

# Shadow Day

(or a Quito Volunteer's First Experience in the Campo)

by Carolyn Shields, Quito

Although March 8th was officially *International Day of the Woman*, I shadowed an Ecuadorian woman from the evening of Friday, February 24th until late afternoon on Saturday, February 25th. The woman I chose to shadow is named Angela Villana, Angela, or Angelita, as her friends and family call her, lives on the top of a mountain near a pueblo called Puchara, which is located between the better-known pueblo of Nanegal and Quito. Because of the inaccessibility of Angelita's house high in the mountains, it was necessary for my Ecuadorean friend Marta (Angelita's cousin, coincidentally) to accompany me. Because of these complications, we thought it better to leave on a Friday night so that we would be there and ready to go when Angelita rose in the morning. The following is an account of my experience.

**8:00 p.m.** As we enter Angelita's house, the first thing I do is whack my head on the doorframe. These houses weren't constructed for gringos, and I am probably the tallest person to ever enter that house. As soon as we are inside Angelita says, "Please excuse our poverty." I was to hear that about 100 more times before I left her house on Saturday afternoon.

Angelita has soup ready for us, but I let Marta do the talking

who explains that we had just eaten two bowls of soup and couldn't possibly eat anymore. Angelita eventually accepts this explanation, so we sit comfortably near the fire while she, Carlos, her husband, and their 14-year-old daughter, Maribel have their dinner.

Although Angelita's Spanish is difficult for me to understand, I find it fascinating to just watch her talk. And boy, can she talk! She talks for an hour without taking a breath, and jumps from topic to topic so rapidly that I lose the stream of conversation after about ten minutes. I get the feeling that Angelita is very glad to have some company. Marta, who knows my problems with the language, turns to me and explains what they are talking about every once in a while, which I think is very nice of her.



**9:00 p.m.** After dinner and still talking, Angelita begins to prepare the milk containers that she carries to and from the cows they keep a few miles from their home. As she cleans the milk containers, she explains that they own four cows. Carlos will milk the one difficult to get to before breakfast tomorrow morning, and then Marta and I will go with Angelita later to milk the other three cows that are further away but actually easier to get to. I feel like a tourist, but I really want to take a picture of Angelita sitting next to the fire cleaning out her milk containers, so I ask her permission to do so. She is highly embarrassed but understands the purpose of our being there and the importance of *International Day of the Woman*, and so is very obliging. Actually, she was a real trooper about all of the pictures that were to follow. I found it comical that the reply, "Gracias, señorita," came after every picture, as though I was doing her a favor, and not the other way around.

**10:00 p.m.** The family shows us to our beds, and is completely enthralled over my sleeping bag, telling me they have never seen one before. Angelita takes us to the latrine a few hundred feet away from the house, but we are not offered water to wash our hands or faces, or to brush our teeth. Oh well—just this once won't kill me.

10:10 p.m. All three members of the family hang out in our room for a while, and Marta looks at me with a look that says, "I'm tired—why don't they go to bed?" Marta and I can't get changed or go to bed for another half hour. Maybe the family wanted to make sure we were comfortable in our room, who knows?

10:40 p.m. The family finally leaves and we prepare for bed. My bed is only a hard wooden bed-frame, but I'm so tired I could sleep on the floor with no problem...

10:41 p.m. I discover that Marta snores. Loudly.

Saturday, 2:00 a.m. I must have finally fallen asleep at some point despite the snoring, because I am awakened by the dog barking outside. Unfortunately, I also find that I have to use the latrine again. Badly.

My options: 1.) Get up and go to the latrine. Great idea, but it is so dark I'd never find it without a light, and the little gas lamp is next to Marta's bed, across the room. And even if I find the light I'd have no idea how to light it. I'd have to wake up Marta, and I don't want to disturb her. Plus, what if the dog, who doesn't know me, is outside and decides I'm robbing the house? I'd really want Marta to accompany me. 2.) Wait till morning. I choose Option Two.

2:30 a.m. I change my mind and opt for One. I wake up Marta and we walk to the latrine together. What a trooper Marta is!

2:35 a.m. Marta snores again.

4:00 a.m. The roosters start crowing. It's a cool sound, and I listen to them for a while and can't believe that the others are

actually sleeping through the racket. I'm such a city girl.

5:30 a.m. I can hear the family stirring in the other room. I too, wish to rise, but it is still dark and the lamp remains at Marta's side.

5:50 a.m. I wake up Marta for the second time to ask her to light the lamp. I feel badly, but Angelita has started her day and I'm missing it! Once we're able to see, we realize a mother hen and about five of her chicks have



entered our room at some point during the night and have taken up residence in the corner.

6:00 a.m. I go outside and am greeted by the most beautiful morning I have ever seen in my life. We are on the top of a mountain. The sun is casting shadows in brilliant shades of green mixed with the low clouds that float serenely across the landscape. It is absolutely breathtaking.

I am in time to watch Carlos as he rapidly descends the face of the mountain, once again impressing me with his speed and agility in a potentially dangerous situations. He carries an empty milk container with him on his

way to milk the cow. The rest of us will wait for him to return before leaving to milk the other three.

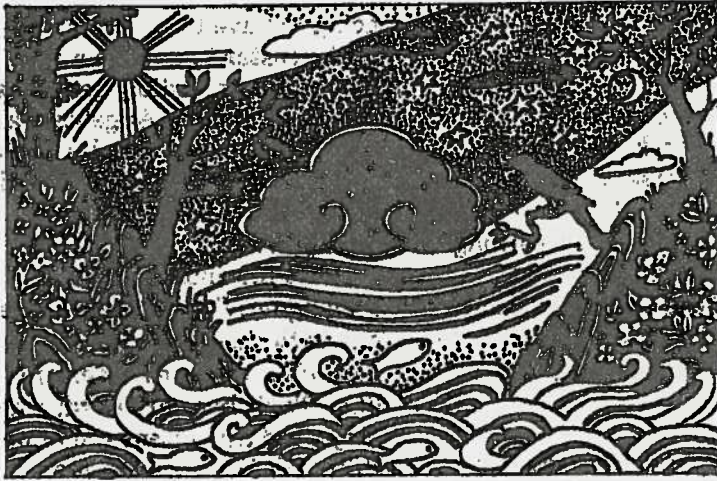
6:10 a.m. I go into the dark room where we have spent the previous evening. Maribel is busily preparing food. Angelita is crouched in front of the fire rapidly picking dried kernels of corn off the cob. "Food for the chickens," she explains to me. I offer to help her. We sit amicably together and chat until we've accumulated enough kernels of corn to feed the chickens-breakfast.

6:55 a.m. Angelita feeds the chickens. What a great picture!

7:00 a.m. Maribel gives me two hard-boiled eggs for breakfast. Cool! Hard-boiled eggs, I can handle. I peel the first one—looks bad and smells bad. Uh oh! Am I just being super-paranoid about food at this point or am I just not used to fresh eggs? I tell myself to stop being silly and eat the stupid egg. I taste it, and it's horrible.

There's no way in the world I can eat it. Skeptically, I peel the second egg, and it's fine, thank God. I eat the second egg and look around for the garbage so I can dispose of the other without being noticed. But, Maribel sees me and taking my plate, sets it on the table. Rats! There is my uneaten egg for all to see! Of course, Angelita notices it, picks it up, smells it and starts yelling at Maribel for giving me a rotten egg. Angelita is embarrassed and apologizes to me again and again. "Do I want another?" I assure I don't mind at all, and that I'll wait for the empanadas that Maribel is making.

7:15 a.m. Carlos comes home. I help Maribel fill empanadas with cheese and, oh no, lettuce! Have you ever tried making



empanadas in a room where you can't stand fully upright? I wouldn't recommend it. Maribel serves Carlos soup. Angelita is busily scrubbing pots outside.

**7:30 a.m.** Carlos is ready for more soup. He is an arm's length away from the soup pot over the fire on the floor, and is repeating the word, "Gracias." All of the women are busy and don't hear him at first. I think I am the first person to realize that he is expecting either Maribel or Angelita to stop their work, come over to the pot two inches away from his nose, and spoon more soup into his bowl. His cries of "Gracias!" get louder and louder until Maribel finally runs over to him, gets him more soup, and runs back to making empanadas without missing a beat. Hmm.

**7:40 a.m.** Angelita carries a huge, heavy bucket full of horrid-looking stuff over to where two pigs are tied to pickets and pours the "stuff" into their feeding containers. One of the pigs is tangled up in the rope. Angelita and Carlos are fighting to untangle it. The pig makes a deafening noise drowning out the heating argument. Angelita and Carlos are having about what, I have no idea.

**7:50 a.m.** We all sit down to a delicious breakfast of empanadas and hot chocolate, that Marta

and I brought with us, made with fresh milk. The chocolate drowns out the taste of the milk, and I'm able to down the whole thing! It isn't until I am almost finished with my last empanada that I see a mouse run across the floor.

**8:00 a.m.** Angelita and Marta linger over their breakfast conversation, and I ask Angelita a few questions about herself and her life. I learn that the place where they live now is called El Chical, but that Angelita was born 57 years ago further up the mountain. When she was two years old her family settled in El Chical in the house her parents still inhabit today—the house of an elderly couple I visited last night. I learn that Angelita was married to another man before Carlos, and has four children. She married Carlos after her first husband's death and had four more children. Maribel is the youngest.

I discover that Angelita and Marta are becoming very emotional, both crying at various times during the conversation. This strikes me as rather strange, because I know Marta fairly well and I have never known her to burst into tears during a normal breakfast conversation. Before breakfast, Marta said grace, and became so overwhelmed she had cried then too. Maybe this is the way

people are in the campo? I find it interesting that Marta seems so comfortable with this culture. She can just jump right in and cry on cue (not that she's faking it—I truly believe her tears were sincere), while for all the time I've known her in Quito, I'd never once seen her cry before.

**8:30 a.m.** Carlos enters the room with a dead rooster and ties it by the feet to the ladder leading up to the attic. Gross! It looks as though I'm going to be obligated to eat part of this animal later. Angelita takes the sorry thing, puts it in a bucket and pours boiling water over it to make it easier to pluck out the feathers. Marta tells me to help Angelita pluck out the feathers while she takes a picture of the two of us working together, but I gracefully decline this offer.

**8:45 a.m.** We're ready to milk the cows! Marta, Angelita, Maribel and I set off, ascending across the beautiful sun-bathed mountains, driving three baby calves before us.

**8:00 a.m.** As we're ascending, Maribel looks back down at the house and spots a man walking along the trail towards it. They're not expecting any visitors today, but are reluctant to continue on without knowing first the reason the man has come. Angelita and Maribel whistle and shout at the man until he finally hears them, and then we sit on the grass and wait for him to catch up to us. As he gets closer they realize it's one of Angelita's sons—the 19-year-old, Maribel's younger brother who lives in Quito now. Angelita and Maribel are very excited he is able to meet me—I can tell they have match-making on their minds. What do they think—that I am going to fall in love with a 19-year-old boy? I try not to encourage their talk too much.

**9:50 a.m.** We arrive at the cow pasture. Maribel slaps and shouts in an attempt to move the herd to a more convenient place for milking—something I probably wouldn't have done. These cows are huge! Maribel starts milking like crazy, and I just have to try it...

**10:00 a.m.** Carolyn milks a cow!

**10:40 a.m.** Finally the milking is over and I am quite glad to be moving again—clouds have moved in over the mountain. The temperature has dropped at least 20 degrees, and I am freezing. Next we visit Carlos who is working on the family's crops on the steep side of the mountain. As an experienced hiker and backpacker, I'm surprised that just getting over to where Carlos is working just terrifies me. I walk with my right hand touching the side of the mountain, my left just dangling in space. I find it incredible that people actually work and plant crops in a place where I'm afraid to walk. Seriously, if one of us had slipped, we would have become part of the mountain.

Marta is just as terrified as I am, so the two of us basically "stick" to one spot while we watch the family work. Angelita and her family move about the mountain with confidence—it was obvious that they had all been born on the mountain and had been doing this work their entire lives. Above us, Carlos is using a hoe. Angelita, still in her bare feet, has taken out her machete and is hacking at overgrown weeds. Maribel and her brother begin collecting debris, dried wood and brambles, and start to burn them. I can't help but think that if I had stumbled upon this scene centuries ago, it would have looked much the same.

**11:45 a.m.** Everyone except Carlos leaves to go back to the house. A full container of fresh milk is tied to my back with an empty rice sack. On the way home I converse with Angelita, who tells me that often she spends the entire day working in the fields with Carlos. At midday, Maribel brings them lunch so that they don't have to stop work and go back to the house to eat.

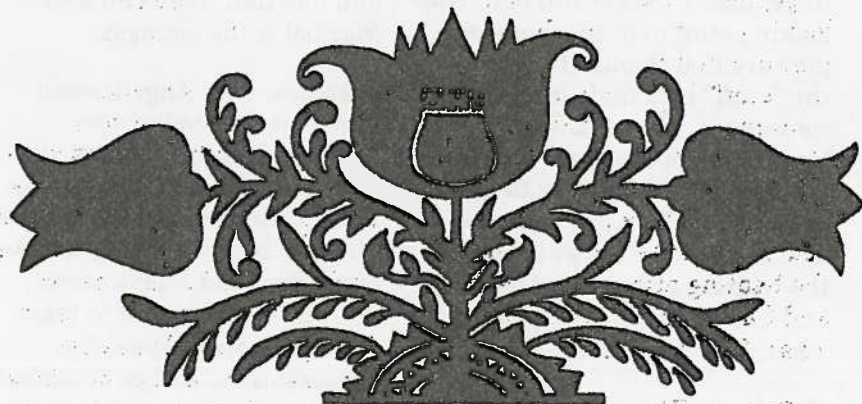
Just before we reach the house I discover that my milk container has leaked, and that the back of my jeans are soaked. Oh joy.

**12:30 p.m.** We arrive at the house and everyone's busy with various chores. Marta cuts up the unfortunate rooster while Angelita does some laundry in the lavanderia. Between this time and the time lunch is ready, Angelita and Maribel are never still. They are doing wash, collecting eggs, sewing clothes, gathering firewood, peeling potatoes and preparing food. I try to be as helpful as I can without getting in the way. The whole time she is working, Angelita is talking, telling me about every encounter she's ever had with a gringo. As my name continuously eludes her, she affectionately refers to me as, "la sefiorita gringuita."

