

THE TILLEY LAMP

PEACE CORPS/NIGERIA

Ogbon ki se t'ẹ ni kan
Wisdom is not for one man.
Yoruba proverb

VOL IV, NO. I

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THE ABONWAGU PLAN

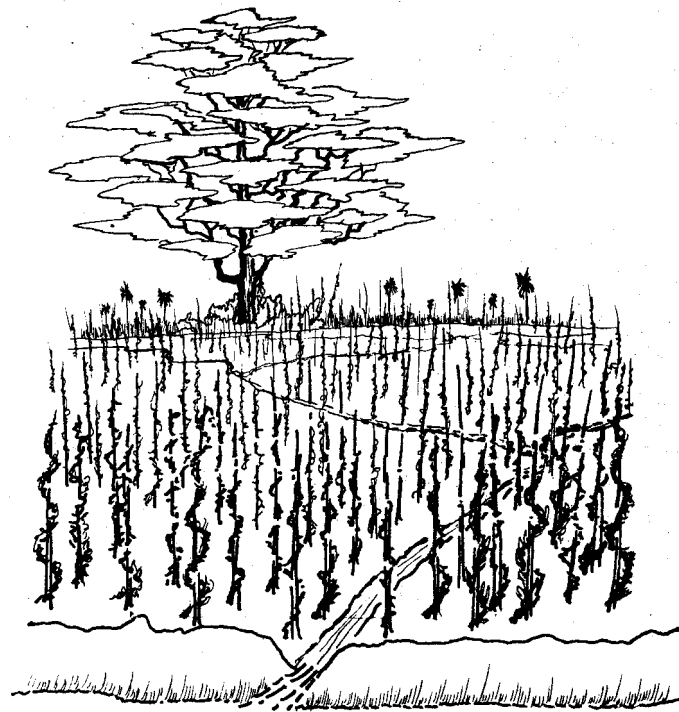
by Dick Highes

The word "termination" has a terrible finality about it, and as I approach the end of the two-year Peace Corps stint, my anxieties are mounting. Will it really end? How can I ever again feel that my meager efforts relate to a Bigger Good? One ex-volunteer has found her reward and is now recruiting for PC/W. As she so aptly put it, "Once a volunteer always a volunteer—you never can escape." Though I'm distressed by her final qualification, which implies that to carry on with the volunteer spirit is more irrevocable fate than personal choice, I nevertheless envy her job. She is one of the lucky ones: she still belongs.

How many of us, though, can PC/W absorb? How many of us can, after all, go back as field reps? And for how long can those absorbed be kept on in the face of mounting criticism of government payrolls? Alternatives need to be found; for now that the collective spirit has been tapped, the realization of the effectiveness of group action been found, it must not be lost. It would be our individual loss, America's loss, and, yes, the world's.

An organization with a broad spectrum of activities needs to be established. It could be like, say, the American Legion. Any person who has completed satisfactorily and with honor his Peace Corps service would qualify for membership. Because those of us who have served in the bush have a special affinity and likely will feel that we should have the opportunity to be apart from the administrators and the city volunteers from time to time, an auxiliary group, like the American Legion's fun-loving 40 & 8, could be formed. These are details that can be hammered out later, however. The essential point is that a large parent group is needed so that ex-volunteers can relate without being on the payroll. The possibilities are overwhelming.

As has been pointed out in the Okene Plan—a vanguard in the articulation of the demand for ex-volunteer unity—ex-volunteers will be needed to aid in the formation of American policy toward St. Lucia and the like. Indeed, our ideas on Berlin will need be heard. Though domestic and international involvement would be the cornerstone of the Peace Legion, a suggested name, and a good one too, the social potential should not be overlooked.



Being by nature nonconforming, ex-volunteers would not stand for bingo, but slide-showing offers great possibilities. I for one will want to see if the stream from which the Thailand volunteer carried his water is anything like that from which I carried mine. The club rooms could evoke untold nostalgia with their raffia chairs occupied by tired Legionnaires engaged in the good-natured banter of dysentery quips. What better way can there be for relaxing after a crisis filled day at State?

(cont'd page 3)

In Search Of Cosmopolis

On the Ides of February a new creation appeared on the scene. We went down to Lagos to witness the launching of the Blue Fringe (or Gruberg's Folly). While fifteen semi-dubious people looked on Dee Harmon Shell sprinkled some champagne on the bow of the fourteen foot catamaran sail boat. Since it didn't leak and really sailed, it was unanimously decided to drink the remaining champagne rather than waste it.

