

to Mozart, and toast in the
New Year with champagne. ^{Thurs: JAN 1} 1987
we got a good night's sleep. I

don't tolerate alcohol well any
more, and had only a glass of
beer last night, so no
hangover! Had ham & cheese
omelettes for breakfast and spent
the morning hanging around
before a late lunch and ice
cream at Au Fermier. Mike &
I walked into the market,
but it was pretty empty. By
early afternoon people were out
strolling in their new clothes,
~~some~~ ^{many} heading toward the
Cathedral for mass. Here in
Andy's neighborhood we hear the
sounds of drums & singing.
People here are so different from
the north. Very polite &
friendly, and you hardly ever
hear the word "cadeau". It's
sad to realize how callous
I've gotten. I find I'm
afraid to be friendly to people,
and am suspect of their
intentions. We're all sitting
around at Andy's reading
& being lazy.

Been thinking a lot about our big visual aids campaign for the stoves program. Coming to realize more & more the limited effectiveness of visual aids in a country based on oral traditions. We in the west are raised in a visual environment, and forget that people here aren't. Posters, etc. can be hard for them to understand.

At Andy's we met Lucian, one of the neighbor kids. He's 14, but a true midget. He's perhaps 3 feet tall, and talks in a high, squeaky voice. Seems a happy, well-adjusted kid, speaks excellent French, and is first in his class at school!

Friday Jan. 2, 1987

Found a quick taxi to Atakpamé, but had a flat tire halfway. No spare, so we expected a long wait. To our amazement, within 1/2 an hour a van drove by with the right size spare, which they gave us, and off we went! Broke

down on a beautiful stretch of forested road with a creek gurgling past. Smelled wonderful and what a delightful sound to hear running water.

Once in Kara, met a nice young Togolese man just returned from 2 yrs. military training in the U.S. Spoke excellent English, and was lovely for some English-speaking company.

Dinner at Mini Suisse under lovely Christmas lights, with Brian, Fish Nancy, Danny, & Monique. Delicious Cordon Bleu! Nice & cool in Kara.

Mon. Jan. 5 1987

Got an unexpected ride back from Kara on Sat. with the French owner of the Belais Hotel in Kara. His driving scared the shit out of me. Passing at 100 k's an hour on hills & blind corners while talking animatedly to his brother in the back seat. I would

have felt safer in a taxi!

Missed the big fair in

Dapaong, which took place unexpectedly, and at very short notice, on Sat. Sounds like it was very well organized and impressive. Were intending to have a stove display, but as it is, the secretary of all people took it upon himself to hang up posters & hand out flyers!

Sun. saw the first elephants of the year! 7 or 8 munching branches in a clump of trees near the road.

Got a Christmas package with 2 new tapes and books from the family, plus lots of cards.

Feeling depressed to be back, and unenthusiastic about work, village, life in general. Oh well. Take it a day at a time. Poor Mike takes the brunt of my potting & quibbling.

It's cotton-buying time in Bogou. Got some photos this morning: long lines of people with bales of cotton

on their heads - as far as the eye can see ~~the~~ Mountains of cotton waiting to be weighed and stuffed into banco storage bins.

Tues Jan. 6

Tossed & turned all night.

Dream: Flew home (alone). Not scared on plane; so excited, it's over before I know it. Once home, huge ~~growth~~ growth develops on left arm (spot that's been itching a lot). Afraid of cancer, but it's ~~staph~~ staph infection. Shopping for things to bring back. Choose yummy candy bars - turn out to be made in Africa! Family & friends & Mike not in dream.

Friday Jan. 9

Tues. night to Barkoissi for John's B-day party & farewell. He's doing a third year but will move to Kara. Out of the 4 vols. who would be cos'ing in Feb., all have decided to do a 'third year!

Assib's cat had kittens -
one is all orange. If he
survives to 6 wks., it looks
like I'm getting a cat!
I'm hoping it will be a much-
needed positive element in my
life. I'm afraid I tend to
feeling sorry for myself these
days. I'm not especially
happy here, and only pray
that once back home I can
rebuild my life to its former
positive, meaningful self.

Especially things with Mike &
I, which are pretty un-
inspired these days. Sex
has not regained its appeal.

Tues. Jan. 13

20th anniversary of Pres.
Eyadéma's regime. Political
manifestations nationwide. All
who can afford it buy new
clothes. Groups have been
practicing their individual
parade routines ^{for} the
ceremony in Tandjoaré
lasted about 4 hours, and
was mostly dancing &

parading, with only a few short speeches (no microphone).

