New England in Winter

It's easy at first, after the initial shock when you step out of the plane onto ice for the first time in two years, and your feet lose their head. You feel only a slight uneasiness: everyone is whispering, and the automobiles are all following one another in straight lines as if on a conveyor belt. There isn't any sun at all, and girls' hips and busts have disappeared into layers of winter clothes.

But it's delightful to be home anyway. Stores don't close at noon, there are telephones everywhere and most of them work, and the ice cream is wonderful. The Americans are very gracious. They bring all their national dishes for your approval, and listen to your African stories as if straight from the Oracle's mouth.

It does take a while to get used to the hermetically-sealed houses. The fetid air gets you; and, although it's so dry that you're in a state of permanent dehydration, it never seems to get quite warm enough.

After a while you become brave enough to venture out into your new environment. The respectable, wooden neighborhood houses are quaint, but separate, aloof, closed up from one another. The streets are virtually empty in the afternoon, except for occasional elderly people or pregnant women, who don't greet you. The only people who smile at you are your mother and father and guys-on-the-make.

The drug store, the dry cleaner's, the coffee shop the places where wet woolen clothes are drying, all smell good. If you look around you can find little boys in knitted caps throwing snowballs, women sitting in laundromats, pizza places with jukeboxes going. If you're lucky you can stand on a bridge with a train going by underneath.

The buses are lined with clever advertisements which the passengers, busy making strange faces in their sleep, don't seem to see. It's amazing how many different shades of white people there are, biting the insides of their mouths, and trying out a variety of grimaces in slow succession. Plenty of blue eyes, too.

The old people have little bags of skin hung all over their faces. Some have chins which come up to hide their mouths, or extra collars of flesh from their ears down along their necks. They make little grinding motions with their closed mouths, and their hands open and shut over and over.

Everyone is dressed in grey, black, beige, brown and they almost never speak to one another.

Sometimes you can't tell whether people are looking at you. If you knew they were ignoring you it would be all right; if you knew they were watching you, it would be all right; but not being sure is very uncomfortable.

Downtown keeps you wide-eyed. People are so efficient and affluent! Young boys drive enormous cars! Girls with shining soft hair of all shades of red, brown, gold, wear rich tweed coats and Cossack books. Women wear fur coats and fur hats—often you can't tell where hat ends and hair begins. In general, the women are more beautiful than the men in this country. Round-faced babies wear plaid trousers and little leather shoes, fluffy coats and big, knitted caps with fur linings. Even the dogs in this country are dressed in tartan plaids and furs.

You start getting letters from Nigeria. Your former students write, “We miss you, Ma.” Your expatriate friends write letters just like the ones you got from your family when you first went to Nigeria: “What's it like over there? Can you take the culture shock? Are you finding anyone to communicate with? Are you going to stay it out?” Your letters back are filled with descriptions of new, colorful experiences.

Continued on page 10
"a boy falling"

STANLEY E. KOWALCZYK AGE 19 80993
RR I GILMAN WISCONSIN

Stan was born October 7, 1944. He attended the University of Wisconsin. He has worked in a hospital and has done dairy farming. His future plans include going to medical school. Stan likes photography, water sports, and reading.

—Roster of Trainees, Central State College
Nigerian Training Project, Summer 1964

On Friday evening, April 16, 1965, Stan Kowalczyk (Nigeria 12) was killed in a motorcycle accident. Stan was assigned to do construction work with the Country Council in Aguata, Eastern Region. The accident occurred while he was en route to visit villages who were involved in the Otulu bridge project on which he was working.

Stan attended the University of Wisconsin but had not completed his degree. Stan’s parents own and work a modest dairy farm in Gilman Wisconsin. He is survived by four younger brothers and sisters.

It is difficult to get a feeling for what a man was. Below are a few paragraphs taken from a letter Stan wrote to his friends and family at Xmas which show something of Stan.

Christmas eve I had a quiet supper by candle light; then I retired in preparation for what I suspected next day. At 6:00am I was roused from bed to the tune of firecrackers and cherry bombs. At 7:30 I hit the road with the help of a self-appointed escort. My initial plan was to visit each of my associates from the county council at their homes. I did better than that. I was taken from compound to their friends’ compound to their friends’ compound. At each home I would greet them, have a Christmas toast and spend about 15 minutes conversing. All in all, I visited 35 compounds, shook 500 hands, drank 70 glasses of palm wine, beer, and schnapps and ate about 10 plates of rice and goat meat. I must have greeted a thousand people on the road. At 9:30 I literally crawled into bed, thankful that Christmas comes but once a year.

That was my Christmas Day. If you were to take a popularity poll the next day, you’d find Mr. Stanley more popular than Mr. Lyndon Johnson. People here are so honored when a white man visits them at their home. I might have easily gone to Enugu and spent Xmas with a group of P.C.V’s, but I’m happy and proud that I spent it in Aguata. Tonight, New Year’s Eve, I’m going to celebrate with a fellow P.C.V. near by. We’re going to have stuffed chicken with potatoes and gravy and a huge bottle of French wine (DuBonnet) to wash it down. We’ve been coaching his boy on American diction.

I brought two locally made reed table trays, pinned my Xmas cards to them and hung them on the wall. Now I can lean back in my chair, look up and be assured I haven’t been forgotten.

The organization to which Stan belonged delicately tries to mix Americans with peoples of other lands in the hope of increasing understanding and peace and decreasing suffering and lack of education. All people who join this organization do not do so with an equal amount of humanitarian motivation. Many of us who come overseas are strong with the spirit of image altruism pass a few months, and find this spirit waning. Stan entered with high ideals which remained high in spite of the frustrations of his work. Many people will feel this tragedy because he was that way.

Stan with Dr. Saltonstall
ABOUT SUFFERING

ABOUT suffering they were never wrong,
The Old Masters: how well they understood
Its human position; how it takes place
While someone else is eating or opening a window
or just walking dully along: . . .

In Brueghel’s Icarus, for instance; how everything
turns away
Quite leisurely from the disaster; the ploughman may
Have heard the splash, the forsaken cry,
But for him it was not an important failure; the sun
shone
As it had to on the white legs disappearing into the green
Water; and the expensive delicate ship that must have seen
Something amazing, a boy falling out of the sky,
Had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on.

