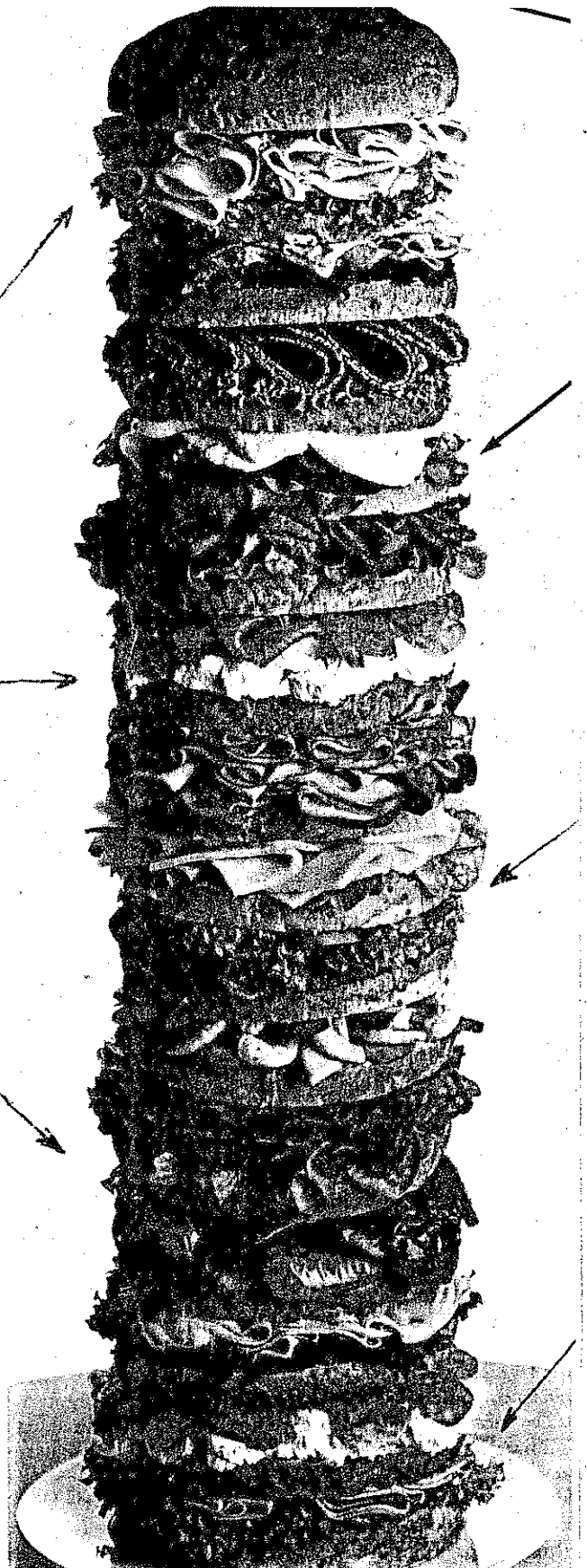


WAWA  
Tribune

Welcome to Rainy Season, May 1998

TRIBUNE  
PROVES  
YET  
AGAIN--  
DAMN  
• STRAIGHT  
THERE'S  
FREE  
LUNCH!!

Hatched in the brains of Peace Corps Guinea



Pages and pages of twisted, deviant behavior.

Deep inside this throbbing, tingling fonce of Sin: Interview with a Vampire.... Loss... Horoscopes... The Bottom Line on Mefloquine and... Best... covers Article about Dogs Dr...

**The WAWA Tribune**

Published by Lonely Men with too Much Time on  
their Hands, Ltd.

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you next time)  
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The Editors of the WAWA Tribune are irresponsible. This means, by definition, that we can't assume responsibility. For anything. So no one is responsible about spelling, transcription (type it yourself next time), content, format or editorial license. Ha. Especially the Mefloquine article, boy did we screw that one up, whooh!

**THE MAIL BAG....**

Correspondence you've received from the  
Dark Continent

My dearest Mike,

..... What are the qualifications for being a  
mystic? My mother says she thinks she has  
sympathetic dysentery. Does that count?

Later,  
D.

Dear Jennifer,

Hi! My name is Gregory J. Wenn. The J  
in my name stands for J. That's how it's  
spell it.

Sincerely,  
Gregg Wenn

Dear Jenn,

Hi Jenn, my name is Dennis. I hate  
school. Do you? My teacher is your mom.  
I sit right in front of her.

Sincerely,  
Dennis

I'm so glad you had a good Christmas.... I  
was watching TV Channel, Discovery,  
last week and it is ironic-- you wrote  
about a bridge made of vines. This was  
shown. The topic was about the Yalé  
natives of moon mountain in New  
Guinea. They wore no clothing to cover  
their BUTTS-- the men had a very long  
thing like a very straight twig from a tree--  
sticking out from where his penis would  
be under a FLAP SKIRT. It put me in the  
mind of human animals-- in how they  
lived. They were making a vine bridge  
and it's very dangerous over a rapid  
river...

Love,  
Grandma

--Sounds like a certain volunteer needs to  
do a good deal of Third Goal work upon  
her return!-- Ed.

- Top 10 Guinean Come-ons
8. Hotty!
  7. Il faut me bouffer.
  6. Tu me plais.
  5. Porto, je t'aime.
  4. Donne-moi cent francs.
  3. Marry me and you can stay here for  
ever.
  2. It'll cost you 1000 FG, mais on peut  
s'arranger.
  1. I'm scratching my balls, does that turn  
you on?

Top ten lines from "Fletch" that apply to life  
in Guinea.

10. You should see my shoes.
9. I like to chew gum when I drive like this  
... filters out the pollutants.
8. Dropped the big one didn't he?  
Dropped two big ones.
7. Hell, I'm not even sure that's a crime  
anymore.
6. I'm with the mattress police. There are  
no tags on these mattresses.
5. I'll have a steak sandwich and a ....  
steak sandwich.
4. Can I borrow your towel? My car just  
hit a water buffalo.
3. It's all ball bearings these days.
2. You never get used to the smell, do  
you?

Amara: Well, Mr. Anapholé, thank you for joining us for a brief moment. I'm sure our readers will be more than thrilled.

Bug: Hey, what time is it anyway?

Amara: It can't be more than 15h.

Bug: Oh, okay, that's cool then.

