

the other choice was returning. Into the river we wander. Just to the other side, right? Wrong. We cross to the sandy beach on the other side, follow the shore a little, then back in. Working upstream as large red-headed turkey-like birds (*colorados* or *saasa* in Shuar) scream from the trees; we cross again after a few minutes. Now, near the shore, we wade through calmer waters where vines from above touch the waters, dancing with the current. Did I see this in "Jungle Book"? Another ten minutes and we find the land trail.

Straight up the hill again. Bosco leaped down the hill before, and now, as if gravity reversed itself, he leaps up the hill. Shaking my head, I laugh. This is crazy! With my hands and tired feet, I pull on tree roots and branches, forcing the hill to move below me. At the top, out of breath, I ask for a rest—and pity—from Bosco. He lets me rest. Another hour of identical mud and trees moving by us, we again reach the river. This time, we can't walk across.

With a hoot, whistle and holler, Bosco calls across the river. A boy of about ten years emerges from the bush, bamboo staff in hand, and climbs into a canoe. Standing at the rear, he dips the staff into the river and hands climbing the staff, patrols the canoe towards our shore. When the staff no longer reaches the bottom, he uses it as an oar. The canoe is about eight feet long, a foot-and-a-

half wide, carved by axe from a tree. A small hole in the front allows water to leak in, which Bosco dutifully points out to the boy. The rear has a seat carved in the shape of a fish's tail. Inside rests an oar also chipped away by an axe. A small stick wedged between the walls of the canoe serves as a seat for me. Pushing the canoe away from shore, wobbling left and right, myself seated in the middle, Bosco kneeling up front and the kid standing in back with all our lives under the control of that bamboo shaft, we set out. My nerves keep me from saying a word. They rattle on in Shuar, probably discussing the weather or the latest hunting news. I can only think about hydrodynamics and the laws of physics concerning stability.

Safely on the other side, I sigh in relief, then take a step off to the side of the canoe. The boy drops to the floor of the canoe, Bosco leans high-side, and I fall into the water. Laughing, and a little surprised, they tell me it's still deep to the sides, and I should leave by walking off the front of the canoe. Valuable lesson learned.

Two more hills, another river, another hour-and-a-half, and we arrive in Yampuna. There is no air strip, no plank buildings—only a small clearing and two small typical Shuar houses—the *casa comunal* and the school. But, this is another story. . . Hiking with the Shuar is a uniquely Morona-Santiago

experience. There is talk of making the entire area a national, or international, park with the main support coming from The Explorers Club in Quito, the Federación Shuar-Achuar in Sucúa and financing from the European Community. The Shuar Federation and FIPSE (*Federación Independiente del Pueblo Shuar - Ecuador*) are in the process of legally claiming all this territory, globally, under the organizations' names.

Maybe they can prevent the rapid colonization that has occurred in Macas, Sucúa and other areas which has destroyed an immense amount of jungle forestation. The World Resources Institute estimates that Ecuador has the highest deforestation rate in South America, losing 100,000 acres, or 2% of its forests annually. UNESCO has listed the Trans-Cutucú region (and Esmeraldas) as one of the ten most environmentally critical and endangered areas in the world. The plant and animal diversity of the region has hardly been explored but is sure to offer many new and important scientific discoveries. The area is a treasure chest. And it is very accessible right now—a highway planned for completion within ten years to Makuma may make it too accessible. With proper planning and aggressive support, the Land of the Sacred Waterfalls can sustain its luster and remain the Emerald of the Oriente. •



Inti Raymi, Incan Sun God Festival. Inti-Raymi, the gathering of indigenous musicians and dancers. Inti Raymi, the holy festival held in the gaze of Ecuador's most prominent ruins, Inga Pirca. Inti Raymi, the night I tried a cigarette for the first time, fell off my log after the first inhale, talked in my sleep (or so they tell me), and awoke the next day to our little friend with the big mustache, face covered in ashes, staring at me meekly.

It would take quite a bit to surpass the surreal night of *Corpus Cristi*

(see last El Clima). And frankly, outdoing that weirdness was not on my mind as I boarded the bus bound for Inga Pirca, the "renowned" Ecuadorean claim to Incan ruin fame. I'd heard mixed reports about the glamour and sexiness of these ruins, but

if ever the mystery and romance of those piles of rocks could be evoked, the festival of *Inti-Raymi* would be the time. Deborah, Chris, Stacy and I finally got to the Inga Pirca launching point, where, after a bit of haggling, we got on the back of some guy's truck. A sudden jolting stop/near crash later informed us of the scab status of our driver. The "co-op" driver had cut off our only road and it looked for a while like we'd be spending the night camped on the pick-up. But after several minutes of using some surprisingly colorful language we all seemed to have picked up, the co-op driver finally backed down and the adventure promised to at least not end at the crossroads.

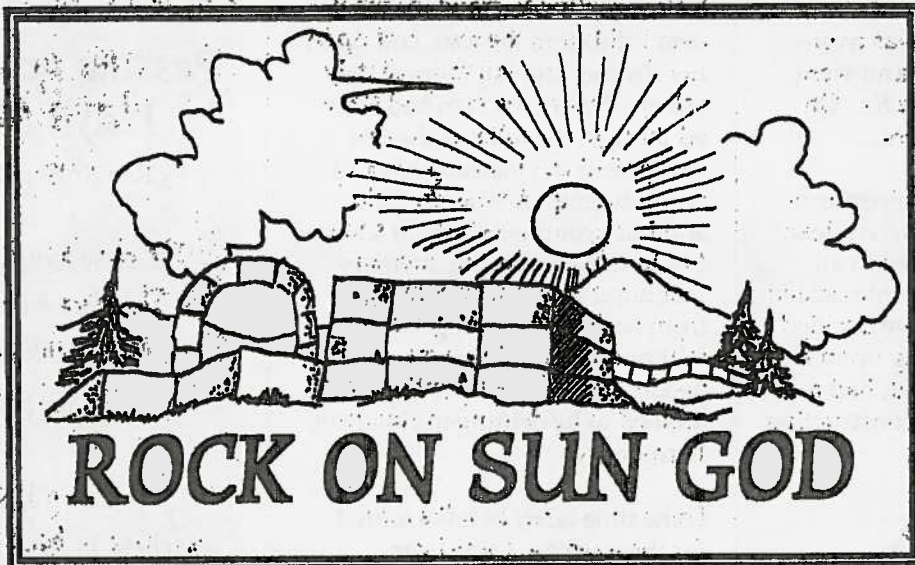
Finally, we had arrived--the ruins loomed (well, not quite, they more like lazed) off in front. But first we had to make it past the most perplexing structure of all, the entrance gate, ticket in hand--not exactly how I pictured the manner my Incan ancestors (I'm a quarter Incan, don't cha know) paid homage to their shrines. But now we were inside amidst the pandemonium of indigenas from every Sierran nook of Ecuador and beyond, milling about in all their colorful glory. Seeking a vantage point we at last found a bus to climb upon from which we could view the performance arena. At one point, a girl dressed in what I

suppose was meant to be Incan garb sitting on a golden chair supported by similarly dressed kids, slowly made its way through the crowd into the dance area. Then carefully they began walking around in circles, dipping pine boughs, bowing and raising and so forth. What could be better than eating tomato sandwiches on a bus in the warming sun watching brilliantly dressed indigenas display their culture through music and dance? Why, watching the crowd, of course. Thus, drifted and floated my mind over the crowd to the two little indigenas dressed to the max--

so laden with jewelry and adornments they were each worth a small fortune--hamming for the gringo photographers. My eyes returned quickly to the arena, to more dipping and pacing and shuffling, and just as quickly returned to the crowd, settling upon the small

strip of ubiquitous *gringo* vendors. You've seen 'em before--long matted hair, patched jeans, *chukla* beads, sandals, selling the latest in psychedelic paraphernalia. Much to my surprise though, the *gringo* ratio here was well in favor of the Ecuadoreans. Individual tourists could actually be picked out and re-identified later on. Definitely an Ecuadorean event. Once again, I returned my attention to the "performers" who, sweet lord, were still engaged in numbing revolutions and kowtowing. And then suddenly the action began!