—from W. H. Auden, Musee des Beaux Arts

ADDRESS OF CONDOLENCE

EXCERPTS from an Address of Condolence presented
by the Aguluezuchukwu Improvement Union of Aguta to
the Peace Corps Volunteers assembled at the Waking Ceremonies which took place on the first of May for Stanley
Kowaleczuk:

“This occasion marks the painful death of Stanley
Kowaleczuk, alias Ikechukwu (Godspower), The Good Boy. . . . We have mingled with many a foreigner but none has succeeded in marking half the fame which belongs to Stanley. . . . He was either in friendship or at least in acquaintance with every individual he happened to meet. . . . He studied the Ibo language with alacrity to enable him to talk to everyone. He visited villagers in their homes without a feeling of superiority and thereby took part in native dishes which he cherished. . . . Thus his unreserved liberality, his simplicity, his exemplary patience in dealing with the villagers and his colleagues, his unbounded energy, his moral integrity, and above all his keen enthusiasm in promoting the welfare of the community around, have all combined to win him the favour of the masses. The situation now is that even children know him not only as an American Peace Corps Volunteer but also as Stanley the Good Boy! . . . He ran up and down to and from Awgu, Enugu and particularly Ogbaja negotiating for the (Otalu Bridge work of which he was superintendent) both day and night. . . . We regard him as a martyr and let it be borne in mind that on its completion Otalu Bridge will be christened Stanley Bridge “in memory of the enthusiast who has lost his life for the sake of the bridge”. His name will live among us and be known by generations yet unborn. . . . May his soul rest in peace.”
DEAR VOLUNTEERS,

“The Peace Corps in Nigeria is a bowl of good soup”. A leading Nigerian recently reacted to the Peace Corps in these words and went on to say that Yorubas are jealous of their soup and regard it as a most important part of their diet.

Since our arrival in Lagos in August 1963 we have been increasingly impressed by the solid work of Volunteers. In as large a program as ours, it has not been possible for us to know each one of you as we would like to do, but there is absolutely no doubt in our minds that without the 1200 volunteers who have served here both Nigeria and the United States would be very much the poorer.

Mr. Shriver asked us to serve from 18 to 24 months when we left Exeter after 31 years on the faculty. Kathie and I will be leaving in June, and we wish to say to each of you how much we respect what you are doing. We are more than a generation older than most of you, and we could not qualify as Volunteers because of a teen-age child. But you have been patient with our Yankee idiosyncrasies and have on many occasions enabled us to forget that we are “they” (staff) while you are Volunteers.

We believe in the Peace Corps idea more than ever and we know that the ‘bowl of good soup’ will get richer as time goes on. A new organization can’t stay young in years, but it most certainly must fight to stay young and enterprising and independent in spirit and this we depend on you to do. The boat should always rock.

Several of you have been good enough to inquire about our future plans. It is a new sensation to be joining the ranks of the unemployed. We foresee a period of irresponsibility and rest in Marion, Massachusetts (50 miles south of Boston) where we shall establish a home and catch up with our 5 children and (at last count) 8 grandchildren. After that it will depend on what develops — teaching, politics, historical research, or work in connection with one of the many African programs in the United States. Whatever it may be, we hope many of you will visit us when you get home. At least we can offer you a good, wet sail in a rail-down breeze on Buzzards Bay. The best of luck to each one of you and warm regards from us both.

Bill and Kathie Saltonstall

THEATRE

YOU are on a vacant stage. You are waiting. It is lonely. You look at a book you have remembered to bring along, but you cannot make out the words. “I quit!” you shout, finding yourself in a flaming tropical rage. To whom are you speaking? You are alone. You are putting on a school play. You have called an afternoon rehearsal. No one seems to have come. You are on a vacant stage. You are waiting...

In the February 1965 issue of the West African Journal of Education (2 shillings), there is an article by Derek Bullock called “Producing the School Play in Nigeria.” There are some very good ideas on organizing the complete play, as one might expect, for Mr. Bullock is not only principal of Government College, Ibadan but architect of their drama society, putting on one remarkable play after another, such as recently, “A Man for All Seasons” and Bertolt Brecht’s “Galileo”. This is not playing around. Part of Mr. Bullock’s advice is to avoid the mediocre “school” play. You will find it more rewarding and theatrical to put on “Twelfth Night” and “School for Scandal”, as he has. Sure.

Sure, plunge in; you have my blessing. But only if, like Mr. Bullock, you are principal of an established school; if, like Mr. Bullock, you can put in three solid months (ninety days) of daily preparation and rehearsal; if you have engendered a high standard of performance in your students; and if you have his experience, creative understanding, and patience.

But if you are missing any of these (I am missing them all) or are just starting out, you may find yourself ending up on our vacant stage playing mumble peg with yourself. Even if your students do come and are interested, unless you have really sharp kids, you can’t possibly ram a full-scale, sophisticated drama in a foreign language down their throats,— unless you really don’t care to awaken them into the concentrated, excited joy of bringing any one line or gesture to life, and of playing with each other.

This does not mean you have to resort to junk. Here are some suggestions for dramatic kicks while avoiding the elaborate preparation needed for a four-hour Hamlet.

One. Try a “Concert Party”. This can be simply a variety show with several acts and maybe a short one-act play to wrap it up. Many people can take prominent parts and, if any one thing goes wrong, you still have a show. Some students will have seen professional touring concert parties (with fire-eaters) and can help you imaginatively. It is not strange to them.
OF THE ABSURD:
the school play

Two. Try improvisation. We had surprising success with a mock trial. During one of my regular classes I gave a test and suddenly jumped on a boy and his mate for cheating (he was privately warned beforehand, but not the others). Asked everyone to write up witness reports of what happened: great evidence. The trial made an engrossing evening's entertainment; never saw a school audience so intent on what was going on. We hope to put on a more formal prosecution of a criminal case (after an exciting visit sometime ago to the criminal courts in town, through courtesy of a lawyer who was an old boy.)

Students seem to find it easy to improvise in English traditional stories of disputes settled by obas, or arguments between wives of a household, or machinations of witch-doctors. Whenever our students at my TTC put on one of these in Yoruba, I bleed in envy, for they always have a swinging spontaneity and life I've never been able to get near to in English plays I've tried to put on.

Three. Instead of the complete five act play, try some selected scenes from something good and well-known, like a set play. I had surprising good luck with three scenes from Hamlet, Merchant of Venice and Twelfth Night, all joined together around the idea of "revenge". Used three casts (a mad idea) but again had a hundred prominent roles and got a good idea of who the good actors were. This also permits you to concentrate and prepare thoroughly a small section instead of making a pass at a long play. (We did this in one term and I gladly, though unrealistically, could have spent another term just working on these same twenty minute segments till they really got them.)

Four. Instead of a regular play, build your own dramatization of a narrative poem or skit. We did a nice Lagos club version of "Frankie and Johnnie", adding on gradually to a set of actions everyone could grasp immediately. A good idea for class-work, as well as an evening's entertainment, is to try to have the students improvise the story of a set-book, using their own words.

Five. Try a concert reading. Haven't been able to try this out, but am convinced it is a great way to let them hammer around without tedious preparation and staging. Just a few actions can suggest a great many and I really think you can capture an audience if the students have mastered their parts with understanding.

