

EL CLIMA

MAR/APR

A PEACE CORPS ECUADOR PUBLICATION

1995

PEACE CORPS

ni un paso atrás

GUERRA

YO QUIERO
AL ECUADOR
SOBERANO
Y EN PAZ.

de fije al objetivo, es la misión que cumple
de batalla. Ellos son la voz de guerra

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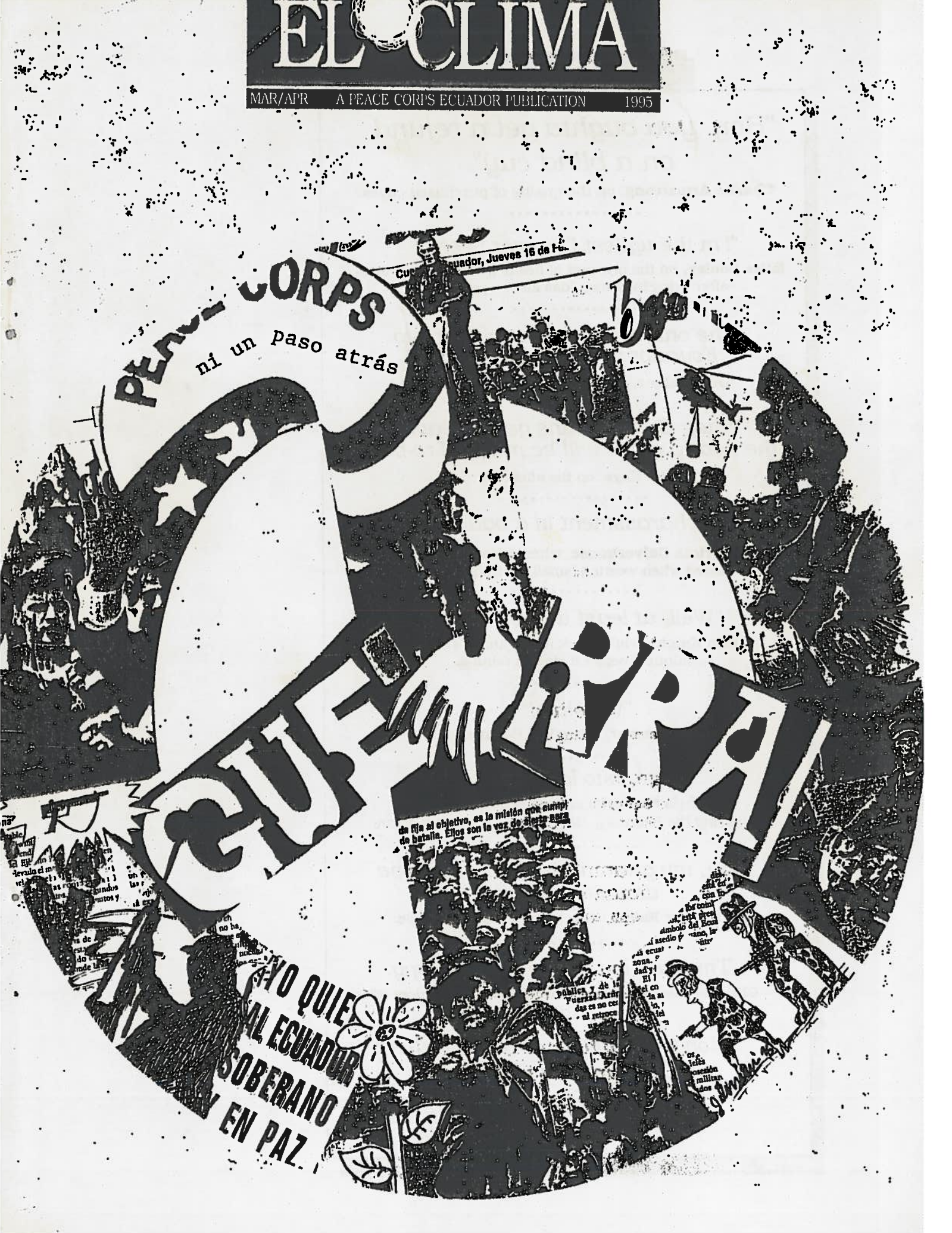
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¿COMO?

**"Boy, you oughta get a refund
on a blind cuy"**

Charlie Armstrong, on the quality of purchased cuyes.
.....

"I'm the ugliest I've ever been."

Miles Cooley, on the prospect of heading back to the States
after living in Esmeraldas for two years.
.....

**"The only way I'm coming back to
Ecuador is in a B-52 bomber."**

Dan Walker, while pondering his COS.
.....

**"When Ecuadoreans get to heaven,
the pearly gates will be made of re-bar."**

John Hays, on the after-life.
.....

"Not harassment in a bad way."

Tricia Culverhouse, when asked if she
gets harassed when wearing "small" clothing on the Coast.
.....

"Well, at least it's not raining."

Eric Knight, while stuck in the jungle at night,
minutes before it started raining.
.....

"Woo-hoo!"

Jodi Hammer, being Jodi Hammer.
.....

"Será esto la realidad?"

Chris Samuel's campo father, while
perusing the February 1995 edition of *Cosmopolitan*.
.....

**"Man, my grammatical shit has gone
down the tubes."**

Cookie Boy Ralph, while trying to edit his article.
.....

"I'm mad, but I'm perfectly happy."

Chris Samuel, Just doesn't need explanation, does it?
.....

**"I don't know how you can live here
and put up with all this shit."**

Chris Schutz's father, after visiting Chris's site.

EL CLIMA

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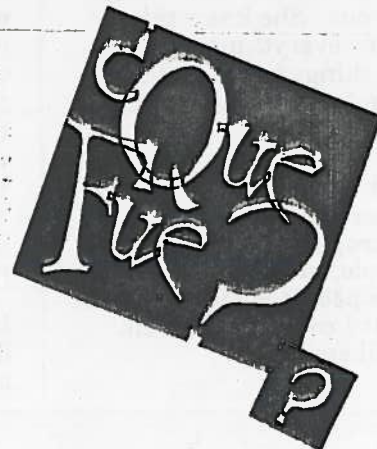
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Christine's Corner

Hello everyone! I hope Valentine's went well for all of you. I was alone in my sight giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to my little doggy who got run over by a truck. I did get to eat some bad melted chocolates (by default) a few days before Valentine's thanks to PCV Ted Townsend. I did not get any flowers, although I did give a beautiful bunch of pink roses to my 'boyfriend' whose other girlfriend will be coming down soon to visit him.

On a brighter note, I went to give two charlas at the training center at the end of February. The new group, Omnibus 73, impressed me as being down to earth and interested in getting to know Volunteers.

As I was talking to one Trainee, I had the feeling of suddenly being transported back to two years ago when I was a Trainee. I had become friends with a Volunteer who was close to her COS. She invited me to her apartment to look at some clothes that she wanted to give away. She talked about her time in Ecuador; the projects she had completed and the friends she had made. She was excited about her future. It all made me envy her. She had 'done it'. She had entered a community and became part of it. She had started 'projects' (what exactly was a 'project?') and finished them. She had lived in Ecuador successfully for two years, and now she was on her way out. She knew things about how everything really worked; things that couldn't be taught but would have to be learned.

It wasn't that I didn't want my own experience. I wanted all of it- the struggle to get to know new people, to try to figure out what the people wanted from me and what I could do for them. But I still envied her.

Looking at this Trainee and seeing the wonder and worry in her eyes about what her future as a Volunteer would be like made me realize something crazy! Even though I'm looking forward to going home, I envied her the whole experience that lays ahead of her. Things have come full circle.

I'm COSing in May. I've watched my town come so far. Since I arrived we've gotten latrines, a paved road, regular bus service, a fritada stand (the best advance of all), electricity, potable water, and a salchipapa stand. I don't know if I will recognize Cuambo when I come back to visit, but Lidia (my Cuambo mom) says I should just look for the church steeple and then I will be able to find my way around.

I was very pleased to receive PCV Ralph Coleman's submission on his successful cookie demonstration. Pride in our work is important. No matter if the project is large or small, a success or a failure, writing about it can help your fellow Volunteers, so send in your work stories! Have a good March and April. May will be my last El Clima, so any going away gifts would really be appreciated.

P.S. Even though I have an androgenous name, I am surprised at the number of Volunteers who have thought that I am a man. Please note that I am 100% female.

On Submissions

I understand that there are concerns about the El Clima policy on submissions and on possible repercussions for the submission of controversial articles. Most recently, during a VAC meeting, there was a call for a clearly written description of the policy. This article will try to answer Volunteer questions about El Clima policy and allay any fears you may have.

In the October/November 1994 El Clima, an official policy statement was published. The policy

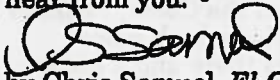
includes a statement of purpose, eligibility requirements, application and staffing procedures, and the submissions policy. To quote from the policy, "Submissions which are culturally insensitive, malicious, slanderous, of extremely bad taste, blatantly unproductive, or not in the best interest of Peace Corps will not be printed. Each individual whose submission is denied will receive a letter from the editor or the Country Director explaining the reason. The author will have the opportunity on his or her next visit to Quito to meet with the C. D. to discuss the issue further (or you can call)." The policy is available in the office if you would like to read it in its entirety.

There seems to be an idea floating around out in PC "conventional wisdom-land" that "administration" will "retaliate" against PCVs who criticize PC Ecuador. This is untrue. The way inappropriate submissions will be dealt with is described above. No one is going to hang anyone by their toenails for something that was submitted to El Clima. We (the editorial staff and C. D. Jean Seigle) discuss and make decisions on articles. The criterion is not whether I, or anyone else, likes or dislikes any particular article. There have been some submissions published in El Clima that I did not particularly 'like'. Personal taste is not what is taken into account, the above quoted reasons are the criteria used when making a decision on a given article.

This may sound like an excessively serious policy for a Peace Corps Newsletter, but El Clima represents us- it is a part of who we are and reflects our values and interests. Also, El Clima is paid for by the United States Government. This does not mean that we will not publish criticism or complaints of the system. What it does mean, however, is that we have a responsibility to foster mutual understanding and cultural sensitivity between ourselves as North Americans and our host

country nationals. I would like to add that Peace Corps Ecuador is not the only country with a submissions policy. Other Peace Corps newsletters have similar policies.

A final note: I love working on El Clima. I have fun working on El Clima. El Clima is for us. It is not a battleground for a censorship war. Anyone who feels that they have been treated unfairly in any way by El Clima staff should talk or write to either myself, Juan Carlos Velasquez, or Jean Seigle. We do not want any hard feelings and we want lots of submissions. I want constructive criticism, along with ideas for how to improve PC Ecuador, because I feel that it is the only way for things to get better. I want honest observations and humour and stories about your life and work. But what I want is not what El Clima is. El Clima is what you send in. We want to hear from you. •


by Chris Samuel, *El Clima*
Editor

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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Submit articles for publication by leaving them in the El Clima submissions folder on either of Quito's computer's hard disks and placing a hard (printed) copy in the El Clima mailbox, or by mail to:

El Clima
c/o Cuerpo de Paz
Casilla 17-03-635
Quito

Deadline for the next two issues:
May/June issue - Apr. 26
Jul/Aug issue - Jun. 28



Since January 26th the lives of many of Peace Corps Ecuador's extended family have been affected by the border conflict with Peru. During that first long weekend, staff and counterparts located 25 Volunteers, giving them the news that they were to travel to Cuenca or to stay in Quito. In the weeks that have followed, these Volunteers have been through many changes. The border conflict has had a profound effect on our Ecuadorean friends and colleagues, and on Peace Corps Ecuador as a whole.

I want to thank the "desubicados", the Volunteers who have been temporarily or permanently removed from their sites for the way in which they have responded. I know that for all of you it has been inconvenient to say the least, to be yanked out of your site with no warning. Yet you have been remarkably flexible in adjusting to temporary work and living situations. I would also like to thank the many host Volunteers who have shared work and home with other PCVs. Finally, to staff who worked long hours to get PCVs resettled, my thanks.

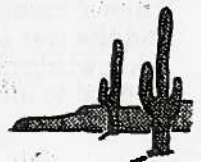
Now Volunteers are beginning to return to their sites, to pick up where they left off. Six Volunteers cannot return to their sites due to their locations on the border or near the conflict zone. Those Volunteers are also now returning to their sites to pack up and to say their good-byes. To those Volunteers, I can only say that I am sorry that your Peace Corps service has been interrupted as it has. It is a tribute to your commitment to your communities that your leaving is so difficult. Some of you are choosing to end your Peace Corps service, others are going to start over in new sites. To all of you, my sincerest thanks. Program Managers will be maintaining contact with these six communi-

ties and agencies. Peace Corps hopes to return when conditions permit.

At one point during the conflict, two days before the new training group was to arrive, the chances of a peaceful resolution looked particularly bleak. The staff debated intensely whether or not we should bring in the new Trainees. We concluded that we should move ahead with the group's arrival, after reaffirming what Peace Corps is all about: sustainable development. If we could assure the safety of our Volunteers and Trainees, then we reasoned we should continue on with the quiet, sometimes not very visible, work of development. In fact it seemed more important than ever that we separate ourselves from political or temporary concerns and focus on the long term. And so we welcome Omnibus 73. Currently 36 Trainees are preparing to qualify as Volunteers in Agriculture, Natural Resources, and Animal Production. Thanks to Tim, Sarah and all the training staff for their work with this group.

Pace Corps is striving to return to business as usual in Ecuador. The cycle of beginnings and endings which punctuates the rhythm of Peace Corps life around the world is felt here as well. It is with sadness that we say farewell to the COSing Volunteers of Omnibus 69. Thank you for your service to Peace Corps and to the people of Ecuador. I would especially like to thank Jeff Nield for his fine leadership of VAC. I have greatly appreciated the openness with which he has worked with me, and has taught me about what is important to Volunteers. To all the departing PCVs, you will be missed. •

Jean E. Seigle, *Country Director*





T rue to my egotistical nature, and in anticipation of my imminent editorship, I've decided to give myself a column. I figure I always have something to say, and this way anyone who cares will know where to look. The title of this column will be "The Conch". I ran this idea by a few people and many didn't get it, so here's a quick explanation.

The idea comes from the book "The Lord of the Flies". The story deals with a group of British Prep School boys who are stranded on a deserted island without any adults. Whenever the boys had meetings to discuss their situation, they used a conch shell to call the meetings to order, to summon everyone. During the meetings, only the person holding the conch was allowed to speak. Of course, this system rarely worked and eventually the conch was broken during a 'revolution'. It carries some heavy symbolism, but hey, read the book if you want the whole story.

El Clima is a little like that conch, anyone and everyone gets to say their piece. Except in this column, only I hold the conch.

In this inaugural edition of The Conch, I want to discuss something I always blow a lot of hot air about anyway. This is the 'known' bias and imbalance toward the Sierra versus the Coast within Peace Corps. I say 'known' because CD Jean Seigle and the rest of staff have acknowledged this and have pledged to make an effort to

change this. And they seem to be doing something about it. But I don't know if they really know the extent of the situation. (In fact, I asked at the office for population statistics for this article and there were none.) Here are some statistics (based on list of Volunteers we received in January):

Guayaquil, the largest city in Ecuador: 7 Volunteers
Quito, the second largest: 15

Cuenca, the 3rd largest: 9
Machala, the 4th largest: 2

In Agriculture, 10 of 16 Volunteers are in two Sierran provinces, Carchi and Bolivar, both only 4 hours from Quito.

In Small Enterprise Development, only 2 of 14 Volunteers are on the Coast, though both in Santo Domingo, Pichincha.

In Water, only 4 of 22 Volunteers on the Coast

In Youth Development, only 5 of 20 Volunteers on the Coast.

In Natural Resources, only 4 of 25 Volunteers on the Coast.

Cities such as Milagro and Eloy Alfaro, near Guayaquil and about the same size as Riobamba and Ambato, have zero Volunteers.

There are at least three Volunteers in such Sierran cities as Guaranda, Azoguez, and Cayambe, while there are zero in Coastal Provincial capitals Portoviejo and Babahoyo.

Over half of the population of Ecuador lives *on the Coast*.

Granted, this really isn't entirely the fault of the Program Managers. They put Volunteers where there have been requests. They can't help it if Mira has requested Volunteers in almost every program since I've been living

there. They can't help it if they get requests from agencies in Conocoto and San Rafael, suburbs of Quito. They live so close by. Chances are, agencies in Naranjal or El Triunfo haven't ever heard of Peace Corps.

Also, I know just in the time I've been here, that there have been Volunteers placed in Coastal cities like Babahoyo, Portoviejo, Jipijapa, and Quinde. They just haven't stayed. And, who's to say the ET rate won't go up when more Volunteers are placed on the Coast? The question is this: As long as the Program Managers are based in Quito and the office is there, will this ever change? What if they were based in Guayaquil? Might there be a lot more Volunteers placed in Eloy Alfaro and Milagro and the province of El Oro, probably the fastest growing areas in Ecuador? And wouldn't the chances of them staying increase? If the office and training were on the Coast, I believe there would be both more Volunteers there and a lower Coastal ET rate.

Picture this scenario: Joe Bigheart signs up for Peace Corps. He's never been to Ecuador. He just knows he's going to a poor Third World country that has low living standards, probably isn't very clean or safe and needs him. That's what he signed up for and that's what he expects. Then Joe lands in Quito and spends the next three months in a Quito suburb. Joe goes on a Volunteer visit to Ibarra or Cuenca, maybe even flying. Joe thinks, "Hey, this country isn't so bad after all, I could even live here". Then he gets his assignment- Daule! (one of the 'most unpleasant' cities in the Coast). His reaction- "Why me? I don't want to go there! Why can't I go to Ibarra or Ambato?" When Joe left the U.S. to go to a poor country, don't you think he imagined Ecuador looked like Babahoyo? Isn't that what he signed up for?

Now picture this: Joe lands in Guayaquil, then spends the next three months in a Guayaquil suburb, (not Urdesa) trying to adjust to the "uncomfortable" feeling of the Coast. "Yeah, this is what I expected." Then he gets his site- Daule! His reaction- "Great, I get to be near the office!" This would happen.

How many times have Volunteers left early, disillusioned about Ecuador after being in Quito, thinking they're not needed here? Do you think this would happen if training was in Babahoyo?

It's obvious to anyone who visits the Coast that there is a greater need there. Let's face it, there are enough agencies helping Sierran campesinos, and I think it's about time we changed our focus. We should be where real change, if it's going to come, will come from. I think that's on the Coast.

I asked people to bring this up at the last VAC meeting. The outcome of the discussion was, "Let's not waste our time on things that are over our heads". Yes, this is way over my head. But I know El Clima gets read in Washington and I think someone should know what the situation is. If others feel this way, then the administration will know we're serious about all of this. I'm blowing the Conch.

One last thing. I personally am willing to accept an immediate transfer with extension to any of the Coastal cities mentioned above. •



Reality Bites

A Response to J.W. Carter's "Other Remarks on the PC Pregnancy Policy"

By Julie Piskur, Bilován

He was supposed to be my friend, right? My counterpart introduced me to Marcelo when I first got to my site. She said, "...es muy buena gente. En él se puede confiar..." Dave, Lance, and I used to meet in his frigorífico, de vez en cuando, teaching him English, making helados, just hanging out. On this particular day we have a few cuba libres with some other friends in San Miguel and he says he'll drop me off in Bilován on his way to Guayaquil. He'd driven me home several times before, so I felt comfortable accepting his offer. We're almost to my site when suddenly he pulls off the road. The next thing I know, he's on top of me. It happens so suddenly, I'm momentarily stunned. "¿Qué piensas que estás haciendo, pues?!", I half-yell at him as I try to struggle free. "Te voy a violar," he answers, with a sick look on his face, and tries to unzip my jeans with one hand as he pins my arms down with the other. He's smaller than I am, but stronger. I can't believe this is happening. My head is spinning from the rum, but my mind is racing. I think of my friends who've been raped. I think about AIDS, STDs, pregnancy, and police reports. I think about all the bullshit we as women have to put up with in this world. I think about what a complete asshole this guy is for thinking he can do this to me. I remember that I'm wearing my Wolverine work boots. And I start kicking. I kick him numerous times. I hurt him. Luckily, I hurt him badly enough to get out from under him and jump out of the car and start running.

This is the third time I've been in this situation in the last two years. I've been lucky in that I've been able to fight off my attackers, but that isn't always the case. What if I had been raped? What if I had gotten pregnant as a result? The fact is that Volunteers are raped. Women are harassed. Birth control fails. Women become pregnant. And women need options. The Supreme Court has decided that one of those options is abortion. J.W. Carter III disagrees with the Supreme Court. That's his prerogative. And that's the whole point of this article. We all have differing opinions, and we need to respect that fact.

So how do I feel about Mr. Carter's article on the P.C. Pregnancy (and Abortion) policies? To put it simply, I hate the idea that a male Volunteer has taken it upon himself to crusade against my health care options as a female-PCV. I re-read the article a few times, in a futile attempt to understand Mr. Carter's viewpoint, where he's coming from, why he feels the way he does about abortion (the same reasons why I've recently read some of the writings of Rush Limbaugh and Camille Paglia, to no avail).

So why do we even have a P.C. pregnancy policy? It actually came about as a result of the irresponsible behavior of one couple who failed to communicate with the medical staff during their child's birth (instead of going to the hospital and calling the nurses immediately, as had been agreed upon, they decided to have a midwife come to their home and inform the nurses after the fact). Even though the current PC pregnancy policy of sending the Volunteer home is in place to protect that Volunteer's health and to ensure that each woman receives the best medical care possible, it assumes responsibility for a decision that should fall on the Volunteer. A pregnant female Volunteer should have the option to continue ser-

vice just as a male Volunteer who is an expectant father does. Therefore, while I think the proposed idea of sending home male Volunteers who are expectant fathers is a step in the wrong direction, I believe its proposal will make people think a little bit more about the need to change these two policies which affect female Volunteers. To borrow Mr. Carter's phrasing, "Doing in with pregnant Volunteers in order to avoid complications may take responsibility away from Peace Corps, but it infringes on the female Volunteer's right to complete her service." It comes down to this: Abortion is legal. Peace Corps provides our main (and for most of us, only) source of medical coverage. That's why I believe that Peace Corps should pay for abortions.

But what's the real issue here, anyway? Are we talking about Peace Corps' policies or Mr. Carter's personal views on abortion? Sending Volunteers home is not the right answer to a pregnancy, just as there is no right answer to the abortion question.

Everyone's reality is different. Factors such as sex, socioeconomic status, race, nationality, orientation, and ableness combine to make each individual's experience unique. So one person believes that extracting a bundle of cells and thus terminating a pregnancy is murder. Fine. Everyone is entitled to their own opinion. It's when they try to make their opinion that of others that it infringes on that person's individual experience.

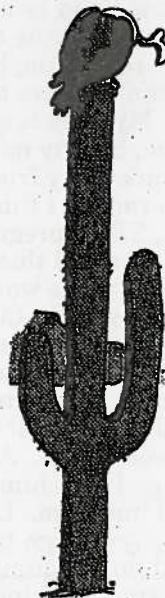
I was at a colloquium on AIDS awareness a few years ago (at my very conservative college, the event was a major breakthrough) and one of the panelists was asked by an angry student, "Is AIDS an epidemic brought about by sexually liberal lifestyles or is it God's wrath on homosexuals?" The panelist, an Episcopalian

nun, answered simply, "AIDS is a virus." The same attitude could be taken on the abortion question. When asked, "Is abortion murder? Is it wrong?", we could simply say, "Abortion is a medical procedure which for various reasons many women find necessary."

