Diagones in Ikenne

"No one could buy my vote. If a party would offer a million pounds for my vote, well, I would take it! but for that very reason I wouldn’t vote for that party." This was one of the quick jabs by Tai Solarin in an exhibition in social criticism before one of the Sunday evening gatherings of Lagos Peace Corps volunteers this past summer.

Mr. Solarin is principal of Mayflower Grammar School in the West and writes a column of social commentary for the Daily Times. He was born in Ikenne in about 1920, went to Wesley College, Ibadan and then was a primary school teacher. In 1941 he joined the RAF and trained as a navigator in Canada. He then studied at the universities of Manchester and London.

Mayflower school is distinguished as the place where he has put to work many radical progressive ideas, such as the idea that education should have a practical, functional application, and not just a study of Latin and Greek. Thus, much of the Mayflower school has been built by the students themselves, from houses to their plumbing and wiring.

FIRST QUESTION: What were his long-term plans and objectives for Mayflower school?

He said he hoped to make Mayflower into a comprehensive school, possibly by January of this next year, "to educate our people to see that education is for service and not to make them parasites on society." He said he has had to go slow because of resistance to this experiment. He said he has got letters from parents of children going to Ayetoro Comprehensive school in Egbeado division in the West who were horrified to find out their sons may be coming out of the school not with a paper cert but as trained and literate electricians. "From now on, education must be functional, and if it is not functional it is not education."

Referring to the recent upsurge in the number of graduates, Tai said that the people who believe Nigeria is overproducing graduates are both right and wrong. There should be more but of a different quality. "Most of our graduates until of late, could not do anything (for themselves) about malaria. Some of them would probably go to some jujuman around the corner. Anything went wrong in the house, they could not do anything about it. . . . Nobody ever fixes a bicycle in this country. When something is wrong they take it to a bicycle repairer. You are a scholar, you are not supposed to do that."

He said in January of last year he went to visit in India where he found that "university graduates are two for a penny. There were so many that were just like the production we are having in Nigeria — all classical, all this, all that, all good in the head, but all absolutely useless for making use of what they have got." He said they also expected to get a house and car and other amenities which isolate them from the difficulties they were to war against.

"...The farmer, the person who does not go to school in this country, does not feel, does not think for a minute that the state owes him any obligation, should give him anything to do. Immediately you are educated, particularly to the college level, you demand the right to a job. . . ."

QUESTION: What were his views on the political future of the Western Region?

Tai said he could not foretell but he supposed that the party which would spend the most money would probably do the best. "Just before the election last year I asked my palm wine tapper (we have many palm wine trees near the compound) who he was going to vote for. Oh, he said, I'm going to vote for anyone who gives me five pounds."

Continued on page 2
Continued from page 1

To show the influence of money, Tai said there are many given names in Yoruba celebrating the power of money. He said literal translations of two of them are “The Money man does everything” and “The man with money is he who the world knows.”

He noted that in 1865 John Stuart Mill accepted to stand for parliament for the constituency of Westminster, but declared he would not pay a penny for the campaign, would not even promise to speak for his constituency, and would not answer any time any question on his religious views. “I chuckled to myself trying to imagine that in Nigeria someone could stand in an electoral campaign by saying, ‘You are not going to get a penny from me…. Even if you vote me in I’m not going to talk specifically for your interests…. They’d kick him out straightaway.’”

He fancied that political values might have been more prized if the country had had to fight for her independence. “People who don’t fight for something, don’t appreciate it.”

The answer to false values was education. A high standard of education would give independent thinking, such as that money isn’t everything, and that the man with money may not even be a respectable person.

**QUESTION:** What did he think of the dispute at the University of Lagos and suggestions of tribalism there?

He said he wondered if dedicated professors and lecturers from Britain and America would come to step into the shoes of people who “have been kicked in the teeth when they were doing such wonderful work for the country.” The way out, he said, from such problems would be for one university not to follow tribal lines, such as not accepting as a lecturer in a Yoruba area a Yoruba-man who might have been sacked for incompetence from a university in an Ibo area.

“I only know at our own school, Mayflower School, I have a twin sister (and) my sister for many years has begged that she should be able to do something to help our school. I just refused. Go on, get your job somewhere else. It isn’t Solarin school, this one….. You’ll find we have Ibos there, and Yorubas there, Hausas there…. Mayflower school would have disintegrated if there were only Yorubas running it.”

**QUESTION:** What did he think about Aiyetoro Holy Apostles Community?

He said when he first heard of them he was sure they were “just fools who just prayed and prayed.” Instead he found real working people, people who make him proud to be part of Nigeria, who “go to church when they find the fish are not there to be caught,” who believe in work and do work. “No gentleman there. No ladies there. Everybody is up in arms and rolling up their sleeves and working.”

But he thinks it’s a pity that now they’ve withdrawn their children from schools and education because of problems with their youth being enticed by thoughts of becoming rich professional people and then want to leave the community. It is happening all over, Tai said. “In any village where they get a school started the children (who) get through primary six or go to a higher institution will never go (back) to that village again.”

**QUESTION:** What about voluntary agency schools?

He said he was dying to see their end unless as in America they exist on their own. “I think it is an extremely bad thing for a voluntary agency school to get a penny of a state grant.” He said he thought by 1975 most of the schools in Nigeria would be state-owned.

He indicated he didn’t go along with the idea that church schools were valuable in as much as they inculcated high moral standards as well as offered education. “I agree with H. G. Wells that as soon as you find someone who is able to forgive sins, you will find plenty of sins will be going round…and round.” He said he didn’t think that morality was a monopoly of the church, or where, he asked, do they get their morality in Russia and China.

He said that some church schools were set up to prosylitize, and some practised religious discrimination: if two boys would apply for a place in a Roman Catholic school and one is a Roman Catholic, “you know who would get into the school.”

Some volunteers suggested that there were problems with state-run schools as well, as the tendency to block innovations, such as those he might want at Mayflower school. Tai said he recognized that there were such problems in bureaucratic operation. But he indicated he believed there was a real possibility in making a large scale educational system and overcome the abuses of societies. “You read about 15th or 16th century England, how corrupt it was. Well, I don’t want to wait three of four hundred years to wait to see it (the end of corruption). I want to see it in my own life time.”
IN SEARCH OF COSMOPOLIS

In June the Mbari Club in Ibadan had a week-long celebration when they moved into new quarters, the three-storey old Central Hotel which they have coated over with a creamy bright pink with creamy blue window frames, a decor out of disneyland. Several of the best-known Nigerian writers gave a reading as one of the events in the ground floor patio, with metal chairs for the audience in a great circle around a bare cement floor in front of a bare box bandstand.

Christopher Okigbo (“Before you, mother Idoto,/ naked I stand,/before your watery presence, a prodigal,...”) in a falling green sport shirt and fondling and dripping long white filter tip cigarettes acted as casual master of ceremonies, noting all who would read, and mentioning with poetic modesty that if anyone was still left at the end he might read one or two of his own poems.

Cyprian Ekwensi, tall and thin with a flat Indian nose, came on first with several of his books enveloped in his remarkably long, expressive fingers.

