon (*funnyman-richman*)

J: A good ten minute read

A: (didn't read)

Y: See review of SIENLANGUAGE

S: She repeats herself alot, alot - she repeats herself alot

E: A riveting, heart-wrenching tale diluted by second-rate story telling

Q: (didn't read)

X: A story about a boy and his dog and their battle with NBC

The Bean Trees

Barbara Kingslover (*babygirl found on doorstep*)

J: The most "P.C." book I have ever read in my life

A: I had nothing else to read, that made it interesting

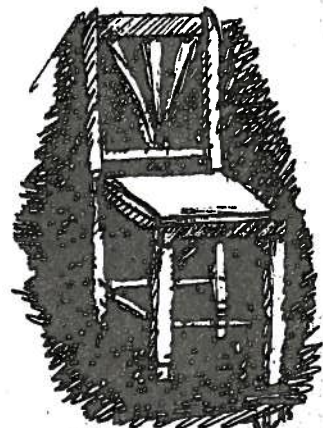
Y: Do beans grow on trees?

S: I liked it, good story - no mas

E: (no comment)

Q: Few good laughs at the beginning, but loses it steam at the end

X: I really don't remember what I thought*



The Ubiquitous
Cuenca Chair

Inspectors General Visit Ecuador

When I received the news that two Inspectors General were coming to visit Ecuador, I groaned...sort of. The good news is that I knew both the individuals who were coming, both are terrific and have been around Peace Corps and development for a long time, and I support 110% what the Office of the Inspector General and the IA Region are proposing to do.....that is, to review from a cross organization angle how we are requesting, recruiting, selecting, training and assigning PCVs. For purposes of defining the scope of the project, four IA countries and one sector were selected for study. Ecuador, Chile, Uruguay and the Dominican Republic are the countries, Natural Resources (Environment), the sector.

The objectives of the study are as follows:
Determine whether Posts plan, request, and assign Volunteers appropriately according to available skill and suitability utilizing the Programming and Training System.

Determine whether the Volunteer Delivery System is providing the number of acceptees with the skills and suitability requested by IA for Environ-

mental projects in a timely and efficient manner.

Determine whether the coordination and implementation of the Program and Training System and Volunteer Delivery System are efficient, economical and effective in meeting Agency goals.

Potential results include:
Identify problems, delays or excessive costs in the system with recommendations for improvement.
Identify policies, procedures and practices which could lead to a higher quality and number of Volunteers in the field.
Document successful models of applicant recruitment and processing.
Document successful models of project design for Volunteer assignment and support which improve the effectiveness of the Volunteers on site. All or parts of these models may be able to be used or adapted to their Regions and sector areas.

IGs Patrick Ahern and Steve Buff arrived in Ecuador in late November and spent two and a half weeks traveling throughout the country with Program Manager Francisco Garces interviewing PCVs, counterparts and counterpart agency officials. The results of the survey of the 17 PCVs who were interviewed are available from me if you are interested in seeing the entire survey. Highlights include these two responses:

How did the country in which you were placed seem to match your skills and abilities?: Very Well- 53%, Adequately- 47%, Poorly- 0%

Would you recommend Peace Corps Service in this country to a friend

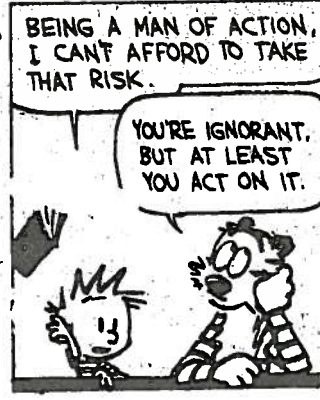
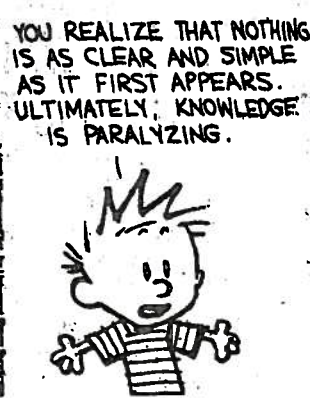
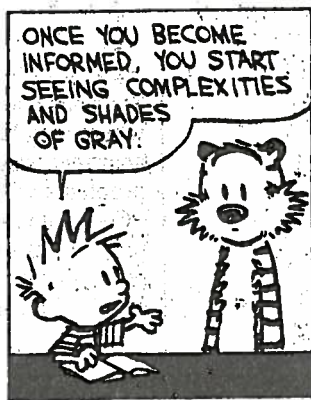
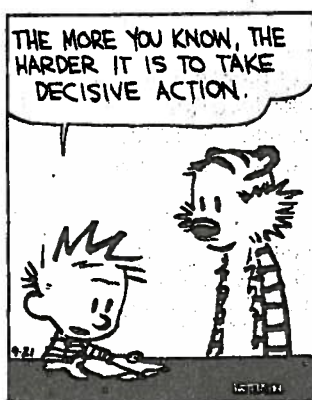
back home?: Yes, Strongly- 65%, Yes- 24%, Yes, With Reservations- 6%, No- 0%

I traveled with the IGs and Francisco to Loja to visit PCVs working with Fundacion Arco Iris, and in Saraguro. In Saraguro, COSing PCVs Steve Sesnie and Morgan Duran were interviewed along with their counterparts from PROMUSTA. It was incredibly gratifying to hear from both PCVs, Ecuadorean community members, and counterparts that after four generations of PCVs working in Saraguro, a development victory could be declared. The community members have acquired the technical knowledge required to continue implementing the agroforestry, silvopastoral and improved animal production practices which had been modeled by PCVs and PROMUSTA. Both Peace Corps and PROMUSTA are moving on to provide technical assistance to other communities. PROMUSTA will continue to work from an office located in Saraguro, and thus be available to the community on an as needed basis should unforeseen problems arise. However, the day to day work of promoting sustainable agricultural and reforestation practices has been successfully transferred to motivated community members. Thanks to the PCVs who helped make that possible.

