Vivencias: Writing as a way into a new language and culture

Meg Joanna Peterson-Gonzalez

University of New Hampshire, Durham

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholars.unh.edu/dissertation

Recommended Citation
https://scholars.unh.edu/dissertation/1652

This Dissertation is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Scholarship at University of New Hampshire Scholars' Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Doctoral Dissertations by an authorized administrator of University of New Hampshire Scholars' Repository. For more information, please contact nicole.hentz@unh.edu.
Vivencias: Writing as a way into a new language and culture

Abstract
Because of its relation to thinking processes, writing has been used "across the curriculum" to promote learning in different subject areas. Writing allows for revision and reflection, forces authors to be more specific because of its different context, and imposes organization through conventional forms. Writing has not been used extensively however, in second language teaching. It is viewed, rather, as a skill to be practiced and its potential to catalyze language learning has remained largely untapped. Writing has been used in cross-cultural training, but generally this use takes the form of journals kept in the native language, which, while valuable in terms of reflection, do not encourage development of an insider’s perspective on the culture.

This qualitative study follows four case study informants who began training as Peace Corps volunteers in the Dominican Republic in August of 1989. Their progress in language learning (Spanish), their cross-cultural transition and the formation of their identities as Peace Corps volunteers was tracked through in-depth interviews, observations and through their writing about their experiences in the Dominican culture. All informants began with none to very limited knowledge of Spanish. A new genre, the LLE (life learning experience) was introduced. The lle is a brief account, written in Spanish describing an experience and the meaning taken from the experience.

The four case study informants were followed throughout the three-month training period. Follow-up interviews were conducted at their sites and their progress was monitored throughout their first year of Peace Corps service.

Literacy as a way of making meaning in the world was found to be an integral part of their language learning and transition process. Approaches to the language mirrored approaches to the culture. The focus of the writers shifted from the language itself to the meanings they were conveying through the language. Initial application of English structures allowed them to express whole meanings and did not interfere with their learning of conventional forms. The lle was found to be a useful tool in language learning.

Implications for language learning programs are discussed.

Keywords
Education, Bilingual and Multicultural, Education, Language and Literature, Language, General

This dissertation is available at University of New Hampshire Scholars' Repository: https://scholars.unh.edu/dissertation/1652
INFORMATION TO USERS

This manuscript has been reproduced from the microfilm master. UMI films the text directly from the original or copy submitted. Thus, some thesis and dissertation copies are in typewriter face, while others may be from any type of computer printer.

The quality of this reproduction is dependent upon the quality of the copy submitted. Broken or indistinct print, colored or poor quality illustrations and photographs, print bleedthrough, substandard margins, and improper alignment can adversely affect reproduction.

In the unlikely event that the author did not send UMI a complete manuscript and there are missing pages, these will be noted. Also, if unauthorized copyright material had to be removed, a note will indicate the deletion.

Oversize materials (e.g., maps, drawings, charts) are reproduced by sectioning the original, beginning at the upper left-hand corner and continuing from left to right in equal sections with small overlaps. Each original is also photographed in one exposure and is included in reduced form at the back of the book.

Photographs included in the original manuscript have been reproduced xerographically in this copy. Higher quality 6" x 9" black and white photographic prints are available for any photographs or illustrations appearing in this copy for an additional charge. Contact UMI directly to order.

UMI
University Microfilms International
A Bell & Howell Information Company
300 North Zeeb Road Ann Arbor MI 48106-1346 USA
313 761-4700 800 521 0600

Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission.
Vivencias: Writing as a way into a new language and culture

Peterson-González, Meg Joanna, Ph.D.
University of New Hampshire, 1991
VIVENCIAS:
WRITING AS A WAY INTO A NEW LANGUAGE AND CULTURE

BY

MEG JOANNA PETERSON-GONZALEZ
B.A. Franklin Pierce College, 1977

DISSERTATION

Submitted to the University of New Hampshire
in Partial Fulfillment of
the Requirements for the Degree of

Doctor of Philosophy

in

Reading and Writing Instruction

May, 1991

Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission.
This dissertation has been examined and approved.

Donald H. Graves  
Dissertation Director,  
Professor of Education

Elizabeth Chiseri-Strater  
Instructor/Associate Professor of English

Susan Franzosa  
Associate Professor of Education

Jane Hansen  
Associate Professor of Education

Thomas Newkirk  
Professor of English

Patricia Sullivan  
Assistant Professor of English

April 3, 1991  
Date
Dedicación

A la gente de la República Dominicana-
le deseo, con Juan Luis Guerra,
la realización de un sueño
que no requiere una visa.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Doing research in the third world can be a lonely and sometimes frustrating experience. Working with very limited electricity and none of the modern conveniences we are accustomed to in our universities discouraged me at times. Without the support of the people and institutions mentioned here, the dissertation might never have been completed.

Primarily, I am grateful for the support of my committee—Dr. Donald Graves, Dr. Jane Hansen, Dr. Thomas Newkirk, Dr. Susan Franzosa, Dr. Patricia Sullivan and Dr. Elizabeth Chiseri-Strater. They constantly encouraged me to take risks and to make the dissertation better than it might have been. They not only gave me freedom, but actively encouraged me to let the work take its own shape and to personalize it.

I am indebted to Clara Sena who encouraged me in my initial ideas about this project and consistently supported my work. She and Danielle Murray were the two Entrena teachers who made the greatest contributions to the study. I also acknowledge the contributions of Violeta Ballester, Rosa Medrano and Yvelise Garcia, who discussed the progress of the investigation with me. The other teachers at Entrena
also have demonstrated interest and support.

Back in New Hampshire, Sue in the writing lab was always willing to help and Peggy Murray consistently offered her friendship, support and a home away from home. Joe Davis, in the computer lab at Franklin Pierce College offered invaluable assistance in the preparation of the final manuscript. I would also like to thank The Petersons Inc. for the use of their photocopier.

The technical trainer for the education program, Tito Coleman and the program manager for Peace Corps, Domingo Velario, shared their insights with me and Lisa Vosberg provided valuable background information and documentation.

I would like to thank Entrena S.A. and Peace Corps/Dominican Republic for allowing me to carry out the investigation.

My family provided the most support. I am grateful to my husband, Carlos, who consistently encouraged me to finish, to my mother, who read every word and waited for each chapter, and Sam Carlos who was conceived about the time the research began and thus went through the whole thing with me.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>INTRODUCTION</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. DIA DE LA RESTAURACION</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. BEFORE THE STORY BEGINS</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maggie</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerald</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marie</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leanne</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Application Process</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. BIENVENIDOS A LA REPUBLICA DOMINICANA</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerald</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leanne</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marie</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maggie</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. WE NEVER MADE IT TO THE MUSEUM</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maggie</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marie</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leanne</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerald</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spanish Field Trip</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission.
ABSTRACT

VIVENCIAS
WRITING AS A WAY INTO A NEW LANGUAGE AND CULTURE

Meg Joanna Peterson González
University of New Hampshire, May, 1991

Because of its relation to thinking processes, writing has been used "across the curriculum" to promote learning in different subject areas. Writing allows for revision and reflection, forces authors to be more specific because of its different context, and imposes organization through conventional forms. Writing has not been used extensively however, in second language teaching. It is viewed, rather, as a skill to be practiced and its potential to catalize language learning has remained largely untapped. Writing has been used in cross-cultural training, but generally this use takes the form of journals kept in the native language, which, while valuable in terms of reflection, do not encourage development of an insider's perspective on the culture.

This qualitative study follows four case study informants who began training as Peace Corps volunteers in the Dominican Republic in August of 1989. Their progress in
language learning (Spanish), their cross-cultural transition and the formation of their identities as Peace Corps volunteers was tracked through in-depth interviews, observations and through their writing about their experiences in the Dominican culture. All informants began with none to very limited knowledge of Spanish. A new genre, the LLE (life learning experience) was introduced. The lle is a brief account, written in Spanish describing an experience and the meaning taken from the experience.

The four case study informants were followed throughout the three-month training period. Follow-up interviews were conducted at their sites and their progress was monitored throughout their first year of Peace Corps service.

Literacy as a way of making meaning in the world was found to be an integral part of their language learning and transition process. Approaches to the language mirrored approaches to the culture. The focus of the writers shifted from the language itself to the meanings they were conveying through the language. Initial application of English structures allowed them to express whole meanings and did not interfere with their learning of conventional forms. The lle was found to be a useful tool in language learning.

Implications for language learning programs are discussed.
INTRODUCTION

The word "vivencia" in Spanish is defined in the dictionary (Pequeño Larrouse, 1989) as "a life learning experience which, consciously or unconsciously, is incorporated into the personality of the subject, or an experience which is lived." A vivencia changes a person in some fundamental way. The life experience of immersing oneself in another culture and learning to speak in a new language involves total vulnerability and a complete transformation which changes the person forever.

This book contains the stories of four Peace Corps volunteers in transition, as they learned to speak in Spanish and live in the Dominican Republic. I viewed their transformation process through the lens of their literacy, especially their writing in the new language. I know what this type of transition means in the life of an individual not only from having followed them on their journey; I know these things because I too, have lived them. My husband is Dominican, but I came to the Dominican Republic alone and was separated from him during much of my first year in the country. The feelings sometimes come back to me. I bought a package of chiclets the other day in a quiosco at a
university where I used to work when I first came to the capital. I asked what flavors they had and the price, told the attendant that was all I wanted thank you, paid and left. It wouldn't have been an important event in my day except for the memories that flooded over me of how hard it was before, how I used to approach this place with fear, rehearsing what I would say, afraid they wouldn't understand me, afraid I wouldn't understand them... I know the feeling of vulnerability, of insecurity in everything one does. Like my informants, I spoke virtually no Spanish and like them, I had to find my way into the new language and new way of life.

When we are suddenly immersed in a new culture and a new language, we confront an almost total absence of the familiar. Everything changes, from the most basic things such as norms for proper table behavior at mealtime, to the deepest values and conceptions of what is right and true. Learning to live effectively within a new culture involves a total shift in perspective and world-view. Initially, we feel disoriented and confused because our responses to the culture are off—we need to learn that everything really is different and that the conceptual categories of the old language do not apply in the new context. The process involves not only learning, but unlearning, or at least distancing ourselves from beliefs we have never questioned and concepts we regarded as universal truths.
The journey of the four individuals I followed is also my journey. Like them, I am North American. I came to Santo Domingo not knowing Spanish and with ideas about helping. Like them, I experienced an enormous amount of stress and at times doubted I could make it. And like them, I learned to speak the new language and live within the new culture. Yet sometimes I still feel as if I haven't integrated into the culture; sometimes I am still frustrated with the language— the process never ends. Before I left for Santo Domingo, Lynda Stone, then a visiting professor at the University of New Hampshire, cautioned me that I should do something with my experience. I should keep a learning journal; I should investigate myself. "Don't let the opportunity go to waste," she cautioned me. As I was going through those first few difficult months in Santiago, I often thought about what she had said, but quite honestly, simple survival took all of my energy each day. I did keep a journal, but did not systematically record my learning process. Through this project I have reclaimed that experience. I understand these four people better because of what I suffered, what I learned, and how I grew in the language and the culture. And I understand myself better for having witnessed their struggle.

This type of learning is extremely difficult and stressful. An earlier investigation of Pierce's semiotics (Murray and Peterson, 1986), has helped me better understand
just how total this change is. According to semiotic theory, we learn to receive meaning from the invisible sign systems which surround us in our culture. Many seemingly instinctive or intuitive responses are based on this unconscious assimilation of data—what Pierce calls "firstness"—the way we have learned to create significance without bringing the process to conscious awareness. This "firstness" contains an emotional component—giving each place a mood or feeling that affects us, but we are not consciously aware of. This is just the type of data which becomes unreliable in the new context. According to Weaver (1984), part of the phenomenon of culture shock can be explained through the fact that the meanings we create from the messages we receive in the new culture do not correspond to the intended meanings of our new communication partners, who do not share our cultural assumptions.

As we become aware, at the level of what Pierce calls "secondness", we confront something totally unfamiliar which we don't know how to interpret. We expend mental energy first in trying to suppress awareness in order to minimize the stress, and second in trying to make what we are aware of fit our established ways of understanding. (An effort which is doomed to failure, because this new data is indeed, different).

Verbal communication (Peirce's "thirdness") is even more difficult and complex. When I was teaching in Bermuda,
I remember once asking a child to draw a tree and being surprised when he produced a coconut palm. I would have produced an evergreen or a maple. I was out of tune with the cultural (and physical) environment. The incident caused me to reflect on the fact that even within the same language, we do not share the same meanings. The problem is compounded in learning a second language by the myth of direct equations in translation. Despite their surface similarity, the words "familia" and "family" are not equivalent in meaning—cultural meanings are more powerful than linguistic ones. Words are one of our most profound and complex sign systems, saturated with cultural significance. Britton (1970) states that with, "language as an organizing principle, we construct, each for himself, a world representation." (pg. 31). This world representation is modified by experience, but we are not often aware of the role of language in its maintenance. He implies that language becomes so transparent for us that we do not see the cultural assumptions that color our perceptions. Lakoff and Johnson (1980) have shown how the metaphors used in our language literally structure our thinking. Feminist scholars like Penelope (1990) have shown how anti-feminism is institutionalized in the language. Assumptions about sex roles, the role of the individual, etc. are contained in the language without our conscious awareness of their influence.

Somehow, in the process of learning a new language and
a new culture, we learn to negotiate the slippery senses and create meanings that mesh with the context. We emerge from this experience changed, transformed, having lost the certainty and security of our formally unified cultural perspective, but having gained the awareness of multiple perspectives and the ability to begin to move between them. As someone I interviewed for another study noted, "If you speak only one language, you have only one set of ideas. More is better."

I have to look back at some of the things I wrote when I first came here in order to remember how this process feels. As I read them over, I am struck by my incredible loneliness. I simply didn't fit in this new world. "It is hard to live with this silence in my head. I find myself slipping more and more into silence." "Language is power and I am utterly powerless. I cannot change my situation or even fully understand what is going on around me." I made up names for people and told myself stories about them because I couldn't understand any explanations people gave me about who lived in the house and what relation they were to the people I was living with. Things I never thought about in my former life—like purchasing something at a convenience store, became major challenges. I would rehearse the words I planned to use and hope they wouldn't say anything unusual to me, because I wouldn't understand.

My world had changed totally and none of the old rules
applied. In the first house I stayed at, the "running water" only ran for a few hours each morning. Soon my whole existence was reduced to finding a toilet that flushed. I saw a bus station nearby—surely, they would have the gleaming modern rest room I imagined. Just as surely, from the perspective I have now adopted, they didn't. Finding a flush toilet became the focus of my life.

But getting used to the conditions of life is the easy part. You learn how to cope—how to pour a bucket of water into a toilet to make it go down—or you use a latrine. You learn to bathe by pouring water over your head. But then you start to work on deeper changes—on what this transition really means. At the end of the study, I asked the participants how it had affected them to learn a new language. All said it had changed them. One noted it had been "a humbling experience—having to be so dependent", but as a consequence he felt more powerful and resourceful. For me, he touched the heart of the transformation each made when he said,

If you know one language, you tend to think that all languages are kind of the same, it's just that you are using different ways to say things and express things and no, that's not true. Language reflects, not just different sounds for different words and fewer or more words, it reflects different perspectives on life, different history and all kinds of things.

For lack of a better word, I am using "informants" to refer to the participants in this study. I use the word to
place the study within a qualitative research tradition. Several "informants" have objected to the word because to them it seems both cold and clandestine and not true to the relationship we developed over the course of the study. One suggested "friends" as a possible substitute, adding "But I guess you can't write that in a dissertation." Actually, the relationship was almost therapeutic at times. My informants were under an enormous amount of stress- by any objective stress test where you sum up so many points for each type of factor, they were off the scale. Naturally, they used the open-ended interviews as an opportunity to unload feelings. They were, at the time I knew them, persons struggling to grow beyond themselves needing the kind of investment of another which Kegan (1980) describes as "paid attention". Under this type of pressure and stress, one tends to become almost a charicature of oneself- certain features- usually not the most desirable ones, become exaggerated and distorted. In my own case, I have a "horrible tendency to extinguish myself" to quote something I wrote at the time. During my first three months in Santo Domingo, I coped by "settling down to live at another level and just letting things happen to me." This is not the picture I would like to present of myself, nor is it my "normal" way of being- but under severe stress I react that way. The picture presented of my informants here is not their "normal" selves.
This research is essentially a story- or four stories, five, including my own, separate, but intertwined. It is the story of four literate people who decided to join the Peace Corps and were sent to the Dominican Republic. And it is also my story. Our literacy is deeply interwoven with the context of our lives, with who we are, part of our way of knowing, of "reading the world" (Freire, 1970). Each of us brought to the experience a rich personal and cultural history which confronted an equally rich Dominican tradition. We came from rural, urban and suburban areas at different points in our lives. I watched the participants in this study learn to live within the Dominican culture and speak the Dominican language. The research follows them as they live through transformative experiences (Neilsen, 1989) as viewed through the lens of their writing.

In the course of this research, I became dissatisfied with the term "cultural adjustment". It seemed to imply an incremental process with a defined end point. I would have difficulty answering a question about my adjustment to the culture- sometimes I feel very integrated and sometimes I feel isolated and aware that I still don't "fit in". "Lightbulb theories" (on/off) of language learning are equally unsatisfactory. Questions with forced-choice alternatives, such as "Can you speak Spanish yet?" or numbers from Foreign Service Institute examination scores, block out the richness of fuller descriptions of the process. The
change from trainee to Peace Corps volunteer is not as simple as repeating the oath at the swearing-in ceremony.

Lorri Neilsen (1989) provides a much more useful concept with her idea of transformations.

To transform is not merely to change. Transformation implies a fundamental shift in world-view, a new way of being in the world. Trees may grow, but a caterpillar transforms. Once it has emerged from the cocoon, the caterpillar no longer lives in the world in the same way. The butterfly is the transformation.(5)

I find it much more useful to conceptualize the process my informants and I went through as a transformation. The transformation was total in that they needed to develop, to transform themselves, in terms of language, of culture and as development workers.

**Design of Study**

I followed my informants for a 14-week training period before they were sworn in as volunteers and continued to follow their progress in their sites. The purpose of my investigation was to describe their language learning and integration into Dominican culture through looking at their literacy, especially their writing in Spanish.

I conducted my research at the training site for Peace Corps volunteers in Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic. The training site (Centro Pantoja) is leased out to Entrena S.A., a private Dominican company which conducts the training for the Peace Corps/Dominican Republic on a contractual basis. Throughout the research I was employed by Entrena
as the language coordinator, with direct responsibility for training and supervision of the language teaching staff. This dual role (as researcher and language coordinator) was problematical at times. One of my informants tried to give me her evaluations of different teachers and their methodology throughout the research and others periodically gave me suggestions. At times the confidentiality I had promised my informants conflicted with my desire to improve the program.

Because of my position, I was able to conduct pre-training workshops with the teachers, explaining the project and asking for their cooperation. I had established good relationships with the majority of the teachers and close relationships with a few, which facilitated the research. Several teachers worked collaboratively with me, especially during the technical training period.

Besides my dual role as language coordinator and researcher, I also experienced conflict in my role as a North American researching other North Americans who were learning the same things I was learning. My informants tended to look to me, especially at first, as an authority on the language and the culture. Although I had passed two years in the Dominican Republic, I still viewed myself as a learner, but I allowed them to put me into the role of one who knows. Many times they assumed I understood things which I did not, not being a Peace Corps volunteer. Despite
differences in the circumstances of our being in Santo Domingo, my informants and I did identify with each other. I felt with them as I saw parts of my journey in theirs and I learned with them as I saw through their eyes. They identified with me as another North American who had spent more time in the country.

The training program included eight weeks of core training in the Pantoja Center. During this period, trainees received intensive language training, lectures on cultural themes and workshops in secondary skills such as stove and latrine building, gardening and animal husbandry. Each trainee lived with a Dominican family during this period of the training. The next five weeks of the program were dedicated to field-based technical training in a rural area of the country. My informants' technical training site was in the western part of the country near the border with Haiti. They lived together in a common training center from Monday through Thursday morning of each week. Trainees then spent long weekends with campesino families in outlying rural areas. The final week of the training was dedicated to evaluations and final workshops at the Pantoja Center and the swearing-in ceremony for the new volunteers.

Initially I selected six case study informants intending to narrow the group to four. It is not uncommon for trainees to abandon their training and return to the United States. In fact, of the original group of 60
trainees, only 40 are still in the country, including all of my original informants. In the first week of training, I gave a talk introducing the curriculum and methodology used in the Spanish program. In the course of this talk, I explained my research project and asked for volunteers. Of those who volunteered, I selected six from the community education program. I wanted my informants to come from the same program in order to facilitate data collection during the technical training period when technical groups are at different training sites. I selected the community education program because I have always wanted to know more about schools in the Dominican Republic, and because I worked especially well with two of the language teachers assigned to the program. Of those education trainees who volunteered to participate, I selected five who had very limited knowledge of Spanish and one on the basis of the personal rapport I enjoyed with her.

This last informant was a transfer who had already completed her pre-service training in Sri Lanka. She had been a Spanish teacher in the United States prior to joining the Peace Corps, and thus did not require extensive language training. She was allowed to leave training in the fifth week to go directly to her site. In retrospect, I concluded she was not a good informant for the very reasons I initially wanted to work with her. I related well to her because she was a person who was comfortable moving between cultures and
spoke several languages. As one of my informants said near the close of this research, "there's nothing like the first time." She simply was not experiencing the same type of total transition the others were.

I continued to work with the other five informants. In the final stages of the preparation of this book, I eliminated one informant in the interests of reducing the volume of this work and making it easier to read. My work with her continues to inform my thinking.

The LLE

I wanted to describe how literacy, especially writing in Spanish interacted with the language-learning and transition process. I was fortunate enough to have access to language classes where students use writing to test their hypotheses about the new language rather than to practice familiar structures. This allowed for the real use of writing to test assumptions not only about the language, but about culture as well. Although the writing was required, I believe it was "authentic" in the sense Edelsky (1986) uses the term in that, at least when topics were not assigned, meaning-creation was the central goal.

At least once a week, trainees are required to write a piece which is known as a lle (pronounced zhay) or life learning experience. The lle and an accompanying procedure known as "el método" [the method] were introduced by a
consultant, Sylvia Arrufo-Smith, who visited Entrena once a year from 1982 to 1986 to conduct teacher workshops. The lle is a written account in Spanish of a vivencia by a trainee. The concept is similar to Graves' (1990) "occasions" but somewhat more polished in that one must give the experience meaning—draw a conclusion. It should include five basic elements, although expectations vary according to the level of the trainee. These elements are (as revised by the teachers and me immediately prior to the training): 1) a description of the student's previous beliefs regarding the situation, 2) a detailed description of what happened (the experience) including quotes and reactions, 3) the trainee's personal reaction to the experience (including emotional reactions), 4) the new knowledge or perspective the trainee has gained from the experience or the meaning the trainee creates from the experience and 5) how the trainee plans to apply the new knowledge to similar situations in the future.

In the initial language orientation session, I stressed that the format is only a guide. The essential elements of the lle are the experience itself and some reflection on that experience to create meaning. I collected all of the lle written by my informants throughout the 14-week training period. This formed my main data base. I also asked them to write a final lle in English, for comparison purposes.

The lle form the base of a methodology used in the
Spanish classes. The linguistic content of the lie becomes the material of study in the language class. Briefly, the students converse in Spanish about the content of their lie. They receive assistance in forming correct sentences from their Spanish teacher (this part of the method is based on Curran's counseling learning methodology). The utterances are tape-recorded and used as the material of study for the first part of the class.

**Data Base**

I observed each informant's Spanish class once a week, but not more, as they were in different language groups for the initial core training period. During the technical training phase, more observations were possible as the four informants were grouped in two classes. In my observations I focused on the informant's interaction with the teacher and with the group, participation in discussions, and reactions to cultural issues.

I also observed as many of the activities as possible that my informants were involved in during the core training and participated in two days each week of the four final weeks of technical training. This allowed me to enter into the culture of the Community Education group.

In an initial interview with each informant, I asked them about their history as writers, their previous knowledge of Spanish, general background information and how they happened to join the Peace Corps. Throughout the training
period, I met with each informant once a week to discuss their lle, their perceptions of the culture, their language learning and their feelings and thoughts about their Peace Corps role. They described how they selected their lle topics, how they went about writing the lle and gave me a general report on their reactions to each phase of the training. Periodically I asked them to evaluate their lle, select their "best lle" and explain their criteria for their choice. The interviews had a fluid, open character. I structured them loosely around the llies, literacy, language, culture and Peace Corps. However, my informants led me to what was most important to them throughout each phase of the data collection period.

Theoretical Base

Several theoretical perspectives informed my thinking. I drew from the research which views writing as a thinking process and as a mode of learning. This potential of writing is not often considered in foreign language teaching. I also drew heavily from experiential theories of education, work with early literacy, Paulo Freire, and Maxine Greene.

The potential of writing as a mode of learning has been recognized in diverse academic areas (Applebee and Langer, 1987). Applebee (1984) listed four features of written language that encouraged reflection on the part of the user.
These are: 1) the permanence of the written word, which allows for revision and reflection, 2) the explicitness required in writing in order that it may be understood by persons distant in time and place from the original event, 3) the resources provided by the conventional forms of discourse for organizing and thinking through relationships among ideas and 4) the active nature of writing, which provides a medium for exploring implications entailed in otherwise unexamined assumptions. Studies of the use of writing in content area classes in the secondary school (Applebee and Langer, 1987), conclude writing was most effectively used as a means of exploring difficult concepts in depth and had little effect on the review of large quantities of familiar material. This study seemed to concern assimilation, rather than creation of meanings, but suggests the potential for the use of writing in the exploration of cross-cultural themes.

An additional feature of written language, not cited by Applebee, but relevant to second language learning, is its slower speed, which facilitates processing. Second language learners often are able to write more easily than they can speak because the slower speed allows their verbal thought to keep pace with what they can produce.

Writing has not been used extensively, however, in the teaching of foreign languages. In a recent review of writing pedagogy in the teaching of English as a second
language, Zamel (1987) points out that practice has been slow to integrate the results of recent writing research and that ESL literacy is dominated by procedures that control writing. The writing assignments are carefully sequenced and their main purpose is to practice structures already learned in a classroom situation. Perhaps foreign language writing pedagogy is so constrained because traditional teaching methods demand that the writing be error-free or nearly error-free. Graman (1988) points out that most foreign language teaching environments deny learners the right to their own "interlanguage", or intermediate forms, by demanding correctness. In the field of second language teaching, writing is still largely viewed as the last "skill" to be practiced and mastered, and writing is strictly controlled to avoid errors (Zamel, 1987). Zamel's review of composition research and practice in ESL reveals an even more rigid pedagogy than that used in writing instruction for native speakers, probably because second language teachers view themselves primarily as language teachers and therefore feel obligated to direct their attention to surface level features at the sentence or clause level, often ignoring the content of the pieces they examine.

In rebellion against this type of pedagogy, Graman (1988) has applied Freire's methodology to the teaching of a second language. He mentions the use of writing in which
his students in foreign language classes wrote essays in response to readings with value-laden themes. He refers to student writing when he notes that, "Students' own written work is also a good source of generative themes that pertain to their lives." The themes he used, however, were related to personal and social growth and did not grow out of direct experience or relate to cultural issues.

The field of adult education is based on the principle that adults learn better when given the opportunity to use their experiences to make connections between previous knowledge and the material of study (Knowles, 1975; Brookfield, 1970). Newkirk (1989), draws on the ideas of John Dewey to provide a philosophical base for the writing process movement through the idea of the creation of knowledge through experience. While there is a continuity of experience, each new experience is potentially a "transformative experience" (in the sense that I have used the term above) in that the new problem which confronts the student "taxes these [habitual] settled patterns [of response] (Newkirk, 1989, 205). Through writing about their experiences in the new culture, my informants were forced to make sense of their experience, to give some meaning, however tentative to it. Newkirk (1989) notes the value writing process methodology places on "information- detail gained from attention to surroundings". My informants were forced to consider details and perhaps observe more closely
before imposing their own categories.

In general, the use of written language facilitated the recognition of incongruities between established beliefs and new reality. Freire and Macado (1987) state, "reading the word is not preceded merely by reading the world, but by a certain form of writing it, or rewriting it, that is, of transforming it by means of conscious, practical work... this dynamic movement is central to the literacy process." (emphasis in original)" At the end of the study one informant told me what happened to him "didn't fit into his personal scheme of life", but his writing allowed him to learn and change. "When you open yourself up to new things you look back at old experiences and say, that's what I believed to be true, but it's not as believeable now." The written form allowed my informants to consider what they had written and revise their understandings, but the process did not end there.

In a procedure for error-correction followed in class, teachers underlined errors in each line, sometimes employing a code, one line for minor changes in the word and two lines to indicate the word would need to be replaced. Students were allowed two minutes to try to correct their mistakes without assistance. Their teachers instructed them that the purpose was only to see what they already knew and not to linger over difficult points. Students then worked together in pairs to correct the remaining errors, teaching each
other, applying Vygotsky's (1978) concept of the Zone of Proximal Development. When students could do no more working together, they were allowed to consult their Spanish reference books. The teacher then provided assistance with any remaining errors (usually at this point there were few) and answered questions in a whole-class forum.

In a second procedure which was not applied consistently in all of the classes, the l1e were then used in something similar to the "whole class share" of writing process methodology (Graves, 1983). Each student would read his or her l1e and clarification of understanding and discussion of content would follow. After reading his l1e, the student would answer questions from other trainees about the language used, clarify difficulties in understanding, and answer questions about the content of the l1e. A general discussion of the theme of the l1e would follow. Trainees would discuss their own experiences relevant to the theme and the group would often try to reach consensus or shared understanding with the mediation of the Dominican teacher. This method was most consistently followed during the technical training period.

Their learning became social in that the classroom became a forum for discussion opening a "public space" (Greene, 1988) for dialogue about students' writings. Freire writes in the prologue to his book, Education as the Practice of Freedom, "But the goal is always the
same: to overcome empty and repetitive verbalism in order to instill a dialogue which creates critical consciousness of the world as it is lived- and transforms it." The challenge, for any person who seeks to transcend the barriers of language and culture, is to make the new words "his words" or "her words", to take in and live the alien perspective. This is best accomplished through social action which allows for mediation and revision of understandings. As Freire (1970) states, "no one educates anyone; no one educates him or herself; people educate themselves with the mediation of the world." The teacher, in this instance, acts through enabling and inviting participation in the culture as speakers of the language, providing learners with information about how their language, their behavior or their meanings are viewed by someone native to the new culture, "inviting them into the club" (Smith, 1988) of speakers of the language.

**Additional Data**

After they had been sworn in, I conducted follow-up interviews with each informant. I met with them when they happened to be in Santo Domingo and visited all but one in their sites and shared some time with them. In these interviews I asked what writing they were doing in both Spanish and English, how they were adjusting to their sites,
what projects they were involved in and how they viewed their role as Peace Corps volunteers. I also collected copies of the "community diagnostic", the needs assessment they were required to write for their program manager in their first three months of service.

I conducted additional interviews with two of the language teachers who worked most closely with my informants, in which they provided general background information about themselves. I held informal interviews with some of the other teachers to obtain their impressions of my informants' progress. I also met periodically with the technical trainer for the education program, who shared his perceptions of my informants.

I scheduled a formal interview with Domingo Velario, the Peace Corps Program Manager for the Education Program, and Sharon Larrache, volunteer coordinator of the program. The general coordinator of EDUCA (a Dominican group which worked with the education program), Dominicana Pérez de Martinez and John Seibel, president of Entrena, S.A. also provided background information in separate interviews.

In addition to the lies and my interview data, I collected documents including Peace Corps and training handouts relevant to the core training or education programs, evaluations of my informants by language or technical training staff and their self-evaluations. Additional documents included their reports from field trips,
technical training goals, and documentation relevant to EDUCA and education program goals. I also have their Pre-Training Questionnaires (PTQ's) which include an essay written in English and various reports they were required to file for their technical trainer, also in English.

Throughout the book, when I present the lies my informants wrote, I include an English translation. When I translated the lies, I did not translate literally, but rather wrote what they intended to say in English. In some cases this bears little resemblance to what they actually wrote in Spanish.

I kept the data for each informant in chronological order and analyzed it chronologically in three broad areas which can be expressed as culture, Peace Corps role and language.

In terms of culture, I looked at which cultural themes they chose to treat in their writing, the changes in their perceptions of the culture as evidenced by direct statements they made to me and their attitude about cultural differences as evidenced by comments they made about different aspects of the culture.

In terms of their Peace Corps role, I looked at their changing perceptions of what it means to be a Peace Corps volunteer, their changing definitions of development and their role in development and their reconceptualizations of their specific role as Peace Corps volunteers within the
context of the community education promoter program.

In terms of language, I looked at their perceptions of their ability to deal with the language and their use of Spanish and English in terms of both oral and written language.

The Ile provide the window through which I viewed the trainees' development. I examined them in terms of changes in topic selection, writing process, evaluation of what makes a good Ile, conceptions of the genre, talk about the Ile and the hypotheses they were using to deal with the language.

Research Design

The design of this study does not fit neatly into any established research paradigm. The research is clearly qualitative, but not so clearly ethnographic. I describe here a process of change with which I have personal experience. Clearly my own experience influenced my perceptions, although my informants have read and checked my conclusions. I actively intervened with my interviews, comments, suggestions and questions in a way which influenced the course of the story. I believe, with Harste (1990) that educational research can never be "pure" in the sense of being unrelated to practice. As educators, we are always confronted with the necessity of applying our research even as we conduct it. I would place my research in
the same category as the research of Graves (1983) and Hansen (1987), and call it "ethnography of a process" or "action ethnography". Perhaps "educational ethnography" is sufficient.

The transformations my informants experienced took place in multiple contexts. Much of the action in this book takes place "offstage" as they engaged in active exploration of the new world they confronted and tried to give meaning to, gradually letting go of old ways of interpreting reality. I saw their Santo Domingo families, their campesino families, their communities, and even the training and language learning processes through their eyes. But through identifying myself with them and sharing their vivencias with them, I also moved closer to understanding my own, and to reclaiming what I did not have energy to process at the time I was living through it. In this sense, their story is also my story. With that caution, what I present here are four individual stories, cuartro vivencias.

**Chapter Notes:**

1. Educación como Práctica de la Libertad- Publication data not available- all references are my translations.
August 16, 1989 dawned fresher than normal for Santo Domingo in late summer, but the heat was making itself felt by 9:00. It was a holiday, Día de la Restauración [Restoration Day] commemorating the restoration of the independence of the country, which had been won from Haiti and then lost again when one of its rulers gave the country back to Spain.

In a sense, I was also trying to restore something this day—my perception of the Dominican Republic as an English-speaking North American. I didn't have to work that day, but had volunteered to meet the new group of Peace Corps trainees coming in at the airport. Loud merenge music was coming in through my apartment window. A group of men gathered at a little table in front of the colmado across the street to begin a game of dominos over a bottle of Barcelo rum. Pieces clacked against the table signaling the beginning of a new round of a game that would probably last into the evening.

I had told Rob, the forestry technical trainer, I would meet him at the Feria at 11:30 to ride with him in the van
to the airport. This group would be arriving in the Dominican Republic almost two years to the day after I had. As I waited, I looked around and tried to imagine how I would have seen these surroundings two years ago.

The Feria was a huge complex built by the Dictator Trujillo for his 1956 world's fair. From what I have heard, he required all the citizens of the country to attend. But although Trujillo was assasinated in 1961, people who remember still don't feel comfortable talking. Even now, when I have conversations with older people who remember the era of Trujillo, they pull their chairs up close and speak in low voices. It was days after his death before the pictures of the "benfactor" and the signs reading "Dios y Trujillo" [God and Trujillo] came down off the walls and the people began to celebrate, finally daring to believe he was dead. But even after his death, the repression continued.

The first constitutionally elected government, headed by Juan Bosch, was overthrown in 1963 after only a few months in power. A series of corrupt military juntas followed. An attempt to restore Juan Bosch and the constitution in 1965 resulted in the North American invasion, which is still an open wound on the face of Dominican-US relations. The United States military occupation was followed by "los doce años de Balaguer" [Balaguer's 12 years]. Joaquim Balaguer, who had been president under Trujillo, came to power in disputed elections in 1966 and remained in charge of the
country until 1978 in an era known for political repression. Many say an entire generation of political leaders was eliminated during this period. Dominican experience with free speech is too limited and recent to be trusted.

The Feria, this huge spire with a globe at the base, faces the ocean and is surrounded by arches and courtyard, with a huge fountain (devoid of water), and a square of government buildings at the back. Looking at it on that day and trying to see it with North American eyes, it seemed overgrown. A paper cup drifted across the street which was covered with cigarette butts and leftover rain. The grafitti on the monuments was basically political: "20 años SJB"—referring to the former president of the country, now up on charges of having stolen millions from the government—"Hector Marte Sindico 90-94"—a preparation for the elections which would take place the following May. If I looked closely at the globe I could see the paint was chipped. Close to Australia, several of the little blue tiles that made up the ocean were missing. Weeds grew high in the plaza of the Secretary of Agriculture building behind me. The wall fans in the windows moved slowly around in the ocean breeze. Some of the windows had air conditioners but many more had plywood boards where they had been removed. A van full of supporters of the government party passed by waving their red flags and then a fruit cart, its owner announcing in a long drawnout sing-song voice, "Piña,
Lechosa, Toronja, Melon*. A late model Mercedes Benz with "exonerada" licence plates indicating exemption from all taxes, swung around the feria and out to the Malecon followed by a man on a motorcycle with his three children—one in front of him and two holding on in back—all without helmets. A land of tremendous contrasts, this country, where things can seem so normal and nothing is ever what it seems.

Robert was late. I tried to get further into the shade, leaning up against the fence. As the morning inched on into noon the heat got unbearable. Two of the first Spanish words I learned two years ago were "Qué calor!" an exclamation used to protest against the heat. Everything looked superficially normal and yet totally strange to my newfound North American eyes— but I'm not sure that's how I saw it two years ago. The challenge for me, as a researcher, was to make the once-strange strange again. I had been overwhelmed, two years ago, thrown into something I wasn't prepared for, that I couldn't have imagined. First the sensory assault—the language that came to me as only noise—I couldn't bear to witness a conversation—people gestured, laughed, smiled, wrinkled their noses and surrounded me in a sea of incomprehensible sounds flowing one into the other. The visual images, in their utter strangeness, tired my eyes, causing me to close them frequently. Strange smells and tastes begged identification. Even more than all this was the coping—the
insecurity of not being able to count on anything, on the things that I had never really thought about before like bathing, like asking for a drink of water, like being able to use the bathroom. But somehow as I waited there for the van I didn't think so much about those things, the basic conditions, I thought more about the contrasts I could see all around me as I waited, the cadillac with diplomatic plates and the public car missing a side panel and a trunk—seeming to roll on its four wheels despite itself, all of the tires bald. A man crossing the street further down yells "Hola Rubia". I say "Hola" back, not protesting as I once would have that I am not a blonde. Some things you get used to.

It wasn't easy at first. I spent two days in Santo Domingo when I first arrived in the country and then took a bus to Santiago, where I ended up living for the next year. There were nine of us living in a little house in one of the poorer barrios of Santiago, for those first four months. Though these were not the poorest conditions by any means. In fact, they were very similar to the conditions of the family from the Dominican Republic described in Tremblay's (1988) study, "Families of the World" in which she selected families in each country which were close to statistically average. It wasn't entirely the poverty that made it so hard. It was not knowing how to deal with certain things, the lack of experience, and of course the not being able to
frame the words in the language to ask, or for that matter to understand the reply—like what do you do when the water doesn't come?, How do you bathe? How do you flush the toilet? It was coping with lack of experience in hand-washing clothes. Even more, it didn't fit my expectations of what poverty was supposed to be. The husband was an accountant and the wife was an elementary school principal. By the rules I knew, they shouldn't have been poor. But that was it, my rules, my concepts, my meanings weren't valid anymore.

I had thought I was prepared when I came to the Dominican Republic in August of 1987. My Dominican husband, Carlos's J-1 student visa required two years of home-country residence after completion of his master's degree at the University of New Hampshire. The law brooked no exceptions so, willing or unwilling, we were off to Santo Domingo. But I wasn't unhappy about the move. I saw it as an opportunity to learn another language and to come to better understand my husband's culture. Although he was not happy about returning and my family was opposed, I saw it as necessary for my marriage as well as personally broadening. Carlos had often spoken of his country and everything he told me was true. But some things can't be translated and it wasn't until I came here that I really began to understand. I was alone in the country for three months because I had started working and it took him longer than
expected to finish his Master's thesis. So for three months, he was in my country finishing his thesis and I was in his, teaching at the Catholic University in Santiago, living in the barrio Simon Bolivar and trying to learn a language and a culture.

By this August morning two years later, we were settled, living in Santo Domingo, in an apartment building with a well that guaranteed us water when the electricity was on and the pump wasn't damaged. We both had full time jobs at last- he with AID and I as the coordinator of language programs for Entrena, the company that trains the Peace Corps volunteers. When I began to work at Entrena I had been in the country only about 16 months. I was grateful for the opportunity to work in a Spanish-speaking job even though my Spanish could not have been classified as fluent. One thing about doing training for Peace Corps or other North American clients was that it immediately placed me in the role of someone who had "arrived", a Spanish speaker, someone fully integrated into the culture- on the terminal end of adjustment. Actually the transformation of self that occurs as one moves from one cultural frame of reference to another is more of a process, a fluid and elusive shifting of perspectives that is never complete. Perhaps it was because I wanted to understand some of where I had come that I decided to investigate the journey of these new volunteers. Perhaps too I wanted to understand
the hold this country has on me. People from the United States say I must want to go back, and I admit sometimes I do, when the water doesn't come, when the lights stay off for 20 hours at a time, and when I miss the university community I enjoyed in New Hampshire, and probably I will go back to the states eventually because of the economic opportunities. For reasons I find hard to communicate to North Americans, I know that while I may go back, it will be a loss. This feeling is all the stronger for the North American arrogance that would dismiss it in assurance of its own superiority and the Dominican tendency towards national self-disparagement. A man walks by picking up bottles and putting them into a wooden cart. This country must "buscar la forma", find a way to survive.

