

From the people who brought you The WAWA Tribune, Bistu's Secret, The Maghama Times, and the Newsletter Formerly Known as AWA

A Special Go Home Issue

Former PCV McKenna
Implores,

"Go home now, while you still
can!"



The Mirror of the Soul

(DeOT)

for Peace Corps Guinea

In this issue of ★□★: Frozen Water, Lennon, A top secret memo, house
skulduggery, personal realizations, how you stop bullets, pillaged poetry and fiction,
and even some originals...

OoO!

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The Editors of the unimaginatively named OoO! would like to thank very sincerely the staff and volunteers of peace corps guinea for providing such wonderful copy. This particular editor would like to heap scorn and righteous fury on the other editors who left *no clues* as to where they stowed the yellow folder when they flew away to the land of cheese and ice cream, thus making this particular issue exceptionally difficult to assemble; Lord knows I try. The editors would also like to pass the baton. Goodbye. This is the theme here. Are you understanding it? Goodbye. Go. Leave. Now. Cheers.

Yet More Allegations. Whoo-hoo!!

Conakry, July 15th-- A series of shocking allegations rocked yet another Peace Corps institution last week as the self-styled Generalissimo of the PCV Maison de Passage came under fire for a range of alleged misdoings. Allegations range from relatively benign pilferage from the Peace Corps house cash box, to the running of a massive underground brewing facility at Peace Corps--and hence taxpayer expense--under the very house which has served as a haven for weary and innocent Peace Corps volunteers seeking a bulwark against the terrors of Conakry's mean streets. Perhaps most shocking of all was the wanton misconduct of Mike's colleagues in the Peace Corps who colluded with him in a cover-up that included destruction of Federal Property, mail fraud, extortion, undeclared vacation and even murder.

As the story goes, Nemec became increasingly hostile when pressed about the discrepancy between the number of volunteers who appeared to pass nights at the Peace Corps house and the number for whom payment was actually reported. Nemec, messianic leader of a beer swilling cabal of Boss Cote TEFL teachers, embarked on a widespread campaign to forcibly silence anyone who challenged his hold on the power over the Peace Corps house, including volunteers in his own prefecture. Tracy Cowjer (whose name has been changed to protect her identity) confessed complete and utter fright at the thought of questioning Mike's authority. "He's a demon, an absolute do-do bird. But there's muscle behind him. There's nothing we can do."

"No comment," said Kristen Frank, a volunteer stung by Mike's misinformation campaign--an attempt to shift suspicion from himself to others--when her boyfriend was implicated in a Sierra Leonean gunrunning imbroglio. [We as a newspaper were too ethical to print the allegations.]

Through spokesperson Mike Keim, Nemec made this statement at a hastily called press event on the roof of the Peace Corps house. "There is no campaign to silence malcontents. I have never and will never use my position as Generalissimo at the Peace Corps maison de passage to attempt forcibly suppress the opinion or statements of other Peace

Corps volunteers in any manner which I personally feel is inconsistent with that role." When asked by a WAWA reporter—who was working tirelessly on your behalf to bring truth, clarity and objectivity to news coverage—to clarify what sort of behavior the Rock Star personally felt was inconsistent with his role as Generalissimo, Keim refused repeatedly to "parse the statement" thus stomping on your right to know.

Volunteers have now been coming out of the woodwork to condemn the Generalissimo. Stephany Chastine and Nathon Witesighed had further shocking revelations about the extent of the Rock Star's misdoings. "Just look at the record. He doesn't want the Peace Corps house moved for reasons of convenience. It's double-talk. He doesn't want his underground brewing facility exposed. It's slave labor down there with petits working day and night for cent franc and BAMA. BAMA sucks!"

Mike had been seen over the Easter weekend talking heatedly with Former President Jimmy Carter, for whom one of the biggest accomplishments of his tenure as President was the deregulation of homebrewing, thus lending credibility to claims Nemec was deep into beer making. When a Bintou's Secret reporter finally cornered Mike, he went ballistic, railing about conspiracies and systematic attempts to remove him from his place of power. Of course, he refused to be quoted on the record, stamping on your right to know.