Amara: Why? Do you have a prior appointment?

Bug: Nah, nah. But I've got to be at work in a couple of hours.

Amara: Speaking of work, could you give us a little bit of insight into what you actually do.

Bug: *(leans back, and lights up a Gladstone cigarette)* Quite simply, I suck.

Amara: Oh, you suck, do you? By the way, are you smoking a Gladstone?

Bug: Yeah, it is a Gladstone. There's not a lot of money in sucking.

Amara: Ah bon?

Bug: Well...perhaps I should rephrase that...

Amara: So, getting back to your job - what's it like being an Anaphole?

Bug: It's not as glamorous as you'd expect. But before I get into that I need to explain something first: not all anapholes are created equal.

Amara: How interesting, please go on.

Bug: In a genetic sense, one could argue that we are all quite similar, but really it's the environment that makes the anaphole.

Amara: How so?

Bug: For example, I work at Siguiri. Imagine it: I'm flying around all cool and then BAM I get smacked in the face by the Mother of All dustballs.

Amara: Ouch.

Bug: Exactly. So for that reason, I don't really go out much during the daytime: too much \*\*\*\*\* (expletive for shagging) dust.

Amara: That explains a lot. Is that why one can find mosquitoes at all hours in Thies?

situation altogether. Thiès brings back a lot of memories for me. You see, Thiès is the training ground for all young skeeters in the West Africa region. Before we can start sucking we all have to go through a rigorous training session in Thiès.

Amara: So that's where it all starts - the sucking - I mean to say.

Bug: Yeah, and let me tell you; Thiès is no summer vacation either. They have us out sucking blood 24-7. It's hard core.

Amara: I can imagine. But surely they must give you some free time to relax with your young anapholé cohorts?

Bug: Well, not a whole lot...but you've got me thinking now...those Grand Flaggs sure are tasty aren't they?

Amara: (*smacking his lips*) Like butter...But getting back to an earlier question, you said that your job isn't glamorous. Why is that? It seems to me that it would be quite adventure filled.

Bug: It's not all bad. The pay is the big problem; we fly around all day buzzing here and buzzing there and we only rake in about six mille FG. Six mille par jour! That's AMANIN.

Amara: AMANIN FEUW!

Bug: Hébéès, you are a vrai Siguirika aren't you?

Amara: Cent pour cent, baby!...Well, it looks like our time is running down. Do you have any last comments for our readers?

Bug: Cutter-Stick gives me the hiccups. They need to dut out that \*\*\*\* (four letter expletive for feces).

Amara: Thanks again, Anaphole. And thanks again readers. Look for future interviews: "Interview with a Mud-Brick", "Interview with an Amoeba", and the much awaited "Interview with An Empty Skol Bottle."

#### Top 10 Tailor Gripes

10. Jammed embroidery machines
9. Sprained pedal ankles
8. Apprentices who constantly tie up iron trying to make grilled cheese sandwiches
7. Incessant prank calls from Boké asking about the "One-Hour Martinizing," laugh drunkenly and hang up
6. That "On Jaraama" song
5. Their needles is sharp!
4. Imbeciles who fill iron with kerosene
3. Two words: crotch measurement
2. Taffeta
1. Constantly on lookout for vengeance-minded relatives of the countless people your rebels slaughtered (oops, that's a "Taylor" gripe)

# LOSS

## Testimony to Loss

Two days ago, my things were stolen. And now, my eyes are scratchy and burning with the aftermath of crying. I held myself with such good posture, carefully turning the coin of the situation over and over. So evenhanded. So mature. But today I was tired from a long workshop and I curled up into a ball on my bed, again visualizing the contents of my bag, and muttered to myself until I started to sob. Sobs turned into tears. I hit the wall a few times, and the sting was bitter. I have been holding my breath. Now I can breathe.

I can't stop thinking about the contents of that bag. My things. My things. Not just mine by ownership, but mine by history.

My camera, that hurts the most. My lovely SLR Minolta, big clunky relic that captured beautiful pictures, from New Hampshire to Utah to California to Africa. My camera is my eye, and my voice. I speak. I cannot say that I can sing, but I am learning.

I bought that camera in Rivers' Camera Shop, Portsmouth NH, for \$175. I was with Dad and my boyfriend, Ulysses, visiting my hometown from my new life in California. I bought the same model as Dad's old camera from when he was young, so I could attach his old lenses, use his beautiful worn black leather case. I very nearly had a nervous breakdown in that same store a week before leaving for Peace Corps. The camera was broken. Could it be fixed? Yes, it could, in the nick of time, for a price.

Gone. Camera gone. Lens, case, repair, history, vision, and a roll of film with children's faces and eyes and shy smiles.

With the camera, gone is a small tripod. Bert, a voluptuous Brazilian, lived in a squat in the lower east side of Manhattan with a good friend of mine from college. Bert had a penchant for collecting things, and the small loft space was overflowing with sacks of clothes and shelves of carpentry tools. He had found the tripod abandoned in a dorm room, and relinquished it to me with some regret. Thanks, Bert.

These items were contained in my black Jansport backpack, which my mother gave me for my birthday many years ago. In the outside pocket of that backpack, there was an odd circular orange plastic case. That case was given to me by Dave, a soft-spoken Australian who traveled with me from Perth to Melbourne to Tasmania to Sydney. I had returned to Australia after six years, a sort of pilgrimage to the country that shaped me during the year I was 16. Dave was a buddy of an old high school friend who I had always wanted to smooch, but never did. Still haven't. Dave wanted to follow me to America, but I became frightened and cut off communication. The last I talked to him, he was on heroin and telling me not to worry.

That orange box, full of band-aids and pepto bismol, was an artifact. It was like one of those electric flints for gas stoves. It sparked something -- memory -- which, like fire, burns.

My old walkman was in that bag, with my nice headphones. That was my only source of music, and now my house will be silent. I feel sad at the thought. And there were six tapes with it. I don't even know which ones. How can I replace them? They are more than just music -- music contains moods, and flavors of past times. I know

that one of those tapes was Peter Gabriel's "Passion", which I listened to while in bed with a crazy man, who later became engaged to my best friend.

The walkman and tapes were in a red carrying case I have had since I was young. Very useful. Very familiar, like an old blanket. Very gone. Also my swiss army knife, which I found on a table in Bed Bend National Park in Texas this summer. My flashlight, a thoughtful gift from Mom before I left. Casualties.