Also, the Peace Corps has film strips of many Shakespeare plays. I've been unsuccessfully trying to get students organized into making an outline (of something like Romeo and Juliet) consisting of selected lines that could go with each frame of the film strip, so they would read it while we show the strip.

Once you've picked your play, you organize. Here are some notes from a disgruntled organizer sitting alone on his vacant stage.

First, screw the literary and debating society. (If need be.) Putting on a play is not the work of a committee. Waste and waiting and argument and irresolution can smother your baby in its crib. Whether you give orders and interpretations with a smile or a grimace, you alone must give them and stand for no querying. At least during a rehearsal. Be a benevolent dictator if you like, but be a dictator: this is the work of a director. This does not mean you are to be the sole responsible person. You must also shrewdly delegate responsibility. A good thing I've tried to do is to pick one or two student "stage managers". If they feel they have responsible positions, they will do a lot of your screaming and pushing. To build up an organization, I tried setting up a drama honour society out of the one or two persons who contribute most to each production. They acted as my stage managers.

When choosing actors, go for reliability over the great personality. I think smart students tend to make better actors, but I'm sure this is a rule often broken. Mr. Bullock suggests giving out a mimeographed speech for them to get to know before the try-outs. A poor reader may only be a poor English reader. Or, having them recite a poem they've learned before can give you an idea of their talent. Remember to look for big voices: they will have to be heard in the last row not of an empty auditorium, but one bursting with various extremes of appreciation. Watch out for girls. They may read expressively in class but in a noisy hall come out chirruping. Finally, in selection, be ruthless. Obviously, students you can't use are those who may need speech work the most. Console yourself that a good show encourages a greater number to get with it.

Every rehearsal is a battle for promptness that I go on fighting and losing. I keep devising elaborate punishments (one lap after rehearsal for tardiness, ten for failing to give advance notice of absence ... . . .) but am too lazy and harassed to carry them out. Laps and punishments sound childish, but a strict system will pay dividends in the long run.

Continued on page 9
HAUSA SONG
("The Volunteer")

CHARMAN Dudu, Charman Duduwa,
Charmande.

Akwai wani bako a gidan maigari.
Ba ya wanka ba ya wanki
Charmande.

Ba ya bashi, ba ya bayarwa.
Ba ya kyauna, ba ya dariya.
Charmande.

Ba ya salla ba ya azumi
Ba ya yawo ba ya tsegumi
Charmande.

Bayal kallo balle neman yan'matan
Ko ya nema wa zai bashi ma.
Charmande.

Charman Dudu, Charman Duduwa,
Charmande.

There is a stranger in the mayor’s house
Who neither baths nor washes his clothes.
Charmande.

He neither borrows or lends
He neither gives presents nor laughs.
Charmande.

He neither prays nor fasts.
He neither strolls nor gossips.
Charmande.

He neither looks at or woos the girls.
Even if he does, who will give him one?
Charmande.

— S. Rabe
N.S.T.C., Zaria

"LUANNE" by Judith Williams
Picture of the Peace Corps as a Young Girl
The Comrade Corps

To some of the socialist countries of Africa, like Algeria, Tanzania, and Ghana, the Soviet Union has sent its counterpart to the Peace Corps. During the last vacation break I was in Ghana and had an opportunity to talk to some of the Soviet “Comrade Corps” Volunteers.

At present, there are about a hundred Volunteers in Ghana and about the same number of Russians. Most of the Volunteers teach only math and science in secondary schools, while some are working on geological studies. The Russians are distributed in the same areas. Perhaps the most interesting thing about the Russians is how they are selected. While the main basis of selection of Volunteers is social and psychological adjustment, the Russians emphasise different criteria.

For the “Comrade” teacher, it all starts when he is back at his training college (a post-secondary technical school, of university standard). All those who are interested in teaching two years overseas in an English-speaking country are invited to apply. These people are given a rigorous English exam. Those that do well are then given a rigorous exam in their major, (math, physics, chemistry, etc.) The ones who survive this are invited for training, which takes place at their own training school. Training is for two years, with the emphasis on spoken English and their major subject. No native language is taught and only about a week is given on the history, geography, and political situation of the foreign country by the school’s own teachers. As far as I knew, there is no phys ed, health, sensitivity training or psychological tests. If, after two years, the “trainee” does well on his English and subject exams, he is selected for duty and, in the real sense, is a volunteer.

Like the Peace Corps, the tour is for two years. Unlike the Peace Corps, though, the “Comrades” go home in group for the summer after their first year. Also, unlike the Peace Corps, they need permission to leave their towns; they can not leave their country at all, they get about £65 a month and only have to pay electricity, (Peace Corps there get about £50 and have to pay rent as well), and they are allowed to have cars.

Many Volunteers have “Comrades” at their schools. They say the Russians work very hard and are competent, but that they are having their problems. First of all, there is the question of language. The Russians have trouble understanding the Ghanaians and vice versa. According to Volunteers, their English has improved considerably since their arrival. Then there is the situation that the Russians, as a whole, don’t mix very much with the Ghanaians, or anyone else, for that matter, but rather, stay together. However, this seems to be part of official policy. Apparently, the Russians are not too concerned with this aspect of their image. In part, the isolation is due to shyness and reserve. One has to seek them out. Once this is done, many of them will open up, eager to socialize and talk English with someone “who can correct” them. Some of them can take joking about Kruschev and Siberia. One girl that I met acknowledged the West’s superiority in twist music and rock n’ roll, and mentioned that the Charleston is the rage in Russia now. Volunteers say that when the Russians first arrived, they ran wild in places like Kingsway, even though many imported stocks were no longer on the shelves. The Russians have also had their share of returnees, including those on romantic binges. In talking to some of the “Comrades”, I was able to detect some of their own ethnic frictions. Members of minority groups (Armenians, for example) are very careful to say that they are not Russians, while the “real” Russians mention in passing that their Armenian comrades are not Russian.

—Ray Silverstein

the cookie corner

CUERPO DE PAZ BANANA CAKE

From the volunteer newsletter, el guacaipuro, in Venezuela comes this recipe for a banana cake guaranteed to stay moist, though “usually it is eaten up before a regular cake has time to dry.”

Prepare mixture of 2 cups flour with 1 tsp. of baking soda and ½ tsp. salt. Also prepare and set aside sour milk (4 cup) or milk with 1 tbs. of vinegar. Mix together: 1½ cups sugar, 2/3 c. shortening, (or ½ cup aceite), and 2 eggs. Alternate adding flour mixture to this with sour milk, not beating too much. Add full cup of mashed bananas (ripe!) and chopped nuts if you afford them. This batter makes two cakes (square 8” tins). Put the batter in greased tins and bake for 25 minutes at 350° or until a toothpick pricked in the centre comes out clean.
J. P. Clark, America, their America. Andre Deutsch, 27/6.