After the IGs finish their visits to all four countries and to Area Offices to review the front end of the PCV systems, they will be issuing a final report, I'll keep you posted. Thanks to Francisco and all the Natural resources PCVs who helped Steve and Patrick gain the insights they need to make this a worthwhile study.

by Country Director Jean Seigle

Calvin and Hobbes



We're Getting There...

'Meeting in the middle', 'putting it on the table', 'hammering it out' are the manners we use to resolve problems between concerned parties. With each side opening the issues for discussion, the cooperation begins. Exchange. A little hashing. In conclusion with a handshake, maybe both parties turn away content having reached a positive end with their terms intact.

Recently, I was invited to attend a PC Administrative Staff Retreat in Ibarra where our Admin. Staff met to evaluate themselves and our organization with an end to increase efficiency and find improvement. For clarity, Admin. Staff includes those people outside of the Programming Staff i.e. APCDs and the Medical Office. In short, they are the people who answer the phones in the PC Office, make sure we get paid, guard our passports, give us tools and paper supplies, and are essentially vital to our existence here as PCVs.

One of the activities of the retreat was a panel discussion including representatives of each 'sector' of Peace Corps/Ecuador (PCV, APCD, and PCMO) in order to discuss our work and its relations with Admin. Staff as well as the expectations each 'sector' has for Admin. staff. Representing the APCDs was Ing. Nelson Oleas, Sarah Dettman spoke on behalf of the Medical Office, and I was asked to represent VAC and the PCVs.

With my personal experiences in mind and several pages of notes summarizing some popular PCV concerns, praises, and criticisms about Admin. Staff in hand, I sat on this panel to relay as much of the PCV experience as possible to Admin. Staff so they

could get a better understanding of the 150-plus people with whom they are working. Some of the issues I presented were:

The processes of the Office which Volunteers find unclear. What are the responsibilities of each Admin. person? What is in the bodega and is there a list?

In return, I received constructive comments from Admin. Staff for PCVs about the working relationship that we maintain with the aim of fostering a more effective PCV-Admin. relationship. Examples of the concerns of Admin. Staff are:

Asking for help from someone for something that is not their responsibility.

Do people read the Admin. notices in 'El Clima' which explain bank changes or process alterations?
The impatience of PCVs.

It is very common that when PCVs leave their site upon COS or MedEvac they leave an account open at the bank or unpaid rent. In most cases there is no record (receipts or statements) which allow Admin. Staff to take care of it.

Essentially, there are many PCVs that do not understand the processes of the PC Office and the Admin. personnel which function within it. As a result, many PCVs have a frustrating experience when they come to Quito. Most PCVs come to Quito with an agenda of various tasks at the PC Office: GG, computer time, mail, laundry, etc. Normally, the PCV must complete this work on a limited time and monetary budget set by the standard regulations of per diem and PCV work protocol. Those PCVs who do not want to stay extra time on their own money are forced to finish their work or leave without completing their agenda only to put things off for another several months until they are able to come to Quito.

The reality is that- many PCVs decide to stay in Quito and throw down the thirty thousand sucres to spend the extra night. In the end, many PCVs do get their tasks completed but they leave

frustrated, having spent the extra money, more time away from their site, and thinking that if they could manage time and get through the processes of the Office quickly, that would be a marked improvement.

After mulling some of these things over in smaller groups at the Retreat, the collective body formulated some suggestions for all parties to practice in order to mitigate the situation. Below is a list of some of the conclusions that we arrived at.

1. To relieve doubt of per diem problems and scheduling mishaps (What!!! My APCD is not here?), call the PC Office ahead of time to schedule appointments, get permission/per diem, or ask a member of PC Admin. Staff what you need to do to get stuff done.

2. To clear up the enigma of what the bodega is, the Admin. Staff stated that they could produce a list of what is available to PCVs and if it works or not.

3. To alleviate that paralysis of confusion resulting from not knowing who does what in the PC Office, we concluded that it would be helpful if Admin. Staff produced a guide or list of PC personnel (posted at the front desk) so that a Volunteer may enter and chart her or his course of action.

4. Sniffing out the papertrail...throw out the redtape. It was proposed to create one center of information where all the forms (vacation, per diem, lost item report, site description) are kept so that there is no question where to get them.

5. In lieu of problems Admin. Staff has had with MedEvac cases where they have had to clean out PCV apartments/sites and encountered problems with landlords saying the PCV owed rent or that the furniture is property of the landlord, it is highly recommended that PCVs fill out a standard form listing personal property

to keep on file with the PCMOs or to hand in a similar form in case of MedEvac. In addition, receipts of rent payments are strongly recommended.

6. In COS cases where bank accounts are left open, be responsible, close it before you leave, and if you open more than one, make sure you close the one you do not use.

7. Smile, smile, smile, the fresh air is good for your teeth!

Finally, I want to say that many things can be solved if you take the initiative and find out what is going on around you. The Admin. Staff is not here to serve us, the PCVs; rather to work with us and are a part of this grassroots development organization. I hope that those of you who read this find it relieving that many people are trying to better Peace Corps./Ecuador for the sake of making our sometimes very trying lives a little bit easier to deal with. Thanks.