According to sources close to this newsreporter, Mike and his minions fanned out across the country, paying hush money and twisting arms of PCV's who'd threatened to talk. None of their vacation was declared, none of it documented.

Said Jossh "Knuckles" Jonson, "I found myself in an inescapable web of intrigue, a veritable nightmare where madmen roamed the country-side armed with scads of cash. If a volunteer was recalcitrant, they would either get gaffled or the representative would cough up the jack [slang term for illegal payoff]." A source close to the WAWA editorial board called Jonson a lowdown bastard. An uncorroborated, but exceedingly honest source even linked the group to the murder of a PCV who will remain nameless.

Nemec is, when he isn't filching money from impoverished PCV's or intimidating witnesses, an English teacher in the post colonial capital of Boffa, a town reputedly hated by God. His students were only too willing, after pecuniary encouragement from a tabloid reporter much less ethical than we here at

Bintou's Secret, to detail Mike's unremitting treachery in the Prefecture. "Mike, comme Mike Tyson, he suck small," offered Terminale Science Sociale student Mohamed Aissatou Bangoura.

"Boffa...Bouffing, you do the math," said Nolin Luv, a man we trust. He reacted with disgust to the invasive tactics of some organizations pursuing this story but had nothing but praise for the journalistic integrity and the high minded ideals which drive our investigative reporting.

One trustworthy source, a man who refused to be known by any name but the letter X, told an even more sinister story, "There have been rumblings about intelligence involvement here since the 1960's. Kennedy's reputed softness on Communism found allies even in African non-aligned nations. Collaboration began at surprisingly high levels. Not all of Harvard's exports were the bright-eyed idealists of lore. Many were pragmatic and patriotic establishment men-on -the-make from well-connected families and exclusive private schools which had inculcated in them the unflinching loyalty that runs so tragically deep in intelligence circles. They planted the seeds that became the deep-rooted network we see at work here.

"Fast forward to 1998. What do we have in the Maison de Passage, if not the heirs to 1960's spook activities. You need only look as far as the allegations against Nemec, the Greenwich Connecticut private school product: extortion, misinformation, assassination. Look at his predecessor, Croft Stone, fresh out of the debutante balls of Carolinian high society. Stone was noted for his talent as a mimic and his penchant for disguise. Why be surprised by this pattern of Black Op's? The most shocking revelations, I'm sure are yet to come..." So are we.

OoO's Dilemma

It wasn't easy for the most ethical volunteers in West Africa to turn their rapier wit on one of their own. We were faced here with a range of embarrassing and often devastating allegations against Mike Nemec. Granted we had little corroboration for many of our sources' accounts. We had no proof of murder or even assault. But the information was so compelling, the faces so honest, that we knew we had to write everything. Some argue that a few of our sources have an axe to grind, but that is a personal matter and does not mitigate the urgency of our mission. We spared no details.

Some call this type of inquisitiveness threatening to democracy. But what is more important in democracy than unfiltered, unadulterated information. While Mike and his minions were systematically dismantling the institutions we hold most dear, we at OoO! were working tirelessly, painstakingly piecing together an entirely objective account of their treachery. While we were working our fingers to the bone, they were using your hard-earned money to buy Foster's at the Reve Americain.



Too: Glorious Goop or Culinary Conspiracy?

The Walrus: Cultural Correspondent

Once again the Global Culture Industry is turning to Guinea to take its own pulse. After 20+ months of Spice Girl induced hypertension, the world is looking for a kinder gentler, blander alternative, and it looks to have found it in the latest culinary obsession: TOO.

A paste of crushed manioc and fonio with impressive elasticity and a specific heat capacity that prompted NASA to consider it as a heat shield, Too is a West African staple making its break onto the global stage. Elbowing for space between Beef: It's What's for Dinner and Pork: the other white meat, Too supporters have assembled a crack squad of publicists headed by spokeswoman DeDe Dunevant.

"It's all about Too," says Dede as she describes the 21st century's culinary landscape. "We've already gotten huge market response in the Dutch markets thanks to the work Sefla Fuhrman is spearheading in that region." The aforementioned PCV Fuhrman has reportedly taken a job in Guinea to continue her work.