**3:00 p.m.** Lunch time! The moment of truth arrives. I'm

going to have to eat a part of that rooster in order not to offend this incredibly generous family. But first, Angelita wants to say Grace. She gets herself so choked up that by the end of the prayer she is sobbing and can hardly speak. I tend to think this is a bit unnecessary, but then again, I've only spent one day with these people—I have no idea what their real lives are like. Their lives are hard; maybe they need this intense relationship with God to make life bearable.

Angelita hands me a bowl of soup containing a rooster leg. I eat the broth first, trying not to look at the meat. When the broth is gone, I know I have to do it. I want to bite into the leg like everyone else is doing, but I just can't. All I can think about is how that very same rooster woke me up at 4:00 a.m. and how it looked so pretty with all of the feathers on. I think that maybe if I cut the meat into little pieces and spread them around my plate, maybe I can get away with not eating much. Marta sees me trying to cut the leg into pieces and says, "Carolina, would it be all right if we saved your piece of chicken for Julio--Julie is her husband--he just loves chicken. Here, give your piece to me. . . ." Did I mention that I think Marta is just about the most beautiful woman in the world?



**4:00 p.m.** It's time for Marta and I to head back down the mountain to meet Julio, who has promised to be waiting for us at the bottom of the trail at 5:00 p.m. Angelita and Carlos tell us they're going back to where their crops are, to dig up some onions and other vegetables for us to take home, then will follow us down the trail. I think this is a lot of unnecessary walking so Marta and I head down the trail and Angelita and Carlos take off at a run in the opposite direction. I think, "No wonder Angelita is so skinny!"

As we walk down the trail, it begins to rain. We stop at Marta's godmother's house to say good-bye. We make a visit to the family who gave up the daughter Marta's sister recently adopted. Marta and I descend the trail rapidly, so as not to make Julio wait for us too long. Even through the rain and clouds, I savor the last glimpses I'll have of these mountains for awhile. About halfway down the mountain, Marta's godmother's entire family catches up to us—they want to say hello to Julio.

**5:00 p.m.** Julio is there waiting for us at the bottom, and as soon as Marta's godmother has greeted him, she begins to collect fire wood and make a small fire. For the first time, I notice that she has brought a pot of food down the mountain with her. "What is she doing?" I ask Marta. Marta assesses the situation and tells me, "She's heating up soup for Julio." Can you believe it?

**5:10 p.m.** Here comes Angelita and Carlos with sacks of vegetables on their backs, running down the mountain in the rain. I can't believe how quickly they've made it here—they must've run the entire way. They enjoy talking with Julio.

He's eating the soup godmother prepared for him by the godmother.

**5:45 p.m.** It's time for us to go. I say my thank-yous and good-byes, and assure Angelita that I would definitely would like to come back to visit her again. The whole group of them stand, waving, as we climb into the truck and slowly pull out onto the road. Once on the road I turn back to look at them just one more time. They have turned, and in the rain, have begun to walk up the mountain. •

## NUESTRO Idioma

by Ruth Navarrete,  
Bellavista

**B**efore I begin, let me just say, that this wasn't my idea. No, I don't claim to be all-knowing in *nuestro idioma*, and mostly, I feel bad when my friends get self-conscious about speaking it in front of me. But I was asked, since Chris is going back to the land of hot showers and flushable toilet tissue, so here is my humble contribution to your Spanish fluency.

I would like to ask that you send me your questions, ideas, comments and yes, I will even take criticisms for this column.

This time, I'm going to touch on one of your all-time favorites: *por* vs. *para*. I know you can hardly wait!

**POR** (for, by, through):

**time:** Hablé con María por tres horas anoche. *I talked to María for three hours last night.*

**general time/area:** Voy a ir a la playa por la tarde. *I'm going to the beach in the afternoon.* José no quiere pasar por el parque porque ellos están allí. *José does not want to pass by (go through) the park because they're there.*  
**in exchange for/owing:** Yo solamente pagué 5.000 sucres por la entrada. *I only paid 5.000 sucres for the entrance fee.*  
**transportation:** Vamos a hacer la mitad del viaje por avión, la mitad por tierra. *We're going to do half the trip by plane, half by land.*

**substitute for:** Cuando no estés aquí, puedes pedirle a alguien que haga eso por tí? *When you're not here, can you ask someone to do that for you?*

**PARA** (for, in order to):

**recipient:** Hay una carta para Lisa en la casilla. *There's a letter for Lisa in the box.*

**in order to:** Para hacer la pizza, necesitamos un molde más grande. *In order to make the pizza, we need a bigger pan.*

**destination:** Mañana me voy para los Estados Unidos. *Tomorrow, I'm leaving for the United States.*

**employer:** El trabaja para el Ministerio de Educación. *He works for the Ministry of Education.*

**deadline:** Necesito terminar este informe para el lunes. *I need to finish this report by Monday.*

**TIP:** When giving directions, use *por* with *aquí* and *allí*. Hay algún restaurante por aquí? Sí, hay uno por allí. *Is there a restaurant somewhere around here? Yes, there is one over there.* And use *para* with *acá* and *allá*: Cuando te vas para allá? *When are you going over there?*

Well, eso es todo por hoy. Don't forget to write! Casilla 413, Portoviejo. Qué lo pasen bonito. •

**“Dude**, I think they're extras, man!” exclaimed Tommy, as we cruised down Sunset Boulevard.

“Yeah man, they get paid by the Chamber of Commerce,” I answer. My nerves tighten as just then, Tommy makes an impossible right side pass, narrowly missing a parked car. I don't know why I'm still not used to his driving. Tommy, man, he's nuts.

We're on our way to Tower Records, just screwing around on a Thursday afternoon. We've been making the observation about how unreal some of the people on the street look.

Tommy continues the analysis, “It's just like Disneyland. Except in Hollywood, hundreds of extras gather every morning. Instead of Mickey and Goofy costumes, they get the ‘Joe Cool’ outfit or the ‘Harley Dude’ suit.”

“Oh man, can you imagine?”

“Dude, look at that phoo-phoo couple!” Tommy shouts, as a particularly entertaining couple walks out of a restaurant.

“Man, they have to get paid to look like that.”

“F . . . . . K! That's crazy!” Tommy likes to stretch out his words for emphasis. It gives him this quality of being amazed at the world when it takes a wrong turn.

“Dude, I think some of them get cars, too. Look at how it always seems these glamour ‘Hollyweirds’ are getting in and out of their cars on the sidewalk but they never

seem to be inside anywhere.”

“You're right man. I bet they just drive up and down the street getting in and out of their cars every couple of blocks.”

“Yeah, it's gotta be some PR scam to make Hollywood seem cool.”

“Yeah, yeah man. They get some cool Melrose clothes, lease out some ‘Beamers’ and Porsches and pay unemployed college grads to look cool on Sunset all day for the tourists.”

“Yeah, and then they have a special nightcrew of freakos.”

“Maybe we should do it, man.”

“No way! We'd probably take off in a Porsche and drive to Mexico.”

At the moment, that doesn't sound like a bad idea. But I know snaking stuff isn't really in either of us.

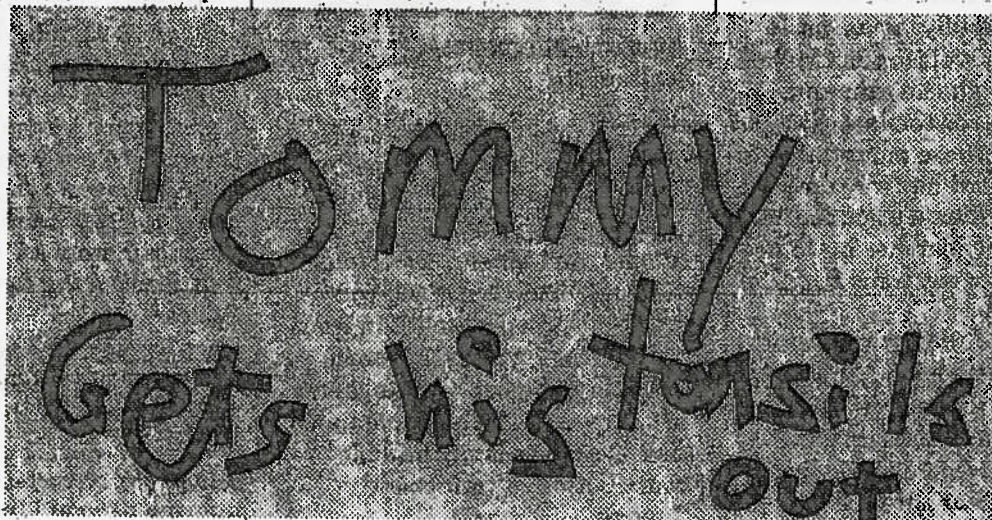
This is our regular ritual. Going record shopping in

paved, ideally located and we would never park there. See, right at Tower is ‘the’ parking lot. It's been the only one for a long time. It has attendants, but you park yourself; unlike just about every other place in town. They're there to control traffic. The lot is always full. It's very orderly—the first in, gets the first available space. Most people who didn't want to wait, used to just park on the side streets, but now there's that new bogus lot. All the posers park there so they won't have to wait, but now the old lot isn't always full. It is sort of like the city itself. As downtown became more crowded, people started moving out to bogus suburbs, specifically ones in Orange County. Now you can get a place pretty cheap downtown and you don't have to wait in an hour of traffic every morning like all the OC losers. It's probably those same losers who are walking

the extra block to Tower.

We park with no problem and start the shopping ritual. Right away, the ambiance hits us. The store is way too small, crowded and noisy. It is freakin'

cool, man. We make the usual stops: New Releases, Imports and CD Singles. I am not buying much today. I'll be out of the country soon and CDs are not on my packing list. Tommy, as usual, is on a mission to find some rare, obscure something or other, and money never seems to be an issue. We get to that point where we are both sick of being in one place for too long and give each other the look. Usually, it hits both of us at the same time. Being Thursday, we pick up



the afternoon. It's sort of the LA thing to do. Today we're hitting Tower Records on Sunset Boulevard. There are other stores with the same stuff; there are even better stores, but they're not Sunset Tower. Record buying for us is a religion, an event. Other days we'll hit the used CD stores. Those trips always set us back \$50, at least. Tower's for the new stuff.

Tower's got this new bogus parking lot a block up Sunset. It's well lit, newly

the LA Weekly on our way out. It is more out of habit than anything else. We have sort of lost touch on hip, cutting-edge LA. The club listings don't mean as much as they used to and the liberal banter doesn't peak my interest. I seem to be more fed up than the alternative press, only now, I don't seem to care. Just another sign of being jaded. Damn it, I'm only 25 years old.

Having done Tower, we do the obvious—go for beers. Old Town Pasadena is our favorite hangout at the moment; more for convenience than anything else. Old 49er is the coolest bar, the only non-yuppie, phoo-phoo pool hall and we usually hang there. But being four in the afternoon, we want our own table, not one with "winner stays" rules like at the 49er. So we go to one of the most hideous bars in town,

CUES. CUES looks like a beer commercial: Nice, brightly-lit tables; several well-stocked bars. It is only four o'clock and there are only a few after-work customers; not the bogus, wannabe clientele that will arrive later. Right away, we order a pitcher. It is half-price happy hour until seven.

It is important to know how we are dressed. Tommy has a goatee, and long hair and is wearing a black Tee with the sleeves cut off to show his tattoo and jeans. I am wearing

long, cut-off shorts down below my knee, sandals and a white Tee. My hair is very short, almost an Army buzzcut. We are not the typical customers at CUES.

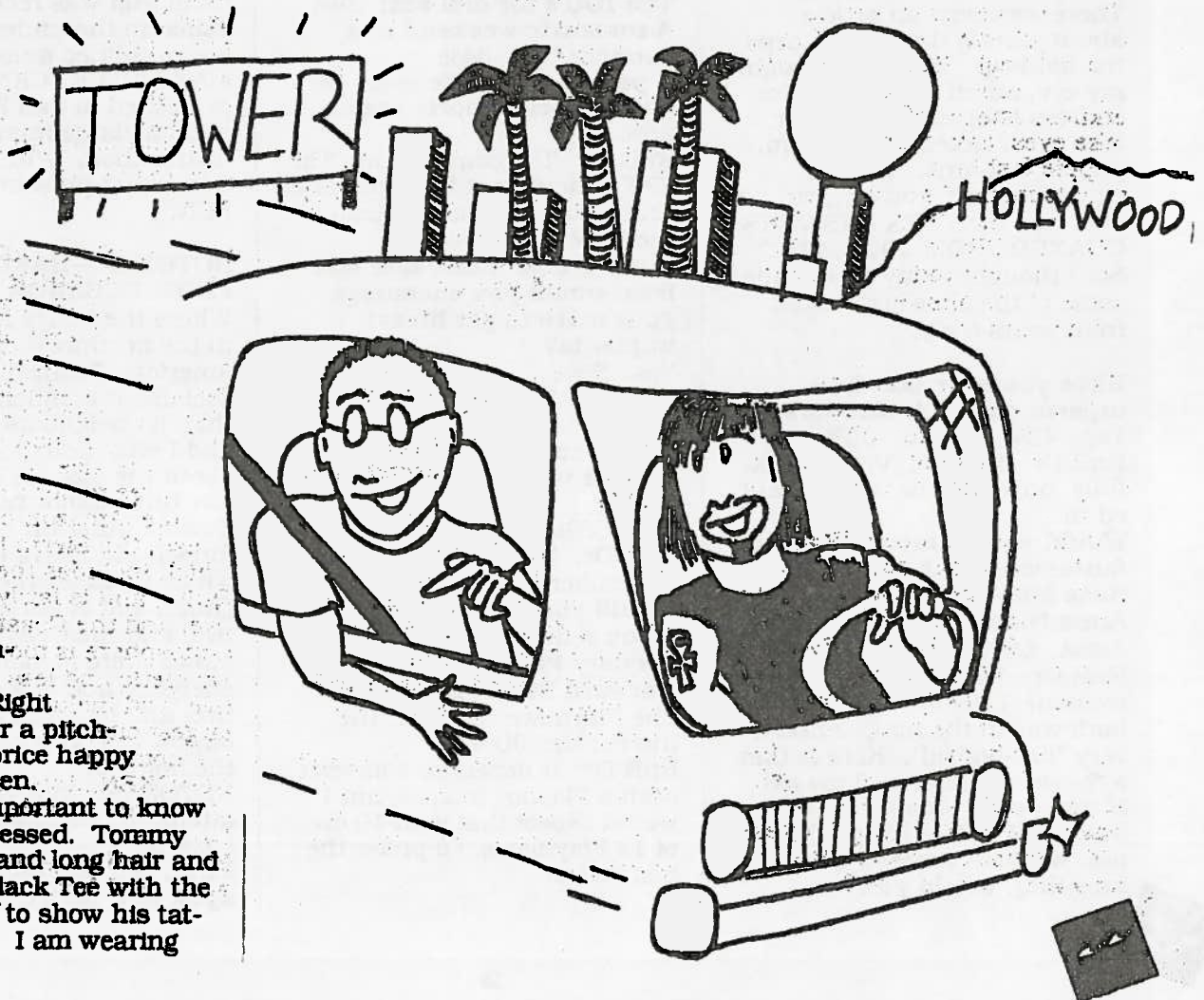
Drinking out of a pitcher goes very quickly and soon we are through three or four. We start flirting with the waitress and we are getting loud. At about eight or nine, the poser crowd starts showing up and Tommy and I are getting lit. We notice a security guard posted near our table, and we overhear the waitress telling him to watch "these" tables.