Jeffrey A. Nield, Quito



Resource Center News

Como todos Uds. saben a partir del mes de Septiembre/94 hubieron muchos cambios en el personal de la Oficina, y quiero comunicarles el mio. La mayoría de ustedes me conocen, mi nombre es María Dolores. Hasta hace poco estuve trabajando en la Recepción y ahora fui nombrada para trabajar en la Biblioteca como Coordinadora del Centro de Recursos en reemplazo a Patricia Ojeda. Me siento muy entusiasta de poder trabajar en esta posición, quisiera extender este sentimiento con todos mis futuros colaboradores como son: Jefes de Programa, PCVs, Trainees, personal del Cuerpo de Paz y del Centro de Entrenamiento. Espero contar con su apoyo para así formar un buen equipo.

Quisiera mencionar que hemos remodelado el Centro de Recursos para contar con mas espacio en beneficio de los PCVs y de la Bibliotecaria (en este caso, yo).

Al igual que Patricia, estaré a cargo de los programas de WWS (World Wise School) y World Map, si necesitan más información pueden comunicarse conmigo. Mi horario de trabajo será desde las 8H00 a.m. hasta las 13H00 todos los días.

La organización de la Biblioteca será la misma, es decir, el procedimiento para tomar libros prestados es el siguiente:

- * Localizar si el libro está disponible.
- * Llenar la tarjeta que está en la última página del libro con su nombre y fecha.
- * Depositar la tarjeta respectiva en la caja con el membrete "BOOKS OUT"

En el caso que el libro no posea tarjeta, por favor notificarme o dejarme un aviso con su nombre y el nombre del libro. Este procedimiento es muy

importante debido a que aún no se ha terminado de catalogar los libros.

Para devolver los libros:

* Depositar los libros en la caja de "RETURN BOOKS"

Peticiones

Antes de hacer una petición a ICE, los voluntarios deben chequear en IRC para asegurarse que no hay el libro disponible para su trabajo. Si IRC no lo tiene, por favor seguir el siguiente procedimiento:

- * Ubicarlo en el catálogo de ICE
- * Completar la forma de petición de libros en este caso para ICE o el correspondiente si se trata de otro tipo de organización como son por ejemplo UNICEF, UNEP, UNFPA, etc., y depositarlo en la caja de "BOOKS REQUEST".

Todas las peticiones se harán de inmediato con el fin de que lleguen a tiempo para su trabajo.

Note: ICE makes the publications available to PCVs free of charge, but the publications remain the property of Peace Corps. PCVs are expected to return them to their in-country resource center when they finish using them or at their close of service. ET, Medevac, etc.

Bueno, y para terminar quisiera dar a conocer algunos de los ejemplares que han llegado al Centro de Recursos:

Magazines/Newsletters

Echo Development Notes, Issue 46/
October 1994

Books about Environmental Education:

Global Ecology Handbook

Ecotourism: The potentials and Pitfalls

Rain Forests: Tropical Treasures, y muchos más.

Quiero agradecer su participación y colaboración a todos, si tienen alguna sugerencia será bienvenida.

Su amiga,

María Dolores





Immunization Safety



Over the past several months, the Medical Office has received various questions from Trainees and Volunteers regarding the safety of some of the vaccines we

give. The first concern was presented by a trainee regarding the safety of the rabies vaccine (human diploid cell vaccine). His concern was that since the vaccine comes from human cells, couldn't it transmit HIV or other blood borne diseases? It was a very good question and unfortunately the vaccine insert did not address the issue. Other Volunteers have expressed similar concerns about the possibility of HIV infection being transmitted via GG, a human blood product.

We asked the Office of Medical Services to send us some information on the safety of these particular vaccines. The following report was sent to us from the Peace Corps epidemiologist Dr. Noreen Hynes

Carus. We hope that it will assuage any of your concerns.

Gamma Globulin for intramuscular injection is given for the prevention of clinical Hepatitis A infection. All manufacturers of GG first screen donor plasma for Hepatitis B, Hepatitis C and HIV (all of which can lead to lifelong infection and death—Hepatitis B and C chronic infections can lead to cirrhosis and liver cancer and HIV leads to profound immunosuppression resulting in death, usually from an opportunistic infection). Any positive specimens are discarded. The pooled plasma, which consists of specimens which have no indication of infection with these viruses as measured by antibody titers is then subjected to a virus inactivation step, just in case there is a new infection with no evidence of antibody or the person did not make antibody to the virus. The inactivation process varies according to the manufacturer, but each process used has been demonstrated to remove or inactivate any viruses in the preparation.

“Human diploid cell rabies vaccine (HDCV). The human diploid cells used to make this vaccine are a so-called immortalized cell line. This means that, since first propagation for use, all subsequent cells are progeny of the initial cell culture. The cells were originally taken from a 14-week-old male fetus in December 1966 and have been continually grown since that time. The original cell cultures and subsequent cell cultures have been tested for HIV and are free of the virus. The human diploid cell culture is then infected with rabies virus, which is then inactivated using beta-propiolactone. HDCV has been used in the United States since 1982 and is the safest of all rabies vaccines in use worldwide and has the lowest side effect profile of any preparation.

Depending on the location of the rabies virus inoculation following the bite of an infected animal, the risk of developing rabies ranges from 60% (head, face, neck) to 10% on the leg. However, the probability of death following the development of rabies is

approximately 100% (only 3 people have ever survived clinical rabies).”

The Office of Medical Services adds.....“Peace Corps policies regarding immunizations are designed to protect the volunteers and emphasize the importance of preventive health measures to maintain healthy volunteers. Any risks associated with medical policies have been thoroughly assessed, and recognized as acceptable only when the benefits far outweigh the consequences. Therefore, PC policy on specific health preventive measures such as immunizations and malaria prophylaxis is mandatory; volunteers that choose not to comply would not be extended the opportunity to serve in the Peace Corps.