Maldiciones began being emitted by the group of men directly below us who had been earlier busily engaging themselves in becoming thoroughly alcohol-poisoned; every once in a while seeing fit to link arms and perform an artistic rendition of the can-can for us. And then, WHAM! An arm flew out! BAM! A face came down to intercept. Apparently someone had been out of step--penalties must be paid. But before folk justice could be further applied, in ran someone who must have been the accused's grandma--unless the police were taking a day off, leaving the grannie patrol in charge. But no, because before Grandma could make what no doubt would have been a devastating counter-attack, the fearless Inga Pirca police arrived.



Before I had even registered that there were cops in the greater Cañar vicinity, this little guy ran up, mace bottle at the ready, squirted the attacker and attackee, and then ran off. I've never had the opportunity to see mace in action and I can now say that it is extremely anticlimactic, as a thin stream let loose, followed by flailing arms of the streamed-on and the still hysterical cries of Grandma. The show was over--the cops had returned and were taking away the *malcriados*. Oh well, back to the dancers...

After many more performers, including an Andean band that played to an arena full of extremely intoxicated and celebratory men, we decided to set up camp. Settling upon a site, we pitched our tent, had a bite to eat, and began constructing



a fire. Before long, sun down, fire sputtering, wine boxes passing, we attracted a few folks. Most notably was this little man with the big mustache and mousy voice who accepted our wine offer with a prayer-type salute. I was starting to get kinda tipsy from the wine, so all I remember of this little man was his stream-of-consciousness talk about energies and souls--or was that about house designs and shoe making? I honestly am not sure. In any case, I was enraptured and so I probably didn't have to suddenly decide that this was the time and place to take my first cigarette drag ever. For years I lived in fear of what that first puff could lead to--now it was time to face that monkey on my back... (sound of cigarette being passed...sound of first cigarette

inhale...sound of one unwary first time smoker falling back off his log into the grass with a giggle). Boy, that's wacky stuff--I had no idea! (No don't worry, I also think its very gross--no addictions here, thank you!)

Well, I pretty much began to fade out at that point. So when it began to lightly sprinkle, I needed little incentive to crawl (or whatever I did) into the tent, curl up in my sleeping and fall immediately asleep. Before the rain had started though, the folks at the fire had pulled out instruments and were singing. Across the field another group was busy at song. My last, but enduring, memory that night is of music coming from both sides, lulling me (although it certainly wasn't needed) to sleep--the entire world seemed to be drifting in ritualistic harmonies.

Some time later, as folks retired for the evening, I was later informed that when asked to move over, I said, "Don't even touch me!" or something ornery like that, perhaps involving unrepeatable words. They still get on my case for having been such a jerk, although I have absolutely no recollection of any of it. Still later on in the night, I awoke to find myself intertwined amongst four other folks in a tent built for two. Not only that, but during the night we had slid down our teeny slope and were now sleeping virtually on the ceiling of the tent! I think I half registered all this before falling back asleep.

I finally awoke to the new sun, detached myself from the mass and squirmed my way out of the tent. The fire place was just a pile of ashes and seemingly within that pile slept the little man with the big mustache. His soot-covered face slowly lifted only to be blinded by the light and plopped

back down with a puff into the burnt grass again.

Chris and I made a leisurely stroll around the ruins, which, I must say, were far from awe-inspiring. Oh sure, they're cool enough--the masonry and all that. But they'll never compare to the memories I have of the *Inti Raymi* festival.

Andrés Amador, Cuenca •

Passing of a Day in Playa de Oro

by Ron Krupa, Playa de Oro

The slow brush of a hand

The bugs barely move

Men drunk and talk

A day passes

Down breaks

Machete in hand a boy walks

Lost in a curtain of green

Food comes to the table

Chattering women work

A river flows by

Sounds merge to music

Laundry hangs on the lines

Running feet

Shouts, screams, laughs, cries

Cruelty and love

A child's secret world

Roosters crow in the night

Insects drone and frogs croak

Dogs bark and cats howl

Silence in the jungle.



I Envy The Alligator Man

by Mark Stillman,
Daule



"She looks gooooood tonight, doesn't she?" I say with a smirk on my face.
"I don't know, man. She's not my type," says Andrew.

We are lounging in the living room with a perfect view of the door where the guests are entering. It's a good opportunity for Andrew and me to check out the newcomers to a potentially boring Sierran party. The latest females to walk in are Jean and Sarah, both from the new Omnibus. I decide to hold out until it looks like the perfect time to make my move. These kinds of things have to be done with care. After passing the time intimately with a wall, Sarah breaks away from Jean to console one of her friends who is sulking in the corner, and I know that the time has come. I break for the punch bowl and grab the ladle just as she wraps her fingers around an upturned cup.

"I've got something to ask you, Jean," I say as I fill up her cup, noticing that she has painted her fingernails in the Ecuadorean half-moon way. "I'm all ears," she says, as she scans the scene both self-satisfied and insecure at the same time. Her eyes become transfixed on something in the room to her left.

"Who is your favorite protagonist?" I look in the room to my right and see an unknown man, the word CHIGUIJO sprawled across his chest, sitting in the chair reading *Gravity's Rainbow*. A baby alligator wrapped in a damp towel rests in his lap.

"Salinger's Franny Glass," she says without much hesitation. "And I've got one for you, Mark."

"What's that?" I say, my heart beating noticeably faster than before. I knew it's gonna be a good one. I hear the opening chords to a famous Pearl Jam song and a bunch of people pool themselves off the couches to dance.

"I like you a lot and I know that you like me, but..." she pauses, and all of a sudden her face changes into that of a seasoned government employee. She glares at me and says, "Did you request vacation days to come to this party? Because if you didn't, we may be looking at an Administrative Separation..."

[Editor's note: The above "dream" incident is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and beyond the intent of either the author or publisher. As far as we know.]

I wake up quickly and look at the time. It's 2:45 in the p.m. After carving a diagonal line through four vertical ones with my Swiss Army Knife, I get up and let out a loud yawn to accompany my post-nap stretching ritual. "Aaaaaahh." I open up the balcony door and a refreshing coastal breeze hits me in the face. A song by *El General* is blaring across the street and I

slowly start moving my hips to the beat. The female singer kicks in with the chorus and I'm all over the place. I downshift into second gear after noticing my neighbor across the street staring at me, and I slowly shuffle over to the couch. "Outta sight!" I whisper to myself, and I try to think of ways to burn the excess energy that is coursing through my veins. In front of me is a *Dave Matthew's Band* cassette, yesterday's *El Uniyersario* newspaper, a piece of paper and a pen. Time to get down to business. I

miss having your own car. I do understand that there are circumstances where you should be allowed to ET, and I am willing to accommodate unforeseen events: a family member or close friend becomes sick or passes away, a medical reason. These are valid excuses. Inadequate Spanish and inability to culturally adapt fall into the Administrative Separation category. But any other reason just doesn't cut it. I know that this line of thinking resembles that of the Army, but I don't think that this is necessari-

grab the pen and begin writing my *El Clima* article.

THERE IS SOMETHING I WANT TO SAY to all of you out there. I'm not going to sugar-coat it, I'm not going to beat around the bush. I think this needs to be said. If it pisses you off too much, then stop reading. Here it goes:

I think that the Early Termination policy should be abolished. Just do away with it. Make the twenty-seven month commitment here an actual commitment. No free ticket to go home if you don't like your site or work situation. No free ticket to go home if you are at a low point and



ly a bad thing. We are able to exercise our options, but does that exempt volunteers from being responsible during the application/interview process in proving that we are all driven people that are committed to being Peace Corps Volunteers for the entire service?

I'm going to speculate for a bit. Would abolishing voluntary Early Termination change the mind-set of a fledgling Peace Corps Volunteer? I believe that it would definitely change their attitude from the first moment that they became aware that they couldn't voluntarily leave during their Peace Corps service--all the way to the Close of Service conference. Sure, Peace Corps/Washington would get a lot less applications than they currently do, but the ones that decide to accept would be a lot more comfortable from the beginning that they would be serving for the full two years. In regards to the time we spend as Volunteers, I think that there would be a lot less bitching and a lot more productivity. I believe that during the first six months, instead of complaining about all the negatives of their site, Volunteers would learn to deal with them much more quickly. Instead of wasting time trying to justify the work situation or guessing what you could be doing back in the United States, you would be able to use that time to visit your neighboring communities to find out what types of projects are desired by them that could lead to sustainable development (I still haven't figured that one out).