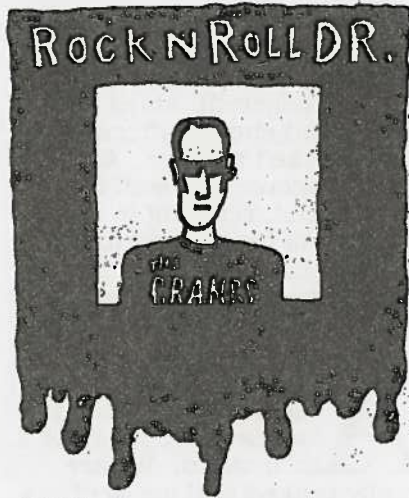
Our play is really diminishing, and groups of the Docker nation prep boys and poofy-haired lipsticked chicks start surrounding our previously quiet and peaceful environment. After our sixth pitcher or so, we are cut-off by the waitress. Of course,

this really pisses me off; I am getting belligerent, aided by the booze, and shortly afterwards, we are asked to leave. As I start to accuse the staff of being racist, refusing to leave, an army of brain-dead former football players and wannabe tough guys, surround us and escort us out of the building.

After yelling various insults at the door as we leave, we head for a taco stand. We are totally tanked and we wolf down burritos, barely tasting the salsa. Somehow, Tommy drives us home, and just before we get to my house, he pulls over and we both open our doors, lean out and puke our brains out. How long am I going to have these days?

By Juan Carlos Velasquez, Mira.





**S**everal people complained to me that my last column was lacking a particular theme:

**Sex.** Once again, I didn't have any ideas. But then I came across a literary publication in the Volunteer lounge that I had never read before. . . **GLAMOUR MAGAZINE.** Surprisingly, mildly entertaining! I especially like the page of photos of pretty women with tattoos. There was even an article about joining the Peace Corps (no kidding). But what caught my eye, much more than the endless images of dyed hair, fake eyes, caked-on makeup, yuppie fashions, "beauty equals money" ads etc., etc., etc., was the, "SEX ANSWERS COAXED FROM 1000 MEN." So, I thought today I'd include some of the answers coaxed from yours truly. . .

**Have you ever faked an orgasm during intercourse?**  
Yes: 43% No: 55%

**RnR Dr:** Hell no! Very thankfully, only once or twice I wanted to.

**Would you be more likely to fantasize about superwif Kate Moss or ex-Guess model Anna Nicole Smith?**

Anna: 69% Kate: 27%

**RnR Dr:** Who are these women? Luckily, a photo of both was in the mag. Anna is very "full-bodied". Kate is thin, a "boyish" figure, and my gal. **If you could sleep with a beautiful and willing 15-year-old, without anyone else knowing, would you?**

Yes: 54% No: 38%  
**RnR Dr.:** No (incriminating) comment.

**If you could be certain that your wife or girlfriend would never know, would you have sex with any of their friends?**

Yes: 55% No: 40%

**RnR Dr:** Definitely...NO! Believe it or not, I'm not a TOTAL scumbag. But it seems many men are...

**Which would you rather experience:**

**Fantastic sex with a woman who is NOT relationship material:** 43%

**So-so sex with a woman who IS relationship material:** 55%

**RnR Dr:** Uh-oh, maybe I am a total scumbag. I'd take the fantastic sex. Wait, let me explain. So-so sex is just not part of my idea of a serious relationship. Scumbag.

**Which birthday present would you most like to receive from your mate?**

**Ten IOU's for oral sex:** 39%

**A romantic weekend at a country inn:** 34%

**A pair of courtside seats for your favorite sports team:** 25%

**RnR Dr:** The country inn. The IOU's should not be necessary. And courtside seats instead of the inn? Loserios.

**If it were painless, safe and free, would you encourage your mate to get breast implants?**

Yes: 55% No: 41%

**RnR Dr:** No way. What's the damn obsession?

**Have you ever had sex with a woman who you actively disliked?**

Yes: 58% No: 40%

**RnR Dr:** No. (Not that I can remember.) Sick guys.

**Would you rather be stranded on a desert island with a Playboy Playmate or Outward Bound instructor?**

The Playmate: 67% The Instructor: 30%

**RnR Dr:** It depends. I haven't seen a Playboy in ages, but I would expect that with 10 out of 12 Playmates, I'd prefer the instructor.

**Are men as victimized by society as women are?**

Yes: 57% No: 41%

**RnR Dr.:** No f—king way. Idiotas.

**If your friends threw a bachelor party for you, which plan would you prefer?**

**A bonding weekend in the woods with your best friends:** 42%

**A night at a casino or sporting event followed by barhopping (no topless bars):** 32%

**A night in a strip club:** 25%

**RnR Dr:** Easy. The weekend in the woods. But, if the party is not for me but for a friend...I'd want the strip club!

After analyzing the answers, I rate the RocknRoll Doctor as a Light-Medium to Medium-Range Scumbag. Or worse?...

A few issues back, I wrote a live music review of a punk rock band from Guayaquil called NOTOKEN. The following is an interview I did with them that was recently published in the underground socio/politico music magazine MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL. It's published in San Francisco, and has large international distribution. Without further ado, may I present, NOTOKEN...

#### **NOTOKEN—HARDCORE FROM ECUADOR**

Where the hell is Ecuador? It's in the northwest of South America. Politically and often socially, it is much quieter than its neighbors Colombia and Peru. Ecuador is small, about the size of Colorado, and has three major regions: the Oriente (Amazon basin/rainforest); the Sierra (mountains), which includes the capital city Quito, and is fairly conservative; and the Coast, whose atmosphere is more open, energetic and less conservative, and includes Ecuador's largest city, Guayaquil, also the home of

NOTOKEN...Interview and attempted translation by Barry Lazarus:

**First, tell us your names, ages, and instruments**



C: Carlos Aviles, 23, screams, insults and "babbleshits." I also design the band's artwork and t-shirts.

JL: José Luis Mancero, 23, bass guitar.

G: Gabriel Avila, 22, drums.

J: Julio Salame, 22, guitar.

Are you all from Guayaquil?

G: Yes, we're all from here, except I was born in Ancon, two hours north of here near the Pacific Ocean. But I've lived most of my life in Guayaquil and I reside here now.

How did you choose the name NOTOKEN?

J: We chose it the night before our debut as a band. This happened on one of our drunken nights. We were all drunk when we chose the name. At first we wanted to call the band "Dead Person," but we changed it to NOTOKEN. The name comes from the Spanish "no toquen," which means "don't touch" or "don't play." The name was kind of a joke, since we almost could not play our first show because of our drunkenness the night before.

When did NOTOKEN begin? For what reasons?

J: We started practicing hardcore punk music in April '91. We played our first show in June of '91, with covers of DRI, SUICIDAL TENDENCIAS, AGNOSTIC FRONT and SOD. Later, we dedicated our music to our own original songs, and we've played many shows in almost all of Ecuador.

C: NOTOKEN formed with the purpose to conscientiously promote concerts of truth; besides, there were no banks of resolute style and very few of hardcore style with extreme punk influences. Also, because hardcore is what we like and we relate a lot to this style of music.

Are all of the band members the originals?

JL: Yes. We've been very good

friends for 4 or 5 years.

Except, Julio and Gabriel have known each other for 12 years. I believe that if one of us leaves the band, then NOTOKEN will not be the same.

What groups do you like? Who are your musical influences? Do you like other types of music besides hardcore?

C: I like aggressive and realistic groups, like AGNOSTIC FRONT, ILEGALES from Spain,

own band, NOTOKEN! My principal influence is DRI, but I also listen to other extreme and fast styles. Of course, I also listen to a lot of new wave and alternative bands.., and old ballads in English and Spanish.

J: Our lyrics are realistic and against the oppressor's system; we shout out against racism; we demand equality and respect; and, if necessary, maybe a revolution to achieve this. Some lyrics are written by Carlos, others by me, and for some other lyrics we work as a group.

You have a cassette, right? Do you have plans to record more? Where do you record, and who is the producer?

JL: Yes, we have a demo tape, ("Llamado a Los Descerebrados"), with 21 songs.

J: The name ("Call to the Brainless") is dedicated to the victims that died from the fault of bad medical practices. The demo was recorded at Sperm Records, and we produced it and distributed it ourselves, because we are a DIY band—(Do It Yourself). Next we have plans to record a split tape with C.F.D.L., an HC band from Japan, and another split tape with

AGATHOCLES, a gridcore band from Belgium. NOTOKEN's second demo will be a little delayed in recording, because first we have to complete our split tapes, and then we need financing for our 7" EP. Later, we will record our second demo.

What are your favorite things about NOTOKEN, and about punk rock?

C: To be distinct and different in our work and our ideas.

Punk has a lot of energy and possesses a great ideology.

G: The best part of NOTOKEN for me is to have been the first subterranean band to play our

## ASS INFORMAL ZINE

Y L.E. PRODUCCIONES, QUITAN:

### CONCIERTO SUBTERRANEO

### POB'NAVIDAD CON



MINOR THREAT. Some of my influences for vocals are DRI, BSN from Colombia, and MINOR THREAT.

JL: I really enjoy listening to bands like BSN, ANARKIA and LA PESTILENCIA from Colombia, CARAS DE HAMBRE from Panama, etc., but none of them are an influence on me. I try to do it myself. Likewise, I listen to ballads in Spanish, and also to old nostalgic Latin songs.

G: For a long time, I have really appreciated bands like LOS ILEGALES, SODA STEREO from Argentina, and DRI, but I really prefer to listen to my

own unheard music. Also, I really enjoy the trips and the friendships that we have made. And, I can say that I enjoy punk's ideology, energy and aggressive rhythms.

J: I enjoy the band very much. I like the gigs when I see the support of the public for us, and I like to know that they want to work with me, and that the band members are my good friends. There is nothing like punk. It is the maximum.

JL: I like to see the pogo, the slam-mosh at NOTOKEN's gigs. I enjoy beer at the concerts. I like all of punk, but I hate the Nazi punks. Nazi punks. . . f . . . k off!!

**Are there Nazi punks in Ecuador?**

J: Yes, there's a group of Nazis in the city of Ambato in the Sierra, but they don't know the significance of Nazism or it's ridiculous movement, we are totally against the entire Nazi movement. Nazi punks—shit in their brains.

**Tell me about other Guayaquil bands, and groups from other parts of Ecuador.**

J: Many bands exist here in Ecuador. In the underground context, we have many people with good ideas and good bands, such as: KAOS (punk/HC), MORTAL DECISION (punk), MAMA VUDU (proto punk-experimental with indigenous/native instruments), C.H.D. (noisecore), EXCREMENTO PUTREFACTO (grind noise), INCARNATUS (death metal), NECROFOBIA (death metal), RUIDO DE ODIO (noisecore), DAMAGED SKULL (thrash death) and many other bands that spring up from different cities of the country. In Guayaquil, there are more than 15 bands, with a variety of styles. There are also some fanzines, but regrettably the HC/punk scene is confused with stupid Nazis. We are not Nazis—smash fascism!!

**What is the punk scene like in Guayaquil? And in the Sierra?**

C: The scene in Guayaquil is not very good. There is a lack

of punk and hardcore style bands.

J: Actually, there is a lack of people that have the consciousness, and the times we live in are very hard. The punk scene in Guayaquil is intense but we need more bands of this style. The Sierra offers more bands. There are four or five cities in the Sierra with subterranean scenes. Less happens on the Coast because only our city has shows. The majority of Coastal bands are from Guayaquil. And, there is no scene or shows in the Oriente. Regrettably, the press f . . . ks up our musical activities. They think that we are all Satanists or think that we insist on chaos. But, we demand our right to respect and a worthy life.

**At what kind of places do you have shows? What is the atmosphere like?**

J: Generally, the gigs are at local rentals like halls, associations, garages. Bars and discoteques are very expensive and are not very suitable for punk concerts. At shows, the attendance is usually between 200 and 500 people. It all depends on which bands participate, the city and the location. Some of our gigs are chaotic, with a lot of pogo, a lot of slam, and some anarchist skins (no Nazis). The people want us and support us a lot at our concerts. There are a few occasions when we have to stop playing because of police interference, and sometimes there are fights in the audience, but this is almost inevitable.

**Do you have problems with the police?**

J: Sometimes. I remember when we were in a concert with B.S.N. (a punk band from Colombia) in the city of Quito, and the bastard police tried to f . . . k with us and spoil the show. But later, they left and we continued the gig. The police in Guayaquil are even more savage.