Women have been terminating pregnancies since the dawn of time. It wasn't until the 19th century that governments began passing anti-abortion measures. Up until that time, even the Church had remained indifferent to the issue.

Author's note: I reported the incident to Nelson Oleas, my program manager, and he took immediate action by speaking to the individual involved. I appreciated his help in the matter.

"History is a litany of injustice, no one denies it. But when has a simple solution ever been anything but evil? Only in complexity do we find answers. Through complexity men struggle towards fairness; it is slow and clumsy, but it's the only way. Simplicity demands too great a sacrifice."—author unknown.



Nightmare Politics

By Rich Valeika, Nabon

Every night since early November it's been the same thing over and over. I slip into what should be a peaceful rest only to find discomfort and pain. The dream is always the same. A haze clouds my vision and slowly dissipates. I find myself in a smoke-filled room, a cigarette in one hand and black coffee in the other. An ominous sentiment falls upon me as do the eyes of the people gazing askance. The man at the podium motions for me to rise and speak. I stand and stare into my coffee. I wearily begin to speak.

"My name is—"

"No names!" someone shouts, "They told me no names!"

As the speaker informs me of the "no name" policy a cold sweat begins to chill me. I ponder at the gravity of my actions. Could what I'm doing endanger family or friends? But before I can come to my senses, the speaker encourages me to continue.

"Don't be afraid," he says.

"Well I'm here tonight because...well...I'm a...I'm a Democrat," I finally say. I then sit down to the sound of applause which comforts me as much as a glass of ice tea would in hell.

The speaker begins, "Welcome to this week's meeting. To bring you up to date on the situation allow me to say a few words. We still, as a "party", have yet to decide on a plan of action to deal with this so-called republican revolution. Let me stress again that we need to be united if we hope to regain or maintain elected offices in 1996. Last week we heard from some radicals in our own party. One suggested that we take republicans one by one, pry their eyes open ala Clock-

work Orange and make them watch Rush Limbaugh over and over. They would receive an electric shock each time Rush distorts a fact or out and out lies. This would simply demonstrate that too much electrical shock would kill someone. So once again, I implore a non-violent plan of action. Thank you. Are there any remarks?"

A member stands and speaks, "Like all of you, the last thing I want is long-term political control by the republicans. I think the best way to get them out of office is to let them govern. Let the country go where it may. They'll take themselves out. Our passivity and patience will gain our control for a long time to come."

"That's nonsense!" another member yells. "Now is the time to put an end to the republican party. Passive resistance will only lead to the spread of this wickedness. Listen, I have a nine-year-old daughter who sells gum at school. That's against the rules, I might add. But my girl is crazy for coco-puffs and free market capitalism. In the morning she buys a pack of gum for 50¢. At school she sells individual pieces for a quarter. When I look at her guiltless face and ask how she can make a 150% profit off her schoolmates, she tells me, 'Demand is greater than supply, Daddy.' I nearly fainted. I sat back and she explained it all."

"You see, Daddy, right now gum is "the" market. Back in the fall it was football cards. Boys are crazy for football cards. Every day before school I could unload 10 packs at a 50% profit. That's before school, mind you, when Big Brother isn't watching as close. What a deal! And boys are so silly, Daddy. They buy single packs every day and get the same offensive linemen. Good thing for me they don't read the package and find that they can order the entire set at a lower cost per card. Next year

I think I'll black out the offer with a marker. Anyway, I was selling gum at that time and hardly moving anything. Then Charles, this communist in my class- oops, sorry Daddy, Charles is capitalistically challenged. Anyway, Charles calls me "Little Miss Ayn Rand" and starts giving gum away to those who want it. Can you believe it?! He was giving it away!! He was bringing in three packs a day and kids were flocking to him. My sales were abysmal. But I was patient and I knew what would happen. I knew Charles' parents were environmentalists and grass-roots activists and wouldn't be able to support his handouts for long. On top of that, human nature was working against him. In the first week alone he narrowly escaped being beat up three times by bigger boys who had arrived late for his charity. He started hanging out at the principal's office for safety. Within a week he was done. And all those kids that he was giving gum to came running to me. Business increased four-fold in one day. Good thing I had built up a supply. Now with all of this new demand there was a new dilemma. Sellers were popping up everywhere. I spotted the ones who knew what they were doing and we organized. First, we established a set price at 30¢ a piece."

When I pointed out that that was collusion and illegal she said, 'Oh, Daddy, you're so regulatory. We're just protecting ourselves. Listen, I'll give you an example. One day John, this fifth grader, comes to school with the new Hubba Bubba line and sells at 20¢ a piece. Well, before he sold his first full pack, we bought him out. Then we hired ourselves an informer who told John's teacher that John was selling gum. Then we went and found Michael, the biggest sixth grader in the whole school, and made a deal. See, Michael's fond of ice cream sandwiches and for two a week he'll ...shall

we say...protect and defend the free market.'

'But that isn't fair business dealing,' I tell her.

'You're telling me, Daddy. Two ice cream sandwiches isn't much cost between the group but it cuts directly into the profits.'

'No. I mean poor John'

'Yeah well,' she says, 'poor John is out of business and an example has been set for those who try the same. And, we have Michael to prevent other kids from "exposing" us, as you "Demmy's" like to say.'

A numbness settled upon me and I asked, 'I thought you said you sold gum for 25¢, not 30¢.'

'Oh, I do, Daddy, that's my little way of protecting my market share.'

I just sat there in a bleak daze. This is my innocent little daughter. Then she asked what a capital gains tax was. I told her and she turned a bit blue and threw up on my New Republic. She then ran off to get comfort from her swing voting mother."

Here is where I awoke to find myself in a parallel reality. Two years, at least, of a republican controlled congress and supported by a resurgence of the religious right. During the day, the effect of the apocalyptic nightmare stir in my conscience. What will the next few years be like? Prayer in schools, brown suits, colored dress socks on the basketball court? Will Mc Donald's bring back the styrofoam container for the Big Mack? I envision a world like that of "Invasion of the Body Snatchers", where everyone will pretend it is the 1950's again. Someone will spot me, by means of the liberal torment on my face, point to me and scream in church choir clearness, "DEMOCRAT! I FOUND A DEMOCRAT! SOMEBODY GET NEWT!!" •

"Que Te Vaya Bien, Carlos"

By Marie Skertic, Guaranda

Wiping away the tears that continued to stream down her face unabated, shoulders hunched up, and in a voice that could hardly be heard, Carlos' mother told me the news: "He has to be at the recruitment station in two hours; then Carlos is going to Riobamba, and from there to the frontera to fight against Peru."

With my heart in my throat, and tears streaming down my face, I could do nothing but hug Mrs. Culqui and give her my emotional support. The news was a surprise to both of us and something we would come to some kind of grip with only many days and nights later.

Together we went to the house, where the entire family had gathered to say goodbye to Carlos, 26; his wife Liliana, 21; his son Carlitos Yitshak, 2 1/2; Angel David, 10 weeks old; Mrs. Culqui; Lola, Carlos' sister; and other relatives. Carlos' only brother, Oswaldo, was at a conference in Quito and so Carlos left a note for him.

Pretending everything was alright, denying the upcoming reality, we were all calm until Carlos' aunt started to cry. Her nine-year-old daughter, Diana, said to Carlitos: "Your Daddy's going to fight in the war," and poor Carlitos was hysterical after that. I don't think she realized the impact of what she was saying (at least I hope not).

Watching the TV, with story after story of the fighting at the frontera, I kept thinking that, soon, Carlos will be there, and will he be safe? Will he come home safely to his family and friends? Will he be able to cope with the psychological effects of war? How will this experience

forever change him? Will he take some of the pictures I recently took of his family with him to the frontera? Will we know soon where he's sent? How will Oswaldo react when he comes home, to find his brother gone to war? How will little Carlitos cope? Carlitos, who's very close to his dad and who is used to having him around a lot of the time? And what about the family? They are strong and have been through tragedies in the past, like most families; but they are also very close-knit and are used to seeing each other several times daily.

I glanced up at Carlos and saw tears forming at the corner of his eyes. He picked up Carlitos and looked at him for a long minute. And in that minute I saw very clearly all the love Carlos has for his son and that it was tearing him apart inside to have to leave his family and fight in a stupid conflict that might cost him his life. For a moment father and son just looked at each other and my heart wanted to scream out, "No! This whole thing is stupid! Why should excellent young fathers and husbands have to leave everything and put their lives on the line? Why can't they stay at home, where they want to be and where they belong? And why in hell can't a peaceful, diplomatic solution be found to the conflict? No, Carlos! Please don't go!" but of course I couldn't say that right in front of him, although assuredly we were all thinking the same thing at that moment.

And I will never forget, if I live to be 100, how Carlos knelt down in front of his mother and asked for her blessing. She traced a sign of the cross on the forehead of her son, as he looked at her adoringly and wept.

As with all wars and all conflicts, nothing will ever be the same for me, for the Culquis, and for the thousands of other families who are generously giving of their sons to protect our land.

Finally, the reality could not be denied, and we had to go to say good-bye to Carlos. We all piled in the family truck and joined hundreds of other family members in tearfully bidding them good-bye and good-speed. The minutes seemed to drag an eternity, as we waited for the officials to come and for the brave young men to stand in formation and to march to our central park, then to get on a bus to go to Riobamba and to their destiny. The memories for me are so powerful that I'm crying just writing this, and remembering. I've heard other people talk about war, about families having to be separated, about the sacrifices which must be made for the good of the country; but the reality of the conflict never touched me this personally before. And my pain and my sacrifice is very small in comparison to the sacrifice of all the Ecuadorean families and to the people who are mobilizing to help our troops with food, clothing, and medicine.

And I Wonder: What was going through Carlos' mind as he left his young wife and young sons? What coping mechanisms will he use to be able to live so far from them? How much of little David's infancy will Carlos miss? How will Carlitos remember his father? When will Carlitos stop crying out in the night for his father? Will Liliana be able to write/call her husband with any kind of regularity?

And I remember Carlos: Carlos who works in the shoe store he and his mother have; who

attends classes at the university; who makes it a point to be home at lunch time, to spend as much time as possible with Carlitos, as she did with Angel, Carlos' own father. He died when Carlos himself was very young. I remember Carlos helping Liliانا with dinner when she was sick; I remember Carlos taking Carlitos to the park next to their house, and carrying Carlitos home in his arms when he fell asleep after playing for hours; I remember Carlos loaning me a ruler and cardboard paper when I forgot to buy some before the stores closed; I remember Carlos measuring my feet by drawing around them with a pen, in preparation to make me shoes which now will have to wait until his return; I remember Carlos letting me watch Carlitos several times when he had to go out and we weren't sure when Liliانا would return. Oh, yes, I remember Carlos. He's a strong man, a good family man, a hard worker, and always has a ready smile, in his quiet way. He will be and is greatly missed, both by his family and the community.

I remember the words of Leigh Hunt: "There are two worlds: The world that we can measure with line and rule, and the world that we feel with our

hearts and imagination". I know that all of Ecuador is feeling things very deeply in these difficult days. And we all hope the conflict is over soon so that our soldiers can come home.

We've all heard the phrase, "Qué le vaya bien," until it's almost coming out of our ears. I, for one, had heard it so much that I'd gotten to the point where I basically ignored it, muttered a quick, "Gracias" and left. I never gave it another thought. Now, that too has changed; now when I hear that phrase every day, I think of my friend Carlos Culqui, defending his country, as well as my friends Kléver and Patricio, also from Guaranda and also at the frontera, and I wish exactly the same for Carlos, Kléver, and Patricio, and all our oldiers fighting: "Qué les vayan bien, soldados del Ecuador. And may you all come home safe and sound and soon. And may your country truly appreciate the sacrifice you've made."

And may armed conflict never again touch Ecuador.

P. S. Author's note: Since this story was written (Jan. 31, 1995), the the situation with Peru has had many ups and downs. There have been cease-

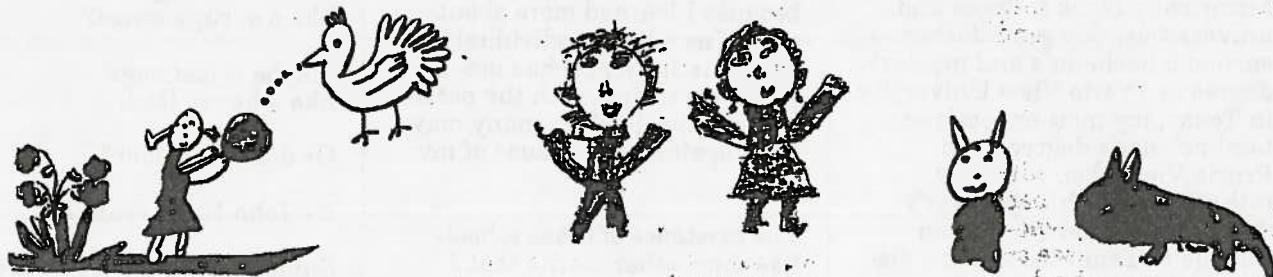
fires and the breaking of cease-fires, with rumors in abundance.

As of now (Feb. 27), Carlos, Kléver, and Patricio are all scheduled to go to the frontera today. Carlos has decided to stay with the military, as he likes that way of life and can earn more money for his family. Kléver told me that he wanted to return to Guaranda and his way of life here, yet the next thing I know he's going to the frontera. Patricio is going to El Oro; we don't know yet where Kléver and Carlos will be stationed.

We all hope the conflict with Peru will be over soon and that the Guarantors will be able to stay there to verify the cease-fire and to find a peaceful solution.

Last night on the news, there was yet another piece about a fallen Ecuadorian soldier, 26, who died at the frontera, leaving a young wife and two children. Yes, he's a hero and he died defending his country, but I'm tired of seeing and reading about fallen heroes and hearing, "Ni un paso atrás".

Let's end the conflict and send the soldiers home, where they belong. The war is costing too much, both economically and in terms of human lives and suffering. •



History and Black Universities

By Ralph Coleman, Ibarra

I'm sure that many of you know that February is designated as Black History Month. This article was supposed to appear in the Jan./Feb. edition of el clima, but I was still grieving from Dallas' loss to the f—kin' sorry-ass 49ers. No, I'm not a sore loser, punk!

I'd like to discuss a topic that I really do hold close to my heart, the establishment of historically black colleges and universities. During the 1860's, when President Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation that (supposedly) freed all slaves, the nation saw a massive effort on the part of black individuals trying to enter colleges, universities, or other trade schools. However, the nation wasn't yet ready for "true" integration, and blacks, even though free, were still denied entrance into these institutions because of their skin color. Some freedom! So, in order to educate our own people, several black colleges and universities were founded during the 1860's. Some of these schools were federally funded and some privately funded. It was difficult for almost any black student to study on that level at those times due to the socio-economic status of black people during that era.

I come from a family that has studied almost exclusively at historically black colleges and universities. My grandfather earned a bachelor's and master's degree at Prairie View University in Texas, my mother received her bachelor's degree from Prairie View also, while my father received his bachelor's degree from LeMoyne Owen College in Tennessee and my sister received her bachelor's

degree from Spelman College in Atlanta. When the time came for me to apply to college, it was almost assumed that I'd apply to a historically black institution. I only applied to three colleges, two of the three being historically black institutions (Hampton University and Morehouse College). I was accepted to all three, the University of Maryland being the other, and the decision was the most difficult. I had my sister telling me, "Ralph, go to Morehouse," and my Pop saying, "I like Hampton, son." My sister is the shit, but father knows best, so I ended up at Hampton University in Virginia.

I won't go into great detail about my experience there, but I must say that those four years were the most fruitful, enjoyable, and profitable years of my entire life. My soul bleeds at any remembrance of a stereotypical black man. To see so many intelligent and well-prepared black individuals, made and still made me bloom with glee. At Hampton I was prepared for life in a white world. Being constantly presented with material as proof of how blacks have achieved in a white man's world was overwhelming. I was taught history, politics, economics and other social sciences from what's considered to be a black person's point of view. I didn't always agree with that point of view, but, at a predominantly white school I may not have even had the chance of hearing a "black person's point of view". I also didn't have to worry about the blatant racism and the "token black" feeling that many blacks experience on many predominantly white campuses. And because I learned more about myself as a black individual at a black institution, it has prepared me to deal with the possible negative feelings many may have against me because of my color.

The existence of these schools has some other merits that I believe are worthy of mention-

ing. At least three of the black Volunteers are graduates of three of the most prominent black institutions in the nation (and three of the most challenging institutions on the east coast). Two have already attained advanced degrees at major institutions in the nation and the other has the desire and ambition to attain an advanced degree also. There are also some neo-conservative, black intellectuals, Thomas Sowell in particular, who are calling for the closure of many historically black institutions, citing that these institutions have already served their purpose, providing blacks a higher education when denied that opportunity at predominantly white institutions. My concern is that so many qualified blacks will fall by the wayside due to lack of opportunities to nourish their intellects. Nourishing one's intellect is difficult enough to do but nourishing one's intellect in a possibly hostile and dangerous environment can be deadly.

I would love to write more on this subject, but I pride myself on being brief and concise. If there are any questions or comments, negative or positive, feel free to contact me at Casilla 55, Ibarra. Stay tuned for my next article, "Don't F—k With Hip Hop".

"What happens to a dream deferred?"

Does it dry up
like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore—
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat?
Or crust & sugar over—
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

By John Hope Franklin

Submitted by Chris Samuel,
Cuambo

Let's Talk Trash

By Crystal K. Reul, Ibarra

All of my life I have been obsessed with trash and its proper disposal. I think it all began when I was about five years old. I remember reading (being read to?) about these bad creatures who threw trash on the ground, in the water, and lived with trash all around them. It was gross and, in general, life stank. But then some other creatures came along and helped clean up their environment. Life was once again beautiful. (Did anyone else read a book like this? I think it had a yellow cover.)

Anyway, since I've "grown up" and moved to Ecuador my obsession has become my nightmare. Everywhere around me I see trash: trash on the roads, in the fields, floating in the streams, dumped in quebradas, little bits of plastics, mounds of household wastes, people trashing their cities and neighborhoods.

Naturally, there are a few choice examples that come to mind. The bus, whose motto is: "Chuck it out the window, not on my floor," is a great place to see everything thrown out of the window, from banana peels (I lost count after a dozen were thrown out of the window in front of me on a short 3 and 1/2 hour long excursion from Quito to Ibarra (they took the LONG way) to urine (I'm not kidding) in a cup a plastic cup, of course.

Ahh!!!! Plastic, the bane of my existence. Whatever are we to do with it? I'll be the first to admit it is a wonderful invention. Right in front of me sit a dishdrainer, pitcher, shelves, a trash can, scrubber brush (I'm in the kitchen, if you couldn't guess) - all made of plastic. But what happens when we get tired of it? The dishdrainer gets moldy (I'm not saying MINE would, but, just, what if...) and what do we do with it? Well, I

could throw it out of the window of the bus, or, of course, let the trashman pick it up. Either way it ends up out in some quebrada (or ditch), just watching time pass by.

Plastic doesn't degrade - that's the beauty of it. Yes, it burns and is malleable (of course, it also lets off toxic fumes), and, yes, you can TRY to recycle it. The problem is there are many types of plastics, all currently requiring different methods.

We were teaching "composting" to a community outside of Riobamba. They asked "What can we do with all of our plastic?" Excellent question. My only response. Reduce. Reuse. Recycle. Possible, sí. Likely, no. Plastic is cheap and easily available. That cien bag you get from the market is likely to have broken by the time you get back. And, let's face it, recycling isn't always possible. What else is there to do, re-educate?

Ah, but, I am straying from my original point, which was examples of trash everywhere. Well, I think you've got that point, eh? It's kind of hard to miss it when it is everywhere. But, let's talk now about why.

My project just happens to be about...TRASH. Okay, it's a little broader than that, if you can believe it, but trash is a definite part of it. So, one day the chauffeur was driving me around and we were headed up to visit the ONE pristine place I've seen in Imbabura - Laguna de Cuicocha. (If you haven't been there- it's a lake with a few islands created in a volcanic crater. I think it's just beautiful.) There was an empty box of matches in the truck and as we were leaving Cotacachi. He just chucked it out the window. I almost died. For TWO days we had been doing NOTHING but looking for trash and at trash and he had just added, although ever so slightly, to the problem.

I tried to stay calm. I said, "Why did you do that?" He said, "What else was I supposed to do with it?" Since it had been sitting there ALL day, I didn't see why it couldn't sit there an hour or two longer until we got back and we could dispose of it properly. Like, I don't know, in a trashcan maybe?!? I swear he thought I was looney. Then again, who wouldn't? I mean, come on, why clutter up a beautiful truck when I can just as easily throw my trash out the window and never think about it again?

Andere Länder, andere Sitten. Ecuadoreans were just brought up differently, that's all. Their favorite childhood book wasn't about the evils of trash. Mine was though, and increasingly in the U.S., children and adults alike are concerned about the state of our environment. But what I've been learning down here is that a) some Ecuadorians DO care and are working to try to change the situation, and b) Ecuadorians can learn new habits such as that it is bad to throw trash in any old place.

I went hiking with an Ecuadorean at Cuicocha and she wanted to throw our trash (PLASTIC!) on the ground there. Well I wouldn't allow it. Maybe she thought I was crazy, but I think I made an impact on her and maybe the next time she'll at least think about what she's doing before she throws her trash on the ground.

And, maybe if all of us Volunteers are good role models, we will help more Ecuadoreans realize that throwing trash on the ground isn't only aesthetically displeasing, but hazardous to our health as well. It's worth a shot anyway. I mean, what's the worst that could happen? More trash on the ground?!? •



El Programa de Recursos Naturales

Por Francisco E. Garces, APCD Recursos Naturales

El Ecuador, lamentablemente, al igual que la mayoría de países en desarrollo presenta un marcado deterioro de sus recursos naturales. Datos conservadores muestran, por ejemplo, que la tasa anual de deforestación es de 200,000 hectáreas al año, mientras que estimaciones optimistas señalan que la totalidad de actividades de forestación realizadas por el Ecuador desde hace 160 años, es decir desde la iniciación de su historia como república, hasta la fecha, es de 120,000 hectáreas. Dicho de otro modo, el Ecuador deforesta en un año el doble de todo lo que ha forestado en 160 años.

Otro ejemplo revelador muestra que en algunas zonas del Ecuador las pérdidas de suelo debidas a la erosión alcanzan las 200 toneladas métricas/hectárea/año, mientras que cantidades normales de pérdida de suelo se sitúan en alrededor de 11 toneladas métricas/hectárea/año. Es decir que en algunas partes del Ecuador se pierde suelo en hasta 10 veces más que los niveles de erosión naturales.

La erosión no es sino una de las consecuencias de la deforestación. La pérdida de la biodiversidad de flora y fauna, el deterioro de la calidad y cantidad de agua, la sedimentación de represas y la disminución de la productividad agropecuaria son otros ejemplos del resultado de la remoción de la capa vegetal que ha cubierto por siglos una gran parte de la superficie de nuestro territorio.

