

know if children are always barred from burials of their parents, but in the case of

twins, there are many special rules to be observed. I was glad her children were not allowed to come, as watching your uncoffined & unwrapped mother stuffed rather ignominiously into a hole, covered with dirt, and stamped upon, would be rather discomforting (I imagine).

I was told that the body used to be covered with a platform of tightly spaced sticks. The hole was then covered with a round, flat rock, and the empty space left inside. The dirt from digging was then piled on top, and an inverted clay jar placed on the mound.

Whenever a young child in the family died, the grave could then be opened, the sticks removed, and the small child placed next to the elder, where it would be looked after and cared for. Our proprietaire says several young children

were buried this way in his grandmother's grave.

But now, this time, - consuming

a laborious process is often foregone. Once the old woman had been positioned, 2 young men with hoes stepped in and began scooping in the dirt. As the hole filled the dirt was tamped down with sticks & rocks.

Some quarrelling began amongst the old men, and the crowd drifted away, most preferring not to watch. A granddaughter, my age, stood next to me wide-eyed & gasped: "My god, they're jumping up & down on my grandma!" I suggested it might be best not to watch, and we moved away.

Adia showed me his father's tomb, ~~and~~ an enormous, rectangular chunk of solid concrete. Then we drifted back to the funeral house where we drank some tchakba under a crescent moon & a skyfull of stars before

heading home & leaving the crowd to its all-night vigil.

After 3 days, the family elders will meet to decide how & when the funeral ceremonies will take place.]

CONT'D Well - the hope was that we could do a similar formation at the center in Tami. This center has been around for 14 years. At least one of the "brothers" is Spanish. Right from our arrival, the place felt different, even colder than Ogaro, and less welcoming. No smiling reception committee, no bustle of activity. The priests seemed reluctant to have casual, drop-in visitors, and one less-than-enthusiastic friar was chosen to give us a tour. He, alas, was the Spanish one, and his rapid French, bursting with Spanish "i"'s and staccato slurs, was quite unintelligible. The site is interesting - a model of what

agriculture in Togo could be given huge amounts of money. IE, it could be just like

agriculture in many "developed" countries. Enormous cement barns, costing thousands each, house tractors, attachments, & enormous generators; animal traction attachments; wheelbarrows, shovels & rakes. Other elaborate barn-like structures house 300-pound pure-bred pigs, Rhode Island Reds, fluffy rabbits, oxen, turkeys, sheep, goats, etc. The entire compound is enclosed with an 8 or 10 foot chicken wire fence ("quillage" costs a fortune here). What bothered me most about the place was the inreproducibility of it all. What Togolese farmer could duplicate any of the technology he's taught here? The Spanish priest, handsome in a sour, cold sort of way, echoed my thoughts by remarking in an oddly off-hand way: "We know that if we ever left, this place would fall apart."

The Logolese are close-minded; they don't want to learn new things."

We broached the subject of our stoves project. No, he said, he wasn't at all interested. It would never work here, he said, and we'd be wasting our time. It didn't seem worth pushing the issue. He seemed almost to be fading away as we spoke, as if at any moment he would fade to transparency, and float wraithlike & silent into his cold brick house, there to do what? Be absorbed into the brickwork until some other hapless visitor required his presence?

The most interesting part of the center is the biogas digester. The resulting methane powers several frigos & stoves. But the production of the methane requires huge quantities of manure & refuse, supplied by hundreds of animals & many wheelbarrow-

pushing laborers.

Thurs. June 19

The chief's horse died unexpectedly the other day. He's only had him a year. He's lost many horses. It seems to us that he doesn't take very good care of them. This one was skin & bones. The meat was shared among the family, and we were given a big chunk. Haven't tried it yet, but we're told it's best to boil it in a soup.

Though there are ~~no~~^{few} local vegies avail., Fidel, a Qapaong marché woman, has been making regular trips to Lomé and bringing back all kinds of stuff.

Leslie gave me some Tamarind fruit the other day and told me how to make a delicious juice from it - yum.

Grandma's funeral has been set for Friday night, but unfortunately we can't make

it - party at Kenies. The second funeral should be Monday or Tuesday, ~~beacau~~ and we'll try to be there. Mom has shaved her head - very common when close relatives die, and the preparation of huge quantities of boisson is in full swing.

Sunday we went to John's, then drove out with him to ~~some~~ a govt. tree nursery about 10 kms. east. The trees are grown to encourage planting, and are available free.

Bought 2 grafted Mango trees in Barkoissi which we planted in the yard.

Little D'wog has been spending more time here. I try to practice my Moba, but I have trouble understanding her! She is a real sweetheart, but she can also be a real brat. She also smells terrible. People here smell very different than us - very strong, animal odor.

Adia is still a giant enigma. For the most part he is easy to live with, and he's definitely trustworthy, though not always reliable. (He's been promising to patch the roof for 6 months, & as for the plafond ...)

As educated & liberated as he can sometimes seem, he still has relapses into complete density, chauvenism, superstition, shortsightedness. He's notorious for changing his tune on any given subject in a matter of moments.

Day 1: "Adia, do you think we should trim the weeds in the front yard? A lot of people say it could invite snakes."

"Oh, don't worry about it. We can leave it."

Day 2: "Mme. Karen, you know, we'd better trim the grass in the front yard, or we'll soon have snakes." !!

I don't understand the relationship with his wife. He says he doesn't want a