It was rumored that the skipper-builder had planned for every contingency. If the boat had sunk he was going to leave the country surreptitiously and live out the rest of his tragic years on a small compound in Upper Volta. As things turned out however, new ideas are afoot (adrift?). He expects to take on an unreliable crew (Bob Cohen) and sail west in the Bight of Benin. Our only advice is to batten down the hatches and swab the decks.

* * *

Paul Masson is a California company known for its wines and brandy. Once a year it runs a chess contest in the New Yorker magazine. In this year's version the reader was asked to solve three problems of varying difficulty. One of our friends out in the bush who usually maintains a certain aplomb fired off the following letter:

"Sirs, you have run an insidious contest. I have devoted five full days trying to solve the puzzles. It is my conclusion that the first problem has no solution. If I am correct then you have played a rotten trick. But even if I am not right my present demoralized state is still your fault. Through the incompetence of your distribution system I have found it impossible to obtain any of your beverages in this country. I have been forced to substitute a potent locally produced palm wine. Thus your suggestion of a quiet evening of chess and wine has evolved into an enervating, lost week. Shame on you."

* * *

THE PASSING SCENE DEPARTMENT

Remember how great the Honda manual used to be? A volunteer has gratuitously contributed a "translation" for the uninitiated. Now, the company has brought out a new and revised edition. We will admit that as far as clarity and efficiency are concerned there has been marginal improvement. But without sentences like, "Please apply our genuine parts to use your beloved cycle for ever," the ethos and spirit of Honda are gone.

(Cont'd page 5)

ILU IDAN

Morning had come, fragrant and cool, and the world seemed to begin from the edges of the compound, where trees were bright and hard. And beyond that the Harmattan mist concealed a forest, and there were drums in the forest, and a bird's song.

And suddenly there was the sun, and hot winds rich with scent of frangipani and pawpaw blossom, and there were red hibiscus and bougainvillea for me, and yellow bell flowers, and dainty, oriental-dancing-slipper flowers.

And the palm trees of the forest appeared: tall, slender New York girls, barelegged and bold, proud in their teased, bouffant hairdos, proud in their tight dresses.

And a bird flew to my house. Black and yellow it was: a Yoruba girl waving, her fingers ringed with gold, her wrist ringed with gold.

Then Bushfire came, fast and hot, a racing-car dandy. It was incense-aroamed he came, with flying red cravate, and he charged, snapping loud across the grasses, sending black flags for calling cards.

Foolish lizards, red, green, and blue, did pushups on my porch in the hot sun. And after their exercises they ran away, waddling from side to side like fat ladies hurrying down narrow church aisles, crowded from behind and in front.

And there came an old man of the North, with cured-leather face and hands, with eyes made of moonstone, who opened an embroidered pack with long, dry fingers. And he unfolded the knots of ancient cloths to show his treasures. And all these came from his pandora bag: ebony and ivory and amber, coral, brass, and silver; and beads of glass and wood and bone, and musical instruments, and boxes made of lizard and crocodile; and there were the wooden gods of old people, and cloths colored with flowers, and monuments to children long-dead.

And in the evening the new rain came, a maiden modest and soft-footed, and her striped silk dress was ruffled at the hem with silent lightning. And as I watched she came of age, and it was dancing she left, a heavy high-life to talking drum and steel guitar sounds; in dark velvet wrapper she left, forgetting the child she had been.

And as the sun stepped down gentle in flower-colored wrapper into the forest, delicate creatures flew about, made of translucent silks fastened with curious, jewelled clasps.

And an evening bird sang, and then was the moon. Rainbow-ringed and white it was, a baroque pearl. And the hollow of my hand felt empty for it.

And as the moon changed, and as the sky changed, memories of a far country came to me like the music of a glass wind toy in the breeze, and like the soft fluttering of insects at night, and like the soft forgetting of the rain.

ANN HILFERTY

All The World's A Stage

by Roger Leed

In the past, those who disposed the destinies of the world were content to exercise their dramatic talents for select audiences. Take for example, Talleyrand, Bismarck and Warren G. Harding. In recent years, however, many leaders have taken to performing for the general public; as it may have occurred to the perspicacious, drama is entering a new and yeasty phase. So many moving performances have been delivered, and by such a varied group of accomplished thespians, there's no disputing the trend.