He spoke English in Nigerian accents, but his manner strangely was like that of any New England poet teaching at Bennington: as he spoke he rubbed the side of his neck with his hand, then put it into his pants pocket, then took it out again and rubbed his neck. Probably he and the old Central hotel felt unnerved by the presence directly in front of him of about eight school girls in light purple dresses with green berets on the side of their heads all serious and upright. Everyone had been invited, but evidently not everyone had been expected.

He read from The Passport of Malam Elia, saying he got the idea when taking a long train trip to the north in which sat an old man. He said he drew on his father’s life in telling of the old man’s vigorous young life, his father who lived in the North and taught Cyprian hunting and went with his passport to Fort Lamy to shoot elephants. Cyprian said he studied forestry in Ibadan, then pharmacy in Lagos and then in England for six years. Jagua Nana came out of his Lagos pharmacy days when he lived in a large tenement apartment where some odd ten people had rooms off of his hall and shared a small kitchen and stood in line for the john. All of our lives were open and exposed to each other, he said with a little of the naive of a chairman of a ladies club: I think when we hide ourselves from our neighbors behind tall trees and shrubs in Ikoyi, we miss something of life. As a student I found I could concentrate only when a big man with a giant hi-fi next door played hi-life full blast. He said he was shocked in a rooming house in England that the people in the same building didn’t know the names of the people living in the next flat, and, worse, the people played their radios so low you couldn’t even hear them in the next flat! (Much laughter)

Of Freddy, in Jagua Nana, he said, “Wasn’t he silly, a small poor boy like that thinking he could hold a woman like Jagua.” It occurred to us that all his writings, in fact, are daydreams of a young boy’s imaginings, of trying to hold a big girl like Jagua or trampling on the good loving thin girl. A Yorubaland Hemingway.

He went on to read, again at random, from Bright Feathers, his latest book, a satire on politicians. “He is a pharmacist who wants to unite Africa, but he can’t keep his own wife at home.” The part he read sounded like some good funny writing.

Even while he was reading, a short belly-proud owl-like person in a mustache kept chair-hopping from one person to another, while sipping on a squat, opaque pop-bottle through a straw. Once he sat down carelessly on a new untested chair and it tilted and collapsed beneath him. Debonairly he got up, carried it off to a dark corner, and came back to listen: no one had to tell us: the immortal J. P. Clark.

Cyprian sat down next to a large soft yellow woman with dark-ringed eyes and a high slick hairdo; then a cat in a long iron-wool-curled beard over his smooth glinting young boy’s skin got up to read some poems of a South African poet. He acted more American than Nigerian, a real cool cat, talking out of the side of his mouth and mumbling during his reading, just as if he were a man reading a race track form to himself. We learned later that he had studied in the states and had been a roommate of Alford Opobo, a native Yoruba speaker and friend to Nigeria 9 at UCLA.

Chinua Achebe got up next. We are prejudiced in favor of Achebe as a writer’s writer. We would hope he would be published in any country he would be born in. A round yellow wrinkle-lined Igbo face in a yellow and blue agbada with a white knit cap tilted winningly on one side of his head. “I really don’t know where to begin. Can someone suggest a place...” Begin with a charming episode from a boys book. Said he wrote it partially in emulation of Cyprian Ekwensi’s children books — because they recognized that there is such an empty gap in literature for young Nigerians which talks about things they know.

Then he quietly read the scene in No Longer at Ease where the young man, Obi, comes home to tell his father he wants to marry a girl who is Osu, taboo. The story took over. It was clean, direct, unaffected story-telling.

Achebe said he wrote his first book when he was busier than he’s ever been in his life, when first starting out in

Continued on page 13
BEYOND my home is a paved road, and it flows, helter-skelter, to a town crowded like a forest, hill upon hill, house upon house.

In the morning along that road trader women hurry to market at Ifejiye: hips are swinging with a provocative urgency to propel fast, bare feet, cracked from walking in the bush; necks are pleaded from the heavy balancing of dried wood and dung, of green leaves filled with moyen-moyen, of the woven cloth for rich men's agbadas. And small, flat-nose, push-face babies straddle the backs of the trader women.

Moving slowly in the other direction are dignified elderly gentlemen, wearing well-kept sandals well-kept agbadas; and carrying umbrellas against their return home in the afternoon sun. And their job is to care for the gardens of the Europeans.

Scarred-leg school children hurry by, balancing pails of lunch and books on their heads: thin-legged, short-clothes children in blue and beige, and wide-eyed.

A family group dances by to celebrate a naming day. All dressed in Yoruba blue; in fine iro, bubu, iburon and gele; in fine golden pin, necklace, and earring, they are led by drums which speak praises and by a cowrie-covered calabash. All are dancing, a few steps forward, then backward; and the swinging of hips and buttocks with babies astride is joyous; and the rhythm is good.

To the right of the road there is a cemetery — a frangipani garden where headstones gentlified with studied deference to the world, where time and the wind are barred from entering by a screen of trees and grasses. There is a motionless stream there madine, and one is shelling groundnuts in the sun. Another sister kneads before a charcoal brazier, roasting plantain with fragrance sweet like the pink cotton candy from the children of any childhood. One sister takes in the scent of red palm oil, and one picks tiny egret seeds into a large calabash. Another sister measures out glasses of the pungent, milky palm wine taken that morning from tall forest trees. One sister is boiling yam, while another percent; the charm-sized mortar into iyan — to be taken with the sharp efo or ata sauce with fish and meat.

Some wrap the bland eko and moyin-moyin into neat leaves-envelopes to be steamed in a soap pot. And others are selling crisp chin-chin while their sisters shape the egusi and eba paste into soft, sweet balls of robo and krun-kunt. Small girls carry leaves on their heads, and the shrill cry, "BUY BREAD," hangs in the air.

Then under marble shelters there are flower-stained threads arranged in patterns to become the striped dresses of the members of royal houses. The weavers' eyes are filled with far-off memories repeated over and over in time with the repeating of fingers and toes, as the shuttle moves: back, back, back, stop, back, back stop...

Then, the women preparing adire — the cloth of the people: They put into cotton the outlines of the flower and the seed-pod, trails of the rain and lightning, plumes of the palm forest. And some are tying pebbles into the cloth, and some are sewing lines, and some are painting with starch — all to be dyed with blue from the North.

Taxis dash up and down the street, past the weavers and traders. And the drivers' slim, long-nailed, copper-ringed fingers press on horns and toes sixpences from their fares into glove compartments. From the barbers' shops and from the seamstresses' schools comes Rediffusion, alternating jive music and western popular songs. And past the General Hospital and the House of the Seraphim and Cherubim, and past the electrical roundabout is Sapon, the large market where traders come every fifth day.

And there are vegetables and grains and tinned goods in Sapon; red and gold beads of glass and metal and plastic; copper bowls from Red China, and chewing gum from the U.S.A.; palm kernels from the Eastern Nigerian forest, and cinnamon from the Sahara. And there are dried fish from the Niger and bangles from India and porcelain from England and patterned, printed cloths from the Netherlands. I have seen boxes there made by tinsmiths from roofing metals, and sandals made from used lorry tires, and calabashes carved with strange animals.

The medicine seller is there with rings and arm-bands of brass, with brass bottles in human shape to hold powdered antimony or remedies for witchcraft. He has clapperless bells to conjure spirits or confound animals in hunting, and he has medicines: dried lizards and rats; birds' heads and monkeys' skulls; animal pelts, and orange and green feathers, and long, red hair. I have found powders, nuts, and strange roots; cowrie shells and beads for Ha.