**Do many people participate in your punk scene or just a**

**few? And what are the attitudes of the punks in Guayaquil and Ecuador?**

J: Many people support our scene. The punks know how to behave to a true point. Generally, the punks of Guayaquil are more out of control in reference to damage. JL: This is because our city is the most violent in Ecuador. **How do you learn about punks and music in other parts of the world?**

G: We are always interested in listening to new bands.

J: We want everybody to write us and tell us about your ideas. We have a lot of contact with punk/HC/grind bands in many parts of the world and we learn a lot from them, and, similarly, we hope they learn from us, not only music but also culture and the way of life.

**What are the goals and ideas for the future for NOTOKEN?**

J: One of our goals/objectives is to demolish the barriers of racism and to open the human feeling that we all want to live in peace with dignity. We hope to launch our next demo tape (#2), besides our split tapes with C.F.D.L. (Japan) and AGATHOCLES (Belgium). **Is there anything else you would like to say?**

C: Write us—destroy racism.

JL: Long live beer—cheers!!

G: If somebody is interested to know more about us, contact us. Thanks.

J: Thanks and cheers to Barry for the interview. We are looking for a label (non-profit) that can help us release our 7" EP. We would like to give concerts in other countries. If someone wants to help us or know more about us, write me at NOTOKEN c/o Julio Salame, P.O. Box 15206, Guayaquil, Ecuador. P.S. NOTOKEN are super nice guys—write 'em! If you want to contact a gringo who lives here, write me at: Casilla 388, Cuenca, Ecuador. (Write us in English or Spanish.)

**By Barry Lazarus, Cuenca**

# Is the Doctor in, or Just in a Rut?

When someone calls themselves a Doctor, one would possibly draw the conclusion that this person would be knowledgeable in the area of expertise they profess to inform others about. However, due to the limited scope in which our "RocknRoll Dr." tries to inform us, one has to consider the source suspect. I mean, would you want to be counselled by a doctor who only knows about one aspect of the field they propose to tell us they have a Doctorate in!

I'm not here to say that Punk is bad music, but if this is all you write about and call every other type of Rock 'N Roll "Crap", one might think that there must be different view points out there and that maybe this Dr. is somewhat of a Quack! That's like someone who likes Mozart, calling Bach, Chopin and Beethoven a bunch of hacks! Right!!!!

I consider myself somewhat of a Rock 'N Roll enthusiast and find that I like many different types of music in the field. I also enjoy knowing a little bit of the history involved in this music field. So when someone tells me it's time to take the legitimacy out of a music form that worked a lot of years to be considered legitimate, I have to say, "Wait a minute, dude." The "RocknRoll Dr." has been out of line

before, but now he's really pushed the limit.

The roots of Rock 'N Roll were planted around the turn of the century through music by various Dixie Land Jazz bands taken from Creole origins and also from origins of Delta Blues by people like Huddy Ledbetter ("Leadbelly").

This started growing in the South to be taken further by people like the late great Robert Johnson and Sun Seals in Chicago. Later in the 30s, others, such as Duke Ellington and Bennie Goodman, started shaking up America with Swing and Rhythm 'N Blues. In the 50s, when Rock 'N Roll and Jazz made the theme split, a style known as Rockabilly, developed by people like Carl Perkins and Les Paul, became popular. From here, artists such as Buddy Holly, Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Fats Dominoe and Elvis Presley started fine tuning the sound. Although our resident Dr. would probably call this "crap" also; these artists were the ones who started to give this music a (pardon the term, Dr.) legitimate framework and following.

In the 60s, we started to hear from other innovators such as the little-known Beatles, Rolling Stones, Jefferson Airplane, Beach Boys, and the Motown Sound. (The Dr. probably considers these groups sub-standard, too). They were influenced greatly by Holly and Chuck Berry as well as being musically original. The late 60s and early 70s brought groups such as Cream, the Grateful Dead and The Allman Brothers Band. People such as Eric - that's "Mister" to you, Barry - Clapton, Duane Allman and Jerry Garcia took Blues and Rock 'N Roll to a whole new platform of music excellence. Pete Townsend and The Who, ("WHO?", the doctor might ask), developed such classics as "Tommy" and "Live at Leeds." With the collaboration of Eric Clapton and the late Duane Allman one of the great Rock 'N Roll albums of all time was born, Derek and the

Dominoes, "Layla". Check it out sometime Doc!

In the early 70s, groups such as the Eagles, Styx, Santana, R.E.O Speedwagon and Uriah Heep were born, with Reggae and Soul music growing stronger everyday: each very original, yet taking Rock 'N Roll to new avenues and interpretations. The late 70s brought Journey, Bon Jovi, Guns 'n Roses, Devo, and The B-52's, as well as the birth of Punk groups like the Sex Pistols and others.

Today the scene is still just as varied, from REM, the Cranberries, Metallica, Counting Crows, Boys II Men, Nirvana and The Cramps. Each has something to say and, in some ways, searches for legitimacy. They all have followings of those who like their music. One person's "crap" is another's "inspiration." So, why don't we get a little objectivity and variety? Or maybe there should be a new Dr. in town!!!!

By Kirk Leamons, Zuleta\*



## The Call

From Nowhere  
Out of the Past  
I thought Forgetting would  
Work  
My Heart is Pounding  
Palms Sweating  
Cannot Unwind My Tongue  
His Voice Feels soft  
His Voice has his Scent  
His Voice Floats lightly before  
My Eyes  
Fear and Exultation  
Is this Love?

Anonymous\*

**N**ow I can address these subjects. First off, I lived and worked in the Sierra for three months before the war sent me to the Coast. I have now had the opportunity to settle into my new site and job. Also the dating experience is now okay to talk about because I don't live there anymore.

Last August, when I had my first and only interview with my program director before he chose my site, I was asked what my preferences were for site location. Snap answer. The Sierra, of course. I mean only an idiot would choose to live on the Costa, and there was only one site in the Oriente (which several of my friends were passionate about getting).

Why did I feel this way? I had no personal experience, but every Ecuadorian I spoke to warned me about the Coast. The resident gringos I knew at the training center echoed this sentiment. Safety meetings: "The Coast is more dangerous. Thieves are everywhere. The beaches aren't safe. Do not camp on the beach. Guayaquil and Esmeraldas are very dangerous places."

Facilitators: "Be more cautious on the Coast. Do not go on the beach at night." I have heard about bus-jackings on the Coast. "Coastal people are much more aggressive." My host mom: "Do not go to Esmeraldas or Atacames, because tourists get robbed there. In the bus station, do not accept help from anyone, they just want to rob you. Do not take any valuables." This is only a sampling of the warnings I got as I planned a trip to the beach for Labor Day weekend. The paranoia was killing me.

Well, we nearly didn't go, but finally decided to risk it and go to Atacames. I took every precaution I could. I left behind my camera, watch and walkman. I carried the minimum amount of cash, using only traveler's check. We stayed the night in Quito near the terminal in old Quito (ironically one of the more dangerous areas in Ecuador) so we could leave at first light and arrive before dark. I've never been more nervous just going away for the weekend.

Yes, some of those warnings are based on truth. There are certainly places one should not be alone or even in twos, especially at night. I don't want to discount the importance of preparing us for possible danger. But really. They set us free in Miami at night with less warning. Some of us hail from New York City, Chicago, L.A. or our nation's Capitol. I personally was living in the Mission District of San Francisco where murder, gang rape and robbery are all nightly events. Did I

live in constant fear? No. Did I go out at night? Yes. But did I take unnecessary risks? No. Does crime there require that I act with a bit of caution and awareness? Hell yes! And I believe it is no different anywhere else in the world. During one of these scare sessions in training, our New Yorker made a valid point which was, more or less, that she doesn't live there in fear, but she doesn't take walks through Central Park at night either. I guess the point I'm floundering around for is that: "Hey! We are from the United States of America, one of the most dangerous countries on earth. At least everyone in Ecuador isn't packin' heat."

## Lies Your Trainer Told You and Dating the Natives

So what is the 'truth' about the Coast? On our Labor Day trip we found the Coast to be very enjoyable. The people were more open and friendly, not aggressive. They are much more laid-back and also helpful when you aren't familiar with your surroundings. I will admit that stupid moves can lead to tragedy and nearly did on our trip. A couple in our group decided to take a walk alone on the beach at night. Before they knew it, they were surrounded by a group of boys and felt threatened. Though nothing happened, it could have meant robbery, rape or worse. In a majority of crime situations, the victim is at least partly responsible, having put themselves

in a vulnerable position due to location and time. But our trip seemed to be the right place at the right time all the way through. Some of us didn't want to come back to the Sierra at all. "Tell them I found my site, I'm staying here." I came back with a much different attitude concerning the Coast and if I'd had the chance, I would have changed my site preference to the Coast.

**S**o I found myself in the Sierra. They had said in training that the people were more reserved, but I'd say unfriendly. It was very difficult to make friends, and the only friends I made just wanted to drink and drink and barely anything else. Sometimes, someone would invite me to go to the pool or to dinner, only to diss me later on. Actually, after three months there I was pretty discouraged, not by my lack of progress at work like they warned us about, but by how much of a stranger I still was in my small town. I tried very hard. I was on the local basketball team. I got out and about almost every day. I attended all the festivities celebrating our cantonization (all 15 days), yet still I only had a few shallow relationships and no one I could really talk to. I was pretty lonely up there.

Then the War and now the Coast.

What a world of difference! From day one, the people were very friendly and helpful. My counterpart spent all of his day off driving me around to find an apartment. When I finally found one, the dueña and tienda owner were so welcoming that I never felt awkward and have talked to them everyday on an increasingly social basis. My co-workers (mostly transplants from Guayaquil) are all very fun and we hang out and do things together. They invited me to the beach and we actually went. They invited me to see Barcelona crush Liga de Portoviejo and they even picked up my ticket for me. I mean, it's amazing how much happier I am in my new Coastal site.

**W**ith what I now know, if I could go back to that day with my program director, I would have begged to be put on the Coast. I guess to try to wrap all this up in one big messy package, I must say this: The training center should try to give us the safety information we need, but also give us an unbiased idea of what the Coast is like, so that when it comes time to give preferences, our judgement won't be clouded by what a lot of Quiteños tend to tell impressionable Trainees.

On to the lighter anecdote, which I would like to share because now that I have broken ties in my former site, it can be told. The names have been changed to protect the innocent (and young). It concerns the first and last "date" I've had in Ecuador.

I met Linda on my site visit. I didn't know anything about her, but she was the most beautiful girl in my town of 4000. Tallish, brown hair and eyes, great body, what more could a gawky gringo ask for? Upon returning I found out she was interested in me and my few male acquaintances pushed me to "declare" my love for her and get busy. My Spanish being what it was, in addition to a strong fear of a shotgun wedding, kept me away.

**P**lus, I knew so little about her. Like, for instance, how old is she? To me she looked to be about 18 or 19, which is a bit young by my standards (I was 23 at the time), but I realized my need for "cultural sensitivity". My natural shyness of women stepped in and since it is not in her culture to be very aggressive, we never spoke, just exchanged smiles.

Her friends, on the other hand, mitigated a conversation over the weeks, which effectively communicated that we were at least physically attracted to one another. Now, the guys were still "giving me the business" and urged me to become her "enamorado" and commence to "vaslar" (who says Ecuadorians aren't great romantic lovers?). I told them that in my culture we usually talked a bit first, unless we were very drunk.

Around this time I began to obtain my shadow, side-kick and ubiquitous companion, Igor. I was often annoyed by his constant presence. He was the pesky little brother I never wanted. He soon volunteered as my social "agent", especially where the young lady was concerned. The first thing I asked him to do (why not utilize his services?) was to find out her age, which mysteriously no one had been able to tell me. I was rather perplexed to find out she was 15. Quick calculations yielded that she was born in 1980, which sort of ended it right there as far as I was concerned. That message never did get through to young Igor. See, she really was the town's princess and every guy in town wanted her. My associate at work threatened to take her away from me. Go ahead I told him, she's too young for me. Of course, he didn't understand that being 26.

I dare say my stature as a man was wounded, but what did I care? She's 15! What would my friends and family say if I returned with a 17-year-old bride when I was 26? "Is she your AFS student?"

So I pretty much dropped the subject. Then it happened. Her friends set up a date. Igor came to tell me about it five minutes before it was to happen. Maybe I could go and tell her how it couldn't work out. I'd never had a chance to talk with her. "Okay, I'll go, but after I eat dinner." "But Karl, you'll be late." I didn't listen. I don't like people to schedule my life for me and making a date without my knowledge sort of pissed me off. So I ate. We



(yes, of course Igor came) got to the specified corner after the mandatory walk around the park and pass by the girls before walking up to them. This is all to make it seem as if it were a chance meeting, should anyone be watching (and they probably were). She was standing on a dark, semi-private corner with three of her friends. We made small talk for a while. They asked me questions, embarrassed me with blue-eyes comments (the only set in town), and soon the conversation drifted to ... homework! They were studying for their exams and Linda had her geography to study. I found myself asking her about school. I then found out that I would be tutoring her english class next semester.

**G**reat. She looked gorgeous and fairly smart (for her age) and was nice to talk to. Steady boy. So her friends finally brought up the subject that I probably wanted to get to the "point" of the date. This made both Linda and I blush. Anyway it was getting late (almost 9) and she had to be in. I was late in the first place.

Then, magically, everyone disappeared and left the two of us alone. We were supposed to slip away to a dark, secret place like behind the church or in the market and make out. For a second I thought, what the hell? But I was saved by the bell, so to speak. She really did have to go home or catch it from her dad. I quickly began to explain about our age difference and how I liked her fine, but that it could never. . . (you've got to be delicate you know). It didn't go too well, but I am happy that I kept my hands and conscience clean.

I never really had any more contact with her and never really did explain the situation to her, but as all is fair in love and border conflicts, I never really had to.

By Karl Banks, Manabi

## MEMO

To: All Field Personnel  
From: J.W. Carter III, San Fernando *JWC*  
Re: Mouse Balls Available as FRU (Field Replacement Unit)

Mouse balls are now available as FRU. Therefore, if a mouse fails to operate or it performs erratically, it may need a ball replacement. Because of the delicate nature of this procedure, replacement of mouse balls should only be attempted by properly trained personnel.