Certainly among the pioneers of this innovation in statesmanship has been Dr. Castro, whose timing, costuming, and mastery of the heroic monologue mesmerize his audiences. His *William Tell* and *David* have yet to be surpassed. The latter production, which set box office records, is still running. N. Khrushchev's sensitive portrayal of a petulant, willful, shoe-banging adolescent; Richard Nixon's authoritative Horatio Alger; and DeGaulle's memorable role in *What Price Glory?*; these performances clearly were seminal.

Once established, this new school has won numerous adherents. Konrad Adenauer was masterful in *Life Begins at 80*, and he and DeGaulle evoked fond memories of Lunt and Fontaine when they subsequently appeared together in *Gotterdammerung*. Harold Macmillan was the chief attraction of *There'll Always Be an England*, and Mao Tse Tung fashioned a memorable *Doctor No*. Almost all these gentlemen have tried their hands at direction, with such solid successes as: *Our Man in Havana*, *Gentleman's Agreement*, and *The Skin of Our Teeth*.

This season has seen the revival of several old favorites. Khrushchev and Mao triumphed with *A Comedy of Errors* (Mao is to pair with DeGaulle in an experimental production this spring before returning to *A Passage to India*). Khrushchev plans to present a new production of *Our Town*, with Walter Ulbricht, later this year.

We've been fortunate to have some talented newcomers in 1963. Prince Sihanouk attracted favorable notices in *One-upmanship*, and Dr. Nkrumah was a solid success with his athletic interpretation of the starring role in *The Champion*.

There is every indication that this season will be a high-water mark for political drama—it's off to a fine start. There is definitely an antipathy, among today's audiences, to tragedy. We can hope that with more and more talented actors and directors turning up, there will be a genuine rebirth of melodrama and farce.

LIKE JUDY

Pretty kitten sitting contented,
Happy playing at the paper,
Leaping from sleep to my wide, warm lap,
And crumpling the open page.
At naptime finding me,
Purring, a soft machine for petting,
Hoping I'll keep you when a cat.

—Don Scharfe

ABONWAGU FROM PAGE 1

There will be little need for conclaves as most ex-volunteers will be living right in Washington. However, once every five years it would be nice if those living in Paris, Bonn or Saigon could fly in for a get-together. We could have a parade. No fire engines, no staggering drum and bugle corps. None of that for us! We could carry protest signs and nonviolently lend our support to the current protest. Not only would that be a lot of fun but also we'd be reminded of the great impact of collective action as opposed to the futile, nonrewarding, nonrelating, individualistic approach. Think of it, 20,000 strong, placard to placard!

This is just a humble beginning of a plan that hopefully will be refined, expanded, and implemented. Much more needs to be said. Several questions come to mind. What should be the color of our caps? What provisions can be made for non ex-volunteer husbands and wives? Should we apply for a liquor license? What about a private Rest House in the Appalachians? Let's hear some discussion.

Washington cannot be expected to hire us all.

Congrats!

Al Weiss and Judith Melanie Deutsch were married in Ibadan on February 11. A champagne and anchovie-stuffed-olives filled reception followed. More festivities continued at Yetunde's that evening.

BOOK REVIEW

Imitation Of Strife

Room in the Village, by Aba Dorike, Okolo Press, 496pp.

Room in the Village is the first attempt by a young man of unusual insight to look into the contemporary ethos into which his hero or should I say non-hero no, *pseudo-hero* is thrust in his unnerving compulsion to realize the resolution of his Weltanschangst within the framework of contemporary Lagos society near Independence Square.

Aba, a young petty trader, in order to escape the tiresome routine, pettiness and pretense of life he has been forced to lead as a civil servant, makes his way back to the village of his fathers, only to discover that a petroleum refinery occupies the place where the home of his ancestors once stood. He is revolted by the tearing-up of roots which, though forsaken by him personally at first opportunity on leaving secondary school, are, none the less, the well-springs of his heritage. As the only knowledgeable person among the villagers displaced by the refinery and now forced to scrape together a living distilling clandestine gin, he proceeds to bring suit for compensation, in addition to that already paid, against the refinery. The course of his legal battles takes him to Europe, where his adventures read more like a travelogue than an integral part of the central theme—man's unconquerable will in the face of adversity. Finally, persuaded by Mr. Blessingame, a sympathetic oil company executive, the only man he can really trust, Aba agrees to settle out of court rather than risk a public trial. He returns to his ancestral village (he will always think of the refinery as 'his place'), and uses the settlement to build a resort hotel next to the refinery. He employs the displaced people of his village as staff members after overcoming their initial reluctance to desert their new-found way of life at their various stills. Aba then travels with his mistress to the nearby city, leaving his other mistress, whom he basically loves, behind to manage the hotel.