Judging by the title of his book, one concludes that J. Clark has left America for good. He has seen us at first hand and wants no part of us.

He has written about a year spent in the U.S. at Princeton as a Parvin Fellow, an award made to promising citizens of the hungry nations to enable them to see America for themselves and to study American civilization at a distinguished university. Mr. Clark accepted this award for the academic year 1962-63. The book is divided between chapters of chronicle — his first impressions, official visits to Washington, trips to New York, and departure — and his interests — American newspapers, American Negroes, the American theatre. There is a chapter which is an essay in social history: "The American Dream". Mr. Clark has doubts about our free press:

News management was the order of the day then in Washington, and in this matter of standing up for the flag and the constitution, the division is pretty thin between the government and the press, which, as well as being big business in its own right, provides a proper trumpet for the grand triumphant march that is America.

He sees our judiciary as a tree largely inequitable:

Only a very small handful possess the extra energy, skill and expensive equipment ... to attain for themselves justice at the top. But what happens to the bulk of the people below? The situation becomes even more dangerous when those entrusted to tend the tree at the base are ... career politicians voted into office at popular hasty elections held on partisan party lines.

He feels that the American creed (which he defines for the reader) has lost its foundations:

The old credo of the right to private property and of the inherent ability and right of man to exploit an existing opportunity for wealth sounds as good as ever to the American ear. It little matters that with the collapse of the frontier the chief articles in the creed have also lost their foundations.

Accordingly one is only slightly astonished at his portrait of us:

So ignorant and almost facetious, so stay-at-home-like a wall-gecko, and so conformist and scared of any talk of change were most Americans I met or viewed in action and accounts ...

One does not quarrel with Mr. Clark's conclusions, however; any tourist is entitled to his own about any country. But one does quarrel with the way in which he reaches these conclusions and his presentation of them. For one thing there is the matter of style. Most of the time he writes a highly personal account of the people he met and the experiences he had. From time to time, however, he undertakes analyses of the sociological and historical kind and the book aspires to be an introduction to American history and government. But his conclusions lack evidence, example or reference:

De Tocqueville's history is still held to be America's best testimonial. In the one hundred and thirty odd years since it was given, the great rambling loghouse of America all but fell down in a heap as foreseen by the visiting Frenchman. True, old Abe Lincoln who was then head of the house gave his life in spite of himself to preserve a semblance of family unity. But the bonds between the feuding relatives were already badly broken, and attempts to have them forged again have since proved a mockery ...

One shudders to think of their uncritical acceptance by people with no other background. His analysis of the American "credo", national disunity, pressure groups, unionism and political parties are particularly offensive in this respect:

Political parties in America, when we look at them with regard to class, and distribution of wealth therefore tell nothing. Rather they appear to be stronger two mutually accommodating rival clubs into which members simply get drawn by accident of birth or adoption.

If Mr. Clark expects to be taken seriously, as an authoritative voice, the reader has the right to more than conclusions and conclusions so fragmentary as to be little more than needling.

Mr. Clark's Central to the success of of Mr. Clark's book is the reader's acceptance of his statement "with all the emphasis and candour at my command that I went to the United States of America with a mind wide open and unpredisposed to judge." For a tabula rasa Mr. Clark has some bad habits. He includes, for example, accounts of our national failings which he admittedly did not observe for himself, such as filibuster and delay in Congressional committees and price-fixing by electric company executives.

Further Mr. Clark has the habit of invidious recollection. Faced with the Firestone library at Princeton, he recalls economic exploitation in Liberia; the Princeton theatre, his own university theatre at Ibadan; Congressional mailing privileges, the fees paid for stamps by Lagos M.P.'s. This is a human habit but a dangerous one for the fair-minded observer.

Finally one wonders, if Mr. Clark is so wide open, why he argues the other side of the question so constantly with so many Americans. He defends polygamy, female circumcision, attacks the right to strike, defends Nehru over the seizure of Goa, attacks Tsombé. When did Mr. Clark come to disagree with the thinking of so many Americans — after he arrived or before? And
isn’t such an attitude somewhat hampering for the neutral observer when the people he talks to are at once checked and on the defensive?

If Mr. Clark’s style and attitude fail his critique, his perspective is also in question. He seems to make no distinction between the trivial and the vital. This is perhaps the weakness of a straightforward personal account. Real difficulties in American government such as the continuing injustice to the Negro Southerner are given the same indignant attention as mailing privileges for Congressmen, and the hapless fellow who ate the author’s dessert is an contemptible as the man who thought Ghana a city in Nigeria. If the author has no priorities, the reader is unlikely to provide them.

Finally, judging by the contents of the book, and that is all one can judge by, Mr. Clark spent most of his time in the hands of government officials, university administrators, ladies’ groups and professional welcomers of all sorts. Is this the way to approach a country and a people? Would Mr. Clark have been happy, fifteen years ago, with the visitor to his own Delta Province who sent his time at the side of the D.O. and in Catering Rest Houses and then wrote a book on his “African experience”? It is perhaps regret-

Where Mr. Clark has made contact, his writing is good. His account of Negro Americans he met and his analysis of their situation is superior. His suggestion about African students flocking needlessly abroad are timely although the problem is Africa’s and not America’s. The book is a lesson for us, notwithstanding its failures: that to know us is NOT to love us, necessarily; that (as most PCV’s realize) Americans paradoxically want the friendship and respect of peoples about whom they are abysmally ignorant; and that official America is not always the face one would like to represent us in greeting foreign visitors.

But one need not feel grateful. Mr. Clark has written a bad book and needs to be told so.

—Samuel Abbott

America

able also that Princeton was the university Mr. Clark was invited to; it is hardly representative, even of American colleges, being private, Eastern, wealthy, and steeped in tradition. But Mr. Clark is no fool and surely after several months sizing matters up he could have escaped his cloister more regularly.

Indeed he does, briefly, and when he begins to request a bar patronized by American Negroes, the writing becomes incisive and interesting. One is sorry that Mr. Clark did not rise earlier and go farther more often.

At the conclusion, largely, one is tempted to feel, through his own silly rudeness, he is thrown out of the Parvin program and the country before the best part is to begin: a months unchaperoned tour anywhere in America that he wished to go. Mr. Clark is an intellectual and a writer of promise and if he shies from the affluent and Phillistine embrace of the suburban set, one can understand. One does not understand why he let these people take him so constantly to their ample bosom, or more important why he took them for America.

Theatre of the Absurd

Also assume there is no such thing as a memory. This is not a slur on anyone’s intelligence, just an organizational fact of life. Send a list around each day before every rehearsal requiring each participant to sign his name on it, agreeing he will be there.