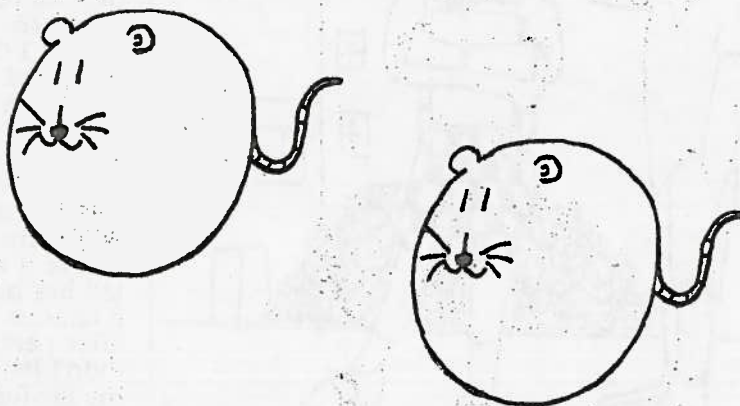
Before proceeding, determine the type of mouse ball by examining the underside of the mouse. Domestic balls will be larger and harder than foreign balls. Ball removal procedures differ depending upon the manufacturer of the mouse. Foreign balls can be replaced using the pop-off method. Domestic balls are replaced using the twist-off method. Mouse balls are not usually static sensitive. However, excessive handling can result in sudden discharge. Upon completion of ball replacement, the mouse may be used immediately.

It is recommended that each replacer have a pair of spare balls for maintaining optimum customer satisfaction, and that any customer missing his balls should suspect local personnel of removing these necessary items.

To re-order, specify one of the following:

P/N 33F8462 - Domestic Mouse Balls

P/N 33F8461 - Foreign Mouse Balls



# YOU CAN'T COMPARE GRASS TO SAND

**Y**ou ever have one of those days when you are really sad, I mean really down? A day when your head is down so low you find yourself looking up to a cockroach? The other day was like this, and so I started my usual therapy of criticism of my current living situation and pondering life on the other side of the stream. Of course, this led into all kinds of fantasizing about getting myself to the other side and how everything would be so much better once I got there. As a friend poetically explains the process: you unfold your blanket and sit down to a pity-party about how it is so bad for poooooor ole you.

Life is funny. I had just had one of those days you can only have on the Coast. I will not bore you with the details, but I will share the process. I began the usual pondering of why am I here, what am I even accomplishing, where is this going, wouldn't I be better off somewhere else (like the Sierra), why am I living without Ben and Jerry's Ice Cream as close as my fridge... Why am I living without a fridge!

Just then, I went to the casilla and a very close friend had sent a blessing in disguise. This friend is one who is painfully honest, even in her letters, and

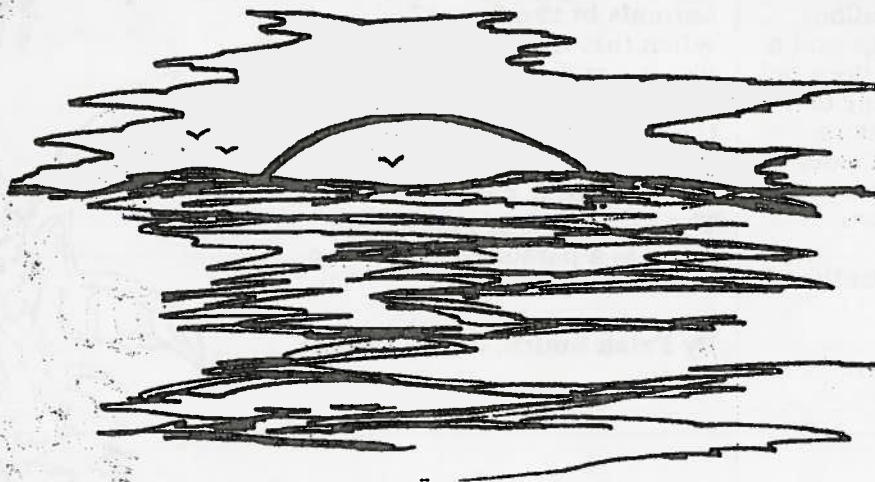
she wrote to tell me she was in a living hell. She also wondered why she was there and how life was in Ecuador. I am constantly provided with just what I need to challenge me to grow and learn and always with support for doing so. Just when I thought the grass really is greener on the other side, someone timely reminds me that not only is the grass on their side dead, but that they have been thinking of coming over to my lush lawn. I just had to chuckle at the irony. (You may chuckle too.)

This last week was particularly hard and I really struggled to find the bright side. After all, how could there be one when I would not have a bad day if I was somewhere else. Right? Right! I guess if I am going to be determined to continue to compare my experience to one I could be having, I should stop going to the mailbox. Another very honest friend wrote me. Thank God for honest friends. I mean the kind that will tell

you you have spinach in your teeth, your butt is too big for certain jeans, and that they are having a horrible week and want to move away. I considered her situation to be ideal at one time, but she reminded me that we cannot judge others to be better (or worse) off if we are not them.

**N**ow today I am doing good - I know you were concerned. Except for going 9 days without a BM, I feel great. Never afraid of my honest friends' burdens, I beat it to the box. There was a tape from my best friend. (No, it was not Pearl Jam). She is getting married and was going shopping for the dress the wedding party would wear. Since I am the maid of honor, she decided it would be fun to take me along, so to speak, on the shopping spree. She and a bridesmaid led me through a day with smooth, air-conditioned public transit into Chicago, in and out of stores I had forgotten about, out and in menus of food I can no longer

visualize, and they introduced me to people who speak a language I barely remember. It was lots of fun shopping with the girls. We had so much to talk about, to see and to do. And as the day wore on, I found myself becoming tired, even exhausted from shopping, but feeling satisfied.



Satisfied because I had spent quality time with a friend that no letter or short (moreover expensive) phone call could have provided. Yes, also satisfied because I had spent the day in the city, a city from my own North American culture, doing things that are familiar.

**T**his was all it took for me to remember that the same familiar things I long for, the same comfortable things that are so different from here, are the exact reasons why I left for this side of the fence (or Ecuador, as the case may be) in the first place. Because those things were so familiar, so comfortable, so...boring, I joined the PC to try something different, something only a new culture could offer me. It was nice to have a 90 minute break from this new reality, but I am glad I am back, because I am not ready for more than a cassette's worth of the other side.

Now, when things get tough, I want to remember why I am here and not wonder about greener meadows. The opportunities that await me here are different (not better, not worse—different) than the ones over there; my relationships with my co-workers, eating ceviche, trying to understand the little neighbor girl's Spanish, getting to know my tienda lady, watching peaceful sunsets on my Valdivia beach.

I hope your mailbox brings you good tidings and a pick-me-up. Yet, if it does not, take a look on your side of the fence before you fantasize about your neighbor's side. You might find that you just need to water your lawn.

**By Shaila "Sierra" Reidhead,  
Valdivia Beach**

(yes, still suffering from Coastal denial)•

## Top 10 Questions Asked by Tourists at My Site

I live in a private reserve in the Amazon, and tourists are coming and going constantly. Sometimes I lead tours and guide for groups and it's amazing how frequently you hear the same questions. So, for all you prospective visitors, here are the answers.

**What is the name of that big tree over there?**

Most of the time I haven't a clue, so I fake it and say confidently, "It's a Kapok tree."

**Why is it so hot and sticky?**

34 degrees Celsius and 95% humidity is comfortable compared to other tropical rainforest systems and personally, I prefer it to Florida Weather.

**What do people around here eat?**

Yucca and platano.

**Don't they get bored with only two foods?**

Yes, sometimes they go dynamiting for fish in the river.

**Why are there so many bugs?**

I think there are fewer biting insects here than in Florida, but during the dry months the water stagnates and we do get a few mosquitos.

**What is that 3-foot long earthworm looking thing over there?**

A three foot long earthworm.

**Are there a lot of poisonous snakes around?**

Only if you are deathly afraid of them. If you are a scientist actively searching for them, you won't find any.

**Don't you get bored living here?**

Yes, sometimes I miss the exciting violence and frenzied pace of life in the U.S.

**Why are people cutting down the forest?**

Well, they have nothing better to do than feed their 10 kids, and by clearing a complex forest ecosystem that took thousands of years to develop, they can sustain our incredible population growth for a few more years.

**Do the local people hunt the animals in the forest?**

When they are tired of yuca and platano and don't have any dynamite to go fishing, yes, they hunt, kill, and eat anything that moves.

**Do you like it here?**

The Ecuadorean Amazon rainforest is a paradise...yeah, I like it.

**By Erick Smith, Jantu Sacha•**





72. Inventory your medical kit.

71. Learn all the words to Hotel California and Yesterday.

70. Find decorative ways to use mosquito netting.

69. Replace toothbrush—find new use for old one

68. Have a GG party

67. Give your contact lenses an enzyme bath

66. GRE Practice Test

65. Play "connect the dots" between mosquito bites

64. Place bets on when the water will come

63. Name your geckos

62. Tanning circuit (with sunscreen)

61. Floss

60. Dead fly collection

59. Learn to play the blues harp from Tony "Little Sun" Glover

## Top 72 Ways to Stay "busy busy" on the Coast

46. Analyze shuffling styles for maximum randomness

45. Chill your rubbing alcohol

44. Practice mixed metaphors ("Don't shit on the hand that feeds/bites you")

43. Write your Spanish teacher

42. Hum favorite T.V. theme songs

41. Eat a coconut

40. Make popcicles

39. Compare scars with a friend

38. Take a nap

37. Argue Monopoly rules

36. Talk to your plants

35. Check your casilla

34. Butt exercises (see Kelly Rahn for instructions)

33. Wash your baseball caps

32. Burn the trash

31. Pre-address all birthday cards for the year

30. Cassette exchange with Mark Stillman

29. Homemade mouse trapping

28. Memorize all P.C. acronyms

27. Discuss BMs

26. Submerge gas tank in water checking for leaks

25. Roots, rock, reggae

24. Rock scan your rice

23. Sniff-test all your clothes and classify

22. Study Peace Corps Handbook

21. Get a tattoo

20. Periodically switch between Zikos, Bora Boras and Texas

19. Learn a new language--Coastal Spanish

18. Write music reviews for new music only you have heard

17. Play basketball and dominate over the "little people"

16. Play soccer and be dominated by same "little people"

15. Trim split ends

14. Find new uses for stool sample "cup"

13. Compare your budget on paper with the jingling change in your pocket...What went wrong?

12. See if you really can catch more flies with honey

11. Alphabetize Cassettes

10. Update address book

9. Work on Peace Corps goals 2 & 3

8. Look up symptoms in Where There is No Doctor

7. Find a medical reason to go to Quito

6. Rank ceviche joints on your beach

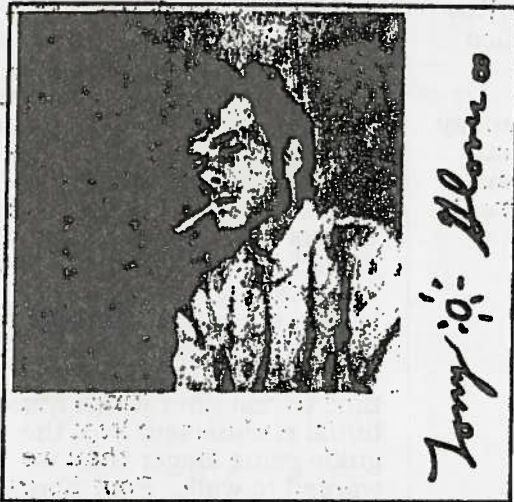
5. Talk yourself into a psych-evac

4. Watch the sun set

3. Margaritas

2. Sing the Blues

1. Change your hammock location for a new perspective on life.



Tony "Little Sun" Glover

Photo by Karen Glover

58. Think of clever EL CLIMA submissions

57. Play "Hearts" to 1000

56. Compare Pinguinos to Top Cream "Sabor a Sabor"

55. Play 3-handed poker with yourself 'till "someone" gets a straight flush (extra points for a royal)

54. Defrost the fridge

53. Perform toe maintenance

52. Chart local bus routes (this would keep any Guayaquil Volunteers busy, busy, busy)

51. Watch deal on electric meter spin - perform experiments with different appliances on and off to determine what really makes it go

50. Analyze Aralen dreams

49. Re-write your 'to do' list

48. Teach your birdie to sing Jimmy Buffet

47. Cockroach races

Submitted by Coastal Volunteers who are much too "busy busy" to include their names.°

# ShanGriLa:

## Heaven or Hell?

**A**ll was well that ended well. Yes, the end was a happy one, but this is just the beginning of the story. After our Baños health conference, nine of us decided to check out the Oriente for the weekend and avoid the last minute water bombing before Ash Wednesday. We wanted a combo of tranquility and adventure, so Eric, Kathy, Ruth, Donna, Corinne, Rosemarie, Kirk, Pam and I took off for Tena with a stop overnight in Puyo. When we arrived at the bus station in Tena, we were greeted very warmly by two guys handing

out pamphlets and talking about a jungle tour. We had kind of talked about a canoe ride from Misahualli, but we wanted more information and options. Eric, Rosemarie and I walked around Tena looking for a place that might have travel information. We did talk to the local police, who, although very friendly, didn't have a lot of ideas for jungle travel. For the sake of brevity and to avoid boredom, let me just say we discussed at length what options we had before we talked to the guys that had given us the info. at the bus station. We got the usual pitch and it sounded good. The price was right: \$25 for food, lodging, transportation and a guided tour of the jungle. How could we resist a place called ShangriLa?