Let's talk about actual experiences for a moment. When I spent my first night in Latacunga during my site visit, I was saying to myself, "I don't know if I want to do this." I saw that same fear in the faces of some Trainees in Quito

last week, after they came back from their site visits. Once I finished training, I spent the first few months adjusting to my new life with an Early Termination safety net below me: If I don't like it, I can just leave. I have talked to some Volunteers about their first six months of service, and it seems to me that some of us spend this period with one foot in the United States and one in Ecuador. I truly feel that the ET policy actually creates mind games instead of easing our minds.



I'm not saying that Volunteers who ET are completely to blame for not holding up their end of the bargain. The Peace Corps Administration needs to realize that at times they are fostering unhealthy attitudes. Let's reminisce about Training for a moment (as painful as it may be for some). It was definitely a Child-Parent relationship between Trainees and Training Staff. There needs to be some changes if we are ever able to have constructive Adult-Adult relationships during training. A Trainee should be able to walk

around in shorts without a Trainer coming up to him/her acting surprised and saying, "Are you wearing shorts?" And if a Trainee passes all of the necessary requirements in becoming a Volunteer before Training is over, he/she should be given the option to go to his/her site early. I also have a bone to pick about some current policies that affect the Volunteer during service. We should be able to take as much of our Readjustment Allowance as we want to. This would allow the Volunteer to decide for him/herself where to draw the line between superfluous toys and necessities. And I don't deem it necessary to ask for permission from Peace Corps if I decide to marry while serving as a Volunteer.

You can all relax now, I'm done. Mmmmmmm. I feel a lot better now. I kind of feel like Ayn Rand's Dagny Taggart did when she decided to let Taggart Transcontinental go to shit and joined all of her friends in Colorado. Because now that this article is printed, I can't ET. It feels like the ET policy was abolished just for me and I can live my life without a safety net. I like that. And I can also enjoy the fact that I have literally won my bet with Juan Carlos Velasquez. I am looking forward to an evening in San Francisco as an RPCV, drinking all of my favorite micro-brewed beers *gratis* and discussing the downfall of Pearl Jam. One last thing. I would like my fellow Volunteers to know that I am not trying to impose my ideals onto you. You can ET if you want to, but I'm not going to envy you. (I envy the alligator man).

I put down the pen, grab the article and run over to Kelly's house. I hand it to her to read. Ten minutes later, she looks up and I say to her, "Are there any holes in it?" She pauses, and says, "Not that I can



see, but everyone is still going to have their own opinion." I grab it from her, stuff it in my pocket and go down to the *malecón* to lose myself in my thoughts.

I take a seat on a stone bench and some questions start popping into my head. Have I changed since I've been here? Yes. Has it been for the better? I don't know yet. I then recall my favorite realization I have had since I've been here. I have decided that I am not going to listen to people who say that I can't accomplish anything I want to. They aren't looking out for my best interests. I am looking forward to working as hard as I can on something that I am passionate about and fulfilling my goals. I don't see how anyone can be happy in life if they play it safe. I'm gonna take risks. Big risks. I'm gonna aim high. Real high.

I open my eyes to the sight of a dirty kid staring at me. I sit up straight, look him in the eyes, and with my *gringo*-accented Spanish I ask him, "Where can I buy the Universe?" He points across the street with his lips to an old man with a small stack of newspapers in front of him. I stick my hands in my pockets to feel how much money I have with me. The weight of the wad tells me the answer: Insufficient Funds. I feel dejected. But as I walk home, I console myself with the knowledge that once I have enough money, I know the man to talk to.



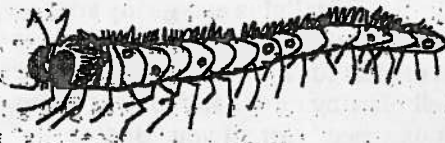
the real scoop about E.T.s

The following letter appeared in the August 1995 edition of THE SUN--A Magazine of Ideas. THE SUN each month solicits reader letters on a certain topic. The topic in August brought a letter from a former Volunteer, . . .



"The Peace Corps had just assigned me to a remote village in Rwanda, and after two days alone at my post, I had yet to sleep. I was too busy killing every creeping thing in the house. I had seen plenty of bugs during my training in Burundi, but at the time I'd been with other Americans,

With friends, it had been fun to smash bugs. Alone, I feared their squashed souls would come back to haunt me. On the third day, a torrential rain began at three in the afternoon, turning the sky almost pitch-black. My body begged for sleep, but the rain drove the bugs in. Spiders came down from the roof. Ants made a trail from my bag of rice to the bucket I used for washing dishes and bathing. Then hundreds of strange caterpillars came pouring through the gap under my door. They looked like fuzzy brown worms with pointed wings. Attracted from the nearby lake by my candlelight, they paused under the door, then plunged at me with great force. They attached themselves to my clothes, my head, my feet, my hair. They didn't sting, just cling. There was no way to kill them all. I screamed and swung at them and took off my clothing to get rid of them. I wet my hair, but that only trapped them there, and I could feel them crawling along my scalp. It was more than an hour before



I got rid of them. Still feeling their tiny legs making tracks on my head, I began packing to go back to the States. When people asked why I'd returned, I gave them many reasons: the language, malaria, the war. Everyone understood, and even praised my attempt to help humanity. How could I ever tell them the truth--that it was the bugs?"

Pam Shoap--Chambs, Pennsylvania

After all these years, we have identified the REAL reason for ETs--Bugs. Thank you, Pam, for sharing.

Submitted by Janice Davis, PC/Washington
[Editors' note: So Mark, do bugs qualify?!]



Pardon me while I stereotype and generalize. We all suspect that many of the bus drivers in this small Latin American nation are stupid-idiot-imbeciles (yes, that redundancy is intentional and necessary), but I, for one, am willing to state this as an absolute truth. Many bus drivers in this country believe that there's a direct relationship between how *macho* he is and how fast and reckless he drives. I suppose I've got a slight chip on my shoulder. Or, rather, a slight chip in my nose. Once again, pardon me.

The Thing Was:

I was on my way back to my site in the Carchi Province from Quito when, all of a sudden, right in front of the *Hostería Chorlaví* in San Antonio de Ibarra (an Ibarra suburb, if you will), I came to know this truth. It was the 6th of November at 6:40 p.m., just as dusk was fading into night and an eerie light fog was hanging over the Ibarra valley. The bus that I had

caught (*Expresso Tulcán* was the company, I believe) on the PanAm near the airport in Quito, with all the stupid little flashy lights and gaudy stickers in the "suicide section" - that's up front, for those of you with no respect for life--and the disco-dance-mix-from-hell blasting on the stereo, was going the usual "ludicrous speed" (for all you "Spaceballs" fans) that buses achieve on the straight-away downhills. I was sitting towards the back of the bus in an aisle seat with my normal interest in the succession of objects that I could see by the headlights in front of the bus. There was a dump truck parked on the side of the road, half in our lane. The driver of the dump truck was fixing a rear flat tire or something like that, and he was in the road. The last thing I remember seeing before I smashed my nose on the metal bar of the seat in front of me was the silhouette (against the now brightly-lit back of the dump truck) of the bus driver's helper, a boy in his early- to mid-teens who was sitting in the very front right suicide seat, diving to the left to avoid the imminent impact. I don't think he really wanted to die, but I think he ended up just as dead as the dump truck driver. He trusted the bus driver too much and tried to get out of the way too late. No brakes, no last-second attempts to

Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Ibarra

by Tim Sulser,
Mariscal Sucre

steer out of the way; just the large, indescribable sound of the crash. Just as the dump truck was parked half in our lane, the front right half of the bus, back to the door, was crumpled. I'm lucky to have walked away with just a broken nose and a couple of sore spots.

People talk of cultures losing their identity when things become more "westernized" and, generally, it's considered a bad thing. It appears that the cultural icon of the "Latin American Bus" with all the crazy things that happen on board is on its way out with all the new and big Volvo buses that numerous bus companies are phasing in. The Volvos, to begin with, are safer, quieter, and usually non-smoking along with being driven by slightly more intelligent and sensible drivers. I'm not going to shed any tears at the loss of this little piece of cultural identity.