"Caution is necessary though," warns the cautious DeDe cautiously, "We all recall the '89 VM disaster," referring to the complete failure of the 1989 bid to break Vita Malt onto the soft drink market. "The world

just wasn't ready for the non-alcoholic malt beverage. If this will work, we're going to need major corporate support."

Enter Dustin Sharp, the new wunderkind of fast food who's driving a merger to bring TCBY and Mc Donald's together on the Too project. "After months of R & D, the best available means to serve Too has turned out to be a soft-serve machine. Although McD's already has soft serve machines, problems were arising when the manioc hit the bypass line. We contacted TCBY and found they were using a heavier 40 weight ball bearing machine as opposed to Mc Donald's 35 weight. Once TCBY stepped up, things started running, shall we say, more smoothly," intones Sharp, slowly stroking his beard as he sips Pastis.

"After that," he pauses to adjust a flip flop, "we were able to bring back thousands of unused McDLT foam containers. The hot side hot, cold side cold configuration allows a handy Too and sauce server. And it gives those damn environmentalists something to bitch about."

In the U.S., Too has already been enthusiastically received by various members of the cultural elite, thanks to support from the music scene. Eddie Vedder, a recent Too convert, rallies his troops to create a Too Tribute album: Too Jam. The project began in the fall of '97 when then APCD Wick Powers traveled to the U.S. under the guise of an appendectomy. Insiders say the only cutting that was done happened in the studio as Powers gave creative direction to the project. Says Stone Gossard, "Ever since I saw Wick sing I Sex Myself in a Pittsburgh club in

"At the bottom of it, too is about people helping people."

the early 1990's, we've been looking for a chance to work with him; Too was the needed catalyst."

When the respective gurus of grunge and Guinea put their heads together, their first move was to enlist Boss Côte Bad Boy Mike Nemec, who provided lead guitar jams on the tracks "Smells Like Spackle", "Fist in My Mouth", and a cover version of Iron Butterfly's "In a Godadavida". The album debuted at 36 on Billboard's TOP 200. Nemec would not comment, stating only, "Get [Author's name withheld] off my back man, or the house goes up in flames."


Publicist Dunevant tried to smooth the issue over, but its clear to many people that something menacing is behind the Too wave. Asked about Nemec's biting comments, DeDe responded, "Hello! Word economy people. Not gonna parse the statement. Won't do it." It started looking more and more like the Too front had something to hide.

Too foe Karen Pilliod hinted that the roots of the vast manioc conspiracy are to be found in a village called Faranwaliy, home to Lia Ernst, aka Big Red, or F-Bomb, the most feared underworld boss on the continent. "I can't get too specific," says Pilliod, whose request for anonymity has been rejected, "but the Red Baron's fingerprints are all over this. Ernst made a bundle on Vita-Malt before the bottom fell out of the market; I'm sure she's eyeing this. I hear she's got her fingers in a waterskiing operation, and who knows her sinister motives for the illicit sewer investigation she pulled in Kissi at New Year's. Something's going down, and Big Red is trying to be the last one standing when the [redacted] hits the fan."

Lia Ernst could not be reached, but her agent Shannon Fagerlund protested that Too gets a bad rap. The protective Fagerlund intones in a lilting voice, "Keep you hands off my fly [redacted] man, or I'll mess you up." Strongarm tactics can't silence the rumors. PCV Mike Keim, himself a former TCBY employee (FTCBYE) expresses his doubts in a low mutter, looking about nervously "Look, you gotta think market share. Who's profitting in all this, huh? GM and Texaco, that's who. TCBY and McDonalad's are just fronts for a corporate monolith driven by Lia Ernst and Bill Gates. Just listen to it: Manioc. Man--Yuck. As in The Man, yucking it up on his way to the bank as the little people get trampled on "

Keim's own credibility is questionable, as he is regularly solicited by the U.S. Beef Farmer's Association, and has a long history of saying anything to get himself fed. PCV Duane Duke had this to say about Keim's reliability as a source. "Look, this guy is driven by his stomach and he talks too much. I often have to tell him not to talk to me for thirty minutes at a time. He's not to be believed."