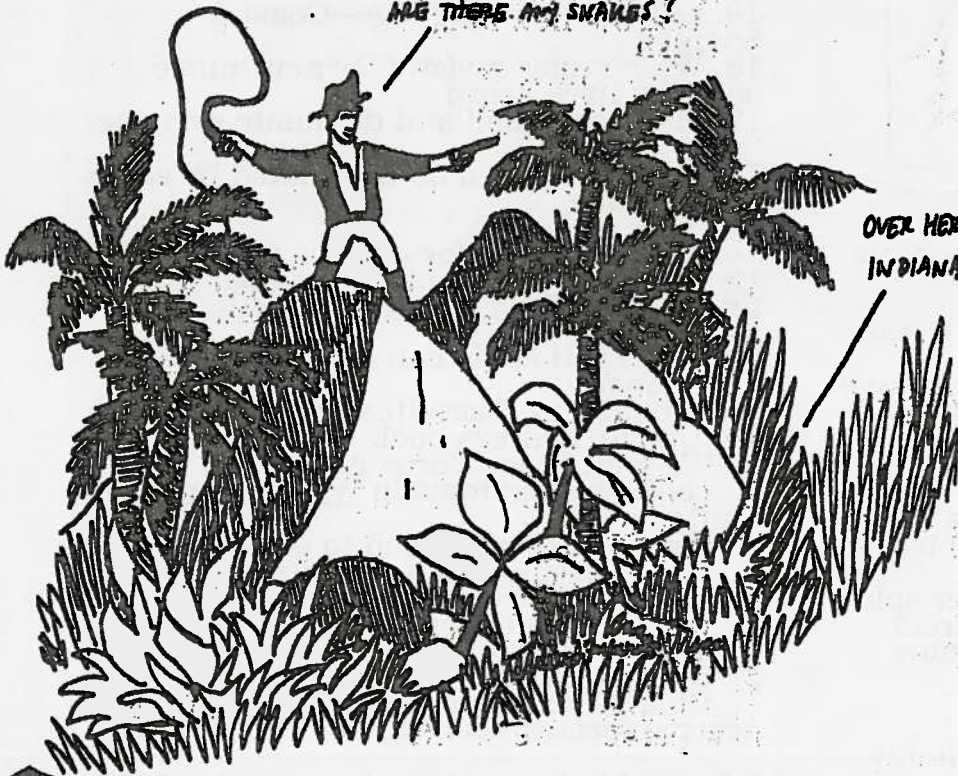
**B**right and early Sunday morning, we met our guides at the restaurant for our first meal,

and waved goodbye to Pam and Kirk who were off to Tumbaco. We were wishing they would change their minds and go with us, but, by the end of the day, some of us were wishing we had gone with them.

**A**fter breakfast, we eagerly hopped into the two vehicles for the short half-hour ride to ShangriLa. Arriving at the gate, we picked up our bags and hiked into the "jungle" to camp. The 15-minute walk in was a clear trail with logs for steps. Once in camp, the paths from cabin to dining area were rather steep. The view from our cabin was spectacular and of course, cameras were put to quick use. As soon as we settled in, the guide brought us our jungle boots, which we had tried on for size the night before. We took off at about 10:30 a.m. The guide was extremely knowledgeable about plants, trees, medicinal uses of flowers and foliage. He picked different types of fruits for sampling. The jungle's beauty met each of our expectations. We had envisioned a two-to three-hour hike with time to rest after lunch but our initial enthusiasm kept the guide going longer than we wanted to walk. Four hours into the hike we said, "We're tired!" Rosemarie's back and Donna's toes were calling it quits but our guide assured us we were going back. One hour later, we reached camp, tired and hungry after the five-hour hike. During lunch/supper (what do you call it at 4:30 p.m.?), our guide suggested that a swim in the river would refresh us after that hike. Even though we were tired, it sounded appealing, so we were into our bathing suits and off to the river. Rosa and Donna decided to stay and rest the back and toes. The guide told us the trip down would take 20 minutes; so that left 45 minutes to splash and time to get back before dark and supper.

NICOLE! WHERE ARE YOU?  
ARE THERE ANY SNAKES?

OVER HERE  
INDIANA!



**T**he trip down started out innocently with the trail clear and easily traversed. Quickly though, it became steep and, although there were "steps" down, at a number of spots there were no handrails. When the steps ran out, the trail became much narrower and about half-way down the trail ended where some trees and a ladder had slid down the side of the hill. I was ready to go back up and voiced my opinion. The guide, who had told us earlier in the day that he had survived being lost for three days in the jungle alone, crawled out on the horizontal trees to pull the ladder in and align it to the river. Now, I hope you're not picturing a sturdy brand new Sears ladder with warranty. We're talking your basic ladder made of tree parts! The last 20 minutes of the trip down was steep and rocky but just knowing the river was close made it bearable.

The river was quite nice swimming, canoeing and generally cooling off from the day's five-hour hike. Although time escaped me, after a short while and after noticing the angle of the sunlight, I was feeling the need to start back up the trail; a thought not particularly welcoming. But waiting longer was not high on the list either. I asked Ruth and Kathy to go get Victor, our guide, so we could start back up. It took another 15 minutes before we were ready to head back. Victor said there was a shorter route up and seeing that daylight was soon to be history, we opted for the shortcut.

**T**he shorter route was more strenuous than the original trail and, in fact, wasn't even a trail. We traversed a stream, helped each other up spaces in between rocks, and trustingly followed Victor as the light grew dimmer, until we reached the end of "the trail." We arrived at a 20' high wall made

of something that felt like sandstone. There was a vine hanging down from above somewhere. We looked at each other and said, "Is he kidding?" Well, Victor shimmied up the vine like he was on an express elevator and came right back down. His expression was, "See it's easy. So who's first?" Apparently, after the wall, the trail was "direct and short" to camp. Our brave Kathy was the first to try, but fell short by about 15 feet. I thought, "What the heck!" I remember climbing up a rope in high school without any problem. Of course, I didn't stop to hear myself say, "Ya Nicole, that was 30 years ago!" Well, I fell short by about 14 feet. So, Victor, realizing that the elevator ride up wasn't going to happen, said he'd go back to camp, get "linternas" and we'd go back to the river and up the original trail. "Wait here," he said. Wait here!? Are you kidding? Where were we going to go?! Within about three seconds, it was pitch black; whatever "pitch" is. So there we were, no lights, no camera, no action; where was Steven Spielberg when we needed him?! We were asking ourselves, "What would Indiana Jones do in this situation?" "Wait for the special effects guys," was the answer. Joking and singing were the options we chose over panic and it was at this moment, Eric - Just Kidding Guys - Knight, uttered the infamous, "Well, at least it's not raining," a mere minute-and-a-half before it started to rain. Well, we were in the rainforest. The rest of our little group: Ruth - I Wear My Sunglasses at Night - Navarrette, Kathy - This is Kinda Scary Guys - Eltzondo, Corinne - Who Needs Shoes - Manning, and myself, Nicole. - I've Got to Write About This - Dino, waited patiently until Victor returned. When we saw the flashlight bobbing, I yelled in English, "We're down here." My companions chided me because Victor doesn't speak English. I figured he'd understand that statement and tone

in any language. In reality, we didn't wait more than half an hour for Victor's return and with flashlights in hand, we again trustingly followed him down to the river. The rain slowed us down and made the trail more slippery. Upon reaching the river, there was a short discussion about hiking to a house along the bank of the river. Victor was against it, saying it was farther than it looked and who knew what we'd find when we arrived there. A safe return to camp was the priority.

**Y**ou can imagine the trip up. As bad as it was dry and in daylight, we added rain, night, heightened emotions and a surge of adrenalin. We literally crawled and clawed up while holding each other's hands, and hoping nobody would freak or fall.

Well, the four-hour trip to the river and back did help us forget about our long, hot, five-hour jungle hike earlier in the day. For the first time since arriving in Ecuador, I welcomed the cold shower. Rosa and Donna were relieved to have us back, to say the least, having not known what had happened. We all agreed that Victor was lucky that we were physically and psychologically able to make it back.

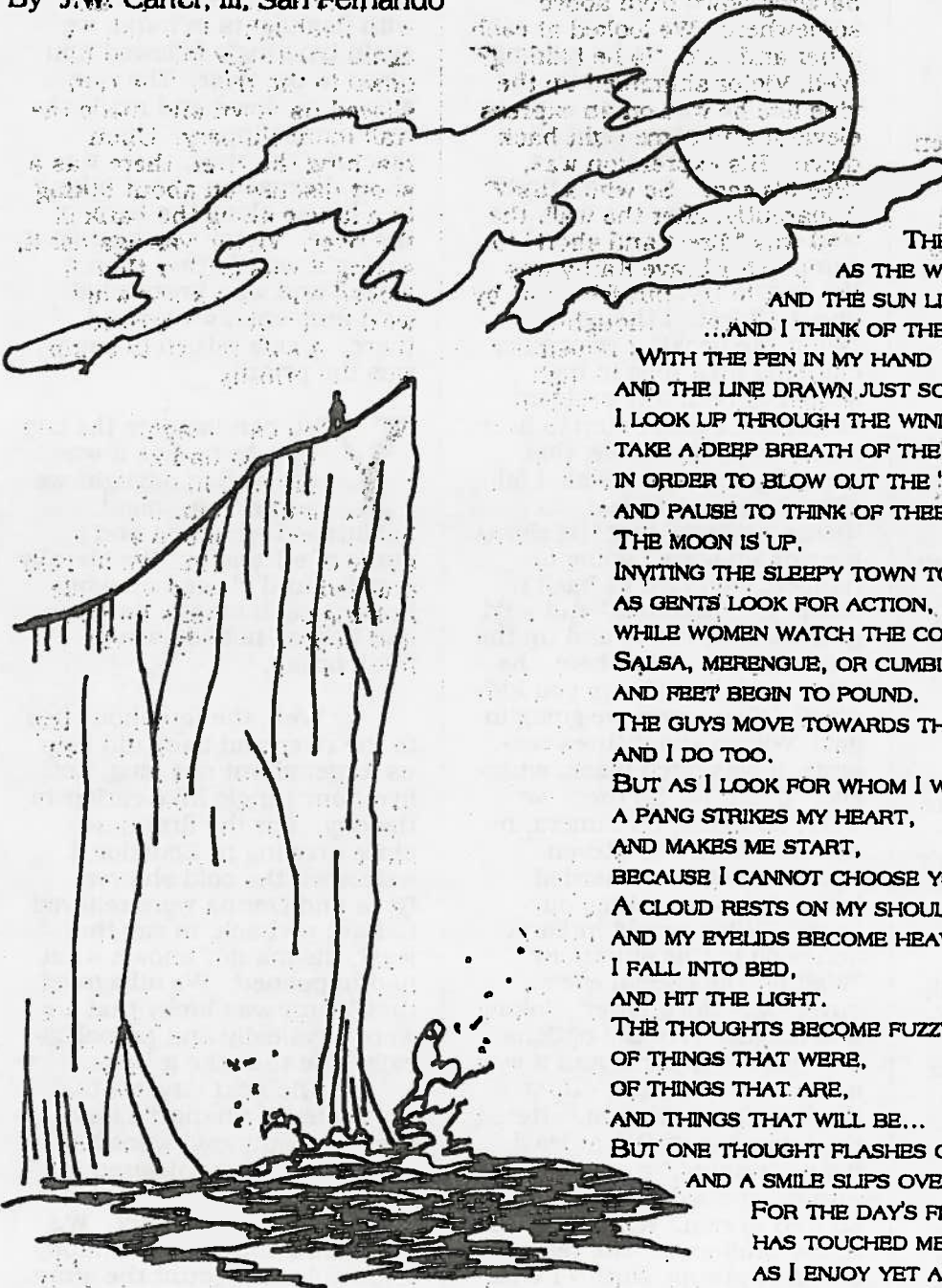
The next day, we told the owner of Shangrila (and the tour company) what had happened. He apologized, of course, stating that Victor had used bad judgment. We were tired and sore but happy to be able to recount the story. Each of us would probably tell the tale a little differently, and I hope you ask the others about it. Would we recommend Shangrila? Yes, but with caution, of course. Every adventure is different, every one has risks. I just wanted to tell our story and let you decide for yourself.

By Nicole Dino,  
Juan Montavo



# To Think of Thee

By J.W. Carter, III, San Fernando



BENEATH THE CLIFFS OF  
SAN PABLO  
ABOVE THE GLASSY SEA  
PERCHED UPON A TALL  
SUMMIT,  
WITH OTHERS ABOVE AND  
BELOW ME.

THE CLOUDS RISE AND FALL  
AS THE WIND STRIKES MY FACE,  
AND THE SUN LIFTS MY SOUL

...AND I THINK OF THEE.

WITH THE PEN IN MY HAND  
AND THE LINE DRAWN JUST SO,  
I LOOK UP THROUGH THE WINDOW,  
TAKE A DEEP BREATH OF THE "GOOD" AIR,  
IN ORDER TO BLOW OUT THE "BAD,"  
AND PAUSE TO THINK OF THEE.  
THE MOON IS UP,  
INVITING THE SLEEPY TOWN TO LIFE. MAGIC FILLS THE AIR,  
AS GENTS LOOK FOR ACTION,  
WHILE WOMEN WATCH THE COMMOTION.  
SALSA, MERENGUE, OR CUMBIA IS HEARD NEARBY-  
AND FEET BEGIN TO POUND.  
THE GUYS MOVE TOWARDS THE GALS,  
AND I DO TOO.  
BUT AS I LOOK FOR WHOM I WILL CHOOSE,  
A PANG STRIKES MY HEART,  
AND MAKES ME START,  
BECAUSE I CANNOT CHOOSE YOU.  
A CLOUD RESTS ON MY SHOULDERS,  
AND MY EYELIDS BECOME HEAVY.  
I FALL INTO BED,  
AND HIT THE LIGHT.  
THE THOUGHTS BECOME FUZZY NOW,  
OF THINGS THAT WERE,  
OF THINGS THAT ARE,  
AND THINGS THAT WILL BE...  
BUT ONE THOUGHT FLASHES CLEARLY,  
AND A SMILE SLIPS OVER MY SLEEPY FACE.  
FOR THE DAY'S FINAL BLESSING  
HAS TOUCHED ME.  
AS I ENJOY YET ANOTHER THOUGHT OF THEE. •

## ANSWER TO #10

"The most important thing in life is style. That is, the style of one's existence (the characteristic mode of one's actions) is basically, ultimately what matters. For if man defines himself by doing, then style is doubly definitive because style describes the doing. The point is this, happiness is a learned condition. And since it is learned and self-generating, it does not depend upon external circumstances for its perpetuation. This throws a very ironic light on content. And underscores the primacy of style. It is content, or rather the consciousness of content, that fills the void. But the mere presence of content is not enough. It is style that gives content the capacity to absorb us, to move us; it is style that makes us care.