My site journal was in there, too, with four months of careful notes. Four months of my daily life. Statistics, events, ideas. I am not confident that my brain can recall them.

My clothes, too, were taken. Gaudy orange pants, my bathing suit, good underwear, a wonderful t-shirt I paid too much for on Ile de Goree. Some socks. A sports bra. A mudcloth Peace Corps shirt that Shirley had been so generous to order for me. And a stylin' 70's housewife dress with big flowers that I found for a dollar in the market in a nearby village.

I remember these things. I remember them all. I keep going over them in my head. It's like when I miss home, and I'll close my eyes and entertain myself by walking down the streets of my hometown in my mind. But rummaging through my lost bag is much less satisfying. It's an obsession, and sleep is a luxury.

This ache pushes me back to past losses. Last month, there was a fire in my bedroom. Among other things lost was my microcassette recorder (a gift from my mother) which I use to send and receive tapes from my family and Ulysses. Communication: cut. On top of the recorder was a tape from Ulysses. I had been planning to listen to it that evening. Words: lost.

Even further back. A year ago, I lost one of my best friends. I had dedicated my senior project to her, for giving me "ability to move". My car. The biggest things I've ever owned. The largest, the most expensive, the most powerful. Powerful not in horsepower, but in my life. We traveled. Mile by mile, 40,000 of them. She was soft, like a quiet friend that likes to walk with you to see the sunset, and will hold you tight and safe. And some asshole kid pulled a u-turn in front of us on the highway. We were on our way to see the sunset from Needles overlook in Canyonlands National Park, Utah. I was with Ulysses. He returned the next day to San Francisco. I haven't seen him since.

All this loss. All this loss! I have gained so much in Guinea, but I have also been cast adrift. Floating. Lost in a strange world. Lost to me, and lost to my family and Ulysses. Doing a job that seems impossible, walking through deep sand. And now things are gone. And not just things, but my camera -- my eyes. My radio -- my sounds. My work journal -- my writings, my records. My recorder -- my mouth and my ears. I feel disconnected. My voice is silenced, or muffled. I need to express, but my tools have been torn, like paper, from me. I need to remember where I am and where I come from, and some threads have been cut. And I have so few with me. And so I curled up into myself and cried tonight, my resolve crumpling, my wrinkles deepening, I think of home. Take me back, I feel broken.

I see myself in the mirror, and there are deep circles under my eyes. I look how I feel -- white and old, rimmed with red. I shuffle into the dining room, and I shuffle through dinner. I ask everyone to sing a belated Happy Birthday to me, and you do. Thank you, I feel better. And Josh says he likes my writing. He says I should write something for the newsletter. I thought about that. And I thought again.

I think I can say good-bye to these things, by paying homage to them here. I think I can regain some control of what I have lost in my life. I do not have my camera

or my recorder or my tapes. These are some pieces of my history that have been passed from material to memory. But most importantly, I do have my voice. My voice. My pen is writing, is scratching this all out in the dirt for you. History continues, and this is it.

I am not disconnected, I am reaching out to you. I am not lost, I have found you. Thought may be solitary, but expression is not. It requires a receiver. And so I won't cry helplessly in my room anymore. I want to let go of loss. To lose loss. To reclaim speech. I can create. My head is dizzy with what I have just built here on paper.

I am not mute, I am speaking to you. I cannot say that I can sing. But I am learning. I am learning.



- |             |  |
|-------------|--|
| Aries       | A whole season of romancing and tam tam dancing starts this month. Don't be surprised to find yourself the object of many admirers.  |
| Taurus      | Don't get too swept up in the romance this month. Expect a proposal. My advice: be wary of the proposer.   |
| Gemini      | Can you say "HELP!"?   |
| Cancer      | Don't bury yourself in the sand you silly crab; IST's over.  |
| Leo         | Nothin feels as good as a little heartfelt hollerin'. Me suggestion for places to try: how 'bout the gare, or the taxi even? I see a wild ride in your future.   |
| Virgo       | Fous everywhere are strangely attracted to you, and who could blame them?  |
| Libra       | Dominated as you are by a need for logic, don't be surprised to find yourself thinking this month  |
| Scorpio     | O, sexy scorpions, don't try to make people see your side of things this month; you're still in Africa; ça veut dire: "Fat Chance!"  |
| Sagittarius | Honesty is your strong suit, darling, but try to avoid hurt feelings this month by only criticizing in English, or if you're on the borders, Igpay Atinlay.  |
| Aquarius    | The water bearer (and I don't mean your petit) may find this time of year trying, what with your element so scarce and all. Don't be surprised to find yourself standing out from the background this month. |
| Capricorn   | Beware the chicken in the taxi this month. And hell, you're a wary sort; beware the chevre, too.   |
| Pisces      | Fishy fishy fishy. Speaking of fish, don't be surprised to find some mixed in with your rice this month.   |

# It's dark outside, and we're wearing sunglasses

By Jane Doe

Whether abnormally vivid dreams are among the side effects caused by the anti-malarial prophylaxis mephloquin remains a contested point pharmacologically, but it has long since been accepted as truth by volunteers. My own thoughts on the matter have been slowly developing into a theory. Theories such as this are accretive by nature, taking time to accumulate supportive evidence and glossing over the inconsistencies. Time for such accretion is one commodity Peace Corps volunteers have in abundance, making one thank heavens Andy Rooney was never in the Peace Corps as well as wonder why the federal government is willing to bankroll such a cerebrally fertile enterprise. But lest this become a theory about theories, let me quash my meta commentary and return, as they say, to my sheep. Before sketching out the basis of my theory, let me offer some anecdotal experiences related to its origin.

I take my mephloquine on Wednesday mornings, never having changed the pattern begun in July. Before Peace Corps I would have described my dream life as active and colorful, with a variety of nightmares, erotica, and a fair number of those adventure dreams one expects of a child in elementary school. Since moving to a malarial zone, the number of dreams I can recollect in the morning happen almost exclusively on Tuesday night, at

Top ten ways life in Guinea would be different if "petits" ran the world

10. 1 bidon=8 million francs
9. Country now known as the Republic of Chocoleca
8. Unemployment problem solved by putting all adult males in sweatshops producing rusting tin can cars on strings
7. Five daily prayers replaced with five bursts of manic energy followed by nap
6. New convertible currency pegged to the marble
5. Khaki school shorts out -- bare asses in!
4. "No, Mr. Folsom, you're gonna get me the beer and Marlboros."
3. Functionaries now paid in old pages from *Newsweek*
2. Month of fasting changed to month of playing in the street and harassing foreigners
1. Main droite, schmain droite

The WAWA Tribune-- Never afraid to mix science and humor!!