And through the market you can feel the piercing aroma of guava, the sweet-scented dodo, the metallic smell of freshly-slaughtered animals. Regulars from the North are there, walking, empty-eyed, with red-painted hands on the heads of children, and singing Muslim chants in contrapuntal rhythms. And splendid men walk proud in the market — bright, butterfly men in agbadas with wide, palm-leave sleeves loose on their arms like women's gold-dangle earrings. And once there was a woman, nude, with flowers in her hair. And she was very mad and very beautiful.

— Ana Hiferty

Abeokuta Road

that has the inscrutable face of a Yoruba baby reborn from before, but not telling of it. And the ground too is silent with a rich secret.

But back on the road the living, women are faithful to traditions of the past. Through the day they perch on wooden stools in loosened, blue bubu, and embroidered petticoat. When the time is right they eat their meals and after rinsing out tin basins, will lie to sleep, protected in thatched stalls from the hot sun. And with them are babies: big-bellied, with brass-ringed, petal-dainty hands and feet; golden ear jewels, waist-strings of palm kernels and glass beads, neck amulets of Muslim sacramentals or ancient cowrie shells sheathed in leather. And large-eyed, with faces powdered white, the babies weep at white ghosts who might come to stare, unbelieving of their beauty.

And their mothers are proud who have made them to be beautiful.

And further on the road, pothiers sit, shaping vessels on moulds made by their mothers' mothers. Red clay is fitted deftly over the dirt-smoothed shapes, and marked with dried corn cobs, and left in the sun. Later they will be covered with grasses and leaves to be baked into coolers, and soup pots, and lamps around which families can be built.

And everywhere the women are sisters doing their tasks well. One sister is grinding peppers in a small, petrol-engineed
The Wunderkind Image

(THF following article was written in reaction to the notorious Life magazine article on the "re-entry crisis" that returned volunteers are supposed to face on coming down to the ground again. It is reprinted from the May issue of the volunteer journal of the Ivory Coast, En Progreso. It makes a nice companion piece to "New England in Winter" in our last issue; and we regret having to cut a lot of it for lack of space.)

... We have the volunteer from Pakistan who ran around Washington for several weeks in a native Pakistani costume—refusing to buy or wear Western clothes—and then found herself terribly depressed and even physically sick because she felt that she didn't fit in and that everyone was staring at her. And, of course, she was right.

Like some ex-high school or college football hero, she was living in the present on the basis of past experience—and showing a rather childish inability to cope with an everyday experience—changing roles in society, something that millions of people manage everyday and with considerable less difficulty. In short, and horrors for a PCV, she was not "highly flexible."

Then we have other volunteers who, like many of us, have experienced the pleasure and satisfaction of being important, talented and capable—at least in the view of people whom by circumstance have never had our opportunities. Yet many of these same volunteers find it difficult to accept when people back in the States do not accord them the same status and respect that they had become accustomed to overseas.

Let's keep it in perspective. What might seem wonderfully creative, original and progressive in the jungles of Africa or the mountains of South America may in reality be something that any one of literally millions of Americans could do just as well. And this is so not simply because they are so talented or capable, but simply because the breadth and variety of life in America has permitted us to absorb—almost unknowingly—acts, ideas, and ways of doing things which suddenly seem extremely original and valuable when put into a more primitive setting.

However, this should not be construed as representing any special talent on the part of the volunteer, and if he thinks it does, he is just kidding himself...

Another chronic complaint of volunteers is that "almost nobody understands or cares to understand what I went through. Friends and relatives seem not to be too clear on where you've been and what you did and why it was important."

Let's be honest for a minute. How many of us really understand ten months ago what we would be going through now? Not many I think. How can we fairly expect others to? To really understand you have to live over here for a while. There is no other way to explain it. And how many of us can really say why it has been important? Are we really being fair to demand that the folks back home do what we ourselves couldn't have done a few months ago?

One of the things which the returning volunteers find the most alarming is the difficulty in finding jobs—or, more accurately, the job they want or feel that they are now qualified for. The article does point out, and justly so I think, that the part of the overly rosy, the-world-will-be-at-your-feet picture that early Peace Corps recruiting pamphlets painted of the returning volunteer...

However, a larger part of this problem seems to be the greatly distorted or at least inflated view which volunteers seem to develop of exactly what they did do.

It seems to me that an awful lot of this is a direct result of volunteers falling for the wunderkind image pushed by Washington...

It is not the Peace Corps which is turning out social misfits, unable or unwilling to compete in our mechanized society on the same basis as everyone else. It is rather the social misfits who are joining the Peace Corps to escape for a couple of years into a more simple, uncomplicated, and socially undemanding existence: an existence where they can "perform jobs, give advice, and accept responsibility far beyond anticipated limits" and, perhaps more importantly, in the words of one volunteer, "be the big shots of the village"—where, for doing "a little thing, we became local celebrities"—something they could never hope to do in the U.S.

It is little wonder that for volunteers like these "re-entry" is a painful experience—once again a nobody and lacking the necessary social skills (i.e. being a dissembler)—having little hope of ever being someone...

The "re-entry crisis" then should not present problems for those who joined the Peace Corps to serve, or to study, or to save money, or to escape the draft, or to travel, or a thousand other equally rational reasons. But for the volunteer who joined to escape, or forget, or avoid, "re-entry" will mean nothing more or less than a coming to grips again with the same problems from which he fled two years ago...

ORANGE

Leaving here today
Is like throwing off
The peels from one's lap;
The center sections
A taste, and gone;
The pits bitter, and spit,
A part of it all, and gone.
It's good leaving so.
Lone trees have yielded,
Now the land
Is brown.
There's little more here,
And ordinariness
May be hidden elsewhere
To be found.
This barrenness is of
The mind.

— Don Scharfe
CURRENT CINEMA

“How We Stopped Worrying and Learned to
Love and Live with the Peace Corps
Once We got to Know Them All”

AN interesting film and a wonderful example of neo-documentary-cum-pop-art is a film on the Peace Corps in Nigeria in a series called “Focus on Progress” produced by the Nigerian and American governments, with Cyprian Ekwensi doing the narration. We enjoyed every minute of it from the very first crescendo of bold background muzak (try to imagine Mantovani introducing the Green Hornet) to a very touching and nostalgic bit in which a Honda comes swishing down a country road and comes to a swirling stop before a school room and, as the camera moves up on the rider’s white baby-face, Cyprian touchingly points out, “The Peace Corps volunteer and his honda, the two of them seem inseparable .......

The movie opens with a filmed interview with a very long, lean ex-Peace Corps director, Saltonstall, cramped down in a very small white plastic chair, and a Nigerian, Malam Zuro, of the department of Federal External Aid, who asks Salty questions and seemed to have a very healthy, positive interest in the Peace Corps. Can’t say the same for Salty. Everytime the camera cut to him, he seemed to be in the middle of some private joke (that he would be gone before the movie comes out?)