So much for my gripe with bus drivers; here's the rest of the story.

After I crawled out the window, I figured my nose was bleeding way too much to take my usual concern for other peoples' well-being. Call me selfish, I suppose. I waved a handful of 10,000 *sucre* bills at the first car that passed by and they stopped to take me to the hospital in Ibarra. In the emergency room a nurse came by and the following is a translation of the conversation we had:

"Does this hurt?"

"Owww!"

"Does that hurt?"

"Ahhhh!"

"How about this?"

"Oooooouch!"

Then a doctor (I assume) came by and did the same thing, but added, "You need some X-rays, but we can't do that here. Go catch a taxi to the nearest clinic." At least they didn't charge me for it. Anyway, I got the X-rays. My nose was definitely broken. I got a two-hour taxi ride to the *Hospital Metropolitano* in Quito, and by 11:30 p.m., the doctor was shooting me up with a local anesthetic so that he could tweek my nose back into place. Imagine a doctor trying to make all the parts of your nose, both interior and exterior (septum, back wall, bridge, nostrils, etc.), numb with



needle injections. Good god, I thought breaking the bone in the first place was plenty of pain. But this, this really hurt. Eventually though, I was uncomfortably numb (it didn't hurt, but I could still feel everything he was doing) and he put me back together again. Then he took a handful of Vaseline-soaked gauze and crammed it up my right nostril to absorb/stop-up the various fluids that were still coming out my nose.

I'm thankful to have been able to walk away from that totaled, only-good-for-parts piece of metal. I'm thankful that not too many people were badly hurt. I'm usually not one to attach too much meaning to Thanksgiving, but I believe it's going to be different this year. So, what's the moral of the story? I see it as pretty straight-forward and simple. Of all the fellow volunteers I've met, I think I've liked just about all of them. Well, very few that I'd wish harm upon anyway. Every one of us relies on the bus system here, so please take heed. Do not sit in the suicide seats. If there's no other option, get off and wait for the next bus. After seeing the front of that bus, post-mortem, the only word I can think of--I don't think there's an English equivalent--is *Jamás*. Never, I will never ride in the front. *Jamás!* I am also inclined to go through the hassle of only riding on those new Volvo buses, but that's probably a tad extreme for the majority of you. Well, that's all I've got to say. *¡Qué vayan con Dios!*
Love, Tim



What do Ted Kennedy, Jesse Helms, Paul Coverdell and Sargent Shriver have in common? . . .

They all support the new Peace Corps Director, Mark Gearan!



A GUIDE TO SAFE FAX

Submitted by Donna Lawler, B.F.Pingo

Q: Do I have to be qualified to have safe fax?

A: Although married people fax quite often, there are many single people who fax complete strangers every day.

Q: My parents say they never had sex when they were young and had to write letters and tell each other until they were 21. How old do you think cartoon? should be before they fax?

A: When your equipment is ready, faxing can be performed at any age once you learn the correct procedures.

Q: If I fax myself will I go blind?

A: Certainly not . . . as far as we can see!

Q: At many hotels and motels in big cities you can go and pay for sex. Is that legal?

A: Yes. Many people have no other outlet for their sexual drives, and must pay a "professional" when their need to fax becomes too great.

Q: Should a cover always be used for faxing?

A: Unless you are REALLY sure of the use you are faxing, a cover should be used to ensure safe faxing.

Q: What happens when I incorrectly do the procedure and I fax prematurely?

A: Don't panic! Many people prematurely fax when they haven't faxed in a long time. Just start over, most people don't mind if you fax them again right away.

Q: May I fax if the sex of my fax partner is unknown?

A: Being bi-sexual can be confusing, but as long as you use a cover each time, you wouldn't transmit anything you're not supposed to.

Q: If I have a personal and business fax, can transmissions become mixed up?

A: Of course! It is better to fax than worry . . . but please use a cover!

Q: I don't have a very large office, do I fax on my desk all the time?

A: You can fax on your desk, your file, a shelf, table, or even the floor or near the water cooler. Any place your equipment fits--and you feel comfortable--is acceptable . . . but please remember to use a cover whenever possible.

State of Mind

"There is a different cuisine culture in California," says Nancy Arum, cookbook author and food writer. "It's obvious from the calls a Los Angeles radio food writer received just before Thanksgiving. The first caller wanted to know if she could defrost her turkey in the sauna. Another called to say that the turkey prepared according to her recipe hadn't browned properly. She wondered if a few minutes under the sun lamp might do the trick."



(Reprint from *Readers Digest*, August 1992)



Christmas reminds us that we're not alone. We are not unrelated atoms, bouncing and ricocheting amid aliens, but are part of something, which holds and sustains us. As we struggle with shopping lists and invitations, compounded by December's bad weather, it is good to be reminded that there are people in our lives who are worth this aggravation, and people to whom we are worth the same. Christmas shows us the ties that bind us together, threads of love and caring, woven in the simplest and strongest way within the family

(Reprinted from *Reader's Digest*, December 1993)

submitted by Marie Skertic

Ode to My First Stool Sample

by Meredith (Ed)
Gaffney, Ahuano

My butt itches; my limbs hurt
time to make the move
20 cups of coffee.
The pressure is on
Juan is leaving for Quito.
The door closes
plastic is broken
By God the spoon is small.
I can't believe
this could happen to me.
Aha, I'm not a stool sample
virgin anymore.
The yellow top
snaps shut on the dead
and slips back into the plastic.
Oh... how slick.
I wash my hands
Once,
then twice,
they're never clean enough.
Slipped back into the envelope
labeled 'LABORATORIO'
I walk into the office
Now where do I put it?
And how could I hand this
to another human?
It's mine
and I don't even want it.
So I open the fridge
and thrust it in.
HOW RANDOM
Remind me never to put
my Ben and Jerry's
in there.
So now I wait.
Thank God
It's out of my hands.



Spanish Bullfighter's Verse

*Bullfight critics ranked in rows
Crowd the enormous Plaza full;
But only one is there who knows,
And he's the man who fights the bull.*

from "The Crisis Years" by Michael R. Baschloss

submitted by Eric Cosgrove, Sucúa

(and carried in the wallet of John F. Kennedy)



BYE BARRY!
M. SPINOZA COLLECTION



HEY DUDES! ZENO HERE AGAIN
TO WELCOME YOU TO ANOTHER
EPISODE OF MY
LIKE, LIFE.
I REMEMBER
MY BUDDIES AT
OL' HUMBOLDT STATE
SAID I WOULDN'T MAKE
IT IN THE JUNGLE OF SOUTH
AMERICA - YEAH, RIGHT - BUT
HERE I AM SIX MONTHS INTO
MY SERVICE AND I AM STILL VIVO
OUT HERE IN THE DEEP ORIENTE - SO LIKE,
SO MUCH FOR FRIENDS' PREDICTIONS - BUT
WHY DON'T THEY LIKE EVER WRITE?
SO ANYWAY, I HAD GONE TO VISIT THE PC
CAMPO SERIO...



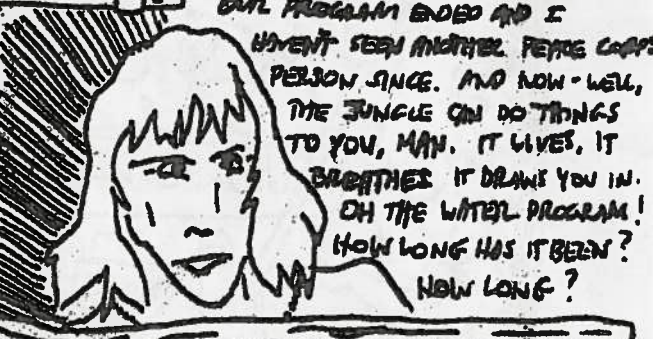
I HEARD HE LIVED IN THESE
INCA RUINS... AND THAT HE
WAS A WATER PROGRAM
VOLUNTEER...



HEY DUDE -
ANYBODY HOME?



ARE YOU FROM QUITO, MAN?