We attended a lunch for about 50 given by the sous-prefet afterward - ate lots of yummy pintard.

Am reading a biography of Queen Victoria (by Cecil Woodham-Smith). She kept a diary all her life, and ~~commonly~~ wrote voluminous entries almost every day. She often wrote 2500 words at the end of a long day being Queen. How on earth did she do it?

I feel my writing is deteriorating, and I especially have trouble describing things and people.

Wed. Jan. 14

Perhaps one reason Queen V. was able to write in her journal so often is because she didn't have to cook or clean or do any chores - only affairs of state, socializing, and entertainments to attend!

An upsetting letter from Mike's dad - he had a small

heart attack on Thanksgiving. He's fine, and no apparent damage, but it's upsetting that here it is over a month later - and we never knew!! Lots of Christmas mail is just now coming in.

I now have an "office" at Affaires Sociales in Dapaong. A large room with a desk for Mme. Honkon and a table for me.

Work is starting to pick up.

The sounds of funeral drums tonight. The first drums of the year were only 2 nights ago. I guess people haven't had money to do funerals, as cotton buying is later this year.

Shilla our new PC nurse says the bright white teeth and muscular bodies of Africans are hereditary, and not necessarily due to exercise or dental hygiene. Also says they have more collagen in their skin and so wrinkle slower & later.

Friday Jan. 16

Last night Adia's mom prepared a delicious feast of fufu, rice, sauce & pintard. She even bought beers, and invited us and some of her buddies over to celebrate the 13th. The language barrier loomed large, and everyone commented how much nicer it would be if we could all talk together. Adia makes a recalcitrant, difficult translator.

Crossing the Fosse today, saw a woman with a large load of pottery on her head, stop, slide her baby around to breast feed, and keep walking. 50 lbs. of pottery on her head and balancing a nursing baby slung in a pagne!

One of Gary's pig farmers killed a prize sow, and told Gary this story: The farmer had recently been very ill, and close to death. It seems an ~~of~~ adult pig is capable of entering a person's body at night and experiencing human-

hood. However, the host person will then fall ill. If he recovers he must kill the pig, or it will happen again and he'll surely die!

Brought Assibi home from Dapaong today. She's been there all week taking care of Katherine while Silene's in Lomé. Everyone was so happy to see her - especially Yenda-boime.

Getting fat on delicious p.b. cookies lately. The taste & texture is much like halvah!

Thurs. Jan. 22 1987

It's getting hot already, and a hot, dry wind is blowing. Skin is so dry it cracks, and eyeballs are red & scratchy. No more covers at night. It's too early for the hot season!

Had an all-day training session with 7 J.A.R.C. agents yesterday. It went very well, and we built 4 stoves while about 25 women looked on!

Took a long, lovely hike on the cliffs last Sunday with Mike

& Leslie, a young ^{American} couple travelling through Togo. It's gorgeous up there, and even on the hottest day there's always a breeze.

A huge expanse of grass near the elephant park is in bloom - the wispy tufts are densely packed & bright white. Adds a splash of crisp brightness to a landscape grown dusty & dull.

Have been getting milk regularly from the Peuhl. We're not fond of the thick, tart yogurt it makes, but we make a simple, ricotta-style cheese that's very good.

Rumors are flying that the President is coming to Dapaong. But official info is non-existent. All are told to be ready, just in case.

Dapaong is a flurry of activity - crews of students patrol with brooms, piles of debris smolder everywhere, and the city is thick with smoke, like ~~San~~

Los Angeles smog. Jan. 24 is another holiday, commemorating "Stevie's" "miraculous" survival of

a plane crash at Sarokawa.
all it means to us is more
difficulty in scheduling work!

Friday Jan. 23 '87

It's hot: 104° today, with
a scorching, dry wind. My skin
feels like cooked paper, and my
eyeballs can't water enough.

The hot season is early, and I
only hope it isn't a severe one...

Adia's brother killed Adia's
dog today. Adia was pretty upset
about it, but as the brother
is the oldest son, and their father
is dead, he's head of the household,
and what he says, goes. Seems
he had consulted a charlatan for
a ceremony to insure health
in the family, and was told to
sacrifice a goat, a sheep, 10 chickens,
and a dog.

A fierce, hot wind is blowing,
drier than dry, gusting ferociously,
and kicking up thick swirls
of dust. Although a breeze is
some relief from the heat,
it's also annoying, and is
getting on my nerves. I feel