Para hacer frente a estos problemas el programa de recursos naturales del Cuerpo de Paz en el Ecuador realiza las siguientes acciones:

• **Agroforestería.** A través del establecimiento de árboles y arbustos en diferentes sistemas, como en divisiones de potreros, cortinas rompevientos, en curvas de nivel y en asociaciones con cultivos y pastos, se busca ofrecer al agricultor beneficios como frutos, madera y leña al tiempo que se logra protección y fertilización para el suelo, alimento y refugio para la vida silvestre y se rescata por lo menos una parte de la biodiversidad con el



uso de árboles y arbustos nativos.

• **Conservación de áreas protegidas.** Con el fin de proteger los últimos remanentes de bosques nativos, los voluntarios realizan diversas actividades que incluyen: ecoturismo, interpretación, educación ambiental, identificación de flora y fauna, y manejo de vida silvestre.

• **Forestería Urbana.** Es un pequeño componente de nuestros esfuerzos con el fin de incluir los diversos beneficios de la vegetación en zonas urbanas. La siembra de árboles y arbus-

tos en locales públicos, parques, avenidas y zonas periféricas, además de su valor estético, sirve para mantener productivas las fuentes de agua cercanas a la ciudad, mejorar la calidad del aire, controlar los niveles de ruido y es un aporte para la vida silvestre.

Algunas ideas para el mediano plazo incluyen la posibilidad de iniciar actividades de manejo de bosques naturales y de fortalecer los esfuerzos en educación ambiental especialmente en lo que tiene que ver con el reciclaje de varios tipos de desechos como el papel y el vidrio.

El programa de Recursos Naturales coordina su trabajo con ONGs (Organizaciones no gubernamentales), así como con varias dependencias del Estado tales como el Ministerio de Agricultura y el Ministerio de Educación.

A lo largo de varias generaciones de voluntarios se han logrado algunos resultados, entre los que cabe destacar la consolidación de la agroforestería en algunas comunidades, el establecimiento de acciones como la interpretación y el ecoturismo en varias áreas protegidas y la elaboración del primer plan de forestación urbana para la ciudad de Quito.

El trabajo por hacerse es enorme. Los problemas ambientales tienden a agudizarse. La contribución del Cuerpo de Paz en este campo será en el mediano y largo plazo más necesaria que hasta la fecha. La clave del éxito recaerá en la identificación e implementación de alternativas sostenibles como la agroforestería o el ecoturismo que brinden a la población un mejoramiento de su nivel de vida y a los ecosistemas la oportunidad de existir indefinidamente. •

NUSTRO Idioma

By Chris Samuel, Cuambo

In this edition of Nuestro Idioma we'll take a look at some verbs that seem the same but are actually different. In addition, I've compiled a list of war/conflict vocabulary words. I received a request for help with basic telephone communication, so I've included a few easy phrases to use on the phone.

I've really enjoyed writing Nuestro Idioma this past year. I think the column can continue to fulfill a need within the Peace Corps community. I would like to know if anyone is interested in taking over the column (the next El Clima could be the first with a new author). If you are interested, get in touch with me or another El Clima staff member and let us know. The name and/or logo could be changed according to the gusto of the new author. I do not have an abnormal attachment to names! Hasta luego, may all your r's roll and your t's trill.

1.) Acordarse and Recordar

These two verbs both mean 'to remember' but they are not used in the same fashion. Learning to use them correctly will camouflage the fact that you are a first-year Spanish speaker.

In most circumstances, the verb acordarse is the one to use. For example, you use acordarse when you are asking someone if they remember a recent event: ¿Te acuerdas de esa vez cuando te caíste y se te quebró la pierna? Do you remember that time when you fell and broke your leg?

Claro, me acuerdo de la reunión del lunes. ¡Que desgracia! No hicimos nada.

Sure, I remember Monday's meeting. What a disgrace! We didn't do anything. Recordar is more commonly used when referring to a remembrance. For example: Debemos recordar nuestros héroes del conflicto. We should remember our heroes from the conflict. Yo recuerdo los años de mi juventud con una tristeza en el corazón.

I remember the years of my youth with a sadness in my heart.

2.) Amenazar and Amenizar

For a long time I never knew that the verb amenizar meant to make pleasant or add charm. I only knew that the verb amenazar meant to threaten, so I thought that on posters for local bailies that the band was going to 'threaten the party'. Anyway, here are a couple examples of usage.

¡El grupo 'Las Nuevas Estrellas de Carchi' amenizará la fiesta! The band 'Las Nuevas Estrellas de Carchi' will liven up the party! Los chicos me amenazaron durante todo el mes de febrero con sus bombas de agua. The boys threatened me during the entire month of February with their water balloons.

3.) War/Conflict Vocabulary

belicoso, bélico- warlike; militant
la patria- mother country; native land
el cohete- rocket; missile
cesar- stop; cease
cese al fuego- cease-fire
alto- tall, high and also- halt, stop
alto al fuego- cease-fire
bombardear- bombard, shell, bomb, raid
bombardeo aéreo- air raid
la cumbre- summit, top, also- summit meeting
retroceder- draw back; retreat
delimitar- define
efectivos- troops
desplazarse- to move, shift, go, travel
vituallas- provisions; victuals
llegar a un acuerdo- come to an understanding

4.) Phone Calls

Here are some good 'is so-and-so there' or 'can I speak to' phrases:

¿Se encuentra (my personal favorite) el Sr. Oviedo?

¿Está Jose? (more casual)

Hágame el favor, comuníqueme (the verb here is optional) con la Sra. Padilla.

Tenga la finesa (la gentilesa, la bondad), con Manuela.

¿Podiera comunicarme con el Ing. Jorge Caicedo? (more formal)

Quisiera hablar con la Dra. Ximena Folleco por favor.

Por favor, con Julie (quick and to the point)

Then, the person may say, ¿De parte de quién? (Who is calling?)

To Identify Yourself

After the de parte question, you can just say, "De Cristina"

When the party you want to speak to comes to the phone or someone asks for you, you can say,

Hablas (or Habla to be formal) con Cristina.

You are speaking with Chris.

Esta con Chris.

This is Chris.

Con ella (el).

It's me.

To ask for something

Quisiera pedirle un favor.

I would like to ask you a favor.

Quería hacerle una pregunta.

I would like to ask you a question.

To say you will call back or that you want someone to call you

Le llamo mañana, ¿Sí?

I will call you tomorrow, O.K.?

Yo le llamaré en la tarde.

I will call him back in the afternoon.

Quiero que me devuelva la llamada tan pronto como sea posible al número 561-224. (to say to a secretary)

I want her to call me back as soon as possible at 561-224.

To say good-bye

Ha sido un gusto (placer) hablar contigo (con Ud.), hasta luego.

It's been nice talking to you, until later.

Nos vemos muy pronto, que le vaya bien.

Let's see each other soon, take care.

¡Ciao! ¡Adios! Good-bye!*

Health Program Work Conference

Kendall Ligon- Napo

Marion Briones talked to us about Volunteer health and the most common health problems. The number 1, 2 and 3 problems are: other diarrheas, amoebas and respiratory illnesses. Marion also talked about Peer Counseling. There are times when either any little thing or everything can get to us and we need to talk about it. Peer Counseling is not therapy

but an informal way of helping someone by listening and acting as a "sounding board" for them to decide how to solve their problem. Of course, this is totally optional, if you aren't comfortable talking or listening to

Baños- Feb. 22, 23 & 24, 1995

Good food, good friends & fine wine. Well, two out of three ain't bad! Oh yes, and a good conference. A round of applause goes to Dr. Miguel Artola for planning and presenting the '95 health program work conference. The first afternoon was spent greeting old friends and meeting other Volunteers, soon to be new friends. There were Volunteers from three omnibuses: 68, 70 & 72, a total of 25 participants. We were put to work right away making brief bios of names, sites, work aspects and how we feel so far about our work. Of course, we were provided those lovely mug shots by Tim Callaghan to tape on each rotafolio sheet. You know, it's much easier to put the face & the name together.

We also had the opportunity to hear from Jean Siegle about the status of P.C. in relation to the "war" and ask questions concerning it or anything else. We really appreciated your time and concern, Jean. Thanks.

We then talked in small groups about personal issues such as our own health, safety, language, our community, agency affiliation and training. We shared ideas with facilitators Barry Bem and Tim Callaghan. We found out how each other was fairing and as an extra added bonus, we shared our astrological signs and other pertinent information,

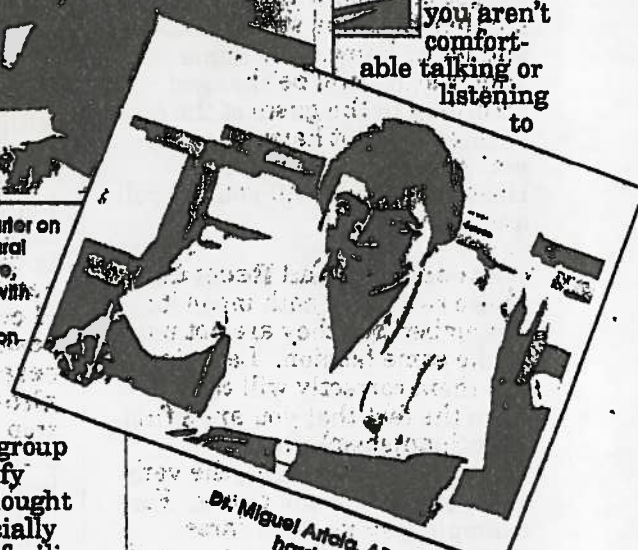
such as the fact that Kelly is "kinky"! We adjourned the first day with some time to relax before dinner. The hot tub and swimming pool or pool side were very popular spots. Let me say now, Hotel Sangay is very nice: the atmosphere, the food, the service. Our only complaint was, "Where's the dessert?"

PVC Maggie (computer wiz) Leventry, analyzes health volunteers' diets ... hey Maggie, is that a PC issue computer?



PCV Jay Carter on loan from rural infrastructure, shares tips with Health Volunteers on community kaitine projects

The second day was the long workday which included revision of work plans and planning for 1995. We gave suggestions for training the next health group and helped Miguel identify areas and agencies we thought needed Volunteers, especially on the coast. In order to facilitate this need, Miguel asked for Health Volunteers in major provinces to be Provincial Coordinators. They are: Kelly Rahn - Guayas Tricia Culverhouse - Manabi Jodi Hammer - Imbabura Ellen Gagen - Azuay Dwight Wilder - Los Rios/Cotopaxi



Dr. Miguel Artola, APCD Health, hard at work as always

your peers about problems, please call the nurses. Marion also had GG shots for us unsuspecting O-72's!

By the end of the day we were ready for some (more) R&R.

More hot tub, more late night videos (how late did you guys stay up? 1 a.m.?!), dancing, shopping, hiking, and generally enjoying Baños. I would like to add here that as great as the Hotel Sangay was, it still lacked the good ol' basic we were all ready for - a hot shower.

Our third day was jam packed with activities and we worked very hard to make the most of the time left.

Our fellow Health Volunteers were kind enough to give mini-sessions on various subjects, all worthwhile attending.

Unfortunately, we had to pick 4 out of these 6:

Nutrition - Maggie Leventry

Stress - Ellen Gager

Latrines - Jay Carter (rural infrastructure)

Didactic Materials - Janet Dorman

SPA Grants - Carissa Bongiorno

SIDA - Lisa Flores/Kathy

Vayrioka

These sessions were great and we wished that we had more time to share information. Upcoming events:

-SIDA Workshop in Quito in May, Contact Miguel for details

- Micronutrients Workshop in Ibarra, June 14, 15, & 16, sponsored by CRS and MSP for

Imbabura Volunteers and APCD's

Finally, the "end of the conference" usuals: last minute announcements, a hurried exchange of addresses and phone

numbers, promises to visit, picking up materials, the evaluations, the group picture and hugs.

However, it was not a "usual" conference in the fact that it was the first conference for half of us and the last for the other half.

If I may add a personal observation in closing, at times during the conference I observed how individuals working in the group process generated new ideas, shared information, volunteered to help with other projects and all very enthusiastically. I know this "concept" is nothing new but

I realized what a wonderful opportunity this is to learn and practice leadership skills. These skills will hopefully be passed on to the Ecuadoreans we serve and our own countrymen in the years to follow.

Submitted by Nicole Dino, Juan Montalvo, Carchi



Greetings from Tumbaco:

The Trainees of Omnibus 73 are in their fourth week of Pre-Service Training. I would like to thank all the current Volunteers who have participated in Training sessions and/or who hosted Trainees this past week-end during their visit to Volunteer sites. The Trainees have appreciated your contributions in enabling them to gain a better understanding of Peace Corps life in Ecuador.

The new group will find out their sites on Monday, March 20th and travel to their sites on the 22nd. All groups will be doing field training throughout the country over the next few weeks.

The new Peace Corps Trainees are:

Alternative Agriculture:

Jaqueline Boone, David Dumaresq, Hugo Hoffman, Gary Hunt, Paul Koester, Lloyd Linnebur, Vicki Mann, Jennifer Moreau, Terry Ruthrauff

Animal Production:

Amy Feingold, Russell Harris, David Lauer, Stacy Long, Steven McLaughlin, Erica Periman, Mary Riopedre, Valerie Stein, Gregory Zweber

Natural Resources:

Andres Amador, Edith Bross, Aaron Coby, Darin Gallagher, Mary Kreiner, Ronald Krupa, Jennifer Lechuga, Michael Meshak, Eric Minzenberg, Michael Morgan, Cheryl Nenn Shannon Parsons, Russell Parsons, Daryl Periman, Bennett Shouse, Tim Sulser Chris Swier, Kristen Willie

TRAINING NEWS

Omnibus 73 swears-in on Friday May 5th, 1995.

The sixth month follow-up conference for Omnibus 72 is scheduled for May 15-18, 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 March 15th.

The Close of Service Conference for Omnibus 70 will be held from July 17th until the 20th. A letter confirming the location of the conference will be sent to each PCV 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.

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 370-864.

Stay Well,

Tim Callaghan

Training Director

P.S. I am the new Women In Development Coordinator (WID).

J'encourage both male and female Volunteers to contact me and send in photos along with one-page reports regarding various projects or activities that you are involved in that assist or promote women's issues. By sending mini-reports to Washington, we hope to improve our communication with Betsy Davis. Also, I would like to hear your thoughts and ideas on how to promote women's issues among the Volunteer community during 1996.



improvement with jeff colon

Since arriving in Ecuador in August, 1993, I have lived in six different houses, all of which have had their good points (view, neighbors, central location) and bad points (sewer smells, poor wiring, cold water, cucarachas, easy to rob). I've made small improvements in all of these houses to make them more livable and through trial-and-error have come up with some simple and cheap ideas that could be of help to others. My hope is that, through El Clima, we can collect enough home-improvement ideas and home improvement questions to make a permanent column.

I'm going to start with this column on the safe use of pesticides. I have some topic ideas for upcoming issues listed at the end of the column. If you have any questions or ideas, submit them to me at the address listed below.

Safe use of Pesticides:

Ideally if our homes were all well screened and sealed and we kept the kitchen spotless all of the time we wouldn't have a lot of

bugs to deal with. The reality, however, is that there are a lot of creepy bugs here in Ecuador for which we turn to pesticides for a quick remedy. This is especially true of Volunteers on the coast and in the oriente.

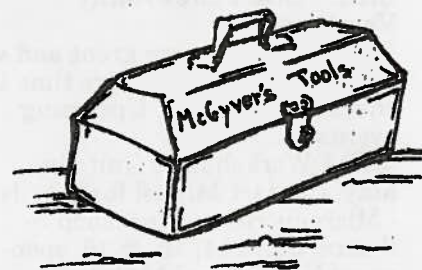
What to buy:

To flush out the mosquitos, sprays are about the only option. You can buy a cheap pump-sprayer for s/2.000 to s/6.000. Baygone and CamPex seem to be the most common liquids to put in the sprayers. Buy as small a bottle as possible. For cockroaches, Tiza China works fantastic and is cheap (s/.900 in Tia Stores and Mi Comisariato and about s/1.500 if you buy it at an Agripac type store). Just draw lines with this chalk where the floors meet the walls. You can also draw circles around floor drains and draw continuous lines around table legs so that the roaches can't climb up and eat your food. Cockroaches die a slow death as soon as they come into contact with the chalk. There are also some powders and granules available. The chalk, powders and granules are better than sprays since you know exactly where you are applying the pesticide; there is no overspray. Word of warning: the cockroach granules are red and sugar-like in appearance and come in a plastic envelope almost the same size as Fresco Solo, so if you have kids that root through your house, be sure to keep this chemical way out of reach. Always wash your hands thoroughly with soap and water after applying any kind of pesticide.

Safety in use of sprays:

Who knows exactly what chemicals they're using for active ingredients (topic for a future column). Some brands are probably safer than others (pyrethrins are the most non-

toxic to humans). In general, however, you should leave the house for about four hours after a thorough spraying. This gives the chemical a chance to settle out of the air and to dissipate in concentration. Put all food items into bags or cupboards. If you have a lot of utensils, pots, plates, etc. out in the open, cover them with sheets of newspaper so that the fallout won't settle on them. In the bedroom, cover pillowcases so they don't absorb the spray. In the bathroom, cover or take away towels, facecloths and toothbrushes so they don't become contaminated. (Hint: When spraying in the bedroom, whack the clothesrack a few times in order to bring out the mosquitos hidden between clothes and expose them to the spray.)



Please send ideas and questions to Jeff Colon, Casilla 894, Machala. The next column will probably deal with plumbing tips (drains), but all improvement ideas and questions are welcome. Future topics will include:

- 1) Making your home bug-proof
- 2) Basic Tools for Home Maintenance
- 3) Paints and Coatings
- 4) Home Security
- 5) Plumbing Tips (clogged drains, sewer odors, etc.)
- 6) Space-Saving Ideas
- 7) Selecting a house or apartment*



Cookies Run In The Family

by Ralph Coleman, Ibarra

Once a month I meet with local community health promoters to discuss problems in the communities where I work, and also to discuss possible fun projects we can organize for the women and children. I met one on one with a promoter who works with me in an indigenous community. We were trying to develop a scheme so that the mothers would put more interest into the project. She told me that the mothers wanted to bake a cake. I told her I had no experience with cakes and that maybe cookies would be easier to distribute. She agreed and we decided to make the cookies.

I gave the health promotor the recipe for the oatmeal cookies that appears in Buen Provecho. They were to provide half of the ingredients and I was to provide the other half.

I had two community meetings scheduled for the day, this first began at 3 and the second began at 5. The cookies were to be made with the mother's group at the 5 o'clock time slot. I and the vago agricultural engineer finished the first meeting and we were off to the second. We arrived at about 5:30 and began to weigh the children and I gave a charla on vacunas. After that was over, around 6:30, we were off to the promotor's house to do the cookies.

This community, Magdalena, is an indigenous community that speaks Quichua, however, many

of them speak Spanish. So we were both communicating in a language not of our native tongue. I began to make the dough, and all 15 mothers are looking at this black dude cooking. I imagine it was very comical for them. Well, things get worse. I get to the point of the recipe that calls for baking powder. I say "polvo de hornear" and everyone starts laughing. I felt like, "what the hell is the joke, I wanna know." They won't tell me, so I say in my best whining voice possible, "no sean malitas," and, of course, they give in. They say, "Don Rafa, you said 'polvo de orinar'". "My God," I said. We all continue to laugh about my little Spanish blooper. We finish the cookies and the mothers and children are in heaven when they taste them.

This event occurred on the 30th of November and because my mother was here visiting I didn't get a chance to re-visit the mothers of Magdalena until the new year. I went up there just for an unscheduled visit and ran into the health promotor. We began to converse about the state of affairs in the community and then he dropped the bomb, "Don Rafa, for Christmas we made your cookies, about six dozen, and gave them to all the children in the school." She went on to tell me how much the kids loved the cookies. We walked over to the school, we entered, and all the kids came over to me, "Gracias, Sr. Rafa." I gave a modest, "don't worry about it," response, but when I got home, I almost couldn't wipe the smile off my face. It was pure satisfaction. It seems I've inherited my mother's golden touch for cookies. *

Earth Day Thoughts

By Rebecca Gigliotti,
Azogues

In Azogues, Toya and I are planning to collaborate with the community, especially women's groups and environmental organizations to have a Kiddies Olympics or a field day for Earth Day, April 22nd, which happens to fall on a Saturday. Since it is the 25th anniversary, hopefully the support will be high and outcome successful.

We plan on incorporating environmental ed. games with sporting events and possibly a small area for booths. I am working on having trees brought in as gifts to the winners (to give away to be planted in honor of the day). I would also like to incorporate other natural resources as gifts and we may possibly be able to set up an art show depicting a kid's eye view of what the world means to them and how we affect it.

So far we are in the planning stages for this project because of the approaching International Women's Day on March 8. Another thing we would like to do is have a world map painted by the kids on that day to present as the finale.

Ideas for an Environmental Day

- A scavenger hunt to collect things like leaves, plants, seeds, etc., then have a small group show-and-tell for the kids to see the different varieties of life.
- A gift idea would be environmental books, seeds, fruit.
- The main idea would always be to focus on the natural resources and the responsibility we each

have to appreciate the Earth each day.

•Then, in the end you could remind them that el Dia de Arbol is May 22, and that they should try to plant a tree then, too. Any sort of talk on how to start a vivero or the need for trees, etc., is always worthwhile.

What I would love to do, but probably will have to save for next year, is to go to the schools and organize an art contest with the art being only of natural materials...paper machet (sp.), clay, wood or wood shavings, etc. I would like to have different age categories and genre, then award the winners with gifts of a natural nature as well. Each participant would receive something small.

Unfortunately, there wasn't time to organize a national P.C. activity for this day, but if you have any ideas for next year, drop me a line. •

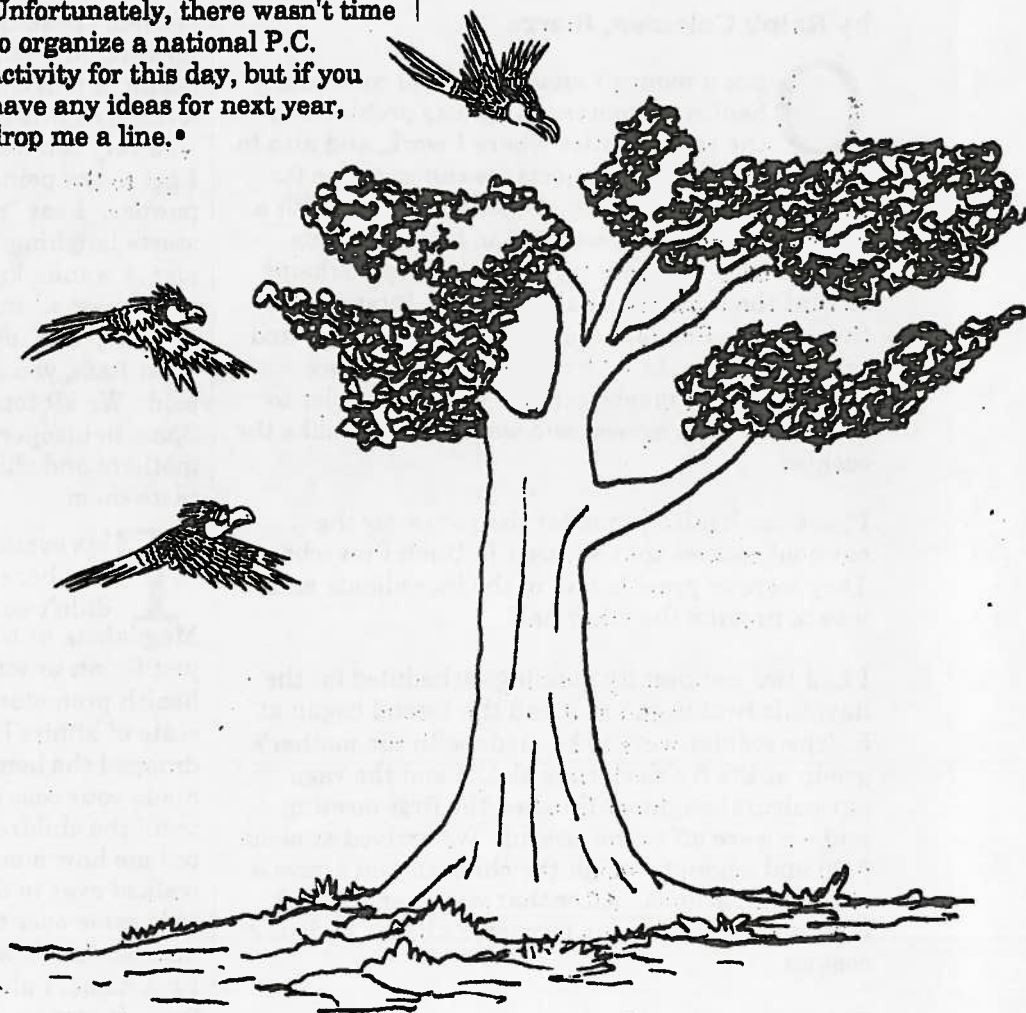
Untitled

By Chief Seattle, 1854

This we know. The Earth does not belong to man; man belongs to the Earth. This we know. All things are connected like the blood which unites a family. All things are connected.