HIV prevention is a major concern for all of us, as we see these young healthy volunteers personally in our offices after being diagnosed HIV positive. The risk of HIV is not with immunizations, but whether or not volunteers practice HIV prevention recommendations in their personal life.”

by the PCMOs.



WID News

The last WID meeting was held October 18, 1994. Congratulations to Rebecca Gigliotti, who was elected as a new Coordinator; she'll take the place of Carrie Caballero, who will be C.O.S.ing soon.

At the meeting we discussed project ideas for **International Women's Day**. In case you were wondering, March 8 was first proposed as International Women's Day by Clara Zetkin at the International Socialist Women's Conference held in Copenhagen in 1910. The date commemorated two historic labor and suffrage demonstrations by women in New York on March 8th in 1907 and 1908. Clara Zetkin was a German Communist leader and feminist who was born in 1857 and died in 1933. She was a founder of the German Communist Party who believed that with women's participation in the labor force and legal equality, they would automatically receive political and social emancipation. "It was a massive strike touched off by women textile workers on International Women's Day that culminated in the February Revolution of 1917 and the establishment of the Provisional Government (of Russia)." * International Women's Day is celebrated in many countries around the world and is a holiday in some countries.

One of the things we decided to do is a **Video Project**. The video will consist of a series of interviews with Ecuadorean women from all over the country on topics which are particularly relevant to them. (We are coordinating this project with USAID) We would also like to encourage volunteers to participate in **Shadow Day** (see Corella's story) in order to better understand the lives of women in Ecuador. If you shadow a woman on this day please take pictures or write about your experience so that we can

include your story in a submission to *The Exchange*.

WID will also be sponsoring a **Photo Contest** during the month of March (Women's History Month). If you have photos of the women in your community or other women with whom you work, please send or bring them in to the PC office and leave them in the WID box. Photos will be put on display in the office throughout the month. (Prizes to be announced).

We also heard reports on the **Women In Agriculture Conference**, which was held in Ibarra in August and a progress report on the **Women and AIDS Conference**, which was coordinated by Corella Payne, Kathy Vavricka, and Kelly McBride. (As a result of this conference, OTAPS "AIDS Posse" funding is now open to Latin America).

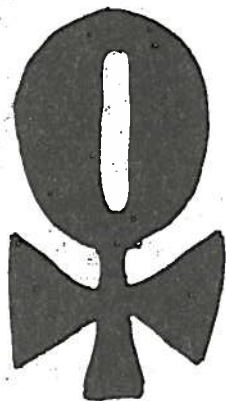
The WID library has been reorganized, thanks to Rebecca, Toya, Kristi, and Jeff. If any Volunteers have materials to donate or sources for materials (books, magazines, etc.), or if you feel that WID could help you to locate or obtain certain materials, please contact your WID rep. or leave a note in the Quito office.

Dra. Mariana Yopez, a Ministry Judge of the Supreme Court of Ecuador, spoke to us in the afternoon about the legal situation of women in Ecuador.

The next meeting will be held **Tuesday, February 7, 1995** at 9:00 a.m. in the Quito office.

*Women in Soviet Society by Gail Warshofsky Lapidus p. 49

by Julie Piskur, Bilovan



Student Loan Deferment

Recently problems have surfaced regarding the categorical deferment of student loans for Peace Corps service. In an attempt to streamline the process, Congress did away with many of the individual categories for loan deferment (including Peace Corps) but added "Economic Hardship" for new borrowers after 7/1/93. A standardized deferment form is supposed to be used by all lending institutions effective 9/1/94. Generally, the living allowance for Volunteers is below the poverty limit and Volunteers should be able to cite "Economic Hardship" for loan deferment eligibility.

Unfortunately, this new law is not clear to all bank processors. Some Volunteers have had their loan deferment paperwork returned/rejected by their bank because their interpretation is that Peace Corps service is no longer a categorical deferment for loans after 7/1/93. General Counsel is preparing a form to cite the new law and will contact the National Council of Higher Education Loan Program Association to request that information be distributed to all lending institutions.

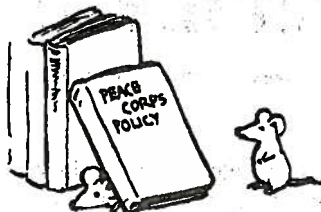
There are still a few unclear items: If an Applicant works part of the year prior to joining Peace Corps, their annual income may be above the poverty limit. A tax return is one of the supporting documents that is required as proof of income. It is possible that the deferment may not begin until the next calendar year. It is also not clear whether loans that have been consolidated after 7/1/93 are considered new loans.

Peace Corps certifies service for loan deferment in one-year increments (at Staging and again at the one-year mark). Since Peace Corps service has



been in its own category for so long, it may take awhile for many banks to realize the change in the law so many current Volunteers may not even have a problem with their paperwork.

submitted by Jean Seigle



Admin Corner

I hope that each of you enjoyed the holiday season and that the new year finds you in good spirits! I've just returned from a long and somewhat restful three weeks vacation ("some-what" as I spent a good part of my time working on my house and garden and caring for my new two-month-old golden retriever).

Here's an update on what's happening in Administration:

1) Living Allowance Survey. The survey is on its way and I'm hoping for a large response. As we receive your responses we'll add them to our spreadsheet. The deadline is February 10th, for a presentation to PC/Washington proposing an increase for February. so, please get your responses to us!

2) Bicycles. We're in the process of ordering new Trek 850 mountain bikes. We'll also be getting helmets, pumps, water bottles, heavy-duty locks, patch kits and tool kits to help you on the road. The bikes are being ordered out of the U.S. and we're hoping to have the bikes here within three months.