Dunevant's final words on the matter are: "A lot of people are trying to create problems where there aren't any. At bottom, Too is about people helping people, coming together to eat it with their hands. Too represents an opportunity for unity on the order of Hands Across America, it would be a shame to lose it. I mean, can't we all just get along?" A long pause. "Hello, no problem here, no problem."



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SEAN LENNON: JEDI SCION?

By Shue

New York, June 6-- Sean Ono Lennon, 22 year old son of late rocker John Lennon, claimed recently that his father was possessed of that mystical power which surrounds and informs all things, the Force.

Quoted in "Hello" Magazine, the British weekly, the younger Lennon implied that his father had been killed by an assassin of the Empire. "It was in the best interests of the USA to have my dad killed. And, you know, that worked against them because once he died his powers grew."

He cited the mysterious crumpling of his father's outfit as it lay on the gurney that fateful night. When the stretcher arrived at Roosevelt Hospital's ER, witnesses report that surgeons were unable to locate the bullets lodged in the singer's body because he was no longer on the stretcher. He had disappeared completely, evidently having seamlessly integrated his spirit into the ethereal, inorganic All which surrounds us. A hasty funeral using the thin ruse of cremation to mislead press and public followed.

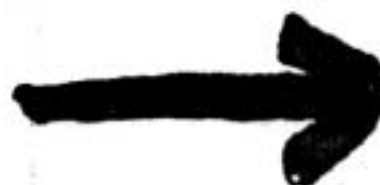
Lennon's ascension to that higher plane was confirmed by his widow, Yoko Ono, speaking from her apartment in Manhattan's stately Dakota. The artist discussed the issue candidly, admitting that she had seen her husband several times since his 1980 death. "Oh yes, he often appears to me, surrounded by a thin blue and white nimbus and shimmering, and advises me on my personal conflicts and issues."

Indeed, according to her, Lennon has gained newfound freedom as part of the Force. "When you are united with the Force, your ability to confound paparazzi multiplies tenfold. Nobody bothers John anymore; he can do this throat thing that shuts up any reporter. Usually though, he sticks with the good side stuff because, you know, all you need is love and everything. He just says, like, 'I think you misunderstood my intent and are deliberately taking my words out of context,' and the reporter will just repeat it! Fantastic. I'll bet he wishes he could have done that in 1964. But he hadn't even been to Degobah yet at that point."

Apparently the king wasn't in the kitchen baking bread and honey from 1975-1980 as heretofore presumed. He had undertaken an intergalactic journey to the deserted swamp planet of Degobah in order to perfect his telekinetic skills in ritual solitude. There, guided by the spirit of the already-transcended Jedi master Yoda, the singer honed his skills in preparation for a return to the stage in the eighties. He had foreseen the dark times ahead, the Reagan Era, and decided to steel himself for the inevitable confrontations with the Empire which would follow.

Clearly, Sean Ono Lennon feels that his father's training played a significant role in the stabilization of world affairs, the elimination of the US deficit, and the election of Democrat Bill Clinton to the Presidency.

"Oh yeah," said the young man, "Dad could do *totally* cool stuff. His guitar had a built-in lightsabre, and it could knock down bullets and everything. I once saw him levitate his psychedelic Rolls-- while he was standing on his head in a roomful of smoke."



This way for more words...

Ono-Lennon felt that his father had been headed towards an entirely new level of showmanship when he was shot. For the never-filmed video to "Woman", the former Beatle was supposed to bisect his wife with his powerful strawberry-colored lightsabre, and then use the Force to heal her on camera. Other future projects included making the pyramids disappear, and, true to the rejuvenated spirit of the frisky Jedi-entertainer, lifting the great iron skirts of the Statue of Liberty to reveal what was underneath.

"They thought he was trippy the first time," smiled the young man fondly, "but boy, when he died, he'd just gotten a casino gig in Las Vegas, two albino Bengal tigers and a supermodel girlfriend. He was going all the way, man."

When asked if the Force ran strongly in the rest of the Fab Four, Yoko Ono replied, "No. I think that's pretty obvious, don't you? I mean, Silly Love Songs, Sweet Sixteen, Dark Horse? Just compare."