The van finally pulled up. Rob was driving and Lisa, the child survival trainer, was beside him, with Martin, a new Spanish teacher, riding in the back. I got in beside Martin. Rob explained that he hadn't come earlier because the flight had been delayed and wouldn't be coming in until 2:00. We dropped Lisa off at the hotel where she would make sure everything was ready for the trainees and then he and Martin and I headed for the airport.

As we crossed one of the two bridges leading to the eastern part of Santo Domingo, I looked down on the power plants that usually are not operating and the "barrios marginales", or shantytowns, a maze of zinc roofs by the
banks of the river. The road to the airport gives me the impression of having been abandoned or of having seen better times, although I have never heard anyone alude to better times. In a country with a history so alive in everyone's memory, people seldom speak of history. Businesses in disrepair line the area at irregular intervals. They seem to have been geared to tourists. There are signs in English as well as in Spanish. The highway is called "Avenida de las Americas" and has markers with the names and seals of all of the American nations along its sides. But the markers are broken and incomplete, with grafitti or political slogans painted on them. I had thought they were merely unfinished when I first came, but although the slogans change and different parts are broken, they stay the same. The road runs along the Caribbean Sea which shines turquoise blue in the sunlight. Every time I pass this way I am reminded of what a beautiful island this really is.

When we arrive at the airport, we meet the bus drivers from Caribe Tours who have been contracted to transport the volunteers into the city. Supposedly an unmarked closed van from the North American embassy is coming to pick up the luggage, but it hasn't arrived yet. The embassy vans are unmarked because they fear terrorist attacks which do tend to occur around the end of April each year at the anniversary of the invasion of 1965. The flight has been delayed again and will be four hours behind schedule. We settle in for a
long wait. We practice our parts several times, Martin stands with a cardboard sign that says "Peace Corps" and rehearses his lines in English, "Put your luggage in the van over there". My job is to check them off on a list and direct them to the school busses that will drive them to the hotel. The airport is in chaos. Like much of the country under the current government, it is under construction. We wait in the reception area at the lower level in the suffocating heat. Evidently many flights have been delayed and the area is crowded and filled with flies. No one can see through the opaque glass doors into the customs and luggage claim area so people press against each other close in by the doors, trying to catch a glimpse when the maleteros swing back the double doors with the force of their luggage carts, the owners racing behind on the downhill slope to the curb.

The idea for this study had occurred to me a few months before when I had been working with my first group of Peace Corps trainees. I was drawn to the methodology the company used in teaching Spanish because student writing formed the base of the language program. The language used in their writing led into work with grammar and vocabulary and helped them to say what was important to them. I saw many parallels between this "adult learning approach" and the work with reading and writing in public schools in New Hampshire that Graves (1983) and Hansen (1987) were doing.
The same principles of empowerment of learners through the finding of their own voices seemed to apply. As the methodology was being used when I came to Entrena, the writing was used as the basis for language study through structured conversation, practice in pronunciation and grammar, listening comprehension and group error correction. Before this training group arrived, I had explained my proposed investigation to the Spanish teachers and we had practiced new procedures, using the writing as the basis for discussions about the cultural themes raised, trying to create a public forum (Greene, 1988) with the Dominican teacher acting as the cultural mediator. I hoped the creation of a forum for discussion would lead to revisions, not necessarily in the pieces themselves, but in the trainee's thinking about cultural issues. Establishment of the Spanish teacher as a cultural insider might also diminish the resentment teachers tended to feel over trainee's negative comments about the culture by recasting them as problems of understanding. The underlying idea of my investigation was that writing in what linguists refer to as the target language, in and of itself could be a powerful tool for exploring the language and the cultural aspects of language learning. Beyond this vague notion and curiosity, I had little idea of where the investigation would lead me.

The teacher who most consistently supported my efforts and encouraged me to go ahead with the investigation was
Clara Sena, also known as "Clarita" because of her small size. Clara is a very powerful, no-nonsense type of little woman who says what she thinks, but does what she is told to do. When we were discussing what to do with the trainees who don't attain the required 1+ on the FSI (Foreign Service Institute) language exam at the end of training, Clara said, "It's simple. A one-way ticket to Miami."

She had taken up English and French to prove to herself that "anyone can learn a foreign language if they want to". She considered her thesis proven when she could converse easily in English and French, not taking into consideration that her intelligence and spirit might be somewhat atypical. Her university degree is in chemistry from the public university (UASD), she came from her pueblo in the southwest to the capital to study chemistry more than 20 years ago because she thought she would be able to make a lot of money with chemistry. She worked for a while as a pharmacist and as a private tutor for missionaries before coming to Entrena four years ago. She told the personnel manager in her yearly evaluation interview she felt she did her job well, but it was only one of a number of things she could potentially do well. In spite of her strong will, Clara adjusts to the company's demands because her main focus is elsewhere. Clara herself told me when I first met her that she viewed her job at Entrena as secondary to her relationship with God through the evangelical church and that her job was only the means
God provided her to earn her "daily bread".

Clara tends to be enthusiastic about anything she believes in, often stealing away in non-class periods to read the Bible or Christian books. Her enthusiasm for the method used at Entrena was also strong, based on her initial relationship with the consultant who devised it. Clara's enthusiasm was helpful in motivating new teachers, but tended to be dogmatic as she was reluctant to vary any part of the method as it was originally set out. While Clara acted out of understanding of the philosophy behind the method, what she imposes on others is orthodoxy.

The day before, out at the Pantoja Training Center, Clara had told the new teachers, "tomorrow they will come to the airport, 60 new trainees, and then Thursday-", she paused for dramatic effect, "they arrive here at the training center. And they will look all around and ooooh and ahhhh". She dramatized, walking around the enramada central with her mouth open. She went over the statistics on the group as we knew them:\(^1\), 30 single females, 26 single males and 2 married couples. Seventeen were in the community education promotor program, 13 in water and sanitation, 10 in child survival, seven in small animal husbandry and nine in community forestry. Two special assignment business volunteers would also be arriving with the group. When she had finished I reviewed with the group the basic ideas of my study and how I intended to carry it
out. I had intended to work with a core group of teachers interested in being part of the study, but all eleven teachers expressed interest in participating. Eventually almost all of them did, but cooperated to varying degrees as we shall see.

By 3:10, the flight had still not arrived and it had begun to rain, drawing even more flies to the area. A small "choque" [minor accident], provided a diversion for a while as all of the people waiting gathered around the two cars to offer their opinions in animated tones. As I watched I wiped away the sweat running down my face.

When the flight finally arrived, all of our carefully constructed plans dissolved into chaos, I was running this way and that trying to check the names of the volunteers off on a list arranged, not alphabetically, but by room numbers in the Hotel Naco where they would be spending the night. Fortunately they had been given the room numbers in Miami, but unfortunately not all of them remembered. I was originally supposed to count off 30 names and then go with those 30 people on the first bus, but that idea was finally abandoned because I was wasting too much time counting and recounting to be sure I had 30 and there was no one who spoke English to take my place. Finally, after everyone had passed by and loaded their luggage into the closed truck, I boarded each of the buses, called out and checked off the names I had missed and we were on the road. As the bus
began to move, one of the trainees called out, "I'm in-
country and it feels so good!" The others cheered.

As we started back out down the "Avenida de las
Americas", the trainee sitting next to me remarked that he
thought this area would be fixed up for tourists coming in
from the airport. The remark surprised me because I thought
it was. Another called out, "Look, three people on a
motorcycle!"

We passed a truckload of baseball players who called out
in obscene language to the women on the bus. The women, not
understanding, began to smile and wave, much to the delight
of the boys on the truck, who began to yell in chorus, "Mama
guebo! Mama guebo!" [Suck my cock]. One of the women asked
me what it meant. When I translated what they were saying,
the trainees stopped waving and became very sober. asked me,
"Does it get better? Or will they still see me this way
after I've been here a while?" I couldn't reassure her.

The bus lapsed into silence when we went over the bridge
leading into the western and central parts of the city as
the volunteers looked down at the shanty-towns next to the
river. The bus was very still until we got to the Hotel
Naco.

Lisa greeted us and assigned rooms to the volunteers who
went up to get settled. I helped sort luggage as it came off
the van. When I finished, and was standing in the entrance-
way looking at the evening sky and thinking about how I was
going to get a ride home, a blond woman from on the bus was standing beside me. "Excuse me," she said, "Do you know if it's OK to drink the water in the rooms?"

"If they have bottled water," I said.

"No, it's only tap water."

"Probably not a good idea."

Another trainee asked me where he could get some bottled water. I directed him to a colmado nearby. The blonde woman asked me, "Do you think it's OK for brushing your teeth?"

"I would think so."

She sat down beside me. The other volunteer returned from the colmado with his gallon of bottled water. "How much did you pay for that?" the blond woman asked.

"Eight pesos."

She turned to me, "Is that a good price?"

"Yes, that's normal."

She looked off across the road for a moment then said, "You know it's awful to be in place where you don't know anything, not even what is a good price for something or anything. It's awful not to know anything."

Chapter Notes:

CHAPTER II

BEFORE THE STORY BEGINS

For my informants, the story began long before that August Wednesday when their plane landed in Santo Domingo. All had arrived at a transition point in their lives. All had chosen to join the Peace Corps.

Writing in a university magazine, Shadley (1990) describes the typical image of the Peace Corps volunteer,

We see ourselves out in the sun working side by side with people of varying cultures, hoeing fields, building waterways, planting trees and experiencing "the toughest job we'll ever love". We think of ourselves as heroes; living in huts, eating bizarre foods, smelling from the absence of bathing and giving our all to save those poor third world nations from themselves.

While this picture may be somewhat exaggerated, a degree of romanticism is attached to the image of a Peace Corps volunteer. Trainees long to experience those "Peace Corps moments". Idealism is necessary in potential volunteers; idealism combined with independence. Most cite the desire to travel and experience another culture as their primary motivation for joining the Peace Corps. One trainee summed it up in one word- adventure. An awareness of what development work entails usually comes later, during the
training process.

The Peace Corps was formed by executive order of President John F. Kennedy in 1961 with the broad ideal of promoting world peace and friendship. The three main goals are: 1) to help peoples of [interested] countries in meeting their needs for trained manpower, and 2) to help promote better understanding of the American people on the part of the people served and 3) [to promote] a better understanding of other peoples on the part of the American people. Volunteers refer to the second two goals as the cultural exchange goals and the first as the helping goal.

Today the Peace Corps has approximately 6,000 volunteers in over 65 different countries worldwide. Half of all volunteers work in Africa (Shadley, 1990). The Peace Corps entered the Dominican Republic in 1962 and has functioned there continuously since. Peace Corps gained credibility with the Dominican people by not leaving during the 1965 United States invasion, although most Peace Corps officials believe it was an oversight on the part of the Johnson administration. Peace Corps volunteers performed well in the crisis, aiding in hospitals and in food distribution, resisting suggestions that they be evacuated (Morales, 1970; Szulc, 1965). As of August of 1987, there were 180 Peace Corps volunteers in the Dominican Republic, numbers continued to increase up through 1989, but were cutback due to budgetary constraints in 1990. The volunteers
are working in small business, forestry, child survival, rural development, small animal husbandry, water and applied technology, rural youth development, agriculture and community education promoter programs. All of my informants were selected for the community education promoter program.

The community education program is a new program, with the first volunteers arriving only one year before my informants. The program began with an application from the Secretary of Education two years before the program started requesting aid from the Peace Corps in the area of education, but without specifying what type of program. The Peace Corps hired a consultant from Washington to do a needs assessment. The results indicated that community education promotion and English teaching were the two areas with highest priority. The program started with 15 volunteers, nine in the area of community education promotion and six in the area of methodology in the teaching of English as a second language. The English as a second language program was cut almost immediately, because, according to Peace Corps program manager Domingo Velario, the teachers in the 7th and 8th grade courses for which the instruction was intended did not have sufficient command of English to be learning methodology. The closure of the program left only those initial volunteers to complete their two years of service. The community education promoter program, however,
continues to grow. The general goals of the program were: (Blohm, 1988) to improve education at the community level through promoting community participation in educational programs as planners, facilitators and participants. The specific objectives centered on working with the Sociedad de Padres y Amigos de la Escuela (Society of Parents and Friends of the School). These organizations have no real counterparts in the United States. They are similar to PTAs, but were created and are regulated by executive order (Secretaría de Estado de Educación, Bellas Artes y Cultos, 1977). The other objectives of the program were to promote environmental education, cultural activities and educational activities for adults.

The Dominican educational system is highly centralized and unresponsive to the needs of rural communities, where the percentages of children out of school, school desertion, repetitions and overage placements are highest (Moquete, 1986). More than 45% of rural primary school teachers have not completed high school. Overall, only 38 of every 100 Dominican children complete primary school and 19 never enter school at all (Mejía, 1985). In the course of this book, we will glimpse the stories behind these statistics. The idea of the community education promoter program is to organize the community to provide financial and other support for the school. Exactly how this is to be accomplished is left up to the individual volunteer and
This research will tell the story of four individuals as they make a major transition through a stressful time in their lives. Although one volunteer told me she had given up everything to come into Peace Corps, even her identity, the reality is that each brings to the story a personal history and a history as a literate person. Before this story begins, it is important to look at their origins, their personal stories- at how they happened to be on that plane coming into Santo Domingo from Miami on that August Wednesday.

Maggie

Maggie² is direct and articulate. When I would ask her a question, she seemed to have an answer prepared and expressed herself without the ums, ers and other pauses of normal speech. While she evidently processed experiences all the time, I rarely saw her doing it; I rarely asked her a question she hadn't already asked herself. Her alert, brown eyes reveal an active intelligence. Her short brown hair was held back behind her ears by a number of small barrettes and she wore several pierced earrings running up the side of each ear. She was 25 years old at the start of the study. She describes her background as middle-middle class. She grew up in Evansville, Indiana. Neither of her parents went to college, but both had steady jobs. Her father worked as a salesman in a men's clothing store and
her mother as a teller in a savings and loan. They never seemed to lack money, but when Maggie looks at it now, she realizes her parents must have been good planners because they make much less put together than any of her brothers does now.

Maggie is the youngest child in her family and the only girl. Two of her older brothers went to state schools and the other got into insurance and didn't go to college. Maggie decided to go to a Quaker college. Her decision to go to a private college was her responsibility. Her parents refused to co-sign loans. She was attracted by the propaganda because "they didn't show football players and fraternites. They showed people kind of hanging out feeding the squirrels." She is not Quaker, but Jewish, which is important to her as "cultural heritage". But she feels comfortable in a Quaker meeting because there is "no point where you feel shut out because you don't accept something that they believe, as in most Christian religions". The Quaker college turned out to be a good place for her. The program was based on a model of cooperation. As part of the goal was to encourage students to look at issues from different perspectives, her courses were team taught by professors of different disciplines. She majored in human development and social relations with a concentration in literacy. The focus of the program, according to Maggie, was to look at the way institutions affect people and to try
to understand social problems within the context of the environment as well as individual psychology. She says it helped her see things holistically. As part of her college experience, Maggie spent a semester in Appalachia on a field study. The experience radicalized her, showing her "education is political", and sparking her interest in literacy.

In Appalachia, working as a social worker intern in the juvenile division, she had to explain court procedures to parents. The parents didn't even know what was going to happen in the court, "much less what their options were". Her explanations- "this will happen first and this second", gave the parents knowledge which enabled them to be "actors and not puppets". As part of her focus on juvenile delinquency, she made field trips to local schools. Maggie sat in on a first and a fourth grade where she saw "a row of kids right next to the window. They didn't read well and that defined them" no matter what their other talents or interests might be. These children were doing "anything and everything" to get Maggie's attention and when she worked with them they responded well. She thought, here are good kids acting out because they need attention and at 16 they'll be the kids I'm seeing in court". "The structure of education keeps people in certain places and that's true politics."

Most of her writing has been related to college coursework. Professors at the college assumed students knew
how to write and writing was involved in all of her courses. She says, "in an academic sense, I write."

She also writes personal letters, which she doesn't organize into paragraphs. "It just doesn't work for me, because I'll get three neat paragraphs and then think of something that I should have put in the first one". So she writes her disorganized stream of consciousness letters and says that people just have to get used to them. She doesn't write poetry because "poetry intimidates me". She has thought about writing a story, but she hasn't. "It's just been more personal stuff".

While she was in Appalachia and on a trip to Spain to visit a friend, she kept a journal on a daily basis. She likes to read over what she has written to see "not only what I thought, but how I thought". When she keeps a journal, she writes not only about what happened, but "how I think about it and I connect ideas and try to get things down." She never felt any desire to continue with the journal when she returned from her trips.

The bulk of her writing has been academic. Basically she liked academic writing, although she hated English literature where she had to write about what the author was trying to say, "because I don't know". But she enjoyed writing for classes in her major because it concerned things she was interested in. "If you care about it, it's easier, because you are not just writing because you have a paper
It is difficult for her to get going. "I usually just start somewhere and then go back and put the beginning to it". She goes through a long period of what Murray (1982) refers to as prewriting. "I did a lot of processing before sitting down and starting to write. It didn't necessarily look like I had been working, but inside my head I had been". She didn't do a lot of revision "like they told you to do". She usually just wrote the paper and it was "enough pain and agony to do that, so I would just turn it in."

After her graduation in 1985, she moved to Philadelphia. She went to Philadelphia because "financially, it would have been easy to go home and then hard to leave". Some friends of hers from college had a space available in a house they were renting in Philadelphia and since Maggie wanted to go to a large Eastern city, it seemed like a logical move. She describes her first year there as her "settling in period". She worked as a receptionist at an art museum, a billing clerk in an attorney's office and did some volunteer tutoring. She learned to be practical with money. Even after she got her credit cards, she always paid them off right away, because "it's just stupid to pay interest."

In 1987 she got a job at the YMCA with the Chapter II Literacy Program. She trained tutors, matched tutors and students, and supervised the pairs. She was advanced to the
position of Director of Volunteer Services and Training Coordinator after one year there. She found the job challenging and interesting, but was frustrated with the bureaucracy. She knew from the way she was feeling she would have to leave the job within a year and so she started to look at her options.

She was still too undefined about what she wanted to pursue to go to graduate school. She considered looking for another job, but had wanted to travel since she was a small child. She considered applying to the YMCA for a transfer to another country but knew she would be just another employee. She needed special medical and food considerations. The Peace Corps seemed like the perfect solution because it was "basically the chance to spend time in another country without having to have my own money." Peace Corps also allowed her to put her school loans on hold.

About the same time Maggie applied for the Peace Corps, she began taking Spanish courses in a language institute. Her class was "textbook based" and met only once a week so she switched institutes. The second one was more "interactive" and "productive". The only writing she did in her Spanish classes were grammar based papers to practice a particular tense. She thought them through in English and translated, but realized "you have to get beyond that". On her PTQ (Pre-Training Questionnaire), she describes her
Spanish as "poor".

After applying to Peace Corps, Maggie met a man she "could have seen herself with for a long time". But they hadn't been together long enough "for it to be an issue of where are you going to be in two years". She analyzed the relationship and decided, although it was extremely painful, to stay with her choice. She plans to maintain contact, but, "two years is a long time, so we'll be friends."

Gerald

Gerald always signs his full name on anything official so when I first read his PTQ, I came to know him as "Gerald Vernon Ball III". Although he refers to himself as Jerry in normal conversation, in my mind he was Gerald. As he changed over the course of training, I began to think of him as Jerry. The name that came to my mind in any given moment signaled me as to how he was feeling. When I first knew him, despite his informal clothing, (a striped polo shirt and blue jeans, which clashed with his large metal watch), he seemed uncomfortable. He squinted his eyes frequently as if he were missing a pair of glasses. He held his body rigidly; his back unnaturally straight. His fair skin is slightly freckled. His curly blond hair recedes and thins at the top. His thick Virginia accent confused me at times. He was often talking and usually complaining. Gerald was 27 years old at the start of his training. He had already launched his career as a county planner in Virginia, and in
his own words, "was moving right up the ladder, making more, or the same money as people with a masters, more than 27,000 dollars a year, before I dropped it all, for my dream".

Gerald's dream began when he was three and four years old and his parents were medical missionaries for the Presbyterian church in what was then the Belgium Congo. He has only "snapshot memories" of this time. He remembers planes landing at the airstrip and running to see who it was and a little lumber mill where he used to play in the lumber. His two years there left him with no desire to become a missionary, (he is not religious in the institutional sense), but with a strong desire to go overseas again.

Gerald describes his background as middle class. His father was a doctor, but more of an old-fashioned family practitioner. Although the family lived comfortably, he didn't make vast amounts of money. His mother had been to nursing school, but never completed it. In 1989, she graduated with a degree in philosophy and religion. His sisters all at least tried college and one has a master's degree. Gerald grew up in suburban Virginia and, as he notes on his resume, went on to graduate from a Virginia University in geography and math in 1984 with a grade point average of 3.8. After graduation, he worked as a planning technician for one county in Virginia and then moved on to a position as a planner in another. While working at this
job, he enrolled in an MBA program and accumulated some credits, but never completed it. He became involved instead in a Masters in Public Policy program tied in with Peace Corps. In this program, students do one year of course work and then enter the Peace Corps, which serves as their internship. Gerald says the program was an "afterthought". He was planning to go into Peace Corps and thought, "maybe I'll go to school for a year first to get a little edge up on the next guy". For him, the Peace Corps decision was much weightier than the decision to get his masters. His internship requires him to write three papers during his service, one giving general background on the problem, the next with strategies for implementation and the final one with results and evaluation. "The whole policy analysis cycle", he says.

Jerry had less Spanish background than any of my other informants. As he puts it, "for all practical purposes, none". He had never studied Spanish and his only exposure was through picking up a few words when his sisters took Spanish in school.

Jerry seems to define writing as unassigned writing, saying that his only writing is letters, which he sees as a way to "solidify thoughts and process information". He has never done "creative writing" but likes to think the writing he does for academic or professional purposes is "a creative effort". He takes pride in his academic and professional
writing, telling me in his former jobs he was known as a
good writer and actually he expresses himself better in
writing than verbally because he has more time to think
about what he is going to communicate. He can get exactly
the right word or the right form. "If I can sit down and
carefully write something, it's much better communication in
my sense of it." He says professionally, the way ideas are
expressed is crucial to success. He goes so far as to say
that writing is "magical". "When I was a planner, I wrote
reports for the board or other government agencies, and how
they received that information- the difference is night and
day, depending on who wrote it, on how it is written."
Balanced communication, oral and written, is important, but
if something is very important to communicate, he prefers
"to write things down."

Jerry has never kept a journal because he "likes to get
moving in the morning", evidently classifying journal-writing
as a morning activity. Although he hasn't kept a journal on
a regular basis, he has written journal-like pieces in real
"emotional lows". Once when he was suffering from a
relationship break, he kept a journal for a while. He takes
any piece of paper and "just vomits it all out" in writing.

If it's not a real emotional issue, I can keep it all
rational and logical, but sometimes I get hit with
something and it starts swirling around in there and I
can't control it. I can't deal with it. It's just too
much. So I write it.
But usually he doesn't feel any need to put the things he is thinking down in writing. "It is enough of an outlet to think about them or talk about them or write a letter" (evidently not viewing letter-writing as writing). He saves all these journal pieces, although he never rereads them. "I'm a packrat."

Jerry also uses his writing to help organize his life. He makes lists, and likes to carry a pencil and paper around so he can write things down. He filed and recorded all of his handouts during training.

Gerald is known as a planner. He prides himself on his organization. It keeps stress out of his life to have things under control. His girlfriend, Marie, who we will meet later, once asked him if it wasn't more stressful to have to be all that organized and he said, "well, there's a little start-up time that may be stressful, but once you're organized, then you just maintain it." He finds it easier than "always having chaos and not knowing where your keys are or where your wallet is". He doesn't like "those little surprises in life". "I just maintain this little world of organization which doesn't necessarily have to bother anybody."

Jerry's earlier experience overseas in the Belgium Congo "left him with an itch" to go overseas again. He was a geography major in college. Reading about different places, he used to think there was something
"philosophically wrong" about "being in the world as far as we know only once, and only seeing a small fraction of it." Jerry wanted to see as much of the world as he could and felt that merely traveling would be too superficial. As he wasn't independently wealthy, he figured the best way to see the world would be through his job, which made sense to him "because if you are going to spend that much time at something you might as well enjoy it". He enjoyed his career as a planner, but decided he should leave before he got to the point where he was making such good money he wouldn't want to give it up, or got married or into debt by buying a house or something. Joining the Peace Corps would give him an opportunity to get on a "more international career track".

Gerald didn't particularly worry about the conditions he would encounter in his host country, but he did prepare himself. He brought all of his camping gear, not only because he might like to camp during his two years, but also because "at least I knew my life-sustenance needs would be taken care of".

Marie

That Marie was Gerald's girlfriend baffled me at first because they seemed so totally different. While he was making remarks about missing his briefcase and the inadequacy of his filing system for handouts, she seemed so flighty I lived in fear she would lose her writing before I
had a chance to photocopy it. On her PTQ, on the line where it asked for marital status, she wrote, "there is no status". The PTQ provides several clues to her personality. Where most were neatly printed or typed, hers was scrawled with parts crossed out and written over. She lists her interests as gardening, music, literature and union work.

Marie's short light brown hair had once been permed and maintained a shag style. She always appeared to me to have dieted too much, an impression accentuated by the way she carried herself, with her shoulders rounded slightly forward. She flashed an innocent, open smile that could seem naive. But she revealed a considered intelligence and a sharp wit when engaged in conversation. Relationships are important to her. "If it comes down to a choice, I would choose the relationship without even thinking about it," she says at one point in her training. In the course of my work with her, I felt drawn to her and formed more of a friendship with her than with the others. She was 28 years old at the start of the study. Her age was important to her, because she's into the "turn-thirty-have-a-baby syndrome." She's not sure she would have come if she had had to give up a significant relationship.

She describes her background as middle to upper-middle class. She grew up in a typical middle class neighborhood in suburban New Jersey. Her father "got into computers, rode the wave of the 60's, got into management in
corporations and then was a vice president, so by the time I got into high school, we lived pretty well." But she didn't go to expensive private schools. She graduated from a state university in 1982 with a degree in journalism and political science. After graduation, she went to Colorado for a year and "played", living what she describes as a "hippie lifestyle". She then moved to Vermont, where she gave up a job as a cocktail waitress (where she was making twice as much) to take a job for less than five dollars an hour as a reporter for a local paper in a city of 10,000 people. In 1985, she moved up to a "metropolitan daily" in a New Jersey city in the "New York Metropolitan Area". For this paper she covered county and municipal beats and pursued her special interests in the plight of the homeless and environmental and welfare issues.

Marie majored in journalism because of her interest in writing. She started to keep a diary when she was nine years old. She says "it's something that I've been doing for so long that I don't even think about it anymore. I just do it automatically. To me it's natural". When she was thirteen years old, she took a creative writing course and the teacher told her to always keep a piece of paper around and write when you want to, and "pretty much since then, I've done it".

Marie just stores her journals and doesn't often go back and read them. "I have a million of them. I just put
them in a box." She writes to purge herself. It's good therapy, but nothing she wants to go back and read. She understands things better when she writes them out and sometimes writes about experiences or just what she thinks about things. She saves everything she writes now, but she wasn't always so careful. She has even lost some journals, "which is ridiculous, cause that's personal stuff". "If someone picked up something I was writing now, I would feel violated."

Other than journals, she has written poems, especially when she was a teenager, and she's tried some short stories, but never seems to finish them. Her dream is to become a writer, "meaning short stories, creative writing", but she hasn't tried it. She brought a small typewriter with her to the Dominican Republic, hoping she would have time to write.

Surprisingly, considering her journalism background, the idea of having an audience for her work was frightening at first. She didn't write anything for a couple of months after she passed the test to become a member of the staff of her university newspaper. "I was frozen about writing the story." The paper had a circulation of about 10,000 readers and Marie was terrified at having so many people read what she wrote. "It was like stage fright." She almost got out of journalism until an advisor convinced her that no one reads bylines anyway and not all readers read every story.
As a reporter she had to go out and "find stories". It was a daily paper so she worked hard. She had the freedom to pursue what interested her, and that was the beauty of it. She was always learning. But Marie began to have doubts about journalism as a career. She didn't want to be an editor and she couldn't see herself "going into her 40's as a reporter". She started doubting if she was good enough to make it to a big metropolitan daily. "That's a big jump and it starts getting very competitive. I couldn't stay where I was. I had been there for three years and I had to move on, but to make the leap, I didn't know if I had the talent, the desire or the drive." She was also "getting fed up with the yuppie type of thing". She was dealing with a different lifestyle in the New York metropolitan area than she had known in Colorado or Vermont. "Once you get into a professional position, everyone is buying a condo in Hoboken". She just didn't fit in.

Marie almost applied for the Peace Corps once before. "It's been in the back of my mind for a long time. I started to apply four years ago, but thought that two years was too long and I didn't want to do it". The two years were still very much a factor for her, because she worries about settling down and having children and is concerned about her "biological clock".

She enrolled in the same program with Gerald in International Public Policy, which is where they met and
began dating. She sees many problems with the program. She had been promised financial aid which did not materialize when she began. By working three jobs, she was fortunate to be able to break even before leaving the country. But the program did stir her interest in Public Policy and development. Unlike many trainees in her Peace Corps group who were more interested in personal growth, she was drawn to development work. Like Gerald, her motivation for getting involved with the masters program was the Peace Corps experience. "The masters was just the icing on the cake." She adds, "I don't think too many people would be willing to give up two years in the Peace Corps just to earn their last nine credits."

Marie had a "romantic vision" of Peace Corps. "I guess I imagined myself in an orphanage somewhere handing out blankets and food, and you know, relating to people in a very close way, or maybe constructing a school or something like that, hauling bricks around or whatever." She admits this is "a hero image", but on the other hand, her courses taught her she could expect to do "very little". She might have felt more confident if she had had a specific skill, but as a generalist she's not sure what she can contribute. Personally, she felt anxious because she didn't know what to expect. She pictured herself "living in a shack in a squatter settlement with rats running around."

Marie had studied Spanish for two years in junior high
school when she was 12 and 13 years old. She remembered a few things "like the ar conjugation". She remembers the program as being "a lot of textbooks, a lot of little dialogues." On her PTQ, she qualified her Spanish as "poor".

Marie's family doesn't understand why she decided to join Peace Corps. They feel she was progressing well in her career and it was time for her to think about settling down. If she wanted to do development work, there were plenty of poor areas in New Jersey. Finally they came to accept her decision, but frequently say to her, "I hope you find what you are looking for."

Leanne

As the oldest trainee in the community education group, Leanne referred to the other members of the group as "our younger friends". Words like "livestock", "young lady" and "folks" were part of her easy rural style of expression. Her thick lensed glasses seemed to always be pulling at her eyes, but didn't seem to bother her. Her thick, straight grey hair was cut short. She dressed her slim but strong figure in light cotton skirts and blouses with a fanny pack around her waist and a large pair of running sneakers. Someone had told her before she came to be sure to have sensible shoes.

Leanne grew up on a farm in Iowa. The closest town had a population of about 500 people. She describes her
background as lower-middle class, but says, "when I was a child we were very, very poor. No farmers had any money." She knows poverty. "Poverty is grinding. It's hard on the human spirit. You have enough money to keep body and soul together, but never five bucks for any kind of a luxury". It made her want and envy things. Her family spoke German, but as she was born in 1939, in the midst of World War II, she says, "my generation didn't learn it, because our parents were so hurt by the prejudice."

She studied Spanish for one year in high school, but she says, "that was in 1955 or 56, and I don't think it was too well-taught in the first place." The program consisted mostly of memorizing lists of vocabulary words with their translations. On her PTQ, she qualifies her Spanish by creating a space one step below "poor".

Leanne dropped out of high school after her junior year to get married at the age of 17. She says she did it to get away from home. As married women were not allowed to attend high school in 1957, she was forced to do her last year by correspondence. She never heard of the GED. By the time she finished her correspondence course and had a diploma, she had four children and had to wait to get them in school before she could continue her education. She still speaks with considerable bitterness of the value of the last year of high school. She was enraged by an essay she read in a local paper in Iowa justifying the last year of high school.
on the grounds of "social development". After mentioning her "tax dollar", she goes on to explain that wallflowers like herself weren't having any fun in high school anyway and that the only thing she was good at, academics, wasn't valued. "The school didn't even have an honor roll."

She entered a junior college as a freshman when she was 28 years old. After earning her associates degree, she went on to a university in Des Moines to earn a degree in education which certified her to teach high school social studies and English- a certification she has only used to substitute. By the time she was 33 years old, she had earned her masters degree in history.

After 23 years of marriage, she was widowed at the age of 39. This proved to be a turning point in her life. Her youngest child was leaving to go to college. She thought, "I could stay here and be my folks' daughter and the mayor's widow and the childrens' mother for the rest of my life, but you know what they say about ruts, they tend to lengthen and deepen into coffins." So she made the decision to enter seminary and study to become a pastor. She had always wanted to be a pastor, but the only women she knew were schoolteachers and nurses. "There were a few women in the church, but you didn't see them while you were growing up on the farm." When she entered theological seminary, she found that over half of her fellow students were women. They were former teachers, nurses and a dietician, "nice girls in
traditional female roles, ready to be something else."

Leanne was a traditional wife and mother for many years. On her PTQ, in the section on employment history, she lists one former job title as "wife, mother, foster parent", dates employed 1957-. She lists her duties in this position as "mother, teach, organize, write, motivate children, especially those needing extra help." A section on the PTQ asks applicants to supply information about any aspect of their work experience that might be helpful for the training staff to know. Leanne wrote, "I was trained as a teacher, I have raised a family, led a number of Scout troops, taught Sunday school and worked with youngsters at camp."

After she was ordained as a minister in 1982, she began work as a preacher in a town of about 1,200 people in northwest Iowa. She describes the area as being mostly cornfields and soybeans.

Leanne says she enjoys writing. She writes letters to her family regularly. None of her children stayed in Iowa. Three of them went into the service where they met and married people from other places and the last went off to school. So she writes to stay in touch with them as well as her sister. She uses the letters to catch up on news more than to express feelings.

She has never kept a journal, but, "like many girls, I attempted a diary at age twelve or so. It was not terribly inspired and I was terribly nervous that it would be read."
In her job as a pastor, she was responsible for preparing the parish newsletter. In fact, she lists "write" without explanation in every one of her job descriptions. She has written many academic papers of course, but, she says, "preparing a sermon is like doing a term paper every week." Some pastors preach from an outline, but she likes to write out a manuscript for all of her sermons. She prepares her sermons by researching the text for that week and then checking out the commentaries, or "what the scholarly types have to say about the text" and any difficult translations from the Greek or the Hebrew. For her, the first step is to discover what the text meant historically. "If you don't know what it meant in Jesus's time, your chances of figuring out what it means today are slim". Then she tries to frame the implications and applications of the text in today's world. "If we are talking about the poor and the oppressed, many times in the church we say we are talking about the third world, but who are the poor and the oppressed in the United States? We have the poor class, the minorities, the homosexuals."

She organizes her sermons in "the classic introduction, three points and a close". The first point is the historical background, the second, what does it mean in today's world and the third, "if we believe this, what should we do". She says unfortunately, this last point all too often gets translated into "give another five dollars to
the mission fund". Sometimes she varies this basic format with story forms or narratives, that "put variety in the life of the pastor".

Although she didn't always enjoy church politics, she enjoyed Sunday mornings. She met her current husband, Ralph, through the church. They married four and a half years ago. Leanne didn't like being alone. "I know I can live alone. I can do my chores and keep my car running, but I don't necessarily like it."

The decision to join the Peace Corps was a mutual one. When they married, Ralph's dream was to go overseas. They were thinking of something connected with the church but, "quite frankly there isn't any money". The old time missionaries of Leanne's childhood had vanished from the scene, which she feels is probably a good thing, but the church hadn't figured out how to replace them. When the couple saw the Peace Corps advertisements requesting people with farm background, they decided to pursue the idea.

The possibility of Peace Corps service was part of Ralph's motivation for going to college after more than 20 years out of school. He studied to be a teacher in order to have a moveable job that would go with a minister's job. Ralph had been a deputy sheriff and done manual labor. The decision to go to college was difficult for him, but the Peace Corps doesn't take many people who aren't college graduates unless they have special skills, which he didn't
have. Leanne explains, "When you are doing manual labor you look at college graduates as educated idiots because that's just one way to deal with it- or they're just another world you never give serious thought to, and all of a sudden someone says you can be part of that."

They applied while Ralph was finishing his last year of school. Leanne took a leave of absence from the church, but resigned the particular parish she was working in because "it was time to leave that church anyway."

They told the Peace Corps they'd go anywhere. "One strange country is as strange as another, and they'd know better than we would where they could use us."

The Application Process

According to Shadley (1990), the entire Peace Corps application process from submission of the application to in-country placement takes from six to nine months. For my informants the total time ranged from ten to eighteen months. This was a very stressful time for most prospective volunteers. The process begins when the 33-section application is filed. Maggie took three months just to fill out the application.

Interviews with recruiters ranged from 45 minutes to three hours. Leanne had her interview over the telephone because she lived in a remote rural area. All were questioned about their motivations for joining the Peace Corps, their family's reaction to their decision and what
they felt they had to offer the Peace Corps. At the end of the interview, their recruiters discussed possibilities for placement, but as Maggie says, "you find out that they really don't know what you are going to do". Maggie wanted education, but the recruiter nominated her for community development, saying that it is difficult to place generalists like Maggie and this would make it easier to get a slot.

Serious consideration of placement is delayed until after medical and dental clearance. This step proved difficult for Marie, Leanne and Gerald. Marie had a delay of eight months in getting medically cleared because she had had a kidney removed and Gerald's application was held up because he was a lupus patient. Leanne's application was approved in Iowa, but later denied, which enraged her. "You would think my family physician, who had known me for a number of years, would know better than some nurse in Washington." Both Marie and Gerald began their Master's program without being medically cleared.

Most applicants are not aware of the positions they are being considered for, but Marie and Gerald, perhaps because of their master's program, were involved in the negotiations. Gerald had been nominated for a secondary teaching position because of his math background, and because he had done some tutoring. He was not enthused about the prospect of teaching math. Although he would not

72
have turned it down, community education promotion was more in line with his career goals. Marie called Peace Corps at regular intervals to check on the status of her application. She learned she was being considered for a slot as an agricultural extensionist in Honduras. She preferred the Dominican Republic, because she felt squeamish about being in Honduras due to the proximity with Nicaragua. Also, she didn't know much about agriculture.

Maggie received her invitation at the end of April, but Jerry didn't receive his until June. In April, Leanne quit her job with the parish because they required three months notice, without knowing where Peace Corps might send her or when. The couple was getting nervous because Ralph was graduating and needed to begin looking for a teaching position. Marie received her invitation in late May, so when Jerry received his, he left a note on her car, asking, "Do you want to learn Spanish together?"

Along with the invitation, Peace Corps sent an information packet about the country prepared by the State Department, a job description, letters from current volunteers describing conditions and a reading list. As Gerald was still studying, he did a 30-page paper involving Dominican history, economics and politics for a class. He also read most of the books on the reading list—something he says any responsible volunteer should do.

All of my informants found the job description included
in the packet vague. Maggie says, "It just jumped out at you how vague it was." The description listed things an education promoter "could possibly be doing", but concentrated more on the qualities necessary for the position, because, as Maggie says, "they just don't know".

Maggie describes her initial reaction to her assignment as "like Miss America, jumping around and screaming" in excitement. When she calmed down, her second reaction was a bit of disappointment at being so close to the United States. "If you are going to do this, let's do this and go halfway around the world". But as the time approached she was glad it was closer to home. It was hard for her to imagine where she was going, because "the Peace Corps doesn't send pictures, and I needed to have images". She didn't find many books about the Dominican Republic in the Public Library except travel books, which only had pictures of the beach. She found a good overview of the history, but without pictures. She finally met a volunteer who had been in the Dominican Republic at a Returned Peace Corps Volunteers (RPCV) meeting in Philadelphia. Although he was from the business program and couldn't tell her more specifically what she would be doing, he showed her his pictures. She says she must have imagined things would be really poor because she packed assuming there would be no electricity.

Leanne pictured the Dominican Republic as being "damp,
warm, very green and poor like some of the pictures we'd seen of church missions in Central America." She thought she remembered it was on the same island with Haiti, but looked it up to reassure herself. Her town had a pretty good library, so she went down and read what the encyclopedias had to say and "anything else I could get my hands on."

Marie also had to look the country up on the map. "I knew it was in the Caribbean, but I had to figure out where." She did research for graduate school on the invasion of 1965, "otherwise I wouldn't have known that it happened." She didn't know what to expect. The job description was so vague she assumed it was poorly written, but had talked to enough former volunteers to know "you don't end up doing what you think you will do anyway."

With all of this uncertainty, it's no wonder the leave-taking process was painful for most of my informants. As one volunteer said, "It's like having to leave everything behind, even your identity. Everything you have ever known, everything you have ever identified yourself with--you are leaving it, and it's pretty scary."

Leaving her relationship was the most difficult thing Maggie had ever done. "When you leave college, at least you are leaving because it's over. This was different. I had a choice."