As the charming muzak builds up as if to test out a supersonic amplifier, we turn to film clips of the Peace Corps in action. We see volunteer Ken Duepen giving robust lectures in journalism at the University of Nsukka, and then we see how effective he has been as we watch one of his protege reporters stoically making the rounds of the city, open notebook and sharpened pencil professionally ready in hand, ready to pounce on any news that rears its head. We nip up to Education Broadcasting studios in Kaduna but instead of Volunteer “Timmy” Carroll that we all know and love in Riviera sunglasses and, white blazer and neck scarf streaming in the wind we see this Clark Kent business type bustly snapping his finger in businesslike fashion at three camera views to select the proper one for screening; then see him nastily snatching a knife out of the hand of a poor student assassinator of Caesar to show that it must be raised up higher in the air before the stroke so that everyone may see a good bloodthirsty flourish above the crowd.

Entertainment

Among other highlights, we see a volunteer batting out the closing day hymn on a harmonium for his pupils while the delightful background music rings with something like the New World Symphony so that it appears the Volunteer really has a hold on that harmonium; and Mr. Payne in Lagos who, Cyprian points out, has his friends and students in ecstasy over a wild new food he’s pushing in Nigeria called “groundnut paste”; and Leslie Ekstrom in Funtaa looking quite bewildered and lost in a school library Cyprian insists she helped to build herself, while we see her husband Jim in class looking quite confident but rather out of focus.

The movie fades out on Lagos at night. That it ends with a dark picture is not, we understand, meant to be symbolical.
A HAPPENING

“The Drama of it All”

SANDWICHED in between my numerous labours for ETV in Kaduna, I have wedged in a new project. About two months ago I was asked if I would be interested in working with a newly organized drama society. The eager thespians were all members of the Federal Prison System.

I was introduced by a very polite inmate, Dominic Xavier, chairman of the Drama Society, present because of a rather definitive argument with his wife.

They had already chosen their play. It was about a princess, (naturally), stuck in a tradition-bound village (in the East I believe), with meaningful lines like: “This village has no walls, but it is still a prison!” and a comic figure who is having “auditory hallucinations” because he has been so long in this “prison of a village!”

The princess was very convincing, although “her” moustache presented some stagings difficulties in the love scene. And her maid had a rather nasty habit of cracking “her” knuckles during the queen’s demise. And one gentleman

CURRENT DRAMA

POW! POW! POW!

—ACH!

Creature of Flame, thou shalt not taunt me!
’Tis I, ‘tis Faust, thy peer I want me!
Faust to an appalling apparition in his high-vaulted, narrow Gothic chamber.

A CELEBRATED, traditional company, the Hohensteiner Puppet Theatre is coming to Nigeria under the sponsorship of the German Cultural Institute and will be at the University of Ibadan on November 5 & 6, putting on “Faust”, and, for zee lieber tschildren, einen “Zirkus”, featuring Kasper, the original German Punch.

(The drama department at UCI, we understand, is planning some travelling puppet shows of its own on Nigerian themes by their drama students and will go to some local schools. Contact Delores Viola for particulars.)

The Aris Theatre itself is planning to put on Durrenmatt’s The Visit for Dec. 15, 16, 17, 18 at UCI.

The Osirum Theatre of Wole Soyinka, which is now playing in Britain for the Commonwealth Arts Festival, will be putting on a new play by Wole at UCI probably in November.

Out-of-towners who hear of a play coming at UCI on that they want to see, but who will not be in town to pick up tickets beforehand, should write to Bob Bourdiss, School of Drama, to arrange for tickets to be held for them at the box-office.

Volunteers Mary Lou Frederick and Delores Viola of the School of Drama, UCI, are also, incidently, well worth contacting for advice on problems for school and club drama productions.

A Section

had the unfortunate line that came out: “and let your gooseberries ("good spirits" in the original) hover over us.” And the curtain man was somewhat quick on the draw, but these were all minor distractions when you consider the stage we performed on.

The entire back wall was covered with a vivid green and red reproduction of the Kaduna mosque. This might have fit unobtrusively into the universal theme of the play, but plastered sturdily between the two minarets was a bigger-than-life portrait of Jesus Christ. I appreciated the ecumenism, but did feel the background was a bit busy.

The authorities, however, felt it would be indecorous to cover up the Redeemer, under the circumstances, and we couldn’t get it off the wall, so there He was, casting a benevolent smile on the sad story of a village princess. The final touch is the border of ten-inch red letters encircling the proscenium which reads: Rough and Ready is the Road to Glory.

Ain’t we got fun?

— Tim Carroll

From our man in Kaduna

MR. and Mrs. Gregory Barnes, No. 2 man in Kaduna, returned from a holiday in South and East Africa to report that each elephant they saw cost in the neighborhood of 112.95 dollars.

Closer to home, I (the No. 1 man in Kaduna) visited the WASA game reserve in the Northern Cameroons. It was loaded with elephants and the like. 150 in one flock (elephants) and 15 giraffes, not to mention lion, and all the others. The rest-house is somewhat expensive, water costing about as much as a bed. I was there filming a show about Maiduquri.

Word has it that Fort Lamy has a good abundance of tourist traps as well.

— tiny tim
**God will bless You for your**

*(A FARCE IN A FEW SCENES)*

Written and acted out by Mike Tighe

SCENE ONE — A classroom in Nigeria. (35 students diligently and silently working at their desks. At the desk in the front, a PCV. A boy comes to the door.)

BOY — Excuse, sah.

PCV — What is it?

BOY — There is a man to see the master in the staff room.

PCV — Who is it? Does he have important business or can it wait?

BOY — Yes, sah.

PCV — (A bit exasperated.) Look, I'm invigilating an examination. If he wants to see me, tell him to come here.

BOY — Yes sah. (He runs off. A few minutes elapse during which PCV walks about the room, aiming chiding stares at the three or four boys who took advantage of the brief interruption to 'spy' on their neighbor's papers. A young well-dressed man timidly peeps in through the door.)

YOUNG MAN — *(In a whisper.)* Excuse me. Are you Mr. T.?

PCV — *(Also in a whisper.)* Yes. Come in. Sit down in the chair here. I have to keep my eye on these students. *(YOUNG MAN sits down. A long awkward silence.)* Well, what can I do for you?

YOUNG MAN — I have a message for you from Mr. and Mrs. A. in Oshogbo. They said you are a friend of theirs.

PCV — Yes?

YOUNG MAN — I was to deliver a message to them from Miss Powell in Zaria. Miss Powell is going on holiday next week and will be travelling in this area. She wants a place to stay with friends, but Mr. and Mrs. A. said they are going to Lagos then. They told me to come here. They said that perhaps you can give Miss Powell a place to stay.

PCV — Oh! Well, that's all right. My wife and I have an extra bed in the house. We'll be happy to have her. *(Another long silence. PCV again surveys the classroom.)* Is there anything else?

YOUNG MAN — Yes. I would like to have a note to give Miss Powell, so she will have assurance that she will have a place to stay when she comes.

PCV — Oh, all right. *(Taking a piece of paper and a byro from the desk.)* Is she in the Peace Corps? I don't know her.

YOUNG MAN — Yes. She came to Nigeria about two months ago with Mr. and Mrs. A. She's teaching at Government College, Zaria.

PCV — *(Still writing.)* Hmm. *(Half to himself.)* I don't know many from that group.

YOUNG MAN — *(Becoming talkative while PCV writes and occasionally glances around the classroom.)* I teach there also. But only as a mission job. I'm a student at Ahmadu Bello University.