That's about it for now. Take care and again, best wishes for the new year!!

En Paz,

by Ana Maria/Administrative Officer.

Photo Competition

The United Nations Environmental Program is sponsoring an International Photographic competition.

Entrants are invited to show, through their photographs, how they see the world. Their photos should reflect the planet, its people, and the environment, in all of its diversity. The pictures should also seek to express entrants' challenges, hopes, and fears in a rapidly changing world.

Competition opens on September 21, 1994 and closes on April 30, 1995. For entry or more information, write:

Our Planet, UNEP, PO Box 30552, Nairobi, Kenya.

submitted by Janet Dorman, Cuenca

The Three R's

Readin', Ritin', and 'Rithmetic?

No, of course not...

Rosemarie Ricks Returns

After three long weeks of waiting, wondering, and hoping, we breathed a sigh of relief when our own Rosemarie of Omnibus 72, returned December 4 from her unexpected trip to Washington. According to Rosemarie, being medi-vaced on a moments notice is anything but fun. Once her medical problem was successfully resolved, Rosemarie said, "hey, it wasn't that bad after all, I got to meet some very interesting PCV's from all over the world. A special bonus for her was she got to see a couple of her kids and had a surprise visit from her sister. Well, we're glad all good things happened there and especially happy to say, WELCOME BACK.

Lovingly submitted by Nicole Dino, Juan Montalvo

Notice to Customers

The G Series stamp was issued to ensure that First-Class rate postage stamps are available to all customers at all times. Nondenominated stamps are printed in advance for use during the six-month period required to produce the billions of denominated First-Class rate stamps needed to implement a change in the First-Class mailing rate. The G Series stamp is valid for First-Class domestic mail use (for U.S. addresses only), and may not be used for international mail. The stamp will also be valid for future use and the denomination will be the First-Class mailing rate in effect at the time of issuance.



Twenty Stamps G Series USA

New First-Class Letter Rate

For U.S. addresses
(Domestic Mail) Only
Not for International Use

Everything's More Expensive

Please be advised that effective January 1, 1995 a postal rate change increased the cost to mail a letter within the U.S. from 29 to 32 cents (Many times Volunteers send letters home with someone who is travelling to the States). Postcards rose from 19 to 20 cents. There was no change to international postage.

Greetings from Tumbaco

The training staff is in busy preparation for the arrival of the next Omnibus which arrives at the beginning of February. Speaking of arrivals, Marlene Jaramillo, the language coordinator gave birth to a boy on December 12th. Both mother and child are doing fine. The following are various training activities taking place during the next few months.

Training News:

The Close of Service Conference for Omnibus 69 will be held in Ibarra from January 23th until the 26th at Hotel Chorlavi.

Omnibus 73 arrives on Wednesday February 8th, 1995. At this time we have 37 Trainees arriving from the following programs: Natural Resources (18), Agriculture (9) and Animal Production (10).

The sixth month follow-up conference for Omnibus 72 is tentatively scheduled for May 22-25, 1995. The conference will be held in Tumbaco but lodging will be provided at a Hotel in Quito. A letter with detailed information will be sent out on April 1st.

If you are interested in receiving assistance with resume writing and writing cover letters please let me know about one to two weeks before you will be in Quito.

I have recently received some copies of the **Continuing Education Guide** for returned Peace Corps Volunteers. This book offers information on Graduate School Choice and Admission, Peace Corps Fellows Programs, Graduate Programs: RPCV - Specific Aid Available, Graduate Programs: Special consideration given to RPCVs and Other Educational Services and/or Programs of Interest to

RPCVs. This book is available at the library in Quito or the library at the training Center.

In addition, some books that are available in the library in Quito or at the Training Center which deal with Career Information include:

1. **Career Information Consultants - Career Information Consultants** are experts in specific career fields through experience, academic study, or both.

The consultants have agreed to answer career related inquiries from PCVs and RPCVs on a voluntary basis. Many are RPCVs themselves. Consultants are not job placement counselors. This book provides names of addresses of consultants in various fields such as Business, Social/Community Services Training and Development, Non-Profit Management, Urban Planning and many others.

2. **Careers in Natural Resources - This book** is designed to update and to augment information available about careers in the natural resources field.

3. **Careers in Agriculture - This book** provides suggestions concerning agricultural professions, employment and education.

4. **Foreign Language & EFL/ESL Careers - This book** is designed to provide PCVs and RPCVs with information on careers in foreign languages and ESL/EFL. Its goal is to offer some basic information as well as suggestions on where to go for more information.

5. **International Careers - This book** is for RPCVs who wish to pursue a career in international affairs. It provides a very basic introduction to professional international development organizations with which PCVs are most familiar: government, contract and consulting firms, and service-orientated groups.

6. **Business Careers Manual - This book** is designed for RPCVs looking for work in business-related fields. It can only give you suggestions on where to look and how to proceed. The hard part—the planning, researching, networking, selling, etc. is your responsibility.

Graduate School Information - I have recently received information from the following schools:

1. **Monterey Institute of International Studies (Half-Tuition scholarships** are offered to RPCVs)

2. **School for International Training**
3. **Indiana University - School of Public and Environmental Affairs.**
4. **Georgetown University - School of Foreign Service Program**

If you would like to review the materials from any of these schools please contact the training center.

As always, if there is any way the Training Center can provide assistance to you in the field please feel free to write to me in Quito or call me at 370-197

Stay Well,

Tim Callaghan, Training Director •

T-Shirt and Book Offer

The South American Explorer's Club is updating information for the 1996 edition of the South American Handbook. We have an exchange agreement with the handbook and it is our responsibility to update the Ecuador chapter. Pertinent new information and changes that you may be aware of in your work area would be appreciated. If we work out an arrangement with you, we can offer a complimentary membership or T-shirt. If you are interested in helping us out, please stop by (Toledo 1254- La Floresta), write (Apartado 21-431, Eloy Alfaro, Quito) or call at 566-076. Melanie, S.A.E.C.