Marie had the most extreme reaction. She went to bed
early the night before taking the plane to Miami, but woke up again at midnight in an anxiety attack, her stomach cramped up with worry, giving her diarrhea. She questioned what she was doing and why she was doing it. After a while, she started writing in her journal, "if this is how strongly I am reacting then maybe this is wrong. Maybe my body is telling me what the rest of me isn't." Instead of calming herself, she scared herself more, and the fear fed on itself all night long. The next morning, she tried to face her family looking fine and strong because if she had expressed how she felt, they would have told her to stay. She just "went ahead and did it" like a "sleepwalker". "It would have been too drastic to pull out then." When the plane got into the air, for the first time Marie began to cry.

When she got to Miami and met all of the other volunteers, she took comfort. "I didn't feel like I was just doing this bizzarre thing. There were 60 of us there."

Gerald describes the stateside training at the Hotel Sheraton in Miami as "the eleventh hour chance to bail out." One trainee did leave after spending only a few hours in Miami, but the other 58 were on the plane to Santo Domingo at the end of the three days.
Chapter Notes:

1. This information is from an interview with Domingo Velario, Peace Corps program manager for education, and Sharron Larrache, volunteer coordinator for education, held at the Peace Corps office in Santo Domingo, January 29, 1990. My translation.

2. All names of informants, their families and other volunteers are pseudonyms. Names of staff members are not.
CHAPTER III

BIENVENIDOS A LA REPUBLICA DOMINICANA

The Hotel Naco in downtown Santo Domingo was a step down from the Sheraton in Miami. The trainees noticed the change. As Marie describes it, "It's a couple of notches below. You see a few spiders, but you are still looking at a swimming pool, even if it is small." The real change came when they moved in with their Dominican families.

The trainees spent two nights and one day at the Hotel Naco. The first day was devoted to medical and administrative matters and family interviews. Trainees were given their Peace Corps medical kits containing their supplies of pre-natal vitamins (more potent and better for stress) and the anti-malaria medication they are required to take once a week for their entire two years of service. The family interviews are a last minute check where final match-ups of trainees to families are confirmed. Marie had only one criterion for her family placement- "don't put me in a room where there's rats."

The following day, the trainees left the Hotel Naco for the Pantoja training center. The center is named for the working-class barrio in which it is located, approximately
15 kilometers north of the city of Santo Domingo, but still well within the city limits. The center was once a country estate, now leased out to Entrena, who has remodeled it into a training center. The main building houses the offices of the technical trainers, the Spanish department, the training director and the nurse. The cafeteria built into the back of the building serves a Dominican-style comida [mid-day meal] of rice, beans and some type of meat. (The staff say not much meat.) Besides the main building, there are three large enramadas [an open-air structure, with a roof, but no walls]- the central, the agricola [named for its location next to the garden], and the lorena [named for a type of energy-conserving stove that the trainees learn to make there]. Eight smaller enramadas scattered around the property in the shade of the fruit trees serve as Spanish classrooms. Each contains a small wooden table and six chairs. The teachers complain the classrooms are too small for six students. The training site is lush and green, with many different types of fruit trees, including a giant mango outside the entrance to the main building. Trainees often gather over the lunch hour to sit in its shade and listen or sing while some play their guitars.

On this Friday morning, the trainees arrived at around 9:00 and waited in the enramada central until the unmarked embassy van arrived with their luggage, which they helped to offload and mark with their names on large paper signs for
distribution to the host families. As the luggage was being taken to the families, the trainees gathered in the enramada central for an orientation session. All of the staff and each of the trainees introduced themselves in Spanish. The trainees had practiced their introductions since Miami. They each said, "Mi nombre es _______. Mi programa es ____." with varying degrees of accuracy in pronunciation. The nurse reviewed the extensive immunization schedule, which would begin that morning with a tetanus vaccination. Materials -a Spanish/English dictionary, 301 Spanish Verbs, notebooks, 1001 Pitfalls in Spanish, a training schedule, Where There is No Doctor (a manual for rural health workers), a water bottle and a mosquito net- were distributed to trainees.

While the group was receiving an orientation to their family homestay, they went off one by one to have initial testing in Spanish. The testing consisted of a quick oral interview with one of the Spanish teachers. For Gerald and Leanne, the interview was brief indeed. Apart from the short introduction they had learned in Miami, they knew no Spanish. Although the language examination was not official and would be used only for class placement, teachers rated trainees on the official FSI (Foreign Service Institute), language rating scale. The FSI rates second language learners on a 0 to 5 scale according to their language ability as measured by a procedure which translates levels
of grammar, accent, fluency, comprehension and vocabulary into point values. A rating of five on the scale would indicate the student could speak the language as well as a college-educated native speaker. A 0 rating indicates no practical ability to communicate in the language. Briefly, the intermediate ratings are 1- elementary proficiency, able to satisfy routine travel needs, 2- working proficiency-able to participate in simple conversations, meet minimal work requirements, 3- professional proficiency- able to participate in all general conversation and professional discussions, and 4- advanced professional proficiency- able to use the language fluently and accurately, but would not be mistaken for a native speaker. Intermediate ratings of 0+, 1+, etc. are also used to indicate that the student meets some, but not all of the requirements for the next level. The Peace Corps in most countries requires that trainees earn a rating of 2 or better in the national language by the time they complete their training. In the Dominican Republic, the criterion rating is officially 1+, although in practice, trainees are sworn in regardless of their language proficiency.

Gerald and Leanne received a rating of 0 in the language interview. Marie was rated at 0+, indicating minimal communication abilities, not sufficient to allow her to meet basic needs. Maggie received a rating of 1, indicating survival-level communication skills.
Trainees and staff members were treated to a special mid-day meal of traditional Dominican food in the cafeteria (rice, beans, meat, fried plátano, salad, and tamarindo juice). After lunch, "survival Spanish classes" covered basic vocabulary for use with the family over the weekend. By 3:30 the families began arriving to collect their trainees who were off to spend an entire weekend with their new Dominican families.

Families come from barrios within a five kilometer radius of the Pantoja Center. They received a small stipend of 25 pesos a day (less than $4 at the rate of exchange in effect at the time of this study). The majority of the families speak no English, but those who do are instructed not to speak English with the trainee. Trainees receive a list of the members of their family and their relationships, but it often takes six or more weeks before they learn who lives in the house and what relationship they are to their "Dominican parents". In my first two months with my Dominican family in Santiago, I understood practically nothing of names and relationships of the nine people present (to varying degrees) in our three-room house. I made up names like "dogface", "la señora" etc. to refer to them in my head.

The first weekend with the family is a shock nothing can prepare you for. Gerald says, "the first day I panicked, thinking what am I going to do here?". Maggie felt "cast
off", realizing she had cut all of her ties. If she didn't
make it here she would have to return to live with her
parents. Marie found herself sitting with her dictionary
trying to communicate. When the lights went out and she
couldn't see the dictionary, she wondered, "Now what do I
do?" When I arrived at the house I was to live in,
desperate to find a bathroom, the first thing I discovered
was a broken toilet where turds circled aimlessly. I later
learned that the niece in the house had the job of trying to
flush everyone's feces manually with a plunger. When Marie
got to sleep the first night, she heard crickets in the
walls, saw lizards running around and was terrified she
would see a rat. "So I climbed under my mosquito net, cause
at least there's some kind of protection. And then, in the
morning, I had to take my first bucket bath."

On Monday morning, I arrived at the training center
early to be sure everything was prepared for the language
orientation I was to present. Many trainees had already
arrived and were gathered in twos and threes in the area
around the enramada central talking in animated voices about
their weekends. Everything was strange to them- the
seemingly infinite number of people of uncertain relation
that comprise a Dominican family, the animals in streets-
mostly goats, roosters and hens that roam freely, seemingly
belonging to no one, the type of food and the amount they
are expected to eat. The first item on the schedule that
morning was a session of "sharing experiences"—an extension of what the trainees were already doing—to gather with a staff member in small groups to talk about their weekends. I was standing outside the enramada mentally rehearsing my language orientation when the director surprised me by assigning me a group. Leanne was the only female in my group, the rest being young men from the water program. We conversed in English in deference to Leanne, although many of the other groups conversed in Spanish. One young man said of the system of taking bucket baths. "The rinse was the worst. I just got frustrated and wanted to dunk my whole head in the bucket." Several expressed a desire to kill the roosters which they claimed crowed all night.

Their comments brought me back to my first days in Santo Domingo. I don't hear the roosters any more, but there was a time when I would lie in bed awake begging them to be quiet. I lasted several days before taking a bucket bath, hoping to find better facilities. One asked why the bathrooms had faucets and shower heads if the water never came—were they put there for decoration? When I mention this to Dominicans, they laugh, but for those of us who have never seen it, it is hard to imagine that once these things functioned.

One expressed a basic difference between their reactions and mine when he said, "You know, it wasn't as bad as I imagined. It wasn't all third world squalor." Before coming
to the Dominican Republic, it never occurred to me I was going to "the third world"—I didn't imagine, as they did, pictures out of National Geographic. Perhaps they were better prepared than I for what came later. Most were a little relieved at the living conditions in their families. One told me, "when you enter Peace Corps, you know you are supposed to live at the level of the people", so when they moved in with their families, they thought they were seeing poverty. In reality, the families that house the trainees in the capital are not from the poor majority, but lower middle-working class. After imagining starving children and shanty towns, the trainees were relieved.

The director went over the training program for the week (see Appendix 1). Then it was my turn to talk about the language program. I had prepared my talk carefully in order to introduce my project and ask for volunteers to participate. During this session, I introduced the lle. Although I didn't think of it then, I established, for my informants and the other trainees, the base of the lle as a genre. I explained that in this new culture they would constantly be exposed to experiences which they would have to try to make sense of. They would bring these experiences into their language program through the lle. In the lle, they would write an account of an experience in the new culture and their reflection on that experience, the meanings they gave to it and the understandings they took
from it. In a point which turned out to be significant in
my informants' understanding of the l1e, I made the analogy
of the l1e being like a journal rather than a diary in that
it includes reflection on events rather than simple
accounting and is experientially based. I distributed the
guide, (see Appendix 2), stressing that it was only a guide
and they shouldn't worry about following the form exactly.
The heart of the l1e is the experience and the meaning one
takes from the experience. I presented the idea behind this
project- that writing might be a powerful tool in cultural
integration and language learning and that I would be
working closely with several people, collecting their l1es
and talking with them about them. I asked for volunteers to
participate in the project. Almost half of the trainees
volunteered.

As the language from the l1e becomes the basis of a
rather involved (17-step) method used in the classes, we
broke into three smaller groups for a demonstration of this
method with the Spanish teachers acting as students and two
other teachers and I acting as English teachers. Gerald
watched my demonstration. He pointed out two mistakes in my
English.

After lunch, the trainees went to their first Spanish
class. Gerald and Leanne were in the same group. Their
teacher, Antonia, was a young woman in the midst of deciding
whether to marry her current boyfriend. Marie's fellow
students were all men. Her teacher, Danielle, was one of the teachers assigned to the education group for technical training. Angel, Maggie's teacher, would also be working with the education group. He was a new teacher, hired only a week before the when a previously contracted teacher backed out.

After Spanish class, the 17 community education trainees met with Clara, Danielle, Angel and their technical trainer, Eric (Tito) Coleman. Tito introduced himself as a "Peace Corps brat". His father was a country director in Brazil in the early days of Peace Corps when Tito was growing up. Tito also refers to himself as "the token non-Peace Corps trainer" as he is the only one of the North American technical training staff at Entrena who is not a former Peace Corps volunteer. He came to Santo Domingo because his wife secured a position with the AID (Agency for International Development). He followed her here and then sought employment.

Each volunteer introduced themselves briefly to the group, stressing their background in education. Leanne mentioned the teaching certificate she still holds and her experience with boy scouts and Marie her background in investigative reporting. Maggie chose to answer the question differently, stating that her experience in Appalachia had shown her "education is political", and made her aware of the connection between delinquency and the educational
system. Gerald stressed the similarities in his background and Tito's—both natives of Virginia, they had both worked as planners and desired to see more of the world through their jobs. Tito later told me he found these similarities amusing. They had worked on planning commissions in Virginia at close to the same time and therefore knew some of the same people. People Tito felt were "facist" in their approach were likely to be described by Gerald as "really well-organized and on top of things".

Angel, the new teacher, introduced himself in Spanish. The trainees concentrated, some squinting their eyes. They focused on his mouth as he spoke. I remembered how hard that type of listening is. Angel had studied education with a minor in English at the state university up to what would be the associate's level but this was his first education-related position. He had worked as a telephone operator in hotels. He said he wanted to come into contact with other cultures because of his interest in human relations and communication. I had trouble following what he said. He used words in a way that robbed them of meaning.

Danielle introduced herself in English. She was born in Santo Domingo, but grew up in the campo. She moved back to the capital after high school to enter the state university, where she has been studying for the past eight years. She began with a secretarial course because she needed to finish quickly and earn some money. But she
wanted to study journalism and be able to communicate in another language. She entered teaching by chance because the associate's program in English included education. She is finishing a bachelor's degree in modern languages now, her studies having been delayed by the strikes which frequently close the university. While she would like to go on for a master's degree abroad where she could study in English, she acknowledges that her chances of receiving a scholarship are slim. In August of 1988, Danielle hired on at Entrena as an "extra teacher" part time. It was her first job. Danielle has not given up her dream of writing. She became a full-time teacher in January of 1989.

Clara introduced herself (also in English) by saying she was originally from Villa Jaragua, a pueblo in the southwestern part of the country. She had come to the capital more than 20 years ago and had been working at Entrena for four years. She would act as the "facilitator" for the community education program. The facilitator was a new position created by the company to try to soften the difference in salary and status between the (North American) technical staff and the (Dominican) Spanish teaching staff. The move was also intended to Dominicanize the technical training. For the first time with this training group, the company policy was to carry out tech training in Spanish. An experienced teacher was assigned to each technical training program and paid extra for work in coordination,
research for family homestays in the campo and collaboration in program design.

After the introductions, Tito told the trainees that if the job description for the community education program seemed vague, it was because it is vague. They could expect very little direction in the field. The program was still in the process of being defined and it would be up to the individual volunteer to define the Community Education Promotor role.

He told me later he wanted to get them used to the idea right from the beginning that they shouldn't expect anything concrete from Peace Corps. A major problem with the first group of education volunteers had been that they expected much more direction and support than they received from their program manager. "I want to prepare them to work independently, without any kind of guidance or structure because I think that's what they will be facing."

This technical training session ended the first regular day at the Pantoja Center. The remaining days that week settled into a routine of four hours of Spanish classes and four hours of "charlas" or cultural lectures each day. Most of my informants wrote two initial l1e in this first week of training.

Gerald

Gerald's Spanish teacher told me in this first week of class, "He's driving me crazy!". From my observations of
the class, it was evident that Gerald was also very unhappy. The students had made a tape recording of a conversation about their lle and after transcribing it, were dictating the sentences to the teacher, who was writing them correctly on the board. Gerald was squinting and scowling, participating frequently with his dictionary in hand, but most often to comment in English about his dissatisfaction with the class. Instead of making corrections in his transcription, he made little check marks next to his sentences, then painstakingly copied what Antonia was writing on the board into his notebook, pausing frequently to look up words in his dictionary. He called out to her in English, "Are those last two lines one sentence? How about some punctuation here?"

He asked her to explain every one of his errors and became very upset when she offered an explanation in Spanish. Small mistakes in the text on the blackboard also appeared to disturb him. He got up out of his seat twice and went to the board while the teacher's attention was directed elsewhere—once to change a lower case letter to a capital and once to add an accent mark. He frequently asked, "When will we get a translation of this?" "Will we ever get a translation?" When the teacher did not provide a translation, he tried to provide his own, translating word for word after her as she wrote on the board. When his translation did not make sense to him, he said, "Are you
trying to tell me that this sentence doesn't go with the other sentences? I thought we were trying to make a story here."

As part of the method, Antonia told the students a story from her own life, which they would then discuss among themselves. She told a rather funny story about her niece kissing her boyfriend by mistake. As I was trying to control my laughter, Gerald turned on me, saying, "We're still not laughing here. We still don't understand."

When it came time to correct the lie, Antonia instructed the students to work alone for the first two minutes, correcting whatever mistakes they could without help. Gerald said, "Solo? Well, this is going to be hopeless then."

Gerald admits he is a "perfectionist". He told me how he had noticed there were no inverted question marks or exclamation points at the beginnings of the questions or exclamations on one of the dialogues they were using in class. He questioned Antonia about this because he needed to know if they were supposed to be there and if they were important.

Gerald came to me frequently that first week complaining that Spanish "just didn't make sense". "Now look at this example", he would say. And I would explain that the example made sense in Spanish, it just didn't make sense in English. Antonia reported going through the same type of conversation with him several times as well.
Gerald devoted "an hour to an hour and a half" to the preparation of each of the two lle he wrote that week. The first one, from August 23rd, written on university stationery and headed "Giraldo B. lle #1" reads as follows:

Cuando yo era pequeño (tres o cuatro años), yo vivía en el Congo de Belguim. Los niños de mi villa deseaban siempre el cambio juguetes hecho en casa para juguetes Americanos. Un día yo sentía irritable y arrojaba una juguete hecho en casa en el tierra. Mi padre veía me y castigaba me enfrente de los niños. Yo sentí avergonzado y aprendía estimando las propiedades de otros.

When I was small (three or four years old), I lived in the Belgium Congo. The children in my village always wanted to trade homemade toys for American toys. One day, I felt upset and I threw a homemade toy on the ground. My father saw me and punished me in front of the children. I felt ashamed and I learned to appreciate the property of others.

Gerald selected this topic because "it was a vivid recollection, and because I'm in a new culture now, it came to my mind." In his initial interview with me, he had mentioned the incident when talking about his Congo experience, setting a pattern which continued to the end of training in which he used our interviews to rehearse future topics for lle. He explains this one by saying,

I felt humiliated to have been punished in front of all those people that maybe at that time I was feeling superior to. Also I felt bad for what I had done—some kid had worked hard to put this balsawood truck together and it was a nice truck. But I am late for lunch and all these native kids are hanging around the fence jabbering away in a language I don't understand and they want my marbles and they want to trade and I
was just stressed out and I went WHIRRRRRRRRR.. BOOM! My dad saw me and I realized I shouldn't have done that.

His second Ile, written on the 25th of August on the same type of stationery with the heading "Giraldo B. Ile #2" reads,

A años diecisiete, yo fui diagnosticé con una enfermedad incurable. Primero, yo estuve enojado y pretendí la enfermedad no estuvo real. Con tiempo, yo acepté la enfermedad y aprendí que usando las desventaja de la enfermedad a mi ventaja. Por ejemplo, ahora yo usa la enfermedad como un barómetro de la tensión mental. Yo puedo modificarle mi proceder para empequeñea la tensión mental. Yo aprendí bendiciones disfraze.

[At 17 years of age, I was diagnosed with a cronic disease. At first, I was angry and pretended that the disease was not real. With time, I accepted the disease and learned to use the disadvantage to my advantage. For example, now I use the disease as a barometer of mental tension. I can modify my behavior to reduce mental tension. I learned about blessings in disguise.]

When Gerald was in his senior year of high school, he was diagnosed with lupus. He went through a "grief reaction" at first but "learned to live with lupus and lupus learned to live with me". "My friends used to think it was funny that I was personifying the disease, but it's part of me, like a constant companion". The disease is stress-related, so Gerald learned to "think differently" to make it better. "I learned my limits because stress will lead to flare-ups so it's a good barometer for me. So the life learning experience was that something that can seem
catastrophic can be a blessing in disguise."

Gerald is able to describe his writing process in detail. While he does not write out a draft in English first, he does think about his topic in English. These thoughts are generally "too complex", so he simplifies them into a structure or format he feels he will be able to deal with in Spanish. Then he begins by writing the words he knows already and trying to "fill in the blanks" with his dictionary and verb book. Gerald consulted the dictionary for "probably half of the words". He explains how he went about writing his first lie,
intricate and he is rewarded with pieces which, while simple, are quite impressive for his level of Spanish.

In introducing the lle to the trainees, we were introducing a new genre. Throughout the training, they refined their concepts of it. Gerald's initial concept of the lle involved topics which would have significance for a lifetime. Gerald, taking literally the phrase "life learning experience", selected his topics by thinking of things he remembered all his life, learning experiences that "stand the test of time", adding, "it's kind of like the classics". He objected to the lle the teachers selected as a "model lle" in the first week, saying it could not be a life learning experience because it "had only happened last week".

Although it is not immediately evident, Gerald was dealing with several cultural issues in his lle. While he was writing about events from his past, he was dealing with issues relevant to his current situation. He alludes to this in talking about his first lle, which concerns cross-cultural issues as well as the lesson he draws about respecting the property of others. The second lle relates to the degree of stress he was experiencing in his new situation and may have helped him achieve some measure of control. The stress was visible in Gerald these first few weeks, in the jerky movements he made with his body, the tension in his facial features. He was visibly tense and
hurting. The stress he dealt with in these first lies mirrors the stress he experienced in these first weeks.

Because of this relation of his topics from the past to present issues, I was hesitant to intervene in the way Gerald chose to approach the lie. I wanted to see how it would develop. But when he challenged me directly in our conversation about the "model lie", I explained that the idea of the lie was to notice and begin to process experiences in the new culture. He interpreted my statement as an admonition to change his topic selection process. He changed reluctantly.

Gerald was placed in a large family in Manoguayabo, which had hosted 17 volunteers before. They encouraged him. As Gerald says, "they smile a lot and a smile goes a long way". He sits with his dictionary and tries to communicate, because he "prefers not to sit in silence". His family is "tremendous". In general it seems like a "peaceful, friendly type of society", although he questions why when he went to a cockfight, so many people were turning in their guns. "I don't know what's going on in people's heads that they feel they have to have a gun."

Gerald's attitude toward cultural differences was fairly straightforward. He expected to see "stupid things". He gave the example of seeing his Dominican sister sweeping up the floor with a "tied-up bunch of leaves". He felt they could probably afford a sturdier broom, but then thought
well, they sweep up all kinds of things with that broom like water, so maybe it's good to have one that's disposable". He concedes there are probably things that seem stupid to him now which are merely alien. He recognizes the culture as definitely different. "It's chaos. Nobody believes in any institutions- not in families or communities, but in a larger sense- it's every man or woman for himself or herself." He gives the example of the trash problem in the streets. "It's like they say it doesn't matter if I throw my trash out. Nobody seems to think in the long term about how it is affecting life down the road." In a larger sense, he says, "From an economic standpoint, nobody is thinking about the future, they're thinking about how they are going to make ends meet today or this week- this week is about as long as they get."

The living conditions bother Gerald. While the poverty is "about what he expected". He says, "It sure would be nice to have a hot shower. It sure would be nice to have a street that's clean. It sure would be nice to have cars with exhaust controls."

His inability to communicate frustrates him. He feels as if he is studying Spanish all the time, because he tries to communicate with his family and "it's a lot of work."

Gerald was motivated to spend lots of time with his family, he told me much later, by his insecurity. He felt insecure because he was unable to do things for himself and
thought if he spent most of his free time with Dominicans, this would hasten the growth in his ability to function independently in the culture, and thus relieve his anxiety.

This desire to spend time with Dominicans caused strains in his relationship with Marie. His desire to "adjust to the new culture, surroundings and people" is "a much higher priority" than spending time with his girlfriend. "I know it sounds hard and callous, but that's my priority."

Gerald has doubts about his Peace Corps role which are more serious than his insecurities about the language. He is dissatisfied with the vagueness of the community education program because he "likes structure". He functions better in a structured environment where he has to "appear at a certain place at a certain time" and perform specified functions. He describes himself as "your basic 9 to 5 type of man", adding, "I appreciate that type of structure and in my professional experience I have functioned well within that type of structure." He doubts he can function without it.

**Leanne**

Leanne was placed in the same Spanish class with Gerald, but my observations of her were totally different. She rested her chin on her hands, and appeared to be observing and concentrating, occasionally looking a word up in the dictionary, copying a sentence or consulting her verb book, but in all the time I observed the class, she never spoke in
Spanish or in English. Antonia told me, "She never says anything. I have to ask her directly. I don't think that's a good idea, but I have to do it, otherwise she would never speak."

When I questioned Leanne about this she said she had been quiet in her classes since Junior High school and "talking all the time never seemed like a great virtue". Leanne didn't waste words in our interviews either. Her responses are direct, but short. She doesn't elaborate, but waits for the next question.

She feels separate from the rest of the class because of her age. "I'm 50 and they're 25; you just have different interests." She notices the male members of the class tend to flirt with the teacher- "nothing major- I'm old enough to be their mother so I watch this kind of thing and I'm not seriously upset." She did object when Antonia wanted to play a card game in class to practice number words. Leanne had never played cards in her life and wasn't going to do it for Peace Corps. I asked her why. At first she said she didn't want to do it because it "was no fun" and then she told me when she was growing up, young ladies didn't play cards and she still found the activity somewhat "suspect".

Leanne said she was able to follow the class better when words were both spoken and written and when she was "absolutely certain of what they meant in English". Sometimes she felt as if she were "playing catch-up" looking
up the words from the last class in the dictionary. She tried not to get involved in word-for-word translations which she felt would be "counterproductive". Leanne's approach involved, not "the mental gymnastics of translation", but rather, wiping the slate clean to begin to learn the forms of a new language.

Outside of class, on the advice of their Spanish teachers, she tried to speak Spanish with her husband, but without success. She would say a few words to Ralph in Spanish, receive no reply and switch to English. Later, she told me "Ralph really fought the language. I don't know why. He told me that if I had kept trying to speak Spanish to him, he would have hit me."

Leanne gives me a glimpse of the way her literacy is interwoven with her life when she tells me this story,

I was thinking this noon as we ate down the road here about the verse from Isaiah—each man underneath his own vine a fig tree— the soup was very good, but there was no meat— a little fat cooked in it for flavor, and I always thought that was the implication of that passage— that there was plenty if each had a vine and a fig tree— if all of the rich countries in the world have all the protein that it takes so much grain to raise and create, then we don't have the vine and the fig tree for other people, for some kind of equality.

Her reading of the Bible helps her to read life. She looks for layers of meaning in biblical text. But she also uses the Bible to bring meaning to her experience—she interprets the world through scriptures.

In her first letter of August 23, headed only with her

101
name, Leanne wrote about her Dominican family,


[My family has only one member. My mother lives alone. She is sick with diabetes. She has three children. They live in New York, Texas and Puerto Rico. She has three grandchildren too. My mother is nice and independent. The house is large and beautiful. The house is pink and blue. The meals are very good. But the meals are also very large. The bedroom is large and very comfortable. We are the fourteenth Peace Corps volunteers to live here.]

In her second letter, written two days later, she wrote about her American family,


[My American family is large. I have four children, one son and three daughters. They are married. I have nine grandchildren too. They live in South Dakota, Missouri, Maryland and Michigan. My oldest daughter is a nurse. Her name is Rachael. Barbara is a teacher and Charlene is a housewife. My son is a worker. Seven grandchildren are students.]
Two grandchildren are babies. I have only one sister. She is much older but she is nice. Her name is Ruth. Ruth is a retired teacher. She and her husband live in Missouri. They have two children. Edward is a lawyer and John is an accountant. Ed lives in Iowa and John lives in Minnesota.

Leanne tries to choose "simple topics”. She writes about real things and not what she is feeling, "not because I wouldn't, but because I don't want to tax my vocabulary". She thinks in English sentence by sentence, but doesn't try to write her lies out in English first because she wants to avoid word-for-word translation. She looks up about a dozen words in each lie. "I'm not as ambitious as some of my young friends. I just write simpler sentences. I figure more involved structures from English just don't have any application right now in this language."

The lie take her almost two hours to write. At this stage for Leanne, every sentence is almost a separate creation. She makes few connections between them. Although the lie do move in a general sense from topic to topic- in the first, the family and then the house and the food, in the second, her family and then her sister's, she is not as precise as Gerald, not looking up as many words and often failing to double-check things. She is also not as ambitious, writing both of her lie entirely in the present tense and sticking to unemotional, factual topics.

These first lie disappointed me. Leanne didn't seem to understand the purpose of the lie. I explained again that the lie needed to include an experience and the meaning one
draws from the experience. She listened politely, then said she was too tired to write good lies at this point.

Even though living conditions were fairly good, she was under a lot of stress in this first week. Because of Ralph's aversion to the language, Leanne was forced to be the one to communicate with the mother. "I have some idea what she says, key words, comida and that sort of thing."

"I need to sleep a lot." She was in bed every night by 9:00. At first she thought it was the climate, but later decided it was the language and "all the input". "It's hard enough to move in the States, you have to figure out how to get from point A to point B and how to get the things you need for daily living." Because of her age, she is more inclined to admit she is stressed and less inclined to fight it than her "younger friends"- "if I need ten hours of sleep, sorry folks."

Food was another source of stress. She generally liked the food that her "mother" prepared, although she said, "I'm inclined to be less fussy than most if someone else is preparing the food for me and cleaning up afterwards". But although she had all of the calories and nutrition she needed, she was still hungry. One day, she and Ralph stopped at a colmado and bought some cookies and candy "like what you can buy at home" and "what a difference that made!" She says, "I didn't need the calories, but I needed the cookies- the emotional comfort of "American" food."
relates this feeling to an old order of communion, which speaks of the bread and wine by saying "take these elements to your comfort".

Leanne, as we shall see more in later chapters, was able to seek out similarities between her old environment and the new. She tended to minimize the differences she saw and try to apply universal principles, often taken from the scriptures. She takes the same stance toward her Peace Corps role, saying, "the things they want community education people to do, I've done all my life. Shucks, I'd like nothing better than to start a boy scout troop."

Marie

Like Gerald, Marie was visibly stressed in this first full week of training. While Gerald became painfully rigid, Marie seemed almost flightly, moving in many different directions at once. In our interviews, she would seem unfocussed, smiling broadly and looking at me with wide eyes. I felt as if I were chasing a dandelion seed in full flight. But every once in a while I would ask her a question that called forth a serious considered response—like her description of her graduate program, or her feelings about writing, revealing an intelligence the stress masked.

Marie's teacher commented to me in the first days of class, that while Marie didn't seem to have any base in Spanish, she was friendly and personable and had good relations with everyone. Marie says of herself, "for me,
relationships are primary."

Her interest in forming relationships helped her with her host family—a young married couple with no children. The husband was out of the house most of the time and Marie tried to communicate with the wife. Making her basic needs known wasn't the problem. "They've had other volunteers. They know the routine. They feed me and they have my water there". But conversations was difficult.

In describing her conversations with Miguelina, the wife, she says, "She sits and waits while I thumb through the dictionary and we have conversations about politics and comparing the US and the DR and other complex subjects." Marie felt frustrated, but amazed at how patient her conversation partner was, "she doesn't shift in her seat or anything. She just pieces my words together." When Miguelina responds, Marie often cannot understand her. "Sometimes she has to point to the word she is using in the dictionary. It's a long process." She wrote about a conversation with Miguelina in her first letter of August 23rd.

---

El noche yo tuve uno a otro conversación con Miguelina—
uno a otro conversación estas soprendente complejo.
Dicamos hombres la diferenciales de la República Dominica y los Estados United por señoritas—
especialmente señorita mas así triente. Miguelina tiene un compleños en Septiembre. Ella esta triente. Pero ella dice triente es no problema. Yo admiro ella... triente estado la problema por mi.

La historia es necisto poco, porque soy mucho calor y infermo. No tienen lose así, soy sientoendo en mi cuarto con mi linterna. Soy siento hace antes. Cuando no soy mucho consado y siento mal. Por
ahora.... adios.

When I asked her to explain it so that I could understand it better, she translated -with commentary,

Tonight I had another conversation with Miguelina—[she's the woman I'm living with] another surprisingly complex conversation. [I'm amazed at how little I know and yet we are able to- like last night we talked about third world debt- I forget what we were talking about here- oh I say in here] We talked about men and the differences between the Dominican Republic and the United States for young (unmarried) women- especially young women over 30. [It's supposed to be saying more than 30] Miguelina has a birthday in September. She will be 30. But she says 30 is no problem. I admire her... 30 will be a problem for me. [Whereas turning 30 in the states is a big thing- have a baby and all that. I turn 30 next year so. After that I just kind of died off and I said] This story is necessarily short, [I guess is what I wanted to say] because I am very hot and sick. They don't have lights here, and I am sitting in my room with my flashlight. I am sorry I didn't do this earlier when I wasn't very tired or feeling bad. For now... goodbye. [That died a quick death.]

Marie says the first lie wasn't very good because she had had a typhoid shot that day and didn't remember to write her lie until 9:00 when she was in bed. She spent more time on her second lie which is about what happened on a ride she took to town with another volunteer.

La gente de la República Dominicana son maravilloso. Ayer, mis amigos y yo estuvieron montando la guagua, y un hombre y una mujer logran entrar en una pelea y yo significo una pelea. El estuvo borracho, el dijo algunos asqueroso notars que ella, y cuando ella había tenido bastante, ella comenzó golpear el con su paraguas. Yo estoy me sentando que ella en el tiempo. No hablando español, yo tomé todas de este en por observación solemente. Estuvo fascinador. La entero guagua estuvo envolve. Todos tomó un lado. Los hombres estuvieron intentando calmar la mujer, y las
otres mujeres estuvieron defendiendo a ella. Cuando el chofer se detuvo por la policía, todas oleada de lantero se demandar como testigos. Después, todas discutio y debatio el suceso. Yo gocé la cosa todo tremendo.

Yo vine de una cultura en cual la gente intenta muy duro no lograr envolve. Ellos no quieren estar una parte de algo. Los Dominican tuvieron no tal miedo. Mismo yo dije antes, yo me gusto la gente de la Republica Dominicana.

[The Dominican people are marvelous. Yesterday, my friends and I were taking the bus and a man and a woman managed to get into a fight, and I mean a fight. He was drunk. He said some nasty remarks to her, and when she had had enough, she started to hit him with her umbrella. I was sitting next to the woman at the time. Not speaking Spanish, I took all this in by observation only. It was fascinating. The entire bus was involved. Everyone took a side. The men were trying to calm the woman and the other women were defending her. When the driver stopped for the police, everyone surged forward to offer themselves as witnesses. Afterwards, everyone discussed and debated the issue. I enjoyed everything. It was tremendous.

I come from a culture in which the people try very hard not to get involved. They don't want to be a part of something. Dominicans have no such fear. Like I said before, I like the Dominican people.]

What was interesting to Marie was not so much the incident between the man and the woman, but how everyone was involved "especially the guy who was taking the money" who, along with several other men, was "trying to mediate the whole time". They were trying to calm the woman down, so "even though I don't know much Spanish, I knew he was making nasty remarks". She was especially facinated when the bus stopped for the police and everyone was "yelling and talking about what happened". She had to hold her hand over her mouth to keep from laughing.

Marie applies almost everything she knows about English
to compensate for what she doesn't know in Spanish, allowing her to write pieces which are much more complicated than her level of Spanish would allow. She applies English spelling (e.g. United, diferentes), even using the English word "lose" in place of the Spanish word "luz" because they are pronounced similarly. She also uses English word order- "es no problema" for "is no problem", "tuvieron no tal miedo" [had no such fear] and "tomé.. en por observación" [took in by observation]. She applies English expressions which make no sense in Spanish like "making nasty remarks" or "when she had had enough". She creates expressions like "yo soy calor" and "a otro conversación" which conform to English patterns. I would define this, with Edelsky (1986) as application, rather than interference, because Marie is applying what she knows in English where she has no knowledge in Spanish. In areas where she does have knowledge in Spanish she is able to apply it, using accent marks and tildes (´) and conjugating verbs in simple past and present tenses.

Marie thinks in English and then just translates it. "I go word for word cause I don't know any other way to do it." She reveals a lack of confidence in this technique by writing English translations under certain phrases in her lle- "so the teacher will know what I meant". She notes that a few times she changes the order of the words and she has to look up "lots of words" in a kind of "fill in the blanks"
kind of thing". She is starting to use the verb book because she has "a little more knowlege of when I have to do something to them". She doesn't think it all through, but goes sentence by sentence, or even phrase by phrase. However, she seemed to have a clear idea of what her message would be before she started as is evidenced especially by the first sentence of her second lle. They each only took her about 20 minutes to write.

Marie's approach horrified me. Although the lies made sense in English, in Spanish they were a word salad. I felt a responsibility to try to influence her to change her approach. I encouraged her to simplify what she wanted to say so she would be able to write it in Spanish without translating word for word. She agreed to try, saying she didn't know how and adding somewhat sadly that she didn't want to simplify what she had to say.

Apart from the lle, Marie hadn't been doing much writing. One night however, when her family was away, she got out her typewriter. While she likes her family, she finds them overprotective, not allowing her to venture out of the house all weekend. By Monday, she "couldn't stand it anymore" and took a walk around the neighborhood alone. Afterwards she wrote about what she was seeing and how the people lived. She went on to reflect about the effects of the lack of electricity. "Maybe losing the electricity and all the diversions makes us closer rather than allows us to
stay separate, because if the electricity does come on, the TV will come on and I will go to my room and write".

She speaks English outside of class with the other trainees, something which she acknowledges slows her language learning. She separates her life, English with them and Spanish in the home and in class. While Marie cares about her language learning, it is more important to form relationships.

Maggie

While Marie appeared almost flighty in this first week, Maggie was not as visibly stressed. The pain she lived through in leaving Philadelphia is helping her to cope.

Angel assigned topics for lies, making them difficult to write. I was frustrated in my attempts to communicate with Angel. Finally I told him that because of my project, lie topics were not to be assigned. Maggie was relieved at my intervention and considered the problem solved. The first assigned topic had to do with the family. She wrote her lie about something she had observed about her family, consciously selecting a topic within the assigned parameters.

La gente de la Republica Dominicana son muy simpatico y, en muchos modos, muy relajado o informal. Pero hay tiempos cuando ellos son muy formal. Un poco ejemplo es cuando una persona va a la casa de un amigo. Cada tiempo mi hermana o mi mamá va a una otra casa y no hay personas en el frente, ella no toca a la puerta. Ella espera un momento, entonces, dice, "Hola." Es como ella no quiere desarreglar la gente quien estan
interior. Es una entrada muy diferente que en los Estados Unidos. Yo pienso que este es una parte de la estructura de la vida aquí. Es una parte de la consideración de la gente por cada otra.

[The Dominican people are very nice and in many ways, very relaxed and informal. But there are times when they are very formal. A small example is when a person goes to a friend's house. Each time my sister or my mother go to another house and there is no one in front, she doesn't knock on the door. She waits a minute, then says, "Hello." It is as if she doesn't want to disturb the people who are inside. It's a very different entrance than in the United States. I think it's part of the structure of life here. It's part of the consideration that the people have for each other.]

Maggie says about this lie, "one thing I noticed about the family was that the way they approached houses was different... there are always contradictions- there is a lot of informality and openness, but there is also a hell of a lot of formality." She chose the issue of greetings to represent that contradiction.

For the second lie Angel assigned the topic of transportation. Entrena had provided bus service to and from the training site this first week. She found it "absurd to try to write about something you haven't experienced yet." She wrote,

Yo no uso transporte público o privado para ir a Entrena. En las mañanas y en las tardes, yo camino con una o dos personas entre mi casa y Entrena. Por ahora, yo prefiero caminar porque es más tranquilo. Yo me recibo ejercicio y no hay una costa. Es muy interesante también. Por ejemplo, esta mañana, nosotros vimos una tarantula. La murió pero fea todavía. Cuando caminábamos esta tarde, vimos dos cerdos pelados sin intestinos. No pienso que yo veo esos en una guagua. Esta fin de semana, una amiga y me
tomaremos una guagua para Santo Domingo. Yo pienso que por el primer viaje, le estará confuso.

[I don't use public or private transportation to go to Entrena. In the morning and in the afternoon, I walk with one or two people between my house and Entrena. For now, I prefer to walk because it is more peaceful. I get exercise and it doesn't cost anything. It is very interesting also. For example, this morning, we saw a tarantula. It was dead but still ugly. When we walked this afternoon, we saw two skinned pigs without intestines. I don't think I would see those on a bus. This weekend, a friend and I will take a bus to Santo Domingo. I think that the first trip will be confusing.]

Maggie has trouble framing her piece around this assigned topic, but still attempts to convey a message. Both pieces evidence coherence and the type of pre-writing she mentioned in her initial interview. She describes the actual process of writing the piece by saying she is "trying to be good about this" so she doesn't write anything out in English first. But she does spend time thinking about what she wants to do and makes notes on a separate piece of paper in English to remind herself of what she wants to include. Her thinking is "kind of a mix of languages". Some phrases come easily in Spanish ("You have to take full advantage of those") while at other times she just has "flat out no idea" and has to look up a word before going on. She has made a conscious change in her writing process. Before, even if she was "99.9% sure", she would check before she wrote it down, but now she is writing down her guesses so as not to impede the flow of her writing. She writes a rough copy and copies it over after checking words in her dictionary and verb...
Maggie's need to translate in oral language frustrates her. "There's a veil between me and Dominicans." She can't wait until she "can just relax and listen and understand without having to think this equals that." She finds it difficult to write in her journal because "we lose electricity and all we have is candles. I have thoughts in my head, but they go too fast and what gets transferred to the paper is generally not complete."

Life with her host family is stressful. She experiences anxiety attacks when she thinks about her lack of options and thus tries to curb her tendency to try to analyze and figure things out. As she wrote to a friend, "Right now, I am taking it moment by moment. In a week, I'll be able to take it day by day."

She tries not to get anxious about things she has no control over, but control is a big issue for her with her host family. If she wants to go and visit someone, "there would be a big to-do about having somebody walk with me." Two male trainees live close to her house and her family doesn't object to anything she does if they accompany her. "Having a feminist perspective, I think, yes, I want to understand another culture, but it's a huge issue for me to understand and not get pissed off".

Her house has more space than she expected although it's not "supernice" and "the running water isn't always
running". While the lack of water frustrates her, she generally is still in a honeymoon phase where things are interesting. "The thing about going into a new culture is that at first everything seems familiar, you'd think the differences would be obvious, but you need a couple of weeks to see what they are."