In the city, he buys the meat and frozen foods concession at the large department store to engage again in the pettiness, tiresome routine and pretense of shopkeeping, belonging to one world, moving in many. As the door of the meat locker closes behind him for the first time, we hear him say hopelessly, in what may be the only real moment of self-confrontation he experiences, "The same routine, the same pettiness, the same trivia . . ."

Tom Murphy

Gruberc's Cooking Cover

Dear Son,

It has been a very snowy winter. It is good to know that at least you won't be cold where you are. Isn't it too hot to play basketball at this time of year? Here's where you lose a couple more pounds that you ill can afford to do. With all the perspiring you will do chasing the ball, it is tough. But what do I know. I went to the Wednesday matinee of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" Personally I didn't care for it too much, but that's all right since neither did Aunt Florence, Aunt Ruth or Cousin Burton.

It is good to see that you still ask for recipes. Here is the one for Devils Food Cake with mocha icing: Combine 2/3 cup of shortening with 1 2/3 cups of sugar and 3 eggs. Sift in 2 1/3 cups of flour and add 2/3 cups of cocoa, 1/2 tsp. baking powder (if you have double acting powder use half the amount), 1 1/4 tsp. soda, 1 tsp. salt, 1 1/3 cups water and 1 tsp. vanilla. Mix nice and thoroughly. Now take two round nine inch diameter layer pans and line with wax or grease proof paper. Add your batter and bake 30 to 35 minutes at 350 degrees. For mocha icing: Take three cups of icing sugar and dissolve in a minimum amount of water, and two tsp. of instant coffee. Then add a half a cup of butter and mix thoroughly. That's it.

Write a little more often.

Love,
Mom

* * *

Many of the gas stoves sold locally are equipped with engimatically numbered (from 1/4 to 9) oven regulators. To my chagrin none of the vendors have a clue as to their fahrenheit equivalents. However, as another Tilley Lamp extra, our Department of Special Research has delved deeply into the matter and the following reliable numbers have been found:

Gas No.	1/4	1/2	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
OF	240	260	290	310	335	350	375	400	425	450	470

Right now I am working overtime to determine the B.T.U. equivalent of one cubic foot of six months seasoned straight grained red mahogany. Wood stove users, help is on the way!

Those syringes in the science kit are not for people with golden arms. They are cake decorators.

Next issue: A good egusi stew.

COSMOPOLIS FROM PAGE 2

We followed carefully (but at a distance) the conference held last December in Ibadan for volunteers and staff. An on-the-scene observer noted with some asperity that it should have been called the 20th Party Congress. There does seem to be a definite trend towards the elimination of the cult of personality of the Peace Corps volunteer. If any word could be extracted from the conference as an indication of its general tone, it would have to be: Gimme. It would appear, that a gimme is a bandaid-snatching, Honda-riding, anti-project oriented sap, who casts lecherous glances down the road, looking for the first sign of the gravy train in blue Carry-All clothing. His condition is highly infectious. We even have to watch ourselves.

* * *

The following notice was posted on a school bulletin board:
GALLUP POLL:

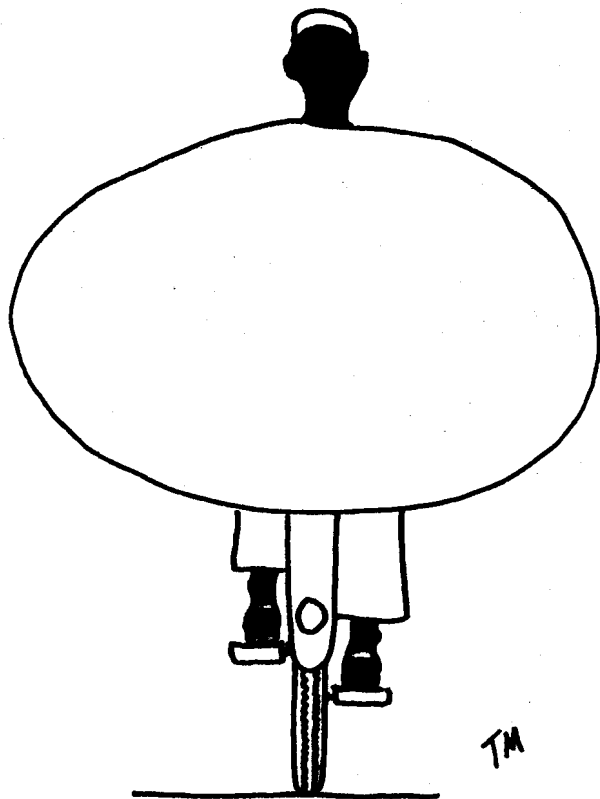
The attendance at the cinema in the college is still very low although free transport has been provided. This state of affairs has induced the cinema authorities to conduct this Gallup Poll. So indicate under the appropriate column the type of film you would like to see in this college. Please sign only two columns.