Paul McCartney disagreed, however, "Well, she would say that wouldn't she, ha ha, but with me and George there was always a bit of the old, you know--." When asked to clarify his remarks, the aging rocker laughed, "Well, ha ha, we was always doing--." When asked to clarify further, he spat, "The eyebrow shrug thing you're all supposed to love, you twat. ~~Back~~ off."

George Harrison could not be reached for comment. Rumors hint that he transcended to his own Force field years ago. Ringo, drunk and surly after years of "fill" jokes by professional drummers, is reported to have taken the dark path-- if ever Force he had.

Yoko Ono feels though that her husband is not without friends in that further universe. He regularly plays shows with Elvis and John Bonham, and frequently their renowned and mystifyingly successful manager, Yoda, books him and his other nebulous friends to obscure mountain tops, old houses, and rural highways in order to enlighten the Earthbound. They once appeared at the 40 Watt Club disguised as REM.

When asked if being the son of such a powerful being implied any telekinetic legacy for him, Ono-Lennon replied that he was expecting big things, though was frustrated by the hesitant speed of his upbringing. "I want to get out of this dusty backwater," he exclaimed from his Manhattan apartment, "I'm just spinning my wheels here. But my mom keeps saying, 'another year, another year', it's awful. I want to leave. I want to go now."

This brings only an exasperated sigh from the sixty year old mother. "He has always had his eye on the stars and not what he is doing. It's in his blood, I guess. But I worry that the Empire may already be on to him." For evidence, she showed internet-posted photographs of Sean skateboarding in Central Park. In the background is a short, black-cloaked figure with a dark steel helmet. "It's a small guy, but I've heard him breathing, kind of off key, though his great iron nose. I worry. I worry about what they'll do to him if I let him go."

If her son is correct, she may have good

Gee-- Glacée!!!

Ice Engineered in Dubreka

By Science Editor Benjamin Netanfranklin

Dubreka, Guinea, June 18th-- Suffering under the sultry heat of a tropical rainy season that has yet to show any rain, Guinean scientists at a top-secret lab in Dubreka finally achieved yesterday the long sought-after goal of frozen water.

The search for frozen water, or ice, as it is also known, became a priority in the mid-eighties, when Colonel ~~_____~~ assumed power in the days following the death of long-time President Sekou Toure. At the time, ~~_____~~ committed the full resources of the newly formed Republic of Guinea to cracking the "Ice Dilemma", as it had come to be known.

"Yesterday... the Kaloum Project achieved... the crystalization of water."

"For decades," stated then-acting ~~_____~~ minister Mamadou Balde, "the country of Guinea has been a net importer of frozen water. We view this as a national security risk of heinous proportions and aim to eliminate it *tout de suite*."

Thus was born the mysterious Kaloum Project. Rising at the foot of the *Chien qui fume*, a haphazard collection of buildings designed closely to resemble a town market strip and taxi station easily fooled passers by for more than fourteen years. Unbeknownst to most of the outside world, a group of scientists cleverly disguised as merchants, tailors, auto-mechanics and taxi drivers descended with their families onto this pre-fab "Main Street, Guinée" to undertake the solemn task of researching the chemical complexities of water.

Just yesterday, they held their first press conference. Stated Robert O. Traore, the brilliant Guinean chemist in charge of the project, "Yesterday, June 8th, at 16:47, the Kaloum Project achieved what it has long sought: the crystallization of water."

After the applause had died down, Traore explained how the scientists had used a complicated technique of reverse engineering to decipher the elusive formula. Technical questions followed.



Professor Traoré explains his creation

Much to the satisfaction of the assembled press corps, the new technology was instantly put to the test as scientists doffed their lab coats and passed around cold Margaritas and Piña Colodas after the briefing. A long night of merry making confirmed the success of the venture, and did a great deal to alleviate opposition concerns that money lavished on the expensive Kaloum Project might have been better spent on social services, education and health care.

The breakthrough comes not long after the importation of a Cray Labs supercomputer from the Minnesota-based high-tech concern, which had to clear US State Department sensitive technology restrictions in order to make the sale.