The South American Explorer's Club has discount copies for sale of the new book by ex-Peace Corps Volunteer Jim Tarbell—\$6.00 for volunteers.

"I Came Not Alone is a readable, insightful exploration of the human interface between the overwhelming presence of the United States throughout the Americas and the millions whose lives are inevitably, often painfully, altered by that presence. It is a well-narrated tale by a skillful, upbeat storyteller with a good ear for dialogue, a refined sense of irony and an unerring ability to convey the moral of his story without weakening his literary voice."

Provincial Poop

Azuay

Alfredo (yes, he is Maria's brother) **Alvarez**: see Cañar update for details on this volunteer. **Ann** (food is love)

Burfeind: returns to Boredom after a visit to the U.S. and, hey, that's okay

Barry (*I want to ride my bicycle*) **Lazarus**: next business project could be a driving school. Lesson #1: pedestrians rule! **Brian** (*the new guy*) **Kemp**: is easily adjusting to life and times in Cuenca; was voted "most likely to succeed" by his omnibus

Carissa (*if it's green I'll wear it*) **Bongiorno**: is busy designing "Air Birkenstock" for those long walks to campo communities. **Christina** (*la piña*) **Colada**: the most recognizable and respected gringa in the Parque Calderon. Do her free shoeshines hint of extortion?

Ellen (*magic hands*) **Gagen**: begins her third year extension with new vigor; saved Thanksgiving day with her green bean casserole. **Flora** (*Ann's mom*) **Burfeind**: honorary Azuay volunteer was down from Minnesota; worked miracles with Thanksgiving dinner

Isidro (*let me plant 'em*) **Castañeda**: this little seen Forestry Volunteer has completely integrated/disappeared into Ecuafife. Where are you? **Jack** (*Don Juan*) **Bellanger**: it's back to the Northwoods for Christmas- Italian mom will try to fatten him up

Janet (*¡Qué bueno!*) **Dorman**: The Broccoli Queen corners the broccoli market in Cuchudel: it's rumored she will not leave until broccoli is an Ecuastaple. **Jay** (*Are you gonna eat that?*) **Carter**: this modern day David battles Goliath (FISE) over toilet seats in his latrine project

Julio de Jesus and **Luz Rivera** (*los novios*): continue their marathon Peace Corps stint and have thoroughly mastered Spanish. **Linda** (*don't worry, be happy*) **Schultz**: commonly thought to be among the busiest volunteers in Ecualand; will she have to claim vacation days for her upcoming beach trip with her students?

Margaret (*hello-goodbye*) **Herzog**: being productive in the municipio wasn't enough, she now "owns" the dance floors of Giron. What will she do next?! **Rhonda** (*has it been soaked?*) **La Pointe**: "a package a day keeps amoebas away"; is on first name basis with all personnel at the post office

Rich (*busy as ever*) **Valeika**: has finally come to terms with the fact that English is not a universal language. **Tracey** (*with an "e"*) **Nash**: says Adios to Ecuador after an all-night despedida

Tracy (*I love llamas*) **McCracken**: too many sheep in Azuay, heads north to hang out with the llamas

Loja

Sure as your momma married her first cousin, we've done come back to give y'all the latest lovely Loja happenings in this bi-monthly edition of Sleaze from Down South. AN' boy has it been busy down our way these last few months! Had barrels of changes what with New Omnibuses comin' and people C.O.S.'in. Not only that, but our anti-social province has gone and got itself a V.A.C. rep. and started holding regular V.I.C. (Volunteer Inaction Committee) meetings. First issue on the agenda is the now infamous complaint of condom breakage. (Seems our little province is pretty vigorous). No final reports yet as testing is still in progress!

We'd like to throw out a big sloppy kiss of a welcome to our newcomers, Omnibus 72. New on the block is **Mark Blaha**. He comes to us all the way from Virginia loaded with Jimmy Buffett tapes and real recipes for grits with fatback. When asked what his goal for his two years here is, he responded, "To be elected town Queen."

Next up, **Karl Banks**, located in the beautiful town of Celica, which he describes as "The weather is here, wish you were beautiful." Anyone needing to know the exact altitude of his/her site, can contact Karl as his "suggested packing" list included an altimeter.

Last, but not least, on this wagon of new kids is **Terri Pyle**. Terri comes to us with hospital social work experience. Supposedly she's here to work with the community, but we're on to her. We know she's really evaluating our sanity and inbreeding habits for Peace Corps psychiatric ward and psycho-vacking purposes.

Moving right along, we have exiting Volunteer, **Andres Claerbout**. Andres was last spotted in the town parade in the back of a jeep cross-dressed as a Reina. "It's a cross-cultural experience—Peace Corps goals #2 and #3 I'm promoting," he explains. Rumor has it, Andres plans to return to Peace Corps as Andrea, after his sex-change operation.

Another soon-to-leave Volunteer, **Phil**, has been seen jetting all over the country being followed by his body guards, team of lawyers, and mother. Leaves inquiring minds wondering, "Hmmm, which did he bring along as protection from his girlfriends?"

Also standing at the exit door is **Dean**, a.k.a. "The Pink Panster" (ever seen his pink pants?) Dean leaves behind about 54 girls who think he's "simpatico" and a town priest who's convinced that gringos were sent to the town by the devil himself.