Top ~~11~~ Rejected Names for the Garifiri Dam

11. The Garofolo Dam
10. Daminator 2000
9. Daminatrix
8. The "A-Presidential-Fleet-Of-Ferraris-Would-Have-Been-Nice-But-If-The-Italians-Want-To-Build-Us-A-Dam-I-Guess-We'll-Take-A-Dam" Dam
7. The God Dam
6. Super Foté Fun Pool and Turbine World
5. The Grand Koulé Dam
4. Madame Dam
3. The "Screw-You-Forest-It's-TVs-And-Fridges-For-The-Coast" Dam
2. Aswan High Dam\*
1. The All-Powerful Dam Who By Its Endurance And Will To Win Goes From River To River Leaving Fire In Its Wake/Mobutu Sesé Dam-O (tie)

\*Already taken



which time the mephloquine levels in my blood are the lowest. Trying to figure out why this happens has led to the following provisional answer.

But first, a little more preamble, as my idea draws heavily on Freud's seminal work *The Interpretation of Dreams*, with which many people are unfamiliar. For the sake of brevity and pith, I will summarize all too cheaply. By the lights of Freud's theory, dreams are wish fulfillments, satisfying desires of the id (the primal part of Freud's psychic trinity of id, ego and superego.) while simultaneously meeting the superego's strictures and conditions. The id and the superego draw on the same energy, are equally irrational and demanding, and stand opposed to one another. The id represents the smarmy world of infantile desires and the superego the collective introjection of cultural and familial norms that deal with the id by "just saying no". The ego, the part best equipped to deal with "reality," is thrust into the unenviable position of negotiating between the superego and the id. Amidst the dynamic, dreams are one way of satisfying in part the id, but they pass through a part called "secondary revision" an editing that makes the images palatable to the censoring superego. As a ham fisted example, this means that you don't dream about sex with a sibling, you dream about a new baby in the family, an implicit sign of the desired coitus of which the infant is the result. (At this point, gentle reader, you might ask if this theory isn't in need of some secondary revision itself, but press on, press on...) The ingestion of mephloquin represents a master-stroke for the ego, and consequently anger the id and the superego. The id, of course, dislikes the discipline required in weekly doses. The super

ego, more insidiously, sees malaria as a delightful opportunity to punish this hunk of meat that wants to have sex with its sibling, and feels scorned and trumped by the ego. Infuriated by such interference, id and superego marshal their forces weekly for an oneiric showdown. Both being by nature rather pissy (is that a technical term?) however, their malice is easily turned away from the id and toward each other. So it happens that for six days the dreamscape is such a riot of activity that the censor clamps down on everything (i.e. I remember nothing). On the seventh night, the wall is breached and the id leaves a memorable mark on the psyche. Whether this is the result of simple fatigue on the superego's part or some instinct for a sabbath after six days must remain, for now, an open question. After the slip-up, and further anger by another MEPHA tablet, the superego picks itself up, dusts itself off, mutters "time to make the donuts" and resumes its Sisyphean task. The cycle begins again and so it goes.

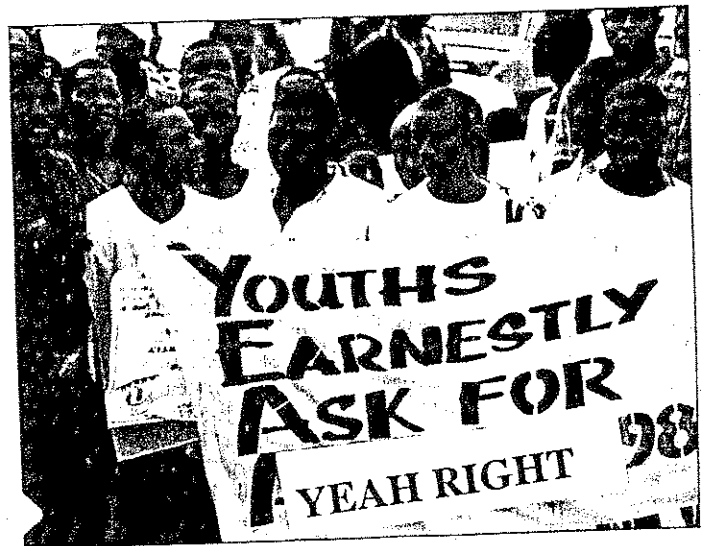
Well, that's the theory so far. It's a little rough around the edges. The question of data, of evidence, remains, to which I offer a sample of the running Tuesday night cinema behind my eyes. It is brief, but always gives me the shakes.

*I am walking in the early morning through the greater Kerouac metropolitan area when I notice the local "saluting" fou. Cold season seems to have taken the edge off him, as I not only don't receive the usual display of martial respect, I am completely ignored. As I draw closer I suddenly realized he is teaching a group of fifty young children a math*

lesson about barrycentres, in Malinke. When one student correctly answers a question, the fou shape-shifts into Ed McMahon, bellows out "Hey-O" and leaps toward me. There is a flash of light; it is midday and I am again on the street. The father of my family approaches me and says "Eat this, it's good." I comply and begin munching the bitter, mushy orange thing, a root of some kind. After a few bites have gone by, or down, he says, "It's good; if you eat that you'll never be constipated." Immediately I begin scanning the street for an unwitting goat on whom I can pass off the rest of this diuretic morsel, and explain that constipation wasn't really an issue for me, thanks, but his friend the running stomach (the rich Malinke word for diarrhea) was an all to frequent acquaintance. Already I was felling my recent snack hatching its nefarious, fibrous plan to wreak havoc and burst its watery syllable at a most inopportune time. The father knocks 19 times and then backflips out of swight. At this point I notice a little anxiously that there are children all around me as far as I can see. I am gripped by a feeling that something's gone horribly, horribly wrong and I look at the closest four year old. Is this gonna turn ugly? Am I gonna have to rough 'em up a bit? Then a flash of inspiration as I strike a pose I remember from Charlton Heston in "The Ten Commandments" and yell, "As your attorney I advise you to buy low, sell high, go night putting and start drinking heavily." My last sight before I skip into oblivion is of the children parting like the Red Sea. It stays dark for a while, then, as if on a movie screen, I see the words of my old ski coach run slowly by, white type on black, "If we had some bacon, we could make bacon and eggs, if we had some eggs." This is merely an