Like Gerald, she notices that trash is thrown out on the streets, but interprets it differently. "People throw trash on the floor and then spend so much time cleaning up. Their goal in life is not to be efficient, it's just to live their life. If living your life means throwing something down, if it means cleaning it up, it's all part of life. They're not sitting around trying to find ways to make it easier. So, I don't like trash, but there is a postive light to that."

Her perceptions are jumbled. "People here always have something to talk about and I think, 'What are they talking about all the time?' They speak loudly and all at the same time." She takes naps and goes to bed early. "It's so much energy just to remember words and try to understand people."

I believe Maggie best sums up the experience of my informants in these first ten days in Santo Domingo when she says,

Peace Corps is a great thing to think about doing, but there's a huge difference between thinking about doing this and then all of a sudden you're in it. You can't be back there looking at it anymore. Reality definitely feels different than thinking about it.
Two trainees went home that first week at Pantoja. Officially, the explanation was "medical problems", but Marie told me, "they didn't want to take the anti-malaria medication, but basically they were just really unhappy." Most trainees were too stunned, or told themselves it was too soon to leave that first week. They lived moment to moment, and established routines that would help them get by in training. Their lies reflect the tentative nature of their explorations. The serious questioning came later, as we shall see in the next chapter.
CHAPTER IV

WE NEVER MADE IT TO THE MUSEUM

While one day of their weekend was spent in a gardening workshop at Pantoja, the other day was free for the trainees to explore on their own. Many had their first experience using public transportation to get into town. In general, they entered their second week of training feeling more relaxed. The dust had settled from the storm of their arrival and they could begin to take stock. Most wrote lies which they felt were better than those written the week before.

Maggie

Maggie began to feel more "normal" in this second week of training. Her family stopped seeing her as "such an oddity that they feel they always have to be around me." She felt more comfortable as they settled back into their regular way of doing things. She renewed her confidence in her independence by going into the city alone with another female volunteer.

Angel assigned another topic for the third lie—food. Maggie realized "It was probably supposed to be one of these I-do-or-I-don't-like-plátano types of assignments".
But it was an issue she had thought about.

Comida de mi Familia

Cuando yo pensaba sobre la comida en la R. D., esperaba que estuviera diferencias en el contenido. Estoy más consciente desde que yo llegó de mis expectaciones. Yo me ha dado, también, que hay diferencias en 'los rituales' de comiendo. Yo me sorprendía por la sequedad de la comida. No hay muchas salsas aquí, y por primero, la comida estaba muy difícil tragar. Yo esperaba que la comida tenga más especias. Ahora, yo estoy empezando descubrir diferencias de sabor mas sutil en la comida. Otra diferencia y sorpresa estaba de cantidad de las comidas almidónes.

Con respecto a los rituales, me parece que hay poco diferente que en los Estados Unidos. Aquí, hay mucho tiempo (pone) por preparar la comida y cuando posible, mujeres preparan mucho. Pero no hay lo mismo foco en comiendo juntos. Excepto por cuando hay visitas, la razón por comiendo es más sustento de social.

Por ahora, yo estoy haciendo caso de las cosas diferentes. Con tiempo, yo espero empezar poner las piezas juntas para entender esta cultura. La comida-preparación y el consumo, es una parte grande de este comprensión.

The Food of my Family

[When I thought about the food in the D. R., I expected that there would be differences in the content. I am more aware since I arrived of my expectations. I have realized also that there are differences in "the rituals of eating".

I was surprised by the dryness of the food. There aren't many sauces here, and at first, the food was difficult to swallow. I expected the food to have more spices. Now I am beginning to discover more subtle differences in flavor in the food. Another difference and surprise was the amount of starchy food.

About the rituals, it seems they are a little different than the United States. Here, a lot of time is put into preparing the food, and when possible, women prepare a lot. But there isn't the same focus on eating together. Except when there are guests, the reason for eating is more sustenance than social.

For now, I am becoming aware of things that are
different. With time, I hope to begin to put the pieces together in order to understand this culture. Food— the preparation and the consumption— is a big part of this understanding.]

Maggie had noticed things about food since she arrived in the Dominican Republic. She related her thinking to a book she had read¹ about "the way we structure things in terms of what it has to say about our culture". The book was based on the premise that one could understand cultures by "looking at one small area". Maggie had noticed that "food preparation and the amount is so important here, yet the actual eating of the food isn't." While Dominican women spend hours preparing as vast an amount of food as they can afford, the family doesn't eat together often. After her newness of the first week wore off, Maggie found herself eating alone. It caught her attention because in the states, "there's so much put on that time together". In her life she wanted to look at "the cultural aspect of food and how that is played out on the individual level and then how it relates to the culture as a whole"— an obviously more complex task than those she had assigned herself in her first lives. She resisted the temptation to write in English first in order to have something "thought through", making brief notes instead. She used the dictionary more with this life, because she wanted the exact words that she had in mind in English.

This life is clearly organized, discussing each of her expectations in turn and then drawing a general conclusion

¹¹⁹
about the process of understanding a new culture by looking at facets of it. Maggie says this lie is the best she has written so far. She is forming definite ideas about the lie, telling me the others weren't "real lies" because she didn't really have the idea. She uses this lie to reflect, "focus in a little bit more" on the food issue and "take more note of it". The lie pushed her to "take the time to look at things more closely". It also enabled her to connect her reading with what she was seeing in the new culture.

She uses her next lie to learn as well, but in a different way. Angel, evidently unhappy with my request that he not assign topics for the lie, gave his class an assignment to "write something about politics", which would not be a lie. Most of the class turned in a replay of his lesson on the subject and did not consider what they had written a lie, but Maggie approached the assignment differently. She did not have it ready to hand in the next day and Angel asked her to do it during the class break time. Maggie objected that if she was going to do it, she wanted time to think about it and she would prefer to hand it in later. After consulting with me, Angel allowed her to bring it in the next day. Maggie wrote about an interview she conducted with her Dominican sister's boyfriend.

Yo habló con un amigo sobre la política anoche. Yo le pregunté que el pensaba sobre los candidatos Gómez (PRD), Bosch (PLD) y Balaquer (PRSC). Cuando yo pregunté sobre los partidos pequeños, él dijo que ellos
no son importantes.

Según mi amigo, Gómez no tiene muchos partidarios. Uno parte de la problema es la raja en el PRD desde Gómez y Majluta. También, Gómez piensa y promete mucho, pero él no hace mucho. La gente no le da su confianza. No hay desarrollo con Gómez.

Bosch tiene muchas personas quienes votaran por él. Pero, según mi amigo, Bosch es una persona variable. Él dice una cosa, y hace otra. Él es anti-democrático y es un comunista. (!)


—I talked with a friend about politics last night. I asked him what he thought about the candidates Gómez (PRD), Bosch (PLD) and Balaguer (PRSC). When I asked him about the smaller parties, he said that they are not important.

According to my friend, Gómez doesn't have many followers. One part of the problem is the rift between Gómez and Majluta. Also, Gómez thinks and promises a lot but doesn't do a lot. People don't trust him. There is (would be) no development with Gómez.

Bosch has many people who will vote for him. But, according to my friend, Bosch is an inconsistent person. He says one thing and does another. He is anti-democratic and is a communist. (!)

Balaguer is good and bad. Many people died under Balaguer because they were opposed to him. On the other hand, he has offered more than other presidents. There is more food, a lot of work, and many cultural things. There is a lot of work with historical buildings in Santo Domingo also. Supposedly, Balaguer is the only candidate who can do good things with the economy.

Even though Angel did not consider this assignment a lie, Maggie used the assignment to create an experience (the interview) which she could then write about. She wanted this to be included with her lies because "it wasn't necessarily what I wrote, but what happened before I wrote"—
the experience of going to a live source and doing her own research on the topic. She liked it because it wasn't just something she got out of a book or her own thoughts, but the result of self-initiated research. It affected her language in that she was working from a Spanish base (the interview). She uses some very sophisticated expressions (la gente no le da su confianza) which may have come from the interview itself.

As Maggie settles in, she begins to work actively at understanding the Dominican culture and the lle take their place in this work. Self-initiated experiences and her freedom to do her own learning become increasingly important for her. The theme comes up in her next lle as well.

Marie

In her third lle, Marie touches a theme that all of my informants eventually deal with in their llones, the U.S. influence in Dominican culture. We hate this influence because we came to be in a different culture. It can make things seem similar when they really aren't, confusing us and making the transition more difficult. On the other hand, sometimes we are glad of the touches of the familiar. In this lle, Marie focuses on how Dominicans feel about North Americans,

Yo he estado en la República Dominicana por dos semanas ahora y yo no puedo decir como los Dominicanos se sienten sobre Americanos. Niños miran me caminar la calle abajo (y los adultos también) y algunas parecen
querer hablar con me. Algunas hacen hablar con me. Niños también seguen me la calle abajo. Alambique otras personas llevan los ripos Americanos y escuchamos a música Americana.

Pero yo he recibido muchos nombres: mismo "gringa" o "Americana" y mucho personas creen Americanas son gente mal. La misma persona hablará buenas y malas cosas sobre Americanas. La otra noche, una programme en la televisión tuvo un sátira que burlarse de Americanas.

Eso es no diferente de otros países en el mundo. La gente apariencian amar Americanos y aborrecer a la misma tiempo. Nunca ambos.

[I have been in the Dominican Republic for two weeks now and I cannot say how Dominicans feel about Americans. Children watch me walk down the street (and adults also) and some look like they want to talk with me. Some talk with me. Children also follow me down the street. Still other people wear American clothes and listen to American music.

But I have been called many names like "gringa" or "Americana" and many people think that Americans are bad people. The same person will say good and bad things about Americans. The other night, a television program had a satire which made fun of Americans.

This is no different than other countries in the world. The people appear to love Americans and hate them at the same time. Never both.]

Marie "needed to write this "because it affects her in her attempts to form relationships with Dominicans. She gets "negative feedback" like the name-calling. On the other hand, "you see people wearing Met's t-shirts". People's reactions to Americans are "pretty extreme". North Americans who live here feel the love and the hate- those who approach with broad smiles and broken English, and those who always expect the worst from us. Marie has observed this, but doesn't know why it occurs.

She tried to follow my advice and write this lie using simpler words, but felt frustrated as if she were writing at
"a second or third grade level". She wanted to say something "more profound".

She feels frustrated because "we've been here a couple of weeks now and I just really want to be able to speak the language". Marie began to attempt to speak Spanish with other volunteers in this second week. "I speak it as far as I can go and then I go back to English." Most of her conversation partners are "pretty beginner too" so they just "fumble around for a bit and go back to English", but she says she would really like to "leave English behind"—a phrase she uses often in the course of her training—but "in order to explain myself with any real clarity, I have to use English." I encouraged her to leave English behind, wanting to speed her progress, not understanding that for her, the meanings and the relationships she was forming were more important than progress in language.

Leanne

While Leanne did not enjoy the garden workshop, exhausting herself so they wouldn't "mark me down as uncooperative", she did enjoy the free day. She and Ralph had begun to take walks after training. She made connections between her life in Iowa and what she was seeing here. Close to her home they found a little manufacturing plant with "some kind of chopper machine (I'd say silage back home)". She also found a little furniture business and wondered how with the electricity problem, they managed to
power their lathe. They found a dairy farmer who had some not bad-looking cows in his pasture. Even without much Spanish, she said, "You can't get into much trouble with a farmer when you admire his livestock and his grandchildren".

She says she must have been married too long because she speaks about her activities using the pronoun we. "It's a lifestyle. I don't walk down to check out the cows by myself". Ralph continued to resist the language, which hurt her Spanish because she spent so much time with him, but it did force her to continue to talk with their Dominican mother. Leanne experienced some minor triumphs, such as when she communicated to the mother that they were going into town on Saturday and wouldn't be home for supper. Her third lie was about that trip,

Yo fui a la iglesia Sabado noche. La musica esta muy bonita. Estuvo muy interesante y sermon corto. La iglesia estuvo lleno. Yo hube la iglesia y la musica.
Este lle es corto porque yo tengo un muy malo dolor de cabeza.

[I went to church Saturday night. The music was very nice. It was interesting with a short sermon. The church was full. I liked the church and the music.
My husband and I went to Santo Domingo Saturday. We went in a bus. The bus was full and noisy. Public transportation is confusing, but interesting. I walked and ate in Santo Domingo. I did not buy (anything). My feet hurt Saturday night. I saw many statues and churches. I learned a lot of]
history. I walked a lot, but it was important to learn.

This lie is short because I have a very bad headache.

Leanne thinks of simple topics like "where I went and what we did". In an effort to get her to focus her lie, I asked her if she didn't have two experiences there. She told me the church and the trip to the city were all the same day, but conceded she "could have elaborated on one or the other". "Sometimes when I don't know how to go on with the more involved sentence structure, I just leave it off to another topic."

While I was impatient with Leanne's simple lies, I was encouraged because in this lie, Leanne writes about an experience for the first time. She also derives some meaning from her experience in the form of a moral (I walked a lot, but it was important to learn)—a pattern which she follows in her next lie.

Las niñas vecinos están bonitas y juguetonas. Ellas no han juguetes para una diversión. Yo enseñé las niñas hacer unas muñecas de papel. Nosotros hicimos mucha muñeca de papel.

Mi esposo, Ralph, enseñé las niñas a saltar una soga. Anche, Ralph y las niñas jugaron la pelota. Yo me sonreí y Ralph se sonrió y las niñas se sonreirieron. Las sonrisas esta una habla universal. Yo estudio y escribo en Español con dificultoso así tiempo muy poco para a jugar con las niñas.

[The neighbor girls are pretty and playful. They don't have toys to play with. I taught the girls how to make paper dolls. We made many paper dolls.

My husband, Ralph, taught the girls to jump rope. Last night, Ralph and the girls played ball. I smiled and Ralph smiled and the girls smiled. Smiles are a]
universal language. I study and write in Spanish with difficulty so there is little time to play with the girls.]

Leanne says this is the best lie she has written so far because it was a real experience. Her message was that you could communicate a lot without a lot of language "which is fine at this point, to survive."

Her sentence structure is still simple. She conjugates a reflexive verb correctly in three persons in the past tense, but it seems like a textbook exercise, giving the sentence an unnatural emphasis. I observed her correction session for this lie with Antonia and was amazed at how quickly she corrected her errors. Someone like Marie might spend as much time correcting her lie as she did writing it, but Leanne corrects most of her "silly mistakes" without assistance. The lies are taking her less time to write now because some of the simple structures she uses are becoming familiar. As she takes few risks, she makes few mistakes.

Gerald

When I sat down for my interview with Gerald at the end of the second week he said, "Well, it's a relief to speak a little English for a while." I stared at him in surprise. He explained he had resolved on Saturday morning not to speak any more English because it "just holds you back". He had been thinking in the shower Saturday morning, "although it's harder to think in a cold shower", that "I've just got to force myself to talk in Spanish and evolve that even to
thinking in Spanish and eating in Spanish." He further
resolved to drop all of his "preconceived notions about the
how the language was supposed to be and accept the way it's
going to be."

Gerald's total reversal shocked me so much I found it
difficult to formulate questions in the interview. I asked
him about the results of this decision. "One big result is
that it's removed a lot of stress from my life, I don't mind
being a blundering idiot because that's what I want, to
blunder through it each time." He was worried though that
people would lose patience with him and fail to correct him
after a while. "I guess you can't really expect the driver
of the guagua to correct you, but I need that repetition."
I told him I had noticed he seemed upset in class the week
before and asked him how it was going now. Gerald grinned
sheepishly, conceding he had been "uncomfortable" at first.
This capacity to laugh at himself is one of Gerald's saving
graces. It made him likeable even in his worst moments and
probably kept him sane. He was relieved because one student
who was ahead of the group had been shifted to another
class. He was feeling more comfortable because of his "own
personal goals" and because it was a more balanced class.
His third lie dealt indirectly with this classroom issue.

Yo comencé escuela primaria en una clase avanzado. Yo
no fui un estudiante bueno. Cada semana, nosotros
recibíamos un examen deletreo. Por dos o tres
semanas consecutivamente, nosotros probábamos en
nuestras habilidades deletrear el días de la semana.
I started primary school in an advanced class. I was not a good student. Each week, we received a spelling test. For two or three weeks consecutively, we were tested on our ability to spell the days of the week. I never studied and as a result, never showed improvement. Finally, the teacher angrily removed me from her class and put me in a lower class. The humiliation of the experience had a lasting effect because since that experience, I have been very much in competition with myself in academic pursuits. It is a lie that I am glad I have learned early.

The humiliation of this experience was similar to that of his first lie. When he got to the new class, he realized he had already studied the material they were studying and he was "on top". He decided "to stay on top" so he started working hard. This lie may have been inspired by his experience in Spanish class, where he was clearly struggling that first week. As a result of our discussion the week before, Gerald had decided to write about topics from the present. "I guess you want us to start to churn around in our heads some of these things that are going on". His next lie tells the story of how he decided to stop fighting his Spanish language instruction.

Aprendiendo español mi fue primera prioridad y una grande inquietud para me antes llegando en la República Dominicana. Ahora, es inalterado como mi primera prioridad pero no es una inquietud menos. La primera semana, quise descubrir las reglas de inglés sobre la
lengua de espagnol. Estuve una experiencia muy frustrando. Un día, mi profesora escribi sobre le encerado: "ES DIFERENTE". Comprendi entonces que no estuve pensando correctamente. Espagnol tuvo un juego diferente des reglas. Que reconocimiento hube hice aprendiendo espagnol mucho mas facil."

[Learning Spanish was my first priority and a big concern for me before coming to the Dominican Republic. Now it is unchanged as my first priority but it isn't less of a concern. The first week, I wanted to discover the rules of English in the Spanish language. It was a very frustrating experience. One day, my teacher wrote on the board: "IT IS DIFFERENT". I understood then that I was not thinking correctly. Spanish had a different set of rules. This recognition has made learning Spanish much easier.]

Gerald was not convinced this lie represented a "real life learning experience" and seemed reluctant to draw a lesson from it. "It's a lesson about learning languages, but one doesn't learn that many languages in their lifetime." I suggested the lesson might have other applications. He thought for a moment, then made a connection to learning about cultures. He noted each culture has evolved within its own tradition and "seems logical within a certain paradigm". Behavior in different cultures ES DIFERENTE and difficult to interpret, especially when "90% of the clues you have in the United States" including language, are missing.

Gerald continued to find new applications for his "ES DIFERENTE" lesson throughout his training. In this instance he was able to write about what he learned from an experience and extract new meanings from the lesson in the course of our discussion.
At the end of this period, three evaluations were filed for each trainee, one by the Spanish teacher, one by the technical trainer and a self-evaluation.

Angel describes Maggie as a good student, but notes she didn't hand in her l1e one day (this was the political piece which officially was not a l1e). Tito sees Maggie as motivated and "tuned-in". Her motivation is evident in her self-evaluation where she comments on every question. On the question about self-sufficiency, she notes she feels somewhat limited by her language, "and due to being female". My informants all commented on the question about personal hygiene but Maggie expresses it best saying it is a "strange thing to have to relearn" but she has had to instill new habits (sweat more, shower more).

Leanne's Spanish teacher writes, "Because of her l1e, I can realize her Spanish is improving as far as grammar goes, but she says very little in class." Tito expresses concern over her level of Spanish, although he notes she is trying hard. On her self-evaluation she says she feels very tired, although it is "lessening" and that perhaps she doesn't participate optimally in all training activities because the "digging can be too much in the heat." Leanne gives us all the impression she is trying hard, but just can't do it. Without realizing it, we begin to lower our expectations.

Danielle and Marie enjoyed a good relationship.
Danielle identified with Marie because of her own desire to become a journalist. In her self-evaluation, Danielle notes Marie came in for extra help and was very motivated, although often confused when her translations did not make sense in Spanish. Marie comments in her evaluation that she "needs to learn to deal with frustration better" and although she rarely feels critical of Dominicans, there are some things she feels strongly about, like women's issues.

Antonia wrote of Gerald, "the first week he was not in agreement with anything, but his attitude has changed a lot. His positive attitude is surprising as well as the progress he has made." Tito writes, "Jerry is not afraid to offer an opinion different from the group's". He tells me later, "He argues with them all the time and his opinions are really questionable." I told Tito I found Gerald interesting to work with. Tito quiped, "You mean clinically interesting?"

The Spanish Field Trip

On Friday afternoon of the second week, the Spanish teachers divided their classes into pairs, and gave them assignments of places to go in the city. The main purpose of the trip was to practice using public transportation (which is a major challenge in Santo Domingo— even for natives) and visit sites such as the museums and the mercado modelo. The assignment turned out to be more challenging than the Spanish department intended, because by the time the trainees reached the city, an "aguacerco" [violent
tropical rainstorm] was falling. The majority of the Spanish teachers requested a lie from the experience and all of my informants except Gerald wrote about this trip. The lies are interesting in that none of them concern the destination, but draw lessons from experiences along the way.

Maggie

Maggie's assigned destination was the "Mercado Modelo", a large market in downtown Santo Domingo. But she chose to write about what happened before she got to the Carretera Duarte, in a small wooden one-room school house at the end of the entrance to the Pantoja Center, and use it to illustrate another idea.

Me gustó mucho el viernes pasado y yo le necesité. Después mucho tiempo en Entrena y con los otros voluntarios, es fácil a perder de vista de la razón por estando aquí. Cada sesión de entrenamiento técnico, y viajes fuera devuelve la razón. La primera razón yo necesita el viernes aunque, fue para sentar de independencia mia.

Con una familia protectora y mucho aviso de Entrena sobre seguridad, todo suene peligroso. Cuando yo estoy lejos de la estructura, yo puedo experimentar y aprender por mi. Yo uso más español y más de mis experiencias de (getting by), me gusta la información de Entrena, pero yo necesito a descubrir más solo.

Por ejemplo, después nosotros salimos por la tarde en el viernes, otra voluntaria y yo fuimos a la escuela cerca de la entrada de Entrena. El profesor de los niños fue allí y él nos invitó a entrar y hablar. Fue muy grande a hablarle y descubrir cosas acerca de su escuela. Yo pude entender mucho y pregunté sobre en educación. Porque yo estoy en la programa de educación comunidad, esta experiencia fue muy interesante. Yo quería poder a volver por un media día para observar
sus clases. Puede dar mucho material por los lle's.

[I liked last Friday a lot and I needed it. After a lot of time in Entrena and with the other volunteers, it is easy to lose sight of the reasons for being here. Every session of technical training and trips outside brings back the reasons. The first reason I needed last Friday though, was to feel my own independence. With a protective family and many warnings from Entrena about security, everything sounded dangerous. When I am away from the structure, I can observe, experience and learn for myself. I use more Spanish and more of my experiences of getting by. I like the information from Entrena, but I need to discover more for myself.

For example, after we left Friday afternoon, another volunteer and I went to the school close to the entrance to Entrena. The teacher of the children was there and he invited us to come in and talk. It was great to talk with him and to discover things about his school. I could understand a lot and asked about education. Because I am in the community education program, this experience was very interesting. I wanted to return for a half a day to observe his classes. This could give me a lot of material for the lle's.]

Instead of relating an experience, Maggie wanted to "use the actual experience as an example" of the idea of the importance of self-learning. She took time to select her topic. The challenge of relating the experience to the idea forced her to think through her approach. She couldn't just get out her dictionary and a piece of paper and write it. "It was more like what I would do to write a paper working with an idea". She wrote a first draft. "The first time, my focus is on getting my meaning down, and then I needed to go back and look at it in terms of just Spanish."

She is beginning to be "more aware of the language, of what I need to be looking at." She read it out loud "just
to hear how it sounds". She "may not be able to know the specifics of what's wrong", but even though it's a different language, "it should still have a flow to my ear". Many ideas still come in English, but sometimes the words come to her in Spanish, "like if I'm sitting by myself, sometimes I think of it like a conversation I can have with somebody" and it "seems natural now that should be in Spanish."

Again, she hears her own voice.

When ideas come to her in English phrases, they are more difficult to express in Spanish. The phrase "getting by" defeated her because it "stands for something- has a connotation and that's where the meaning is". Finally, in her Spanish class, she settles on "para hacer lo mejor posible" [to do the best possible], but is not completely satisfied.

Unlike Leanne, Maggie tries not to compromise her content by expressing things in simpler forms. "I might know all the words, but have to read five pages on the use of the subjunctive." This 11e took her about an hour and 45 minutes to write. "If it takes longer to do it, maybe I'll learn something in the process." She sees this as one of the advantages of the written form. "When I am speaking, I just speak based on what I know so it's going to be simple, but by writing, I have the time and more flexibility to stick with what I want to say and how I want to say it."
Leanne

The field trip concerned Leanne because the members of her class were planning to go off together. "There have been too many remarks about staying out late and having too much to drink and I wouldn't go out in any country, in any language with people I didn't trust or know better than that". "I want to come home at a decent hour because I can't take it physically." She convinces Antonia to allow her to go with Ralph's group, and as they were going in pairs, she went with Ralph. They were assigned to visit the Museo de Colón [Columbus Museum] in the colonial zone of Santo Domingo. They never got there.

[I didn't have time to go the the Columbus museum because it rained a lot. I watched the rain because I didn't have an umbrella or a raincoat. Because of this, I watched other people and the rain. I watched other people because other people were very interesting. Some people wait with a lot of patience and others don't wait with patience. People are very different. They are tall and short and fat and thin with short or long hair, but God loves them all. People are very important, much more important than monuments or museums.]

Leanne wasn't sure the message of her lie had come through. "What I was trying to say was I got stranded
without an umbrella or a raincoat, so we just stood in a storefront and watched the rain, or instead of watching the rain, I watched the people." She describes the people more fully in English- "you know the type who looks like they are pacing their three square feet in front of the storefront and the person who is just standing there, figuring when it stops, it stops".

Leanne continues to look for universals that transcend culture. She has no patience with the cautions about personal safety in the charlas at Entrena. "I never found anyone who looked in any way like they wanted to threaten me or do anything but tend to their own business". Most of the cautions, she feels, would apply in any large city in the United States. In fact, she says, she has met some "fine folks". An older Dominican woman helped her to cross a busy street. "I couldn't really understand what she said, but she was mumbling about the traffic and the hassle." After the rain finally stopped, and they started back home, they were looking around for the bus when a "Dominican gentleman couldn't stand it" that they were so confused and directed them around the flooded streets to the bus stop. She "had a really fine time" that afternoon.

The lie was a little more difficult to write because she had to use the past tense. "When I get into more involved sentence structures, my strategy is to back off and simplify them." At times her writing is somewhat telegraphic,
mirroring her speech in Spanish. I asked her why she seemed
to end her lie with a moral. "Remember, I've been writing
sermons for years."

Marie

Marie was supposed to go to an art museum that Friday
afternoon with another member of her class. Unlike Leanne,
she did get to the museum, but didn't find it particularly
memorable. "We went to the museum. It was nice. It
rained. We were inside. It was no problem. So what?" She
chose to write instead about a feeling that she had on her
way back home.

En viernes- por el primero tiempo hasta yo he estado en
la República Dominicana- yo estuve temeroso. Mi amigo
y yo estuvimos a kilómetro nueve (andamos) buscando una
guagua nos regresa hogar y no hay nunca. Hay estuvo
muchas personas apiñan le autopista, estuvo oscuro, y
estuvimos no supimos donde estábamos yendo. Yo estuve
comenzaba que estaríamos yendo nos varar allá por un
tiempo largo y que algo malo pasaría a nosotros.
Después estando empujar un poco por la gente,
nosotros nos encontramos un hombre quien trajo nosotros
a hogar.

Esta historia es no muy interesante, a menos
que mi miedo. Yo no estoy claro en que yo pensé
pasaría a nosotros, yo supe solo que estaría malo. Yo
adivino oscuridad hizo eso a usted.

[Friday- for the first time since I've been in the
Dominican Republic- I was frightened. My friend and I
were at Kilómetro 9, looking for a bus to take us home
and there wasn't any. There were many people jammed in
the highway, it was dark, and we didn't know where we
were going. I was starting to think we would be there
for a long time and that something bad would happen to
us.

After being pushed a little by the people, we
found a man who brought us home.

This story is not very interesting, except for my
fear. I'm not sure what I thought would happen to us, I only knew that it would be bad. I guess the darkness does that to you.]

Marie selected this topic because when she thought about her whole experience that Friday, the only thing that "kind of stuck with me was that feeling I had when we couldn't find that bus." By the time they got out to kilómetro 9, it was dark and the area was crowded. They finally realized they were on the wrong side of the street, but after they crossed the highway, they still didn't know where they were going and the buses were all full anyway. As it was getting later and later, "I just felt like something bad was going to happen." "I've felt a lot of other emotions since I've been here, but not afraid."

Like Leanne, she uses a familiar genre. She talks directly to her audience, (This story is not very interesting, except for my fear.) After writing for newspapers for many years, "maybe it's just needing a listener, or knowing that people will read what you write."

I met with Marie to talk about this lie in the secretary's office after a day of training. She seemed frustrated. The correction of this lie had clearly unsettled her. Her new teacher corrected it by completely rewriting it. She continues to translate directly because she doesn't see any other way, but is impatient with herself. She doesn't understand how to "use Spanish phrases" as her teacher suggests. The correction session
violates some of her beliefs about language.

Something that bothers me is that in many cases, there is a way to say it, like I was trying to say 'for the first time' and he told me there is no way to say that and I have to write 'since I arrived until now', but I have a hard time accepting that.

Marie feels common phrases in English should translate to Spanish. "Maybe people in Spanish-speaking countries don't say that, but I find that hard to believe." She was frustrated because in many instances the teacher's rewritten sections totally changed her meaning. She suspected the teacher was writing what "he understands or what's easiest for him to write, rather than how I want it to be said."

Marie is clearly restless, angry at her teacher, but also dissatisfied with her own strategies, uncomfortable with her process of writing the lles, but unsure of how to change.

I was struck by the diversity of my informants' lles about this field trip into the city and what they reveal about their different ways of looking at experience, culture and language. Where Leanne saw only "fine folks", Marie felt fear. Even Maggie and the partner she traveled with came back with vastly different stories. Where Maggie chose to write about learning for herself, her partner wrote about poverty, class distinctions and Peace Corps service. These
themes became important for all of my informants in the weeks to come.

Chapter Notes:

1. Yi-Fu Tuan *Segmented Worlds and Self- Group Life and Individual Consciousness*  MN Press

2. This phrase may be an example for Maggie of Vygotsky's (1962) concept of inner speech where certain phrases become "saturated with sense".

3. This statement supports Veguez's (1984) concept of using writing to move students beyond avoidance strategies which could result in stagnation in foreign language learning and Cortese's (1985) use of writing with intermediate ESL learners who "cling to what they have aquired without trying to venture any further, prefacing any exchange with an apology, never reaching language-like behavior." (pg. 8)
During their third full week of training, instead of information-based cultural charlas, my informants were confronted with the issue of development. As Kryzanek and Wiarda (1988) note, "The word development is so laced with value judgements and ethnocentric biases, that it is difficult to speculate on what may be a proper course for the Dominican Republic in the coming years." (pg. 174) In fact, the word is so value-laden it is almost impossible to define. Basically, there are two broad approaches to development.

When we speak of "underdeveloped countries" or the "developing world", at first the path to development seems clear. If you want to understand how to promote development, look at the developed world. The solution would seem to lie in the transfer of technology in use in "developed" nations. Unfortunately, these seemingly simple solutions to development problems have often failed to produce the desired results. For example, the transplantation of agricultural methods well suited to large midwestern farms in the United States has not proved
successful in third world nations because of very real differences in the ecosystem. For those who would rely on technological solutions, the emphasis is now on appropriate technology.

But there is another, very different approach to development problems. Under this philosophy, it is not technological change, but human change, which will bring about development. Development will come about when people realize they are capable of solving their own problems. As Isabel Allende puts it, "I would say this is a spiritual transformation. Every country, every people has to find a way, it's own way."¹ When people can come to believe change is possible, that it is within their power to imagine and create better lives for themselves, development will occur. This approach raises other questions concerning the values of the volunteer (What is a better life?) and how to resolve the clash of cultures and release the transformative power of the experience for both parties.

For a Peace Corps volunteer, tension exists between the desire to produce results and to affect lasting change. The volunteers want to be able to see concrete results at the end of their two years of service, and the fastest way to achieve results is to seek outside funding and manage the project themselves. Others argue, however, that this approach will not result in real development, because, as Sharon Larrache puts it,
After the volunteer leaves, after five years, the aqueduct breaks down and no one knows how to fix it, so what good was the project? It's a problem of Peace Corps in general. The volunteer is there for no more than two years and community development doesn't necessarily take place in two years.\(^2\)

In the Dominican Republic, the new country director and training supervisor who had arrived just prior to this training cycle both stressed the "people end of development" as being more important than the technical side. Entrena's position can be discerned from a handout used with the trainees, "Ten Questions to ask about a Development Project". The first question asks, "Whose project is it? Is it yours, the agency's, the government ministry's, or does it originate with the people?" The handout continues in this either/or format, with the "people-oriented side" advocating, among other things, "a shift in power to the powerless", "an ongoing educational process for all participants" and "a process of democratic decision-making and a thrust toward self-reliance". The handout uses strong language, referring to "exploitation by the national government and the international market". Each technical trainer discussed this handout and administered a work-style inventory to his or her trainees. The work-style inventory measured the degree of collaboration or independence a trainee would display in working with others. The results of the survey showed volunteers in the education program to be much more collaborative in their approach with less need to
maintain personal control than the trainees in the water and appropriate technology program with other programs falling in-between. Tito attributed the difference to the nature of the programs, but I suspect the composition of the groups—the water and appropriate technology group was 100% male, while the education group was overwhelmingly female (82%)—was a factor.

The education group in general was very much "for the people" as Maggie put it, but Gerald tended to disagree with the majority. He felt the technological benefits of changes which affect the culture would probably outweigh any damage they might cause. In general, Gerald is impatient with the training program, and feels that "except for the Spanish", he's ready to begin work at his site. Tito commented to me, "He's really out of step with the group— and way out in left field."

But other members of the group also had questions. One said,

We were making our list of the things a Peace Corps volunteer is supposed to do— you go in; you work with the people; you don't impose your ideas on them. Well, that's really easy to put down on paper, but when you see them you think 'you're doing this wrong. Why don't you just put on shoes and it will solve a lot of your health problems?'

For some trainees, being exposed to development issues forced them to consider their role as Peace Corps volunteers for the first time. Before coming, Maggie admits she had vague notions about going off to the third world to
"do good". "My initial motivation was let's go experience another culture and yes, I'll be doing some work while I'm there". The sessions about development "brought back the purpose" for Maggie and gave her a sense of direction. "When you're in college and you think about coming here and doing development work, it's all kind of vague and it helps to think about step one and step two."

"Overkill", was Leanne's opinion of the discussions of development - "too much information"- although she concedes the sessions were helpful. "Development ought to start with the Hippocratic oath, the first sentence of which is "thou shalt do no harm"." She worries that "it's quite possible that we could be doing some harm." She cites the example of the Christian missionaries who in introducing medicine, brought on famine. The session Tito did on "filters and assumptions" where trainees were asked to examine their basic value assumptions and how these might affect their work, also unsettled Leanne. "I believe everybody has some responsibility for their own well-being, even the very poorest. For me, that translates into, 'if you're so poor, why do you have ten children?'". She concedes this could "be a very judgemental assumption without understanding everything else that goes with it." She criticizes the sessions on development because "the overall impression that you get is that it's all very manageable and I think it's much more complicated. It's like a thread- you pull on a
The following weekend, beginning on Thursday September 7th, trainees were sent off to different parts of the country to spend the weekend with a volunteer already in service. As there were only nine community education volunteers in the field, many education program trainees visited volunteers in different programs. Tito asked them to visit a school in their assigned pueblo and note any problems they could observe. Having talked about development, they went out to the campo to see how it was put into practice. Most returned with more questions than answers.

When the trainees in the education program returned from their weekend in the campo, they met in a technical training session to brainstorm some of the problems they had seen in the rural schools. The first sight of a typical Dominican rural school can shock American eyes used to entering classrooms with bright bulletin board displays and ample stocks of expensive commercial materials. Dominican students attend school in tandas (morning or afternoon sessions) of three and a half to four hours each day. Officially, according to government planning, each classroom is designed to serve 45 students in each tanda or 90 students per day (Moquete, 1986). Most Dominican classrooms, especially in the rural areas, contain only a blackboard, desks or benches (most often not sufficient for
the number of students) and blank wooden or concrete walls. Government is supposed to supply teachers with copies of all of the official textbooks, but often they are forced to borrow student copies from the pupils able to afford them. Students are required to wear uniforms, but many cannot afford to and those which are worn are in various stages of disintegration.

Trainees brainstormed problems easily filling the blackboard in the enramada central. They sorted the problems into three categories: those a Peace Corps volunteer most likely cannot do anything about, those they might be able to affect and those they would probably be able to affect. In the first group they included problems built into the system as a result of centralized government control such as politics, unrealistic curriculum, strikes, administrative problems and teachers' salaries (about 400 pesos [US$63.50 at the time]/month/tanda). In the second group they included problems such as lack of water to wash uniforms, unhealthy children, high teacher turnover, lack of consistancy in following standards, little actual in-school time, student age differences and "uneducated/ unmotivated/ non-existent teachers". In the group of problems they felt they could probably affect they included falling down buildings, no school, lack of supplies, no discipline (teachers or students), not enough classrooms, bad teaching methods and non-stimulating environment. The group went on
to take the problem of falling down buildings and discuss how a Peace Corps volunteer might go about attacking the problem.

The session struck me as judgemental, especially in regard to teachers. Trainees were reacting to the difference between their picture of classrooms and schools in the United States and the Dominican reality. Later, some of them revised their views, but some didn't.

During the fourth week of training, trainees had their preliminary interviews with their Peace Corps program managers. They also had their first rabies vaccine. By the end of the week, three trainees were sent back to the United States because of reactions to the vaccine. This raised questions for those who remained.

The following weekend was the first full free weekend in the training period. When everyone returned on Wednesday, after losing a day to the threat of hurricane Hugo, preparations began for another weekend field trip. This time they would be traveling to a pueblo by themselves.

**Maggie**

Maggie is progressing in Spanish. One night she had an amazingly ordinary conversation with her sister's boyfriend. "He didn't have to explain what he wanted to say. I thought, Wow! That's really neat." She finally conversed without "a big to-do centered around 'did she understand this word?' and giving 50 examples." While she still sometimes has to
resort to the dictionary during her conversations, "a lot of
times I can explain around the point to get the point
across." She notices other subtle differences. Whereas
before, when the lights went out, "I might as well go to bed
because I won't be able to understand if I can't see", now
she can still pick up something if she isn't looking
directly at the person.

Maggie travels alone out to Las Matas de Farfán to visit
her volunteer, not knowing other trainees were going to the
same area. But she's glad she proved to herself that she
could. She rode back with other trainees in the back of a
pick-up truck. Besides difficulty sitting in class the next
day, she also picked up her first case of diarrhea.

When Maggie returned from her trip, she decided to write
in her journal in order to sort out some of her impressions
from the visit. Her original idea had been to write in her
journal every day, as she had done in Appalachia and Spain.
But she decided later to write when she felt the need, and
found this was working better for her. She knew whatever
she chose to write about in the l1e would be something she
had written in her journal. In the end she based her
selection, not only on what would make the best l1e, but
what would be easiest to write. She writes a short l1e
descrribing conditions in the school (See Appendix 4- M-1).

Besides exposing her to rural schoolhouses, the visit
brings other issues to the forefront—issues related to the role of the Peace Corps in development. The volunteer Maggie visits was assigned to the TEFL program which was discontinued within months of its inception. The teachers in the community were not interested in learning techniques for teaching English and "She wasn't really given any guidance or support in terms of what to do next." For a while the volunteer floundered. "She was essentially doing nothing for a long time." When Maggie visited, she was working with a home for malnourished children, with a local youth group to start a library and periodically helping other volunteers with forestry projects.

Maggie questions what all this implies about the role of the Peace Corps in development. "To make sure development happens with a bunch of people who are essentially green in development, you have to have lots of supervision." The supervision is not there, so is any development happening? "If it happens for 20% of the volunteers, does that constitute a successful program?" She asks herself if Peace Corps is just providing an opportunity for the volunteers or if they are really interested in development. She has heard that once you leave training, you are on your own and if you want to see someone from Peace Corps, then you make the contact. "That could be a growing experience for me, but I'm supposed to be here to help people and I might not end up helping people." For Maggie, as for others, these questions
remain unresolved for the moment.

The following week she was assigned a topic for a lie. They were required to compare their Dominican and North American families in terms of recreation, education and other matters. Maggie objected strongly to the assignment because "I am trying not to do what that asked me to do." She wants to come to understand what it means to be Dominican through "time and experiencing living here" not by "this compared to that". She structures her lie by discussing each member of each family individually because when she thought about her family in the United States, the first thing that struck her was that they don't live together and don't really share common pastimes. Because of the way she approached it, the lie was extremely long (see Appendix 4- M-2) and as she says, "long and really boring so there's no value in that".

The lie was easy for Maggie to write. Reporting straight factual information "which takes up a lot of space" does not require complicated language.

Maggie selects four of her lies as being more valuable (her first lie, the food lie, the politics lie and the Spanish field trip) because they are based on things she either noticed or researched for herself. The first two are related to observations and the second two to experiences. The investigation itself is important. I asked if she had any thoughts about what she would do for her next lie.
"What I think I might do is to pick up on something where I can deal with more ideas in my writing instead of this happened, that happened." Here is what she wrote:

Cuando yo pensaba sobre Cuerpo de Paz, antes yo recibí mi invitación para la República Dominicana, yo tenía pensamientos sobre ir a una cultura muy diferente y distintiva. Pero la R. D. está un país con muchas influencias, y entonces es una cultura mezcla. Yo no puedo mirarlo y entenderlo. Esto afecta la moda de entiendo la cultura, y mi parte como una voluntaria. En los reuniones sobre la cultura dominicana, nosotros oimos de muchos diferentes entre esta cultura y esa de los Estados Unidos. Y nosotros, muchas veces respondíamos que hay muchas cosas similares entre los dos. Pero esta moda para entender falta una idea importante; que una cultura no es la suma de las partes. Es la moda que los aspectos se combinan juntos. Cada cultura tiene comida, casas, trabajo, espiritualidad, familias, sistemas para organizar, etc. Pero cada cultura combina estos en una moda diferente y cada tiene prioridades diferentes. Entonces, una cultura es un proceso. Para entender esta cultura, yo necesito tiempo para que la cultura puede tomar una forma más clara a mí, y yo puedo empezar ver los prioridades y los valores.