Whatever befalls the Earth, befalls the sons of the Earth. Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself.

submitted by Janet Dorman,
Cuenca •



Why Women *NEED* Chocolate

From *Good Housekeeping*,
January 1995
submitted (along with a box
of See's assorted chocolates)
by Julie Piskur's sister Lori

*An expert explains why your food
cravings are normal, even
healthy- and why indulging them
(moderately) can actually help
you lose weight! From the new
book, **WHY WOMEN NEED
CHOCOLATE: Eat What You
Crave To Look and Feel Great**, by
Debra Waterhouse, M.P.H., R.D.*

Not long ago, one of my clients, Susan, marched into my office with a look of frustrated defeat and declared, "I've been trying to fight a chocolate craving for over six hours, and I can't take it any longer. I've eaten lunch and a couple of snacks, but now I'm irritable, depressed, and my entire being is consumed with thoughts of chocolate. I need help!"

I calmly responded, "Well, you could easily help yourself by fulfilling the craving and then

experiencing the benefits of balanced moods and increased energy. Chocolate cravings are perfectly natural, and sometimes women need chocolate." She replied with shock, "Women need what?!? I've heard women need calcium for strong bones and iron for healthy blood, but I've only fantasized about women needing chocolate."

Well, you, just like Susan, can now stop fantasizing. Women *do* need chocolate as well as other foods high in starch, sugar, and fat to stabilize moods, control weight, and revitalize well-being. The food cravings women experience are Mother Nature's way of informing us that we need to eat a specific food in order to look and feel great!

Recently, a new field of nutrition and women's health has emerged: the study of the effects of estrogen and food on powerful mood-modifying brain chemicals. Over a decade ago, scientists at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) began the

search for a link between mood and food. They found that various foods high in sugar and starch boosted a potent brain chemical called serotonin that brought about feelings of calmness and general mood stability. It wasn't until more recently, however, that the evidence surfaced relating the food/mood link specifically to women. Researchers at Rockefeller University in New York found that women frequently craved sugar because of estrogen's effect on brain chemicals and blood sugar levels. And this effect explains why female food cravings emerge at puberty, intensify premenstrually and during pregnancy, and diminish (but don't disappear) after menopause.

With the connection between women and sugar cravings on solid scientific ground, University of Michigan researchers took the female food/mood link one step further: Women didn't just crave sugar for its calming effects, they also craved fat for its mood-elevating effects. Fat was found to release other brain chemicals, the endorphins, which energized the mind and lifted the spirit. Indeed, the most powerful female food cravings are for sugar *and* fat combinations- with the most powerful craving of all for chocolate- which has the perfect combination of 50 percent sugar and 50 percent fat (*ed. note: a whole food, if you will*), as well as many other characteristics that account for its unmatched biological and psychological experience.

The discoveries get even more interesting. Researchers across the world have found that the best way to manage food cravings is to satisfy them immediately with a small

portion. Abstinence and restriction only serve to fuel the food cravings, trigger binge eating, and further deteriorate mood, while fulfillment satisfies the craving, prevents overeating, and enhances mood. The enlightening conclusion: Food cravings are not a problem to be treated, but a blessing to be encouraged. What women biologically crave is a reflection of what the female body biologically needs. Despite all the persuasive research supporting female food cravings and the gender differences in appetite, the study of food cravings and the effect of food on brain chemistry is in its infancy. There are still many unanswered questions. What I am advocating may at first appear inconsistent with the universally accepted principles of good nutrition. You may say, "Everything I read, hear, and watch tells me that fat is the culprit, sugar is white death, and chocolate is the most decadent food in the world. Won't I become obese and die of heart disease, cancer, and diabetes simultaneously?"

You may if you eat a lot of rich foods all the time, but you won't if you respond to your food cravings by eating small amounts, using them to balance your brain chemistry and moods. Biological food cravings can be satisfied with surprisingly small amounts of food; it's when you *don't* satisfy the cravings that they can become uncontrollable. *Then* you gain weight and increase your risk of disease.

PREFERRED FOODS

The Top Three Foods Preferred by Women:

1. Chocolate
2. Bread
3. Ice Cream

The Top Three Foods Preferred by Men:

1. Red Meat (64 percent of the men did not identify any preferred food)
2. Pizza
3. Potatoes

The Balanced Meal Approach Does Not Balance a Woman's Mood

Do not snack! Eat three balanced meals a day! Breakfast is the most important meal of the day! The dinner meal must include protein, starch, vegetables, milk, bread, and salad! Abstain from your high sugar and fat cravings! These are all familiar pieces of advice that we have been hearing since childhood. Nonetheless, this approach to healthy eating is the direct opposite of what the female body needs. Based on our hormones, blood sugar needs, and brain chemical balance- we need to snack; eat small, frequent meals throughout the day; de-emphasize dinner; emphasize lunch; and fulfill our food cravings.

Trust Your Female Food Cravings

Once You Start Eating, You Can Stop

How many times have you heard the potato chip commercial telling you that "You can't eat just one"? Eventually, you start to believe it about chips and most other foods. Once you eat one, you'll end up eating the entire bag, box, or container. Well, you can eat just one and be perfectly satisfied. I'm not necessarily asking you to eat just one potato chip, but you certainly don't need the entire bag. A small handful will produce all the satisfaction you want. If you do "feel" like you can't stop eating and need to eat the entire one-pound bag, something other than your internal biological needs is driving your appetite. My clients often label these other needs as "binge" voices.

Maybe you "can't eat just one" because you've never been told that's all you need. Biochemically, your brain and body will be happy with one piece of chocolate. Eating 10 pieces will not produce 10 times the benefit. Eating one piece will produce the maximum benefit. Just realizing this may be enough to overcome the out-of-control eating fear (ed. note: just tell yourself, "I'm only going to eat one pint of Cherry Garcia, Wavy Gravy, New York Super Fudge Chunk,...")

If those binge voices persist, try the *Morning Experiment*- take a small amount of your "binge" food and eat it for breakfast. Overeating seldom occurs in the morning, so the goal is to eat the food without losing control.

You Can Identify a Biological Food Craving

Before you can fully trust your female food cravings, you need to be able to differentiate between a biological food craving and an emotional food craving.

It's a biological craving if:

- You are physiologically hungry.
- It doesn't go away if you try to wait it out.
- It intensifies over time.
- Nothing will satisfy the craving except the craved food.

In contrast, it's an emotional craving if:

- You are not physiologically hungry.
- The craving does not intensify over time- but the emotion does.
- Doing something else will satisfy the real need and the craving will disappear.

Creating a short delay may also help you to identify what is really going on. Use the 15-minute test: Drink a glass of water, wait 15 minutes, and assess whether or not you are hungry. If you are and the craving is still there, most likely it's biological.

Many women eat for emotional reasons, from time to time, and for some women it may be daily. If these techniques don't help and you know you are an emotional eater, I strongly advise that you seek professional guidance from a licensed therapist.

Discover Your Female Pleasure Foods

Your female food cravings pleasure your body and mind by making you feel as good and function as well as you possibly can. And, because the high-starch foods (and chocolate!) keep your brain in a constant state of contentment, it (your brain) would choose them the majority of the time. Your pleasure foods are influenced by food preferences, childhood experiences, taste buds, metabolism, and biochemistry. Hormonal levels also greatly influence the foods that you crave. What you hunger for 10 days before your period may be very different from what you crave a day before your period. Your food demands as a postmenopausal woman may be different from those you experienced as a premenopausal woman.

Starches are not fattening (unless you overeat them); their slow and steady digestive process ensures sustained benefits to brain energy supply and brain serotonin levels.

Sugar may quickly boost blood sugar and serotonin levels, but that boost is followed by a bust in which blood sugar levels plummet. You may feel tired and irritable, and you are most likely going to crave sugar again.

"Why can't I have both?" my client Liz asked. "What if I ate some jelly beans with a rice cake? Wouldn't I then get both

the immediate sugar burst and the long-term starch benefit?" Liz was right. Especially if you are craving sugar, make sure you have a rice cake or some other starch with the sugar food (*ed note: or two Ritz crackers, filled with peanut butter and then dipped in melted chocolate chips*) to prevent the drop in blood sugar levels and get the benefit of starch at the same time.

Fat is a friend in moderation—not too much and not too little. Will your body inform you if you are eating too much fat? High blood cholesterol is a sign of too much fat, and weight gain is probably the most evident sign. The typical American woman consumes a high-fat diet—37 percent of her calories every day come from fat. If you consume that much, then you are eating more fat than you need.
too much fat: more than 30 percent of total calories
too little fat: less than 20 percent of total calories
fat-friendly: 20-30 percent of total calories

Protein isn't as vital to women as to men because we have less testosterone and less muscle mass, but sometimes we will experience a fairly strong craving for protein—and only protein. It could be that the body is repairing damage or healing a wound. It could be that it is building some muscle mass in response to an exercise program. Another possibility is that the brain needs the protein to manufacture a certain brain chemical, dopamine, which increases brain energy, alertness, and concentration. (*ed. note: the last page of this article was not included in the care package to Julie. Sorry.*)



Bellamy Addresses The House

Statement by Peace Corps Director Carol Bellamy before the Subcommittee on Foreign Operations Committee on Appropriations, The House of Representatives, March 7, 1995

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Subcommittee, it is a pleasure to appear before you today to provide an overview of Peace Corps' budget request for fiscal year 1996 and the grass roots programs it is designed to support. I am particularly proud to be here before Congress as the first Director of the Peace Corps to have served as a Volunteer. When I went to Guatemala in 1963, Peace Corps was still in its infancy. But just last week the Agency marked its 34th anniversary. This is a remarkable achievement, one in which all Americans should take great pride.

Mr. Chairman, Peace Corps' budget request for the next fiscal year is \$234 million. These funds will provide direct and indirect support for approximately 7,000 American Volunteers in 94 countries. Although our budget is funded through the foreign assistance account, I would argue that Peace Corps is unique among the programs your Subcommittee will consider this year. Peace Corps does not provide money directly to countries. Instead, we send talented Americans from all backgrounds to help people at the grass roots level in needy communities to

build a better life. Because Peace Corps is a people-to-people program, Volunteers are having a real impact on the lives of real people in the communities where they live and work. For many people around the world, a Peace Corps Volunteer is the only American they have ever met.

But just as the developing world benefits from Peace Corps, I also believe, Mr. Chairman, that



America benefits as well, even though it may at times be difficult to quantify. Sending Volunteers around the world is a powerful symbol and represents what is best about our country and its people: our ability to meld a spirit of idealism with a practical, common-sense approach to helping people learn to help themselves. Volunteers make a very positive contribution to America's engagement in the world. You may be interested to know that last year more than 100,000 Americans took the time to contact Peace Corps about serving as a Volunteer.

Moreover, in practical terms, when Volunteers return from their two-year tours of duty, they bring back with them new skills, a wealth of knowledge, and a strong appreciation of other countries and cultures. Since the first Volunteers arrived in Ghana in 1961, more than 140,000 Americans have served in 128 countries. Many of them have since assumed important roles in business and industry, the foreign service, the arts, and government. Indeed, Six Members of the House of Representatives and one Senator are Returned Peace Corps Volunteers.

Other Volunteers, after serving overseas, return to their communities to do equally important work in education, health, economic development, and other forms of public service. You may be interested to know, Mr. Chairman, that the Members of this Subcommittee represent 265 Volunteers currently serving around the world. And I would be willing to bet that significant numbers of returned Volunteers are serving their communities, in one capacity or another, in your districts.

The core elements of serving as a Volunteer haven't changed much over the last three decades, and they are at the heart of our continuing success. Peace Corps Volunteers make a two-year commitment to learn the local language, live among and at the

level of the people with whom they will work, and earn a subsistence allowance that in most cases averages about \$230 per month. They work in places where the comforts of life that you and I often take for granted do not exist.



But we have also taken steps to make sure that Peace Corps as an institution can change to meet the changing development needs of the people we serve. So let me tell you about some of the work that Volunteers are doing in the four regions we operate to earn the continuing support of so many Americans.

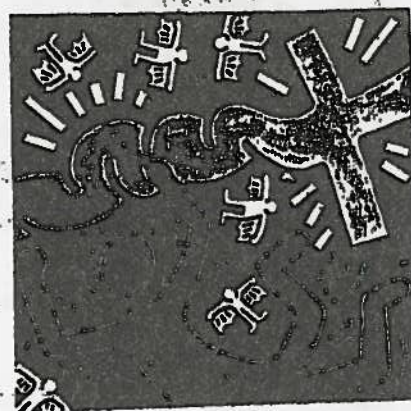
Today, Volunteers are training teachers and providing instruction in English, science, and math to thousands of students who would otherwise not have access to basic education. They are conducting child immunization and pre-natal health care programs in remote villages where access to health care is limited or non-existent. Volunteers are bringing modern farming techniques to rural communities to increase agricultural production on small family farms. And, reflecting the evolving needs of many countries in the developing world, we have seen a significant increase in demands for Volunteers to lend their skills in environment and business development.

In 33 African countries, Volunteers are working with individuals, community leaders, and the growing numbers of non-governmental organizations to strengthen local institutions and help ordinary Africans take charge of their own development. Volunteers in Malawi, and Cote d'Ivoire are providing local governments with advice and expertise to meet the growing problems associated with rapid urbanization, such as solid waste disposal, housing shortages, and water sanitation. Last year in Benin, Volunteers worked with other international organizations and successfully reduced the number of Guinea worm cases by 64%. And at the request of our host countries, Volunteers are joining other international efforts to educate people on ways to stem the spread of HIV/AIDS, one of Africa's most serious public health concerns, and one which is taking a tragic toll on hundreds of thousands of African children and adults.

Peace Corps has a long-standing relationship with the people of the Western Hemisphere, and Volunteers in the Inter-American region are doing some outstanding work. In Costa Rica, Guatemala, and Honduras, they are supporting efforts to slow destruction of vital rain forest areas. In some remote areas of Ecuador, where some of the leading causes of death among children are from preventable diseases, Volunteers are the only people working in rural health clinics and conducting child nutrition programs. And in Bolivia, one Volunteer established a bakery for children in an orphanage. The children are learning skills from the Volunteers and saving some of the proceeds from their sales to help them live independently when they leave the orphanage.

Although the Asia and Pacific region is renowned for its remarkable economic growth, there are still many countries and communities that face enormous development challenges. In Nepal, one of the world's poorest countries, Volunteers trained more than 500 teachers in math, science, and English last year, and helped develop safe water supplies for 55,000 Nepalese. Last year in Thailand, Volunteers helped construct tree nurseries that produced 85,000 tree seedlings to support efforts to restore the country's depleted forests. And in Fiji and Western Samoa, they are helping women learn how to gain access to credit for expanding economic opportunities.

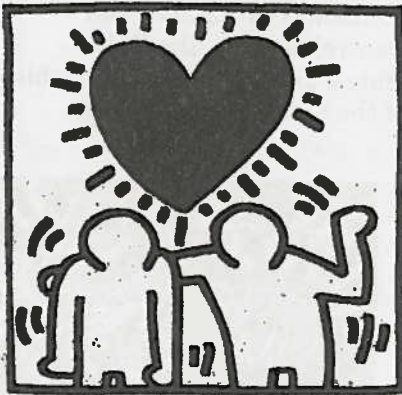
Finally, Peace Corps remains a leader in sustaining and strengthening the transition to democracy and free market economies in Eastern and Central Europe, the Baltic states, and many of the republics of the former Soviet Union.



Since 1990, Peace Corps has initiated new programs in 18 countries in the region, and much of our work has been at the grass roots level, helping ordinary people make the difficult changes associated with this transition. Like every organization that sought to help these countries in

the first months after the fall of communism, Peace Corps experienced its initial share of frustrations. But we recognized the problems and have since taken steps to correct them.

In the last five years, Volunteers have taught English—the language of international business—to more than 100,000 students throughout Eastern and Central Europe and the former Soviet Union. In Russia, they have helped establish nine Business Centers that have become important sources of advice and information for new entrepreneurs. In the Czech Republic and Poland, Volunteers are working with non-governmental organizations and local governments to strengthen environmental awareness and overcome years of environmental neglect in one of the region's most polluted areas, the so-called "Black



Triangle." Volunteers in Ukraine have produced regular columns in local papers on privatization and foreign investment, and several of them have appeared on radio and television programs devoted to education about free market economics. In Armenia, two Volunteers helped establish the country's first independent radio station, which broadcasts news, music, and education programs to the 1.5 million people in the Yerevan area.

Mr. Chairman, Volunteers are the embodiment of Peace Corps, and as long as I am Director, we will not lose sight of this fact. But while Volunteers are doing their jobs overseas, here in Washington we have taken a number of important steps to ensure that Peace Corps is a model for how a government agency should operate.

For example, in fiscal year 1994 we fielded about 3,500 Peace Corps trainees. In fiscal year 1995 we expect to send 3,900 trainees into the field, and we will do it with about the same budget. Over the last year, we have closed three recruiting offices across the country. By changing the way we do business at Peace Corps, we have reduced the total annual costs of recruiting, training, placing, and supporting each individual Volunteer in the field by approximately ten percent. We also are taking steps to modernize our information, communication, and recruitment systems that will reap financial savings in the years ahead. And under the leadership of Vice President Gore, we are actively participating in the second phase of the National Performance Review.

Looking to fiscal year 1996, and our ongoing efforts to improve our performance, we will continue to make reductions at headquarters and in our regional recruiting offices so that reductions in the number of Volunteers is the choice of last resort. But some reductions in the field are inevitable. Before the end of fiscal year 1995, we will close Peace Corps' operations in Seychelles and the Cook Islands, suspend our operations in Nigeria, and close our education program in Costa Rica. We also intend to reduce the number of Volunteers in Thailand by 50% before the end of fiscal year 1998.



Mr. Chairman, Peace Corps takes its responsibilities to the taxpayer seriously. Based on my own experience, both as a returned Volunteer and now as Director of the Agency, I can tell you that Peace Corps is a wise investment for our country and the people with whom we work in the developing world. It is, I believe, one of this country's great success stories. It is a source of both pride and inspiration for many Americans, and a source of help and hope for many less fortunate people around the world.

Let me close by saying, Mr. Chairman, that if requests for more Volunteers is any sign of success, I think the President of Kazakhstan said it best when the first group of Volunteers arrived in his country. President Nazarbayev said, "A hundred Volunteers is wonderful, but it is not enough. I would like to see thousands here."

Thank you again for the opportunity to appear before you today. I would be pleased to answer any questions you and other Members of the Subcommittee might have. *

SEX AND LOATHING AT SANGAY VOLCANO

By Shane McCarthy,
Riobamba.

The earth rumbled and moved with her every gasp and she whispered to me in that ancient siren's voice "come to me" and so I did. I crawled upon her trembling feet, then began to inch, panting and sweating, up her raw and rigid flanks. Then she exploded - a spasm of gas and heat. It was at this point me and the boys decided that climbing an erupting volcano was probably not such a bright idea after all, so we trotted back down.

In the past two years I have made seven trips to Sangay Volcano, said to be the most continually active in South America. I have gone with local indigenous men, with contractors, biologists, tourists, friends, and I was even stupid enough to go alone once (and Yes I got lost dammit!). It is one of the most grueling trips I have ever done, and every time I do it I say to myself, "You know, I really DO NOT want to have to do this again." And yet, here I am preparing for one more trip, and God I hope it's the last.

In those seven trips I have managed to build a refugio, signs, and a toilet, kill a horse or two, breath the lovely sulfur volcanic exhalations from the rim (after three attempts), inflame virtually

every old injury I have ever had and create some new ones, establish myself as a natural gymnast with a fifty pound pack, and hunt endangered mountain tapirs with the foremost wildlife vet on the planet (with tranquilizers, no más). So, this little piece of literary doo-doo that follows is just some basic observations from my very first, most miserable and most memorable trip to the volcano, after one week at my site, in the peak of friggin' winter (POURING rain), out of shape, rolling with amoebas and shittin' like a cat at a dog fight, trying to keep up with local indigenous guys in the mud and rain, and under the nearly fatal assumption that the counterpart biologist had purchased enough provisions. It was not a happy experience, but by golly it was an industrial strength character builder, and for that reason I have chosen to make it my final statement in the infamous El Clima. Siga no más.

I'm laying in my tent, at the base of Sangay Volcano, and it's rainin' like a gow pissin' on a flat rock outside. It does that a lot here. I can't even hear myself wheeze or groan. My tent, a wonder of space-age engineering designed by the same people that brought you Tang instant breakfast drink, is only 20" deep and has become like a nylon coffin. I can only lift my

head from the prone position and stare at my feet, requiring me to look at my weeping blisters and black-and-blue marbled toenails.

I am forced by this virtual isolation chamber and my ailing ego to analyze the events of the day. My subconscious just keeps swimming back to it, like a rat to a sinking ship. And so I begin the painful review of the parade of images like a synchronized slide show. Frame one: I stagger to a stop, sweating and panting and mud coated, glasses fogged over, wheezing, gasping for air, backpack levering me to the ground. I look down at the tranquil scene of three young men lying beneath a bush, one dozing, one cleaning his fingernails, the third smoking a cigarette and blowing smoke rings. "Como estás?" one says dreamily, and while I search my collapsed lungs for enough air to squeak out an "estoy muriendo" they levitate, hoist their packs and announce "muy bien, entonces vamos!" and trot away single file down the trail. I see butts and boot heels disappearing over the hill for the twentieth time. I take two feeble steps, snag my toe on a root and auger in for the twentieth time.