Despite its secretive nature, the Kaloum Project has long had detractors abroad. A US congressional hearing on the matter last year revealed the uncertain nature of US support for the matter. While some US officials cite the benefits of controlled water freezing for the civilian economy, others, like Congressman Bernie Sanders (I-VT), are less enthusiastic. "This is crazy," said the snowy-maned representative of the Green Mountain State, "We're fueling regional instability with our careless desire to export technology abroad. Think about it: Ivory Coast already has The Ice. This could lead to a West African Cold War."

The European Union recognized the achievement in Parliament in Brussels, with the notable exception of France, which abstained from the session in protest of what it sees as hubris on the part of Guinea, a former colony. "Are you kidding?" scoffed a French diplomat, "They are fools to think they can control the power of ice. It is Prometheus and Frankenstein rolled into one. Ice, it can bury mountains, smash boulders, depress continents. It is as cold and unforgiving as... ice. They will be sorry about this, mark my words."

France, though, is also the largest exporter of frozen water to the West African nation, and analysts question its moral grandstanding on the subject of ice proliferation. Says Slodoban Rifnik, Westinghouse Professor of Cold Technologies at George Washington University, "France, not coincidentally, has the most to lose with Guinea producing its own frozen water. It is natural that they will be opposed, and all the more so that they should use philosophical grounds to do so. They are like that. Descartes and all."

Indications are, however, that the ethico-moral aspects of the question are already being debated on the streets of the capital, Conakry. Over daquiris and frozen Mudslides, students in the University Quarter shook their heads. "Where is the world going to? The polar bears, I tell you," said one, solemnly.

"It's awful. I protest," protested another, requesting anonymity and licking an ice cream cone.

Not all the debate has been focusing on the negative aspects of the development, though. Professors of political science and economics have been vocally in support of the move. "Now we have reestablished the road to regional preeminence once enjoyed by our nation. Ice is our ticket to the top. Now there's no reason to go to Cote d'Ivoire: Guinea has better waterfalls, higher mountains, longer vine bridges, Dalaba strawberries and the beginnings to West Africa's baddest river; now throw ice into the bargain and where are the investors going to flock? You know it baby, La Guinée," stated one.

Opponents of the Project both in Guinea and abroad point alarmedly to the government's swiftly announced plans to spread the technology as quickly and as widely as possible. At the Palais des Peuples not long after the Dubreka press conference, sketches were unveiled of a giant hotel that included two ice rinks, which would top their regional rivals in Abidjan by an entire ice rink, and would be built in Conakry near the Cathedral-- a move that could virtually cement Guinea's bid for the 2010 Winter Olympics. "This kind of escalation could lead to regional conflict of hitherto unseen proportions," continued Rep. Sanders, "Just ask yourself what's next. Then ask yourself what could happen. Then ask yourself what the role of the United States was in making it happen. Then ask yourself what your role was in making the US make it happen. Then ... well, you'll see what I mean."

Proponents, however, look at the same plans and see positives. "If the ice rinks happen in Conakry," says US diplomat Tanya Harding, "That bodes well for the Garabaldi Glacier." The Glacier is a Stalinesque scheme of the former regime that never came to pass for lack of technological expertise. It envisions a giant block of ice near Pita that could be melted at will to provide cool, clean water for the entire country. "We like it for its refreshing sense of grandeur," opines USAID chief Ted Turner. "We've pretty

much gone as far as community based, local development can take us and we're looking to move back into monolithic, high profile projects. They have better inauguration parties." The Canadian Embassy also issued a statement of unconditional support for ice rinks.

Whatever the outcome, scientists, philosophers and citizens recognize the inevitable nature of such technological advance. "We can pine for the simpler times when ice did not exist in Guinea," sighed an old woman on the median strip in N'Zerekore, "but they are gone now, for good or ill, and we have no option but to move forward."

Even the crack team that revealed the long-held secret was not immune to a certain amount of perspective. As



Artist's sketch of Garabaldi Glacier with Jen Jurlando's house in foreground

Professor Traore intoned when he borrowed from Yeats and the Bhagavad-Gita to conclude the press conference yesterday, "I stumble towards Conakry, to be born/ Falling apart, I am become/Ice, the cooler of drinks."