Porque hay algunos similares entre las dos culturas, es muy importante ver los diferentes sutil. Si yo fui a una cultura más clara, estaría más fácil ver la cultura y conocer ( ) mio. Pero aquí yo necesito estar más consciente de mis responsabilidades, porque si no, es posible que yo tenga afectos malos y no estaré consciente sobre esos. Los afectos pueden no estar tan visible como en una cultura más distintiva. Yo no estoy aquí ser una antropólogos: para observar, tomar notas y tratar entender solamente. Yo estoy aquí para entender y trabajar por cambio. Antes yo trato cambiar alguna cosa, necesito entender el contexto en que trabajare.

[When I thought about Peace Corps, before I received my invitation for the Dominican Republic, I had thoughts about going to a very different and distinct culture. But the Dominican Republic is a country with many influences, and thus it is a mixed culture. I can't look at it and understand it. This affects the way of understanding the culture and my role as a volunteer. In the lectures about Dominican culture, we hear about]
many differences between this culture and that of the United States. And we, many times, respond that there are many similarities between the two. But this way of understanding is missing an important idea; that a culture is not the sum of its parts. It is the way in which those aspects combine together. Each culture has food, homes, work, spirituality, families, systems of organization etc. but each culture combines those in a different way and each has different priorities. Thus a culture is a process. In order to understand this culture, I need time so that the Dominican culture can take a clearer form for me and I can begin to see the priorities and the values.

Because there are some similarities between the two cultures, it is very important to see the subtle differences. If I went to a clearer culture, it would be easier to see the culture and to know mine. But here I need to be more conscious of my responsibilities, because if not, it is possible that I will affect the culture in bad ways and not be aware of it. The effects can be not so visible as in a more distinct culture. I am not here to be an anthropologist: to observe, take notes and only try to understand. I am here to understand and to work for change. Before I try to change something, I need to understand the context in which I will work.

I visited Maggie's class the day they were discussing this lie. We spoke about levels of culture and Maggie's idea of the process of culture. One trainee noted, "There is the level where you just notice they eat rice and beans, but then later on you begin to see why they eat rice and beans." The class agreed they had been unable to really see the differences, other than obvious things like rice and beans, at first and it was only now, after six weeks in the country that they could begin to look deeper. As Maggie said, "It isn't the things themselves that are the same or different, it's the arrangement, the way they come together, the priorities, and it takes time to see that."
Maggie expresses concern about being "in the peculiar position of having to work for change in a culture that I don't really understand." "It seems like a paradox and it also seems rather dangerous." She thinks Peace Corps should consider their purpose in "sending out a bunch of people who don't really understand the process of the culture, to change or improve that culture." "We don't really understand the culture at that deeper level, at the level of process and values."

**Leanne**

When I observed Leanne's Spanish class in the third week of training, she seemed like a changed person. She was smiling and participating in conversations without being asked. She says of her new teacher, "this young man is really a much better teacher for me". She becomes more involved. The "young woman" in the class was deciding whether or not to stay in the Peace Corps- "evidently it's a boyfriend, although she seems to be having as much trouble with the language as I am." One day their teacher was late and while they waited, the men in the class played dominoes. "And of course you get all kinds of sexually-oriented talk." At one point, Leanne says they seemed to remember she was there and "looked kind of embarrassed." She assured them, "It doesn't bother me, I'm going home with Ralph." This remark seemed to bridge some of the age-related gaps.

Leanne continues to find connections between her life in
Santo Domingo and her life in Iowa. She and Ralph begin to visit a colmado near the training center during their lunch hour. The owner "seems to come from a real nice family and is very helpful." He speaks slowly and clearly and writes down the numbers when he gives them the prices. He seems concerned to demonstrate to them that his prices are fair and he is honest. Of course, "He's also a businessman and our money is as good as anyone else's".

Leanne and Ralph went to visit the Smiths, another volunteer couple just outside of San Cristóbal, close to the capital. Tito selected this couple for them to visit because they also had limited Spanish. He hoped the visit would calm Leanne's anxiety about Spanish. After the visit, Leanne wrote the following lie,

El viernes yo la guagua a la San Cristóbal y a Najayo. Otros voluntarios viven en el campo Najayo. La escuela es muy malo en Najayo. La escuela no tiene un tejado! La escuela en el camp próximo es muy bien con nuevo mapa de la mundo. Los voluntarios pintaron la mapa por la escuela. Los otros voluntarios hablan muy poco Español pero la mapa son muy bien. Los ninos aprenden mucho geografia porque los voluntarios viven en Najayo. Es importante yo aprendo hablar Español y es importante yo amo los ninos y ninas tambien.

[Friday I [took] the bus to San Cristóbal and to Najayo. The other volunteers live in the town of Najayo. The school is very bad in Najayo. The school doesn't have a roof! The school in the next town is very good with a new map of the world. The volunteers painted the map for the school. The other volunteers speak very little Spanish, but the map is very good. The children will learn a lot of geography because the volunteers live in Najayo. It is important that I learn to speak Spanish and it is important that I love boys and girls too.]
Again, Leanne concludes her lie with a moral. She was relieved to see the couple she visited working and living with limited Spanish. The wife was teaching an English class at the school. The husband had built a windmill and together they had painted the map at a neighboring school. Leanne says the visit "takes some of the panic out of it" and she intends to "keep plugging away at Spanish." But the visit seemed to have unanticipated effects. After that visit, Leanne never put as much effort into language learning.

Her visit to Najayo caused Leanne to consider her Peace Corps role, especially in terms of language-related issues. She says the idea of giving speeches in the community is not "the real me anyway". She doesn't see the point of nudging the community, because "they can do it a lot better than I can". "Even if I had perfect Spanish, it's still their community." She sees her role with adults as "patting them on the back and giving them the confidence." But she sees herself spending most of her time with children, envisioning games she can make with very few materials. "A half a dozen crayons, a pair of scissors and a stack of newspapers and I could be set for a long time." With her limited Spanish and activity-based approach, she figures she can ignore any parts of the education promoter role that don't fit her personality or her idea of development.

Leanne spent her free weekend at the Hotel Lina in Santo
Domingo with Ralph. She views it as "therapy" to be in a place with soap and a hot water shower. For her lle that week, she chose to write about food.

Mi mama Dominicana es una muy buena cocinera. Anoche, por la cena nosotros comimos arroz con habichuelas y carne y plátano frito y ensalada y piña. A la mañana ayer por el desayuno nosotros comimos pan y mantequilla y queso, jugo de piña, huevos cocido y café con leche. El Domingo por la noche, mi mama coció arroz con leche. El lunes por la noche, mi mama coció harina de maíz con carne. Mi mucho gusta arroz con leche y harina de maíz con carne. Siempre vivo me mama Dominicana, yo ______ muy gorda pero las comidas mucho grande y muy bueno.

[My Dominican mother is a very good cook. Last night, for supper we ate rice with beans and meat and fried plátano and salad and pineapple. Yesterday morning for breakfast we ate bread and butter and cheese, pineapple juice, cooked eggs and coffee with milk. Sunday night, my mother cooked rice with milk. Monday night, my mother cooked corn meal with meat. I like rice with milk and corn meal with meat a lot. If I always lived with my Dominican mother, I would get very fat, but the meals are very large and very good.]

Leanne continues to stick to simple sentence structure and known vocabulary. It struck me in reading this lle, that Leanne had structured the typical exercise that might be found in a textbook if Entrena had used one (Now you write about the foods that you eat in your Dominican family). The lle was easy to write. By sticking to known vocabulary, she avoided the need to use the dictionary except to check a few spellings. When she does encounter something she has difficulty expressing (I would get very fat), she leaves the troublesome part blank figuring "that's what teachers are for" rather than hazarding a guess. In
this lie, she does not write about an experience and makes no attempt to draw a conclusion.

Her teacher assigned a topic for the next lie about preparing for the weekend, which doesn't particularly bother Leanne because she says she would probably just write about the most recent thing anyway, but the assignment troubles her because she has to write in the future tense in order to talk about the upcoming weekend.

El viernes temprano en la mañana, yo saldré por San Rafael de Yuma. Yo estoy nerviosa porque está un poco espanto viajar en un nuevo país pero yo estoy excitado a viajar en este nuevo país también. Esta muy buen aprender viajar en las guaguas públicas. Yo esparciré por las guaguas con paciencia porque yo saldré temprano porque viajar por la noche está peligroso. Yo tengo mucha curiosidad acerca de la República Dominicana y viajar está muy interesante y educativo. San Rafael de Yuma está cerca la mar y noreste La Romana. Yo estoy más excitado que nervioso para ir a San Rafael de Yuma en este fin de semana.

[Early Friday morning, I will leave for San Rafael de Yuma. I am nervous because it is a little scary to travel in a new country, but I am excited to travel in this new country also. It is very good to learn to travel in the public buses. I will wait patiently for the buses because I will leave early because to travel at night is dangerous. I am very curious about the Dominican Republic and to travel is very interesting and educational. San Rafael de Yuma is close to the sea and northeast of La Romana. I am more excited than nervous to go to San Rafael de Yuma this weekend.]

Leanne was a little distressed with the lie because she made "a lot of mistakes with the future tense". She would have preferred to write about the trip on Sunday night after getting back so she could have written in the past. She is less adventurous with her lie now than she was
initially when she knew less. Perhaps because she has an area of language now where she feels comfortable within the confines of simple structures and known vocabulary, she is less willing to venture beyond it. She works to avoid mistakes, not viewing them as learning opportunities.

Both Leanne and Ralph were asked if they wanted to travel together or to separate locations over the weekend. Both expressed a preference for traveling together, because as Leanne put it, they were going to end up living together anyway. This decision without a doubt changed the nature of the experience for Leanne.

Gerald

Before going to visit the volunteer for the weekend, Gerald packed all his "life's necessities in case I never get there". I commented that was something I wouldn't have thought of. He told me, "Well, you're talking to a planner."

His visit raised questions for him about his Peace Corps role. He visited a volunteer in the business program whose project involved helping a private entrepreneur market solar panels and do accounting in the business. Tito explained to Gerald that it involved an organization and not just one businessman, but Gerald still questioned the project. "I don't think it's appropriate for Peace Corps to be basically free labor for a government or a business. I think they are there to help people to help themselves." For Gerald, this
project did not jibe with the Peace Corps goals. "What's he doing for people in the campo?"

When Gerald returned to the capital on Sunday, he discovered his Dominican brother had been shot. He had been at a tipico and got drunk and into a fight. The other guy had a gun and shot him in the hand. Gerald went to visit his brother in the hospital. Because he was a cadet, the brother was in the police hospital, which according to his sister was pretty good. "In the other hospitals they pack ten people into a room." But for Gerald, even the conditions in the police hospital are shocking. "There are really no facilities other than the four beds and it's just a barren room where they bring in food."

With all of the excitement of rushing off to visit his brother, Gerald had forgotten his lie and had to write the first part in the morning and finish it during his lunch break. He thought about what could be a life learning experience and came up with three separate, but related ideas that he had been thinking about. He organized his lie around these three main points.

Mientras tengo solamente un poco experiencia considerar, aprendo que hay mucho aspectos "universal" sobre lenguas. Por ejemplo, lenguas dependen en muchos comunicaciones non-verbal. Mucho de este comunicaciones non-verbal están similar, idéntico, o comprensible facilmente a través de fronteras des lenguas y transmito mucha información. También, muchos refrans cual pensé estuve único a los Estados Unidos no están único. Algunos, tal vez, están exportaciones de cultura pero mucho están evidencia que la mayoría des ideas no
están únicos. Finalmente, es interesante que culturas diferentes usan similar sílabas sin sentido ocupar espacio o indicar comprensión. Por ejemplo, "uh-huh" o "uhh" usan ambos aquí y en los Estados Unidos. Así, rato hay mucho aprender con una lengua nuevo, hay mucho que es el mismo o similar.

[While I have only a little experience to consider, I learn that there are many "universal" aspects to languages. For example, languages depend on many non-verbal communications. Many of these non-verbal communications are similar, identical or easily comprehensible across the borders of languages and transmit a lot of information. Also many sayings which I thought were unique to the United States are not unique. Some, perhaps are cultural exports but many are evidence that the majority of the ideas are not unique. Finally, it is interesting that different cultures use similar syllables without meaning to occupy space or to indicate comprehension. For example, "uh-huh" or "uhh" are used both here and in the United States. Therefore, while there is much to learn with a new language, there is much that is the same or similar.]

Gerald noticed the volunteer he visited was able to communicate a lot with minimal Spanish because of non-verbal gestures which are almost international. Gerald also found he could translate certain expressions. One day he was going out with his sister and it began to rain. She didn't want to walk in the rain and he teased her, saying in a rough translation of an old saying, "You aren't sugar. You won't melt." She laughed and asked him where he had heard that expression and he realized it was common in Spanish as well. People also use the same sounds to fill spaces in conversation.

Gerald draws a lesson from all of this about universal features of language and possibly thinking patterns. "My
suspicion is that people all over the world tend to think in the same types of analogies. Why would it be unique to one particular culture?" That people might express the same types of analogies was something Gerald had never thought about before. After discovering that "ES DIFERENTE", Gerald could begin to see similarities as well.

After discussing this lie, Gerald mentions a funeral he attended with his family. Suddenly he stops himself and says, "well, I'm not going to tell you all this because I'm going to write my next lie about it." The following week, I read the lie:

Martes en la noche, experimenté mi primero funeral dominicana. No me gusta funerales porque me gusta recordar gente en vida, no muerte. Pero mi familia convencieron me que estaría una experiencia buena. El cuerpo puso en la casa de la familia y los amigos y relativos vinieron mirar el cuerpo o se sentaron con la familia. Muchas gente se sentaron con la familia toda la noche. Me senté fuera de casa con otros por dos horas. Estuve sorpresa que muchas gente bromearon y rieron mientras al funeral. Miré el cuerpo pero mis hermanas no lo miraron porque tuvieron miedo. Pensé que tal vez muchas gente bromearon y rieron a fin de mitigar sus miedo. Estuvo una experiencia muy interesante para me porque no tengo miedo de muerte y estuve sorpresa aprender de mis hermanas miedo.

[Tuesday night, I experienced my first Dominican funeral. I don't like funerals because I like to remember people in life, not death. But my family convinced me that it would be a good experience. The body was placed in the family's house and the friends and relatives came to look at the body or sit with the family. Many people sat with the family all night. I sat outside the house with others for two hours. It was a surprise that many people laughed and joked during the funeral. I looked at the body but my sisters didn't look at it because they were afraid. I thought that perhaps a lot of people joked and laughed.
to mitigate their fear. It was an interesting experience for me because I am not afraid of death and I was surprised to learn of my sisters' fear.

At this point Gerald has developed a clear concept of a lie which he can articulate. When he writes a lie, he sifts through experiences in his mind. "If you don't pick something that's really interesting, then you don't really come out with a good lie because you don't have anything to say in the end." Gerald doesn't necessarily know what his conclusion will be when he starts to write. "I know there is something to conclude, but I don't always know when I start writing, what it is. Sometimes in the process of writing I have to discover what the main idea is or the main point or whatever - the significance for me." He has a basic outline in mind when he starts writing. "Basically I am going to talk about what happened, how I felt about it or what I was thinking when it happened and what kind of lesson or thoughts I had as a conclusion."

When Gerald discusses the funeral experience with me again after writing the lie, he is more focused in terms of meaning. He hadn't known they were planning to stay all night with the body. He was surprised that his sister did not want to go in to see the body. When he asked her why, she used the word "miedo", as Gerald didn't know the word, she pointed it out in the little dictionary he always carries with him. "She showed me fear or fearful and I realized that was why she wasn't going in to see the body.
and I don't know if I actually jumped, but I was really struck by that."

Like Leanne, Gerald is asked to write about how he feels about going out someplace where no one is waiting for him. While he is not enthusiastic about the assigned topic, he thinks it could be a good lie, depending on how he wrote it. He plans to think about what she wants him to do, think about traveling to a place where no one is there to meet him and talk about that in terms of past experiences. It could be a valuable lie, if "I take past experience and apply it to present experience."

Gerald feels satisfied with how he was able to incorporate something from the past into this lie (See Appendix 4- G-2). He started the lie at home one night but didn't have chance to finish it and so continued the next morning. When I asked him if it was difficult for him to hold the idea in his mind, he reminded me he is a very organized person. Gerald was overjoyed to discover that his family was selling manilla envelopes in their pharmacy. He had been working with only folders, one Peace Corps had given him and one he had brought with him. "It was driving me nuts! I had to put everything in two broad categories and I like to classify things a little more fine." He bought four envelopes from his family and happily spent a whole morning organizing.
Marie

Marie's new teacher is male, as are all of her classmates. "They make a lot of jokes about 'bonita chichas' and so forth and having a male instructor has sort of enhanced those kinds of comments." But what really bothers her is that her new teacher is "not as exact" as the first one. She notices mistakes in some of the things he writes on the board and worries "that all of my mistakes will not be caught."

For her visit to the volunteer, Marie was assigned to visit Brett Small. He worked in a Batey [migrant labor camp for the Haitians who come to cut the sugar cane] located close to a school run by Canadian nuns. Marie was interested in the prospect of visiting a Batey and writes a lie about that before she goes.

Este fin de semana iré una batey de Haitians. Estaré una experiencia interesante porque quiero aprender más sobre Haitians en este país. Nosotros hemos estado decir que los Haitians no tratado muy bien en la República Dominicana y tienen no respecto y son muy pobre. Yo quiero mirar como les viven y como el Cuerpo de Paz los hace ayudar.

Yo estoy leyendo un libre ahora que discute a los Haitians quien trabajan en el campo de la caña de azúcar. El libre describe como los esclavos. Yo no puedo esperar hablar con los.

[This weekend I will go to a batey of Haitians. It will be an interesting experience because I want to learn more about the Haitians in this country. We have been told that the Haitians are not treated well in the Dominican Republic and have no respect and are very poor. I want to see how they live and how the Peace Corps helps them.

I am reading a book now which discusses the
Haitians who work in the sugar cane fields. The book describes them as slaves. I can't wait to talk with them."

This lie signals a change for Marie. For the first time, it is possible to read her lie without first translating it back to English. Instead of translating word-for-word, she is experimenting with Spanish conventions. She interjects "les" and "los" in various places. Her misspellings are no longer based solely in English, but in imperfect visual representations of the Spanish (libre, esparar). Her process is changing.

She goes off for the weekend with another trainee, who has been assigned to work in the school in Consuela with the nuns. They visit that school as well and are treated to dinner by the nuns. Marie chooses to write about the food.

Este fin de semana pasado, yo comí un pastelillo chocolate hecho en casa. Eso fue el toque de luz de mi visitar. Eso fue el chocolate negro con la capa de azúcar vainilla. Eso fue dado a nosotros por algunas hermanas católicas que actúa una escuela en un pueblo llamó Consuela. El pastelillo fue uno de muchos gestos de generoso yo he visto hasta yo he estado aquí. Una familia en el batey- una familia con nada- nos dió una comida maravilloso en sabado. La gente aquí quiere dar.

Yo no habría dicho antes este fin de semana que yo echo de menos el pastelillo chocolate o pan de el ajo o cociniendo. Hasta este fin de semana pasado. Pero yo comí las todas y eso fue celestial. Me pregunto si yo echaré de menos arroz y habichuelas cuando yo regreso a los Estados Unitos.

[This past weekend, I ate a homemade chocolate cake. This was the touch of light in my visit. It was a dark chocolate with vanilla frosting. This was given to us by some catholic nuns who run a school in a pueblo called Consuela. The cake was one of many gestures of]
generosity that I have seen since I have been here. A family in the Batey- a family with nothing- gave us a marvelous meal on Saturday. The people here want to give.

I wouldn't have said before this weekend that I missed chocolate cake or garlic bread or cooking- until this weekend. But I ate them all and it was heavenly. I wonder if I will miss rice and beans when I return to the United States.

"When I was trying to think of what struck me, there were a lot of things that struck me, (I could have gotten a few other lies out of the weekend), but being selfish about it, the thing that struck me most was this wonderful chocolate cake the nuns made for us." The scene reminded Marie of home- they ate together and spoke English. Like Maggie, Marie usually eats alone at her family's house in the capital. In the states, "We weren't the kind of family where everyone caught dinner at different times." The night before, she and the other volunteers had tried to make spaghetti but "all we had was garlic, onion and a little tomato paste and it tasted like garlic, onion and a little tomato paste." The next night the nuns served real spaghetti. Three hours later, they visited a family in the batey who wanted to give them dinner, as they couldn't refuse, they ate again. The family obviously had very little and their generosity touched Marie. What surprised her in the whole experience was "if someone had asked me what I missed, I wouldn't have said chocolate cake, yet obviously I did." "You think about all these big things as being culture, like missing your family, but it's all these
little things too."

Marie didn't know what meaning she would draw from the experience when she started writing, only that it was something that surprised her and that she wanted to explore. "I didn't know where I was going after I wrote the first sentence. I guess at one point I asked myself why am I saying this and realized it was probably the generosity, and I remembered this other family and the other thing that struck me was that I wouldn't have told you I missed it."

While she did use the dictionary for certain words, resulting in un-Dominican Spanish (pastelillo, hermanas católicas) she is trying to use the words she knows. "It's not as restricting as I thought it would be." She is aware of the change she has made in her two latest lie. "I think I am finally beginning to think in Spanish." She finally understands what her teacher meant when he said "use Spanish phrases". "You don't say his mother's house, you say the house of his mother." She has been doing some reading in Spanish which she thinks helped her. "I see the way sentences are structured, seeing the differences, seeing the patterns." Like Gerald's ES DIFERENTE, she comes to a realization about language, "When you understand it more, you can't translate exactly. You can know what you want to say and then say it in Spanish."

The volunteer Marie visited in the batey was a community education promoter. Brett Small participated a lot in the
training of this group of volunteers. He had been part of
the training group in Miami and later spoke to the education
group about the importance of personal goals. Marie saw how
within the confines of the vague program description, he was
trying to get into the community, get to know the people.
He wants the community to come to him, which Marie thinks is
good as long as he can "stay credible". But Brett was not
without problems. When Marie and the other trainee arrived,
"he had had a showdown with some local teachers who had been
resenting him". The problem started with the strong
language Brett had used about the local teachers in his
community diagnostic. He then tried to get all of the
teachers fired, which they, understandably, resented. I
questioned what type of model he was providing for the new
trainees and what kind of statement Peace Corps and the
training staff were making by using him as a model.

The visit raised questions about the program for Marie
as well. "I'm recognizing its limitations." After seeing a
volunteer work within a vague program description, she feels
"it's to the point where it's not a good thing, it's too
vague." Volunteers are floundering because of the nature of
the program. The way the failure of the TEFL program was
handled concerns her. While it apparently was deemed a
failure, no one explained why. Those volunteers who ask have
been told not to bother with it, but were given no direction
as to what to do next. "Those who haven't asked about it
Marie realizes she has to stay flexible. Maybe this program is just more honest—or more realistic than some of the other programs. Development is not easy and things change quickly in developing countries. Her concern is not in the latitude about how you get to a certain point, but that you know your destination. She isn't sure she knows what they are trying to accomplish.

Field Trip II—Traveling Alone

In order to understand my informants' reactions to this weekend field trip, one has to understand that Dominican culture is not the same for men and women. My male and female informants confronted very different cultures when they traveled to the campo alone. In the Dominican Republic, women do not travel alone to strange towns in the countryside where they don't know anyone. If they do, they are bound to be the object of unwanted attention.

After living here for more than three years, I know, at least, what to expect in that type of situation. But it still enrages me. The first few months I lived in this country, I had to walk along a main route to and from my work at the university. I was subject to all manner of abuse daily in this 20-minute walk. Inside I would rage
that I was a professional, that I was an intelligent person, that I was worthy of dignity, but I learned to suffer in silence because my tormentors found any response very entertaining. The only defense is to ignore it, but the rage eats at you inside.

Trainees were given an assignment sheet for the weekend which asked them to describe how they got to the pueblo, where they stayed, and prescribed a series of activities such as buying a lottery ticket, noting prices of food items, dates of the patron saint's day in the town, etc. A final series of activities was more program-related such as visiting a school, attending a community organization meeting or noting the major economic activities in the town. The purpose of the activity sheet was multiple. It provided a check on whether the trainees actually completed the assignment and attempted to make the trip more of a learning experience for the trainees, beyond simply arriving safely at their destination and finding lodging. The sheet also provided information about transportation, lodging and other costs in different parts of the country which the training center could use in its various programs. The form was written in an odd combination of Spanish and English, inviting the trainees to respond in whatever language they wished.

Gerald's trip was uneventful. He was annoyed at being sent to another tourist-oriented area (his first trip was to
the north coast), and doesn't feel he has had the chance to see what conditions will be like in his site. He completed his form entirely in Spanish, completing more than the required number of assignments.

Leanne experienced few difficulties traveling with Ralph. She fills out her form entirely in English, adding a full page of comments. Evidently, at first no one could believe they had intended to come to the town and assumed they were lost. "The town has an image problem." They found people in the town who spoke English to explain more about the area. Although they saw healthy-looking herds of cattle and were impressed by the farm machinery, the town looked depressed. They saw little activity on Friday or Saturday. One of their English-speaking friends told them a major problem is that the young people leave for jobs in La Romana, Higuey or Santo Domingo. Leanne concludes the situation is similar to Northwest Iowa.

Neither Gerald nor Leanne experienced major problems on their trips. For my single female informants, it was an entirely different experience.

Maggie

Maggie traveled to Navarette, outside of Santiago. The negative experience she had when she arrived colored her view of the entire weekend. When she got to the town, she started asking around for a place to stay. Someone directed her to a "mujer seria" [decent woman]. Maggie didn't like
the look of the place, but decided to trust whoever told her this was a "mujer seria". She asked the woman if there were any rooms. The woman looked her up and down for what seemed like a long time and then said, "Creo que no." [I don't think so]. Maggie was taken aback, she thought, "Cree que no o no?". A man standing nearby offered to rent her a room at his place. The "mujer seria" said it was OK and so Maggie went with him. "There was a little room in his place, just a bed really, the bed took up the whole room. I could tell right from the start it was not a nice place."

But, Maggie thought, she didn't come to the Dominican Republic to spend two years on the beach at Puerto Plata, so she had better get used to these types of conditions. She left her things in the room and went for a walk in the town. She met some people and they got to talking. They asked Maggie where she was staying. When she told them, they said oh no, that place is a house of prostitution. A discussion ensued about how to get Maggie's things out of there without causing a scene. Finally they decided that one woman would say she wanted Maggie's company because she lived alone in her big house, but Maggie would probably have to pay for the room at the man's house. When she went back the man allowed her to go and wouldn't accept any money. Neither would the woman she stayed with.

The woman was nice, but Maggie was bitter about the experience- "having to walk down the streets of a town where
they thought I was a prostitute." She did the assignments Saturday morning, but was "just feeling really rotten." By the afternoon she was sitting on the porch of the woman's house thinking, "I hate it here [Dominican Republic]. What am I doing here?"

Like many of the other female trainees, Maggie's menstrual cycle had been affected by the stress of moving to the Dominican Republic. Maggie finally saw her period after that weekend and thus attributes some of her attitude to PMS, but she was "bitter and rethinking my commitment to Peace Corps and thinking I don't need to be here at all."

When she began to consider whether she needed to be here, the next question was whether she wanted to be here. After the weekend, she had serious doubts.

On Monday, she told me she intended to write her lie about the weekend and the experience and the effect it had on her, but wasn't sure how she was going to do it yet.

Es muy facil aquí para enfocarme en las cosas negativas cuando yo no siento bueno. Aun cuando hay muchas cosas positivas, yo pongo importancia en las cosas que yo no me gusta. El fin de semana pasado, yo conocí personas muy amables quienes yo me gustó mucho. Pero porque yo tenía una experiencia desagradable sobre un lugar para dormir, yo empezaba pensar sobre las cosas que no me gusta. Por ejemplo, los tigres y que yo siento limitada en las cosas yo puedo hacer porque soy una mujer y hay ruido casi todo el tiempo- de la musica, motoconchos, camiones, etc. Todos me molestaban. Pero, el domingo, en la tarde, yo caminaba a pie con una niña. Nosotros hablábamos y ella tendió su mano para mi mano y puso sus dedos por míos. Y eso, me hace muy alegre.
[It is very easy here for me to focus on the negative things when I don't feel well. Even when there are many positive things, I place importance on the things that I don't like. Last weekend, I met very friendly people whom I liked a lot. But because I had an unpleasant experience concerning a place to sleep, I started to think about the things I don't like. For example, the tigres [A term used to refer to the men who call out to women in the street] and that I feel limited in the things I can do because I am a woman and that there is noise almost all the time—from the music, motorcycles, trucks, etc. They all bother me. But, on Sunday afternoon, I walked with a little girl. We talked and she took my hand and put her fingers through mine. This made me very happy.]

Maggie talks about this lie in terms of the conscious selection process she went through in writing it. She could have explained why it was important to her that the girl took her hand— "the whole cultural thing about the friendliness and openness of the people," but settled for one example without going into an explanation which would be "dull and boring". She decided not to go into explanations, but "obviously it's not just that example, it's what that example stands for in terms of the people here."

When she started, she didn't know she would end with the little girl. In fact, she considered several other examples. That evening she was sitting at the table with her brothers teasing them about the fact that they hadn't started their homework. They attend the afternoon school session and never begin their homework until the morning. But this evening they brought their book bags out and "the next thing I knew they were on either side of me doing their homework." Maggie helped them look up definitions of words in their
dictionary. The mother brought them popcorn and cookies and Maggie felt, for the first time, like part of the family. "It was a really neat moment." She knew she was going to put the incident with the little girl into her lie, but almost added, "right now I am sitting with my brothers and .." But she thought putting in more examples would "take away from it rather than help it." "It comes out clean, without needing to tack on something else."

The lie helped her to focus on the things that are really important. She had started thinking about how close they were getting to beginning service and doubting herself. But after writing the lie she said, "I started to look at it in a different way, and started to look around and say, not just the whole big two-year picture, but I think right now my brothers and I are sitting here doing our homework and it's really cool."

Marie

Marie went to Jasper Hernandez, east of Sosua. When she walked around the town, wanting to check it out, she found she was the one being checked out. The harassment from men upset her more than during other weekends. She felt more vulnerable because she was alone, but also she had expected the campo would be different. When she discovered the abuse was worse than in the capital, she began to wonder how life would be in her site. She says bluntly, "If it's like that in my site, I'm leaving. That's how strongly I feel about
The sexual harassment was constant and unnerving, "even from young boys". She doesn't know how to respond to it. "I don't want to be rude and mean back, but either you don't respond at all or you end up responding in kind." Marie tries to ignore it, but "it's like you don't respond, and you don't respond, and you don't respond and by ten o'clock in the morning, you're telling them to go find their mothers."

The weekend culminated in an incident where she bought her lunch and walked out of town to find a nice, secluded spot to eat. "It was just me and a horse in a field." All of a sudden, she heard a motorcycle approach and stop. When she looked up, a man was staring at her. He rode away and she thought, "that's good." But he came back with a friend and they started walking down the hill to where she was. Marie got up and started to walk away. "That may have been a mistake on my part. Maybe I should have let them confront me." They left and she thought maybe she would go back down. As she was about to head back to her spot they returned with two more of their friends. Marie decided to head back to town.

"I was a diversion. They were going to harass me. It was a little sport, a little fun." She figures the men don't have enough to do. The solution lies in having them work more around the house so that they would have less time
"for these little games—like harrassing women and wars."

Marie feels superior to the men. "I have so many things I want to do with my life and I look at this person standing on the corner harrassing me and I am like, surely you can channel your energies in a different way." It comes down to a power issue. "You think you have the right to treat me like that? What could possibly make you think that? The answer is because they are men." She marvels that they feel they can judge her "even on their base level". "I'm a better human being than you are— I wouldn't think of doing what you are doing ever in my life and look at you. I'm a better person than you are."

Another trainee, who was a good friend of Marie's, decides to leave. Marie has her doubts as well. She doubts she could be effective in an area where women are treated as she was treated that weekend. She reacts against the culture, questioning if she wants to live in "that sort of a culture". And also, "there is the question of whether I want to help people who treat women that way."

Her doubts about Peace Corps are also fueled by questions she has about its role in development raised during her visit to Brett Small. While she does have personal reasons for joining the Peace Corps, she's not "22 and right out of college looking to learn about myself". She came to contribute to development and has serious questions about the role Peace Corps plays in development.
Like Maggie, she questions whether the purpose of Peace Corps has shifted over the years to providing more cultural exchange than development. She doesn't know if Peace Corps would define its role in development as a failure, but "development is very, very difficult, even defining it is difficult." She was drawn to the concept of working at the grassroots level but now feels the effect might not be as strong as she imagined. "I think a lot of people walk away after two years with no real sense of why they were here. Do I want to walk away after two years and say, well, I learned how to play the guitar?"

Brett Small's talk to the group also fueled her doubts with his stress on personal goals and his telling them not to expect much program support out in the field. To her it seemed "in line with the whole Peace Corps philosophy of yeah, well, we don't really know what we're doing in terms of development. We're just sort of grasping in the dark so we'll just let these kids go out there and see what they come up with. It probably won't mean a lot in terms of development, but they'll get a lot out of it."

Conditions in the Batey also gave Marie pause. She asked herself if she could live that way for two years. She couldn't pinpoint exactly what was unacceptable, she noted, "He had to shower in the courtyard by pouring a bucket of water over his head and there was no water at the time so he had to get water. It just seemed like a poor and depressing
Marie had not completed an assigned lie because she was sick after the weekend. She tells me she would have written about "the incident with the men and how intolerable that is, especially for me." She says in planning the lie, "it would be interesting to find out why it happens." I suggest she write it and hand it in to me when she can. The next day she gives me the following lie,

Necesito apprender como estar simpatica a los hombres en este país, aunque si los estan grosero a mi. Supuesto ellos no saben como tratan las mujeres con respecto. Ellos son enseñaron que los necistan pretender estar superior a las mujeres. Este es posible que los hombres en realidad sienten inferior a las mujeres- o no superior- así necistan poner en la charada. Ellos no tienen seguridad.

Pero no puedo resolver los problemas con seguridad de los hombres en este país. Siento los efectos solamente. Y necisito poder con los problemas de ellos. Debo apprender como poder con la agresión sin la misma agresión o sin una respuesta. Detener tranqui a despecho de la agresión.

Supuesto deber recordar que hay la agresión cuando no hay seguridad. Los hombres están agresivos porque los no estan seguridad. Misma otras personas. Misma mi algunos tiempo.

[I need to learn how to be sympathetic to the men in this country, even if they are rude to me. I suppose they don't know how to treat women with respect. They are taught that they need to pretend to be superior to women. It is possible that in reality, the men feel inferior to women, or not superior, thus they need to put on a charade. They are insecure.

But I cannot solve the problems with security of the men in this country. I only feel the effects. I need to cope with their problems. I need to learn to cope with aggression without the same aggression or without a response. I need to keep calm in the face of aggression.

I suppose that I should remember that there is aggression where there is no security. The men are
aggressive because they are insecure. The same as other people. The same as I am sometimes."

Marie's teacher came to me with this lie because she thought it was "extreme" and asked me if I had ever felt that strongly about the men issue. I told her I had and didn't find it extreme. Marie wrote the lie in order to "learn something from it". She wanted to understand the behavior of the men in order to learn to deal with it. "Either I don't respond, or I respond in kind, tell them to shove it or something, which isn't good." She wanted to find new ways of responding.

She concludes "machismo is definitely insecurity". Men need to be macho because they don't have a purpose. They don't work inside the home, because they consider that to be women's work, "which is a shame because they could get involved with their families and develop their human side, which would make them better people." There is a shortage of work outside the home and "how long can you play dominos?" Men are afraid to acknowledge the "very relevant and necessary role that women do play" because this would further rob them of a sense of purpose.

After coming to the conclusion machismo is insecurity, Marie stopped writing and thought about what she was going to do with this insight. She decides she can't change their behavior, but she can remain calm. She is able to acknowledge the connection between insecurity and aggression her own life. "If I argue and become aggressive on a point,
it might be because I'm not sure of where I really stand." The lie helped her "just to sit down and learn something from it." Like Maggie, she uses the lie to process and resolve her experience over the weekend.

Marie says the lie concept "gets people thinking about what they are experiencing." But she often has trouble with the assignment because of the time factor. She thinks it would be helpful to have more time for planning. I suggest she just plan to turn in one every week and not wait for the assignment. She replies, "I can't do that right now. I can't do any long range planning. I am just living day to day. That's all I can handle."

At the end of this sixth week, trainees were given their first official FSI exams. Leanne scored 0+, indicating she had not yet achieved survival-level language skills. Gerald and Marie scored 1, or survival-level language. Maggie reached level 1+, the criterion level for swearing-in as a volunteer. When the exams were over on Friday afternoon, trainees had a fiesta to celebrate the midpoint of training. The following week they would receive their definite site assignments and leave on Thursday to spend a long weekend in the pueblo that would be their home for the next two years.
Chapter Notes:

1. Quoted from a television documentary "Local Heroes/Global Changes" aired on public television.


3. This view is similar to Bennett (1985) who says people who travel to another culture are first aware of behavioral differences and only later begin to see differences in values.

4. There is evidence it is also very different for minority volunteers. No minority volunteers were in this training group, but I have a file dealing with racism in the D. R. from a trainee who visited a minority volunteer in service (see Appendix five).

5. By March of 1990 some female volunteers still had not had a menstrual period since their arrival in the country. One had her period only when she decided to leave service. Peace Corps health staff say it is a common effect of stress on young women.
CHAPTER VI

WHEN YOU SEE WITH YOUR OWN EYES

Two more trainees, both single women, went home in the week following the trip to the campo alone. But these were the last to leave before swearing-in. My informants and the others who remained seemed to dig in and think seriously about the two years ahead.

The lies Maggie and Marie wrote about their weekends aided them in resolving their crises. In the process, their concept of the lie changes. In these last two weeks before technical training, all of my informants further develop their individual ways of using the lie. They report events, resolve personal issues, give meaning to experience, shape theories about culture... each creating the concept of the lie that will carry them through the rest of training.

On Monday, October second, the program managers from the Peace Corps office pulled up in their jeeps to give trainees their definite site assignments. Two days later, trainees set out with an information sheet about the pueblo and a map of how to get there. They were more nervous, serious and excited about this field trip than they had been about the others. These communities were "the real thing"—
where they would be living and working for the next two years. It was important to make a good impression.

When they returned, they began to make final preparations to leave for technical training the following weekend. They would return five weeks later for the week of their swearing-in ceremony and then leave directly for their permanent sites to begin service. Attitudes changed with the future looming so close.

Marie

After her visit to the pueblo alone, for the first time Marie had permitted herself to consider not staying. "I couldn't allow myself to think that way before." In the first week, some of the adjustments like "not having electricity at night and bathing in the dark with a bucket" could "put you in a very negative frame of mind if you allowed yourself to think about it" and "what can you do? You're going to be here for two years." But after the weekend of traveling alone, she allowed herself to say "if this is the way it's going to be, I'm not going to do it." She isn't surprised that what finally got to her was the hissing and the catcalls.

At the start of the seventh week of training, the crisis of the week before seems to have passed. She feels fine, but "contemplative". She is thinking further ahead. She had been living day to day for seven weeks and "I guess it's just time to think more about what's going to be happening".

186
On Monday morning in the time between when her alarm went off at 6:10 and when she had to get out of bed at 6:30, it struck her that she was going to be in the Dominican Republic for the next two years. She "just heard that statement strongly" in her mind. She chose to write about how that felt in her next lle.

Este mañana, yo realize que yo viviré en este país por dos años. Ciertamente, yo supe yo viviré aquí cuando junte Cuerpo de Paz. Pero me desperté este mañana y yo supe fue realidad. Me asusté. Tendré treinta y uno años cuando regreso a los Estados Unidos. Eso es un tiempo largo. ¿Qué haré por dos años? Me gustará mi pueblo? Encontraré que estoy buscando? Estoy contenta el día y el día, pero dos años? Es posible estar contenta en el campo por este tiempo largo? Supone todos los voluntarios preguntan las preguntas mismas. Pero, ahora es mi. Y no tengo las respuestas.

This morning I realized that I will live in this country for two years. Certainly, I knew I would live here [for two years] when I joined the Peace Corps. But I woke up this morning and I knew it was a reality. I scared myself. I will be thirty-one years old when I go back to the United States. This is a long time. What will I do for two years? Will I like my pueblo? Will I find what I am looking for? I am happy day to day, but two years? Is is possible to be happy in the campo for that long time? I suppose all of the volunteers ask the same questions. But now it is me. And I don't have the answers.]

Marie talks about this lle differently in many respects. Her description of how she wrote it makes no mention of dictionaries, grammar texts or even Spanish phrases. Her focus is on the content and the process of writing the lle rather than on the language itself.

When I asked Marie how she went about writing this lle, she referred to her newspaper days. "I usually think of the
first sentence. It's like writing a lead. Once you get your lead down, it goes, but you've got to get your lead first." Like a newspaper story, it just "flows from there and you just write it as you see it." This lie marks a change for Marie that began with the one before it. Her lies are becoming "more of a journal entry—more than a lie to practice my Spanish. These are more personal than just an experience."