Slide two replaces slide one. It's me again. I'm heaving uphill, in the mud, in pouring rain, in full raingear, slick soled rubber boots and a fifty-pound pack. I have mud on my teeth and glasses. My hands



are bleeding, branches are probing my nostrils and God help me - I need to poop again.

Slide three: I miss a step on the trail, a simple mistake. I suddenly appear as a Kung fu star thrown vertically. Size eleven rubber boots intermittently revolving with bleeding hands around a hub of gnashing, mud coated teeth. My life is passing in front of my eyes in a blur of paramo grass, 300 meters of beautiful whirling paramo. It is a gymnastic repertoire that would make Mary Lou Retton squirm in her tutu. Four complete cartwheels, two forward flips, a half twist, and a double gainer.

luxurious Pres 2 instant coffee, my eyeballs are oozing out of their sockets and I'm discontented with this slide show format. Since this is El Clima and not The New Yorker, I can shift formats anytime I want and nobody is going to hold a royalty check over my head and make me jump for it or emasculate me with the editing knife. Better not anyway. So now I think I'll just talk arbitrarily about some of the basic features of this epic experience. Siga

collect a sample of each and every plant and soil type in an eight hour hike, and if I pull the boot off carefully the strata of layers accurately represents the progression through the altitudinal life zones. They also work really well for dipping water; doing aquatic plant and organism sampling if you will. I even use them to haul water up from the river, two gallons per boot.

The Pack. The Pack. That goshdamn Pack: The pack becomes your leader, your parent, the decision maker. Like "Hal" the malcontent computer in 2001 a Space Odyssey, The Pack begins to control you and dictate your every action. When

The Pack decides it needs a rest it simply applies the vulcan brachial nerve pinch (Mr. Spock's favorite form of subduement) and down you go. It usually picks a nice place about 300 meters back down the trail and like an eager blood hound straining at the leash it

landing squarely on my hands, then a nice shoulder roll and finishing up with three near perfect anal bounces. All that with a backpack. A definite 10.

It actually saves me about five minutes of walking. I am now ahead of the boys, in the lead and I need to save face, so I make it look premeditated by yanking out my binoculars and announcing that it is a good place to look for tapirs. They gasp and whisper their astonishment to one another. They are duly impressed.

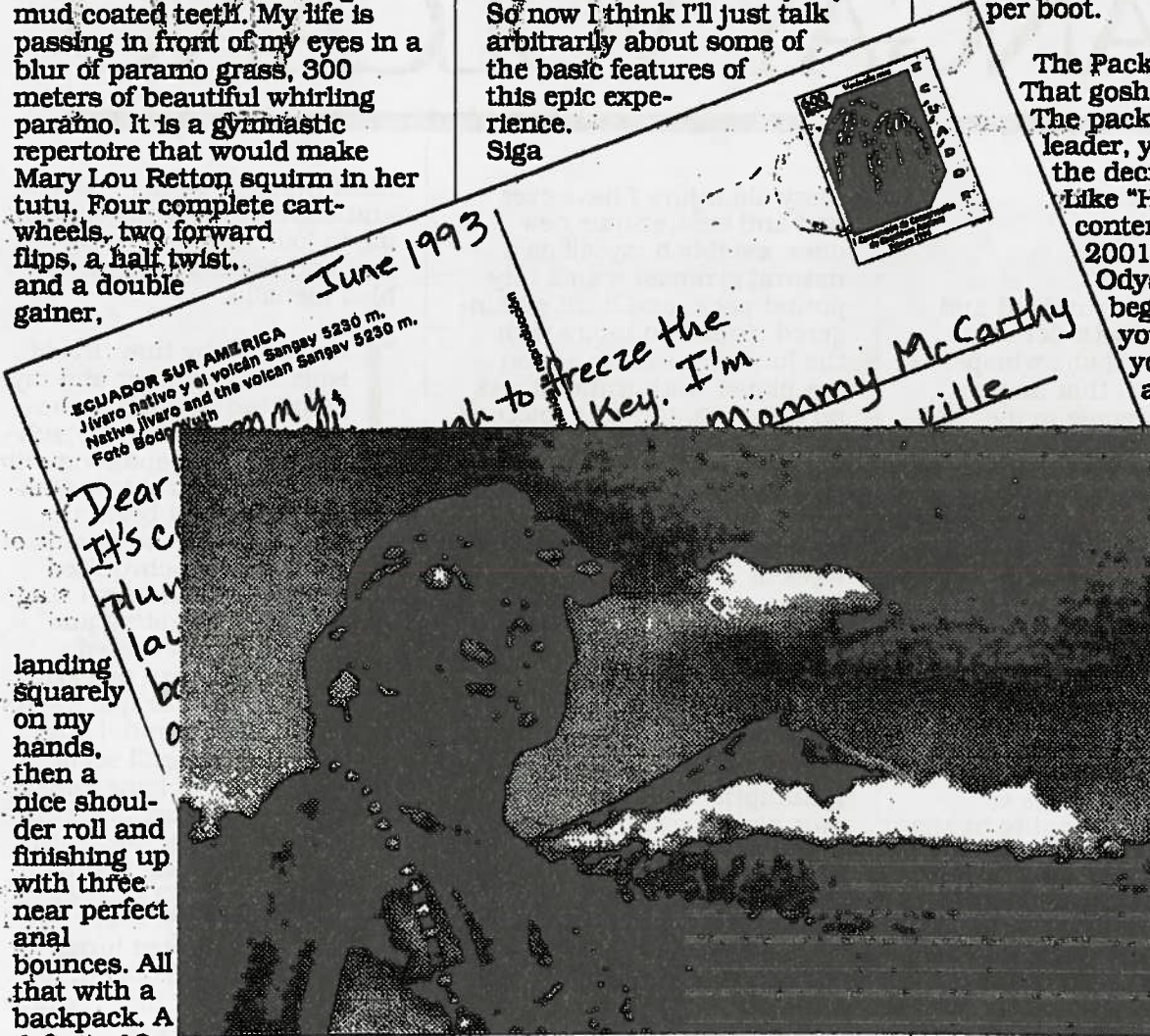
O.K., I've drank three cups of

no más. Siga, siga! carajo!

The Standard Rubber Boot: Being a dedicated biologist, I am constantly vigilante for new and various applications of standard equipment, in the name of science and economics. The rubber boot I have found works perfectly as a collection hamper for leaves, sticks, seeds, stinging and biting insects, and soil. Sales pitch: I can single-handedly

allies itself with gravity to yank you flailing or cart wheeling back to that spot. When The Pack really gets tired of traveling, it simply rubs some big raw sores on your hip bones and shoulders. This is The Pack's way of telling you that you've put too much crap in it.

The Chosa: A keen stick and grass cave-like dwelling where indigenous people shuffle around without

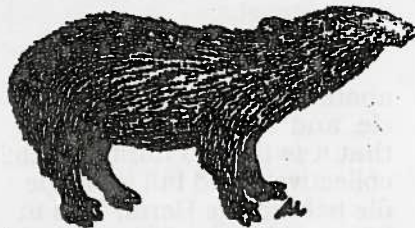


incident and gringos gouge chunks out of their skulls on knotted beams built for people five feet tall. You can tell the ones used by tourists because all of the knots have little tufts of light colored hair stuck on them. You sit around at night in the dirt and stare with watering, smoke-baked eyes across a smoldering fire into one another's squinting, pain wracked faces. Black stalactites of ash droop from the ceiling, remarkably preserved, waiting for some oafish gringo to blunder into them and get ash in their eyes and nose (you can always tell when there has been a gringo in the chosa lately because there aren't any stalactites). Fleas patiently await in the paja to sink their proboscis into the next juicy bag of blood, and outside the rain pours down with the only indication inside being the occasional drip, usually right in the corner of your friggin' eye just as you get all hunkered down and comfy for the night. Heck, why stay in a tent when you can hang out in a chosa, huh?!

The Dogs: Wretched by over-fed, over-bred, neurotic, vet's delight, western standards. Bony and flea-bitten, patchy hides and tattered, tick-filled ears. A look of business as usual and "don't even think about petting me" resolve in their matted eyes. They insist on being in the chosa next to the fire, dispersing fleas democratically, despite frequent kicks and expelations. Every few minutes they take to licking their private equipment, probably the only real consolation they get in this life. They troll with knitting eyebrows for anything remotely ingestible, or a dinner plate unconsciously laid down for a moment while its owner gropes frantically in his groin for an imagined flea. I often hear them crunching or smacking on God only knows what out in the dark and my heart warms that their efforts

have been rewarded. I just hope its not something of mine.

Machica: Stuffing handfuls of fine dry powder into your mouth. What a concept. Eating raw, dry flour after hiking and panting. Imagine it if you can. The boys take it instead of bread. It doesn't get smashed into crumbs by the eight pound bag of sugar or salt in your pack, and it doesn't get moldy. It actually is bread in a way. Appropriate technology. They can even talk while they're eating it. I choke and gasp and wretch, barely managing a "mumf" (which translates as "Do you know the Heimlich



maneuver?") while windmilling my arms like I'm falling, my eyeballs bulging out of my head and pupils dilated to the max, my Adam's apple pumping like a revved-up piston. I envision a baseball-sized lump going down my throat in snakelike contractions. But eventually I manage to get some of it into my stomach, and mmm-boy am I ever seething with energy then! Gimme that pack and let me at that gosh-danged rain and mud!

The Trail: This concept does not exist in the realm of Sangay Volcano. It is a myth, a cruel lie, nature's sadistic attempt at humor. Forget it and just try to stay focused on the anus and boot heels hydro-planing in front of you.

Sawgrass: You feel your feet leaving the ground, together, and once again your ever faithful buddy The Paak is going to help you find a nice place on the ground to lay on your face. There is a moment of hesitation - should I just submit, fall on my face and lay there in a blubbering pathetic heap or should I make an effort to at least land on my knees and say a few quick prayers. You opt for the prayers, grasp for a passing shock of sawgrass and feel that sickly clean slicing sensation that makes you instinctively suck air through your teeth and say "Ooooooool..... God". Well you got the first part of the prayer out without even thinking, didn't you. You open your hand to see a very impressive fillet job, to the gosh-darned bone in fact. It looks like you stuck your palm down on one of those nifty power lunch meat slicers. Amazing how shiny bone is, isn't it? I find myself being intrigued by the anatomy of the hand, my hand, Tendons, bones, muscles, oh and yep there's the blood, rushing to rescue this lovely exposed arrangement meant to be eternally encased. All you really need to do is to just pack a little of that nice mud-horseshit-and-leaf composite in there and worry about it when you get home. Why, that darned sawgrass is a real booger!

Aright aright. Enough silly descriptions. Format transition again. Isn't this fun? Let's get down to the meat of this adventure huh? Let's work with some REAL prose here. Perhaps it is best that you permit your din-din to settle a bit before you continue, huh?

Setting: Base camp - Sangay Volcano, 3600 meters. Central Ecuador. Pouring rain and 3 degrees C. Cold enough to freeze the plumbing off a brass monkey.

Date: June, 1993.



Friggin peak of friggin winter aright.

Cast of characters:

*Armando. Fledgling Ecuadorean wildlife biologist. Over-endowed with enthusiasm and machismo, a little short on common sense and organizational skills (but more than compensated for by the ego.) Heretofore referred to as "Young Herman". *William "Billy" Karesch DVM. Wildlife veterinarian and specialist in animal anesthesia for the New York Zoological Society. Here to teach Young Herman and The Oaf how to shoot darts into Mountain Tapirs. *Shane McCarthy. Arm chair wildlife biologist and well-intentioned Peace Corps Volunteer. The author of true suffering. Heretofore referred to as "The Oaf." *The Boys. Five underpaid, overworked, starving, wet, misinformed yet remarkably jovial indigenous porters from Alao. *Pepe. A wretched little mute that managed to botch the only opportunity we had to dart a tapir during this fiasco. The epitome of what you don't want to be reincarnated as.

It is day three of this abysmal enterprise and the minutes tick by in sync with my food withdrawal convulsions (we spent day one and two trudging into this beautiful hell-on-earth). Young Herman approaches me and he's got that I-need-another-favor expression. I immediate-

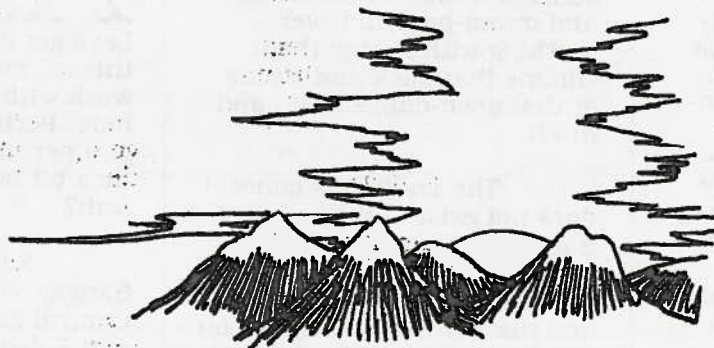
ly shore up my defenses. The Boys, it seems, sort of forgot to bring a change of clothes and they are soaking wet, cold, and miserable. The chosa everyone believed was here, is not and they have no tents or way to dry their clothes. "Yeah, I can see that," I say as I sneak a glimpse over at the poor shivering buggers hunched under the leaking lean-to. "The thing is, Armando," I say, "I've only got one change of dry clothes and I'm sorry if I seem callous to their plight but I think I prefer to wear MY dry clothes since I packed them all the way here". But I compromise: I will share my spoon, cup, and bowl since they forgot those too. So, I make the mistake of leaving my bowl and cup with The Boys. It is now officially deemed "community wares" and I never again have unobstructed use of clean dishware. Hell, at this point what's a few more amoebas.

By noon the rain has abated to a mere freezing drizzle, and Young Herm orders that it is time to hunt. We sigh collectively and fall in single file behind the Herm, who in his grandest exuberance can't figure out why we are all so tired. Maybe the fact that we all carried 50 pounds on our backs for the past two days while Herm carried nothing may have contributed. Just a theory.

Young Herman hunts with the same self-defeating

philosophy that I held as gospel until I became too old and crippled and consistently unsuccessful to uphold it, which is simply: cover as much ground as fast as you can, the belief being that it will increase the odds, by the law of sheer probability, of finding whatever critter it is you so actively seek. I try in my most finely honed diplomacy and bumbling Spanish to suggest that maybe if we stopped running and looked around a little more we might actually see something other than the anus of the person in front of us. I have not managed to grunt out the last couple of words when Herm abruptly cuts me off with a sharp rebuke of my utter stupidity and took to the heel again.

One of The Boys with incredible bionic eyes manages, despite our being on a relentless marathon, to spot two tapirs. A female with its young. I am utterly amazed by this as it takes the boys actually holding my head in their muddy hands and physically directing it at the animals for me to actually see them. A grouchy old Fart that I worked for as a desperate kid always justified starving us with the motto "A lean belly makes for a keen eye." This, I believe, in the case of The Boys could have merit, as I hear one of them whisper "carne" to the others. They are still under the half-starved assumption that we



want to kill and eat one of these poor homely creatures.

As we prepare for the stalk I try with extreme care, so as to not challenge Herm's sensitive authority, to lace a little advice into the game plan. I have hunted all of my life (I actually made my living as a professional hunting guide for ten years, and yes anti-hunting, vegetarian, animal rights types - I admit I'm a scum-bag so don't waste my time informing me of it). "We can't continue to stand upright and shout at one another." I offer, the animals are now looking at us; they know we are here. "We need to hunch over, sneak out of sight and whisper." I add delicately. Herm, of course, completely ignores this simple recommendation and surges toward the animals in plain view, with Pepe faithfully trailing his heels. In retrospect I guess I should have told Herm that we needed to charge the animals while shouting. Pepe can no longer control his excitement and so lets out a yowl and four sharp barks. That's all it took. Bye bye. They might not be overly bright animals (which partially accounts for why they are teetering on the brink of extinction) but the sound of a canine bark combined with five hominoids running in a direct line towards them definitely triggers the "lets blow this pop stand" instincts in a mountain tapir. And the portrait of two mountain tapir anuses disappearing into the sawgrass marks the first and last encounter this ragged troop will experience on this expedition.

We are now exhausted by the excitement of totally blowing a golden opportunity and it is beginning to pour rain again. All but Herm vote to return to the damp, misery of our camp. We trudge away as Herm shouts his frustration and disap-

pointment at our backs. He threatens to withhold our daily handful of machica. He begins to sob that we just don't understand. His quavering voice is eventually drowned in the dull patter of rain on the surrounding vegetation.

Day four: As the rain continues, my once faithful little tent has given up the struggle and begun to leak. The puddles creep up from the depths of the corners and I retreat into the half sitting position like stopping in the middle of a sit-up, which is all the tent permits. Good exercise for the belly muscles, which is an aid in the prevention of that dreaded spare tire, always a threat at my age. Between the 100 calorie a day diet and an eight hour uninterrupted situp the ol' belly should be pretty flat. It occurs to me in a wave of panic that I have not shat for almost 48 hours - a grim sign of operating on reserves. I'm not constipated, there just ain't nothin in there to get rid of. The "Results Guaranteed Sangay Diet." I've sort of gone from "all" to "nothing" in a matter of two days. Even the amoebas are staging an evacuation.

It is now afternoon and we are still tent bound (except the boys, who are "leaking lean-to" bound) and it is - you guessed it, pissing rain. Surprised? The Boys are sitting over there in that dismal, wretched hovel like they are at a birthday party. An example of incredible resignation and tolerance. Sitting in that cold, wet, dripping mess with soaked clothes and plastic noodle bags on their heads and nothing but machica in their bellies.....and they're laughing. They are goddamn laughing. Amazing.

As I lay in my tent, stomach complaining of its neglect and beginning to digest itself, I am inclined to analyze the absurdity of this sustenance oversight and examine

the physical reality. There are seven of us, seven adult men working hard in the cold, burning lots of calories. Seven men times eight days times three meals a day times 35 grams per meal (1 kilo per day minimum) and come up with 50 kilos or 120 pounds of food, minimum, for this endeavor. We, under the instruction and soothing assurance of Cap'n Herm, maybe brought 40 pounds. I can't help but then calculate how much food one needs in one's lifetime, more or less 30 tons. I bounce this information off of the suspiciously stoic Doc Billy, experiencing similar angst in the adjoining tent. From this, Doc Billy and I regress into the realm of inevitable standard camp talk....poop.

Yes, the average person eats 2.2 pounds (1 kilo) per day and with the standard utilization rate of 50%, poops roughly .7 pounds a day. For a city the size of Mexico City with 25 million people that equates to 275,265 TONS of POOP per day! Yikes. Choota. That's 10,060,313 TONS per year. Geez, where does it all go? The mere thought of it smothers the conversation and we both fall silent and retreat into our own overwhelmed consciences. At least I can still perform standard math.

Day five: Morning has somehow managed to dawn, accompanied by the omnipresent drizzle and buffeting winds. I am dizzy from famine, my entire being is soaked to the bone and I am NOT having a good time. As I surface from the humid cloak of a sleepless sleep, I think I must be hearing things, I must be going crazy, I must be in hell and that is ol' beezlebub himself laughing. No, I decide, that's the porters laughing. Those poor, sopping wet, half starved, hypothermic buggers are laughing. It must be advanced delirium. I could not at this point muster a laugh if Rodney Dangerfield himself

stepped out in striped boxer shorts and a black silk bra. I peek out from my tent and see action. The boys are all upright and in frenetic motion. Oh shit! They're packing! (and given what all they have that won't take long). The decision no doubt made in lieu of day five arriving with the same climatic itinerary as the first four. So with their plastic noodle sack hats adjusted for maximum deflection and their clothes wrung out and ready to soak up another five gallons of rain they march toward the horizon, laughing. They are marching in the rain at 6:30 AM, and they are laughing. The mere spectacle of it drives me to near hysteria.

"Hey Doc and Armando" I croak "I think there has been a minor mutiny here, maybe we should plan on blowing this joint NOW." The sharp hiss of sleeping bag zippers splits the air, followed by the swiping of limbs against nylon, mumbling, gasps, thirty seconds of profound silence, then a panicked flurry of more human and inorganic sounds. Young Herm is terrified with the prospect of having to actually carry something on his own back and begins to shout orders in a prepubescent voice.

I struggle to my knees and begin ramming various clammy sundries into my buddy - The Pack. It is then that I realize I have a daunting decision to make, perhaps the most critical of this entire abortive mission: Do I wear my soaking wet and stinking blue socks or my soaking wet, toeless white socks; my sopping blue trousers with the blown-out crotch and shredded bottoms or my nice wet, manure stained kacki trousers with the blown out crotch and knee. I settle onto my haunches and sink into the deep contemplation that this type of decision requires. But I am not permitted the luxury for I am deftly shaken back to reality by a

panic stricken Young Herm. "Put this in your pack" he bellows at me as he thrusts a non-descript, rancid smelling wad at me, then whirls away. It occurs to me that Young Herm has no trousers on, only a shirt and rubber boots. This could prove to be a very, very long day.

Within the hour we are on the hoof, staggering and flailing rag-tag in the cooling tracks of The Boys, Young Herm at the helm shouting encouragement and praise. I somehow ended up with 20 more pounds on my back than when I came. It's not supposed to work that way, your pack is supposed to get LIGHTER as the trip drags on. Occasionally we catch a glimpse of a plastic-bagged head bobbing over a ridge or hear the distant echo of.....laughing. We are heartened by these sightings, proba-



bly more so than by that of a rare Mountain Tapir. You see, when the boys mutinied THEY TOOK ALL OF THE FOOD WITH THEM. I shan't belabor the sympathy-provoking description of the 'Sangay Death March' to the beloved chosa on that fateful fifth day. Suffice it to say we did make it, the boys welcomed us with open arms and a plate of nice machica rocks (there was a hole in the bag) and I felt compelled to baptize the chosa beams with some more of my scalp just for old times sake.

Day six is boring by comparison. The Boys are like a bunch of barn sour horses - they gallop all the way back to Alao in a disgusting six hours, all the time laughing. Young Herm, bless his sadistic little heart, remains behind to nurse Doc Billy and The Oaf along gradually, all the time plying them with tantalizing shreds of tomato sauce soaked sardine on the end of a machete. We arrive in a heart stopping nine hours.

That night I can not help but reminisce about this fine experiment in torture. I do a quick inventory on the state of my riddled corpse: Hemorrhoids flaring up terribly and threatening to bleed, blisters on my feet and ankles, hands shredded from the sawgrass, open sores on my hips from The Pack, right knee stiff and sore from unintended acrobatics, big toe an artistic black and blue from continually dubbing it on rocks in these wonderful rubber boots, 24 pounds lighter ("golly, that 'Sangay Results Guaranteed Diet' sure worked for me!" true testimony) and I begin to view this misadventure as having been a true search and destroy mission: Search for the true essence of complete misery and humiliation and destroy my body, equipment, and self-esteem in the process. Gosh, and I get to do it seven more times.

✿ Authors postscript let down: I have never actually had sex at Sangay Volcano, but I knew that the mere mention of it in the title would lure your poor dirt-starved minds into reading this doo-doo. Thank you and good-night. •



I won't try to say that what I'm writing about is so very earth-shattering in the big picture. Let's face it there are people who have died in this little border conflict. Lands may be lost. Many people's lives are being dramatically changed. But I can't write about that, can I now? I can only write about myself and my fellow southerners displaced by this war. The breakup of the S.O.L. of the South.