The results were:

Comedy 18; Adventure 26; Crime 23; Mystery 5; Drama 13; Love 48; War 21; Newsreels 6; Sports 25; Tragedy 11; Indian Film 64.

* * *

The Yoruba proverb on this issue's masthead is an aid. It helps us to be humble in the face of our inadequate understanding of the prevailing powers. We can sip in contentment the one shilling Coca Cola which the Rest House in Ibadan sells us, even though around the corner there is a friendly neighborhood Texaco station which sells the same size bottle at the same refreshing temperature for half the price. We can read with equanimity the note half hidden in the manila envelope among the myriad of announcements, directives and forewarnings sent to us by PC/Lagos. It informs us that from now on instead of receiving our monthly allotment in pounds, shillings and pence, they are going to eliminate the shillings and pence to save on secretarial costs. But why oh why do they tax our almost limitless credulity by adding almost as an afterthought that the new stipend does not represent a cut in our monthly allowance? Maybe they'll send us a fortnightly bottle of Coke, *gratis*. It still doesn't add up.



A Letter

Dear Tilley Lamp:

I would like for anyone (P.C.V.) in Nigeria to give me some information on the 'Youth Hostels' in Europe, e.g. where they are located (cities), rates, and how to get in touch with them once one reaches Europe. Any information at all will be greatly appreciated.

WALTER LEWIS
P.M.G.S.
Oguta, East

THE SKY IS FALLING

There's a chicken
In the kitchen
Even
Now that's holding life.

Sickly chicken
In the kitchen
Soon will
Have a meal of knife.

Passive chicken
In the kitchen
Lying,
Waiting sudden strife.

Little chicken
In the kitchen
You will
Like the sleep of night.

Little chicken
In the kitchen
It's the
Cook who'll pay the price.

Poor bound chicken
In the kitchen
I will
Hardly take a bite.

Crying chicken
In the kitchen
Taking,
Giving appetite.

Soulless chicken
In the kitchen
Now passed
To the world of light.

—Don Scharfe

New Life

by Harry Drexler

Baa—um dum dum uum.

In case you do not realize it friends, that is the talking drum addressing you. The penetrating message resounds through the shabby, dimly lit surroundings. Now a nonchalant trumpet player and an equally composed guitarist mother hurt but living notes. Two or three singers stroll to the mike and casually clear their throats. Is the scene familiar?

Similar settings are found in most cities and villages all over Nigeria. It is the social club, bar, or hotel where the Nigerian reaches for stardust and Star beer; where one of peeled skin can glimpse into the basic character of the indigenous people.

High Life is the Nigerian! This music, more than anything, vividly represents the emergence of a people whose foot prints are still fresh in the past, into the twentieth century. The modern instruments contrast against, and harmonize with, the traditional drums. Nigerians pulsate with life as they gracefully contort about in an congenial, intimate atmosphere. Barriers disappear and more than music communicates.

High Life, or perhaps New Life, is an invaluable experience and one of the best sources of insight. The actual tempo of the people is portrayed. And, incidentally, it is great fun.

* * *

The Tilley Lamp is the publication of the Peace Corps volunteers in Nigeria. Contributions should be sent to the editors or Peace Corps Ibadan. Deadline for the next issue is 15 May. Somewhere, someone is reading the back of the Corn Flakes box for the thirty-seventh time. Let's give him a break.

* * *

PLEASE NOTE

J. W. of J. W. Compassionate Enterprises Ltd., Ogbo-mosho and all points West, requires material for the 1,000 Primary Four students in her art classes. Please save tin cans, old newspapers, fabric scraps, magazines, and cardboard. Right now she is in great need of forty empty jars of the screw-on-lid type. So collect those Skippy Peanut Butter Jars et al, and deposit them with the Goodwill Industries' blue van the next time it comes by.

* * *

THE TILLEY LAMP

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