Morgan and Steve (names must always be said together) are planning one last small jaunt together: they're bicycling back to the U.S.! When asked what inspired this locura, they explained that they're in training for the international, "Drop-the-coins-in-the-glass-with-your-butt-cheeks games." Good luck, boys!

New neighbor to Saraguro, **Karin Chamberlain**, also

comes equipped with bicycle. Karin, motivated by her success in pedaling to Vilcabamba from her site, was heard commenting that her next goal is to bike it up Chimborazo.

Loja city Volunteers, **Carol and Charles**, have the honor of being Loja's V.A.C. reps. Seems they won by a landslide- even if it was a self-election! Carol promised, if elected, to get 2-way flight tickets to Loja (from the States??!), a provincial washer and dryer, and a microwave in every PCV household.

Sleaze From Down South reporters had a hard time catching up with Loja city Volunteer, **Lori Weber** (yes, it's still one word), but that doesn't mean they can't give you all some scum (even if it isn't true). In addition to her primary project, secondary project (neighborhood bartending) **AND** boyfriend (incidentally meeting Peace Corps goals #2 & #3). Word has it she's the newly elected president of Loja's V.I.C. Lori Weber won on the platform, "We won't stand for blowout condoms."

Next up on the stand is **Laura Hoover**, Loja's incognito Volunteer. Outwardly, appearances would indicate she's a tranquil and conservative person, when inside sources say she's the head honcho for the local chapter of "Los senderos luminosos."

New Loja city addition, **Kat Linden**, has settled in to her penthouse apartment, complete with husband. Although Kat denies it, supposedly she went for singing lessons and fell in love with the teacher. Unidentified sources say she'll need 50 years of practice before she can go professional. Congratulations Kat & Henry!!

Moving down south, we find Vilcabamba's latest: **Big Brian**. Brian was last spotted dressing as fellow Volunteer, Mike Whelan, for Halloween. Although he swears it was only for costume, there have been rumors that isolation is getting to him and that he's also been dressing as Peace Corps administrators.

Catching up with the remaining S.O.L. (South of Loja) Volunteers, we find **Denise Tew** focusing on her cross-cultural exchange with her Ecuadorean friends. About North Americans, "It's customary for us to shave our legs," she explains to them, "just like we shave our backs."

Mike and his new "media naranja", **Adrianna**, another Loja addition, are settling in to the old married life, Peace Corps style. In sticking with the back-to-basics lifestyle, they don't have a pool man and clean the mansion themselves.

Sleaze from Down South honors the "Furthest South Volunteer" title to Heather Askey, located in goat-landia, Zapotillo. Faced with the problem of getting out to the surrounding communities, Heather used her appropriate technology manual to create a goat-powered carriage. Peace Corps regulation 1085.950.759.3 section 408 part D, PCV's must wear a helmet at all times in operation of this vehicle."

That leaves us with last, but not least, **Jeff**, and his top-secret Sozoranga Project. Jeff's a pretty sketchy guy and when asked for a commentary, he only gave out some 1-800 phone number and mumbled something about really cool

leather sandals. We'll get more dirt next time.

Well, that's it, folks! Ya done got the latest scoop on all the Loja Fruitcakes. Again we disclaim that any resemblance of these characters to anyone living or dead is purely coincidence. Until next time, we leave you with a little piece of advice: when killing chickens, twisting their necks is **NOT** the best method!

Remember that in Loja, you can check out any time you like, but you can never leave (just ask Ben Campbell).

submitted by Denise Tew•

Fun With Food

Peanut Soup

600 ml (1 pt) milk
450 g (1 lb.) shelled roasted peanuts
25 g (1 oz.) butter
1 onion finely chopped
2.5 ml (1/2 tsp) dried tarragon
1.45 L (2 1/2 pt) water or stock
white pepper to taste
pinch of mace or nutmeg (grated)
Liquidize peanuts in the milk, and set aside. Put butter into saucepan, and sauté onions until soft. Add peanut crushed puree and all other ingredients, and bring to boil. Reduce heat and simmer for 30 min.

Black beans and white rice

6-8 servings
2 1/4 cups dried black beans, washed thoroughly but not soaked
4 cups fresh or canned chicken stock
cold water
3 tablespoons olive oil
2 medium onions, finely chopped
2 garlic cloves, minced
1 medium green bell pepper, seeded and chopped
3 medium tomatoes, peeled, seeded and chopped; or 1 1/2 cups canned plum tomatoes
1 bay leaf
salt and freshly ground pepper
1 1/2 cups long-grained white rice

1. Place beans in a large stockpot and add the stock and enough cold water to cover by 2 inches. Bring to a boil, then reduce the heat and simmer for 1 1/2 hours, or until just tender.
2. In a very large non-reactive sauté pan, heat the oil. Add the onions, garlic and bell pepper, and sauté until the onion is translucent. Add the tomatoes, bay leaf and salt and pepper to taste. Drain the beans and reserve the liquid. Add the beans to the skillet. Cover and simmer for 10 minutes.
3. Stir in 1 cup of the reserved bean liquid. Bring to a boil and simmer over low heat, covered, until the moisture is absorbed, about 20 minutes. Serve over rice.