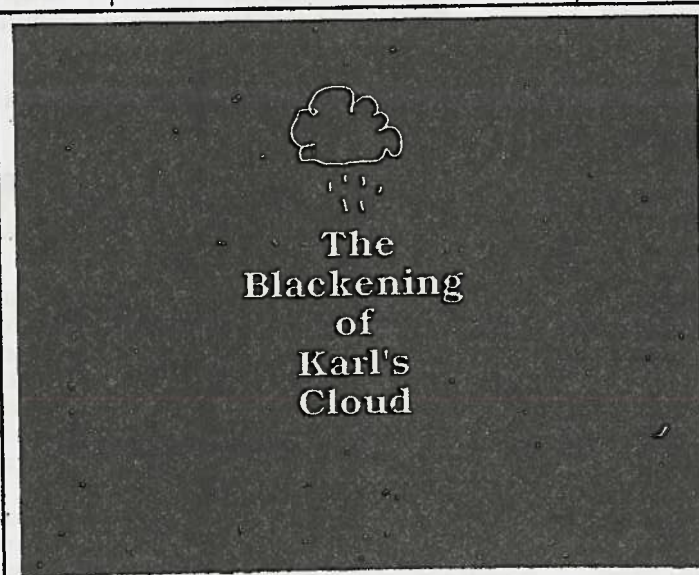
The 25th of January was a bright and sunny morning in Celica. I had nothing to do at work that day, so I spent the morning with various chores and didn't wander into the office until about 10. A friend, brother to a 16 year-old beauty who wants to be my novia tells me that we are at war. Oh, that's what the postmistress meant when she said that mail hadn't come because of the emergency. Looking around I noticed military vehicles speeding about with young, naive conscripts filling the truck beds. I went inside to talk with one of my more intelligent young amigos, Felipe. He's college-educated and not fooled by common Ecuadorean misconceptions concerning drinking, women and U.S. socioeconomic stereotypes. He talks at length about the war and how weak and powerless Ecuador is compared to Peru. I don't think he was considering international intervention or pressure. I didn't think too much of this war then. I figured it was minor

and would never affect me.

Thursday started strangely in that I was woken up with news of an announced meeting with some FISE boys from Quito. Dressing without breakfast, I hurried up to wait to speak with them about some water projects which were starting to get rolling. It started well immediately. They both agreed fully with me concerning a community that wanted a water system. Where before no one would concede that the

complemented my Spanish and asked how long I'd be working in Celica. I told them 21 months longer and they made the comment that we (FISE and I) could accomplish many worthwhile projects in that time. I felt confidence.

The inspections were uneventful. There were a few minor corrections that we found and I promised to see that they were rectified, seeing as how I needed to meet with the same community to discuss a school latrine I had designed. Two birds; one stone.



Driving on towards Sabanilla about 10 km north of the border, two camouflaged soldiers melted out of the trees and stopped the government Landcruiser. We showed our I.D.s and my censo was highly scrutinized. The soldier man began to ask me questions at which point my friends with palanka intervened and showed another card. Telling the man who we were and that we were on presidential business, we were waved on. 500 meters

later we were stopped again and a similar scene unfolded.

We turned onto the road to Pindal and headed back towards home. The Ecuadoreans joked about the "Boys" getting all over-zealous. I didn't think it was so funny as several troop trucks brimming with grunts passed us heading for the border, towing really big guns on trailers. (laymen: forgive the technical jargon) This was when I began to take war in the South seriously.

The next day, Friday, I stopped off at a friend's office to chat before work. He's the town doctor and sort of my comrade since his family lives in the city of Loja and I'm the only gringo. We often talk politics or history. We spoke

practical answer of two pueblitos sharing a system could work. When the FISE engineers sided with me, everyone suddenly fell over themselves to endorse the idea. The president expressed his worries of trying to negotiate an agreement but I assured him I would be there to give a technical presentation which would make it clear to all involved that it was fair and logical.

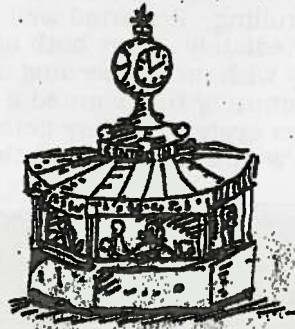
I then accompanied the FISE guys and their driver to inspect some work that the preceding Volunteer Phil had done in several barrios of our canton with FISE funds. There was no talk of the war during the ride down the mountain. They joked and they asked me questions about my education.

about the war. He tells me this little border skirmish occurs every year around January 26, due to the signing of the Protocolo de Rio de Janeiro on that date in 1942. He explains to me how the people of Ecuador feel that it was signed under duress and how they refused to accept it. He told me how he felt the huge mobilization of troops every year was a very big waste of money and he wished the line could be drawn and this silliness ended. Both countries have better uses for their funds than this yearly flex of military readiness. He assured me that by the 30th, all would be quiet. I went to the Municipio.

I was scolded by the secretary for coming in late, because I had received a call from Mark Blaha in Macara and I was to call him back. She dialed an unfamiliar number for me. Mark tells me right off that our weekend plans in Loja are off. I ask why and he tells me because he's going to be heading for the hills. Macara was being evacuated. His neighbors woke him at 3AM to tell him to pack up. Mark went and woke up Mike and Adriana and told them. The three of them went to a friend's house who would drive them out when the time came. The women and children met in the park later that morning and began to be bussed north. Mark also told me that the day before he had been surveying in the hills overlooking Peru. Ecuadorean soldiers had been digging in all around them and lacking binoculars, had asked to use the surveying equipment to view the other side. Anyway, Mark couldn't say when they would make it to meet me. We arranged to leave a message or meet at Teresa's place the next day, if he made it. I hung up.

A few minutes later the secretary found a fax for me in the machine. It was from Quito. I had her call the Quito office for me. I found myself talking to Barry Bem and being

told to evacuate to Loja immediately. I hung up and told the people in my office. They asked if I was scared. They told me everything was very tranquilo there and that there was no danger. I told them that my government was scared, not me and that I'd be



back after the weekend. Plus I would get a hotel and meals paid by the Peace Corps. I dutifully went right to the cooperativa and bought a 3PM ticket to the big city. I packed (for once) lightly for my weekend away. As I got on the bus I spoke with some other people who asked if I was going home to the U.S. I explained that I had to just get a bit further from the border and that it was my government's idea, not mine. I was asked if I wanted a gun and a helmet so I could fight for Ecuador. I laughed and reminded him that I am from the Cuerpo de Paz.

With barely more than the clothes I wore, my camera, walkman, 2 books, and 4 tapes I began the 5 hour ride to Loja.

Arriving, I ate at my favorite fast food chain, Plo-Plo (found in finer terminal terestres everywhere). I then walked to Teresa's house to talk to her and leave a message for Mark. Not finding her I checked into a hotel and slept. I was woken by a knock Saturday morning. "Quien es?" nada.

"Quien es?" "Karl?"
uh... "Teri?"

Stumbling across the dark room, still sleeping, I opened the double doors (with some effort) letting both a flood of light and Teresa in, blinding me and hugging me, respectively. After a few niceties, she tells me that we are going to Cuenca. Immediately. What? Yes. Barry called and told her to round everyone up and bus it to Cuenca, ASAP. Wow, this is serious. We got in touch with a few other Volunteers, found out that the Macara contingent had made it and we bought our tickets. Before I knew it we were all in the Hotel Inca Real. The war party had begun.

At first it was sort of fun. We all got to see each other. The southern Volunteers, are a pretty close-knit bunch. It probably is because we don't travel too much being like 21 hours from Quito. Maybe it's because Quito puts all its bad eggs in one basket as far away from the home office as possible. Anyway, with friendly Christmas and Thanksgiving reunions which made me forget about missing loved ones at home, infamous Halloween parties, Zhumir sunsets, Vilcabamba VAC meetings, Macara fiestas and countless other events I haven't yet experienced, I was really enjoying my membership in the S.O.L. (*South of Loja *).

We began to drink the super-suave Zhumir Añejo with coke and limes (14 bottles since the war started and counting...), play cards, (Hearts of course) and theorized about the conflict which had brought us all together. Generally we were annoyed at the interruption of our work, happy to be living in a nice hotel with per diem, and content to shoot the shit with each other. As the week wore on the novelty wore off.

A cease fire and we all planned to be home in 5 days, the Peruvians broke it and we realized more refugee time. Rumors and news was hard to discern, every schoolkid in Cuenca marched past the hotel, goaded by their teachers to chant for the death of Fujimori, the glory of the fatherland and the regaining of lost lands. The first blow for us came. John Hayes, whose site is now a battleground, got the word that he would be checking out a new site between Puyo and Tena. His 9 months of work gaining the confidence of the indigenous people, laying the groundwork for his projects and making his home were basura. At that time I couldn't really understand his loss. He didn't talk too much about it. Mike and Adriana who were due to leave in May, made their decision to head for the land of 7-11 and good cheese immediately. Denise Tew, S.O.L. from Macará, serving as our librarian in Quito as a refugee, sends word that she too will

COS early. Our happy little sunset crew is splitting up prematurely and without proper fiesta time and my mood blackens with everyone else's.

To stem hotel costs after 9 days the remainder of us are sent to temporary sites as to be productive. We departed promising to make it to Brian's St. Patrick's Day party in Vilcabamba for roast lamb, Irish songs and whiskey, wearing our calf-hugger green USA soccer socks. I meet up with Jay and bus it to San Fernando, subjecting the locals to a good dose of surf rock and Alice in Chains over the P.A. The driver played it nice and loud.

Then the bottom dropped out on many of us. Tuesday the 7th I was woken with the news that I could never return to my site, that I had to make a prioritized list of my belongings and that my program director was looking for a new permanent site. Now I understood. S.O.L. is no more. All

the border sites have the same status so 6 of us are in the same boat. At this time to my knowledge the same considerations are being undertaken for all the sites in the 3 southern provinces and they too could lose their sites. Those of us from O' 72 lose the 3 months we just spent settling in. Others from O' 71 like John, Jeff and Brian lose 9 months and certainly much more progress. Others lose more work, some will just leave early. The frustrations are great for us, but I think the people we were helping lose more.

In an effort to find a silver lining, Mark and I have requested coastal sites to help the huge lack of water volunteers there. I want to request that another volunteer from O' 74 replaces me in Celica, for there was a lot of good work there. Pues, por esa historia, mi vida está cambiando otra vez. La Nube de Karlos está gris. •

NOTE: This is a passage taken from Jack London's "In a Far Country", written in 1900. Jack London had worked in Alaska (hey, Shanel) and participated in the Gold Rush there. This experience, when he was 21, changed his life, and I think this passage pertains to our presence and work here in Ecuador.

"When a man journeys into a far country, he must be prepared to forget many of the things he has learned, and to acquire such customs as are inherent with existence in the new land; he must reverse the very codes by which his conduct has hitherto been shaped and he must abandon the old ideals and the old gods. To those who have the protean faculty of adaptability, the novelty of such change may even be a source of pleasure; but to those who happen to be hardened to the ruts in which they were created, the pressure of the altered environment is unbearable, and they chafe in body and in spirit under the new restrictions which they do not understand. This chafing is bound to act and to react producing diverse evils and leading to various misfortunes. It were better for the man who cannot fit himself to the new groove to return to his own country; if he delays too long, he will surely die.

The man who turns his back upon the comforts of an elder civilization, to face the savage youth, the primordial simplicity of the north, may estimate success at an inverse ratio to the quantity and quality of his hopelessly fixed habits.

He will soon discover, if he be a fit candidate, that the material things are the less important. The exchange of such things as a dainty menu for rough fare, or the stiff leather shoe for the soft, shapeless moccasin, or the feather bed for a couch in the snow, is after all a very easy matter.

But his pinch will come in learning properly to shape his mind's attitude toward all things, and especially toward his fellow man.

For the courtesies of ordinary life, he must substitute unselfishness, forbearance and tolerance. Thus, and thus only, can he gain that pearl of great price—true comradeship.

He must not say "Thank you"; he must mean it without opening his mouth, and prove it by responding in kind. In short, he must substitute the deed for the word, the spirit for the letter."

submitted by Marie Skertic, Guaranda •

Nancy Drew: The Case of the Missing Not-So-Stolen Goods

I have never found the jungle to be a "dull" place to live or work in, but January 5th was more "eventful" than most of my days. After having spent several days in Quito, I returned to Ahuano yesterday morning with Jeff Colon, aka MacGyver. Since I had more maletas than most Volunteers bring to the country, Jeff offered to help me carry my bags from Tena to Ahuano. Still feeling a little dizzy from falling asleep on the bus and banging my head against the window (and being naturally blonde), I couldn't find my keys when we arrived. So, I grabbed my neighbor's daughter and asked her if she would climb through the window. When we walked to the back of my house, we discovered that someone else had had the same idea. Go figure? Jeff still had a constipated look on his face from carrying my body bag when I told him that someone had gotten my house confused with his own and borrowed a few of my things.

Considering that even a chain-smoking wolf could blow my house away or use toenail clippers to cut through the malla, I wasn't too

surprised to see how easily someone had entered. I was a little shocked, though, that someone from my little resort town had cleaned me out! Of course, Jeff and I hadn't even finished dragging all of my bags inside before all the neighbors came over to repeat "¡Que Penal!" with me and check out the crime scene. Within half an hour, my dueño came to tell me that the auxiliar's father-in-law (whom I will refer to as

Sherlock
"Holmes")
had
found
my

things while doing a little hunting in the selva after breakfast. This is too good to be true, I thought?

I quickly ran out and locked the door ("de gana") with MacGyver following closely behind me, taking down all the details on his handy notepad and snapping pictures of everything. We sprinted to the center of town and then had to wait for almost twenty minutes while the policia took a shower. You never know who you might see in the jungle! When he was finally listo, we took off in a camioneta down the road in search of my merchandise. We passed "Holmes", but the driver told him that we were on an important mission and didn't have time to pick up passengers. Wasting just a little more time, we convinced the driver to make a U-turn and pick the guy up (along with a few of his family members) because he was the only one who knew where we were going. Holmes signaled to the driver to stop. Like a group of



clowns getting out of a VW bug at the circus we all piled out and began sniffing out the trail. Lo and behold, by the time that we made it to the spot where Holmes had found my things, they had been moved. Oh well, it was a CLOSE call! I thanked Holmes many times and told him how impressed I was that he found my things buried under branches, leaves, and lodo. On the way back to the truck, Holmes and his assistants were inspecting the fresh boot prints leading away from us. At this point, my faith in Ahuano's legal system was waning, so I didn't pay much attention to their efforts.

On our way back to town, we were stopped by a group of women who informed us that the man we passed on our way to retrieve the merchandise was one of the robbers, but they didn't recognize him earlier because he was traveling incognito. So, "Charlie's Angels" joined the others in the back of the truck and we flew off in pursuit of the villain. Unfortunately, our entourage was no match for the ladrón. Not being too pressed for time, he diligently hid himself in the selva, and we returned to town empty-handed.

Fifteen minutes later, they came to my door claiming to have found my things AGAIN. We jumped back into the camioneta and headed down the road towards the most recent siting. Sure enough, they had tracked the bootprints of the robbers and had found my goods. The indigenous are hard-core! I have no idea how they found everything... the sack was hidden under so much growth that they had to cut it out with a machete, and it was not even close to where it had been hidden before. Holmes is one serious investigator. We opened the sack to find my radio, sleeping bag, fan, water filter, tapes, beads (Yes, J. C., they took my beads!), and a few

other odds and ends. The only thing we did not recover was my Peace Corps medical kit. I'm sure that's a HOT item on the black market! I was pretty sure that they hadn't opened the mysterious blue case because all it had in it was charlas, informes, and bodega receipts - puro papeles.

Back at the station, I filed a denuncia and the teniente politico grilled the guy they had in jail (incidentally, the wrong guy) for the names of the real culprits. He could only give one name, but that was all the teniente needed to send out a posse. He gave a group of teenage boys the authority to use any unnecessary force to capture the guy and return with him to the station. Meanwhile, MacGyver, thinking he was coming to Ahuano Beach for a little fun in the sun and frolicking in the clear, blue water of the Napo River, had gone back to Tena to buy materials to replace the steel bars on my windows and buy new locks for the metal doors.

About two hours later, the posse returns with a suspect. Apparently, he had passed out in some banana leaves on the other side of the river. Guess the "get-away" bus was running late. (Public transportation is so unreliable!) He started off denying any involvement in the crime, but then slipped by saying, "I couldn't even get my HEAD through your window!" He finally confessed to being an accomplice, but claimed the lead man was someone else. When I asked him why he did it, he said that he was drunk and following his friend (whose name he didn't even know!), who had invited him into his house. I then asked him how many people he knows who enter their houses by cutting the screen and sliding in through a window?!? For this one he had no reply. Hello?... McFly? Everyone in the room was trying not to laugh (although that is what we spent most of the day doing) at

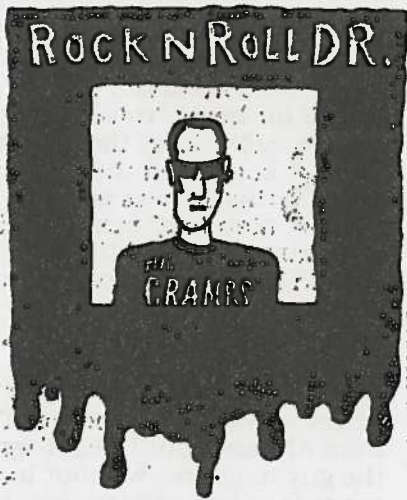
this complete idiot!! I told him that I felt worse for him for being so tonto than I did for myself for being "robar"ed.

Before long, the guy had convinced the teniente that he was an "out-standing" member of his community and that he should let him go because this was his first offense. As it turns out, the guy was a contract "agua potable" laborer from Riobamba. I felt a little better knowing that he wasn't from Ahuano, but I didn't want the guy to go free without having to face any consequences. The teniente told me that I should "go easy" on the guy since he was educated and "made the mistake" of getting plastered and breaking into my house. "Gimme a break!" I agreed not to scratch his eyes out, but I insisted on giving him a brief lecture (after which he would have probably preferred to be put away for life). The teniente convinced me that pressing charges would cost me more than replacing my goods, so I accepted the "model citizen's" offer to pay for the materials to repair "Fort Knox", the camioneta rides, and the fees of the guys who brought him in as compensation, and the guy took off in a flash.

What a day! Within 24 hours of being robbed, one of the bad guys had been run out of town, most of the goods had been recovered, and MacGyver had repaired the damage done to my doll house. The indigenous don't mess around - even Arnold Schwarzenegger couldn't have done a better job taking control of the situation!

By Kendall Ligon, Ahuano •





Sex. Hot. Uninhibited fantasies come true... Well, don't have much to say about lust and love this time around. Sorry...

You know, it's tough being a Volunteer. So many sacrifices to make. For instance, **THE CRAMPS** played on New Year's Eve at the Old Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco. Big sacrifice not going. Of course, seeing burning effigies of Sixto and Don King on Amazonas in Quito and having my virgin experience at Papillon was fun, but hombre, we're talkin' **THE CRAMPS** here. And in the first week of 1995, for five nights the amazing "jazz" group **ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO** played a tiny nightclub in Oakland. Big sacrifice not going. These two have the heaviest live performances around...

My fave rocknroll band, **THE CRAMPS**, were the first "PSY-CHOBILLY" band, starting it all around 1976, during punk rock's first years. Yeah, they've been around the block a few times. **PSY-CHOBILLY** is basically rockabilly ala Elvis, Johnny Cash, Carl Perkins, etc. with a wild raw psycho edge. And **THE CRAMPS** infuse it with the swamp voodoo favors, not to mention a healthy supply of decadence and smut. And they put on a f—king wild live show.

As singer **LUX INTERIOR** says, "It's time to take the legitimacy out of rocknroll."

LUX is a wildman. Tall, very lanky, stark white skin, a mop of hair and his share of body scars. By the end of the show he's usually down to just his G-string. Once I saw him come on stage with a skin tight silver lame cowboy suit and silver boots. Or in drag. Try to imagine an ultra-decadent punk rockin Elvis.

And always alongside **LUX** is **THE CRAMPS'** guitarist and his longtime girlfriend, **POISON IVY**. I'm madly in love with **IVY**. As **LUX** writhes and moans on stage, **IVY** doesn't move or change her simple mysterious expression. She just puts out the wicked psychobilly licks on her beautiful old Gretsch guitar. **IVY** is the essence of rocknroll sensuality. One Halloween show (**THE CRAMPS** favorite night to perform) **IVY** wore a green sequined eye mask. She melted my heart.

Needless to say, for the audience a

SONGS THE LORD TAUGHT US, PSYCHEDELIC JUNGLE, BAD MUSIC FOR BAD PEOPLE, A DATE WITH ELVIS, and their newest LP, **FLAME JOB**.

The **ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO** is my favorite live non-rock music group. Their concerts are intensely awe-inspiring and spiritual. Self-described as "black music from the ancient to the future", this quintet has been playing together for close to thirty years. Their sound is often dubbed "avant-garde", though there are many other influences, from old gospel-blues to African rhythms. In concert they utilize a literal wall of various percussion instruments, as well as a multitude of different horns.

On stage reed player **JOSEPH JARMAN**, bassist **MAGUSTUS MALACHI FAVORS** and drummer **FAMADOU DON MOYE** wear traditional African gowns and face paint. Multi-saxist **ROSCOE MITCHELL** wears plain street clothes, and mad profes-



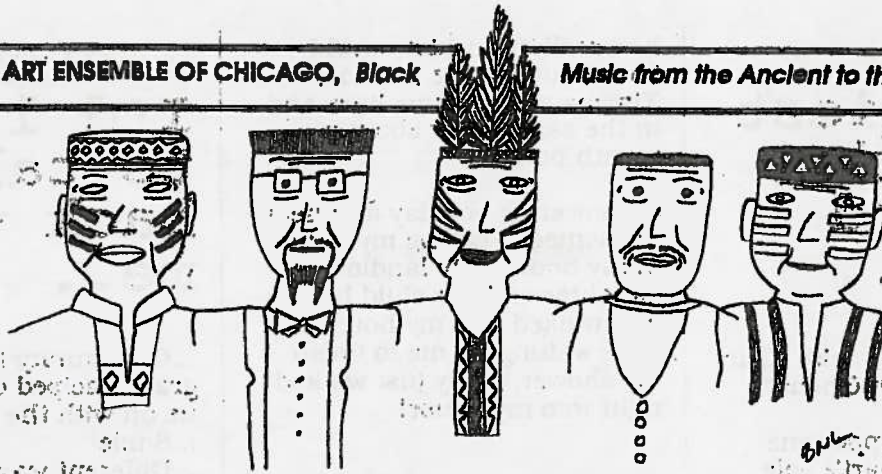
CRAMPS, circa 1978

CRAMPS show is a sweaty, boozin exhilaratin rocknroll experience. Recommended albums:

sor trumpeter **LESTER BOWIE** is the juxtaposition of

ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO, Black

Music from the Ancient to the Future



his handmates, A flat top haircut, long goatee forked into two points, wire-rimmed glasses, white labcoat, two-tone patent leather shoes, bright red dress shirt and silver glitter bow tie. Lester is a bad ass.

The **ART ENSEMBLE'S** music goes from walls of energetic improvisations to ethereal percussion jams to rippin post-bop riffs to old-time marching music. The five men play with all their heart and soul.