PCV — *(Thinking out loud—only half-listening to YOUNG MAN.)* I'd better give her directions from Oshogbo or she'll never find the place.

YOUNG MAN — I'm not a Nigerian, you know.

PCV — *(Not very interested.)* Oh?

YOUNG MAN — No. I'm from Sierra Leone. Just studying here. I had to go to Warri this week to visit my brother, and Miss Powell asked me to deliver this message on my return. *(Now with a plaintive note in his voice.)* I never found my brother. And the only place to stay there is a bush rest house. It costs six shillings if you're not in government service. *(A bit of a silence. PCV is just putting the finishing touches on the letter. YOUNG MAN's voice becomes more plaintive.)* And then a thief stole three pounds — most of my money. It's very difficult travelling in a strange country.

PCV — *(Folding the letter and handing it to YOUNG MAN.)* Most of his attention is directed towards the class. *(Well, tell Miss Powell we'll be delighted to have her as a guest.)*

YOUNG MAN — *(After another silence.)* Yes.... But.... Well, you see, I don't have enough money for my train fare to Zaria. I had only one pound-five when I reached Oshogbo. And now I've come here. It remains twenty-three shillings for my ticket.

PCV — Uuhh....

YOUNG MAN — It would only be a loan. I'll have my salary when I return to Zaria. And Miss Powell will guarantee it. I'll give her the money.

PCV — Well... *(A bit put out because he knows his kids have been cheating while he's been busy with YOUNG MAN. A note of suspicion in his voice.)* Look, it's very near the end of the month, and my wife and I don't have much money left. Besides, I would have to check with her first. I'll tell you what — you wait here and watch these boys for

Continued on page 9
Kindness *

Continued from page 8

me. I'll run down to the staff room and talk to my wife. (He goes out. The scene ends. YOUNG MAN sitting at PCV's desk watching the students.)

***** — *****

SCENE TWO—The class room. YOUNG MAN looks up at the approach of PCV. PCV comes in.

PCV — (Whispering again.) Well, although we’re short of money, we hate to see a person in trouble. I can give you a pound-five, but that’s about all I can spare at the moment.

YOUNG MAN—(Gratefully.) No, no. I only need twenty-three shillings.

PCV — You’ll need something to eat along the way. You’d better take it. (Giving him the money.) By the way, you never told me your name.

YOUNG MAN—(Utters an unintelligible group of syllables.)

PCV — You know, Asahod, there has been a scoundrel traveling about the country lately, taking advantage of Peace Corps teachers. I mean taking their money and disappearing.

YOUNG MAN—(Embarrassed — almost at a loss of words.) Oh! please, Mr. T., if you think I’m that person, then don’t give me any money. That is serious!

PCV — (Now embarrassed himself. Searching for an excuse.) No. I don’t think you’re the person. I just mentioned it so that you would know that there are unscrupulous people who go about taking advantage of people. (Giving him the finished letter.)

YOUNG MAN—(Getting up to go.) Ah! I know. See what happened to me in Warri. (Moving to the door.) But God will bless you for your kindness. (Going out.) God will bless you!

(A bell rings.)

PCV — (To the class.) All right. Everyone stop writing. I hope there wasn’t any cheating while I was out of the room.

Curtains. End of Play... except for the epilogue.

***** EPILoGUE *****

Need it be told, dear reader, that when the T’s met the A’s from Oshogbo a week later in Ibadan, the T’s learned that God has been asked to bless the A’s as well.

*****

AN OLD CUSTOM

THIS poem by a student at Provincial Secondary School in Funtua in the North was written when our former principal, a sort of wild man British ex-pat, also a dear friend, insisted as a matter of general policy that the boys have their heads shaved at regular intervals, this, in keeping with the Emir of Katsina’s rather strong feelings about the subject. I am sure you can imagine the boys’ lack of enthusiasm regarding this policy. Gambo Ibrahim, the author, is in form III.

The barbers have emerged,
Unhappy the boys have become.
As if they were old enemies,
All conceal but it is no use.

Hairless heads start to shine,
As if on the sun’s surface.
Old trenches appear like contour lines,
Angry looks occur on faces.

Now to teachers they droop,
Complaining about headaches,
And mumbling like frogs,
Unhappy they look, for they are shining.

In town they enter with heads deep in caps,
Walking together like old dogs,
With people behind laughing,
And addressing them like wooden logs.

Many old customs are remaining,
Why not leave this one?
Part of religion it is not,
Why not choose another?

— Gambo Ibrahim

P.S.
The custom has since been abandoned.

— Jim Ekstrom
The Water Lilies of Lake Chad

We finished our first term of teaching at the Women's Training College and decided to go out into the bush and teach in a primary school as a vacation project. We chose the village of Mongono, 74 miles from Maiduguri and a 3½ hour ride by Landrover over a sandy trail.

The village is fairly large but no one knows the population. Almost everyone lives in grass huts, which are really pieces of fine craftsmanship and last from seven to ten years. At the peak of the roof sits an ostrich egg, or if they're not lucky enough to have an egg, an empty Star bottle perchess upside down on top.

They have a Senior primary school, district offices, a dispensary and a market. Market day is Sat. and that is the only day of the week that school is closed. By 6 a.m. women are streaming into the village with huge loads on their heads. Some come 10 or 12 miles. Camel caravans and loaded donkeys come too in great numbers and by the middle of the day the Mongono parking lot looks like a shopping center's lot at home, except that camels and donkeys are substituted for cars. We always attracted a good deal of attention even if we only stopped to buy 3d worth of groundnuts. We turned around to see 25 people following our every move. The people were friendly as well as curious and shook their fists at us. We smiled and shook our fists. (Fist shakings are a friendly greeting.)

The Senior Primary school is a 7 year school with about 275 students, 3 times as many boys as girls. On Sunday the last period of the day is reserved for washing clothes. Monday morning is inspection morning and everyone must have had a bath and be wearing his clean clothes. That morning is a comical sight. There is an artesian well right across the road and you see the children get under it for their bath, then running for the school soaking wet and putting their clothes on as they go.

The teachers were friendly and cooperative and glad to have us share their teaching. I watched and taught mainly the lower classes and Sieg the upper. Crayon, magic markers and visual aids fascinated both the teachers and students.

In the late afternoon there were games of soccer, volleyball and basketball for the boys. Soccer is their main sport and they could really handle that ball with their feet. Athletic Sieg joined the team 1 day but couldn't seem to send the ball off in the right direction.

On Friday evening the school put on a drama — a series of 6-8 plays done in Kanuri for the town men. They don't have memorized scripts but simply dramatize folk tales in their own words, and are fine little actors. The subject matter would hardly have been acceptable in polite society at home but everyone enjoyed it immensely.

A week after we arrived we had a field trip to Lake Chad. The teachers on horseback and 75 children on foot trudged 12 miles to a small fishing village near the lake and arrived after 4 hours, tired, thirsty and sunburned (the latter applies to the Kruegers). We were given a compound in the village complete with grass hut, pot of water and mats to sit on. The village head sent us a bowl of rice and some fruit and in the afternoon and in the evening a nice big fresh fish and a pan for frying it.