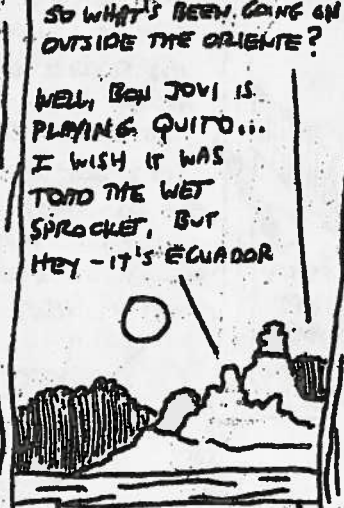


OUR PROGRAM ENDED AND I
HAVEN'T SEEN ANOTHER PERRÉ COFFS
PERSON SINCE. AND NOW - WELL,
THE JUNGLE CAN DO THINGS
TO YOU, MAN. IT LIVES. IT
BREATHES IT DRAGS YOU IN.
OH THE WATER PROGRAM!
HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN?
HOW LONG?



I'M NOT FROM QUITO,
DUDE - I'M LIKE
YOUR CLOSEST
FELLOW VOLUNTEER
IN PENSAMIENTO
I'M
ZENO.

I'M
ALKE.



SO WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON
OUTSIDE THE ORIENTE?

WELL, BON JOVI IS
PLAYING QUITO...
I WISH IT WAS
TODD THE WET
SPROCKET, BUT
HEY - IT'S EQUADOR



BON JOVI? CAN IT BE? THE LAST
GROUP I REMEMBER PLAYING
EQUADOR WAS AIR SUPPLY - BUT
ENOUGH OF THAT,
MAN - YOU ARE
MY GUEST, A
FELLOW PCV.
I MUST
FEED YOU
ANACONDA
¿SI O NO?



I REALLY
SHOULD
SPLIT,
DUDE



NO! YOU MUST SEE
MY "PROJECT" FIRST.
PUT THIS BLINDFOLD
ON!



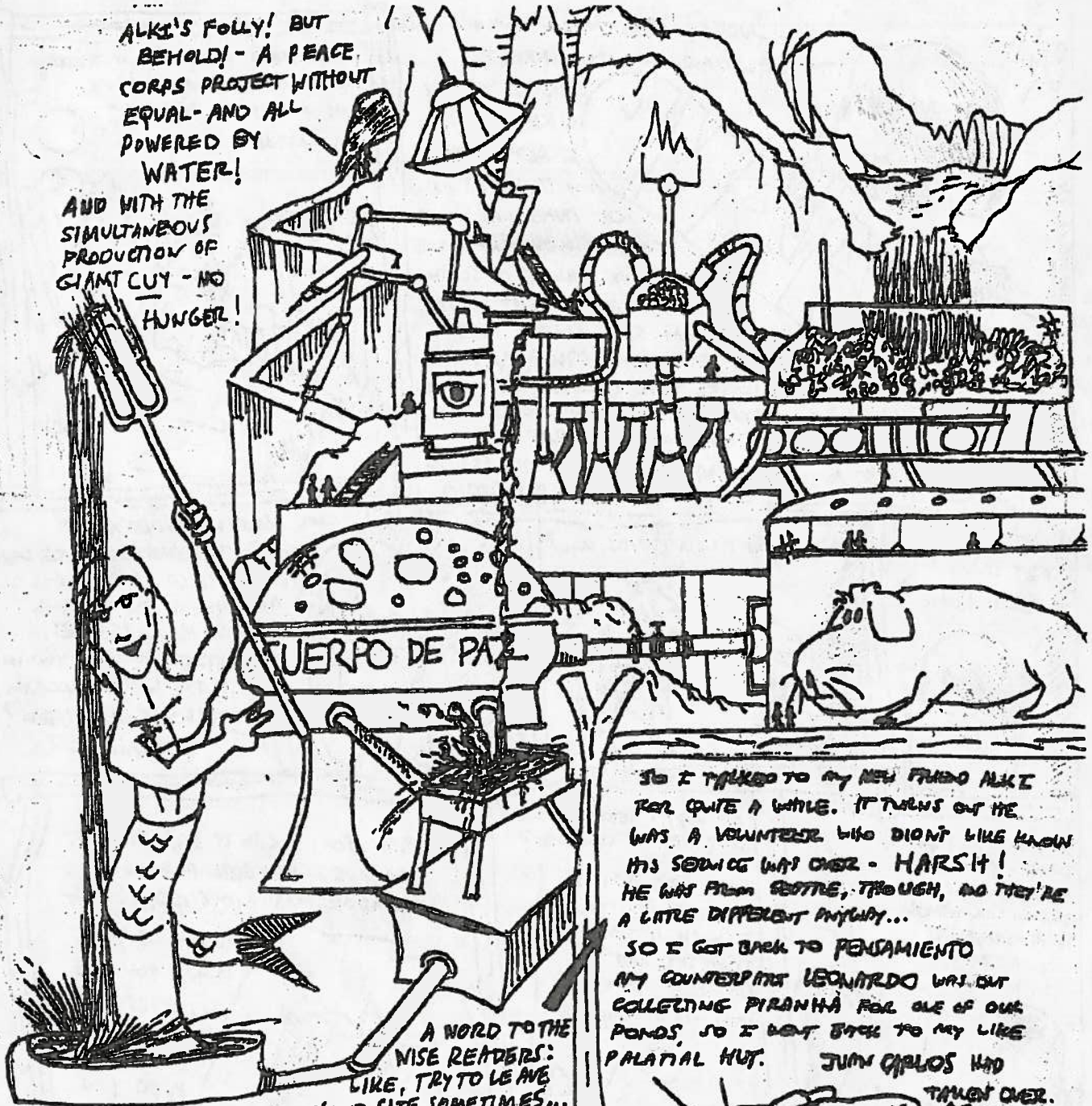
WHAT'S UP
WITH THIS
ALKE, MAN?

THEY SAID IT WAS
INSANE!

MY APCD
DIDN'T
APPROVE!

ALKE'S FOLLY! BUT
BEHOLD! - A PEACE
CORPS PROJECT WITHOUT
EQUAL - AND ALL
POWERED BY
WATER!

AND WITH THE
SIMULTANEOUS
PRODUCTION OF
GIANT CUY - NO
HUNGER!



A WORD TO THE
WISE READERS:
LIKE, TRY TO LEAVE
YOUR SITE SOMETIMES...

SO I TALKED TO MY NEW FRIEND ALKE
FOR QUITE A WHILE. IT TURNS OUT HE
WAS A VOLUNTEER WHO DIDN'T LIKE KNOW
HIS SERVICE WAS OVER - HARSH!
HE WAS FROM SEATTLE, THOUGH, AND THEY'RE
A LITTLE DIFFERENT ANYWAY...

SO I GOT BACK TO PENAMIENTO
MY COUNTERPART LEONARDO WAS OUT
COLLECTING PIRANHA FOR ONE OF OUR
PONDOS, SO I WENT BACK TO MY LIKE
PALATIAL HUT.

JUAN CARLOS HAD
TALENT OVER.



THEN THE MESSENGER
CONOCL ARRIVED FROM
THE SIERRA



ESQUEEZE
ME?
I GET TO GO TO
MY SUPERCONFERENCE?
IN QUITO?
NO - WAIT - IN COCA?
WHAT'S UP WITH THAT?

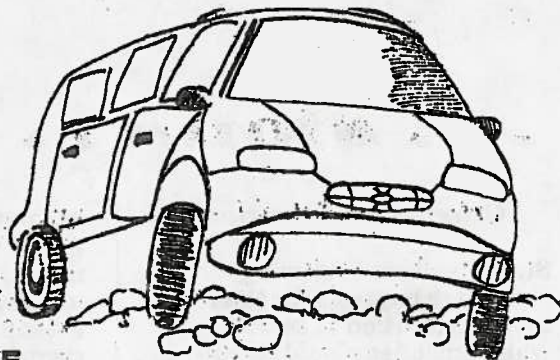


NEXT ISSUE: "A PASSAGE TO
COCA"

A CARE PACKAGE, AND A
TRAINEE COMES TO
VISIT, AND MORE
ABOUT ALKE

ABOUT THOSE CARS . . .

by Jean Seigle,
Country Director, PC/E



Mark Reichelt has assumed not only the leadership of VAC, but has been working with me as a PCV representative to provide input on budget issues and decisions. A reoccurring question has been, "Why are there so many cars?" He and I agreed that writing about this might dispel some misconceptions. Here's some background:

First, as you walk through to the PCV lounge, you will see a combination of PC-owned and personal cars. PC/North American staff use their own cars for all personal transportation. These cars are either purchased here in Ecuador or bought in the U.S. and shipped here at our own expense. During the interim, while the car is being shipped, use of the PC vehicle is permitted with a 25 cent per mile reimbursement charge.