She still wants to do Peace Corps work. But two years is a long time. When she thinks of home, she feels she is "living in a vacuum." "You are taking your life and moving it to a different place. You check out of your normal existence. The things that would normally be happening are not." But Marie begins to dig in and think about what she will do with that time. Following Brett Small's lead, she writes a list of personal goals.

After her weekend, she was nervous about going to visit El Pozo, the town of 6,000 people close to the peninsula of Samaná which will be her home (See Appendix 3- Map). But it was "one of the best weekends I've had since I've been here." The people in the town were excited because they had never had a volunteer before and "I was excited because I've never been a volunteer before." She tried to keep her expectations in check. "I had a meeting Saturday with the Club de Madres [Mother's club] and I came out of there and I wanted to scream or something because it was so exciting, but
then I said stop. I don't want to get too excited."

As much as she enjoyed it, the weekend was not easy for Marie. "I found myself sitting with my muscles tight, like when people were speaking Spanish to me and I was concentrating and trying so hard to figure out what they were saying so I wouldn't appear stupid and if one of them looked at me expecting an answer, I would be able to give one." By the end of the weekend her mouth and jaw were hurting from the stress of clenching and her shoulders were tight. "Probably part of it is just meeting people all weekend and trying to make a good impression."

Her questions about development are more real and practical now. "How do you approach different situations? Do you explain your philosophy?" People's expectations for her are high. They requested help on certain projects. "They think I am going to be able to do a lot, but I don't want to do a lot. I want them to do a lot." She knows many volunteers get their hopes up too high and "when push comes to shove things don't get off the ground". They complain they haven't accomplished enough in two years."

When Marie moves out to her site, she feels she will be spending the majority of her time with Dominicans and will "feel much more immersed in the culture." But for now, she enjoys the time with other Americans and needs their support. "This is the time I have with them." Of course the one she will miss most is Gerald.
When I went to her class to collect her next lle, Marie told me it was "really an important one."

Yo debo ir pensando sobre mi sitio definitivo. Yo debo ir pensando sobre mi acercamiento hacia el desarrollo. O buscando un lugar vivir. Pero todo yo pienso sobre estos días es mi novio. Y todos yo quiero es estar con él.

Yo tengo buena suerte porque yo tengo él. Yo tengo estas emociones. Por ahora. Pero ahora es todo yo pienso... ahora. Y me siento bien. Él es maravilloso.

[I should be thinking about my definite site. I should be thinking about my approach to development. Or looking for a place to live. But all I think about these days is my boyfriend. And all I want is to be with him.

I have good luck because I have him. I have these feelings. For now. But now is all I think about.... now. And I feel good. He is marvellous.]

We were now in the eighth week of training and this was the first time Marie had mentioned Gerald, or even that she was involved in a relationship. A change in our relationship had been coming for several weeks since she discussed her feelings about the harassment from men. From this point on, there was more trust between us. She was looser and at times playful. We talked more as friends. She is "feeling freer to express feelings" in her lle. The experiences are becoming more routine and the feelings are taking over. "When you first come here, you're not really concentrating on what you are feeling; you're not really sure what you are feeling. It takes a while to sort that out."
She had written the lie the night before. While she was thinking of what she wanted to write, her mind kept drifting off to Gerald. As she was facing the blank sheet of paper, she started to write down her thoughts. She felt she should be writing her lie about her site, "but that's not what kept creeping into my mind." After finishing the first paragraph, she didn't know where to go with it, because it wasn't a journal after all. She would have to share it with others. She didn't feel comfortable continuing to write and explore her thoughts.

She thinks the topic was related to her site visit. "Just the fact that I did see my site. There are a lot of things I am going to miss, but he's number one." Referring back to her lie about the chocolate cake she says, "I write a lot about food, but that isn't what's really important—it's the people." She feels she has to let go of Gerald. She hasn't had a "pure experience" with the Peace Corps because "it's always clouded with thoughts of him." She often drifts off in large group sessions. "Fifty percent of my time is spent thinking of him." She realizes she has to prepare herself for the separation. "I don't want to be hurt that bad."

Trying to protect herself by being "practical and cold" is not Marie. It doesn't make sense to tell herself she should be thinking of her site instead of him. "Forget the site! I mean it's obviously important, but it's the
relationship that's important and as I build relationships with people in my site, that's what's going to be important." Like Gerald, she has priorities, but hers are different. "To say OK, forget the relationship for now, I've got work to do is not my nature."

Marie feels men and women often prioritize differently. Women tend to place relationships as the priority and men don't, which is "a source of frustration and conflict and hurt and everything else." She will probably have to throw herself into the work to avoid thinking about Gerald. "But I'll just live for now for a little longer because there are six or seven weeks left. I still have a little bit of a cushion in-between."

Leanne

For the last two weeks of core training, Leanne was in the same Spanish class with her husband for the first time. She said it didn't make much difference. "You just do the best you can and don't cut other people down, whether you are married to them or not." She was relieved that her teacher did not contemplate introducing any new material in these last weeks at Pantoja. She wanted to concentrate on the present and simple past verb tenses and on picking up whatever vocabulary she had forgotten. She was glad to see ample time scheduled for Spanish classes, because traveling with Ralph over the weekends and speaking English tended to set her back in Spanish.
She is assigned another lie, about "a time when you helped someone or someone helped you". She found it hard to think of a topic within this guideline, liking as she does, to just write about what she did the night before or over the weekend. She finally writes about how she amused a child who was visiting her family's house, but is dissatisfied with her efforts because the topic required her to use too many "ing" forms, which they had not studied sufficiently (see Appendix 4- L-1). She continues her policy of staying with structures which have been introduced in class. She likes to get it said with what she knows. "If you stick to simple declarative sentences, you get in less trouble." She is reluctant to take chances with her writing. "If there's one verb tense I don't know, I might guess or leave it blank and ask, but I can't see writing ten sentences that way. I won't remember [the corrections] anyway.

The Dominican tendency to stress appearances bothers her more and more as training progresses. She notes with all the problems of the schools in this country, the representative from the Ministry of Education who addressed their technical training group was very well dressed. Ralph says the national symbol might as well be a fountain with no water- a facade with no attention to what's behind it.

Leanne was "a little nervous" about finding out her site. Both she and Ralph told Peace Corps they wanted a site
near the beach or the mountains because there "aren't any beaches or mountains in Iowa".

They were assigned to Las Lagunas, a town of about 5,000 people on the easternmost tip of the island, only eight kilometers from the coast where the Mona Passage separates the Dominican Republic from Puerto Rico (See Appendix 3). The community is bigger than others they have visited, and looks more active, with a big cattle ranch nearby. Her first thought was, "compared to the others I've seen, this one is doing pretty well so are they sure they need me?" She wrote the following lie about her weekend.

El fin de semana pasado mi esposo y yo visitamos el pueblo de Las Lagunas. Las Lagunas son un muy buen comunidad con dos iglesias y tres las escuelas primeros. Una escuela primero son privado. Las escuelas tienen uno mayor problema. La problema esta muchos estudiantes y unos pocos los profesores.

El pueblo no tiene luz or agua el fin de semana pasado pero la pension tiene un generator. La pension son comfortable y la propriatario son muy simpatico.

El profesor de inglés va a enseñar español a mi y yo va a enseñar él inglés. Yo tengo un muy interesante fin de semana en Las Lagunas.

[This past weekend, my husband and I visited the pueblo of Las Lagunas. Las Lagunas is a very nice community with two churches and three primary schools. One primary school is private. The schools have a major problem. The problem is too many students and too few teachers.

The pueblo didn't have electricity or water last weekend, but the pension [guest house] had a generator. The pension was very comfortable and the owner was very nice.

The English teacher is going to teach me Spanish and I am going to teach him English. I had a very interesting weekend in Las Lagunas.]

She doesn't focus her lie on any one aspect of the
visit. "It's more of a report than an experience." Since her visit to the Smiths, she seems to be putting less effort into her lies. They are only loosely based on experiences and her conclusion (I had an interesting weekend) is very weak. Leanne seems to be settling into a comfortable routine. I feel frustrated, but unsure of how to motivate her.

She is also comfortable in terms of her program. The problems with the school didn't seem too difficult to resolve. The teachers complained of having no playground equipment, although there were several deflated basketballs and volleyballs. The people's attitude annoys her. "They wait for everything. There was a baseball diamond and a volleyball court and a hospital that got stopped by the government and they kept saying they don't know why. Nobody touched it of course." Ralph thought he could borrow a tractor and have the baseball diamond fixed in no time. They also could easily clean up the park in the middle of the town. "Of course with no water in the town, we'd have to forget the fountain in the middle."

She questioned the idea of trying to turn the school into a model school. With about 600 students in the main school and 200 in the high school, there is "quite a drop-out rate". With an average of 45 students in each class for each session, "if you are using some rote methods, far be it from me to tell you not to." She isn't the type to "bat
someone over the head", so she doesn't see herself having problems. "As long as we don't make too many waves, or give them much grief, it'll be OK. Even if we don't do anything and don't make waves, it'll still be OK." She feels optimistic about her role in the community and willing to "give it a try". Success can come in small ways. "You only have to light a spark in a kid, half a dozen kids, and it's worth the trouble."

**Gerald**

After hearing a talk on culture shock, Gerald says he's sure he will go through all those stages, but his major preoccupation is "language shock". In this seventh week, he is depressed about language. Before coming to the Dominican Republic, he assumed by the end of two years, he would not only speak Spanish fluently, but be able to proofread and edit manuscripts for clarity. At this point he feels he will never manage the subtleties of the language. "I was reading 1001 Pitfalls in Spanish thinking I'll never learn all this- it's too much." The first part of his next life was a "diary account of the frustration."

**Antes yo vine a la Republica Dominicana, yo sentí que comunicación estaría mi quehacer más formidable. Todo que ha pasado hasta ahora ha confirmado que sentimiento. Es muy frustrante hablar usando oraciones básicas solamente porque comunicación es más sutilezas que contenido. Comunicando es menos estimulante, menos divertido, menos efectivo cuando limitó a lo vocabulario y la comprensión de un niño pequeño. Es fácil para una persona se pone abatido cuando no puede comunicar bien. Mi situación ahora me recuerdo de una**
amiga quien vivió en Italy para seis meses. Estuvo una institutriz para dos niños italiano pero la familia hablaron inglés así no habló italiano. Después seis meses, salió para otro país, England. Dijo que salió porque estuvo solitario. Yo puedo comprender su sentimientos. Es una vida solitaria cuando una persona no tienta hablar la lengua de un país.

[Before I came to the Dominican Republic, I felt that communication would be my most formidable task. All that I have been through so far has confirmed my feeling. It is very frustrating to speak using only basic sentences because communication is more subtleties than content. Communicating is less stimulating, less fun, less effective when one is limited to the vocabulary and the comprehension of a small child. It is easy for a person to become discouraged when they cannot communicate well. My situation now reminds me of a friend who lived in Italy for six months. She was a governess for two Italian children, but the family spoke English and thus she didn't speak Italian. After six months, she left for another country, England. She said she left because she was lonely. I understand her feelings. It is a lonely life when a person doesn't try to speak the language of a country.]

Gerald stopped mid-way through writing his 1le after "se pone abatido cuando" [become discouraged when] because he couldn't figure out how to say "limited" and just left it to finish later. When he returned to it the next day, he had another idea. He finished his sentence then went on to write about his friend in Italy. He remembered a letter where she told him, "Jerry, just remember, if you ever go out of the country, there's nothing more important than people." At the time, Gerald thought she was just lonely, but thinking about it in terms of his present situation, he concluded, "it's not just lonliness. It's lonliness because she couldn't communicate. She wasn't lonely in England."

With this addition, Gerald begins to use the 1le for
personal learning. He comes to a realization in the writing he had not thought through before beginning.

This change finds its reflection in his writing process. He is becoming less dependent on the dictionary. He guesses more. "I couldn't find frustrating in the dictionary so I tried to think of other ing adjectives like interesante and I guessed it was probably the same way." He is thinking more in Spanish and needs to re-read less—only when he is interrupted for a long period of time. Instead of analyzing individual words, "I just think about what it is I want to say and I know I have gotten this far in saying it."

Gerald learned something from writing this lie. He wishes he could find this girl and "tell her what's going on here and see what she thought." He is forming a different concept of the lie. When he went back to this lie with a different idea, it opened up new possibilities. He tells me it is important for him to learn something from each lie, not just present a lesson already learned. "It has to be something personal."

Gerald was pleased to see organization in the packet he received about his site. When he heard that officials from the school would be there to greet him, he thought, this really looks structured. So structured, in fact, he worried people would try to pressure him into beginning projects too soon. "If someone's priority is to dictate an agenda for me, I'm just going to have to play hard-ball and say I have a
few things on my own agenda right now."

Gerald's fears about someone dictating an agenda for him did not materialize. "Once they heard a few words of my Spanish, I think all of their expectations went down the drain." At first, Gerald couldn't understand anything anyone said. His site, Villa Elisa, was located between Santiago and Monte Cristi in the northwestern part of the country (See Appendix 3). He heard different accents from the Spanish he was used to in Santo Domingo. After a few days, he began to recognize words and people told him he was learning fast.

The site assignments forced Marie to confront the future separation from Gerald. But Gerald doesn't see it as a problem. The relationship troubles him because he doesn't understand why he doesn't feel as much for her as he did in the states. He thinks maybe it's the stress and when he is settled in his site, in a place he can call home, he can begin to have normal relationships. Gerald had felt uncomfortable about his failure to communicate with Marie, but Thursday night they went out to dinner and talked the situation over. He decided to write about the issue in his next letter.

Recientemente, mi novia ha acusado me de alejamiento. Dice que no he intentado crear amistades. También, no he estando atento a ella. No niego estas cosas, aunque no es verdad que no he creado amistades. La diferencia es que he sentido fuertemente creando amistades dominicana más bien que amistades americana. Esta
diferencia es una reflexión de mis prioridades a acomodar me a la cultura dominicana y mi inclinación a buscar para fuerza internamente más bien que externamente. Como he meditado en las consideraciones de mi novia, he aprendido más sobre mi personalidad y mis necesidades. Similar a la cultura y lengua estoy aprendiendo no es mejor o peor- es diferente!

[Recently, my girlfriend has accused me of distancing. She says that I have not tried to form friendships. Also I have not been attentive to her. I don't deny these things, even though it is not true that I have not formed friendships. The difference is that I have felt strongly about making Dominican friendships more than American friendships. This difference is a reflection of my priorities of adjusting myself to the Dominican culture and my tendency to look for internal strength rather than external strength. As I have thought about my girlfriend's considerations, I have learned more about my personality and my needs. Like the culture and the language, I am learning that it is not better or worse- it is different!]

Marie reacts to stress by "clinging" while Gerald "just keeps punching." "The life learning experience is that it takes extreme circumstances to learn more about who you are." Before coming, he and Marie had known they would be under a lot of stresses but didn't know how those stresses would manifest themselves. The experience has given him "good information" because in the future he will be able to "predict his needs better".  

This lile was more difficult to translate into English. His language is becoming more Spanish. At the same time, he clearly uses the lile to process and learn from a current experience. For the first time, he didn't have a conclusion in mind when he began to write. The issue he touches is more personal than cultural. This lile sets the pattern for
his future use of the genre.

Maggie

Maggie had an experience over the weekend after the sixth week of training which was "initially frustrating" but gave her "a lot to think about." She met a former trainee who invited her to the brunch at the Hotel Santo Domingo to meet some North American teachers he knew. She thought it would be interesting and accepted. She had never seen such a spread of food. She first thought, "This is wonderful. I love it. I will eat until I die." But the longer she sat at the brunch in the luxury hotel, the more she started thinking. "You know, this is what I wanted to get away from. Why am I sitting here dropping more money than most Dominicans will see in a month?" She had always been critical of companies which go into the third world, set up businesses which don't help the people and live like kings. "But once you are there sometimes you get in the middle of that and don't even know that's where you are."

"I didn't come here to live like an American. This is just the kind of thing I didn't want to deal with anymore. I could still be at the board meeting the first Monday of every month at the YMCA if I wanted to deal with the upper classes in America."

The similarities of this culture "make it tough for us to integrate ourselves because it is easy to seek out American things." "Before you know it you are going to the
Jaragua [a luxury hotel] once a week for the happy hour. You're going to the Hotel Lina pool and almost to the extent you've gotten into the Dominican culture, you pull yourself back and don't even realize it." Once you allow yourself "American" things, then the areas where you still have to deal with the culture "don't seem quite up to par and you get frustrated." If you allow things like the brunch at the Hotel Santo Domingo to become important, the frustration increases. "When I think why isn't this like it should be, it's because that's not what it is."

Maggie had two experiences over the weekend of a religious nature. One of her purposes in joining the Peace Corps was to investigate religions in other cultures. When she heard she was coming to the Dominican Republic with the influence of Voodoo, she was even more interested. So when someone invited her to the fiesta de San Miguel in Manoguayabo, and told her there would be witches, she had to go. Her family is Seventh Day Adventist so she was careful to only tell them she was going to a fiesta. But when they asked her if she had danced at the fiesta, she had to tell them where she had gone. Perhaps to counteract the influence of the fiesta de San Miguel, they invited her to a revival in their church on Sunday, so she had two very different religious experiences in the same weekend. She chose to contrast them in her next 11e.

Yo tenía dos experiencias religiosas el fin de semana
pasado. Después de la fiesta de Entrena el viernes, fui a la fiesta de San Miguel en Manoguayabo. Yo quise ir porque oí que habrá brujas allí. Visité dos casas con fiestas, y en cada casa había un cuarto especial con una o más brujas. Las mujeres son brujas por este día cada año. Ellas llevaban butandas alrededor de las cabezas y fumaban puros. Los cuartos tenían muchas velas, cuadros de santos y otras decoraciones. Había dulces, maní y galletas también. Después un apretón de manos especial, la bruja habló sobre el futuro con cada persona. Pero cuando las brujas me hablan, yo no pude oir bien y no pude entender mucho tampoco.

En el domingo, yo fui a la iglesia adventista de mi familia para una convención. Hay servicios todas las noches en este mes. Es como un despertamiento religioso en las iglesias evangelicas en los Estados Unidos. Casi todos fueron lo mismo. Había música, un coro, premios, y un sermón sobre cosas malas para no hacer.

Los dos son tipos de celebraciones, pero muy diferente. La primera- una mezcla entre las tradicionales católicas y africanas (yo supongo), y la segunda- de evangelismo americano. En comparación, la fiesta de San Miguel pareció ser una parte de la vida de la gente. La convención pareció ser sobre restricciones en la vida de la gente- restricciones sobre las acciones. 'No hagan esto, y no hagan eso.' Claro, hay más de los dos que esto, pero estas son las diferencias más grande para mi.

[I had two religious experiences last weekend. After the party at Entrena on Friday, I went to the fiesta de San Miguel in Manoguayabo. I wanted to go because I heard that there would be witches there. I visited two houses with fiestas, and in each house, there was a special room with one or more witches. The women are witches for this day each year. They wear scarves around their heads and smoke cigars. The rooms had many candles, pictures of saints and other decorations. There were candy, peanuts and crackers too. After a special handshake, the witch spoke about the future with each person. But when the witch talked to me, I couldn't hear well and I couldn't understand much either.

On Sunday, I went to the Adventist church with my family for a meeting. There are services every night this month. It is like a religious revival in the evangelical churches in the United States. Almost everything was the same. There was music, a chorus, prizes and a sermon about bad things not to do.

The two are types of celebrations, but very
different. The first is a mixture of Catholic and African traditions (I suppose), and the second—of American Evangelism. In comparison, the fiesta de San Miguel seemed to be part of the life of the people. The meeting seemed to be about restrictions in the life of the people—restrictions on their behavior. 'Don't do this, and don't do that.' Of course there is more to the two of them than this, but those are the biggest differences for me.)

This lie was more difficult to write than some of her others. She wanted to say something, but be careful about the way she said it. "I wanted it to come off as an observation and not a value judgement." Her teacher for the last two weeks at Pantoja was Clara. Maggie didn't know Clara was evangelical, but was conscious her lie "wasn't just for other Americans".

The revival service was like "a used car salesman, only this time he's Dominican, talking about the right path in life with table-top organ music in the background." For Maggie, religion is "opening up, celebrating life and inner spirituality." This was "something from outside of life coming down and clamping onto life." "Obviously, I had my opinion about that, but I wanted to temper it."

Maggie wrote this lie differently. She wrote straight through without consulting her reference books, checking problems afterwards. Clara had been telling them in class that when they are speaking, they shouldn't allow themselves to get hung up on a word, but to work for flow. This lie was easier because she knew what she wanted to say and didn't need to stop and think much. She paused before the

204
last paragraph because having described the two experiences, she didn't know how to conclude. She decided to just write "where they are coming from— one being from life and the other being put on it." She wants to watch out for her tendency to say things in judgemental ways. She wants to express it as "just an observation and not one is better", but it's hard to do, "especially when it's something you feel strongly about."

Her visits to the revival and the fiesta de San Miguel symbolize something else. She is beginning to consciously look at the culture and see the contradictions. So many things seem opposed to her, but "probably make sense". She cites the difference between "what goes on in the guaguas" and the rocking chairs. It's a contradiction in pace. While every home has at least one rocking chair and sitting in the rocking chairs is a big part of family and community life, when you think of the buses, "it's chaos out there." The sexuality of merengue contradicts the puritanism in the culture. "Everything is so focused on sex here and yet can't be. Sex is suppressed, but not even an inch under the surface." She was struck, at the mid-term fiesta at Entrena, by the differences between the American dances and merengue. No matter what the surface similarities between the two cultures, "that alone is so completely, completely in every way different." These things that seem not to fit must make sense or they wouldn't be there. Maggie is
beginning to look more closely to see how the culture makes sense within itself.

Maggie's site, Sabana Buey, is located outside of Bani, on the southern coast of the country not more than a few hours from the capital (See Appendix 3). She had a few moments at first when she wished there was another American within a half an hour of her site. But on Saturday, when she met a man from the village who had lived in the United States, she was not at all interested in speaking English with him.

The site meets Maggie's needs well in different ways. There are water faucets near enough to the houses and the pueblo has electricity- "a luxury, but nice." The land is flat and agricultural with "big open spaces". There are mountains nearby and she is only six kilometers from the beach. She always wanted a goat and there are goats all around. The people were very welcoming and she saw three people who reminded her of people she had known in Philadelphia. "It was the sign. This is the place where I should be." She feels the place will be good to her in both tangible and intangible ways. "The things are there, so it is really going to be me, my adjustment to the place and my adjustment to being in the culture over time- the challenge really is within me, because the things I need are there."

The site visit changes her perspective. "There is something real in my head now and it makes everything else
have a purpose." Things seem to be clicking into place. "Things are starting to turn into habits—like bathing [bucket baths] and that there are ants everywhere." She feels differently about Spanish also. Thoughts sometimes come to her in Spanish first. She tries to write about this feeling in her next lie.

I felt that with last weekend, I came to a new stage. Being in my site made me feel as if I have a real reason to be here. Peace Corps is beginning to be clearer, more tangible. With this I feel ready to work and to accept things. The new habits seem more normal and Spanish is beginning to be more central. Last night, I slipped into thinking in Spanish and some words and phrases came out of my mouth in Spanish.

This lie frustrated Maggie. She couldn't explain the feeling or "bring it down to something more tangible". The language wasn't the problem. What she can say in English, she can now find a way to say in Spanish. Her example of thinking in Spanish "doesn't really get at it." Finally she decided "it was going to be an effort that would fall short."

The site visit clarified her Peace Corps role for her. Her feelings about her role have "developed into something, more than changed." When she did the work-style inventory

Yo me siento que con el fin de semana pasado, yo llegué en una etapa nueva. Estando en el sitio mio, me hice sentir como yo tengo un razon real para estar aquí. Cuerpo de Paz está empezando a estar más claro, más tangible. Con esto, me siento lista para trabajar y aceptar cosas. Los hábitos nuevos parecen más normales y el español está llegando a ser más central. Esta noche, yo me deslicé en pensando en español y algunas palabras y frases salieron el boca en español.

Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission.
early in training, she came out "kind of in the middle". After the weekend, she was sure she would be "just the facilitator" "If we are able to meet the ideal of helping people to learn how to help themselves- how to empower themselves, it can really accomplish something because it's not problem-specific." The approach to the problem is more important than solving any specific problem. If it helps solve one problem, "it remains a project-specific kind of help and that one thing is better and if that makes their lives better, great, but it's not going to mean real change and development." For the moment at least, she feels clear about "where I am going to draw the line as to whose responsibility it is for certain things." "Because in the end, it's not mine to do, it's theirs to do."

**Centro Padre Julio**

The following Sunday, October 15, the education program trainees went off to Centro Padre Julio, a religious education center, in Las Matas de Farfán where they would be spending Sunday night through Thursday mornings for the five week technical training period. From Thursday morning to Sunday night each week, trainees lived with campesino families in the little pueblos that surround the town of Las Matas. Las Matas, although located in the central western part of the country, is considered part of the southwest region, the poorest and most forgotten part of the country. The devastation of deforestation is creeping over the border.
from Haiti and the rivers are drying up. Because they are so poor, campesinos use firewood and charcoal for cooking, further contributing to the deforestation. Use of firewood and charcoal is at 89% in the region and 94% in the province where Las Matas is located (Pérez, 1989). Water is a major problem. Only 33% of the population gets their water from spigots and 75% of these spigots are located outside of the houses. In the countryside, 40% of the population gets their water directly from rivers and springs. With the rivers beginning to dry up, some villages are dying (Forum, 1986). Fifty-eight percent of the rural population in the Dominican Republic has no electricity ever. An average of six people live in each house, 55% of which have only one bedroom (Forum, 1986).

The infant mortality rate in this area is highest in the country at 80 for 1,000. The maternal death rate is at 30 to 40 for every 10,000 live births. The main causes of infant and child death are malnutrition, infant diarrheas and respiratory infections (Perez, 1989). Children under the age of five in the southwest are the most deficient in the country in terms of height and weight compared to age. As Perez (1989) states in the title of her article, "the children of the southwest live 'a duras penas' [just barely].

But statistics can only tell so much. Although the trainees had heard these statistics or similar ones in
Entrena, and could list the symptoms of malnutrition, for most, it was quite another thing to see it. As Isabel Allende puts it, most people "don't realize how the world is, how terribly painful life is in most of the world. It's difficult to teach compassion... You become compassionate when you learn about other people, when you see with your own eyes." My informants were forced to see with their own eyes, and I through my own and theirs as well how painful and precious life is in the pueblos of the southwest outside of Las Matas.

My experience with what volunteers called the "campo-campo" was limited. My husband's family lives in Neiba—another pueblo in the southwest about the size of Las Matas. One the way to Neiba, the road snakes past tiny settlements of palm bark houses where nude children and goats roam freely. The people stare at me as we pass. At night, only lanterns and candles glow through the slats. By day, people bathe and wash clothes in the tiny streams that once were rivers. Like most of my informants, my mind had rejected the reality of what I was seeing. My imagination couldn't function to construct the details of these lives. For a day, perhaps a week, but not for a lifetime... not to go to school, to prepare oneself to work, to marry, to call these places home. In these next few weeks, my informants would help me move in closer.

The group arrived, picked out rooms and settled into the
training center on Sunday. Clara had divided the group into three Spanish classes. Her own class consisted of Gerald, Marie, Leanne and one other trainee who needed extra help with Spanish. Danielle had the intermediate group, a larger group of eight trainees including Maggie. Angel worked with the advanced group. They informed the students they would be responsible for one lie every week with no restrictions on topics to be turned in on Mondays. I hoped in this way we would eliminate, as much as possible, problems with the time factor and assigned topics with the lie.

For each weekend out in the campo, Tito gave them a series of assignments. This first weekend they included starting their community diagnostic, practicing non-formal interviews, choosing an individual theme for their final reports and attending a meeting and introducing themselves to the group.

The community diagnostic was a practice run for those they would do in their sites after swearing in. They were required to gather information about aspects of the community with an eye to identifying problems and setting priorities for projects.

The non-formal interviews practiced in their Spanish classes helped trainees learn how to obtain information without asking direct questions. Dominicans, in general, react poorly to direct questioning because of their long experience with dictatorial rule and lack of human rights.
The Spanish teachers stressed the form of the question—better to throw out statements like "Many people say Balaguer is popular around here" than ask "What do you think of Balaguer?". These delicate negotiations with language were difficult for many trainees who had trouble forming even literal questions in Spanish.

Tito gave me the same directions he gave the group about how to catch the bus to Las Matas. But he told me he would be going out on Sunday and I should give him a call. I did, but he wasn't home. I had to leave fairly early because Las Matas was a three and a half hour bus ride away and the highway is unlighted at night. Many cars and motorcycles have no lights and there are no fences to keep animals off the road. So I packed my backpack and went out to catch the bus to Las Matas. Catching a bus in the Dominican Republic is very different from going to your local Greyhound station in the states. Basically you stand by the side of the road in one of the normal bus pick-up spots (unmarked) and when you see a bus with a sign in its window indicating the destination you want, you yell and wave and try to get the bus to stop. If the bus isn't too full, and often even if it is, the driver will pick you up. I do not enjoy standing by the side of the road screaming and yelling at passing buses, especially on crowded streets, because I am afraid the bus will pass by and I will feel ridiculous. But it was the only way I was going to get to Las Matas.
A bus finally stopped for me and I crammed myself into a seat with four other people which had been designed to hold three. The others grumbled a little, but the bus driver told them to be quiet, that all the buses put five in those seats. The seats were hard with low backs. In order for us all to fit in, we had to turn sideways. After a few hours, things started to hurt. But I was glad to be up in the front part of the bus behind the driver. I'm afraid to sit in the back because they fold little seats down into the aisles, trapping the people (not that there is anywhere to go). The buses go as fast as they can on the narrow, rutted highways. They play their radios at full volume as long as they can get stations out of the capital and Bani. Later they put cassettes in the tape player. On Sundays, when I headed out there, we always heard the countdown of the most popular songs of the week. Under these conditions, it wasn't possible to read or talk or do anything except stare at the road ahead. At the turn-off for San José de Ocoa, the bus stopped at the "parada" [similar to a truck-stop]. The "cobrador" [person who stands in the door of the bus and collects money] makes sure to collect the fare before allowing us off the bus. If you don't get back on in time, it's your problem. The passengers grumble about the treatment, but are accustomed to it. The second part of the journey after the parada is longer and the road less smooth. At one point the bus makes a detour and we snake past a
settlement of cane-bark houses with thatched roofs. Children and animals wander freely. People sit in front of their houses and stare at the bus as it goes by. The radio is blaring an advertisement for Barcelo rum, "Este es mi pais. Esta es mi gente. [This is my country. These are my people."

From the center of Las Matas, I walked the half a mile to Centro Padre Julio. I get my share of cat-calls and hissing. Some men call out, "Gringa, Americana". I haven't heard that type of thing for a long time, but all I have to do is enter a strange neighborhood without a male and it starts again. They have to let you know it's their territory, like dogs pissing on hydrants.

When I get to the Center the trainees are returning from their first weekend in the campo. The woman from the kitchen staff who greets me at the door assumes I am one of them and directs me to the enramada central. A small group of trainees is gathered around the table at the head of the enramada. This enramada has a thick thatched palm roof and a cement floor. It is oriented away from the dormitory building with benches lined up to face a blackboard with a crucifix above it. There are two long tables in front of the blackboard and a lecturn off to the side. Florescent bulbs are attached to the beams and empty plant pots line each of the supports.

Danielle is sitting at one of the tables at the back
behind the benches. She greets me and tells me Clara has a place for me to stay in the third building at the back. On the wall of the dormitory last year's group had painted a Peace Corps map of the world. My eyes automatically go to the New Hampshire coast and the island of Hispaniola, measuring the distance. Maggie, Marie and some of the other trainees wave and greet me from the front of the enramada. I don't see Leanne or Gerald. Some are drinking beer and they are talking in animated voices in English about their weekends. One came back after a day because her family was so unfriendly. Another announced she had finally conquered her fear of rats. Maggie hung back from the discussion, contributing occasionally as she wrote letters.

The cafeteria staff announced supper. They continue to prepare the supper on Sunday nights. I asked about Leanne and Gerald. Leanne had gone right to bed when she got back saying she was not feeling well. Gerald simply hadn't arrived yet.

After supper, Clara gave me a tour of the Center. There was almost constant running water, fresh and very cold. The electricity situation, while better than the capital, was unstable. As it was becoming too dark to see, the caretaker turned on the generator.

I almost ran into Gerald on the way to the kitchen. He greeted me warmly. His blond hair was much blonder, his face and scalp sunburned. He seemed more relaxed and open than I
had ever seem him. He told me his site was up the
mountains—beautiful like Switzerland, but he'd gone to
church three times over the weekend with his new evangelical
family.

Gradually people began to drift off into separate
pursuits—many writing letters others playing cards. I
joined a card game and was still playing when Tito arrived
at 9:00. He brought horror stories from the highway at
night and mail from the capital. He made them wait a little
longer for their letters while he tried to get them to talk
about their weekends. But they'd waited a week for the mail.
For some the weekend was still too fresh. On this weekend,
more than ever, the challenge of development came home to
every one of them.

Maggie

As you approach Las Matas, mud and stick houses cluster
around one point on the highway. This is the village of
Pedro Corto, where Maggie spent her weekend. When Maggie
visited the volunteer in Las Matas before, she remembers
looking at Pedro Corto and thinking, "Oh my God, this is
horrible. I couldn't stay in something like that. I hope
Las Matas is not like that." The family's house where she
stayed was a little nicer, with a concrete floor, wooden
walls and a thatched roof. But by the end of the weekend,
Maggie began to think, "Why couldn't I live here just
because the walls aren't something I'm used to and there's
no water hookup for me to take a shower. There are ways to get around that." She lived with an older woman and two of her grandchildren. While her family in the capital had constantly told her what to do, this woman expected Maggie to make the decisions. Maggie was more at ease.

"So much revolves around water there." The town has the "worst water situation" Maggie had seen. Her family was good about boiling and preparing Maggie's water, but a doctor at the clinic told her almost every child in the town has parasites because of the water in the canal where they swim and bathe. The older grandchild in Maggie's family spent the better part of each morning dealing with water, filling up the big tanks that gave them water for cooking and bathing at a spigot some distance away. There was no bathing hookup, so they carried a bucket of water into the latrine and took sponge baths.

At one time there had been a river. A lot of people moved away because of the water shortage, but once the canal was put in, they could begin to grow things again.

The people's physical problems affected Maggie. She found them cautious and hesitant in their approach. She distanced herself from them. "It's one thing to know people are sick, that they have malnutrition, that they have parasites, but here you can look at people and notice that they're sick". It scared Maggie. "I don't want to get close to this. It became a personal safety sort of thing."

217
Maggie hadn't felt ready to write a lie when she returned from the weekend, and decided to write letters and listen to the conversation instead. When she finally wrote her lie the next morning just before class, she still hadn't settled on a topic. She wrote the first sentence without having any idea how she would continue (see Appendix 4-M-3). There wasn't one thing that stood out about the weekend. She wrote about the organizations in the community, but when she thought about it afterwards, "I wonder why I chose this thing to write about because it didn't feel like a conscious decision." The experience was still too jumbled in her head to find a focus.

Leanne

For the first time since her arrival in the country, Leanne was without Ralph. His training group was traveling to different training sites and would arrive in Las Matas in the third week of technical training. When I talked to Leanne out in Las Matas she was much more talkative than I had ever seen her- answering my questions at length and going on to talk about other things. She also interspersed Spanish words into the conversation more than ever before, quoting things she had been told and commenting on things in Spanish.

Leanne was also concerned for her personal safety in the campo. She came back sick, which she thinks was because of the food. She was careful about the water, adding her own
Clorox to it (maybe not enough to compensate for the melting ice), but she didn't think the cooking was very clean with the dishes being washed in the river and all. For the next weekend, she plans to bring her own food.

Traveling without Ralph, she experiences for the first time some of the harrassment my single female informants have been subjected to. One man she suspected of having "mental problems" kept asking her if she were married and warning her about the men who would try to take advantage of her. Her family was very protective, not allowing her to venture out alone. She realized married people in this country "are not supposed to be apart". And that if they must be, the woman should sit at home and wait for her man to return.

She was too tired and sick to write when she came back on Sunday so she wrote her 1le in the morning.

La iglesia en La Estancia esta Menonite. Los Americanos trabajan en la iglesia y la clinica por diez años. La Estancia tiene una escuela privada y una escuela pública.

Mi familia en La Estancia es muy grande con mas hijos. Seis personas viven en mi casa ahora. Mi papa trabaja en agricultura con mas animales. Los animales esta muy buenas.

La comunidad no tiene problemas con agua porque tiene agua de dos pozos y el rio. Algunas veces, tiene problemas con la luz. Mi familia tiene una televisión. El beisbol es favorito de mi padre.

[The church in La Estancia [name of the pueblo] is Menonite. The Americans work [have worked] in the church and the clinic for ten years. La Estancia has a private school and a public school.

219
My family in La Estancia is very large with many children. Six people live in my house now. My father works in agriculture with many animals. The animals are very good.

The community doesn't have problems with water because it has two wells and a river. Sometimes they have problems with the lights. My family has a television. Baseball is my father's favorite sport.

Again, this is more a collection of facts than a lie, with no effort to cull out a conclusion. She reveals much about how she copes with what she cannot understand when she tells me she went to "a kind of weird eerie little fiesta for the saints". The people were dancing merengue but then stopped and started beating on old drums and did a dance to the saints with banners in liturgical colors. She visited what she would have called a chapel, a "strange little building" behind the house with "all these pictures of saints and the virgin in old style and flickering candles." A man sitting inside invited her in, but she didn't feel an outsider should enter.

Leanne continues to experience conflicts in values, prefacing many of her opinions with apologies, "this is probably a very American thing to say" or "be this good or bad". While living conditions in the village were "very poor", the crops looked good. The cost of food was very high. She believes they are selling food over the border to Haiti to get dollars. "The livestock looked good for all the meat that wasn't being consumed there." She is sure she heard rats in the walls and worried about sanitary conditions with livestock running free and their cooking on
What strikes her most about the community is its deadening atmosphere. "It seems like such a grind. I know about agricultural work when most of it is done by hand and when you are working that hard for as little money as they seem to be getting, it's hard on the human spirit." The women work very hard physically and all seem to have many children. "The folks who get up the gumption to leave almost ought to be admired." Someone told her there was no future in La Estancia. "I left a community in Iowa where we were saying exactly the same thing." "God only knows" what Peace Corps could do for a place like La Estancia. She feels the best you could hope for was to equip the children so they had some skills and wouldn't end up in the marginal barrios in the capital. She acknowledges people would disagree with her and want to preserve "the family farm, if you are talking about the states, or let's not let folks out of the campo", but she doesn't think it's realistic or possible. "Send them away to become doctors and lawyers so if they return they can do something, but I wouldn't tell a young person to stay in La Estancia. I wouldn't have told a young person to stay in the town I lived in in Iowa. It's hard on communities, because the best and the brightest leave."

Gerald

After the physical beauty of his campo site, Gerald
noticed the poverty. The degree of poverty was visible in the hand-cut planks, the latrines and the dirt kitchen separate from the house. But while Gerald takes note, it doesn't seem to affect him emotionally.

The weekend brought on so much stress that Gerald's lupus started to act up. He was cooped up in the house most of the day, wanting to go to meetings. "But there weren't any meetings, or nobody was telling me about them." Gerald finally went out and took notes on the community, which made him feel he was accomplishing something. But he felt like an intruder.

The family situation was different from the capital. This family took him to church three times in the four days he was there. They asked him questions he hadn't thought through how to answer. "I kind of had to think on my feet for a while about do I believe in God? Am I a Christian? These are not exactly questions you can just pop off and answer." Questions like these are hard to answer seriously in any language, "and if you are struggling with vocabulary to boot, it's worse."

His lie was inspired by his difficulties communicating with his family, not only in terms of language, but of world-view. He imagined how he would have felt if his family in Santo Domingo had been like this one (see Appendix 4- G-3). Gerald continues to use the lie for personal expression. He wrote this lie without references and was
pleased to discover he could find a way to say what he wanted to say. It didn't change his process much.

Marie

Marie went to Los Jobos—"a road with a lot of people in it and everybody gets to see everybody at the water pump in the morning." The town has only "a dozen houses maybe—not even a colmado." It was her first "campo-campo experience". She hauled water. "This young kid and I, we could barely communicate and we were hauling water jugs back and forth, trudging through the sticky muck and trying not to fall in the huge puddles. We had to walk a lot because there were 17 gallon jugs to fill." The family didn't allow Marie to go off alone, even when she rode a burro—"which was just as well—do you know how to stop this thing? Where are the brakes?" She laughs at herself, at the image of the girl from New Jersey sitting on the burro. "I think the burro was controlling me."

The town seems self-sufficient. "They get milk from the cow and food from the fields. They brought out a chicken and that's what we ate for lunch."

Problems with communication plagued Marie. Understanding children was difficult because "they ask all sorts of things with no context". People in the campo cut off their s's and cut their words short. The most disappointing thing to Marie was her failure to communicate with the wife. "Here's this woman who's a teacher and I
really want to make friends. She keeps herself in the background and I'm sure she has her own ideas about things. I just wish that I could kind of break through a little more." While the woman had trouble understanding Marie's Spanish, she also didn't try very hard. "She won't slow down" so Marie couldn't understand her. The woman just smiles and says, "Ella no entiende. [she doesn't understand]" "It makes you feel stupid." At a meeting of an agricultural society, Marie stood up to give her introduction and explanation of Peace Corps. The secretary of the group restated what she had said to be sure everyone understood. Then the wife got up told the group not to talk to Marie fast because she won't understand. "I was standing up in front of 40 people in this big church when she said that. I don't think she's really helping me."