After a rest in our hut we started for the lake, walking probably half a mile until we came to water. "I think you'll have to take your shoes off", they told us. We looked at one another, rejected our Peace Corps medical advice and waded 50 yards to a carved-out log boat, filled almost to overflowing with kids. We climbed in and were poled out on the lake where we watched the local fishermen throwing out their nets. The students took the stems of water lilies, put one end in their mouth and sipped lake water through them as we rode. When we got near the shore they jumped out and had a great time splashing in the water.

We watched children's drama and dancing by the girls and women, in the evening, spent the night in our compound and returned early the next morning.

On a Sat. morning we called on the dist. head in his £70 grass hut (average sized ones cost 10 pounds.) and as a gesture of kindness he gave us one night police protection. We usually slept outside because it was considerably cooler, but that night a terrific sandstorm came up, forcing us inside. We had shaken the sand out of our bedding, dusted ourselves off and gone to sleep with our door open when suddenly there was a light shining in our eyes. Our police protection had arrived. We should have felt I suppose that we had a guardian angel 10 ft. from our feet, but somehow we felt more like carefully guarded prisoners and were glad it was only one night protection. That is we thought it was — 5 nights later our policeman came again and spent the night crunching kola nuts, smoking (the breeze brought it directly to our faces) rattling a metal chair beside him and snoring.

After 3½ weeks we returned to Maiduguri. It seemed good to be able to sit at a table again when we ate and to have cold water to drink but we're happy that we had our "bush" experience.

—"Sieg and Brenda Krueger"
Aiyetoro

"Projects" I said. "Pooh on projects!"

In order to get away from the Bureaucrats in Lagos I stormed off to Okitipupa in the Western Region and took a motor-driven launch down a delta channel (the Oluwa River) past many waterside villages. When I reached Makin Lagoon 6 1/2 hours later, I transferred myself into a dug-out canoe, paddled by two men. We glided down this Venice-in-Nigeria where on either side were thatched huts on stilts and busy canoe traffic of women traders. The vegetation was tall and thick and there were fishing traps set up. The whole scene with its luxurious tropical growth seemed just like my imagination's pictures of Afrikan; and we even jokingly remarked that we saw crocodiles raising their heads and pursing us from the rear.

After 2 1/2 hours, we came to Aiyetoro. My first view literally shocked me. My eyes opened to a magnificent 3 storey concrete mansion which had to be the Oba's palace. We came closer and landed. Out onto a sidewalk and down a broadly-planked boardwalk, I was warmly greeted and shown to the Rest House. Yes, it was a rest-house beautifully furnished with velvet-covered chairs, an electric fan, a refrigerator, a radio, a colourless telephone (the community operates phones for its own use, there is no connection to outside phones) mirrors and photographs on the walls, flourescent lighting, two bedrooms with four-poster, mosquito-net covered Aiyetoro-made beds, and linoleum on the floors. I thought this arrangement was just to impress the guests. But NO! I was led down the sturdily-planked streets and saw on either side houses similar to the one in which I was to stay. It was then that I began to question, "Why and how could this village be so entirely different from all those we had passed on the way?"

The people are Yorubas who are said to have been part of the Cherubim and Seraphim who fell out with their sect and local Government, and moved, in about 1950, to an uninhabited area right on the Atlantic at a point where fresh river water flows into the ocean.

Basically, Aiyetoro is a fishing community, they have a fleet of ocean fishing boats with outboard motors, and their people's economy is based almost entirely on their sale of fish (fresh and smoked) to villages far and near. Their first and main concern is for their own people, and each family is freely entitled to take as much food as it wishes and can consume. Their other substantial income is the money they receive from passengers who ride their launches (such as the one that I took from Okitipupa) or the one that goes from Aiyetoro to Lagos two days a week.

Since they build their own boats and trailers, using imported diesel engines, they have a monopoly on this business; and it has proved profitable.

But besides their prosperity, what makes Aiyetoro different? Communal living. There are no paid public servants. Each person has a job according to his specialty, and he works to benefit the community. No foodstuffs or materials are sold to any member of the village, and all provisions are taken as needed.

They have an office in Lagos which helps them to keep supplied with anything they are not able to provide for themselves. But what they do produce is incredible. They have their own large-scale furniture factory; a machine shop excellently equipped with the finest Italian tools; a radio-clock-watch repair shop; a boat-building shed (work here is now being done with the assistance of a USAID shipbuilder); a powerhouse with three small and two large German generators; a community store for goods (from matches to minerals); a warehouse for staples; a bakery with a full-size, German-made, automatic-control electric oven; a soap factory with facilities not only for soap but also for making and packing their own form of mentholatum; a sewing factory and tailoring room, both equipped with Singer machines; a weaving and textile factory where the cotton yarn is dyed by hand and then strung on the looms; a room for the finished cloth of many colours and varied patterns; a shoe factory from which lovely leather shoes are made — and rubber sandals are cut, put together, and packed for village wear and for outside sales; a fishing net shop; and a village laundry. So that communal or individual work can go on smoothly, the younger children are kept in a nursery; therefore everyone stays occupied.

Eating dinner at the palace with the Oba and his wives and councillors was a real thrill, and our discussions ranged from polygamy (which is preached and practiced) to Immorality and Eternity (which in two words is the basis of their religion). His Highness is the spiritual head of the Holy Apostles Community, and he explained at length how they believe that they are now restoring the new order which will be universally practiced in Christ's kingdom. Their attempt is to live in oneness and in the spirit of the meaning of "Aiyetoro," which is "world in peace."

The community and its people fascinated me so much that I asked to stay for a week and teach. To this the Oba was overjoyed because, although the village is wealthy and self-supporting, my volunteering to help was genuinely admired. So the next day I faced an academically-mixed class from Standard-Six leavers to Form-Four finishers. The people are mainly interested in technical knowledge, and maths and physics would have made many happy, but instead I set up two classes in conversational English which were the answers to a teacher's dream. The students were enthusiastic, attentive, alert, and responsive. I varied my program and included not only everyday speech patterns but also exchanged folk-tales (a difficult task for the many who never have to speak in prolonged English sentences). I also supervised some essay writing with the more advanced students and had discussions about Nigeria. This ultimately led to talks about the United States, President Kennedy.
EXCLUSIVE TO THE TILLEY LAMP! While industriously sifting through some confidential Peace Corps files in the backroom of the Lagos office, while looking for some peppermint pills for gas pains, your volunteer reporter, Tilden Flipper of Yoknapatawpha Co., Miss., stumbled on this photograph which is damning evidence of new Peace Corps vehicle policy plans. For confirmation, Tilden immediately got on the "hot line" thru to PC/Washington. After being shuttled about through various department extensions, we finally made contact with SVVI, the Bureau of Volunteer Vehicle Immobilization.

"Is it true you're promoting the unicycle as a solution to the outcry over the new non-vehicular policy?" we queried.