MALACHI plays his standup bass with an other worldly spiritual expression as he shakes the bell on his ankles in time with his playing. **ROSCOE** blows till you think his lungs will burst, and **LESTER** slashes the air with his trumpet as if it's a machete. Obviously, the performances of **ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO** are a magical musical experience.

Recommended albums: **FULL FORCE, CERTAIN BLACKS, PHASE ONE, FANFARE FOR THE WARRIORS, LES STANCE & SOPHIE.**

Endquotes:

"Cuenca is unexcelled as a place for dreamy loafing" Harry A. Franck from "Vagabonding in the Andes", 1910.

"Those things you can do when you are old and decrepit. Save them for when you have the energy only to set down your reminiscences. Until then, collect adventures and experiences to reminisce about. I strongly recommend travel. Go to far places, meet

new people, eat exotic foods, enjoy all varieties of the opposite sex, look on unfamiliar landscapes, see new things..." Gary Jennings, from "The Aztec"

"To the police."

Hunter S. Thompson, when asked on what occasion he lies.

"In 1983, 50 corporations controlled the majority of the media in the U.S." By 1987, the number dropped to 29. As of 1992, only 20 corporations dominated the media in the U.S... A few years ago a co-chairman of TimeWarner predicted that by the year 2000, only 6 corporate powerhouses will control the media, including his own. He is probably correct... RCA owns NBC and General Electric. GE's track record includes: manufacturing faulty nuclear reactors; illegally working with a nazi corporation during WWII; laying off 100,000 employees between '81 and '90 while generating massive profits; responsible for 47 toxic waste sites in the U.S.; produced every nuclear detonator of all atomic bombs in the U.S. arsenal... Would you expect RCA to allow NBC to question General Electric?..."

Brian Zero from "The Route to Corporate Media"

"Oh no, it will not be us who die. It will be you. You who urge us into battle against ourselves you who would have one cobbler kill another cobbler you would have one man who works kill another man who works you who would

have one human being who wants to live kill another human being who wants to live. Remember this you patriots you fierce spawners of hate you inventors of slogans. Remember this as you have never remembered anything else in your lives."

Dalton Trumbo from "Johnny Got His Gun", 1938

XXX, RocknRoll Doctor

Estimado John,

First off, you seem like a decent guy, so I feel a tad bad I've salted your wounds. To give you a historical background, the reason I started writing these damn reviews (other than for my own selfish amusement), was about a year ago a guy named Brian wrote a review in *el clima* of a bunch of DEAD shows he went to in the U. S. And he included the ENTIRE song lists to FOUR ENTIRE shows. This got my blood boiling to the extreme, and I figured, if he can do it, so can I. So what if my punky tastes are a bit different than the Dead crapola. Thank good ol' Brian for your torturous anguish. Anyone who likes CHARLIE'S tunes is OK with me, so come up and visit my Ivory Tower sometime. But hombre, POCOOOOR FAAVOOOOOOR, leave the "Generation" BASURA to Newsweek.

XXX RocknRoll Doctor

P.S. My bones are too old to stage dive anymore....

The funniest thing that happened to me...

...In training when I said, "Qué pene" instead of "Qué pena"

...While cooking supper one night, my counterpart's wife was killing a chicken in the kitchen sink. I felt a warm sensation on my bare feet. Just before the death of the chicken, the chicken happened to shit all over my feet.

...My counterpart (as sexy as she is) tried to seduce me and had a hard time taking "no" for an answer. Talking to my counterpart while the band was playing- it turned out to be the national anthem.

...Getting my stuff back from a robbery and having to shake the thief's hand and "be friends".

...When I told a campesina to "give her cow water" because it was having a shock reaction to an injection, she threw water in the cow's face. I meant for her to give it water to drink. Doing a flying Walenda in a bike race (and yes, I friggin' lost).

...Having people constantly ask me, "¿Se enseña aquí?" and answering, "No, I don't teach here."

...When I went to J&B Travel to ask how much it would cost to fax one "pagina" to the U.S. and they all thought I was saying "vagina".

...Having to break up with a guy from my community and having him confess his "true love" for me and tell me that I was the girl of his dreams, etc. I felt really bad, thinking that I

had really hurt him, until I found out that he had told Ximena all the same lines and in the same order about a month before.

...Showering one day and hearing someone calling my name in my house. My landlord's daughter and her child had just walked into my house and were waiting for me to finish my shower. They just walked right into my house!

Omni-
bus 69
Rememb-
rances
(COS
Confer-
ence)

I hope
my commu-
nity
remembers
my...

- ...Weirdness
- ...Undying conviction that basketball is a real religion, not a zany approach to "development"
- ...Friendliness and openness to change
- ...House/disco
- ...New ideas
- ...Money that they owe me
- ...Efforts
- ...Continuous good humor
- ...Innocuousness
- ...Capacity for trago

Souvenir I'd like to take back with me..

...Community being- the program I helped create to continue on with the program

...Smile
...Different way of looking at things, especially advice to female friends
...All of the smiles & hugs from children

...A llama
...My husband
...100 sucres
...My bird
...A homespun alpaca wool poncho (this is deeply symbolic, of course)

...Spanish
...Excellent memories, photos
...Fanny (aka Jane Moore)
...My two next door neighbor boys

...Knowledge
...A dried seahorse
...Several babies
...A list of funky tropical diseases I've succumbed to
...Memories, puppy, my never-fading tan

...The fungus on my arm
...Memories of all the good times and beauty, leaving all my frustrations and bad feelings
...Migratory tropical fly larva

I'd like
to remem-
ber...

- ...The people & music & good times
- ...The look on the faces of the kids when they finally learned how to do a 360 slam dunk after two years of coaching them
- ...The Bulls' third championship and Paxton's 3 pointer with 3 seconds to go
- ...Some Spanish

- ...More Spanish
- ...The kids
- ...The places, nature, yes, of course, Spanish
- ...Falling in love
- ...The positive stuff
- ...How to throw water balloons at moving targets
- ...My wonderful family
- ...The beauty of the mountains, ocean, Galapagos and people
- ...Some of those nights on the town (I still can't)
- ...How to talk to girls in Spanish
- ...Patience, like the patience that was necessary to be here for two years
- ...Waking up every morning and seeing Mt. Cayambe from my window
- ...The band playing the same song for 3 days at the festivals
- ...It is a big world out there
- ...The mountain in the moonlight
- ...The fun of no electricity or telephone

My biggest success...

- ...The green bell peppers
- ...Planting 3,000 trees
- ...Planting 3 trees
- ...Planting a tree
- ...Loaning out my bike without fear
- ...Making the summit of Sangay (3 times)



- ...Having important, meaningful relationships with the people

- ...Being a bureaucrat
- ...Walking into a campo community alone and rapping with the "gente"
- ...Helping others grow and experience new things that, hopefully, will enhance their future while helping me to grow personally
- ...Convincing people that I do

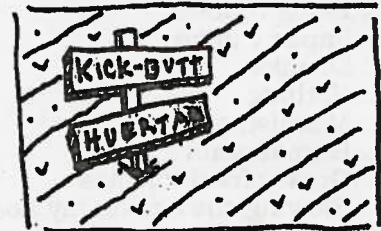


- not come with an instant, unlimited supply of money for projects
- ...Fishing with the kids in my town
- ...Cleaning my house
- ...Making my kids (students) eat artichokes
- ...My garden
- ...Making it through 2 years
- ...Feeling comfortable speaking Spanish
- ...Feeling like I was a positive influence in someone's life
- ...Working 2 years with more than 70 children
- ...Teaching kids the glory of busting in someone's face from the 3-point line
- ...Quinoa germination
- ...I'm still waiting for it

Something I'll never forget...

- ...Kick-butt gardening
- ...Antisana
- ...Ron Caney
- ...Being robbed
- ...Bailes (Jeff means Papillon)
- ...Wonderful new life-time friends
- ...Bureaucrats

- ...Amoebas
- ...Having my face pushed in a cake
- ...Almost 4 days sitting on a toilet
- ...Deaths
- ...The rainforest
- ...Dengue
- ...Running on the beach during the glorious, tropical sunsets
- ...So many beautiful men, each of them taught me something new about myself
- ...The view of the Andes Mountains from my back yard
- ...Blaring Ecu-a-music on the buses
- ...Working on the Peruvian frontier
- ...33 adults, 4 children, 1 pig and 200 gallons of milk in a Toyota pick-up
- ...Shaking hands
- ...Niguas in my TOES
- ...Galapagos
- ...San Miguel, Oro, Faja Blanco, 5
- ...The children, the poverty, the



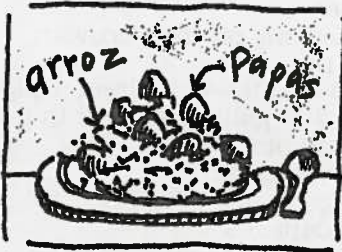
- beauty of Ecuador, getting attacked by a dog
- ...Soup, rice and fried meat
- ...Seeing a drunk campesino passed-out face-up on the sidewalk with a male dog humping his face
- ...All of the dogs humping on every street corner
- ...The fabulous campo bus aromas
- ...Defecating a 6" worm (x 4)
- ...Charlie and Berrle
- ...Sadia, my twelve-year-old



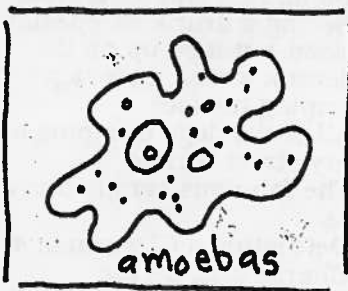
Something I'd like to forget...

neighbor, best friend and support

- ...The walls
- ...Techno
- ...Burros
- ...Bad air
- ...Tripa asada



- ...“El Mister”
- ...Cucarachas
- ...Steve Brigham
- ...Don Pepe
- ...Being robbed
- ...Papas y arroz
- ...Drunks
- ...Nothing
- ...Machismo
- ...Bureaucrats
- ...Greasy fried tortillas
- ...Blowing chunks on my host family's wall
- ...The man who slept on my shoulder all the way to Guayas
- ...The pee corner in front of my



house

- ...Health problems, health problems, health problems
- ...Getting attacked by a dog
- ...The state of Ecuadorian “service”

- ...Treatment from men
- ...My dog biting people
- ...Treatment from women
- ...Treatment from transvestites
- ...Amoebas, worms, giardia
- ...The fat woman who sat on the arm of my chair and in my lap
- ...“Solo, solo, solo...”
- ...“Dos mujeres, un camino”
- ...All my insect bites/skin problems
- ...“Te compro tu novia...”
- ...When my community murdered my dog
- ...The men in general
- ...Buses
- ...“Linda, bella, hola mi amor, gringa, guapa, reina-de-mi vida, te amo, te acompaño?, muñeca, bay-be, eye luvay you, nena, niña, mi gringita...”

Omni-bus 69

Five Years

Later...

- ...Lori Weber became pregnant within one year of her COS as the result of a blow-out condom. She sued Lifestyle, Inc., received a \$5 million dollar settlement, invested in the development of the pill for men and became a billionaire. She now resides in Beverly Hills.
- ...Denise took off to the States, married her first cousin, and headed down south to Gerogia where she started a country cowboy bar with a real electric bull. It is said that... Andrew Swift can be spotted at Denise's. bar on any given Saturday night being thrown off the bull to the amazement of a number of attractive

Southern women.

...Ted became famous when he discovered a fungus on his arm in the shape of the Virgin Mary. Local cardinal confirms miracle.

...Kat is a backup singer in the Henry Spencer Band.

...José started the José Chévere Premium Rum company, now outselling Bacardi 3 to 1.

...Todd is in prison for a crime he may or may not have committed.

...Steve landed a job with Johnson and Johnson as their first dental floss poster boy.

...Shane went straight back to Alaska, where he opened up a Mixto Burger franchise. Now, five years later and 27 stores strong, he's known around town as “King Mixto”.

...Rodney was recently seen on David Letterman's stupid pet tricks with his parrot, Sinbad.

...Tim and Janna bought land in Santa Barbara and started a nudist colony. Janna says life is better that way because she never has to think about what to wear.

...Bernie went back to Chicago and started up a hot dog business called “Bernie's Dogs, We bite back when bitten.”

...Charlie headed for the white plains of Alaska to study the mating habits of moose. He says they have no fear of him, but that he has to be careful because he was almost pronged once. His grandchildren visit him often and play with an abandoned baby moose that Charlie has adopted.

...Julie became a famous sex therapist and appeared on an episode of Seinfeld dealing with impotence. She has successfully counseled a number of famous male stars. They say her cool green eyes melt them in ways they did not know were possible.

...Chris, La Reina de Nuestro Idioma, finally decided not to let natural talent go to waste and became an international news correspondent. Look for her (a bit to the left of the action) on CNN Internacional.

...Dave became a beatnik poet

and spent four years hanging around city parks writing bad poetry and wishing he was back in Asuncion. He was discovered and in the last year has published his first book of poetry entitled, "Quinoa on my mind."

...Lance couldn't get those running scenes from Forrest Gump out of his mind. He is in his fourth year of biking back and forth across the U.S.

...Dan ("Giggles") has spent the last five years stalking Chris Samuel. She's filed for a restraining order.

...Jeff and his new wife, Na Shahal Hash-Baaz, were recently seen out having their navels pierced.

...Miles weighs in at 320 pounds, but he says his tan is just bigger and better, and he always wanted to be huge. He just got a contract with the new J. Crew Big and Tall Men's catalogue.

...Christina and her husband Carrie are spreading love all over

...Christina decided to go to India and touch base with the spiritual side of her nature. She is a devoted follower of a Hindu guru. She says she loves the nature, incense, body jewelry and colorful saris. "I have found Heaven on Earth," she writes.

...Charles and Carol opened an adult bookstore and "novelty" shop.

...Marie returned to the U.S. with her four adopted Ecuadorian children. She's a contributing editor to Reader's Digest.

...Carrie is wandering around the U.S. trying to find the luggage she "accidentally" left in Miami.

OMNIBUS 69 ADDRESSES IN THE USA

January 25, 1995

Jeffrey A. Nield
495 Gavin Dr.
Warwick, RI 02886
401-822-0233

Charles & Carol Loveless
6217 Valley Ridge Dr.
Fort Worth, TX 76140

Carrie Caballero
13159 Bon View Avenue 203
Ontario, CA 91761
909-947-4113 / 909-947-3814

Julie Fiskur
Blackhawk Dr.
Minooka, IL 60447
815-457-7487

Chris Samuel
5720 N. Knox Ave.
Lincoldrwood, IL 60646
708-673-2488
312-642-8426 (Chicago Friend's#)

Janna Smith
1035 Ripconada Rd
Santa Barbara, CA 93101
805-962-8948

Audrey Shapiro
4996 Coleman Cr. Rd.
Medford, OR 97501
503-535-4996

Charles Armstrong
621 Suisun St.
Suisun, CA 94585
707-429-1611

Miles Cooley
332 5th Ave. #A
San Francisco, CA 94118

Tim Bradley
1035 Rinconada Rd.
Santa Barbara, CA 03101
805-962-8948

Denise Tew
541 Rivers Reach
Virginia Beach, VA 23452
804-463-2062

David King
3900 Green Meadow Ln.
Davidsonville, MD 21035

Marie Skertic
38 Holiday Lane
Willingboro NJ, 08046-1814
609-877-8089

Jane Moore
3111 Fondren
La Porte, TX 77571
713-224-5341 / 713-224-5342

Lance Longmire
817 SE Cedar
College Place, WA 99324
509-529-3970

Bernard M. Dick
P.O. Box 22064
Cobden, IL 62920
509-529-3970
618-893-2981

Rodney Sullivan
4310 Linden Lane
Anderson, IN 46011
317-642-5625

Shane McCarthy
c/o Mommy
#1 Berryville
Chadron, NE 69337
308-432-3773

Lori Webber
904 Burr St.
Davis, CA 95616
916-758-2875

Dan Walker
9111 W. 21st N #3
Wichita, KS 67212
316-722-4054

Dan Walker (until 9/1/95)
Rt. 1 Box 1700
Lopez, WA 98261
206-468-2225

Ted Townsend
2418 Lufkin Ln.
Deer Park, TX 77536
713-479-4323

Kat Linden
421 Spire Dr.
Riverton, WY 82501
307-856-2927



Stephen Brigham
2 Springbrook Rd.
Auburn, MA 01501
508-752-2090 (parents)

José L. González Chévere
Box 1571
Utuaado, Puerto Rico 00641

Todd Birchler
709 E. 4th St.
Marshfield, WI 54449
715-387-4583

Cristina Collada
2812 Sycamore Way
Santa Clara, CA 95051

Luz & Julio de Jesus
P.O. Box 7754
Caguas, Puerto Rico 00726
809-258-6871

María A. Chávez-Jacoby
Los Angeles, CA 90042
5031 Granada St.
213-256-5060

Corella Payne
c/o Ellamae
University Park Condo
1451 E. 55th St. #829N
Chicago, IL 60615

TACTICA Y ESTRATEGIA

por Mario Benedetti

*Mi táctica es mirarte
aprender como sos (eres),
quererte como sos.*

*Mi táctica es hablarte
y escucharte.*

*Mi táctica es
quedarme en tu recuerdo
no sé cómo, ni sé
con qué pretexto
pero quedarme en vos.*

*Mi táctica es ser franco
y saber que vos lo sos
y que no nos vendamos
simulacros,
para que entre los dos
no haya abismos.*

*Mi estrategia es
en cambio
mucho más profunda
y más simple.*

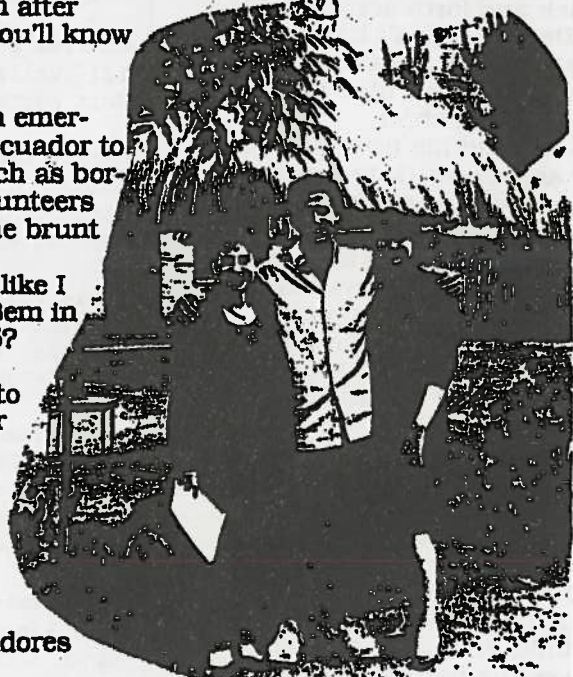
*Mi estrategia es
que un día cualquiera
no sé cómo, ni sé
con qué pretexto
por fin vos me necesites.*

Submitted by Chris Samuel,
Cuambo

Call It What You Like

I get bored sometimes. I mean really bored. Not enough to contemplate whether bugs are my friend or foe, but enough to have played solitaire for three hours straight. So, when I finally decided to write an article for El Clima and found out the deadline was in two days, I realized that I couldn't have been that bored. But, sarcasm aside, since I've been here I have had a bunch of questions running through my head. And now seems like a good time to expel such thoughts so I can clear my head and put an authentic smile on my face. If I seem like a difficult person after January 25, 1995, you'll know why.

1. Why isn't there an emergency fund for PC/Ecuador to help out in times such as border wars so that Volunteers don't have to bear the brunt of it?
 2. Why does it seem like I haven't seen Barry Bem in the PC office in 1995?
 3. Why is it worse to burp in public than to fart while in Ecuador (Lonely Planet page 32)?
 4. Why isn't this newsletter called "El Clima de Barry Lazarus"?
 5. ¿Porqué ganan más plata los facilitadores que los Voluntarios?
 6. Why is everyone in love with Pearl Jam except me?
 7. Why does everyone think that Pearl Jam's new C.D., "Vitalogy", is great music when it just sounds like a cornucopia of such stellar acts as Anthrax, Extreme, and every other band that believes suicidal lyrics are cool?
 8. Why do I have the new Pearl Jam cassette?
 9. Why did it take 30 years before someone finally realized that Youth Development Volunteers in Ecuador would be a good idea?
 10. Why in the world am I attracted to the El Clima editor after I met her? P.S. I don't really like piña coladas.
 11. Why was RB Emmitt Smith voted Sportsman of the Year when a) RB Barry Sanders had one of the best years for a running back in pro football history, b) QB Steve Young had the best QB rating this year in football history, and c) NFC Championship: 49ers 38, Cowboys 28?
 12. Why is Cincinnati, Ohio rated the #1 place to live in North America?
 13. Why am I so obnoxious sometimes?
 14. Why do I get really horny every time I am in an art museum?
 15. Why were Jean Seigle and Sarah Simon in my dream last night?
- by Mark Stillman, Latacunga

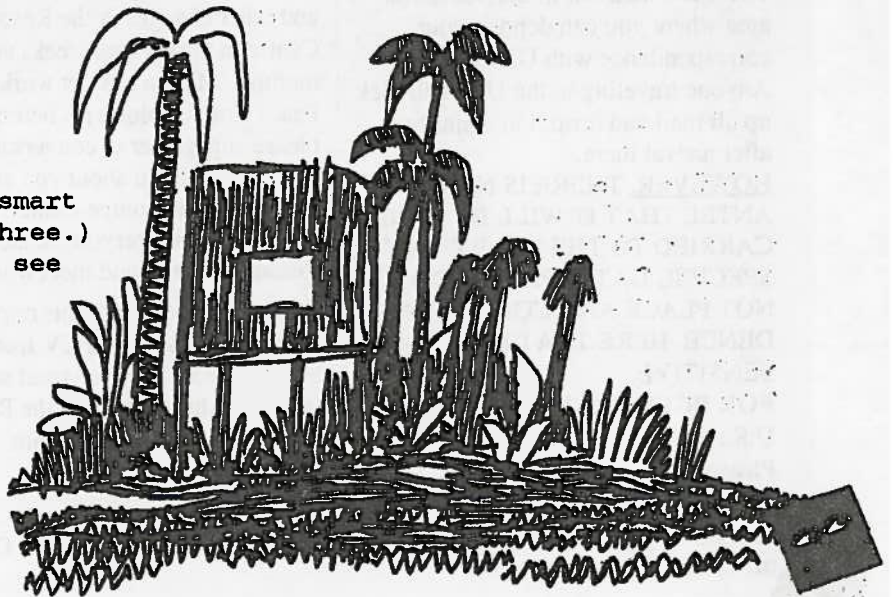


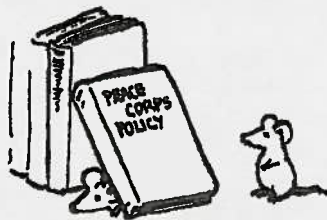
I Am The Way I Am

I am the way I am because I am only me
If I am the way I was, how could that be?
Why do I care what's in my hair,
If it's something I cannot see?
If I show myself to be an elf and nothing else
Will my friends like me?
I've often wondered as I blundered
and seen the course of history:
If God is the way He is while I am the way I am
Why can we have unity?
So if you're so smart then try to start
to solve this perpendicularity.
My head begins to ring and I must sing
of the ridiculous and the serious and another thing-
of the future and the past, and what's in between;
and it would be so easy if it wasn't in 6D.
There are so many questions, but an equal number of lessons,
which is good except for one thing:
I still don't know "What does voluptuous mean?"
Bring me away on a nice holiday
for it makes me so furious that I am so curious
about the cause and the laws,
about the effect and the Prefect
For I see no joy, if I must be coy
in simply knowing and understanding
When it all still doesn't make sense and I feel dense
and the mystery of Everything still makes my head ring
As I begin to cough and sweat, for I have not met
The Reason Why and strawberry-blueberry-banana cream pie
As I lie looking up in the sky
Asking in my old age...Oh, no! here comes the end of the page!