interlude before the final coda, which arrives soon enough. It is still dark and I am aware of being on my back, feeling I was put there rather violently. I look up and Wick Powers appears. Only he happens to be fifteen feet tall, wearing a shiny gold grand boubou, smoking three cigarettes at once and carrying a cup of hot fat. He looms over me and booms, "I know what yer thinkin' . . . did he fire six shots or only five? Frankly, in all the confusion, I kinda lost track myself. But you gotta ask yourself one question: Do I feel lucky? . . . Well, do ya, punk? And then the lights go out for good.

From the critics of my theory, I merely request an explanation for the above. To me, it seems painfully clearly to be the detritus of a week of medically induced intra-psychic warfare.



## A Book in Review

### The Accordion Crimes by Anne E. Proulx

Last seen in: Jeremy Eggleton's old pad in Koule

Skol Rating: 🍷🍷🍷🍷

An insightful look into the lives of American immigrants from the late 1800's to present day. The tale of one expertly crafted accordion as it travels the lives of a veritable potpourri of newly arrived immigrants. So set up a cozy spot in your 'case' because once you pick this gem up, you won't want to put it back down. "A must read if you can get your hands on it!" says the *Forest Post*.

### Stones from the River by Ursula Hegi

Last seen in: N'zérékoré house before Christmas pillage

Skol Rating: 🍷🍷🍷🍷🍷

You don't think you'll be interested in a book about a lonely she-dwarf in post world war II Germany? Well neither did I until I picked up Hegi's latest work of art. Shocking as it may seem, *Stones* is a historical tale spun by Hegi into a passionately compelling tale of love, family, and adventure. Don't let this masterpiece get buried in the Guinea PCV literature pile. This must not go unread.

### Airframe by Michael Crichton

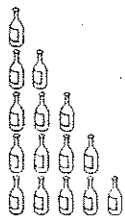
Last seen: pool side at the Ambassador's

Skol Rating: 🍷

My grandma sent this, so I can unabashedly say, IT SUCKS!. Let it stay at the pool for a quick, senseless read. (For the real airline disaster story refer to your January 12 issue of *Newsweek*.)

### Skol Rating System

Sucks to be you  
Stick to Coca-cola  
A tease  
On your way  
A good buzz "ça suffit"  
As much as you can handle

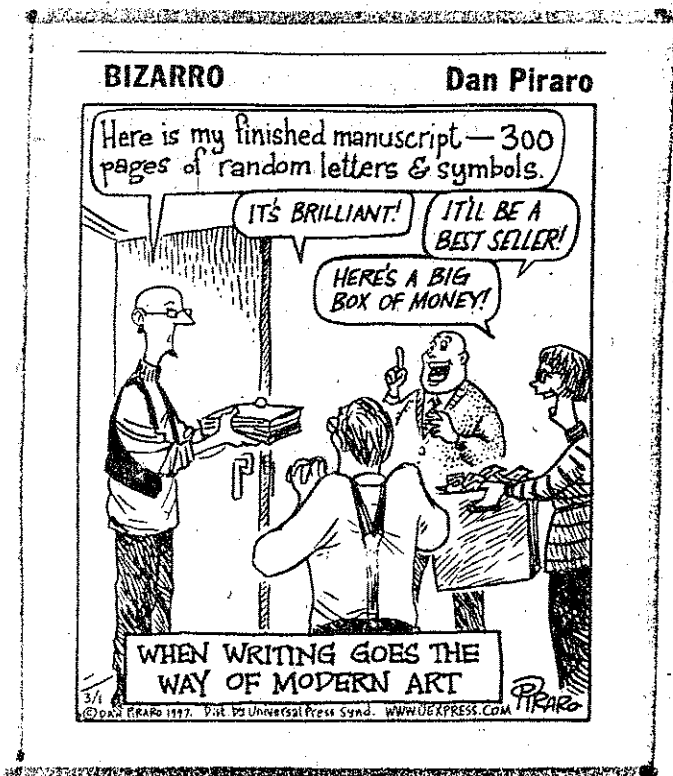


### ATTENTION:

The critics can not be held responsible for misspelled authors or titles, cheesy reviews, or treading on anyone's literary taste.

*Give us your own book reviews, witty reader.*

*We're respectable. Dont forget the Skol Rating.*



"It was God who made me so beautiful. If I weren't, then I'd be a teacher."

—Supermodel LINDA EVANGELISTA—

Supervolunteer NOLAN LOVE

## An Open Message From the Volunteer Formerly in Her Twenties:

To all those of you who attended, helped with, drank at or otherwise participated in my birthday party I thank you for your thoughtfulness. Roll credits please:

Event Coordinator:	Mike Nemec
Pastry Chef:	Jeannie Leesman
Mexicali Cucina Directors:	Suni Dawn Elgar Ann Ingraham
Tequila Distributor:	Amanda Galton
Beverage & Vehicular Support:	Robert Payne
Kitchen Dance Squad Leader:	Karen Pilliod
Highland Cow Hair:	Brian McKenna
Wardrobe Consultant:	Martin Kifer
Taxi Acquisition:	Rebecca Konrad

In the event that I have forgotten anyone, please forgive me—the night is still a little hazy.

"Be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

-Shakespeare *Twelfth Night*

"We cannot all be masters" - *King Lear*

"It [drink] provides the desire, but it takes away the performance"  
-*Macbeth*

"There is no reason anyone would want a computer in their home"

-Kenn Olsen, president and founder of  
Digital Equipment Corp., 1977

"This 'telephone' has too many shortcomings to be seriously considered as a means of communications. The device is inherently of no value to us"

-Western Union internal memo, 1876

"I'm just glad it'll be Clark Gable who's falling on his face and not Gary Cooper"

-Gary Cooper on his decision not to take  
the leading role in *Gone With The Wind*

"What a waste it is to lose one's mind--or not to have a mind. How true that is."