As for costumes and sets, my own impression is that the simpler you keep them the less tawdry and bedraggled they will be. You will be doing them a great favor if you try to get across to them that the actor and his movement are what makes the play, not his rags and stiches. One chair is worth a thousand picture frames. This is not only good theatre, but cheap and convenient. You might also remind yourself that your students do not consider their native dress strikingly great and unusual costumes; yet these are acceptable to them whenever you put the play in their own setting — which I think is always great for students if you want them to enter into a show more creatively. Shrewd conscious lighting, of course, is worth all the costumes and sets in the world, especially if you can devise a way to light up an expressive Negro face.

If you want to make your own curtain, professionals will tell you a rich but drab color like a dull maroon is good in that it lasts and doesn’t detract from the show. On the other hand, I am enchanted by a great oilcloth curtain painted over with a scene of the river Niger and bright big scarlet letters above it giving the name of a concert party that I saw use it; and I hope to have our students share in making one just like theirs. Big, bright, garrish, cheap, eye-popping. Just right for the theatre of the absurd.....

—Ralph Treitel
africa
on 7.50 a day

NOTES ON TRAVELLING TO GHANA

If you are planning to fly in and out of Ghana, buy a round-trip ticket in Nigeria. Otherwise tickets for transportation out of Ghana must be bought with foreign (i.e. non-Ghanaian) currency. In addition, there is a 10% tax.

The Ghanaian government publishes its version of “Cue Magazine” called “What’s On in Ghana,” which appears monthly and costs 6d.

There is a map of Accra, costing 1s, sold by newsellers near the GPO.

The Peace Corps hostel is located directly behind the Danish Embassy off Farrar Ave. in Adabraka near the Kwame Nkrumah Circle. A taxi from the airport costs between 6-10/. You can bargain.

Taxi in and to town cost 2/. You pay for the cab, not individually.

Hotels: The hostel cost between 4-6/. Three good meals are served: Breakfast (3/4 and 4/6), lunch (3/6 for soup and three sandwiches), and dinner (7/6). A British lady, Mrs. Coles, runs the place and keeps things going smoothly. Musa entertains daily.

High-life spots: Star hotel (really swings), The Caprice, Lido, Tip Toe Gardens; they are expensive on weekends, up to 10/. Places to eat beside the resthouse: Ebony at Nkrumah Circle for native food, Y.W.C.A. near the hostel, Ambassador Hotel for the splurge. Tip Top Club for Steak and Chips.

Places of interest: Black Star Square, Parliament House, American Embassy Building, National Museum, Chinese Bookshop, The People’s store, the University at Legon (good bookshop), Lobadi Beach. Movie: Orion at Nkrumah Circle. CAPE COAST

About two hours from Accra; good public buses are available.

Slave-trade castles: Elmina (the most impressive), Cape Coast, and others; free guided tours. University at Cape Coast (not much to see).

KUMASI

Three hours from Accra; good public buses and Peugeots (1£)

Beds: Airport Motel on Airport Road (15/), catering rest house 25/; there are a number of African hotels.

Food: Flamingo and Midlands bar for native food; the City hotel for the big splurge, Catering Resthouse.

High-life: Hotel de Kingsway, place across the street (don’t remember the name), City Hotel; expensive on weekends and need a tie.

Sights: Asante museum, zoo, market (for fugus) Stools and aware (aio) boards: Seven-Mile Stool Villages, one mile out on Mampong Road on the left, the other six miles out on the right.

Taxis: 30 miles from Accra; modern port and city.

Volta Dam at Akosombo: 75 miles from Accra, can take a bus, a hotel overlooking the dam serves food and drinks.

Aburi Botanical Gardens (Aburi): on the way to Accra from the dam.

—Ray Silverstein

Continued from page 1

Then the quaint begins to become commonplace. The Boston Cream Pie and lobster that indulgent hostesses have been serving for a month have settled in your subchin. The family loses its awe of this new, sophisticated creature, and begins to ‘make suggestions’ as to further plans. A little depression; you don’t remember that Nigeria was ever depressing like this-o. This drab place: no sunlight, flowered print clothes, bougainvillea; no Yoruba greetings, drums at night, goats in the street; no graceful women with calabashes on their heads, no lizard dung to sweep up every morning, no sausage flies binging into lamps at night; no sky full of moon, no relaxed Nigerians eager to please you; no other Volunteer, glad of your company, to share secrets with. No Star Beer.

The American PEOPLE hit you. Everyone is closed up inside himself, bent on getting where he’s going. No smiles or idle chatter. If someone catches you looking at him you feel as though you’re doing something profane. The PACE hits you. PURPOSE is the order of the day. Everyone has to be where he’s going on time. People are afraid to MAKE MISTAKES. Your dancing partner apologizes for his lack of training. Everything is PREPLANNED. All those efficient signs, signals, directions, are trying to make up your mind for you.

Things which had remained in the background come up and hit you in the face. Someone’s lying down on the job; someone’s receiving bribery; statistics are published on perverts in the bus terminals; a salesman’s giving someone a real line; a girl is in trouble; a teenager is knifed in the subway; freedom marchers are killed in Alabama.

You meet people who assume that the past two years of your life have been a vacuum, and proceed to fill your vacuum with their own problems. You meet others who have done a lot of growing up while you were gone, without having left even the city limits. You feel that the Peace Corps experience isn’t so far superior to all others that it designates P.C.V.’s as necessarily greater in wisdom and grace than all other Americans.

You date some pre-P.C. romances, but don’t hit it off. Letters from Nigeria become less frequent. You dig up old buddy P.C.V.’s, and hit the Rose of Killarney Bar, the Blarney Stone, the Leprechaun. You relish the old snake stories and P.C.V. gossip. You talk about the book you could write, and dump on the new effete type being selected for Nigeria. You go home. You figure out that you’re right in the middle of Gauguin’s riddle again.

Where have I come from? Who am I? Where am I going? Right where you were when you were plunked down in West Africa with fifty pounds, a settling-in kit, and an assignment. Only this time you may not have the assignment.

You panic. It becomes imperative for you to get married immediately and unconditionally. You’re tempted to go to Alabama, but you’re not sure they need you, and you don’t want to be one of those people who never miss a fire or a motor accident. You consider joining a monastery the Job Corps, perhaps even the Peace Corps.

You read about other P.C.V.’s who are indignant at America’s failing to hoist them on her shoulders, and you wonder how creative their dismay will prove to be.

You sit down and think some more. When you went to Nigeria you had had to drop your American props, e.g. California Irish English teacher, or Oklahoma Negro track star, or New York Jewish social worker. Someone emerged from what was left—someone who could do almost anything he set his mind to: leader of men, problem-solver par excellence, friend and communicator to many.

Continued on page 16
Did You Say "Image"

THE DEPUTY

THE Tilley Lamp just had a quick get-to-know-you talk with Dave Elliott, the new deputy director replacing Jacques Wilmore. A PC journal of Sierra Leone volunteers was irksome about their being snatched away for Nigeria, so we were prepared for someone we would like.