As for the PC vehicles, these are purchased in bulk by PC/Washington and shipped to countries as needed. Last year, PC/W completed a number of extensive cost benefit analyses which amounted in significant

cost savings to the Agency. As a result, the Agency instituted the central purchase of various types of equipment—computers, printers and vehicles being the high ticket items.

PC/W has established a vehicle replacement schedule for each country. Based on that, cars are shipped to post. The number of cars is based on the number of staff and PCVs. As we down-sized by one APCD this year, we received one less new car.

The vehicle replacement schedule is based on analysis of prior years' vehicle maintenance costs and conditions of travel of individual countries. As you well know, APCDs spend the majority of their time traveling and visiting PCVs and assessing new site possibilities. Their safety depends in part on the condition of the vehicles they drive. PC/E adheres to a preventative maintenance schedule for the vehicles, but flat tires and worn parts are inevitable due to the driving conditions.

So you will notice new Jeep Cherokees when you come to Quito, or are visited by staff. The old Ford Explorers will be sold at auction with other government property on similar "disposal schedules." The proceeds will return to PC/E. The funding for the purchase of the new vehicles comes from PC/W, not directly from your budget. As an additional safeguard to ensure the proper use of

vehicles, the Office of the Inspector General is in the middle of a vehicle audit. Posts throughout the PC world are being selected for audit by the I.G.

PC/E will keep the pick-up trucks that we have as these are frequently necessary to haul equipment, PCV belongings, etc.

From a staff point of view, the number of vehicles is adequate to support the work we do. Hope this helps you better understand the situation. °

HEAVEN TO GO PHOTOCOPIES

Okay, I'm begging you here... I really need some help. MAG has turned me down; USAID says to call back. But the people I work with won't let me rest. They're excited, and they want more. More books, pamphlets, photocopies and what-have-you on technical topics. I tell you, these people are ravenous and cake alone will no longer do. Chocolate now belongs side-by-side with a manual on how to make it; people are starting to see the mysteries of the world unlocked and available.

This is the magic of the library project we started in my site of Ungubí. Problem is, I've already given them every piece of paper I've got. If you've got some old papers on health or gardens or games for kids or women's issues lying around and can bear to let them go, have I got a deal for you. . . There's a box for donations in the library at the PC Lounge, and seriously, we'll be happy to take anything you can give. Thanks in advance.

Jill DeTemple, Ungubí °

FAME FOR ECUADOR RPOV

Ecuador RPOV Marie Mueller (BB '65) received an American Book Award for her novel "Green Fire" as the American Booksellers Association. She also received the 1995 Marie Thomas Fiction Award from RPOV Writers and Readers.

ex . . . ten . . . sions . . .

At the October VAC meeting, there was a discussion of extending PC service for a third year, either in Ecuador or in another country. There was a request that we publish again the criteria for extensions, and you will find these below. There are two additional considerations, however, which affect all PCVs in the country who may want to consider this option.

(1) Because of budgetary constraints, all requests for an extension of six months or more must be approved by the Inter-America Region in PC/Washington. This means that, after going through the steps outlined below for approval in Ecuador, the recommendation for extension or extension/transfer will be sent to PC/W for approval.

(2) Priority for third-year extensions (paid home-leave plus twelve additional months of service) will be given to PCVs who are interested in becoming PCV coordinators: working closely with an APCD to provide assistance in programming and in other ways in a specific project—the PCVs' own project or another. Such assistance might include being a liaison with PCVs in the project, helping collect project data, visiting potential sites, providing assistance during training, and many other possible assignments. A more specific job description of a PCV coordinator will be printed in a later edition of 'El Clima.'

If you have any interest in extending your PCV service, please read the criteria listed below. Then start a conversation with your own project manager several months before your scheduled termination date.

Criteria for Extension

Staff members reviewing Volunteer requests for thirteen-month extension of service, which includes a paid thirty-day home leave, will consider the following factors:

- (1) PCV has done outstanding work, in the opinion of the project manager, in the primary project.
- (2) The extension has the firm support of the PCV's counterpart agency, expressed in an official letter.
- (3) The APCD firmly supports the extension.
- (4) The PCV can be considered a leader—an exceptional Volunteer whose work in Peace Corps could be held up as a model.
- (5) The PCV states a firm commitment to accept the extension and to complete his/her service.
- (6) Medical clearance is given by the PC Medical Officer in Ecuador.

Transfer extensions

PCVs who wish to transfer from Ecuador to another country will be considered under the same criteria described above, except that the counterpart agency will not request the extension. The APCD may consult the agency, however, in evaluating the PCV's work in Ecuador.

PCVs who wish to transfer to Ecuador from another country will be considered according to the following criteria:

- (1) PCV has done outstanding work in his/her primary project, as described by the APCD and/or Country Director of the sending country.
- (2) There are strong programmatic reasons to bring the PCV to Ecuador: the PCV has

unique skills and experience which will allow him/her to make a contribution to PC/E unlikely to be matched by an extending PCV or a Trainee recruited for the next training cycle.

(3) The PCV can be considered a leader—an exceptional Volunteer whose work in Peace Corps could be held up as a model.

(4) The PCV is strongly recommended by the Country Director of the sending country.

(5) The PCV states a firm commitment to complete his/her service in Ecuador.

(6) Medical clearance is given by the PC Medical Officer in the sending country.

PEACE CORPS



Short extensions

Short extensions of a few weeks or two-three months are usually approved by the Project Manager and PTO on programmatic considerations: the PCV needs additional time to complete an activity or to carry a project to a certain stage before leaving Ecuador.

Any requests for extension for longer periods (e.g. more than three months) not based on short-term programmatic considerations will fall under the criteria described above for full extensions and will be reviewed on budgetary as well as programmatic considerations. *



Greetings and salutations. We are writing this to let you know of the formation of yet another committee in the body of power we all know and love as Peace Corps/Ecuador. Recently, some personal safety issues were brought to the attention of Administration. They approached us to ask us to join them in a committee (better known as the "Personal Safety Working Group") to talk about how to better address personal safety problems of Volunteers. We have the assignment of informing you (via El Clima) what the committee is doing.

The committee consists of Jean Seigle (to coordinate and facilitate), Sarah Dettman (medical office rep.), Tim Callaghan (to coordinate with Trainees), Nellie Villavicencio (AFCD, to provide insight into culture from the point of view of an Ecuadorian woman), Miguel Artola (AFCD with the highest number of Volunteers in remote sites), and then there's us. Who are we, you ask? Well, we're just your basic Volunteers who happen to have experience in self defense training (in Daryl's case, lots and lots of it).

In the first meeting on October 11, we discussed a broad mandate, potential objectives, characteristics of personal safety training, and a self-defense training module to include in training. The broad mandate is, "to show support for Volunteer safety and demonstrate how committed PC/Ecuador is to Volunteer safety." The bottom line is, PC/Ecuador doesn't have a great record with respect to sexual assaults against female Volunteers and Administration wants to do everything possible to help the situation. The jumping point for that is to offer a self-defense workshop to the Trainees now and to Volunteers at future conferences. Remember that most attacks occur after a year of service, maybe because Volunteers start feeling "too com-

fortable" in their sites. Now, that's a pretty sad thought, we all want to feel comfortable in our sites, but, I'm afraid, the reality is that we are gringos and we will always stand out.