Tom Robbins, "Another Roadside Attraction"

Submitted by Mark Stillman, Daule

(Refer to Mark's "List of Questions" from last issue of El Clima)•

# IT'S GETTING HOT, SO VERY HOT, IN THE KITCHEN

Listen up all you cool cats out there in the land we call Ecuador. The real DOCTOR (Doctor of the kitchen, that is) has cooked up a little somethin' and he would like to share it with you. Now, I know many of you may be pondering the idea that this is "just another recipe". But, this is no ordinary dish. This plate is so tantalizing that I personally made it not once but twice in one week.

There are other readers out there who at this very moment may be saying to themselves: "Why is this person rambling on and on about a stupid recipe when Bill Clinton is losing his popularity in the polls?" Well, I can't exactly explain this phenomena in words. I can, however, tell you what it can do for you.

Ladies, just one taste of this flavorful food and that "special man in your lives" will be knocking at your doorstep. He won't be able to keep his eyes off you. Gentlemen, the only advice that I have for you is to just beware and remember what the title of this article is.

Before I get to the actual lyrics of this recipe, I'd like to explain one thing. I prefer to use the association of lyrics when talking about cooking because food can be just as powerful an aphrodesiac as music. It can bring back memories, or it can create new ones. Like music, you have to put your heart and soul into the dish you're cooking and let it flow.....CAN YOU DIG IT!!!!

So, now for the moment that you've all been waiting for. I would like to introduce the "cooking milestone of the 21st century", and the recipe that could possibly change your lives forever.

## CHICKEN WITH SPECIAL SAUCE

### Lyrics:

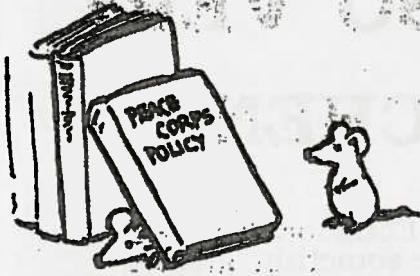
- 4 firm breasts (yes, chicken)
- 1 tsp. tarragon
- 1 cup cream of chicken soup (Maggi style)
- 1 small onion
- 1 cup white wine (drink the rest)
- salt / pepper

### Music:

- Brown chicken with butter/margarine in a medium size skillet until golden. When finished, set aside on a plate.
- Saute onion in the same skillet w/ chicken drippings until tender
- Add wine and scrape the drippings
- Turn heat down. Add cream of chicken, tarragon, and salt and pepper to desire
- Cook in oven for 45 minutes or until tender, depending on the size of your oven.
- Serve over rice or pasta with a side dish of broccoli
- So easy and yet soooo good.

By Andrew Rietz, Cayambe





## Administrative Corner

**W**e would like to extend warm greetings to Omnibus 73. We hope that the transition will be smooth. We also hope that the Administrative overview given at the Training Center contributed to it. The following is information pertaining to all PCVs:

### 1.) LIVING ALLOWANCE INCREASE

**GREAT NEWS!!!** I am very pleased to inform you all that Living Allowance Increases for PCVs in Ecuador have been approved by PC/Washington, effective June 1, 1995.

We are working hard to include this increase in the July payroll. June checks have already been requested, therefore the July check will include July new amounts plus retroactive pay for the month of June. A detailed memo will be sent out as soon as possible.

### 2.) FLEX TIME

Please keep in mind that some PC employees work under a different schedule:

Ana María Castro-Cornejo

8:00-12:30  
13:30-17:00

Sandra Palacios

8:00-12:30  
13:30-17:00

Margarita de Grijalva

8:00-12:45  
14:15-17:30 Flex Time

Xavier Coral

7:30-13:00  
14:00-16:30 Flex Time

Martha Cecilia Velastegui  
8:00-12:30  
13:30-17:00

Irene Meritzalde  
8:00-12:00  
13:00-17:00

Miguel Castro  
8:00-12:30  
13:30-17:00

Arturo Peñafield  
7:30-12:30  
14:00-17:00 Flex Time

María Eugenia de Cobo  
8:30-12:30  
13:30-17:30 Flex Time

Silvana Muñoz  
8:30-12:30  
13:30-17:30 Flex Time

Cecilia Rueda  
8:00-12:30  
13:30-17:00

En Paz. Ana María, Admin Officer.

## The Voice of VAC

**T**he quarterly VAC meeting was held on April 4th in Quito. I must say, great timing for the NCAA Championship, which was won by UCLA. The meeting was actually pretty tranquil, so I'll try to be as brief as possible with some of the details. Any questions, please see your provincial representative.

First, congratulations must go out to our new fearless leader, Rich Valeika, as he steps in as the new VAC President. He was a little hesitant at first, but that's the sign of a true politician. Catch the ball and run with it. You scored big Bud! I don't think anyone will complain about the Pres and the First Lady. What a couple!

Just a few other announcements now. For those who have seen the washing machine do the salsa, don't worry. Routine maintenance will be completed shortly. As of May 2, 600,000 sucres were collected.

The Washington D.C. Committee would like to thank the Volunteers who took time out of their extremely busy schedules to complete the questionnaire. The results will be tallied, deciphered, presented to administration and then sent off to Washington. There have been some minor changes in the pregnancy and eyeglass policy already; see the article submitted by the nurses for more specific details. The changes seem to be favorable for Volunteers, so it seems as if other countries have the same concerns as we do. Even with these changes, we still plan on sending the results to Washington.

**N**ow I'll mention what I'm sure everyone wants to know about, living allowances and the possibility of a raise. First, there was a 65% overall response rate from Volunteers. According to the surveys, each category showed a need for a raise; Category A by 12%, Category B by 1.08%, Category C by 6.94% and Category D by 15.53%. The request for the raise was submitted along with the projected PC Ecuador budget for fiscal year 1996. Jean Seigle also cannot authorize a raise because she has already authorized a 10% raise for this current fiscal year. She can only authorize a 10% living allowance raise per fiscal year.

Completing a budget for fiscal year 1996 was very difficult for the administration due to significant budget cuts stateside. It is estimated that PC Worldwide will fall short 12 million dollars from the previous year. So, PC Ecuador was required to present three budgets. The first budget prepared is with the assumption that PC/E will receive the same amount as fiscal year 1994, the second with a 5% cut of fiscal year 1994 money and the third with a 10% cut of fiscal year 1994 money. VAC emphasized the cutting of Volunteers in order to maintain current services for existing Volunteers. It's still unknown how these probable cuts will indirectly or directly affect PCVs.

We'll try and keep everyone informed of any further developments.

Effective May 1, per diem has been increased. In Guayaquil, PCVs will receive 25,000 sucres for hotel and meals, in Quito, 20,000 for meals and 17,000 for hotel and in provincial capitals, 15,000 for meals and hotel.

**B**efore I forget, I'd also like to mention and get feedback on a possible solution for living allowance problems. Jean mentioned basing living allowance solely on rent. How would it work? Okay, each PCV would have to obtain a lease. Each month, the Volunteer receives a receipt for how much they pay for rent, submits it to administration and they reimburse the PCV for the rent. From there, all other allowances would still be based on categories. This way rent would be exclusively paid for by Peace Corps. This way, what Volunteers earn would be a bit more accurate for how they live. Please give feedback to Provincial Reps.

Most Volunteers should have received information regarding the emergency contact system and who the contact and assistant contact are for each province. There will be an emergency contact workshop in each province in the future. Barry Bem will keep us posted.

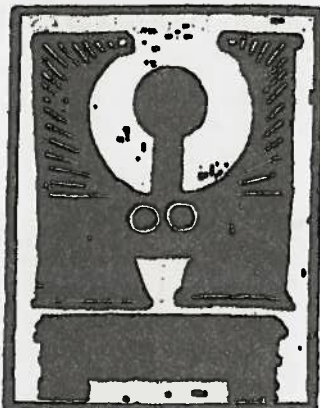
For individuals who have interest in having and organizing an All Volunteer Conference, please send ideas and suggestions to Bonnie Wasli, Casilla 55, Guaranda, Bolívar. If we are able to present a proper forum with constructive sessions, administration will seriously consider it. However, if we, want it, we, as Volunteers, will have to help finance it.

**O**mnibus 73 swore in on May 5th. Good Luck! Omnibus 74 is set to arrive August 9, with a projected 54 trainees. And our great omnibus, Omnibus 70, will have our COS conference, July 18-20, in the area of Otavalo. If anyone has suggestions for topics, let Tim know at the Training Center. Also, addi-

tional services at the Training Center will be at our disposal again, once the new trainees swear in.

Well, that's about it. But if you see or know of anything I forgot, please see your Provincial Reps. Chao!

Ralph Coleman, VAC Secretary,  
Ibarra •



## WHN in Ecuador

Anyone working with the hearing impaired, World Hearing Network is interested in bringing a team of Audiologists to Ecuador to fit the hearing impaired for hearing aids and to do surgical implants. However, there must be a proven need before such surgeries will be offered to Ecuadorians. If you work with the hearing impaired or know of a group of deaf people, please contact Lisa Roeser at Casilla 278, Riobamba Phone 03-965-107, or FAX 03-508-064.

## IHC in Boston

The Center for International Health is hosting a conference called, "Setting Tomorrow's Agenda: New Directions for Health Policy in Developing Countries," from Sept. 15 to Oct. 6, in Boston, MA.

Interested Volunteers planning to be in the States during this time, should contact CD Jean Seigle.

# Earthquake Safety

Earthquakes are unpredictable, striking at times and places that no one expects. Ecuador lies over several active fault systems and the risk of earthquakes here is real. During this century there have been six major earthquakes in Ecuador, the last being in 1987, a quake which seriously damaged the oil pipeline.

Due to the differences in design and construction practices among countries, the recommendations for actions during an earthquake in the United States may not apply. For example, in California, a person who is inside a building is told to duck under a desk or heavy table until the shaking stops. However, in countries where buildings are not built to withstand earthquakes, it may be best to run out of the building as soon as possible. In the Armenian earthquake of 1988, running outside at the first shock was a protective behavior, since more than 55,000 people were killed, mostly inside collapsing buildings. The best specific action to take will depend on factors such as the integrity of the building and the amount of falling debris inside and outside of the building.

### BEFORE AN EARTHQUAKE

A key strategy for reducing the effects of an earthquake is to prepare your house or place of work before an earthquake occurs:

1. Assess the vulnerability of your building to earthquakes. Is it made of bricks? Is it wood framed? Reinforced concrete? Is it steel framed? In general, the order of stability in an earthquake from strongest to weakest is wood frame, steel frame, concrete frame, stone work and brick. However, the actual stability is determined by the design, age, quality of materials and foundation.



2. Identify a safe, clear area outside of your building that is free of the risk of falling objects.

3. Plan escape routes from the building.

4. Know safe spots in your building if you can't escape (i.e., under a table).

5. Know danger spots in your area (i.e., mirrors, hanging objects). Secure any hanging objects and bookshelves if possible.

object such as a picnic table or a bench.

- Beware of brick or stone buildings or any other buildings with potential debris. Brick walls may burst due to the force of the earthquake and send debris flying some distance.

- Stay in a clear area several minutes after an earthquake and be prepared for aftershocks.

2. If inside, try to get outside ASAP only if:

- Stay away from glass doors or windows, which can shatter.

- Standing under a door frame may be safe only if it is a reinforced door frame.

4. If you are in a multi-storied building:

- Do not use the elevators.

- Use the stairs with caution. In some buildings, the stairs are weakest part of the construction.

- If you cannot get to an exit, desk or table, move to an interior wall and protect your head with your arms, as well as with a pillow or heavy blanket if they are available.



6. Learn how to shut off water and electricity.

7. Have an emergency evacuation plan from your site. Know where your nearest hospital is.

8. Maintain emergency supplies-- food, water, first aid kit, battery operated radio, iodine tablets, and extra money.

### DURING AN EARTHQUAKE

1. If Outside:

- Move to a clear area away from trees, hanging signs, buildings, statues, elevated roads, bridges, electric power lines and poles.

- If you cannot move to a clear area, get under a well-supported heavy

- There is a clear path between you and the exit. You can be severely injured by falling bookcases, falling light fixtures, and people pushing and shoving, while trying to get out of the building. You may be safer getting under a desk or heavy table rather than trying to rush to an exit.

- There is less of a risk outside than inside. More hazards may be present outside than inside a building, due to falling debris.

3. If you decide to remain inside or cannot get to an exit:

- Duck underneath a heavy table or desk and hold on to the legs.

- Stay away from bookcases, overhead cupboards or any other objects that are not anchored down.

### AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE

Many of the disastrous effects of an earthquake are secondary ones such as fire or gas explosions. After an earthquake, your access to food and water may be limited and it may take awhile for aid to arrive to your area. The following are guidelines for actions to take after an earthquake.

1. Check for injuries, apply first aid.

2. Look for hazards and take appropriate actions to decrease the risks. For example, check for gas leaks, water leaks and live electrical wires. If there is damage, turn utility off at its source. Check for building integrity, cracks and damage.

3. Be prepared for aftershocks. An aftershock may cause a weakened structure to collapse.

4. Listen to your radio (FM 89.3 HCJB radio) for instructions and news reports.

5. Check food and water supplies. Assume that water will be contaminated after an earthquake.

6. Contact your Provincial Emergency Contact Volunteer and the Peace Corps Office.

7. If you evacuate and leave your site, post a note for those who may search for you.

by the PCMOs



# Here's To Your Health



## NO MORE GGs!!!

The FDA has recently approved the HAVRIX vaccine for immunization against Hepatitis A. This is a more potent version of the Hepatitis A vaccine which has been on the European market for several years. HAVRIX will now replace GG as a preventative against Hepatitis A.

The dosage of HAVRIX is 1.0 ml intramuscularly (deltoid area). A second dose is given 6 to 12 months after the first. Protective antibody levels are present 4 weeks after the first dose and persist for one year. Mild local pain at the injection site is the most frequent adverse reaction and systemic reactions are uncommon. Since this is a new vaccine, we will be very interested in tracking reactions, so be sure to report these to us. By the way, this series costs PC about \$80 per volunteer. So it's your responsibility to receive it on time.