He said he went to school at Stanford and then to Harvard graduate business school. (If there is such a thing, he does come across as a New-England-glazed San Franciscan.) In 1958 he began steel Fabricating Company, manufacturing frameworks for schools, apartments, supermarkets. He has gone up abroad with Foreign Service parents. Friends on the staff of the Peace Corps encouraged him to jump in and last July he went to Sierra Leone.

We asked about efforts there and he noted they have begun a pilot primary school project, using volunteers in teaching English as a Second Language in order to attack the problem of children coming into secondary schools without an adequate command of English. He indicated he liked the idea of PCVs doing jobs no one else could do, not acting as substitutes for other expatriates. Problems with such a project include local teachers feeling uneasy and insecure when the strangers move in.

We brought up some of the complaints from the recent termination conferences. Instead of seeing too much bureaucracy, Dave seemed to think some misunderstanding was due to the administration not having the size to be close and sympathetic and un-impersonal enough with volunteers.

In regard to conditions of service, he said he thought volunteers in Africa were expecting the mud-hut and have felt guilty and need to rationalize and defend conditions like nice expatriate housing (waving his hands gently at our armchair-cushioned living room). He seemed to think African teacher volunteers suffered a little from the weight of the South American CD image; said he thought we should have many images to fit the situation.

All talk revolved in an unbeatable way around image, even when we passed the time of day about the vehicle policy here. First, he emphasized the problems with safety, adding later that since “I arrived in Nigeria in March, we have been having two serious motorcycle accidents a week v. a total of zero injuries for those riding in any type of public conveyance” (then he mentioned the need for economy, noting that the administration often had conspicuous monsters like the Blue Bombs partially because they are obliged by congress to buy-American. But he went on to say the PC program was meant to be one of People-to-People, where volunteers can demonstrate that without material trappings and possessions they have resources to do their jobs: he says there is a big problem of values left by the foreign “haves” and “colonialists” that he thinks the Peace Corps is out to confront.

Since it was only a short, informal talk we only scratched at a notepad so some of this may seem more snippy than it was. We found Dave pleasant to talk to and honestly earnest; even when he took the party-line, he explained it expressively.

TERMINATION

TERMINATION conferences were held in Ibadan at the end of April for volunteers going home this June: one conference for secondary school teachers, and a second for university and training college teachers. Through subversive second hand reports, we understand Peace Corps bureaucracy was high on the ladder of criticism.

For example, one volunteer said he would like to have more of the freedom of the VSO’s. Another objected to “visits” by Peace Corps reps to schools, saying he couldn’t understand what they were coming for, and continued to ask himself the same question after they left. There was an objection to administrative concern with the volunteers extracurricular community activities and vacation projects; some felt these were the concerns of the individual volunteer alone, and some said they had enough to do trying to do a good job teaching without thinking of “image”. One volunteer suggested that administration work be more economically carried on in the host country by having PCVs without new American cars handle it.

As to the future of the Peace Corps in Nigeria, some suggested that the real place for teachers was in the primary schools, that the volunteer could benefit their students more by helping them at an earlier level and also avoid secondary school exam cramming in an unfamiliar system. At the same time, it was felt by many that the University post be phased out, “within at least five years”. They were not really acting as volunteers nor were they being accepted by the university administration as real staff, they said.

There was, as might not be surprising, a good bit of talk about the vehicle policy. If it is a question of saving money, one volunteer asked, why can’t our schools or we ourselves buy them for ourselves. If it is a question of safety, another said, he felt much safer on his honda than riding in a lorry. In fact had never had an accident in two years on his honda but recently in coming down on a lorry from the North in an accident where five passengers were killed. He said he preferred his honda.

When the question was brought up of whether the living allowance was adequate, we were told the secondary school teachers unanimously put on a hang-dog silence — which seemed to indicate no

Continued on page 16
Africa gives me, Honor comes to the House

In April we went to the Yoruba Naming-Day ceremony of Olufunmiwa George Olakunle Terebo, a week after he was born. Before this ceremony Olu had no name and was just known as the son of Moses Terebo and Joan Wasko Terebo.

At this ceremony a family elder let Olu and then everyone there taste of dishes of kola nuts and foods on a table. Each was a symbolic kind of introduction to Olu of the good things of life.

We ourselves have seen several charming naming-day ceremonies, but always on our Methodist school compound in a ceremony accompanied with prayers and Hymns (which always sound to our uninitiated ears as 78 rmps played at 33 1/3.) We were therefore surprised to see for the first time a bottle of gin on the table with the kola and other symbolic foods. “What is that a sign of?” Honor. Only great chiefs drink gin we were told. George Sealey quickly noted that in America our chief only drinks bourbon.

After Olu and friends all tasted and after Olu was taken out of the house so his feet for the first time could touch the ground, the father gave the baby several names and then everyone went up and dropped a shilling into a bowl of water and gave the baby names of their own. Which many will continue to call him, so parents may often have to use scorecards to keep track of names.

In the east, another Peace Corps baby has the name of Richard Amaechi Lesser. Amaechi is Igbo for “Who knows tomorrow?”

Our own Yoruba naming-day ceremony for our daughter was conducted beautifully in English for us by our principal, Chief Ojo, so we could follow the significance of tasting the foods and condiments. Here is part of it (from our tape):

“Here before us we have edible things—to show our good wishes and it is our intention to declare that baby and mother may come out of confinement and move among us.

First, we have alligator pepper. We use these to make our mouths ready for what we are going to say and when we pray, our mouths have been warmed up and our prayers will come to pass.

Next, kola nuts. We use these when we want to bless...when we socialize and in assembly....and we pray that you will enjoy human society and become one of us.

Here we have Orogbo. In the sound of this is the meaning of this nut: “That which is old”, and it is our prayer that the child will live to a ripe old age. Peel off the bark... and bite it and eat it.

Now we have dried fish... Eja aaro... the most important article of diet among our people. We say, “It is only a rich man who can afford to eat fish...”

Then Oyin, honey...now aadum, our native sweet made of corn and of oil... And in your own time (to baby) buy sweets for your own children... Sugar. Taste now what is sweet from other lands...

Iyo. Common salt which we use in soup, salt which we use to preserve all that is good in our life. And, thinking of the essence of salt, preserve all that you want to preserve. The word “yo” is also the verb, “rejoice”. And we say, “We always rejoice with anyone who has salt.”

Here is red palm oil. Whenever anything is hard or difficult we are told to pour oil on it. Even Europeans and Americans say “pour oil on troubled waters”.

And last, water. Where water flows, there is a track. And our prayer as we think of water is that the line will be continuous just as the path of water which is always there.

Now we call upon the father to tell us which name this baby will bear. And then we should show our joy by coming and dropping something in this water to pray again the line will be continuous. Walk up and pay homage to this beautiful lady...”