"... (pant) Absolutely not. No can (pant) fumigate. Just under consideration. Excuse me. Hang on. Must leave go of phone. If I stop, ha ha. I always fall over. . . . (silence) . . . Back again, ha ha. Only a little dizzy. (pant) Yet, only in experimental stage. Probably won't be promulgated for another few months. (Pant) Should be just what the doctor ordered for impact (pant) and image and . . . sorry, he back. . . . (silence). . . Back again, ha ha. Sorry, fall over if I stop. Let's see, we're trying it out in training programs now. Few bugs. Volunteers keep falling off, not too good for image, but we can fix it if we can extend training to 18 mos. . . . (oops) Ha, ha, fell right off myself, ha ha, and bumped my damn knee again. I can go forward, but just can't get used to going backward. But I'm confident I'll master it and once we get the swing of moving backwards, I'm sure we'll get all the volunteers following along behind us. F. Kingston . . . (silence) . . . F. Kingston says he's found it stimulating to study Hindi at home on his un-ii. There is . . . (oops) . . . Fell off again, ha ha. Got to get back and get up on again. We're only allowed off for coffee breaks. To-da . . ."

"Ta," we answered.

In Search of Cosmopolis

TV to make newscasts of the Queen's visit to Nigeria. Said he had no sympathy with people who say they would write a book if they had the time. If they have something to say, they'll do it. Said he first thought of writing one long book about three generations in a family. Then split it into sections, wrote the first and last parts as separate novels.

An aged steward with a decided snuff Buster Keaton manner and poker-face and dressed in a floppy white serving man's suit brought soft drinks and beer on a small green tray for the performers, then to members in the audience; then he would come back for the dropped empty bottles, wheeling brusquely past the Readers like a squirrel in search of nuts.

Then it was J. P. Clark's turn. He announces in a big hoarse voice that he has lost his voice the previous night when engaging in all night's argument with his wife and a friend on whether a poet should read his own works aloud or let someone else. So, he says, his wife and her friend will read his poems and a bit from a play for him. His wife is a thin girl in a gift maroon dress slit high up one leg, and wears a bandeau of the same material as her dress. Wife's friend is a sharp-featured English girl with glossy blonde hair. Wife who has grown up in England herself reads in exquisitely beautiful high-BBC enunciation which delights in its own beautiful sounds. We find it impossible to put the voice together with the slight bohemian-dressed Nigerian body. Clark gives introductions to the poems, listens intently as each girl reads: one poem is on the dark misery of a ride in the NY subway; another, The Imprisonment of Obatala, a Yoruba mythic character, a poem he says he was inspired to write after seeing a painting by Suzanne Wenger.

While they are reading, a tall, frowny Hausa-looking man comes into the patio with a girl who also looks a bit bedraggled in a dented bandeau. They sit down at a table in a far corner, noisily drawing the metal chairs up to it: it appears they are not aware the old Central Hotel is now become a literary rendezvous and no longer an open bar. Okebgo gives Buster Keaton the high sign. Buster goes over to their table. Quick refusal. Frowny man gets up, walks out with big long flopped-out strides. Begins whistling as he goes. Begins whistling loud, and not in any one particular key. Woman with tilted bandeau walks behind him and follows him out.

Continued on page 15
Who's Afraid of "Gulab Jamoon"?

I STARTED a cooking club two terms ago and it has been quite a lot of fun. Everyone was skeptical and kept looking at me sideways, because they couldn't see how it could work with boys in the first place and MUSLIMS at that. We called it the Chefs' Club to disguise what we did, since none of the other students knew exactly or vaguely what a chef was. But when it leaked out that we were COOKING, many boys asked that another club be started so that more could have the opportunity to learn how to cook. They have all confirmed that they will surely be bachelors until long after leaving school, so it is really NECESSARY that they learn to cook.

1. Auntie Leslie's PEANUT BRITTLE
   1 cup of sugar
   1 cup of de-skinned, roasted grounds split into their halves
   1 teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate of soda)

   Put a heavy saucepan on the highest flame of your stove for 1 minute. Turn the flame down lower, and allow the sugar to melt a little longer between stirrings. Hard lumps will form while you are stirring, but as the sugar melts, they too will melt, assisted with a few washers from the spoon. When it is nearly completely melted, turn the flame down quite low.

   When it is completely melted, add the groundnuts and stir until they are coated. Add the baking soda, and stir until there is a little of the mixture slides around and thin itself out. Let cool fifteen minutes, then break it up and eat it.

   Caution: the sauce pan, candy and the tray are terribly hot. Don't taste the brittle until you're sure it's cool.

2. Auntie Leslie's GULAB JAMOUN

   The following recipe is their favourite, since it is quite simple and requires nothing you can't get even in a bush town. I learned it from an Indian woman down the road. It's a dessert and it's called "Gulab Jamoon."

   Ingredients:
   - 1 box of cane sugar
   - 1/2 glasses of water
   - 1 cup of milk powder
   - 2 teaspoon baking powder
   - 1 teaspoon groundnut or cooking oil
   - Peak milk
   - 1 teaspoon melted butter

   First put the water in a pan, add all the sugar. When you have quite a few balls, drop them into the heated oil. With a tablespoon, swirl them gently so they won't stick to the bottom of the pan. Soon they rise to the top and expand into the loveliest little spheres. They look so perfect that the cook has a great sense of accomplishment, which is maybe why they're a favourite. When they have all risen to the top, turn up the heat to a little so that they brown, and keep turning them ever with a spoon so they cook on both sides. When they are golden brown, remove them from the pan and place them anywhere so that they cool a little. When they are warm, not hot, put them in the syrup. Before making the next batch, allow the oil to cool a little.

   These should sit for a few hours before eaten, but not too long. The thinner the syrup, the less time they should sit in it. A really thick syrup will take longer to keep inside. When you eat them, the syrup should have seeped inside. They are sort of little rum cakes, which is also a good idea. The Nigerian rum you can buy is awful to drink, but great for flavouring these. Make a little less syrup, and add a little rum, to your taste. They should not be refrigerated, simply because they don't taste so good cold. They should be served in the syrup, incidentally. They look so perfect floating around.

   Well, I hope you can use the recipe. It sounds awfully complicated, but once you've made it you can see how simple it is.

   — Leslie Ekstrom

Diamond Juice: Kickapoo Style

WITH all of the raw materials available, including local pots to be used as casks, it is surprisingly easy to produce many fine wines for just a few pence per bottle.

The Aheja success, thus far, is Pawpaw wine (hardly distinguishable from Samba,) the recipe being as follows:

Use only sound, ripe papaws carefully pared of all rind. Mash to a pulp and to every five pounds of pawpaw allow one gallon of warm, not boiling, water. Stir well and let stand for 12 to 15 hours, or overnight is all right. Then stir well once more and press off juice, straining it into a crock. Dissolve in this 2 to 3 lbs. of sugar for each gallon of liquid, and 1/8 oz. of cream of tartar (available at drugstores or chemists). Add the parings of one or two lemons (or limes) and start fermentation with a cake of yeast. Stir daily to make sure that all sugar is kept exposed to the yeast.

At the end of a week, or a little less time, skim off any surface accumulation and pour into a fresh, narrow-neck container. Water-seal, and let stand for a few months (the longer the better) when it may be bottled.

The water-seal is of utmost importance, consisting of a "J" shaped piece of glass (or rubber) tubing, the longer end of which is inserted through a tight-fitting cork, and the shorter end goes into a small container which is kept full of water. This apparatus allows the carbon dioxide produced by the fermentation to escape while preventing the "vinegar germ" — a yeast spore which would contaminate the wine.

The wine can be made in any quantity. In fact the book containing 200 recipes from which the above was adapted claims that anything below 50 gallons is a waste of time.