In the immortal words of Jean, "Trainees and Volunteers have to take responsibility for their safety and if we can help by giving self-defense training, terrif-

Your Safety is Our Concern

By Jean and Sarah Dettman, December

ing." So we ran with it. On October 25 and 26, we flipped, kicked, posed, grabbed, scratched, kicked, tore, twisted, threw, bit, mounted (ask Miguel from Omnibus 74 about that) and punched our way through four hours of personal safety reality checks with Omnibus 74. Beware, don't mess with them.

Our training is not your typical flashy Vam Damme stuff. It isn't pretty or graceful, but it works! We covered the five steps of personal safety training Awareness-Vigilance-Avoidance-Escape-Defense. We all know that, no matter how much you try to be aware, vigilant and avoid situations, sometimes shit happens (in Ecuador? No way!) and you have to deal with it. In our workshop we cover simple, effective techniques that anyone can use to counter grabs, chokes, mounts and other common attack moves. This ain't no sip-pin' self-defense, you gotta gulp it or choke. Just ask Sarah Dettman (her Sioux name is "Strikes with Fists" . . . and claws and bites and pulls hair. . .).

There is a study circulating about the statistics of attacks of PC Worldwide (The Epidemiology of Assaults

Against Peace Corps Volunteers, 1990-93, by Tom Eng.), if you get a chance to read it, please do. One of the statistics showed that although the risk of injury increased when a Volunteer resisted a simple assault (i.e. a simple robbery), Volunteers who resisted sexual assault "were several times less likely to be raped or injured compared to Volunteers who did not resist."

Basically, this is saying that if someone only wants your money or your things, just give it to them, but if you think that they will try to HURT you, RAPE you, or KILL you, it's time to fight back.

As we're sure you all know, statistics show that there are certain predisposing factors when a rape occurs. Of the five rapes in the past four years of Volunteers in Ecuador, at least one of the following two were involved: Being out after dark (alone or with someone), and drinking (either by the attacker or the victim or both). Remember that no party or celebration, no matter how fun, is worth your personal safety. *Never ignore your feelings of concern for the sake of cultural harmony.* Washington sent a video tape, "Hope to Cope with Unwanted Attention," about PCVs and harassment. It is in the PC office in Quito if anyone is interested. Ask Jean if you want to watch it; it's very well done.

Administration would like to have Volunteer input on this topic. It is a subject that is very critical for all of our well-being and peace of mind. Please give your input on how to better address this topic for the benefit of all the Volunteers (e.g. personal experiences, concerns, ideas). We think this is a great start. Thanks to Omnibus 74 for your enthusiastic participation! If anyone feels a strong need to take our workshop (four hours) in the near future, please contact us and we'll see what we can set up. *



SECURITY WARNING IN THE ORIENTE

Following are excerpts from an Embassy-released information sheet distributed for American Citizens Working/Living in the Oriente Area of Ecuador:

General security and the possibility of abduction are serious concerns for American citizens who work and live in the Oriente area of Ecuador. Guerrillas from Columbia have been known to cross into Ecuador to kidnap foreigners for ransom to finance their paramilitary revolutionary operations. To date, police efforts to eliminate this crime have been unsuccessful.

In the Oriente, oil workers have been kidnapped off-site while driving on a routinely-traveled road. Also, recent information has been developed to indicate that those persons believed to be involved in the anti-drug effort may be targeted for reprisals. One ploy used is to have casual acquaintances of the victim assist in the kidnaping by distracting the victim. In some cases, road blocks manned by kidnapers posing as police have forced the vehicles to stop. In other cases, kidnapers have targeted victims in popular centers of nocturnal activity.

Much of the responsibility for minimizing the risk of becoming a kidnap victim rests with the individual, based on the individual's assessment of his/her potential for being chosen a victim, willingness to modify actions, and resources available to devote to protecting self and family. There are some simple measures that can be taken in order to avoid becoming a victim. Just being aware of the threat and conscious of surroundings is helpful. It is prudent and easy to educate

employees. . . in dealing with everyday security, telephone calls and visits from strangers, maintaining a low profile, avoiding unnecessary publicity and varying schedules and routes.

If an American citizen at any time feels he/she is under surveillance or may be the target of a kidnaping, the company security officer and the U.S. Embassy should be immediately informed.

We're looking for a way to capture Ecuadorian culture on film. Have any pics that illustrate your idea of just what that means? If so, send both a print and negative (to be returned) our way.

SNAP!

We hope to compile a 1996 calendar with the best entries. Note: black and white would duplicate better than a color neg. If your photo is in color, consider how it might reprint before sending it in. Thanks. El Clima staff

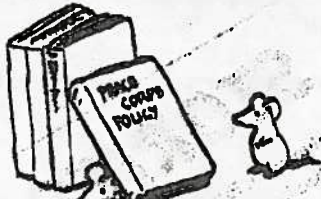
Information on Georgetown's Master of Science in Foreign Service

Georgetown University recently wrote to Peace Corps/Ecuador, stating its interest in Peace Corps Volunteers participating in their Master of Science in Foreign Service program upon completion of their Peace Corps service.

The Master of Science in Foreign Service Program offered at Georgetown is a two-year, professionally oriented, inter-cultural and interdisciplinary program enrolling a select group of 80 individuals annually. The Program is designed for students who are interested in policy making careers in international affairs in both the public and private sectors. Students may concentrate their studies on U.S. foreign policy and diplomacy, including security studies, international trade, finance, development and business, or regional/area studies (Africa, Asia, Europe, Latin America, Middle East, Russia). Joint degree programs with the departments of business, history, economics and law are also available.

Anyone interested in reviewing the Georgetown catalogue and application for the Master of Science in Foreign Service should contact Tim Callahan at the Training Center.

ADMINISTRATIVE



CORNER

Arturo Peñafiel, our messenger and office care taker, has retired after 32 years with Peace Corps. He left the house located close to the lounge and moved to his own house in Quito, taking Titina with him. Arturo will still be working with us on a temporary basis until December 31. We wish the very best to Arturo and his family.

OFFICE HOURS: Because Arturo's responsibilities included office security, I would like to remind everyone of the office hours:

Weekdays:

Lounge hours: 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. (to allow PCVs to make collect calls to the U.S. from the lounge).

Office hours: from 7:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. Nobody will be allowed to enter outside these hours except with official written authorization from the CD, PTO or AO. Forms "autorización de entrada a la oficina" can be found close to Irene's desk.

Week-ends:

Lounge hours: 7 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Office hours: Nobody will be allowed to enter, except with official written authorization from the CD, PTO or AO.

Visitors: Outside office hours (7:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.) only one visitor per PCV is allowed in the lounge.

Signing in and out: Please don't forget to sign the register every time you enter or leave the office. It is for your own safety in case of emergency. I hope to count on your cooperation with the guards on the above points. Thank you.

RESOURCE CENTER: In response to PCVs suggestions

and to provide better service, Mireya Yopez the Resource Center Coordinator will be extending her hours. Her new schedule will be as follows:
Resource Center-Quito: Mon. thru Thur., 8:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

Resource Center-Tumbaco: Fridays, 8:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. I would like to encourage you to visit the Resource Center and take advantage of the new section on Ecuador.

LEAVE SCHEDULE: From now until Christmas many Peace Corps employees will be taking annual leave. To avoid unnecessary inconveniences, please check the annual leave schedules posted close to Irene's desk.

WORKING HOURS: Some Peace Corps employees in Quito have Flex Time. Again please check the Flex time chart which is posted close to Irene's desk. For your information it is as follows:

Employee Hours:

Ana Maria Castro
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
Xavier Coral
7:30-13:00, 14:00-16:30 Flex
Martha C. Velastegui
8:00-12:30, 13:30-17:00
Irene Merizalde
8:00-12:00, 13:00-17:00
Miguel Castro
8:00-12:30, 13:30-17:00
Maria Eugenia de Cobo
8:30-12:30, 13:30-17:30 Flex
Silvana Muñoz
8:30-12:30, 13:30-17:30 Flex
Cecilia Rueda
8:00-12:30, 13:30-17:00

I am also going to be away from the office due to an Administrative Conference and my well-deserved (?) annual leave. Any problems during my absence, please do not hesitate to contact Sandy in the Admin. unit. Happy Thanksgiving!