submitted by Julie Piskur, Bilovan and Chris Schutz, Cayales•



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★ OMNIBUS 68 ADDRESSES ★

PCVs COSing

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Cathy Vicente 375 Greenwich Avenue Greenwich, CT 06830 203-629-2735	Ed Shea c/o John Shea 226 E. 59th St., # 3FW New York, NY 10022 212-750-6329	Jennifer Spearel 25 Whitesands Way Little Silver, New Jersey 07739 908-747-1356
Kathy Vavricka R.R.I. Box 98 Wolverton, MN 56594 218-557-8804	Prudence Ingerman Box # 372 Brighton, ON K0K 1H0 Canada	Suzan Smith 3412 Federal Ave. Everett, WA 98201 206-258-6427
Dolores Polson c/o Mr. & Mrs. James Hopkins 17684 Carriger Rd. Sonoma, CA 95476	Heidi Hayes 5210 Water Rd. Sanford, MI 48657	Cary Church 130-42, 144th Street So Ozone P.K., NY 11375 718-544-2891
or 222 Cazares Circle Sonoma, CA 95476	Harla Yesner 110-35, 72 Rd., Apt. # 108 Forest Hills, NY 11375 718-544-2891	Wendy McIntire 6313 Wea Woodland Dr. Lafayette, IN 47905 317-538-3610
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Tim Rodriguez 2101 Round Hill Rd. Fallston, MD 21047 410-877-7182	Jennifer A. Caulfield 7 Ministerial Dr. Merrimack, NH 03054 603-424-8084	Morgan Doran P.O. Box # 662 Sutter Creek, CA 95685 209-267-5138
Charles Tamulonis 283 Main St. Saugus, MA 1906	Philip T. Gittens 12 Alloco Drive Holmdel, NJ 7733	Andrew A. Claerbout 899 Allardice Way Stanford, CA 94305 415-493-1393
or Casilla # 206 Tena, Napo Until October 30, 1995	Vicky Hawrylak RD3, Box # 632 Beaver Falls, PA 15010 412-846-8907	Olof Lester 6312 Hackman Rd. Capac, MI 48014
Kim Stephens 24796 Shoreham Moreno Valley, CA 92533 909-247-8356	Elliot & Meredith Schoen 12 Hawthorne Rd. Essex Fells, NJ	Keep In Touch ☺

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CONVERTIBLE VOLKSWAGON

Like a beat up old trusty bug, things are humming as usual here in PC Ecualand. Here's our take on the latest:

The Hum		CvW
Lawn Furniture	↑	Nice, but where's the waiter?
New puppy	↑	Ito has a cute new companion, just in time for Valentine's Day.
Valentine's Day	↔	Either one of the best or worst days of the year.
Don King	↓	Another ugly American with a bad haircut pissing-off Ecuadoreans.
Andrew Swift	↙	Former editor and new forestry trainer has moved on to bigger and better things. Get a real job, Andrew.
PC Holiday Season	↓	Between U.S., Ecuadorean, Colombian, and Canadian holidays, when is that office open, and are they hiring?

C. Bongiorno, R. Valetka, and J.C.V.

CALENDAR

January 23-26: Omnibus 69 COS Conference in Ibarra

February is Black History Month

February 8: Arrival of Omnibus 73

February 14: Valentine's Day!

February 20: President's Day US Holiday (Monday)

February 21-23: PDM Workshop Omnibus 71 in Tumbaco

February 22-24: Job Conference for Public Health in Banos

February 27: Carnival Ecuadorean (Monday)

February 28: Carnival Ecuadorean (Tuesday)

March is Women's History Month

March 6-8: Job Conference for Special Education- location TBA

March 8-10: Job Conference for Youth Development- location TBA

March 22-24: Job Conference for Rural Infrastructure and Housing- location TBA

March 27-31: Solid Waste Management Workshop- location TBA

CALENDAR

Take a bite out of the busy day things are happening in London
from the 1st of January to the 31st of December

DATE	EVENT
1st January	New Year's Day
2nd January	Boxing Day
3rd January	Epiphany
4th January	St. Basil's Day
5th January	St. Agatha's Day
6th January	St. Genevieve's Day
7th January	St. Hubert's Day
8th January	St. Ignace's Day
9th January	St. Sylvester's Day
10th January	St. Agnes's Day
11th January	St. Vincent's Day
12th January	St. Elizabeth's Day
13th January	St. Agatha's Day
14th January	St. Anthony's Day
15th January	St. Anthony's Day
16th January	St. Anthony's Day
17th January	St. Anthony's Day
18th January	St. Anthony's Day
19th January	St. Anthony's Day
20th January	St. Anthony's Day
21st January	St. Anthony's Day
22nd January	St. Anthony's Day
23rd January	St. Anthony's Day
24th January	St. Anthony's Day
25th January	St. Anthony's Day
26th January	St. Anthony's Day
27th January	St. Anthony's Day
28th January	St. Anthony's Day
29th January	St. Anthony's Day
30th January	St. Anthony's Day
31st January	St. Anthony's Day

CALENDAR

January 28-30: Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, Boxing Day
 February 1: St. Valentine's Day
 February 2: St. Blaise's Day
 February 3: St. Agatha's Day
 February 4: St. Genevieve's Day
 February 5: St. Hubert's Day
 February 6: St. Ignace's Day
 February 7: St. Sylvester's Day
 February 8: St. Agnes's Day
 February 9: St. Vincent's Day
 February 10: St. Elizabeth's Day
 February 11: St. Agatha's Day
 February 12: St. Anthony's Day
 February 13: St. Anthony's Day
 February 14: St. Anthony's Day
 February 15: St. Anthony's Day
 February 16: St. Anthony's Day
 February 17: St. Anthony's Day
 February 18: St. Anthony's Day
 February 19: St. Anthony's Day
 February 20: St. Anthony's Day
 February 21: St. Anthony's Day
 February 22: St. Anthony's Day
 February 23: St. Anthony's Day
 February 24: St. Anthony's Day
 February 25: St. Anthony's Day
 February 26: St. Anthony's Day
 February 27: St. Anthony's Day
 February 28: St. Anthony's Day
 February 29: St. Anthony's Day
 February 30: St. Anthony's Day
 February 31: St. Anthony's Day