Omnibus 70 and any other PCVs with less than a year of service left will continue to receive GG and not receive the HAVRIX vaccine.

Omnibus 71 will receive one dose of HAVRIX which will provide protection for their last year of service. You should receive this vaccine during the month of May, or June at the latest.

Omnibus 72 will need to receive their first dose of HAVRIX any time up until July 1st. You will also need a booster dose any time from 6 months to one year after the initial dose.

Omnibus 73 received their first dose of HAVRIX before swearing in and will be due for a booster after 6 months.

### Pregnancy Policy

Peace Corps/Washington has recently examined the Pregnancy Policy for female Volunteers and has made

some revisions. A PCV who becomes pregnant during service will be able to continue service through the first trimester if the following conditions are met:

- She is not living in an area where there is chloroquine resistant falciparum malaria.
- She does not have any medical condition or risk factor that would affect her pregnancy.
- There is concurrence on the part of the APCD, Country Director and the Office of Medical Services in Washington.

Approval for a pregnant volunteer to remain in country after the first trimester may be considered on a case by case basis.

### Eyeglass Policy

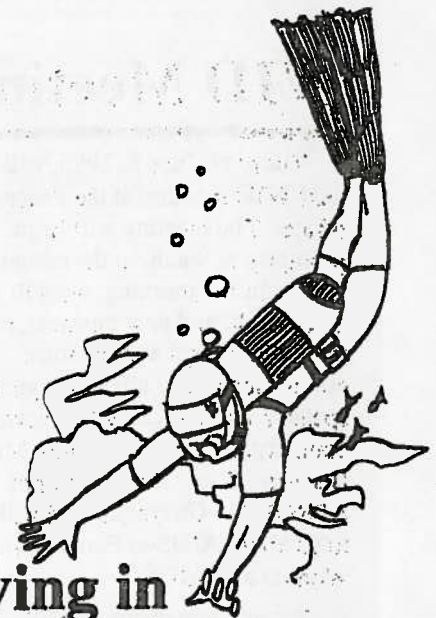
While the old policy limited the replacement of eyeglasses to one pair, the new policy states "A PCMO may use discretion in determining how many pairs of glasses should be provided during a Volunteer's service." An in country decision that we have made for budgetary reasons is to begin ordering all replacement glasses through Washington, rather than obtain them locally. There have been no changes in the policy regarding contact lenses or sunglasses.

If you are interested in more information or would like to read the new Technical Guidelines regarding these policies, please see PCMOs.

### Condom Chaos

After continued complaints of breakage from Volunteers, we have decided to take the silver Lifestyle condoms off the shelves. We will not be ordering more and those remaining will be thrown away. We will make available both Trojan and Lifestyle blue, three-pack condoms for volunteer use. The Lifestyle blues have received rave reviews from recent users.

by the PCMOs.



## Diving in Honduras

Utila Watersports Center in the Bay Island of Honduras is offering Peace Corps Volunteers the opportunity to learn to dive with a 5% discount. The dive operation has certified more than 100 Peace Corps Volunteers from countries in both Central and South America in one of the largest reefs in the world, second only to Australia. Information is posted in the lounge for anyone interested.

## "VV" on the Internet

The Peace Corps' World Wise Schools Program is developing a section called "Volunteer Views" for the Peace Corps' internet site with answers to questions posed to PCVs and RPCVs about their countries of service. June 1995's topic is: In your country of service, what seasons did you experience and when did the seasons occur? If possible, please be specific as to what season of the year it is during these months: January, March, June and September. What are the typical weather conditions on an average day in each of the months? Tell whether the seasons were the same in all parts of the country. To submit your answers, mail responses to Maria Eugenia in Quito, who will forward them to WWS.



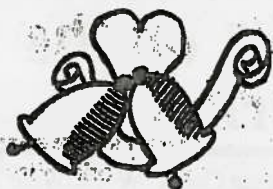
## WID Meeting

Tuesday, June 6, 1995, will be the next WID meeting at the Peace Corps office. The meeting will begin promptly at 9 a.m. in the conference room. In the morning, we will discuss old and new business, review the 1996 budget and organize committees. The afternoon guest speaker will be Kathy Vavricka's counterpart from Guayaquil, Miriam Becerra. She is the Director of APROFE in Guayaquil and will speak to us about AIDS in Ecuador and Women and AIDS.

We encourage any and all Volunteers who will be in Quito on June 6th to attend the WID meeting. Our goal is to have a more organized and united organization for the upcoming year. We would like to hear about your current projects with women and create new and innovative ideas for future women's projects.

Hope to see you all on June 6th.

by Rebecca Gigliotti and Michelle Humes, WID Co-Coordinators

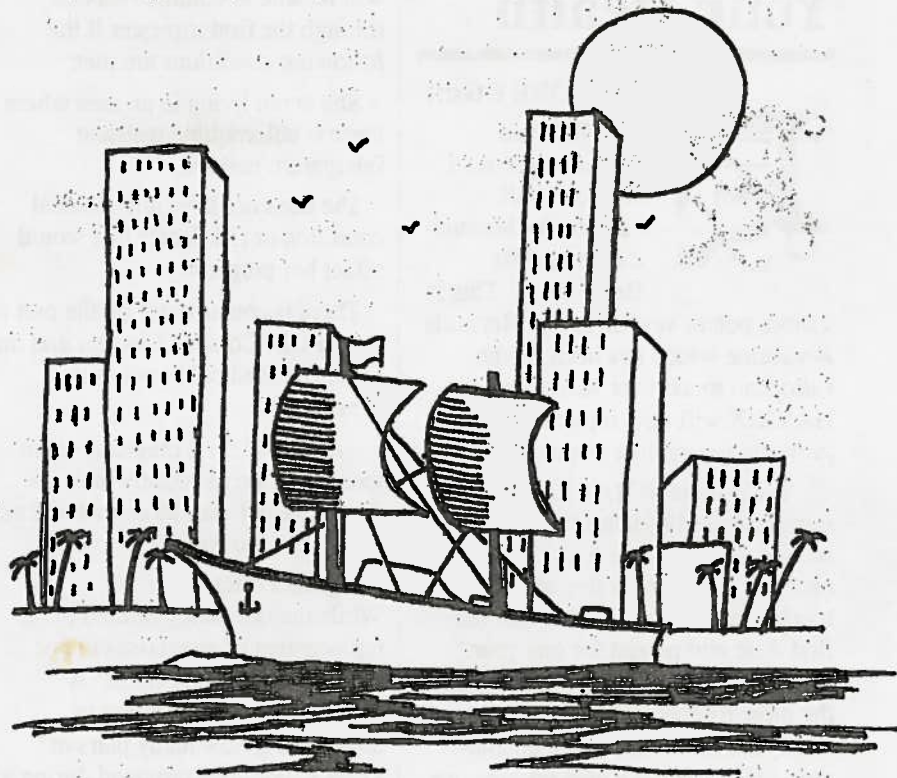


## Wedding Bells

Yes, the rumors are true . . . our fellow ex-PCV of Guadalupe, Zamora-Chinchipe tied the knot! Congratulations to Russ Thimgan and Nelly Vasquez who were wed in a civil ceremony in Zamora on April 27, 1995.

Good luck with your instant family, Russ! Take good care of Nelly, Paul and Andrés in Colorado. And . . . do I hear the pitter-patter of little feet in the near future? You sly dog.

With love, Tus amigas del austro-



## Guayas Provincial Poop

Guayas is coming out ofognito for this issue. Part of the motivation in doing so is to communicate with some of our fellow Guayas Volunteers that there was talk at the last VAC meeting about getting together on a more regular and frequent basis. Our next reunion is Monday, May 22nd, 11 a.m. at Burger King—the one on 9 de Octubre. Please keep an ojo out for notes via correo regarding future get togethers of a more social nature. Now for the poop. . .

**Suzette:** Doesn't make it out of her sight much, but rumor has it she's quite content with her new pad and roommate. Awesome house-warming, babe!

Welcome Heather, our new transplant from Zapotillo. We give

you 3 months to drop the "s" in "ma\_o meno\_" and to hang your toldo.

**Randy H:** Tells us the wayes in Pedro Carbo are "Awesome, Dude." (P. Carbo is landlocked. . .go figure.)

Jewell is probably home by now contemplating his life options. Steve, Tim and Janna are next. Well, at least Steve, our man in the mangoes, won't be trying to convince us anymore that Bosque de los Mosquitos during the rainy season is an experiential must. Tim and Janna will be missed. Buena suerte.

**La Princesa Shailita Reidhead:** Work is coming together in Valdivia, but she's decided to become a commuter, moving 10 minutes away to Tim and Janna's old pad in Olon.

Bienvenidos a Kristin Willie and accident-prone Mike Morgan, from Omnibus 73. Both will be continuing Steve's work. Morgan is taking over residency of the ol' sugar shack, which can best be described as spacious and airy. (Keep the lights burning for grandpa).

Our new VAC rep. is Mark. This puts the first couple, he and rad tan Connie, in the highest social circles of El Empalme.

Brian H. has left Ecuador, leaving Daule and the bailes to his mejor amiga Kelly R., who finally has a house of her own. Besos de bienvenido to Mark Stillman, who has moved from Latacunga to Daule.

Kathy E. isn't technically in Guayas, but she's close enough that we wonder why she isn't at our VAC meetings. Hey, El Clima needs to hit this woman up for an article on the '95 Oscar winners.

Neal (the guy that dated Lorena Bobbit's cousin) Cowell has been working hard on the waste management of Cumandú, but he did venture out long enough to prove he can still groove with the best of them.

As for the folks toughing it out in the coastal metropolis:

Tom is sportin' longer hair and bringing the grunge look to G-quil.

Jason, aka the night rider, continues his rounds through the big city. Secondary project-- downtown bike messenger?

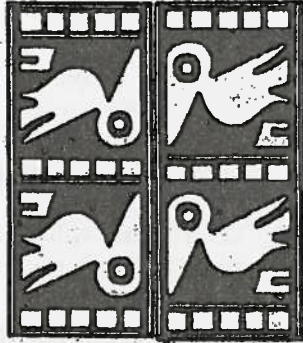
Pete is joining the El Clima staff as Art Director and, no joke, has been asked to join the G-quil Crew Team. As in rowing the Río Guayas? Stroke!

George: Between work and updating his "Who's Who in Ecuador" list, will he ever get to rest?

Kathy V. and Lisa F. are taking

their show on the road. Charlas of the month are First Aid and SIDA. On a more personal note, they continue their debate over who the lead singer of the Counting Crows really wants. . . Rumor has it the group is due to release their next album late this summer and the title track is "Lisa, dream woman, where can I find you?" Tough break, Kat.

Written as a group effort, with special help from Pete & Lisa, Guayaquil.



## Child Welfare Fellowship

The University of South Carolina is offering a Peace Corps Fellows Program in Child Welfare Leadership. The program, available to Returned Peace Corps Volunteers, provides all tuition, fees and related academic expenses of the Masters in Social Work program, as well as a monthly stipend. Interested Volunteers should contact Youth Development Program Director Nellie Villavicencio for more information.

## Asian Heritage Month

In celebration of Asian/Pacific Islander Heritage Month, here are some stats on Asian Americans in the Peace Corps.

- During the last five years, there has been a significant increase in the number of Asian Americans/Pacific Islanders serving in the Peace Corps.

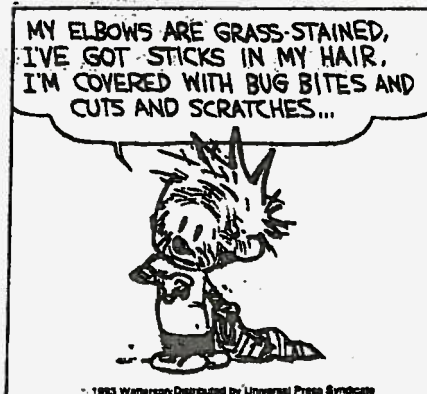
- Asian Americans currently serve in 73 of the 93 active Peace Corps countries. The countries with the highest number of Asian American Volunteers and Trainees are: Thailand (12), Guatemala (10) and Nepal (8).

## Corrections

The poem, "What Happens to a Dream Deferred," published in the March/April El Clima, was incorrectly attributed to John Hope Franklin. The correct author is Langston Hughes.

There was also an error in the stateside address of PCV Julie Pisker. Her correct U.S. address is: 203 Blackhawk Dr. Minooka, IL 60447 (815)467-7487.

## Calvin and Hobbes



## CONCENTRATED WHEEZES

There are new faces and old faces. There are happy faces and sad faces. And finally, there is a face in the mirror.

### The Face

### The CW

- |                   |   |  |
|-------------------|---|--|
| Carol Bellamy     | ↔ | Congratulations are in order, but how many Directors has PC had in the past five years anyway? |
| Rich Valeika      | ↑ | Finally a man of the people, new VAC prez gets to affect 150 adult men and women               |
| Omnibus 69        | ↔ | With the BH 90210 crowd gone, who will rule the roost at Papillons?                            |
| Omnibus 73        | ↓ | Yet another volunteer to Cuenca and EIGHT North of Quito? I guess no one's listening.          |
| The Aztec Warrior | ⊗ | Can he get any more obnoxious as the new Editor?   |

Obstidian Arrow Heads

— Juan Carlos Velasquez

## CALENDAR

- May 24: Battle of Pichincha, Ecuadorean holiday
- May 25-26: In-Service AIDS Training, Quito
- May 29: US Memorial Day, holiday
- June 14-16: IA Regional Micronutrients Conference, Chorlavi
- June 26-30: National Urban Forestry Conference
- July 4: US Independence Day, holiday
- July 11: VAC Meeting, Quito
- July 25: Founding of Guayaquil, Ecuadorean holiday (Peate Corps office open, US Consulate in Guayaquil closed)
- July 25-26: COS Conference, Omnibus 70, Chorlavi
- August 10: Ecuadorean Independence Day
- August 15-18: Natural Resources Job Conference
- August 29-31: Small Business Dev. Job Conference
- August 31 - September 2: Agriculture Job Conference
- September 4: US Labor Day, holiday
- September 21-23: Animal Production Job Conference