Where have I gone, what have I done?
Why am I only me?
After awhile I begin to see
that although I am partly crazy
It is better to be happy & dumb
than smart & glum
(However, between you and me
there is another thing I see
For my part, I'd rather be happy & smart
which seems to be the best of the three.)
But even these aren't the best, you see
because happy & smart, dumb & glum
really aren't the things to be
What will come will come,
what will be will be
But as for me and my house
we will be "clean".

by J.W. Carter, III
San Fernando, Azuay.





Administrative Corner

Now that the border conflict seems to have a tentative solution, we are happy that most of the Volunteers are back to their sites. Hopefully salaries for the "Special Group" were properly managed on time. There are a few reminders that we would like to update:

1. Organizational Charts

Thanks to PCV Charles Loveless, from the "Special Group," we are able to show an organization chart for Peace Corps/Ecuador. It will be posted behind the receptionist desk. The purpose of this chart is to help you identifying "Who is Who" and "Who does What" in Peace Corps/Quito. We hope that you all find it useful.

There is also a photograph chart near the front entrance with pictures of most staff members so that you can put names with faces.

2. Mail With U.S. Stamps

FOR PCVS DEPOSITING MAIL:

There is a mailbox in the reception area where you can deposit your correspondence with U.S. stamps. Anyone traveling to the U.S. will pick up all mail and drop it in a mailbox after arrival there.

HOWEVER, THERE IS NO GUARANTEE THAT IT WILL BE HAND-CARRIED TO THE U.S. BY ANY SPECIFIC DATE, PLEASE DO NOT PLACE ANY CORRESPONDENCE HERE THAT IS TIME-SENSITIVE.

FOR PCVS TRAVELING TO THE U.S.:

Please pick up any mail in this general mailbox and carry it with you to deposit in the first available post office or mailbox in the U.S.

3. Energy Savings

Effective Friday, February 10, 1995, all residences and businesses are required to reduce consumption of electricity by 10%. A fine of 100% will be imposed for the use in excess of 90% of the December/January bill. This extra income will be used for national defense.

In conjunction with VAC, we will announce new measures to assist Peace Corps to comply with this directive. In the meantime any reduction in unnecessary lighting will be greatly appreciated.

Please be aware that these measures apply to your home as well.

You will also notice a variety of other measures outside the office, such as:

- Street lighting is reduced
- Stores may close earlier
- Restaurants, bars must close at 12 midnight
- Less commercial lighting

4. New Peace Corps Resource Center Coordinator

Welcome to Mireya Yepez, the new Peace Corps Resource Center Coordinator who will start working March 7, 1995. Her working hours will be as follows:

Monday through Thursday from 8:30 to 11:30

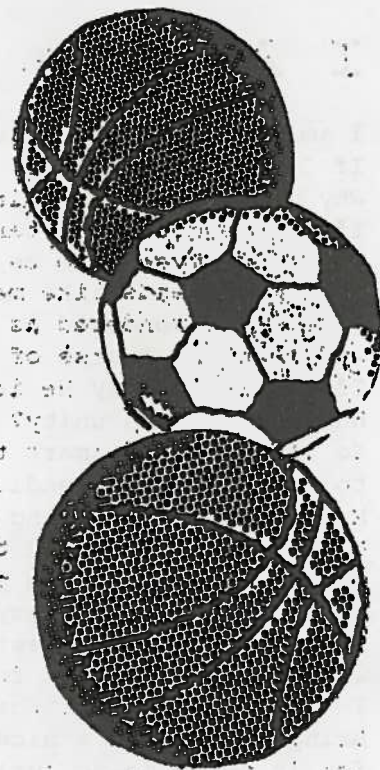
Mireya is a trained librarian with lots of very relevant experience, and we are fortunate to have someone with such a good background. You will undoubtedly see some reorganization and other changes in the Resource Center in the coming weeks and months. Mireya has not worked with Peace Corps Volunteers before, so please engage her in conversation so that she can learn about you and your needs in the Resource Center.

We encourage everyone to stop at the Resource Center and meet Mireya.

We also want to take this opportunity to thank Denise Tew PCV from "The Special Group" for her great support (and refreshing smile) in the Resource Center during the past month.

En Paz.

Ana Maria/Administrative Officer.



The Sports Connection

Hi sports fans!!!!
By popular demand I will be providing sports information in each El Clima from now on.

NBA Standings:

Eastern Conference

Atlantic Division

Orlando	44-14
New York	36-19
Boston	23-33
New Jersey	23-35
Miami	21-35
Philadelphia	17-40
Washington	15-41

Central Division

Charlotte	37-21
Indiana	34-22
Cleveland	33-23
Atlanta	28-29
Chicago	28-30
Milwaukee	22-36
Detroit	21-35

Midwest Division

Utah	41-16
San Antonio	38-16
Houston	35-22

Denver	25-31
Dallas	22-32
Minnesota	16-4

Pacific Division

Phoenix	44-14
Seattle	38-17
L.A. Lakers	35-20
Portland	30-24
Sacramento	28-27
Golden State	16-39
L.A. Clippers	11-47

Sports Tidbits:

*Portland guard Clyde Drexler was traded to the Rockets.

*The baseball strike continues. As of now the regular season will begin with replacement players in April.

*The NCAA tournament begins on March 16th.

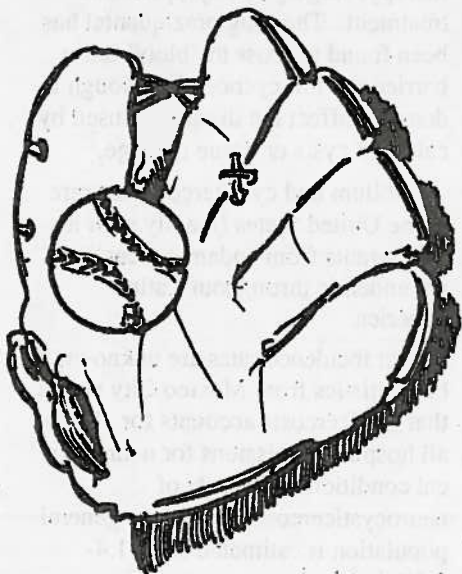
*Tampa Bay signs Cowboy wide receiver Alvin Harper to a free agent contract.

*Ex N.Y. Giant Lawrence Taylor will fight Bam Bam Bigalow at Wrestlemania 11 on April 2nd in Hartford Ct.

*Boxer Gerald McClellan was knocked out and lays in a coma in a London hospital.

That's all for now. In the next issue I'll have info. on Ice Hockey and the NCAA tournament.

by The Sports Fan



Peace Corps Fellows

The following is a letter detailing a RPCV's experience studying as a Peace Corps Fellow.

January 21, 1995

Dear Peace Corps Ecuador El Clima Personnel,

As a former Volunteer in Ecuador, I would like to share some valuable info to current Volunteers through El Clima. My name is Michael Heffernan. My wife and I served in PC Ecuador from 1989-1991. We worked in the province of Carchi and our site was Bolívar. I am writing you today in order to inform you of the opportunity that awaits returning volunteers in the state of Michigan, more specifically at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor.

Upon our reentry into the U.S., my wife and I both chose education as our career choices. My wife began an alternative program in education and I entered the Peace Corps Fellows Program at the University of Michigan. Although this decision for my family was sudden, it has proven to be a very valuable one.

The staff of the Fellows Program at U of M facilitated the application and interview process with the utmost interest in me becoming a quality educator specializing in urban education. Although finding a position in the Detroit Public Schools was more cumbersome, the director of the program, Dr. Stuart Rankin, eventually placed all of the first five fellows in neighborhood schools in Detroit. Dr. Rankin's former position as Assistant Superintendent of Schools in Detroit enabled him to bypass many of the bureaucratic loopholes that many new employees must jump through.

After the initial two years of the Masters program and teaching in Detroit, I have continued to teach third grade at the Academy of the Americas, the Detroit Public Schools

Spanish immersion school. Our particular school currently employs five returned volunteers that all have gone through the fellows program. Whereas other fellows programs have had an unfortunately high attrition rate, the U of M program boasts a high percentage of graduates that have continued working in Detroit. Some of the reasons may be the competitive salary Detroit offers upon receipt of the masters, the relatively low cost of living in and around the city of Detroit, the enormous cultural diversity Southeastern Michigan portrays, and the very alive cultural arts scene the area offers.

My family and I have opted to live in the Ann Arbor area, located 40 minutes west of Detroit. Many of the fellows start out the program residing in Ann Arbor and eventually move closer to or into Detroit. Being the home of one of the country's largest universities, Ann Arbor offers something for absolutely everyone including fine arts, athletics, nightlife, and overall university atmosphere.

I would appreciate it if you would share this information with current Volunteers in Ecuador. Many may have read about the program in Hotline or other P.C. publications and hopefully this may supply interested volunteers with further information. If current Volunteers want to receive further information regarding the program, they may send correspondence to Mike Heffernan, 296 W. Eisenhower Pkwy., Ann Arbor, MI 48103. Thank you.

Friends,
Michael R. Heffernan





FRITADA & HORNADO LOVERS BEWARE!

I can remember when I was a Health Volunteer in the province of Loja, accompanying the Health Inspector to the market. He made the rounds of the meat stalls inspecting the pork and confiscated half a pig from one of the vendors despite her loud protests. The meat was full of small hard pea-sized balls called cysticerci. On another occasion I saw several men holding down a squealing pig while another was pulling out its tongue.

I asked someone what was going on and they explained that the pig was being examined to see if it had "bolitas" on its tongue before it was slaughtered - a sign of cysticercosis.

In Changaimira, as in most rural communities of Ecuador, the pork tapeworm and cysticercosis are endemic. Unfortunately, rural Ecuador has all the ingredients to allow these diseases to run rampant:

-Close contact between pigs and people

-Lack of latrines and proper waste disposal

-Pigs are allowed to wander freely, eating everything including human feces

-An economic situation in which a family's pig represents a large chunk of its income. As a result, pigs are slaughtered, sold and eaten whether they have cysticercosis or not...

Cysticercosis in man describes a condition in which pork tapeworm larva inbeds in soft tissue, principally that of the brain, muscle and eye. In order to understand how this disease is transmitted, one must first understand the life cycle of the pork tapeworm (*Taenia Solium*).

T. Solium is a species of giant tapeworm. Humans contract this parasite through the ingestion of raw or undercooked pork from an infected pig. The encysted larva in the muscle of the pig is digested and matures within months into a tapeworm. *T. Solium* has a head with a hook that attaches itself to the wall of the small intestine. From the neck area, a ribbon-like series of segments (proglottids) is constantly produced. A mature tapeworm measures 8-10 feet in length and has approximately 1000 proglottids, each of which contains 50,000 eggs. Proglottids are passed in the stool and are often described as looking like "melon seeds". Otherwise, *T. Solium* infections cause little or no symptoms.

Through the excretion of proglottids in the human feces, *T. Solium* eggs are released into soil and water in countries such as Ecuador, where sanitation is poor. Pigs (filthy creatures that they are!) love to eat human feces and in this way they ingest the eggs of *T. Solium*. The eggs are digested in the pig's stomach, penetrate the intestinal wall and then localize in tissue. Thus the life cycle continues.

In the case of human cysticercosis, man replaces the pig as the intermediate host of the *T. Solium* tapeworm.

In other words, humans instead of pigs ingest the eggs of the *T. Solium* via contaminated food and water. The eggs hatch in the stomach and form cysts in any tissue of the body, with a predilection for the brain, eyes, muscle subcutaneous tissue, liver, lungs and peritoneum.

Transmission can occur in various ways. Person to person transmission occurs when eggs passed by a person with an adult tapeworm contaminate the food or water consumed by a second person. A person with a tapeworm can also infect himself through the fecal-oral route. It has been suggested that auto-infection can occur through reverse peristalsis of eggs back into the stomach, but there is no proof of this phenomenon.

Once the larvae localize in tissue, they become "walled-off" in the form of cysts. Cysts usually don't cause symptoms until they degenerate, a process which usually takes several (3-5) years. This degeneration causes an inflammatory process which can result in a variety of symptoms, depending on the location of the cyst. Usually patients are presented with neurological symptoms (seizures, increased intracranial pressure, etc.) since brain cysts are the most likely to cause symptoms.

Dagnosis is usually based on X-rays and a biopsy. Treatment options include drug therapy, surgery and symptomatic treatment. The drug praziquantel has been found to cross the blood-brain barrier and kill cysticerci, although it does not affect the diseases caused by calcified cysts or tissue damage.

T. Solium and cysticercosis are rare in the United States (mainly seen in immigrants from endemic areas) but are endemic throughout Latin America.

Exact incidence rates are unknown, but statistics from Mexico City reveal that cysticercosis accounts for 10% of all hospital admissions for neurological conditions. The rate of neurocysticercosis among the general population is estimated to be 1.4-3.6% in Mexico.

Similar rates probably exist in Ecuador.

The good news is that *T. Solium* and cysticercosis can be easily prevented. Examine pork well for cysts before buying it. *Cysticerci* in pork can be killed by freezing pork at -20 C for 12 hours or by cooking it at 50 C. It is recommended that pork be cooked for at least 1/2 hour per lb. or until gray. Human cysticercosis can be prevented by the boiling of water and disinfection of fruits and vegetables particularly lettuce, carrots, strawberries and others that grow close to the ground and are often contaminated with human feces. On a more global scale, keep up your work with health education, latrization, safe water systems, control of pigs, etc.; this will ultimately eradicate this terrible disease.

by PCMO Sarah Dettman

The nurses would also like to remind Volunteers from Omnibuses 69 and 72 that they were due for GG's in March. Get yours ASAP if you haven't already. Omnibus 70 is due for their GG's the first two weeks of April. Omnibus 71 is due for midterm medical exams. Call the office to schedule if you haven't done so.

Condom Update: Remember, to prevent condom breakage...

- Store in a cool, dark place. Your first aid kit is ideal.
- Protect from heat



*Do not twist, bite, or prick condom with a pin

and light (particularly UV rays).
- Do not store in wallets or clothing pockets, where compression and mechanical damage can affect condom integrity.

- Check expiration date, if the condom has one.

In general, do not use a condom that you have had (under ideal storage conditions) for more than a year.

- If the condom feels sticky or stiff or looks damaged in any way, throw it out and use a fresh one.

- Squeeze the tip of the condom to remove air.

- Use only a water-based lubricant (which is available from PCMOs). Remember that vaseline, oil, or cold creams can break a condom.

Problems with breakage have been reported in other P.C. countries as well. If you experience problems with condom breakage, call the nurses and give them the lot number off of the foil wrapper. Washington P.C. staffers Morris Manley and Tiny Banks, condom quality control officers (CQCOs), are storming the condom stores in a search of a more reliable product.

One more note: We are now recycling medicine bottles, so bring us any empties that you have.

from your PCMOs

Women News

To work as a Peace Corps volunteer means the majority of our work is with and for the women and children of this country. For International Women's Day 1995, I have been fortunate enough to have come across a group of women interested in understanding and commemorating the Day of the Woman.

In the works, with the director of INNFA in Azogues, I am organizing a round table for IWD to present to the women an overview of the history of IWD and to discuss the issues women of Ecuador face now and in the future. We are going to have a panel of six women: a single mother, a young professional, a mature woman with perspectives of the past but dynamics for the future, a high school girl, an office working woman, and a community leader.

After the women are presented, we will discuss each of their situations and the issues related to their successes and failures as women in Ecuador. Then, we will have an open discussion with the audience to see just how we can work together to understand our situation as women and to think about how it may change in the future.

It is open to all interested in coming to Azogues on the afternoon of the 8th, with hopes that the husbands, cousins, brothers, and friends of the women will take an interest as well. From this discussion, I hope to be able to get an interest from the women who attend to possibly pull together and form a group of their own to develop strategies to better understand their circumstances and to find a way to make life a little better.

by Rebecca Gigliotti
WID Coordinator



New Women's Magazine

Ya está en circulación el nuevo número del boletín informativo Mujer Hoy, editado por el Foro Nacional Permanente de la Mujer Ecuatoriana. La publicación toca temas relacionados con la problemática de género. El costo unitario es de mil sucres y la suscripción para ocho números tiene un valor de seis mil sucres. Las personas interesadas pueden solicitar información en el CRIMME. Avenida Colon 1815 y Diez de Agosto. Telefono 525 642.

Women's Groups That Work

-Acción Mujeres Ecuatorianas (AME): trabaja con mujeres y marginadas urbanas en la mejora de condiciones de vida, a través de cursos artesanales y de formación ocupacional. Babahoyo, telefono 730446.

-Agrupación 10: apoyo a jóvenes en situaciones de riesgo y atención a chicas de la calle. Portoviejo, telefono 652856.

-Asociación Mujeres de Azuay (AMA): trabaja en la promoción de la presencia de la mujer en organizaciones nacionales y servicio a madres usuarias del Tribunal de Menores de Azuay. Cuenca, 822407.

-Fundación Maria Guare: tiene proyectos de prevención de la violencia familiar y contra la mujer; investigación sobre trabajo no remunerado; agencia de servicio. Guayaquil, 312353.

-Centro Cultural de Mujeres "Identidad": educación, formación y difusión sobre la salud y sexualidad; diagnóstico y tratamiento medico para mujeres; y apoyo para la nutrición. Quito, 232471.

-Centro Ecuatoriano para la Promoción y Acción de la Mujer (Cepam): casa refugio para mujeres maltratadas; taller infantil para niños. Quito, 230844, 546155.

Submitted by Country Director Jean Siegle, taken from El Comercio, 1 March 1995.

Fun With Food

Tuna Burgers

1 can tuna, drained
10 crackers Rica (crushed)
spices (garlic powder, basil oregano, paprika)
1 small onion finely chopped
worcestershire sauce
1 egg

Mix all ingredients, until you attain a hamburger-like consistency. Form into burger shapes and fry in a tad of oil. *Add more crackers and egg to expand recipe.

Peanut Curry Spaghetti

(Thai-Style)
(PC Dominican Republic Newsletter)
1/4 lb. spaghetti
2 Tbsp
1 large chopped onion
4 cloves crushed garlic
3 Tbsp curry powder
1 Tbsp chili powder
1 cup water
1/2 tsp chopped fresh ginger
2 - ounce packages of peanuts
2 chopped carrots
4 chopped green peppers
2 tsp honey

Cook spaghetti and set aside. Heat the oil and saute the onion, garlic and ginger. Add curry, chili powder, carrots and peppers. Stir in the water, honey and one ounce of peanuts and bring to a boil. Keep simmering until the ingredients form a sauce. Crush the remaining peanuts. Serve over the spaghetti and top with crushed peanuts.

Charna's Curried Lentil and Barley Salad

(a complete protein)
Salad

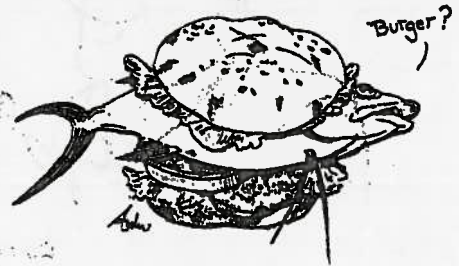
2 medium onions
1 bell pepper
2-3 medium carrots
1 cup pearl barley (cebada perlada)
1/2 cup lentils
2 1/2 cups water
Dressing
3 Tbsp vegetable oil
2 Tbsp vinegar
1/2 tsp salt
1/4 tsp pepper
1 tsp curry powder (or to taste)

Combine barley, lentils and water in a pot and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer, covered, 20-30 minutes or until lentils and barley are soft and all water has been absorbed (or use a pressure cooker and cook 10-15 minutes). Clean peppers and peel onions and carrots. Dice all of the vegetables. Cool lentil and barley mix and add diced vegetables. Toss with dressing. Serves 4-6. This gets better the longer it sits.

Quick Bread Recipe

1 cup white flour
1 cup whole wheat flour
1/2 cup oatmeal
1 tsp salt
1/2 cup banana, soy or more whole wheat flour
1/2 cup sugar or panela
1 Tbsp baking powder
1 1/2 cup milk
1 egg
1/2 cup oil

Mix dry ingredients' then add the rest. Bake in campo oven on medium heat. The time needed to bake will depend on your oven. Experiment! (with nuts, fruits, other spices, etc.)



DATE	DESCRIPTION	AMOUNT	BALANCE
1/1	Opening Balance		100.00
1/15	Deposit	50.00	150.00
2/1	Withdrawal	20.00	130.00
2/15	Deposit	30.00	160.00
3/1	Withdrawal	10.00	150.00
3/15	Deposit	40.00	190.00
4/1	Withdrawal	15.00	175.00
4/15	Deposit	25.00	200.00
5/1	Withdrawal	10.00	190.00
5/15	Deposit	35.00	225.00
6/1	Withdrawal	20.00	205.00
6/15	Deposit	45.00	250.00
7/1	Withdrawal	15.00	235.00
7/15	Deposit	30.00	265.00
8/1	Withdrawal	10.00	255.00
8/15	Deposit	40.00	295.00
9/1	Withdrawal	25.00	270.00
9/15	Deposit	50.00	320.00
10/1	Withdrawal	15.00	305.00
10/15	Deposit	35.00	340.00
11/1	Withdrawal	10.00	330.00
11/15	Deposit	45.00	375.00
12/1	Withdrawal	20.00	355.00
12/15	Deposit	55.00	410.00
12/31	Closing Balance		410.00

CALENDAR

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 12-15-1980
 12-31-1980

UNCONVENTIONAL WARFARE

Squabbling neighbors, balloon warfare, and violence against animals, it hasn't exactly been 'peace'ful around here.

The Fare	uCW
The Conflict	↓ "War! What is it good for? Absolutely nothing!"
Carnaval	↔ It's fun if you want to play and sucks if you don't.
VAC & Censorship	↓ Get off of our backs, would you?
Maple's price war	↓ Per-diem's been the same for 1-1/2 years. Prices have nearly doubled in that time.
The Death of Ito	↓ So he harassed a few people, he was an Ecuadog, wasn't he?
Pro/Anti Choice	↓ We'll be arguing about this forever, won't we.

— Juan Carlos Velasquez

CALENDAR

- March 22-24: PDM Workshop Omnibus 71 Tumbaco
- March 24-26: Job Conference RURAL INFRASTRUCTURE Ibarra
- March 27-31: Solid Waste Management Workshop Ibarra
- April 1-5: Environment/SED conference in Washington, D.C. (Francisco and Nelson)
- April 6-8: Business conference in Washington, D.C. (Nelson and invited counterpart)
- April 14: Good Friday Ecuadorian holiday
- April 16: Easter Sunday
- April 19-21: Job Conference HOUSING TBA
- May 1: Labor Day Ecuadorian holiday
- May 5: Omnibus 73 swears in
- May 15-18: Six-month conference for Omnibus 72 in Tumbaco