— Margot and Ralph Treitel

BEYOND KANO BY PLANE

The drying land spread out below: Magician’s Country. Cactus fences rule the lines
Around each geometric compound: Brittle Parchment marked with Ifa divination Signs.

The land is crossed with thin-line roads: an old Man lays his wrinkled, high-vein hand upon His thigh.

The ploughing lines are sharp and deep and straight: Benin-bronze face scars, offered to Oggun, The God of Iron.

South Sahara, stippled everywhere
With knotted trees: a pocked Fulani face.

Beyond the place of watered pools they tied
The desert sand for market cloth in brown Ankara patterns, brown adire lines.

— Ann Hilferty
Poor Richard

Courteous Reader,

EXPERIENCE tells poor richard that Comfort & Relief are not always found in Innovation, as they are not in a new Pair of Shoes. An acquaintance in AID said they had great success in bringing in and raising a new breed of chickens around Jos, chickens that were plump and meaty and tender. Only the local farmers in the area refused to buy them and raise them, saying in cooking they found the birds melted into mush, not at all up to the standard of their own birds which after normal cooking-time of 8-16 hours were still firm and chewy.

& & & & &

A Word to the Wise is Enough, repeated poor richard, when he heard a report on a report in the New York Times of March 8 on the Washington Peace Corps conference-on-problems-in-readjustment-for-the-retumed-volunteer. One speaker was Bill Moyers, aide to Johnson and former PC administrator, who urged volunteers to consider politics as a career. "You must have the virtues of Joan of Arc and the political prowess of Adam Clayton Powell." (Was he talking about being politicians or Peace Corps volunteers?) Of 2,300 ex-volunteers who responded to a questionnaire about their plans, only 6 expressed a desire to get into politics. Dean Rusk also spoke and said he had no doubts about their ability to make a constructive contribution to American life.

According to this same article, around noon of that day a small group of returned volunteers picketed the White House in protest of United States involvement in Vietnam. The report did not say whether Mr. Rusk walked over to welcome them.

& & & & &

At a student debate on whether Nigeria should have a federal system of elections and dispense with regional elections, a student in the audience got up and said he agreed with the affirmative side that the current system be set aside and the new plan tried out for a while. "For we have a saying in Yoruba, which is, How can a woman know one man is better than another, unless she has tried them both?"

& & & & &

Seven volunteers from Ethiopia, Ghana, Malawi and Sierra Leone carried the flag of "IMAGE" a little higher a while ago when they made a determined assault on Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa. Their three day climb was arranged through a hotel which provided a guide, 14 porters, heavy clothing, and a table-cloth with tea for rests. After being drizzled with rain and cold, and made dizzy by the altitude, on the third day they attempted the summit, Kaiser Wilhelm Spitze, 19,340 feet. They were covered in sweaters, windbreakers, mittens, and a coating of vaseline. Three had to turn back, but the others made it to the top and watched the sun come up.

& & & & &

We hope at one of the "healthy, open" staff-meeting discussions they have every Monday and Wednesday mornings at 9:30 am, someone reads the letter to the editor in the Jan. 2, 1967 Republic in which the writer suggests that in government training-selection programs the well-adjusted mediocrity is favored over the individual. He speculates about what might happen if Abraham Lincoln and that "genial, extravert" Warren G. Harding had to go through such selection: which would be asked to select himself out?

& & & & &

A Blind Man said, "To tell what people are like, will I look at their face?" (Igbo saying)

For those wondering what to do when they get back to the states, involvement-wise, we urge a subscription now to the (Greenwich) Village Voice, 15 Cents a weekly issue, 1 Sheridan Square, NYC. You almost never fail to find an interesting report of Social Action and Protest, whether an account of an intergrated drama group putting on classy shows of Waiting for Godot to underdeveloped audiences in the deep south, or more well known groups as Women's Strike for Peace, to LeeMar. LeeMar is a group fighting a tough battle on behalf of legalizing marijuana.

& & & & &

Too many carts spoil the apples, p.r. said when he heard of the Northern Nigeria PCV who returned home last fall to an interesting job having to do something with civil rights, and was drafted a week after he began work. We're all of course happy to know Dr. Stranglove and his pals believe they need PCVs to help them.

Continued on page 15
OPERATION PANIC

THE Western Region Day Camp Advisory Committee, aided and abetted by the Peace Corps, has been putting on vacation day camps for primary school children in Ibadan for the last two years. This year I was given the job to see if we could make it three in a row. We did it all right, but for a while it looked as if West Africa might win again. Actually the camps were quite successful considering that we got started quite late and then the Ministry closed a week earlier than expected. Because of this we had about half the number of campers originally planned for. This was just as well because we only had about a third of the staff we needed.

The first day of camp we had a grand total of eight people to handle 160 kids. This problem was solved by sending the mob home early. They still had to be faced the next day, however. Through the use of threats, cajolery, and blackmail a number of people were persuaded to volunteer to help with the camps.

Swimming was the cornerstone of our so-called program (we figured that if we kept the kids swimming most of the time we wouldn’t have to think up too many other things for them to do). Most of the kids had never been in a pool before so the instructors had a real job. A major accomplishment was the fact that every day they finished up with the same number of kids as they started with.

We would be glad to help anyone in other towns interested in setting up a day camp. The address of the committee is P.M.B. 5199, Ibadan.

—Clifford Schoff

the peace corps isn’t what it used to be

(The following is excerpted from a column by Roscoe Drummond a few weeks ago in the Herald Tribune.)

The Peace Corps isn’t what it used to be and is getting less so.

It is running down.

It is growing old — prematurely . . . .

Perhaps no one outside the agency itself can pinpoint what’s gone wrong. But something has gone out of the Peace Corps and I believe the explanation is to be found in these circumstances.

1. — For 14 months Sargent Shriver has been devoting all of himself to two fulltime jobs — the war-on-poverty programs and the Peace Corps. He has devoted all of his energies for long hours every day at two fulltime jobs. He has been almost succeeding at both. But not quite. The Peace Corps has been suffering; it is flagging; it is feeling lonely and somewhat neglected.

2. — (Mr. Drummond notes there was no fulltime deputy director for 16 months.)

3. — Others may see it differently, but it seems to me that the Peace Corps has made one grave mistake in administrative policy. It has been racing into expansion for its own sake; it has engaged itself in a numbers game which is hurting the quality of volunteers and impairing its work abroad . . . .

It started out the first year after its authorization with the manageable goal of 3,500 volunteers. There were plenty of applicants qualified and eager to join.

Now the Peace Corps is asking Congress for funds for a 17,500 - man Peace Corps. But the truth is it can’t expand to 17,500 without beating the bushes on every campus, without pleading for volunteers, and without resorting to a hard-sell recruitment which dilutes the very volunteerism of the Peace Corps itself . . . .