## Scene & Heard

Rebecca Konrad—"I thought "City Slickers" was stupid because all the cow stuff was unrealis  
Katie Hoggatt—"I can't remember the last time I saw Toubab titty."

Jamie Robertson—"I brewed a cup of coffee yesterday through an old pair of underwear."

Marisol Perez—"You used to show cows? Wow, that's neat"(earnestly)

Martin Kifer—"Of course you mousse the whole cow. Think what's on the line."

Rebecca Konrad—"That's fine ... I mean if they want to blow their cows out."(derisively)

Brian McKenna—"It could have happened...but I passed out."

Rebecca Konrad—"I worked at the milk stand at the state fair. All the milk you can drink for cents."

Rebecca Konrad—"Anyone who showed cattle must be pretty normal."

Chavanne Peercy—"I would convert to Islam. Just not for Mike Tyson."

Jessica Schnabel—"I don't know if he spat or not. I was upside-down and naked."

Martin Kifer—"Well, when I worked at Tumbleweed Mexican Restaurant..."

Dustin Sharp—"This knife is a great source of tactile pleasure. Rub it though, it's like a genie lamp."

Julie Schultz—"Rebecca and I are both from small towns. Well, I'm from a small town and s from Minnesota."

Julie Schultz—"She's in crisis corps."

Ethiopia PCV Jocelyn Songco—"Is there a crisis in this country?"

Julie Schultz—"Several."

Tamara Moots—"You can have a bite of mine — if you don't mind it being in my mouth fir

Darren Hertz—"Suddenly I had this overwhelming feeling of love for my oral surgeon."

Burkina Faso practice school student to BF trainee—"My teacher drinks beer at random."

Rebecca Konrad—"I used to show cows and I do mathmatics — I am not cute."

Burkina PCV Carolyn Baer—"Is that Guinean money?" re: American dollars.

Rebecca Konrad—"Sweetbreads are innards?!!" (loudly in a restaurant in Ouagadougou.)

Scott Sackett—"Darren Hertz is kind of ... Brad Pitt meets panhandler."

Howard Hollingsworth—"Lard isn't so bad. It gets a bad rap."

Jennifer Foote—"Be careful of Ravi. He has necrophelia."

Jennifer Foote—"I'm very impressed with the genetalia here."

Jennifer Foote—"Mark, you should get really drunk more often."

Martin Kifer—"I probably think about Brownie Lee more than I should."

Amy Blasen—"He gave me a Prince tennis bag. Think how many hours he had to work at Hardee's to buy that."

Amy Blasen—"DeDe, he's trying for the quotebook again. Please disregard him." re: Martin Kifer.

Martin Kifer—"Because of Jean, the beer petit, there's a moratorium on Martin quotes?"

DeDe Dunevant—"Mark Hamilton is like ... an adult."

Lynne McIntyre—"Yeah, he wears socks and stuff."

Lynne McIntyre—"Oh my God ... "Dynasty—that was a fuckin' great show."

Susan Church—"That's like a ho ho. Only without the ho."

Rebecca Konrad—"We couldn't afford the blow dryer for cows."

"So, I find myself drinking a lot." Nathan, on adjustments.

"The only similarity between Peuhl music and Roger Waters is the three backup singers." Rick Evans, soon to be writing for Spin.

Jessica Schnabel—"What if you're east of Mecca? Do you still pray to the east?"

Scott Sackett—"Yes, but the rates are higher."

Rebecca Konrad—"Which one was that Nixon thing? Watergate?"

Rebecca Konrad—" [Showing cows] is kind of like showing horses—but not nearly at that level."

Jennifer Jurlando—" [My Prefet] works it and I work him."

Mike Nemec—"Call me crazy, but I'd really like to see what kind of underwear he wears."

Jeremy Eggleton—"Sometimes I dream about the palace I'd build in Moultonborough, New Hampshire if I was president."

Rebecca Konrad—"I was in band with the tulip queen."

Mike Nemec—"Pardon me I'm having underwear problems."

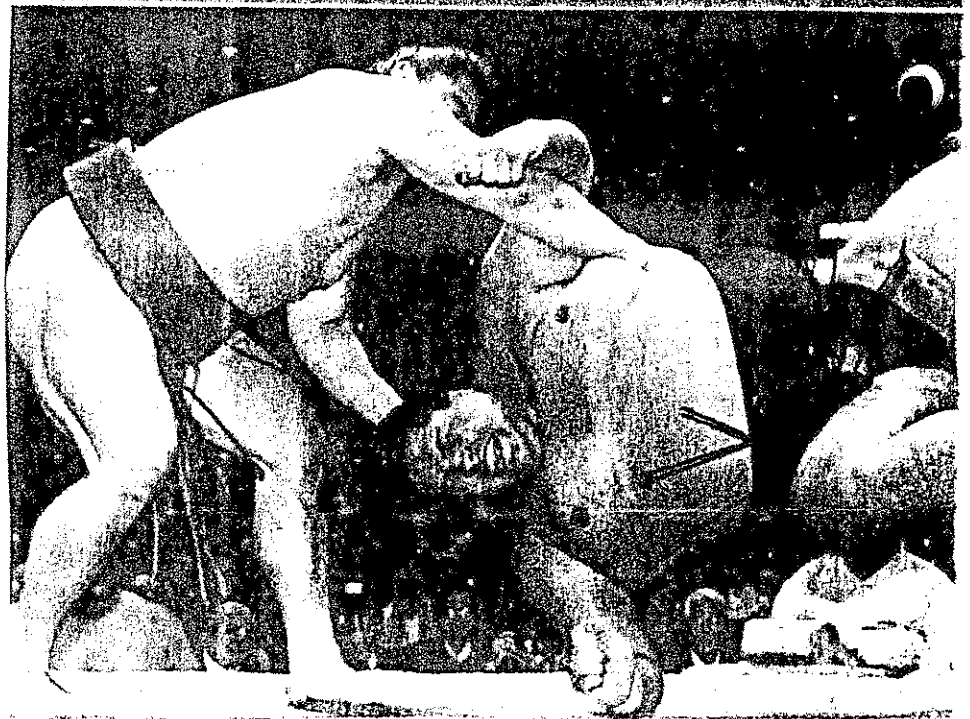
Martin Kifer—"Oh, that's cool. I thought you were gonna piss out the window."