And of course, any wine tastes best when drunk out of Abuja Pottery.

— Bob England
Courteous reader,

Instead of counting to Ten when meeting adversity, poor Richard prefers to Hurkern to the light proverb: "Ahuru na Esi Ehu mma asili no ya ha ahu naabu ekwe mada mara" — That is, Goats sweat too, but their hair doesn't let people know it! & & & & &

For Sunday dinner poor Richard recommends Beef Stroganoff. What? No sour cream in the binder? Just add vinegar to tinned sweet cream. Almost like the real thing. What? No sirloin steak to go with it? The next time you pass through Deadum go out to Moon Plantation early in the morning and ask for their cold meat store. With luck you can get two pounds of lusheas well-bred sirloin or T-Bone for ten shillings. Guaranteed to make thee forget home.

How appropriately appropriate, poor Richard said, when he learned that his SOQUITOUS Peace Corps administration brought in David Riesman to talk over readjustment problems with some returned volunteers. Mr. Riesman is, of course, the author of The Lonely Crowd.

Searching for Proverbial Wisdom to pass on to new parents Gal and Norman Gordon of Nigeria X and Academy Grammar School, Sapele, whose daughter, Deborah, was born on August 7th, poor Richard offers this traditional Nigerian advice, "If a child washes his hands, he can eat with kings."

Dept. of How-to-win-friends-&#38;-influence-people:

Poor Richard knows what volunteers think about the new vehicle policy, but he was unprepared for the INTERPRETATION of it by a Nigerian journal of opinion published at one of the universities here which Scurriously scribbled that talking away vehicles is part of the administration's plan to bar "fraternization" between volunteers and host nationals. This delightful article also asks who we are trying to impress by hiring so many Negro PC administrators. — Over to you, Dr. Peale . . . .

Dept. of How-to-succeed-byreally-trying:

Poor Richard was surprised to learn that Sargent Shriver urged it passed into law, in opposition to normal civil service practises, that no administrator hired by the Peace Corps may work for it for longer than five years: the idea behind this being to keep the staff YOUNG-BLONDEO and give it up to returned volunteers. Shriver also continues to personally interview and approve each new staff applicant, a practise which doesn't seem to us too healthy.

If ever GYPED as a foreigner and this depresses you, poor Richard advises you to ask your friends or students to tell you about some MAGICIANS they have seen. You will be astounded at the number of confidence men travelling the country assuring villagers they can double their money. They may do some magic tricks, then double shillings or give valuable gifts away: then they collect pounds to be doubled or tripled! Then they either put it into a box to "hatch", or jump in a waiting car, or brazenly give back some worthless charm or even try to shame the suckers away. Several are combination snake-charmers: when the crowd gets nasty, out comes the snake.

As poor Richard always says, If you will not hear REASON, she'll surely rap your knuckles!

A wheee to the wise is sufficient, poor Richard was astounded to hear of the malpractice of many UNPRINCIPLED volunteers who to circumvent the rule that the balance of readjustment allowances he paid to them only when they have returned to the states and not while tourist-travelling home, simply inform Peace Corps Washington of plans to arrive home early and have families mail cheques back to them along their route. Also, current termination materials from Lagos reports a limit of £259 that can be transferred out of Nigeria, but poor Richard was told by one PCV with clinking purse there is no limit because it all has been deposited from U.S. funds, so volunteers who believe a Penny SAVED is EARNED had better check this out.

In Search of Cosmopolis from page 13

Girls finish reading an excerpt from Clark play. He says he would prefer that the audience remember him as the author of these poems and plays, and not just as the notorious writer of America, their America. "That was just a . . . toss-off."

Christopher says it is time for intermission, just as it used to be in village compounds at night around a fire, there was always a halt to put children to bed, so it is time now for school girls to go home. Others disagree with him, say they are still going to do a reading of Tutuola, just the thing for schoolgirls. The objects of their discussion, the school girls in the front row, stare impassively out at them.
To Washington with Love

RANDOM notes on the termination conferences in Ibadan in August for Nigeria VIII & IX PCVs in the West and Lagos..... Organizers were director of PC in Senegal, former director in Gabon. Concensus resolution: that a way be made so Administration could issue vehicle on justified requests, and, if not, volunteer could acquire one on his own... Conference organized around answers to questions on problems, role of Peace Corps, etc., on an anonymous questionnaire given to volunteers at opening of the conference. Seemed silly not to give it out well in advance so PCVs could take some time to consider what they would like Administration to consider, instead of merely ticking off yes and no on questionnaire, and then ticking off general responses to great issues pull mull fashion in conference.... Organizers surprised most of the group by saying special "evaluators" try to see each volunteer in most countries for individual, confidential appraisal and criticism. Must only sample PCVs in large countries, as few PCVs said they had been visited here. No problems raised on health, though one PCV said he thought giving up mid-term medical exam in the West except on special request was ill-advised.... On questionnaire was a question on "low-maint." Two out of twenty-one volunates said they had "none"... No one thought there was any special problem on relations with Hosts. One girl said that a frak answer to a stranger frankly on the make set things straight at the outset. A male volunteer said he thought Nigerians had far the best deal on cross-country relations, saying they take no active interest in PC girls, but keep their own guns locked up at home. Close personal relationships did not appear to be common. One PCV girl said she just found few Nigerian girls around with her personal interests. One PCV said it was her opinion that there was a lack of trust or a kind of edginess among Yorubas with each other which get in the way of lasting contacts. On role of PC in Nigeria, seems to think it should continue to any extent in secondary schools, rather than go to primary schools. Rural development; one suggested sending technical advisers to see, schools to encourage student interest in handwork like electrical and mechanical repair... Leaned a guide to new teachers by old PC teachers here will soon be put out. Not one of the volunteers present, the organizers noted, really thought they would have any major return problems on re-entry to the US. At this point, all the girls stood up, adjusted their wrappers, and the conference was closed.

Our Star-Dimmed Correspondents

Dear Editor:

Volunteers "in action" have been documented numerous times, especially from the point of view of their role in economic development. The Volunteers' sense of community life in the world's societies has not. Partially to document a view of the world which the Peace Corps makes possible, partly to further the third goal of the Peace Corps Act which mentions a better understanding by the American people of the people of the world, we are interested in obtaining photographs which illustrate the world as realistically, as lyrically, and in all its variety, as Volunteers come to know it.

Such photography will provide the Peace Corps with a new resource for all its publications. The primary purpose, however, is to obtain enough quality photographs for a publication somewhat similar in theme and layout to THE FAMILY OF MAN by Edward Steichen. The text will interweave photographs of daily activities, homes, families, children at play, dance, art, leisure, landscapes, and so on. It will include quotations. The book will also attempt an imaginative view of One World through illuminating the underlying variety and unity of the human form and personality, of human activities, and of cultures.

All Volunteers and Staff are invited to submit color slides or black-and-white negatives with subject identification as well as the name and address of the sender. Address to Peace Corps Photo Pool, Peace Corps, Washington, D.C. 20525. We will return the materials as soon as possible, although the project may take some months.

The editing and text of the book will be the responsibility of a small group of returned Volunteers in consultation with professionals. We hope that you will support the project and even take part in it as a hobby.

Sincerely,

Neil Lang (Tunisia I)
Roger Landrum (Nigeria II)