Another problem over the weekend was the feeling of "being on, being a fish in a fish bowl." "I go to a meeting and I have to sit up on stage with them and it's weird because you know you're not anything really special." She felt "under scrutiny" and needed to concentrate all the time in order to understand what people were saying to her. "People are talking fast and you don't want to appear stupid, so you listen hard and sometimes you think you know what they said and so you respond and then it's inappropriate. They say 'Ella no entiende' and it's like oops!"
It wasn't hard to select the topic for her lie. Sometimes her ideas come to her as she is writing, but this was something she had thought about over the weekend.

Yo puedo decir con seguro que yo he tenido una experiencia real con el Cuerpo de Paz. Estuve en el campo (campo campo) mi primera vez. Yo tire la agua, lave los platos, moli el maíz, desgrané maíz para los animales y juge mucho ajedrez.

Como de costumbre, yo estoy asombrada de como la inteligente la gente. Donde que va- y yo aprende este cuando yo estaba una periodista- busca la inteligencia en la gente. La gente son un recurso increíble.

Si puede enjaezar esa inteligencia, el mundo estará un lugar mejor, menos problemas, muchos soluciones, menos infeliz, menos explotación- mucho más desarrollo de la humanidad. ¿No es la meta?

[I can say for sure that I have had a real experience with Peace Corps. I was in the campo (campo campo) my first time. I hauled water, washed the dishes, ground the corn, shelled the corn for the animals and played a lot of chess.

As usual, I was surprised by how intelligent the people are. Wherever I go- and I learned this when I was a reporter- one finds intelligence in the people. The people are an incredible resource.

If we could harness this intelligence, the world would be a better place, less problems, more solutions, less unhappiness, less exploitation- much more human development. Isn't this the goal?]

Marie knew she was going to mention the chess when she started out. While she was doing all of these "campesino things" during the day, she would sit down at night with the husband and play chess. The man had read 14 books on chess and was an incredible player. He asked her about politics and brought up the invasion of '65.

I asked her what she meant by intelligence of the
people. "Their minds are active. They're not just people who sit around and play dominos." She was impressed by a meeting she attended where local farmers debated whether or not to pool their resources to buy a new tractor. "They were figuring out financing arrangements—this is not what you would expect from a bunch of quote enquote bruto farmers." In the end, she connects all of this to development. "That's what I think about when I think about development and self-sufficiency. I mean the answer is right there. Because the people are smart. They know what needs to be done. They may not know exactly how to do it. But they know how to create."

We are blinded by our own images. "This man has patches on his pants and he's sitting on the mule with his hat on in the sun and he looks like any other campesino you see on the side of the road. He's got this whole mentality behind him and we can't see behind his clothes or his occupation."

I asked her how she would revise the lie. She answered without hesitating,

I'd probably change the beginning— it's a little weak. I would start off with a visual scene, like the water thing, going back and forth, the boy and I, trucking through the mud sweating. We were the mules— because I was thinking they should get mules to do this—it's the women and children who do this work. Then I would make the transition into the chess, maybe using the man who has read all those books and get into the whole thing about how it's really incredible the minds you run into. The conclusion would need to be stronger and show more insight.

In our conversations about this lie and those which
follow, we never again touch on the language itself. The
llc is writing and "the best thing about writing is taking a
personal experience and- everyone has insights into things
or a different way of looking at something and you can have
an insight that's yours and share it with other people."

Being the only gringa in the pueblo changed her opinion
on the impact a volunteer can have. She found doors open
and people willing to listen to her as an American. She
still doubts the success of the role of the Peace Corps in
development, but believes Peace Corps can show the country
another side of the United States. She believes more
strongly than ever in the goal of helping people to be self-
reliant and has defined more how she believes development
should be approached. "It upsets me to hear other
volunteers saying that when they get the money they will do
this or that. Is that what you want to be? Those people
aren't going to understand where the money came from." She
thinks people should raise the money for projects
themselves. "Cause people can think. Their minds are good
and that's the best resource for development you have. If
you can just direct it in the right way and let people think
for themselves, you've done your job."

Interlude—En la clase de Clara

By 8:00 on Monday morning, Clara was in the classroom/
meetingroom she used for her class. Gerald was there
waiting, doing some last minute checking of his llc with the
dictionary. They had gathered five butacas [desk-chairs with wide arms] in front of the blackboard in the huge room. Clara taped butcher paper over the blackboard which was covered with a chart left over from a religious retreat held at the center over the weekend. Clara had spent the weekend at the center. She said the retreat was interesting, but they didn't have the whole truth, like her church did. The blackboard wasn't very good. It was easier to use butcher paper, besides then she could bring it in the next class for review. As the woman who was going to present the workshop that morning had asked Tito to cut the Spanish class short, she was only going to discuss two of the lle and do the other two tomorrow. As she organized her things she asked Jerry about his weekend and made small talk in Spanish. Leanne came in and took her seat. Henry, the other student in the class sat beside her. Marie dashed in late, having just finished her lle. "Lo siento," she apologized.

Clara asked for the lle. She gave me Marie's to underline the errors while she worked on Leanne's. She asked Leanne about her weekend. Leanne began to explain in her telegraphic Spanish, "Much poverty, yes, (nodding) pero mi familia gusta baseball. "They like baseball?" Clara asked, forming the question correctly, "And there is electricity?" Leanne made a gesture waving her hand in the air, "Más o menos."

Clara handed back Leanne's and Marie's lles, "OK, we're
going to work in teams—Giraldo with Maria and Leana with Enrique. You have five minutes to work without reference books."

I was sitting behind Jerry and Marie and could overhear how they worked on the lle, "Hmm, lave platos, she says I'm missing a word here." "I bet it's the article," Jerry said, "Maybe lave el platos" "No, it's plural, los, los platos."

They ran into problems later on. "What is that word?" Jerry asked. "It's supposed to say harness—if one could harness this intelligence." "Harness?" Jerry asked, incredulous, "Couldn't you think of another way to say that?" "I guess so." Marie replied, "But she underlined puede too—how about 'direct' instead of harness?" "Much better. How could you think of using a word like harness?" "Why not?" "I don't know, it's like a metaphor." "Well, this estaria she underlined has got to be seria," Marie said. "Yeah, said Jerry, "But I don't understand the difference. [To Clara] Can we go over ser and estar sometime?" "Yes, maybe tomorrow," Clara replied. "OK, you can use your references now." Marie and Jerry had not yet finished, but Leanne and Henry had gone quickly through Leanne's lle. Occasionally, I could hear her exclaim, "Of course, how stupid." They told Clara they didn't need to check the references, handing her the paper for a final check. Clara went quickly through the paper, then handed it
back to Leanne saying, "Very good. You seem to have corrected all the mistakes. Very nice lie." She looked over at Marie and Jerry, "Ready?" "Just a minute," said Jerry, looking through the dictionary, "That's it! Desdicho— not infeliz." Marie looked in the dictionary, agreed, wrote desdicho and handed the paper to Clara. Clara noted that they could also have used "infelicidad".

Leanne read her lie first and asked for questions and comments. First someone had to give a summary. Jerry recounted the contents of the lie, with Marie adding the details he missed. He asked Leanne what the word pozo meant. Leanne couldn't explain in Spanish so Clara allowed her to translate, "It's a well." Clara asked how she got out to the campo. Leanne hesitated, "Los misioneros gave me a ride— ¿cómo se dice?" "Me dieron una bola— the verb is "dar una bola". Clara wrote both forms on the butcher paper.

Marie's lie proved more difficult for the others to understand because it contained more unfamiliar vocabulary. As Marie read, Clara wrote words on the board, "Cargar agua, Moli maiz, Desgranar maiz, etc.". Henry asked her to explain the meanings of the words. Clara referred him back to Marie, "Ask the author." What Marie could not explain in Spanish, she used gestures to demonstrate. After Marie explained the vocabulary, Clara asked her to read the lie again. "Ok, this time, let's try to listen to what she is
trying to say."

Marie read the lle again slowly and asked for questions or comments. Henry noted he hadn't seen a single book in his family's house and a discussion ensued about the intelligence of the campesino. Clara intervened only to provide support when someone struggled over a word. Jerry looked at Clara, "Yo acuerdo con Maria." Clara leaped to the butcher paper and wrote "Estoy de acuerdo" and "Estar de acuerdo", pronouncing the new forms.

Jerry insisted that while the people were intelligent, yes, they didn't have the education. Leanne said her family didn't read either, just watched baseball. "But wait a minute," Marie intervened, "Intelligence doesn't mean just to read." "Depends on how you define the thing," Gerald said, "But they haven't had opportunity." They were still discussing the issue when Tito rang the bell for the third time to signal the start of the workshop, Jerry and Marie had almost convinced Henry and Leanne to believe in the intelligence of the people in order to be effective in the campo.

Clara and I took down the butcher paper and I prepared to walk into Las Matas to photocopy the lle. "Voy contigo [I'm going with you]", Clara told me, "Quiero comprar un periodico [I want to buy a newspaper]."

On the way to Las Matas, I commented, "Interesting discussion."
"Yes," Clara said, "Of course Maria is right."

On Tuesday, I left Las Matas on one of the same little guaguas, carrying almost 30 letters to mail in the capital for the trainees. The man next to me had his prize fighting cock on his lap. The bird had diarrhea. I didn't realize until it kicked me that the other bag by his feet contained another bird. As we pass the mud and thatch houses of a settlement by the side of the road, the radio plays a popular song by the Dominican merengue group 4-40, "Buscando visa para un sueño... buscando visa, la necesidad, ... que rabia me da, para tener poder, qué más puedo hacer?" [Looking for a visa for a dream... looking for a visa, the necessity,.. what rage it gives me, to have some power/what more can I do?] I don't have the answer. It makes me feel sad, and helpless.

Chapter Notes:

1. It is difficult to capture the flavor of this class in translation. Clara and I spoke only Spanish. All of the public commentary by the students was in Spanish, except when requesting a translation. As they worked together correcting the 11e, their comments to each other were a mixture of English and Spanish.
CHAPTER VII

THOSE PEACE CORPS MOMENTS

When I arrived at Centro Padre Julio the following Sunday October 29, most of the trainees were gathered in the cafeteria after the evening meal, writing letters or talking. A large radio played American music from a tape. Jerry informed me he had already written his l1e. Another trainee, hearing this, told me she had written two pages for her l1e and was saving another experience for her next l1e in case nothing happened the next weekend. No one seemed to lack topics for their l1es this week. The week before, most had scrawled out their l1es in the final minutes before class. But this weekend most had been able to allow the experience in more and were ready to write.

The official program for this tenth week included a two-day workshop on consciousness-raising by Joan Peters. Joan, an intense woman in her late 30's, wore tight jeans and a t-shirt and chain smoked Marlboro Lights. She called us to sessions with an old schoolbell she found stored inside the lectern. If someone wasn't there after two rings, she sent Tito to find them. The workshop put us all under extreme pressure. If a trainee got up to go to the bathroom, she
would stop the workshop and stand, smoking and staring, waiting until the person returned. Joan appropriated any time not specifically designated for anything else, including times trainees had planned to dedicate to laundry, meal preparation or showers. Sessions did not end until close to 11:00 at night.

The strain of the control imposed by Joan was difficult for trainees already tired and ill from their weekends in the campo. As Marie remarked to me one day, dashing off to try to do her laundry during a ten-minute break, "Someday I'll be in control of my own life again."

One thing I looked forward to when I visited Las Matas was the evening meals. Competition had developed between the meal preparation teams. Each meal was more elaborate and more American than the one before. The Dominican cooking staff continued to prepare a main meal at noon each day, but the trainees prepared another main meal, American style, complete with elaborate desserts (fresh fruit with melted chocolate fondu- to cite a memorable example) at night. The only problem came, ironically enough, when Gerald's group failed to make sufficient chili. When someone asked who bought the ingredients, Gerald sheepishly owned up, "It was me- the planner."

After Joan left, Brett Small gave workshops on working with the Society of Padres y Amigos in the community and how to do a community diagnostic. Trainees went over the
guidelines for Padres y Amigos (SEEBAC, 1977) line by line, in Spanish stressing rules about attendance and duties of the directiva (governing board). "You are going to have to insist on this because they will say they don't know they are supposed to meet three times a year and will try to get away with less." Leanne insists she would never do what Brett is asking her to do, even if her Spanish were perfect. She finds him "pushy" and questions the lasting value of forcing change. I also question his adversarial approach to development.

Thursday morning, the trainees were off to spend another weekend with their campesino families. In addition to working on their diagnostics and their final reports, they were assigned to participate in a community meeting and make arrangements to do a map project on the final weekend of their campo stay. Apart from the official program, most trainees found this weekend to be one of their most significant. Things were not routine, as they had been the last few weeks in Santo Domingo, but neither were they as overwhelming as the first weekend in the campo had been. They were able to write with more sensitivity in their lines about the campesino culture and reflect back on their own. For most, the weekend brought qualitative changes in their thinking.

Marie

Marie and I had a hard time getting together for an
interview because of the intensity of the consciousness-raising workshop. We finally had to conduct our interview in three sittings, taking advantage of the infrequent ten-minute breaks. Tito would ring the bell and then come to get Marie, refusing her request for a few minutes more. Marie had started jogging every morning before breakfast—one of the suggestions in her stress-management text—Joan's workshop and the campo experience had intensified the pressure.

"There were good things and strange things over the weekend—this experience is more intense than the others." She lives a "schizophrenic existence" with the involvement with the other volunteers 24 hours a day at Centro Padre Julio and then, the campo, where she is the gringa—the fish in the fish bowl. When she went to write her 11e, she had three possible topics to consider—things that stuck out in her mind. One which she had not reflected on much but struck her as odd, was to see a bottle of a fine French cognac in a mud hut in the campo. "I thought I could do something with that."

The other topics were more disturbing. On Saturday, some little boys of about three years of age started to taunt her, yelling, "Gringa, gringa, gringa." Some were pushing her and pushing the other little boys towards her for what seemed like a long time. At first Marie played along, but after a while began to feel embarrassed because
people had gathered and were watching. She picked up one of the little boys and held him in her lap and things calmed down for the moment. The next day, however, the same thing started up again. Marie was "not in the mood for it" so she began to walk away from the boys. "I was walking in a field and one of the little boys picked up a rock and threw it at me. It was close enough to my head so that I had to duck. I was so angry. I headed over to him and I hit him."

At first Marie felt badly about what she had done. "I hadn't hit a kid in 15 years probably, since I was a babysitter." But later, she decided "kids have to know their limits." It brought out the feeling of not being a real person to the people in the campo.

The little girls constantly fondle me, they play with my hair, they touch my watch— it's like I'm a toy, a thing that they can touch or throw rocks at, or make fun of— instead of being a person. I'm not a person to them. I'm blanca, I'm rubia, I'm gringa, but I'm never Marie. Nobody has ever called me Marie.

The third lle topic, the one Marie selected to write about, also related to this feeling of being different and a non-person. She chose this topic because she felt it was "broader" and "more appropriate for a lle." On Saturday afternoon Marie went to a baseball game on the other side of town. She had arrived about 10:00 and by 2, she was ready to leave. "I can only handle about 4 or 5 hours of being stared at and then I have to be alone." She didn't know how to get home and the little boy she was with didn't want to
leave the game. She had difficulty explaining what she wanted in Spanish so a man took her to a kitchen where a group of women had gathered. In this kitchen, with a group of Dominican women, Marie says she experienced culture shock.

Choque de cultural. Una experiencia definitiva este fin de semana pasada. Eso ocurrió a mi rato me estuve sentando en una cocina con otra mujeres y reconoce que las no tiene algo en común conmigo. Y que ellas deben pensar yo estoy muy peregrina. Aquí es yo... no familia aquí, no esposo, no niños- todos que estas mujeres consideran importante. ¿Como me puedo ellas yo considero aprendiendo sobre otras culturas muy importante? ¿Y yo no estoy seguro sobre matrimonio? ¿Ese yo quiero vivir independentemente? Por estas mujeres, vida es niños, familia, esposos. Yo estoy muy diferente que ellas. Yo estoy seguro que ellas no me pueden comprender. Eso era unos dos años largos.

[Culture shock. A definite experience this past weekend. This happened while I was sitting in a kitchen with other women and recognized that they didn't have anything in common with me. And that they must think I am very strange. Here I am... no family here, no husband, no children- all that these women consider important. How could I [explain to ] them that I consider learning about other cultures important? And that I am not sure about marriage? That I want to live independently? For these women, life is children, family, husbands. I am very different from them. I am sure they cannot understand me. These will be two long years.]

The women didn't know what to say to her. "Nobody seems to know what category to put me in." Marie realized adults aren't really comfortable around her. She spends all of her time with children. Her continued communication problems with the woman she is living with contribute to her sense of isolation. "The women have a very narrow definition
of life and I don't fit into that- I don't have a husband or kids and I've left my family behind for two years."

The only things about her these women could consider normal were that she liked children and she knew how to do "women's work". She named the feeling she had as "culture shock". She realized she was going through a longer process than she had thought before. When she named the feeling and tried to see their point of view, "it actually helped calm me down."

Marie didn't think about her conclusion until she wrote her lie. "Because you really don't know what you've concluded until you've developed your thoughts and you do that when you are writing." Lies help her see things she "didn't know she had seen". They have taken the place of her journal. "It's better for me to be writing in Spanish because I can begin to think in Spanish." If she were writing in the journal, she "might not bother to come up with a conclusion either."

Marie learns from the experience. You pay the price for being different- you are rejected and ostracized. "I've never lived it that way, or felt it so strongly- the culture shock. I've felt isolated before, but this time I put a name to it." For Marie, the inability to make connections with other women, to form relationships, left her feeling frightened and adrift.
Gerald

Gerald and I met for an interview at about 11:00 at night when the workshop finally ended on Monday. We were both a little tired and punchy, but talked for more than an hour because Jerry had a lot to say. While Jerry continues to describe his weekend using phrases like "productive from a planning standpoint", he is more relaxed and able to laugh at himself, easing and blurring the sharp edges of his seriousness. He lined up two groups to give charlas to over the weekend and went to a meeting. Unfortunately, he was the only one who came to the meeting. "Well, there were two other people sitting there and I couldn't figure out if they just happened to be sitting there or they were there for the meeting."

Jerry thought of the topic for his lie when he was writing some letters. He was questioning whether he had done the right thing in joining the Peace Corps. "I mean it's hard sometimes and I think, hey, do I really want to do this for two years?" There are things he doesn't like about this country - "still another cold shower, the mail system, riding on the damn guaguas, frustration with language..." However, he concludes his letter saying he is glad to be following his dream and realizes he has gained so much already. This realization is the starting point for his lie.
Por muchos años antes de venir a la República Dominicana, sentía que la experiencia de vivir en otro país estaría una oportunidad buena a aprender más sobre a mí mismo y el mundo. He estado en la República Dominicana por menos que tres meses y, sin embargo, he aprendido mucho ya. He aprendido mucho sobre mi necesidades más básica (por ejemplo, un lugar que puedo llamar mi casa; la habilidad de comunicar comodamente con la gente por aquí; enlaces a mi familia). También, estoy empezando realizar una perspectiva nueva sobre cosas pasada y cosas presente. Por ejemplo, la cultura aquí está obvia para mí porque está muy diferente, pero mi experiencia aquí es la causa de una apreciación nueva para mi cultura en los Estados Unidos. Ahora, recuerdo cosas sobre mí cultura que no reconocia como partes bonitas de mi cultura. Pienso que cuando volveré a los Estados Unidos, tendré más comprensión y apreciación de mi cultura. Mientras reconocer esas cosas, siento feliz sobre mi decisión a perseguir mi sueño- a saber, a ver más del mundo. Estoy cosechando las gratificaciones ya.

Jerry wrote the lie while he was out at his campo site on Saturday. While he didn't continue his experiment of not using the dictionary at all, he used it less than ever. He has more control over his learning now. Before so much was new that he retained very little. Now when a new word is
thrown at him, he will probably remember it and be able to use it. His main problem is with little words "like 'de' or 'a' or 'le' or 'lo'". Whereas before, Jerry would have approached the matter analytically, looking through his rule books and trying to apply what he read, he now feels accuracy will come with time and familiarity with the language. He plans to buy newspapers to read in his site because through reading, he can become familiar with "the way the words are ordered and when something needs to have a little word with it." Already he is beginning to be able to do this. "I've written enough lle or something that I know when there's supposed to be something there, even if I don't know what it is."

Jerry has always known he is the type of person who would benefit from cross-cultural experience. "Because I don't necessarily immediately grasp the importance of things but tend to internalize things over time." He is learning to cull information from experiences and integrate them with other experiences. "Maybe things that weren't related before seem related."

I found it interesting that all of the needs Jerry mentions in his lle are things he has written about in previous lle, pointing up the importance of writing in his learning process. His experience has taught him about needs by showing him what is basic for him and what is not. "We come from a culture where we have had basically everything
we've needed." When you enter a culture where you have so little, there is "a fighting instinct to get down to basics" and ask yourself what is really important.

The experience has helped him to understand and appreciate his own culture. "When I look at Dominicans here, because I'm a stranger, I can pick things out that are uniquely Dominican and make some generalizations about the culture. Now I could go back to my own country and begin to do that with my own people." This emerging perspective helps him to see "how people or societies or cultures are unique in certain ways."

While he had attended folk festivals and crafts fairs in the states "with moderate interest", he had never thought deeply about them. Now things tend to have more history for him. In looking at a craft item, "before I would have said, do I want this or not? or is it pretty?, but now I think more about the hands that took the time to make it and the life of the person who put it together."

Similarly, he thinks about how cultures are put together- layers of meaning and their interrelationships.

Leanne

Leanne brings her own food out to the campo- peanut butter, crackers and cookies. The family runs a small colmado and was soon giving Leanne more crackers, cookies and refrescos than anyone could consume. They were concerned that she didn't like their food. Leanne assured
them it was only that her stomach wasn't accustomed to it. "If I'm hurting their feelings sorry, I've done my best to explain and this way I don't get sick."

Leanne's habit of hoarding food in her room during the week to stock up for the weekend, leads to a problem in the dorm. One of the trainees spots a rat in the rafters slinking over to raid Leanne's store. Somehow during the confusion about the rat, with trainees screaming and threatening to sleep out on the benches, a giant tarantula is discovered resting on Leanne's mosquito net. The food store is removed to the kitchen.

The first of several fiestas is held this week at Centro Padre Julio. Leanne doesn't want to participate because she doesn't dance or drink. Other trainees assure her there will be plenty of refrescos and no one will ask her to dance. She attends the party, but says for the most part she "ignores" their social events. "Those things don't strike me as particularly entertaining."

She chooses to write her lie about the school in La Estancia.

Los profesores trabajan mucho en la escuela en La Estancia. La trabajo esta dificil sin los libros y otro materiales. Tienen la pizarra y tiza solamente y uno libro por el profesor. Las clases esta muy grande. La ejemplo, una clase tiene cincuenta las estudiantes. Esta seis profesores en la escuela. Esta no clases de musica o arte o drama o educacion fisico.

Mas gente aqui estan pobre asi mas estudiantes sin las cuadernos y los lapizes y las plumas y los uniformes. Algunas estudiantes llegan a la escuela sin
desayuno también. Algunas estudiantes caminan dos o tres kilómetros a la escuela. La planta física necesita esta reparar y pintura.

[The teachers work a lot in the school in La Estancia. The work is difficult without books and other materials. They have only the blackboard and chalk and one book for the teacher. The classes are very large. For example, one class has 50 students. There are six teachers in the school. There are no music or art or drama or physical education classes.

More people here are poor and so there are more students without notebooks and pencils and pens and uniforms. Some students come to school without breakfast too. Some students walk two or three kilometers to the school. The building needs to be repaired and painted.]

The thing that stood out most for Leanne about the school, (and again she apologizes to me for making the judgement), is the "deadly atmosphere". The building was better than some she had seen. "You can have school when it rains." But the rooms are depressing—painted institutional off-white with bent shutters and ripped-out outlets. Nothing had been done to the building since it was built by AID 20 or 25 years ago. The methods were also monotonous. "Write it on the board and copy it down— you can't have any color, you can't have any variation, no worksheets, no crayons and colored pencils."

The emphasis on appearances continues to bother Leanne. "I'm not sure I am ever going to understand why it's so important to look nice. They were very proud of being professional in terms of dress, even though they ride to school on the back of pick-up trucks." As we shall see, other trainees saw this phenomenon differently.
Leanne decides to do her report at the end of technical training on the government health clinic in La Estancia. She convinces her family she won't come to harm walking around town alone, and goes to the clinic. Conditions in the clinic appalled her. She manages to introduce herself to the doctor with her introductory statement "no hablo mucho español [I don't speak much Spanish]". He shows her the medicine cabinet. "The quantity wasn't much, and if anything was supposed to be refrigerated it wasn't." The only modern equipment was a stethoscope and a blood pressure cuff which she concluded were the doctor's personal possessions. "The rest of the equipment looked like something out of the late 1940's."

Leanne tries to see what she can find out through observation, and plans to write out questions to bring to the clinic next weekend for the doctor's response. I'll write the questions and he can write out the answers. Leanne is unwilling to try to converse in Spanish.

Maggie

Maggie and I had our next interview on October 30th—her 26th birthday. The trainees were planning to celebrate with her in Las Matas after supper.

Maggie's intellectual responses to the culture impressed me in their depth and in the significance of the questions she posed. But I had yet to see her let it touch her. The week before she had reacted with fear to the malnutrition

246
and sickness of the people, distancing herself from them. But this weekend was different. Maggie has learned things here that have impressed her, but her experience this weekend was something she "really felt".

On Friday, she went out to the campo site of Media Cara, a settlement far more remote than Pedro Corto. She and Doris, the head health promotor, went house to house from 9:30 in the morning to about 2:30 in the afternoon. Although this included the noon hour when Dominicans have their main meal, "not everyone had a cooking fire". Most people offered them a chair, but none offered them food. There was nothing to pass on.

Maggie finally asked, "How often do you eat?" "They looked slowly at her and smiled saying simply, "There are days when we don't eat."

Maggie had heard about malnutrition in the charlas in Entrena, but this was different. "I mean you are sitting with a real live human being and there's three kids sticking their noses around the door looking at you, and they are telling you that there are days when they do not eat."

Media Cara was once an agricultural community. But the river dried up and the rains don't come. What water they get is contaminated with paracites. On the one hand, Maggie feels this is the type of place Peace Corps should be, but on the other doesn't see what could be accomplished. "They don't need to learn a different way of planting; they need
water. They don't need to learn to eat different things; they're not eating." She despairs about raising funds where there is no water source. A monumental change needs to take place.

"It's hard to hear and it's hard to see the people in front of you talking about their lives." I asked Maggie how it made her feel. "Really sad. I wasn't surprised. I wasn't shocked. But to come face to face with it is just incredibly sad."

Most still had "that spark". "But there were one or two women who didn't really stop what they were doing when we came in and that's so unusual here- if you can't give anything, you give warmth, but these women have nothing left."

The experience makes Maggie think about how enormous the problems in development are. "How can you concentrate on one issue, because it's connected all over the place?" She realizes you have to focus on something "or else you end up just being like water, going everywhere, doing nothing, and running off."

People don't understand, when they put issues in developing countries in terms of capitalism or communism. Anyone could go into Media Cara as a capitalist or a communist and have a town full of followers, "if they promise to make it rain every afternoon for an hour."

Maggie struggled over the lie she wrote about her
experience in Media Cara because she felt something and it was important to communicate it well.

'No hay agua para la agricultura.'
'Algunos días no comemos nada.'
  'No podemos sembrar mucho porque no hay lluvia y la tierra tiene demasiado piedras.'
'Los niños tienen parasitos.'
'No hay trabajo.'
'Hay solamente un pozo.'
'Algunos de los niños comen tierra.'

El viernes, Doris, la supervisora de los promotores de salud, y yo fuimos a Media Cara, un campo cerca de Pedro Corto. Nosotros visitamos casi cada vivienda y hablamos con la gente sobre salud y sus vidas. Media Cara es un lugar lindo- tierra más alto de Pedro Corto, cerca de los montañas, con espacio donde los caballos y las vacas pacen. Pero la gente esta sobreviviendo apenas y alguna no está. Las familias no tienen bastante alimentación para comer cada comida y los parasitos son comiendo los niños. Los parasitos son tan común que las madres no hablan de ellos como un enfermedad. "No hay enfermedades aquí, solamente parasitos."

En presencia de esto, de algún modo, el ánimo de la mayoría de la gente es vivo todavía. Ellos mantienen casas limpias y los esfuerzan para belleza- algunas tientos con plantas en las paredes y un cuadro de una santa. Bastante decir que la vida es vale la pena.

"There is no water for agriculture."
"Some days we don't eat anything."
  "We cannot plant because there is no rain and the soil has too many rocks."
"The children have parasites."
"There is no work."
"There is only one well."
"Some of the children eat dirt."

Friday, Doris, the supervisor of the health promoters and I went to Media Cara, a campo near Pedro Corto. We visted almost every house and talked with the people about health and their lives. Media Cara is a beautiful place- higher ground than Pedro Corto, close to the mountains, with space where the horses and cows graze. But the people are barely surviving and some are not. The families don't have enough food to eat every meal [main meal] and the parasites are eating the children. The parasites are so common that the mothers don't speak of them as an illness. "We don't
have illnesses here—only parasites."

In the face of this, somehow, the spirit of the majority of the people is still alive. They keep clean houses and strive for beauty—some flowerpots with plants on the walls and a picture of a saint. It is enough to say that life is worth it.

Maggie spent a lot of time on this lie. She hit upon the idea of using quotes, letting the people themselves speak and set the mood for what she wanted to say. The experience was so overwhelming; she had seen and heard so much, that she had to select carefully which details to include in the second paragraph.

An earlier draft of the lie had an entirely different third paragraph. Maggie had wanted to say she felt Media Cara was the type of place where Peace Corps should be placing its efforts, that they should be dealing with real survival issues, with the basics. But the ending didn't satisfy Maggie. When she talked with other trainees about the weekend "what kept coming up was the fact that the people had tried for some reason to keep going on." She had originally wanted to end her lie with that, but hadn't been able to find the words. After talking through the experience, she thought, "Don't think about how you are going to write it, just write what you have been saying."

Maggie's opinion about the Dominican stress on appearances is very different from Leanne's. She sees it as "a sense of dignity that they are still making that effort for appearance and beauty." The emphasis on appearance shows there is still hope on some level, still some spirit.
"Beauty itself is not an extra". While Leanne sees it as wasteful, Maggie says, "that kind of food for the soul— a planter pot on the wall, maybe is just as important as the yuca on the table."

Maggie sees poverty in a new way, "with her own eyes". "You see pictures in magazines and on TV, you can see picture after picture, but it doesn't prepare you. You can draw the picture of the characteristics, but when you look into the eyes of a child that has them, it's a shock."

The experience in Media Cara and in the Dominican Republic in general, has given Maggie a better sense of what she can do without. In Pedro Corto, "the bathing facility is a bucket that you take a sponge bath from because there's not even a place where you can dump it over your head, but you can still be clean." Many things that seemed important to Maggie now seem superfluous. She can identify outward things which are important and not important. She thinks with time, the inward things will also become clearer.

The Final Convivencia

The following week Joan was back for a one day workshop. She had assigned partners and given them the responsibility for preparing a dynamica to deal with a certain problem. Some of the results were quite memorable, like the board game Marie and her partner prepared about the debt. They fixed the game so the debtor countries could never win.
The atmosphere at the training center was more relaxed. When Clara, Danielle and I arrived, having walked in from Las Matas, people were either working on their projects, reading, writing letters or playing cards quietly. When Tito arrived with the mail, the trainees hardly seemed to notice. One commented, "The first few weeks we were here I was so panicked that I wouldn't get my mail and now, what's another week?"

On Wednesday, one of the volunteers from the cancelled TEFL program came to talk about techniques for teaching English. The topic sparked debate. The majority of the trainees insisted they would never teach English. Tito tried to point out it might be a way into the community. It was tangible—something the community could see you were doing. Two of my informants took a strong position against English teaching. Jerry says, "It's not going to lead to the type of development I would like to see." Having asked people during his field trips why they want to learn English, most had told him simply, 'cause I want to go to New York.' "The majority are just looking for something to get the hell out of here, what good is that going to do for the country?"

Maggie cites what is probably the most common reasoning among the education trainees. "We're not here to teach English, we're here for community development." The more time a volunteer devotes to teaching English, the less time
is available for the "real work" they are there to do. There is "so much influence already from the states here. I don't want to be here just helping them to get there. Let's work with what's here to make this place better."

Marie takes a more moderate position. She doesn't mind teaching English, as long as that isn't all she is doing. She doesn't object, but "it takes your energies away from doing other projects." She dismisses the argument about helping Dominicans leave by teaching them English. "If someone wants to take a yola [little boats used to cross the Mona channel to Puerto Rico], they are going to take a yola whether or not I teach them English."

Leanne, on the other hand, defends English teaching. In her travels, many school and business officials have cited the importance of learning English, a fact she finds "interesting in the light of what we've been told about teaching English." She defends her position against what she perceives as an anti-English-teaching bias in Peace Corps. As far as Dominicans getting on yolas, "they might as well be better-prepared and have a chance of getting higher-paying jobs." English is part of the official curriculum in the secondary schools and "if it's being done, it might as well be done well. I didn't make the decision to include it in the curriculum, they did." She brought the issue up often with me, with Tito and with other trainees, perhaps in reaction to the demands being placed on her.
limited Spanish in the activities at the Center, and the implications of those activities for her role in the future. As she says, "English is one thing I can do."

On Thursday morning, right after breakfast, trainees went to their campos, but only to make any final arrangements for the map project the next weekend. On Friday afternoon, they were off for their first free weekend since their arrival in Las Matas three weeks before.

When they returned for their 12th week of training, the program centered on accounting techniques and funding sources. On Wednesday, one of the education volunteers from the last group demonstrated how to paint the map of the Dominican Republic which would be their final project and gift to their campo communities. The procedure involved using a grid to create scale, reproducing it square by square onto the wall. The group painted a Dominican Republic map on the wall of the training center to go with the world map left from the year before.

Thursday morning, November 9th, the trainees left to spend their last weekend with their campesino families. They were to give a non-formal talk to a community group, complete the map project in the school, complete their diagnostics, prepare their final projects and say goodbye to their communities.

During the final week at the center, they presented their final projects to each other and the forestry group.
Saturday morning the 18th of November, they left Las Matas for Santo Domingo, the final week of training and the swearing-in ceremony.

Maggie

As Maggie went off to the campo to make final preparations before her free weekend, she noted she had finally adjusted to life in the campo. "My body feels OK. I'm not depressed about anything, so I guess things are pretty good right now." Perhaps this feeling helped her see the humor in what happened to her over the weekend.

Maggie wrote her lie early about an incident Thursday in her campo site. She had planned a very simple day. She and Doris were going to San Juan de la Maguana to pick up vaccine as part of the government's vaccination campaign. They planned to deliver the vaccine to promotors in the campo. What seemed simple to Maggie, turned into a day-long comedy of errors. At first she was frustrated, but quickly relaxed, telling herself that she was learning something.

El viernes en la mañana (temprano) Doris y yo salimos para San Juan. Fue el próximo día de una tres día campaña de vacunación para niños. Nosotros necesitamos obtener las vacunas y otras materias para entregar a los promotores de salud en los parajes alrededor Pedro Corto. Después esperando por una guagua por algún tiempo, llegamos en la oficina de salud donde descubrimos que las cosas no estuvieron allí, pero estuvieron en el hospital- otro paseo. Por 9:00 estuvimos en el lugar recto. Pero no había un chofer y auto, ni hielo para las vacunas tampoco. Finalmente, salimos a las 11:45 par la factoria de hielo y para los campos en un jeep como el vehiculo en la pelicula "The Gods Must Be Crazy". Pareció que toda la mañana había
atrasos y yo pensé de algunos de las charlas en Entrena sobre haciendo casi cualquier cosa aquí- que usualmente hay frustraciones.

Pero nosotros llegamos a Punta Caña y otro sitio, y damos las vacunas con helio a los promotores sin problemas y aún cuando fuimos una parte pequeña del proceso- fue un poco excitante ser parte de la cadena de actividades y gente cuales terminara con salud mejor para niños.

[Friday morning (early) Doris and I left for San Juan. It was the first day of a three day vaccination campaign for children. We needed to get the vaccines and other materials to give to the health promotors in the settlements around Pedro Corto. After waiting for a bus for a while, we arrived at the Health Office where we discovered that the things weren't there, but were in the hospital- another fare. At 9:00 we were in the right place, but there was no driver and car or ice for the vaccines either. Finally, we left at 11:45 for the ice factory and for the campos in a jeep like in the movie "The Gods Must Be Crazy". It seemed like there were delays all morning and I thought of some of the charlas in Entrena about doing almost anything here- that there are usually frustrations.

But we arrived at Punta Caña and another site, and gave the vaccines- with ice- to the health promotors without problems and even though we were a small part of the process- it was a little exciting to be a part of the chain of activities and people which will end with better health for children.]

Maggie had heard in Entrena how the simplest things could blow up and not run smoothly and as events transpired on Friday, she realized she was witnessing a prime example. Things started to be funny to her and she noticed details. When they finally got the driver and the car, they walked out to discover the man standing next to "this jeep which looks like a pile of shit- and the hood is up." The driver is wearing a uniform from the Police Department of the Everglades, Florida. At the ice factory, they load the ice
onto the back of the jeep. Two pieces slide into the back with no problem. "The third one slides onto the door, kind of pauses and rolls off to the side and then this big chunk of ice is lying in the dirt next to the truck." Retrieving the ice involved taking the licence plate off the truck to get the door down. The driver managed to scoot it in there and they were on the road. "We were watching the gravel go by under the car because you can see through the floor."

But in the end, in the writing, Maggie concluded it was all kind of exciting, one of those Peace Corps moments. "You have this image of it all being planned, and it turns out to be a circus. Things seem like they shouldn't work, but they do. And these people are going to give these kids shots and hopefully they won't get polio."

Maggie wrote her lie on Saturday, when she got back to the Center. She decided to spend her free weekend there because she wanted to have some completely unscheduled time. On Sunday, another lie topic fell into her lap. She set off on a hike with two other trainees. They had heard there was a trail called the international highway running north-south in Elias Piña, near the Haitian border. They took the guagua to Elias Piña, asked for the international highway and were directed to a trail. Maggie realizes in retrospect they should have known it would have a different name in Spanish. They came to some official-looking buildings. When they got close enough to read the signs, Maggie realized they were
written French. The guard allowed them to continue walking around in Haiti following the trail. The trail was unpredictable. First they were in the middle of a conuco [small farm] which suddenly changed to tall grasses and then to a mountain slope. Finally, they made their way out, waving to the guard as they passed. As they continued down the road, two officials on a motorbike pulled up and demanded identification. They had left their wallets back at the center and had none. After searching their backpacks, the official let them go. But they were no sooner back on the Dominican side, than they were stopped again. When these guards let them go, Maggie says, "It felt so incredibly good to be back in the DR. We're home now; we're not going to be thrown into a jail where everyone speaks Creole." They were searched again on the guagua leaving Elias Piña. The other two teased Maggie because she had already written her lie and they had such great material for theirs.

These two incidents- the lie and the lie that never was, reveal Maggie's ease and acceptance of Dominican society. She is able to laugh at the way things happen, to begin to see the humor, the poetry in Dominican life. And when she ventures into Haiti, recrossing the border is coming home.

Leanne

Leanne spent her free weekend with the small animals training group because Ralph did not have the same free
weekend. She found him at a hotel in Azua. He had been with a campesino family, but had gotten diarrhea and gone back to the hotel. She returned with gossip from all the other training groups, rumors about who was getting along with their trainer and how the different romances were progressing. She wrote about the weekend in Azua in her lle (Appendix 4- I-2), concluding "I liked last weekend because I don't like to live without my husband.

Leanne says it's not so bad now that the time she will spend away from Ralph has a definite end, but she hasn't enjoyed living alone. "You feel like something's missing. I mean you could form relationships with people, but it's not the same." And indeed Leanne doesn't really form relationships in the time she is away from Ralph, not even with the other trainees. She plans to move down to the Hotel in Las Matas where the small animals group will be staying when they come to town.

The following weekend, she leaves her site early, after completing her map project. "If they want to cut a couple of points off my evaluation, so be it, but I had everything done and Ralph had a free weekend." The map project went well because one of the male teachers looked at the grid she brought and understood instantly what she wanted the students to do. He stepped in and clarified Leanne's explanations. For her charla, she did her paper doll project. After giving a short introduction about Peace Corps
she was able to handle the rest by demonstration.

Throughout the training, I kept waiting for Leanne to get into situations where she would need to use her Spanish, but she always seemed to avoid them. On all of her weekend journeys, she managed to meet someone who knew English and could explain everything to her. In this instance she communicated non-verbally with the teacher who then spoke for her. I made an effort to speak Spanish with all of my other informants when I was not interviewing. But with her, I would slip back into English. I saw Clara speaking English with her several times. I don't know if it was Leanne's age, or her manner in class, but she always gave us the impression she was trying really hard, but just not getting it. In retrospect, I think we were unfair to her in not trying harder, demanding better lles and treating her as a capable language learner. For her final project, she got Clara to translate a series of questions she would ask at the clinic in La Estancia. She took the paper with the questions out to the campo and had the doctor as the clinic write the answers. For her lle the last week, she used the information to write a report about the clinic (See Appendix 4- L-4). "I was going to give my independent presentation on the clinic so I decided to write about it and get all of my errors corrected." Jerry couldn't understand how she could do that- "there's a hell of a lot of difference between a report and a lle." But Leanne doesn't see the lle
as a genre, but as anything written in Spanish and corrected in class.

Marie

Marie spent her free weekend with Jerry on a mountain trail camping. They climbed up 6,000 feet on a trail which runs between the towns of Juan Santiago and El Manuel. From the top of the trail she could see all the way to Lago Enriquillo in the southwestern part of the country. Most people used mules to cross the steep trail, but they also saw children without shoes. People gave them bread and fruit as they went by. She wrote her lie about the experience.