Nolan Love (whilst asleep, on site visit) - "I'm just watching because I don't know much about pronged... whatever she's talking about."

Vickery Prongay (upon return from Community Visit during Stage) - "I don't think it's going work out like we thought it was going to."

Spliff Folsom - "Hey, want to test drive my toothbrush?"

We think he's  
turning  
Japanese.....



"After, the egg reaches from the egg pot to the baby house, and you can get belly." Liberian health talk, explaining conception and the implantation of the zygote.

"It's that fish with all the hands!" Liberian, arms waving, distills the essence of Octopus.

"C'est decourageant." Toma woman, on the practice of being forced to sleep with professors in order to be let into the next grade (Winner, 1998 Undergraduate Student Award for Best Essay).

# ANOTHER SEX SCANDAL

## SHAKES CLINTON

### ADMINISTRATION

By White House Correspondant  
"Snoopy" Brown

Washington, March 31-- The Beltway was rocked in the early morning hours by yet another scandal involving the now infamous sexual appetites of White House residents. A young intern approached reporters from the Washington post with the information that she had been exposed repeatedly over the duration of her service to unsolicited sexual advances by a "member of the First Family."

The intern, a 22 year old senior at Georgetown University, who spoke with us under condition of anonymity, related in lurid detail the unrelenting nature of her harrasser's libido.

"It was everywhere: closets, hallways, driveways. The worst was when he'd take me for walks in the Rose Garden and I could see him growing visibly excited. He'd make me play these sick, sick games with rubber "toys" and animal bones and they always culminated in a wild, uncontrolled dancing and yelping. Then he'd try to rear up and-- satisfy himself."

The young intern, when asked why she had taken months to come forth with harrassment allegations, responded that to do so was, and continues to be, a risk to her reputation and her career. But she intends to stick by her story and may even seek to press charges.

"That sort of thing needs to just stop. After a good deal of thinking, I've concluded that, whatever the cost to my career and my standing, I have a responsibility to myself and others."



"That presidential pooch can be getting too frisky--of"

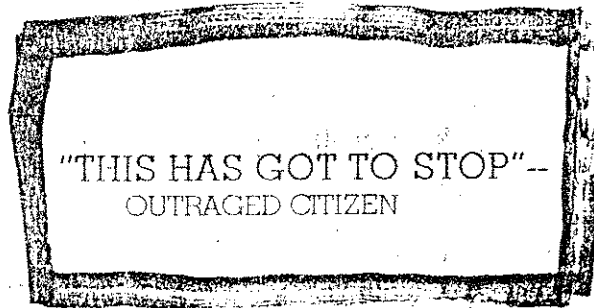
The revelation that this is not an isolated incident led to talk of a potential lawsuit. The high-powered Washington law firm Kifer, Lennaeus, Nemec, Johnson and Ham has been building a case, it turns out, for the past six months-- ever since rumors of sexual impropriety began to emerge from the White House last November. Apparently, moreover, the alleged incidents described by the young intern are not particular to just the Clinton administration, and the lawsuit would seek redress for years of abuse.

"Oh yeah, this is big," said a representative of the firm. "We've got plaintiffs all over the place-- tables, chairs.





Photographs reveal a blistering pattern of sexual misconduct at 1600 Penn Ave



doors; they've formed a support group headed by those giant columns on the porch. They always suffer the most in situations like this. We applaud [the intern] for her courage in bringing this information to light because she's now giving these inanimate victims the voice they've been denied for decades."

Slodoban Rifnik, the John F. Kennedy Professor of Sexual Politics at George Washington University and author of the incendiary book on the Nixon administration, *Let's Play, Checkers*, supported the allegations. "This has been going on since the last century. These animals who give no thought to the rights and decisions of others looking to take out their inhuman desires on any object they can find-- tree, fountain, staffer, what have you. I hope we're seeing the end of an unflattering tradition."

The story went quickly from idle rumor to breaking news item around the world as US citizens abroad find themselves confronted once again with embarrassing



"Does no one think of the children."

has penetrated to the remotest regions of the globe, and is being hotly debated by Americans in the most out of the way



"We've even heard about it here in Hell," said Susan Church from her kiln-like hovel in the infernal Koundara prefecture of Guinea, "but maybe it's part of the package. Whew it's hot."

There have been stirrings of a public backlash, however, as Americans quickly grow tired of yet another executive sex scandal. Gripped Julie Cardwell from beneath her mango tree in South-eastern Guinea, "I'm just about sick of this. I mean, hello, this has just got to stop."

The sentiment is echoed in the chortles of foreign nationals who find an amusing refuge in the things that seem to concern the American public. Said Bayoh Flomo, citizen of a country whose president is a convicted felon who launched a war claiming hundreds of thousands of live and currently maintaining power over his nation through silent menace, "Americans are too funny! That presidential pooch can be too frisky--o!"



Ronald Reagan, Just Saying No.

More quotes . . .

"It had to be a Boubacar." Anne Grodnick, spitefully.

"Amanda, if things don't work out for Sinko de Mayo, I mean, we could have, like, Bouno de Mayo or something." Whipping boy and tireless civic promoter, trying valiantly but fruitlessly to put Bounouma on the social map.

"[Charles] Taylor has more opposition than the Devil." Anonymous NGO employee..

"Masturbation is a special way of enjoying ourselves." The New Our Bodies, Ourselves cuts to the chase.

"I would kill that man with my bare hands if he wasn't so tall." Beatrice, Kenyan financial officer with a local NGO, boils over on the subject of President Moi.

VERSA

On the banks of the Loum  
In the land of Maroum  
Sat the tiny village of Kollitaboom.

Around it were mountains and grasses,  
Rivers and trees,  
Flora and fauna and oceans and seas.

But despite all the wealth, despite all the riches,  
The waters teeming with fat scaley fishes,  
The mountains bursting with metals and ore,  
The monga trees always more full than before,  
Despite the soil pushing up flowers,  
Despite the golden afternoon hours,  
All was not well in Kollitaboom,  
All was not well on the banks of the Loum,  
No, all was not well in the land of Maroum.