BENIN

EXTENSIONS: Jim Moody has extended his tour to December, 1965. He had been due to terminate in December, 1964. Stan Bolle, due to terminate in August, 1965, had requested an extension to December, 1965.

Marriages: Marietta Overstreet and Larry Greenberg were married in Lagos on Tuesday, April 20th. Larry and Marietta assure me that the 5-minute lecture on the perils of bigamy make the Lagos civil ceremony a must for all would-be brides and grooms. Larry and Marietta have transferred to Ibadan where Larry hopes to teach philosophy at the University.

Dave Pritchett, Carl Witte, and Gary Harris recently collected three new bicycles in Benin and cycled 61 miles to Warri.

The YMCA has planned an August work camp in Abudu. About 20-25 volunteers will be invited to participate.

The Nigeria to South Africa motorcycle trip planned by Ted Holm and Don Whitte fizzled out somewhere south of the Cameroons. Don and Ted then made their way to Casablanca by boat. Latest word is they’re in Austria.

Jim Swanson and Stan Patrick have settled down to interesting teaching jobs in the States.

A lot of volunteers are complaining about the fact that their stewards have more expensive bicycles than those provided by the Peace Corps.

Sincerely,

Sam Selkow
Our Star-Strung Correspondents

From Our Northern Correspondents

STICKY Wicket Dept.: Ervin Hobbs, Kofare via Yola, borrowed a horse from the Chief of Borong and led all the way in a “messenger’s race” at an Agricultural show: “What we had to do was get a message from the Chief, go to our horses, unhobble them, ride out to bush, get off, hobble the horse, exchange the message... but right at the end I couldn’t lead my horse up to the stake and by the time I finally managed to, I was third....”

Extensions: Eric Gedney, one year; Carl and Linda Peterson, one term; Jacqui Taylor, one term.

OUR Man in Kaduna writes, “...am teaching evenings at the Federal Prison (just murderers and thieves... all sex offenders go to Port Harcourt)...such eager beavers you never saw...trying to impress the wardens... Am now a full-jockey member of the Nigerian Army Riding Club and damn near broke my neck crossing the Kaduna River in a dead gallop...charging San Juan we were!!!”

& & & & &

Dear Editors,

I know that its not an “in” thing, but I nominate your March Tilley Lamp as “PC Mag. of the Year” — it really is a very good job; especially “Conversation...” and “Agents of NC”, which I am lifting for our paper.

You did rather arouse my patriotism, though, with Tim Carroll’s “africa on 7.50 a day”. Flying from Nairobi to Ndola to Salisbury is like seeing Europe from Monaco — and all these cities look like Monaco! What he missed were the Axumite monuments of Ethiopia, the Arab relics of the Kenya-Tanzania coast, the old (and new) mystic of Zanzibar, the cave art of Tanzania, Rhodesia, and South Africa and the magnificent ruins at Zimbabwe, to say nothing of the peoples along the way.

What really set me off was his summary dismissal of East Africa art with “...the East is devoid of indigenous craft.” The Makonde carvers of southern Tanzania and Mozambique will rival the Hausa. Also missed were the Byzantine art, Shama cloth, silver, gold and Harar baskets of Ethiopia, Shona carvings of Rhodesia and the Nubian baskets of the Sudan and Uganda. I think that all Tim saw were the Kamba Masai carvings in Nairobi’s Woolworths...

I’ll make a bargain with you — I’ll give you a travelogue: Asmara to Livingstone, if you’ll supply me with one of West Africa, Lagos to Dakar....

Sincerely,
— Tom Spear

Editor, The Bush Review
TANZANIA

P.S. If you want literature to complement Black Orpheus and Mbari, you might recommend Transition (P.O. Box 20025, Kampala, 23$ a year to West Africa) — a really excellent magazine of the arts and politics.

FROM FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT
GRUBEKG ZIP CODE 61803

DATELINE: USA

...The latest theory from our psychologist friends is that approximately a year after a volunteer returns home he has a big value crisis. Since I am approaching the magic hour you are clearly warned to be on the lookout for any incipient nihilism....

“DX is a fairly large petroleum company which sells its products in America’s midwest. They have come up with a truly magnificent new marketing scheme. They have done away with talking about juicy new additives or higher octanes. Their advertising is solely devoted to their unique innovation: carpeting in the ladies room.

“Went down to Washington last week to say goodbye to an old Nigerian Peace Corps buddy, Bob Cohen, who is going back to Africa as a non-bland, warm, empathetic field rep in Liberia with his new wife. Meandered over to PC headquarters, a stone’s throw from the White House.

The personal touch is not lacking. They use operator controlled elevators instead of the automated variety. The African section was about what I expected. Myriads of maps and West African Pilots all over the place. Lots of serious, hardnosed, hardworking people who throw around terms like COR, impact, and working relations, who are “starved” for information from the field, who are asking why that Volunteer in that place needs that jeep, who write stacks of reports on aims, images, Sargent Shriver briefings for upcoming ambassadorial conferences, and who most vehemently declare that we shouldn’t send any new people until we get in writing....It warms my heart to know that 806 Connecticut Ave. is a minimum of 2000 miles from any volunteer....”

Poor Richard’s

From page 15

Well, an end on’t. If you’ve read this far, Dear Reader, you’re not just Courteous, you’re Shiftless. Your own Earnest and most Devoted servant, —

Poor Richard
THE FEAST OF ODO

The palm trees and tangled vines cast a maze of evening shadows across the large clearing. Small clouds of dust rolled up and the 250 men filed in in two rows and sat down facing each other. The usual murmur of Igbo words and occasional laugh ceased when an old man with a deeply wrinkled face and an old cane in his hand walked in at one end of the opening. He was humming quietly and a few younger men caught the pitch and rhythm and with slowly stamping feet, began to move up and down the lines. This tranquilizing music was sharply punctuated by a loud song sung now and then by the old man to one of the men, declaring some personal characteristic of the latter. The elder and his assistants moved, until they came to the single “onya ocha” sitting amidst the men. The elder sang his song in Igbo which went like this: “The white man has come to show us how to farm, but yet he knows not how to grow yams.” I thought to myself, “ezi okwu” (it is true).

When the dance ended, the men broke up into small groups, and by the light of the setting sun, drank palm wine, ate pork and grass cutter meat, until it was too dark to see. The elder representing Odo sat with the other elders and ate and drank in semi-contemplation. The entire ceremony reached its solemn climax as all left individually from this sacred area through the narrow jungle paths, home.

—a CD writing home

THE TILLEY LAMP

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NOTE

All contributions to the Tilley Lamp, if possible, should be typed and double-lined. Brief comments and notes appreciated as much as accounts. Criticism of all Peace Corps activity greatly appreciated. People interested in editing T.L. throughout 1966 should apply now.