En Paz,
Ana Maria*

We, the members of the WID organization, are in the process of organizing a national project for *Día Internacional de la Mujer* (March 8, 1996). The project consists of two main foci. The first being an art contest, broken up into three age categories (Children, Teens, and Adults) with the theme of "Women of Tomorrow, Today." The second focus is "Important Women in History - Past and Present," where we would like each volunteer to send in information on influential/inspirational women from the past and present from a Latin American, U.S. or international level. For example, someone like Amelia Earhart, Golda Meir or Mercedes Sosa.

Ahorita, we are only asking you for your brainstorming ideas, i.e. different themes, ways to set it up, and information on important women, especially from Ecuador/Latin America.

All information is hereby requested postmarked before midnight, December 15, 1995. Please send information to:

Alfredo Alvarez
Casilla 03-01-787
Azogues, Cañar

or leave the information in my box in Quito. More details will be given in the next *El Clima*, or ask your friendly neighborhood WID rep.

Thanks for your cooperation.

Alfredo Alvarez,
Sig-Sig, Azuay*

HEY!

We Want to Hear From You! The office of Communications in Peace Corps is trying to solicit more input from Volunteers for our various communications efforts.

In the "Peace Corps Times" office, we want to hear from more Volunteers. We want to publish your:

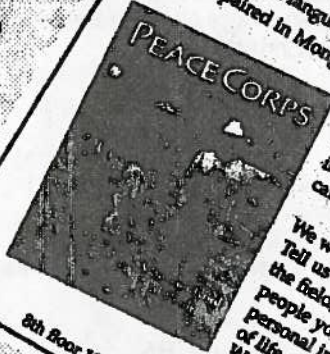
- photographs
- letters
- tips on successful service
- anecdotes of your experiences
- reports of your progress

WRITE TO US!
"Peace Corps Times"
1990 K Street, NW
Washington, DC 20526

Feel free to use the enclosed survey/form (see attached insert) to tell us of your Peace Corps experiences as well.

TRUE STORIES!

Miracle Find! A Volunteer in Estonia locates a bronze church bell that had been buried underground for 50 years. "It's a miracle," proclaims a proud Estonian President ... **OUCH, Tibet Hurt!** While dining on a plate of rice and sauce in Sierra Leone, a Volunteer bites down on a rather large cow tooth. "No, I didn't eat it!" he insists. "But I did save it." ... **A New Language!** A Volunteer produces the first sign language dictionary for the hearing impaired in Mongolia.



What do these individuals have in common? They've all appeared in *Peace Corps Times*—and you can too!

We want to hear the real story! Tell us about your experiences in the field, your projects, people you've met, or just your personal impression of life as a Volunteer. We've all got a story to tell!

Peace Corps Times
8th floor 1990 K Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20526.

Vegetarian Gravy

1 pkg. Knorr *Crema de Lentejas* soup mix
hot boiled water

Add one cup of the hot boiled water to the soup mix to make a paste. Continue adding water for desired gravy consistency.

Other flavorings such as soy sauce, liquid smoke or Worcester sauce can be added but will add to the saltiness. I use *Crema de Lentejas* because it does not contain *leche en polvo*, but any of the powdered "Crema de" soup mixes would work.

Enjoy!

Nicole Dino, Juan Montalvo

Calling all cooking connoisseurs!
The *Buen Provecho* is ready for reprint and we need any suggestions, corrections, additions, etc. that you may have. Please send your ideas to the Quito office, attn: Buen Provecho. Thanks! *Two concerned cooks (or cook wannabes) who volunteered for this project.*

Gay/Lesbian/Bi & Friends Support Group

Yes, we're still trying to come up with a shorter acronym. Our next meeting will be in Quito, December 9-10. It will be a combination meeting/Otavalo trip. Contact Pete Fontaine (Casilla 16460, Guayaquil) for more information.



Women In Development and the PCV

Greetings from the Women in Development (WID) subcommittee! Recently, we met in Quito where some representatives expressed their concern about WID's recent success in reaching out to PCVs. In response, we have decided to circulate this letter to you all to explain WID's purpose, announce planned activities and encourage you to pay special attention to this vital development component in your work.

The purpose of WID is to highlight the role of gender in the development process. It is a PCV organization, administered by provincial representatives, three coordinators (Karen Edwards, PCV Carchi; Dipak Kshatriya, PCV Tungurahua; and Corrine Manning, PCV South Pichincha) and a staff representative (PTO Tim Callaghan). The WID representatives are responsible for helping PCVs incorporate the "WID philosophy" into their projects by relaying information learned in tri-annual meetings, advising PCVs on available resources, providing you with contacts to relevant national and international organizations and keeping you abreast of funding opportunities. This subcommittee as a whole also contributes regularly to El Clima and sponsors various activities related to gender.



In the near future, WID will expand its column in El Clima. It will include: a brief note from the WID coordinators, a calendar of upcoming events related to gender and development, general announcements from PCVs, a PCV "spotlight" section and information on new funding and other resources. WID is also in the process of organizing a small "seed" fund for PCV projects.

First and foremost, we want you to remember WID is an organization run by and for PCVs. Please contact your WID provincial rep or one of the coordinators with any questions or contributions you may have. We look forward to your input and support.

Current Women in Development Representatives:

Al Alvarez, Azuay

Kristine Cochrane, Pastaza

Karen Edwards, Carchi ✓

Rebecca Gigliotti, Cañar

Michelle Humes, Pichincha

Dipak Kshatriya, Tungurahua ✓

Corrine Manning, So. Pichincha ✓

Liza Roeser, Chimborazo

Cindy Chin, Imbabura

If your province does not have a current WID rep and you would like to be one, please contact one of the WID Coordinators (marked with ✓).

Remember: *International Women Against Violence Day* is November 25th.

Dipak Kshatriya (Ambato) and Michelle Humes (Quito)•



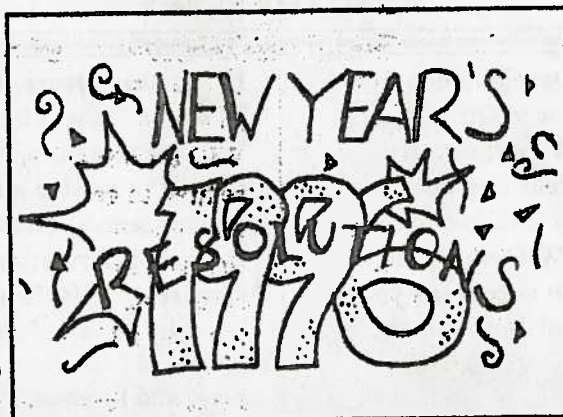
To take going to the beach and tanning much more seriously.
- Karl Banks, Portoviejo

*I'm going to invent a new and improved, maracuya-flavored
Aralen caplet.* - Kelly Rahn, Daule

Fewer trips to
Dunkin' Donuts. -
Pete Fontaine, Guayaquil

*I will volunteer more of
my time in the
Quito office.*

- Mary Kate Kreiner, Quito



To spend more
time in the field
visiting Volun-
teers and more
time with my
son. -
Jean Seigle, Quito

I will quench my Sahara and I will come next year. - Anonymous forestry Volunteer

I will stop smoking and find another vice to calm
my nerves. I will pressure more Ecuadoreans to
drink. I will be nicer to my counterpart's retarded
dog. I will play more practical jokes on my fellow
Volunteers. I will not pick my cat's nose and eye
boogers anymore.

- Jen Lechuga, Pintag

To get up before 9:00
a.m. at least once a
week. - Andrés Amador, Cuenca

I will cut my hair.

- Andrew Rertz, Tabacundo

CALENDAR 3 out of 4 surfers agree that the weather around the full moon near the equator is generally more pleasant, dude

- November 15: Last Quarter ●
- November 22: New Moon ●
- November 23: THANKSGIVING*
- November 29: First Quarter ●
- December 6: Founding of Quito*
- December 7: Full Moon ○
- December 15: Last Quarter ●
- December 18: HANUKKAH
- December 22: New Moon ●
- December 25: CHRISTMAS DAY*
- December 26: Boxing Day (Canada)
- December 28: First Quarter ●
- January 1: NEW YEAR'S DAY*
- January 6: Full Moon ○
- January 14: Last Quarter ●
- January 15: Martin Luthor King B-day*

(* Peace Corps office closed)