Something borne on the air, they'd say with a scowl,  
Something uncertain, unknown, omnipresent and fowl—  
It hangs over the land like a hoary old rook,  
Obscuring, complicating, we've got problems—just look!  
Cars drive on left, on middle, on right  
And oft without headlights during the night.  
People talk backwards while their mutton have rows,  
Cats bark like puppies at dogs saying, "meow".  
"It's like nothing works," they cry in despair,  
"The there's over here and the here's over there!  
The well is too shallow, the kids barely dressed,  
The gardens lie fallow, the streets are a mess!  
If only the flibbertegibblet would work—  
We'd use it a lot, but the owner's a jerk!"  
And to top it all off, if enough wasn't wrong  
The Kollits and Boomers just can't get along.

One morning a man came back from afar,  
A Kollitaboomer in a fancy green car.  
"I've been driving all night to bring you the news:  
They've built a machine that takes care of the blues!"  
This he yelled as he leaped from the cab,  
Put on his hat, popped the trunk with a jab.  
"The name is Magiggle and here's the brochure.  
This thing guarantees for each illness a cure!  
Just look through the pages, you'll see what I mean.  
It's Labarley's new Problem Solving machine!"  
The group that had gathered gazed down in awe,  
Amazed at the spectacular machine that they saw.  
It had buttons and dials and diodes and tubes,

Sprockets and levers and crystals and grooves.  
It proudly declared two Puts, in and out,  
And sat on four legs of some metal quite stout.  
Fairly soon all the townsfolk of Kollitaboom  
Were smiling like lunatics under the moon—  
Their problems seemed trivial for this mighty thing  
With its horns that went hoot and its bells that went ding.  
"Let's get one right now," shouted Lamack  
"We'll buy it on credit!" agreed Jack Lastack.  
And so everyone soon signed up for some stock,  
Signed the papers right there, formed committees ad hoc.  
Magiggle smiled his award-winning grin,  
Shook all their hands, yanked his door and jumped in.  
With a toot on his hooter he wheeled away;  
His hand held the contract as it gave a last wave.

Several weeks later in the grey light of dawn  
A sound was heard at the entrance to town.  
Creeping and grinding and popping it came,  
A crate of rough oak drawn by six rattatane.  
They brought it there slowly—their only real speed,  
Long enough for the townsfolk all to take heed.  
With a pop, in the market, the trailer came down—  
It dropped to the dirt, captivating the town.  
The driver placed a finger to his lips,  
Winked at the kids, took the reins in his grip,  
And free of his load pushed off in a cloud.  
In the square the town, hearts beat aloud.

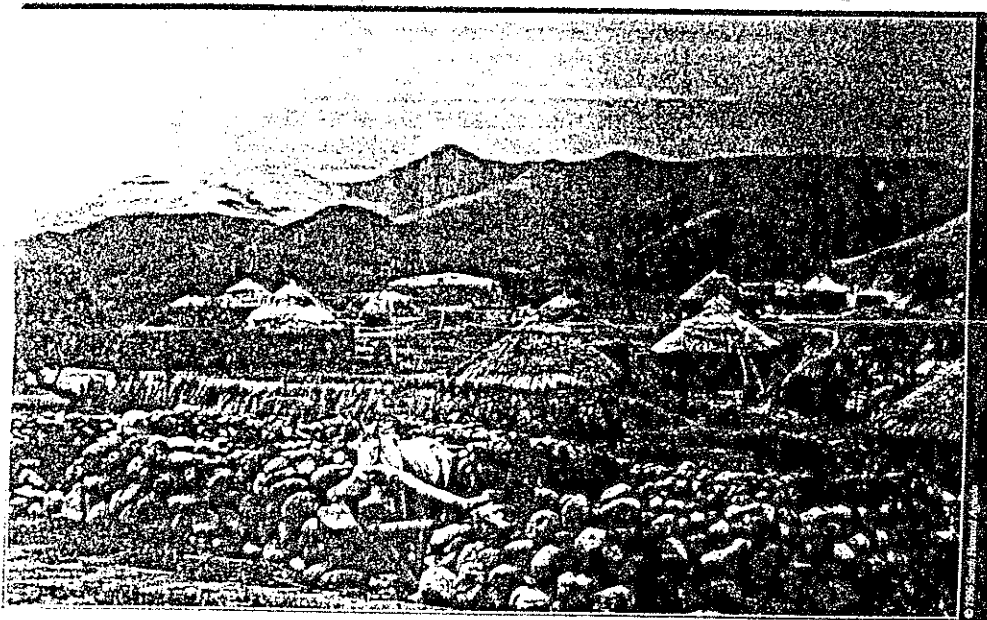
After a silence, B. Diddle took charge  
He waved at the crowd and directed his Marge  
To "Bring me my hammer, my belt and my saw—  
And you over there, watch out where you are."  
When the tools came they set quickly to it.  
Yanking and cutting and sawing, they hewed at  
The box, and its boards fell apart to reveal the machine,  
The solution, the answer, to all of their needs.  
When the dust settled, the people, they danced  
They shouted and gamboled and cavorted and pranced.  
Soon all the rights would be right, from day until night,  
And the wrongs, if at all, would only be small.  
They brought wheels and planks, to drag the contraption  
Across the market to have a reception.  
After the thing was quite settled in,  
The mayor commenced a grand discussion—  
About their machine and all it would do;  
Three days they talked until they were through.  
At the end of this time, after heated debate,  
The village decided to improve their fate,  
They'd kick it all off in Magollagoon's field  
Because it was barren and refused to yield.  
They marched it right out there, they waited with glee,  
They set dials and switches and waited to see

How all of their problems would soon cease to be.  
But the minutes ticked by, and the wind just blew  
And the river just flowed and the children just grew.  
And nothing much happened, out in the field—  
Nothing much happened in the field without yield.  
As they waited in vain for changes to come,  
The people were stricken, all of them, dumb—  
Except for the girl who held in her hand  
Between finger and thumb—  
With a look on her face, a quizzical stare,  
A curious glance beneath purplish hair—  
A plug.

And the plug was attached to a cord

Which led to the machine.  
Labarley's new Problem Solving Machine.

All these buttons and dials,  
All these diodes and tubes  
And crystals and sprockets and levers and grooves  
Could not light up, could not whirr or spin  
Because Kollitaboom's great new machine  
Could not be plugged in.



"Connaitre le valeur d'Afrique n'est pas facile. Pas du tout." Drunk Guinean touches truth.