'Yo no he visto todavía este país en los términos mios,' Brad me dijo ayer.

Nosotros estuvimos hablando sobre mi viaje de campamento este fin de semana pasada. No puede decir que campamento es el modo mío mirar este país- este es el modo de mi novio- pero estoy contenta que fui. Este fue maravilloso mirando el yermo, los flores salvaje, las aves, el arroyo de la montaña... ¡las montañas mismas! ¡Bonitisimos! Este fue un modo encantador y relajando mirar un país. Una vista ponerse más cerca. El modo una persona debe mirar un país. Este es la razón yo quise vivir en una cultura diferente por un tiempo largo. Conseguir una vista ponerse más cerca. Este es el modo solamente conocer en realidad un lugar... o una cultura... o una persona. Ponerse más cerca.

["I still haven't seen this country on my own terms," Brad told me yesterday.

We were talking about my camping trip this past weekend. I can't say camping is my way to see this country- it is my boyfriend's way- but I am glad I went. It was marvelous looking at the wilderness, the wildflowers, the birds, the mountain stream... the mountains themselves! how beautiful! This was an amazing and relaxing way to look at a country. A close-
up view. The way a person should look at a country. This is the reason I wanted to live in a different culture for a long time. To get a close-up view. This is the only way to really know a place... or a culture... or a person. Close-up."

Brad, a trainee in the forestry program, had asked Marie about her weekend, giving her the lead into her lie. Marie says,

"It's like going from looking at something in a petri dish to seeing it through a microscope"—a whole different view. "You go through on a guagua, and it's beautiful, but when you walk through it, you really see it all. It's just like anything when you see it up close. You can walk through a neighborhood, but once you walk into people's houses it's a whole different feel, a whole different experience.

Perhaps Marie has oriented herself enough within the culture and the country that she can begin to move in closer. The language she uses in her lie reveals a change in her approach to Spanish. Some of her phrases, especially where she puts emotion into her writing (las montañas mismas, bonitisimas) are clearly Spanish. Her choice of words reads beautifully in Spanish at times, but translates with difficulty into English (encantador, maravilloso). Clearly Marie is moving closer.

Marie wants to move closer to the woman in the family she lives with, but finds herself feeling nervous about the upcoming weekend, not wanting to go. "Enriching experiences are not always pleasant." The family doesn't like her to be alone so her time is filled, and Spanish continues to be difficult. She doesn't feel comfortable in the house. The wife may feel jealous of the good relationship Marie has
with the husband. Most of the time when Marie is around, the wife makes herself busy.

As Marie moves in closer to the culture and the people, her view of poverty begins to change. When she first looked at some of the houses that the campesinos live in, her reaction was like mine, "How can people live like that? People can't live like that. That's it. They can't live like that." Her mind rejected the stark reality. As she moves in closer, entering their houses, she sees people can and do live like that. "When you come inside the houses you see that people are living here. This is their home. They have pictures up on the walls." The houses don't define the poverty. "When there's no way out, that's the real poverty—when this is the way their grandchildren will live."

When she returns the next weekend, despite her fears, the map project goes well. She is relieved to have it over. For as much as she got out of it, she is glad the whole campo experience is over. All the time she's been in the campo, she's been "on", never alone. People were always observing her, trying to engage her in conversation and she had to try to understand them. The children were always with her. Even when she was changing or taking a bath, the little girl was with her. The children told her what to do, "You have to go to visit the lady next door, because my mother told me you shouldn't be alone." There is only so long, Marie says, she can be so out of control of her life.
But she learns from all of this, as she writes in her

Este fin de semana fue mi fin de semana ultimo con mi
familia campesino. Tengo que decir yo estoy aliviado.
No mas ninos me diriendo sobre el pueblo o me siguiente
o me mirando. Por menos por ahora. Por dos semanas
mas, yo dirigiri mi vida. Y entonces, yo llegara en mi
campo, mi sitio. Y otra vez péro el control de mi vida
por un tiempo.
Este tiempo, estara esfueramente pero pienso
menos. Porque es mi sitio definitivo. Puedo tolerar
mas. Yo espero. Eso es dificil estar sin control de
mi vida. Necisito un balanza entre yo y mi sitio. La
gente en mi sitio. Este estara uno del desafio mio
durante los dos anos proximo. Uno de muchos.

[This weekend was my last weekend with my campesino
family. I have to say that I am relieved. No more
children directing me around the town or following me
or staring at me. At least for now. For two more
weeks, I will direct my life. And then, I will arrive
at my campo, my site. And again I lose control of my
life for a while.
This time, it will be stressful, but I think less.
Because it is my definite site. I can tolerate more.
I hope. It is difficult to be out of control of my
life. I need a balance between me and my site- the
people in my site. This will be one of my challenges
during the next two years. One of many.]

Before I thought that being a volunteer, you just give
yourself. Like being a priest or a nun- you are there to
help people and you help people, and when they knock on your
door, you answer. And when they want something, you're
there. You give yourself up for that.

Marie assumed altruism and self-sacrifice was part of
the job. As she moves in closer, through the campo
experience, to her Peace Corps role, she realizes she can't
be that way. "I can't be that out of control of my life."
She anticipates facing the same issues when she moves to her site. "Just being in a new campo, everyone wants your time." She will have to balance her own needs vs. the need to integrate. "You want to be cooperative and agreeable and make a good impression, but you just can't constantly dance to other people's tunes." She plans to live with a family when she first goes to her site to force herself to interact, to continue learning, to use the language. But she realizes she's going to have to draw lots of lines.

When she thinks about going to her permanent site after the swearing-in ceremony, she is afraid. The idea of two years still scares her, but more than that, she is afraid of being alone. She's afraid of leaving the other trainees and the support they give her. She is not yet confident she will find new relationships in the campo. It frightens her to be so on the edge. She tells me a story about one night several years ago, being with a woman almost a total stranger to her, bearing witness as she broke down and cried. The woman told Marie, "I'm just so tired of being strong." "And when she said that, tears immediately came to my eyes."

She never felt close to the woman she lived with in the campo. She finally concludes the woman is "really insensitive", "I just didn't like her," "I resented her". But the last night she was there, the lights were out and the two women sat outside together because it was cooler in
the light of the full moon. Finally, the woman begins to talk, saying she pays her sister's tuition at the university in the capital. That's where her teacher's salary goes. Her husband joined them on the porch and the woman began to speak of women's issues, how women do all the work and it's always for free. Marie adds that it's the same all over the world. She liked bringing the rest of the world in as they sat under the full moon in the Dominican campo.

As Marie moves closer in and understands more about Dominican culture, she is less tolerant of cultural isolation. While she felt more respect for the woman after their last conversation, she still feels the woman was insensitive to her. Yet she realizes the woman was "out of her waters"- to use a Spanish expression- and Marie herself feels different from the people here. "I don't know their world that well yet and they don't know mine." "It takes a while to really get a sense of what is important."

Peggy Antrobus, an economist at the University of the West Indies says,

We need people to begin to see the relationship between their own lives and the lives of other people in far off countries in a different context, a context that calls attention to our common humanity and the way in which our lives are linked. What diminishes any part of this global community diminishes us all.

Marie feels isolated knowing most people, Dominicans and North Americans, don't see beyond local concerns, don't care about the rest of the world. Most of Marie's family in the states couldn't point out the Dominican Republic on a
map. Seeing up close, the particular, the people, gives Marie a new sense of perspective, a more global view.

Gerald

Jerry, like Marie, spends time over the weekend thinking about different views of poverty and wealth and cultural isolation. He tries to capture these shifting perspectives in a lie.

Es irónico que salí los Estados Unidos feliz que salía gente quien pareció querer más dinero siempre (estoy hablando de mis conprofesionales) y ahora estoy en medio de gente quien quiere lo mismo. Salí esa manera de vida porque creía había más a vida, pero aquí es lo mismo aunque comprendo más aquí porque la gente tiene muy poco. Aquí, he empezado comprender la definición real de pobreza y he aprendido que nunca puedo estar pobre, aun cuando tener nada materialmente porque tener una historia rica de educación, empleo, parientes, amigos, etc. Esas cosas me dan oportunidades y seguridad que la mayoría dominicanas nunca tendrá. Por causa esas cosas, estoy libre explorar y recibir las cosas menos tangible en vida. Parece verdad que como una persona tiene más en vida (tangible y no tangible, pero especialmente el último), necesidades llega a ser más complejo. Por eso estoy aún en medio de gente quien pensa por la mayor parte de dinero.

(It is ironic that I left the United States happy to be leaving people who seemed to always want more money (I am speaking of my co-professionals) and now I am in the middle of people who want the same thing. I left that way of life because I believed there was more to life, but here it is the same, although I understand it more here because the people have very little. Here, I have begun to understand the real definition of poverty and I have learned that I can never be poor, even when I have nothing materially, because I have a rich history of education, employment, relatives, friends, etc. Those things give me opportunities and security that the majority of Dominicans will never have. Because of those things, I am free to explore and receive less
tangible things in life. It seems to be true that when a person has more in life (tangible or non-tangible, but especially the latter), needs become more complex. Thus I am still in the middle of people who think mostly of money.]

Jerry began thinking about this lie the weekend before when people in his family kept asking him what his things cost and requesting gifts. "People are always looking for a chance to strike it rich here, and if I can be part of that, they'll use me." He realizes they are interested in money because they don't have any. He lives in a family of eight. The father is a teacher, and even though he's been in the system a long time, that makes no difference in his meager pay. The family also runs a sewing shop, but these seem to be the only sources of income. "So I would say they count each penny when they go out and buy food for the day."

Jerry wanted to tell them he was happy without a lot of material things, but sensed somehow he was missing the point, that his poverty was different from theirs. "I don't have those needs because I know I can get them. I have the education, the connections, the experiences." His education gives him other perspectives, shows him possibilities the people around him do not see, making him want to travel, experience more and learn more. "They don't have the desire to go and learn about all of these things because they don't know they exist."

The lie reveals Jerry's increasing ability to adopt other perspectives. He realizes there is a qualitative
difference between his poverty and the poverty of the Dominicans. "I can't really fully comprehend their position."

From a language standpoint, the lie is quite remarkable for someone who spoke no Spanish less than three months before. Although he still omits little words and occasionally chooses the wrong verb (salir instead of dejar), he structures his sentences as Spanish sentences and what he writes is easily comprehensible in Spanish without translation. In language as well, he is shifting perspectives.

Jerry began this lie out at his campo site on Thursday. He wrote as far as "Porque la gente tiene muy poco" [because the people have very little] and stopped, unsure of where he was going with it. When he returned from his camping trip, he had an idea for a different lie, but paused to read over what he had written and had a feeling he could figure out where he was going with it. "I was still kind of struggling, and I just had to sit down and write enough and think enough and it would come to me."

I asked him about the lie he didn't write. His answer reveals a lot about how his ideas for lie are born. He told me a story of meeting two children on the trail. They walked back for a ways with him and Marie. One of the boys asked Jerry if he would pay their bus fare when they got to the bottom. This enraged Jerry. As a person who plans, he
believes one is responsible for a certain degree of preparation. "A fare is something somebody should have taken care of ahead of time." He answered them in a "kind of bad" way, telling them "every Dominican asks Americans to pay for things because they think I'm rich and if I paid for everything, I wouldn't have any money now." Jerry was trying to explain a principle or a concept, but feels badly about having generalized about all Dominicans. The children left, but the incident continued to bother Jerry. "I like to give, but I don't like people to ask me to give."

Don Murray (1982) speaks of how writers tend to view the world through genre.

Most writers view the world as a fiction writer, a reporter, a poet or a historian. The writer sees experience as a plot or a lyric poem or a news story or a chronicle. The writer uses such literary traditions to see and understand life. (36)

We have seen this phenomenon at work before in the early Ile of Marie and Leanne which were structured like newspaper stories and sermons. But here, Gerald is beginning to see the world as a writer of Ile.

Whenever you have an encounter like that, you get a lot of emotions. You think, or at least when you are in this group you think, wow, that's good Ile material! So that's what I was going to do my Ile on.

I asked Jerry what his conclusion would have been from the Ile he didn't write. "I have no idea. You have to write it. Writing forces me to draw some lesson from it."

Jerry seemed more relaxed at the technical training site
than in the capital. He is able to interact more in the smaller group and drop his defenses a little bit. Of course, Jerry is still Jerry- (or Gerald). Before going out to do the map project the last weekend in the campo, he was the only trainee who premixed his paints. Ironically, for all his preparation, he was the only one of my informants to experience real difficulty with the assignment. The school he was working in was made of palm bark, which meant he had to do his map on a rice sack instead of a smooth concrete wall. "When I first started out, everything was orderly and smooth. I was doing it on the blackboard and being careful with my language. But when things got hairy and confused so did my language." Jerry had asked the students to correct his language, and they did, but he couldn't understand the corrections with everyone yelling at once. Friday towards the end, he was running out of light and there was no electricity. With the kids crowding around blocking the sunlight, he couldn't see. The pencil outline they had so carefully drawn had begun to fade from being rubbed, but they started to paint. Then a pig wandered into the room and walked across the whole map, leaving little hoof-prints all over the country. "There was paint all over it in the wrong color and Lake Enriquillo was about five times too large." But Jerry "figured it's the kids' project and as long as they were proud of it, which they were, it was OK."
I asked Jerry again which lie he considered his best. He chooses the one about riches and poverty because "that was kind of a real eye-opener for me, a real consciousness-raising type of thing." He no longer feels the lie he wrote at first are more valuable for having stood "the test of time". "They were good lessons, but they are old lessons, they don't really have a lot of significance at this point." The best lie, "like the one about riches and the one about the social pressure from Marie to hang out with other volunteers when I had my own priorities" are the ones that taught him something about himself, or at least reaffirmed something. "Maybe I would say that they brought into focus something that was vaguely there— maybe I have a better understanding of it now."

I boarded the guagua in Las Matas for the last time. This time I traveled with a little girl on my lap. The mother carried her baby brother and would have had to pay an extra fare. By this time, I felt solidarity with my fellow guagua riders. Living vicariously my informants' experiences with crude poverty and the challenge of development had touched me. I returned each week with a greater sense of urgency in the face of the enormous pain to which we bore witness. Like them, I was transformed.

The transformation ran deep and touched each "self". Maggie and Jerry spoke of better understanding their own
most basic needs. Marie speaks of examining her "whole inner world". She wants to learn to "trust her inner resources" and build a core within herself to center her through adversity. Another trainee told me, "just watching those little kids running around and they are naked and they are malnourished and they are uneducated... by the luck of the draw, that could have been me."

Chapter Notes:

1. Krashen (1985) and Smith (1983) hypothesize that writing competence develops through reading input.

2. See Moquete (1986) for a description of how these funds were used.

CHAPTER VIII

LA JURAMENTACION

The people who arrived back at Pantoja on Monday, the 20th of November were not the same people who had left five weeks before; they resembled even less the disoriented young Americans they had been three months ago on the Dia de la Restauración. Most had been transformed—touched, changed in different ways, although all had tried to protect themselves to varying degrees from the pain and loss of that kind of growth. I am reminded in thinking of them this last week, of a quote from an informant in another study, "Every syllable is changed in every other language and every syllable is a syllable of understanding, a syllable of a human moment. It is just so enormous... the destruction of every syllable so that another syllable can be born." They have taken on, some more, some less, the sounds and syllables of another language, the values and perspectives of another culture, and the vision of a new role. Like the butterfly, they are not the same.

In contrast to the hectic pace of the first eight weeks at Pantoja and the intensity of technical training, the atmosphere now is very relaxed like one of those last June days at school. Something else may begin, but this is

274
definitely ending. They share experiences between technical groups, write letters, complete final evaluations, and begin to make plans. Marie and Jerry are sitting together by the large map with the trainees' names and destinations pegged to it. She has just received a package with a dress and photographs she had sent home to be developed. The dress she will wear to the swearing-in, the pictures she shows us—herself under her mosquito net, Jerry drinking coconut water from a shell, the mid-term fiesta. I sit relaxing with them, listening to the music of a guitar someone under the mango tree is playing. There are few scheduled events. The Program managers will come to give a final address to their groups before the swearing-in ceremony and trainees will go one by one for their final FSI examinations.

I had asked each of my informants to write one final lie for me, in English, to compare the experience of writing a lie in their own language with the other lie they had written.

The education trainees don’t expect much from another session with Domingo, their program manager. Usually these sessions are loosely structured. Just another one of those "Domingo's here if you have any questions" meetings, as Jerry puts it. But when Domingo arrives Tuesday morning, he surprises everyone. He has prepared a written agenda for the meeting and provides them all with copies. He sits stiffly at the table in front of them, proceeding to discuss
each item in turn. "Primero, el lunes próximo, todos deben estar en su trabajo... [First, next Monday everyone should be at their work site..]" he continued in Spanish, "We don't want volunteers hanging around in the capital after this weekend. I am giving you until Monday because of the Thanksgiving holiday and other complications, but you should be at your sites on Monday at the latest. Does anyone have any problems with being at the site on Monday?"

Domingo went on to explain they would be arriving in their sites at a difficult time for working because of the Christmas season. Dominicans tend to begin socializing early for Christmas and very little is accomplished in the month of December and well into January. From the 18th to the 7th, schools would be closed. But while it was not a good time for working, it was an excellent time to begin to get to know the community and work on the diagnostic. He handed out two forms, one an outline for their final report of the diagnostic and the other a survey form to use in the community when gathering information. He suggested they take the questionnaire house to house in a random sample and interview about 50 families.

Over the course of the two days, trainees took their final FSI examinations. Of the 47 trainees who completed the training period, (with two having been sent into service early and ten having gone home), only six failed to meet the language criteria. All were sworn in anyway. Of my
informants, only Leanne failed to meet the 1+ criteria set by Peace Corps as the minimum to begin service. She received a rating of 1, indicating tourist-level survival skills. Her husband fared even worse, finishing training at the 0+ level— a rating which Clara, who was one of his examiners, described as "generous". Gerald and Marie were rated at 1+. Maggie received a 2 rating, indicating working proficiency, sufficient Spanish to be able to work easily in non-professional capacities.

As they finished their language exams, trainees were free to begin to organize themselves. The language staff got together and shared stories from technical training as we worked on final reports. Everyone prepared to return the following afternoon, Wednesday, November 22nd, for the swearing-in ceremony.

Maggie

Maggie apologizes for her messy lie in English— they didn't have lights. She didn't quite know how to end it, so she just ended it.

Early Saturday afternoon, eight of us arrived in Bani from Las Matas and started looking for a bola [ride] to Las Salinas. We waited around for a while and finally got a ride in the back of a long-bed truck with lumber. The ride felt great with the wind blowing past us and, even though it hurt a bit, getting bumped up and down on the wood seemed funny. It was one of those moments which make great Peace Corps pictures.

Part way there, the driver had to slam on the brakes because another vehicle in front of us had stopped. We barely swerved in time, just making it around the other vehicle. For a split second we 'had fear', but we were soon laughing about it. There are
often close calls on the road here, but they always come out OK.

But when we arrived at the Peace Corps office on Sunday we found out that there are times when the situation doesn't work out OK. Right now a COS-ing volunteer is in a US hospital in critical condition and minus a leg. In a split second, her life changed directions.

Hearing of this made me so sad— for her and her dominican family, all of whom lost their lives. And it made me angry that such a tragedy happened most likely due to carelessness— and scared. It's frightening to think that it could have happened to us— could still happen. That fear of a serious accident or death is another issue that's hard to work through in terms of 'is it worth it to put health and life on the line for the overseas experience'. Obviously, accidents can happen anywhere, but certain types seem to have a greater chance of occurring here. Add to that the health care system— distance from it and quality, and it becomes scarier.

But I also know that it is fear which can keep a person from doing anything. I think it is important to think about what happened and the possibilities of it happening to me, but finally I have to accept that possibility, and in so doing, not let it hold me back. My mother has a saying on her dresser which goes something like the following:

Grant to me the courage to change the things I can, accept those I cannot change, and the wisdom to know the difference.

She wanted to say something else at the end, but felt anything she could say would be redundant. When Maggie thinks about doing things that are hard for her, like getting up in front of groups, she always asks herself, "What is the worst thing that could happen? Will I die?"

This time the answer is yes. Her topic is death. It's hard to get more basic.

It's something we all deal with here— I remember telling my husband I was sure I would die on the streets of Santo Domingo because I couldn't go on escaping death so narrowly
so many times each day. I used to arrive at my destination shaking with relief. I don't any more. You get used to it. "Another close call," Maggie says, "It didn't happen. And it's like ha, ha, ha, it didn't happen—but it's such a fine line." For her lie, there is no neat ending. "You finally just have to accept it."

Writing the lie in English was more difficult than Maggie had thought it would be. She hesitated in getting started. Because of her Spanish being limited and "always trying to be nice", it's "almost not really me." In English she felt exposed.

But this is changing. Her language is better, and she has three months behind her in the country. She is beginning to make Spanish her own. "I can be a bit more me, a bit more direct, not always smiling or agreeing with everybody or whatever."

I ask her to choose her best lie. She carefully considers each lie, sorting them into piles on the table in the open-air Spanish classroom where we sit. She is quiet, concentrating for almost 10 minutes. She separates three, spreading them out before her. They are the lie from the Spanish field trip, the one that ends with the little girl taking her hand and the one about the culture being a mix and she not being an anthropologist. She selects the last. She chooses it because in this lie she deals with an idea instead of focussing on an event. Maybe some of her other
lle could be used as examples of the ideas in this one.
Maggie is looking at content here, but also form. The
writing of this lle was more difficult. She had to analyze
more- shape ideas and form conclusions. The lle is better
because it attempts more.

The prospects for her job as a volunteer are good. She
is clear about her role as a facilitator and convinced of
its rightness.

The fact that I don't have a clear-cut job description
doesn't matter. My project is getting a group to
decide on a project and for them to figure out how to
do it- that's my project. My project is not to build a
latrine or get books for children, it's to get them to
plan out how to do it and do it themselves.

She was pleased to hear Peace Corps training director
Jim Schenck, tell the whole group that development is not
the latrine or the library or the aqueduct- "development is
getting them to understand process and be able to do it
themselves." She thinks her tech training and her program
are actually better than the others because of the same
vaguery that made her initially criticize them. "Other
programs are much more result-oriented. We focused on
getting people to understand process- that's what we've been
developing as our vision."

She writes on her final evaluation that she will
probably experience conflict in terms of discussions on
religion, lack of directness, machismo and slowness for
things happening. When asked how she feels about being a
volunteer and doing her assigned job at her site for the next two years, she writes, "right now a bit nervous just because I'm heading into something new- but once I'm there, I know I'll be OK."

Gerald

Jerry felt Domingo's talk was the first productive one they had had. "There were concrete things he expected. He was pushing everybody to be at their sites on Monday and I like that." In their other meetings, Domingo had been passive, responding to questions. "But this time he wanted these things and he wanted them by certain dates. I like that. I like concreteness. I like structure." Jerry is preoccupied with the logistical details of getting to his site. The week will be stressful for him, he's sure, but he looks forward to having a home, to having a job. He writes on his final evaluation his feeling about going to his site is "Let's get going!".

One of the ways he plans to improve himself is by "putting less value on perfection." Jerry has been thinking about himself and his relationship with Marie. The biggest impasse, he believes, is the "independence/support type of thing." He admits it "doesn't even occur to him to ask about how somebody else might feel about something" unless he wants input to clarify his own feelings about an issue. Marie, on the other hand, constantly thinks of him. While she's out on her campo visits, she wonders what Jerry is
doing. This Jerry finds incomprehensible because he's "out on his own little thing". But he feels he can learn the behaviors, learn to ask her how she's feeling and feels hopeful about the relationship. His lie reflects something he "learned about himself, that was kind of hard to admit at first".

I've learned an important lesson recently. At least I think I've learned it. The future will tell, I suppose. It seems that I am a typical male who tends to put relationships on the back burner when other "things" want to interfere (e.g. graduate school, work, cultural adjustment, etc.) I discovered this about myself with the help of Marie. It didn't require a lot- just a long talk into a late night. Oh, and also a bit of thinking alone afterwards. It has been a little disappointing to learn this about myself since I've always considered myself to be a fairly sensitive guy, closely in touch with the workings of my relationships and my inner self. I guess I still am but somehow I let myself get carried away with feeling my own needs while someone I really care about sits on the sidelines suffering. I don't feel really good about that which is why I think I am integrating and will continue to integrate this lesson. And what is the lesson? The lesson is that relationships (people) really are the most important considerations in life. Life will throw a lot of interferences into those relationships and yes, sometimes the relationships must suffer a bit while the interferences are addressed. But, like most things in life, there is a happy medium. If you let an interference be the first priority for the long-term, or if you allow a continuous succession of interferences to always be the first priority, the relationship will suffer badly and may be lost. Each relationship will have different kinds of tolerance. Discovering this level involves continuous, high-quality communication. For Marie and I the missing ingredient was good communication. I'm usually pretty good about communicating, but these days the interference of cultural adjustment seriously hampered that ability. But I think I'm back on track now. For the sake of the relationship, I hope so.

Jerry notes this lie is longer than his others, but not
that much longer than some, and the process was really "not that much different".

I still had to come up with an idea of what I wanted to write about, sort of plan it out in my head and I still didn't know quite where I was going with it, but felt I could come up with it as I wrote. Es lo mismo [It's the same].

Overall, the lies have forced Jerry to think about things. He tried to write about things that were significant to what he was thinking and feeling. Ultimately, he learns something from every lie. "Sometimes I feel there is a lesson there, but I haven't really quite grasped it, and in the writing I grasp it- just an intuitive feeling there is something I can cull out of this". In the process of writing, a lesson is found. He used the lie like he uses letters, to force himself "to think of things in more concrete and less nebulous ways, organize thoughts, come to some conclusions."

I ask him one last time to select his best lie. He also spends much time sorting the lie into piles and considering each one. He selects the one about being lonely in the country if you don't speak the language as best because "it reflects the thing that still sticks out most in my mind about what's important about being in a new country, but more than that, what's important in life, which is communication." Sometimes he still wonders if he is going to function. "It reminds me that I have to keep learning, keep finding out more things and becoming more complete in
the language." His criteria for better lle are, personal, having more to do with the content- the significance of the lesson itself than any actual feature of the writing.

Jerry says our interviews were "like continuing to write." They gave him the opportunity to "kind of flesh it out in English." Sometimes he would learn more about the lesson in the lle. Sometimes he would learn other things. "We'd get off on these little side tracks and on some occasions, when we've talked, I've realized something and then I'll write a lle about it." I asked him if it affected his writing. He answered with a question, "You mean was it a crutch cause I knew I could talk about it later and you would ask me about the parts that weren't clear?" The idea had never occured to me. It had occured to Jerry, but he didn't do it. "Because I didn't have you as my only audience."

Even before technical training, Jerry had known his teachers would read the lle's, "even though they more concerned with grammar than content." But in Las Matas, in Clara's class, "it was a big effort to try to cover all aspects, because we would work together to try to get the grammar straight, then we would talk about it afterwards, for clarity and understanding and comprehension." If every teacher followed Clara's methods right from the beginning, Jerry says, people would at least write clearer lle because they would know they had more audience than just the
teacher. In the sharing of the lie, you had to listen carefully to pick up content. "If you know someone will ask you, 'What did Henry say in his lie?' You don't just go off into lala land while he's reading." But more than this, through the sharing of perspectives, "you gain insights by other people's experiences."

Jerry writes on his final evaluation he suspects he will have difficulty resolving cultural conflicts in the areas of "planning, organization and maximum use of time." But he has shown growth in his "appreciation for my wealth (tangible, but especially intangible), more appreciation for third world problems, and better understanding of my personal needs." As readers of his lie, we know these things to be true.

**Leanne**

Leanne was satisfied with the results of her language exam, even though she did not attain the required 1+ rating. One of the first to be tested, she came relieved to our interview. "What more could one want? The language exam is over; the kingdom is at hand."

Clara, however, is not so enthusiastic in her final report. She notes that Leanne's knowledge of the language is very limited and she needs to memorize phrases by writing them because her comprehension is poor. While she was able to give short talks in Spanish, they were difficult to understand because of her accent. She had difficulty
understanding the charlas presented in Spanish. Clara had visited Leanne's campo family. The family had evidently failed to understand most of what Leanne tried to say and eventually had given up trying to communicate with her. Leanne chose to limit her participation in training and community life, rather than challenge herself linguistically. She maintains control over what little she attempts by writing and practicing it and avoids spontaneous interaction which might tax her language skills.

Leanne wrote a composite lle for her last lle in English. Leanne is the informant whose English lle is most different from its Spanish counterpart.

One final LLE in English, that's both a nice and a scary thought. There is security in being a student and the expectations are different. When training is completed the expectation is that one can really do the job.

I realize fully how little Spanish I really know and also how much I have learned and fully expect to learn more, quickly, I hope.

The end of anything is a time for mixed feelings for with each ending comes a new beginning. Moving to our site is exciting and purchasing and/or finding out how to handle the tasks of daily living will be a challenge.

Our town has electricity so seldom it doesn't really matter and people haul water from the river! I remember no running water from childhood and it's a lot of work. Catching rain water helps, of course, and rain water is quite pure.

The schools have so many problems, it's hard to know where to begin and even hard not to want to re-do them just like schools in the U.S. Somehow, I don't think that will work, making one culture into a copy of another is doomed from the start. An apple cannot be an orange no matter how much it tries!

So with a swirl of conflicting emotions, joy and fear, challenge and confidence and all their opposites—Wednesday we all become "real" PCV's!
For Leanne, the most striking thing about writing a lie in English was the more complicated sentence structure. In Spanish, she wouldn't have attempted some of the tenses she uses here. This lie is broader in scope than her lie in Spanish, deals with more ideas and shows better organization. But she doesn't see the potential of the lie as a learning tool.

I ask her again to choose her best lie. Without looking at any of her lies or pausing to consider, she again chooses the lie about the paper dolls. She feels it best meets the criteria for a lie in that it is a more logical story. "If you were supposed to write about something that happened and reflect on what was important out of it, then this is better. Some of them were more description." She admits some of her lies didn't attempt to be lies at all; she used the lie for different purposes. Sometimes she just did it because somebody told her to do it. But overall, she says the lie is the best part of the method, because she likes to write.

Leanne likes the lie for reasons very different from how I envisioned it being used. She likes to write as she says, because she can maintain control over the language used and avoid challenging herself, whereas in other parts of the method she is forced to attempt new structures (these are the parts against which she rebels most strongly).

Perhaps she has felt this necessary for her survival.
She tells me training has been an interesting time because you can "see how much stress you can actually live through and function—kind of a negative learning experience."

She had Ralph with her for most of training, and hasn't formed relationships with the other trainees. She doesn't understand why they are so attached to each other. She is not, as she often reminds me, "25 years old". "We don't have so many things in common. Also I've moved more and I keep thinking, 'How much of an investment do you want to make?'" She prefers to limit experience. She enjoyed our interviews because "it was nice to talk to somebody and kind of process what was going on." My work must be interesting, she says, "because at least four people you got to know fairly well and that should be pretty nice because there are a lot of people who float through your life on a more temporary basis."

Marie

Marie and I sit around a white table someone has dragged up under the mango tree for this last loose week of training. We feel as if we are at a sidewalk café. Marie snaps her fingers in the air, "¡Cervesa, cervesa, por favor! [Beer, beer please]" We begin our talk in the late afternoon as the staff boards the bus to take them into Santo Domingo and the trainees are leaving. The shadows are getting longer, but we still feel the heat on this November afternoon. All of this contributes to a feeling it's
already over- our official relationship has ended and we are meeting only as friends. The conversation is longer than some of our other interviews and Marie, always more interested than my other informants in my perceptions of things, questions me more this afternoon. I feel less compulsion to "get the data" and enjoy our lazy talk. We curl our feet into the chairs and worry less about the tape recorder between us. Marie's lie in English reflects at least a temporary resolution of her doubts the week before about leaving for her campo site.

My sense of panic about leaving this homely nest of volunteers (English-speaking volunteers) is waning. I'm not sure if and when it will return, but I find myself happily looking forward to my site. I want to be with Dominicans, living with them and learning about their life-styles. I want to improve my Spanish, to start development work, to learn what it will be like to live day-to-day in a campo, to start developing my own theories and observations about development. I try to quell the occasional sense of panic about this endeavor by thinking positive thoughts and it seems to be working. Besides, the positive reasons why I'm here are part of my reality too, as real as my fears.


Writing a lie in English was harder than Marie had thought it would be. At first she was automatically translating "necessarily simple English", but finally figured she could use words like 'quell' and 'endeavor' without worrying about what the Spanish equivalent would be. I am struck by the identical style in this lie and her
Spanish lie. She still tends toward elipes, the use of phrases instead of sentences at the end of her lie, and, as she points out, "I still have to have a conclusion." While she doesn't design this lie to be a composite, she touches on all of the areas we have looked at—culture, language and the creation of her Peace Corps role.

Marie had mixed feelings about going to her site and was beginning to feel down so she called the family she would be living with and told them she would be there on the 3rd of December rather than the 27th of November. Ever since she did that, her attitude began to turn around. As everyone prepares to leave, it seems more natural. "I guess one of my biggest problems was leaving this support group." She needed time to view it positively rather than "feeling like I'm being abandoned."

I ask Marie to choose her best lie. She takes a long time considering each one. She selects several (the women, the men, the two years, the chocolate cake), saying she doesn't know if they are really any better than the others, but she remembers the strong feelings associated with them. She rejects the one about the men, saying, "that's a bad memory—there are strong feelings there, but I don't want to remember them." She comments that her lie get better because "I started out describing events, then these get more into feelings." I comment that they seem to get more personal. She agrees, "I could feel it happening. It was becoming a
journal for me. I got away from writing them for other people and was writing more for myself." She finally chooses three lie as her best- the women and the culture shock, more because she remembers the feeling behind it than for how it was expressed, the chocolate cake, because the generosity of the people still amazes her, and her final lie about taking control of her life because "I didn't realize that control of my life was the issue until I got to the part where I wrote it."

I ask her what makes a good lie.

This is my writing, I know all the feelings behind them, the strength of them, how much they impacted me. My own feelings accompany what is written here. Whether or not the Spanish is any good, whether it's well-written or not, or if it's better than before or whatever, it's more the feeling behind it.

Like the others, she focuses on the content, the experience itself. All place less value on "descriptions"- "the obvious". Marie and Gerald explicitly reject this type of lie, referring to some of the lie they heard Leanne read in their class as "reporting daily events". For Marie, this is not a lie. She couldn't do that, and concludes that those who do must be "uncomfortable with writing". While Gerald judges his lie on the value of the lessons learned, Marie, is more interested in the feelings. For Marie the feelings themselves and not their expression in the lie matter.

Marie wasn't often asked to read her lie to the class during the core training at Pantoja. When she had to read her lie in Clara's class at Las Matas, it didn't bother her
because she felt close to the other volunteers. "So telling them about the culture shock or reading them my personal thoughts wasn't an intrusion." Our conversations also helped her "feel more comfortable about expressing personal thoughts" through "the building of trust". She was sharing feelings in the interviews so "writing was just another extension of that." Apart from the building of trust, in both the class and the interviews, "discussing what you've written makes you think more when you sit down the next time to write."

We talk for a long time after the tape has been turned off. She wants to know how I feel about the country and the culture. She is easy to talk to, an interested listener- she learns by listening she says, by hearing people's stories. We finally drift off and I take her back to her family's house in my old Volkswagen bug. Marie stands in front of the house waving as I leave.

On her self-evaluation she writes that she has "a sense of reality about what I will, can and cannot do." She plans to initiate few projects of her own, but "help the people in the community to solve their own problems- problems they identify. Developing the human mind and spirit is real development."

La Juramentación

I arrived early at Centro Pantoja for the swearing-in ceremony on Wednesday November 22nd and went to the Spanish
department to wait. The teachers were all absorbed in their appearances. I had worn a nice dress, to show respect, to celebrate, because I needed some closure on 14 weeks of transcribing five interviews plus field notes every week. Violeta commented, "¡Qué bonita tú eres! [How beautiful you are!]" But she wanted to add more make-up to my face. I learned long ago that it is impossible to overdress for any Dominican function. Uceny was painting Clara's nails at the work table in the Spanish department office and Antonia and Danielle were running in and out of the bathroom double checking their make-up. Clara sprayed perfume on me and would have added more make-up if I had not protested. We went out as a group to the seats set up under the mango tree and claimed the big white chairs at the back where Marie and I had sat for our interview. Only a few of the trainees had arrived. Some were dressed up, but many wore their usual t-shirts and jeans. They arrived with their Dominican families and brought them over to the map with the pins displaying everyone's sites. Titos's two-year-old daughter provided most of the entertainment, posing while her father took her picture. The teachers made much of her. "¿Qué bonita!" "¡Qué linda!" "¡Qué preciosa!" The little girl hid behind Tito. "What's the matter?" he asked, "Aren't you going to be your usual tigre self?"

The ceremony was done entirely in Spanish, except when the ambassador lead the group in repetition of the official...
Peace Corps oath. Each volunteer introduced themselves and their family in Spanish, mentioning their sites and their programs. Jerry's introduction was most memorable. Unlike the other trainees, he was expansive, going on about how great his family was. I was struck by how naturally he spoke to us in Spanish. He wore a light blue suit jacket with a tie and gestured widely with his arms like an MC on a game show. The families at the back cheered him.

Apologizing for changing over to English, the ambassador read the oath, but they were not officially volunteers until Ivonne Garcia, the Subsecretary of Natural Resources, led them in the "Promesa de Servicio" in Spanish. They promised "to strive to secure the bonds of affection and solidarity with the Dominican people through mutual respect and a sincere vocation of service. For God, for the country, for Peace."

Marie told me afterwards she was moved by the service. I was too, although I hadn't expected to be. Hearing them all recite together the "promesa de servicio" in Spanish had an impact on me- this is, I guess, what we are working to create in training- solidarity with the Dominican people and a sincere vocation of service- in Spanish. The English version didn't seem so meaningful. Overall, I had a sensation of everything being worth it- worth it to dedicate yourself to a goal and reach it. And ceremonies allow you to pause and reflect on having made it thus far- where you
are and where you will go from here.

After the ceremony, there was an atmosphere of euphoria—everyone congratulated each other, even the different members of the staff. Mimicking the new volunteers we quipped, "And my program is Spanish and my site is the Centro Pantoja right here in Santo Domingo." I hugged and congratulated Marie and Gerald. She asked me to take their picture together under the mango tree—she in her new dress and he in his blue suit. It seemed like a resolution, a closure.

That night I left Pantoja after dark. Everything felt different and special and worth it. It more than compensated for the craziness of the 'carretera de noche'. The following day we dashed through the rain to the cafeteria of the American school to celebrate Thanksgiving at the Peace Corps dinner. But soon afterwards, everyone left the capital to settle in their permanent sites and be the only gringo in town.
CHAPTER IX

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

By the Monday after the swearing-in ceremony, most of my informants were in their sites. All had settled in by the beginning of December. I didn't see them for several months, only starting to contact them in January to arrange for follow-up interviews at their sites. The interviews stretched out from the end of January through the beginning of April. Leanne and I met twice in the capital. I visited all the others in their sites. The visits taught me a lot about life in the campo. I went in my old volkswagen bug to parts of the country I had never seen. I feared at times that the car would abandon me in one of those remote pueblos where no phone lines reached. This lent an air of unreality to the journeys. Out in their sites, I greeted my informants as old friends. For most of them, it was the first time anyone had visited them, especially another American, and they were eager to share the details of their lives.

For the first three months as volunteers, my informants were supposed to be working on their community diagnostics— a study of the community— its culture, its problems, its perspectives— as they see them. According to program
manager Domingo Velario\(^1\), the purpose of the diagnostic is twofold: first, to allow the volunteer time to come to know the community and its people, a time for personal contact without talking of projects, and second, to gather information about community needs and priorities. The volunteer coordinator in the education program stressed the intercultural aspect of the diagnostic. The volunteer begins to understand the culture of the community and how it might affect his or her projects. The guidelines for the diagnostic, for how to begin to relate to the community and form a work plan were sufficiently vague as to allow room to approach the task in vastly different ways. The diagnostic, as their major piece of writing in these first few months is especially illustrative of how writing in Spanish did or did not become part of their lives. As we shall see, the diagnostics and the process of writing them were as unique as the informants themselves and consistent with how they approached language and culture through their lives.

People reading the manuscript of the first part of this book have asked me which of my informants was successful out in the field as a Peace Corps volunteer. Success is not easy to define in development work. It may only come to light in the very long term. I offer here a portrait of where they are, what they are doing and how they feel about it. Literacy in Spanish and English continues to be part of their lives and of their way of making meaning in this new
world they have chosen to enter. Through oral and written
language, they create a context in which they can transform
themselves in ways consistent with their world view,
personality, philosophy, and experience.

Maggie

Unlike the others, Maggie lived close enough to the
capital so I could visit her and return the same day. I set
out one Saturday morning at the end of January. From where
I live on the western end of Santo Domingo, I continued
west. The road between Santo Domingo and the next major
city, San Cristóbal, is almost entirely developed. I passed
an industrial zone and a giant oil refinery. I wove between
mini-busses spitting diesel fumes and dodged motorcycles
darting in and out on either side. Often I would almost
literally run into a slow-moving truck or farm vehicle. I
felt as if I were breathing in pure diesel smoke. I
followed the traffic through the streets of San Cristóbal,
and passed at last the guard station with the sleeping
policemen. These stations mark the entrance or exit of each
town in the country. In the days of Trujillo, each motorist
had to stop and show proof of the dictator's permission to
travel.

Beyond San Cristóbal the environment changed
dramatically. The road moved straight and narrow through
lush cane fields and one had to be careful only of the tiny
railroad tracks that crisscrossed the road at intervals.
The air was fresh with cane stalks that rose high on either side of the road. In Bani, I had to ask directions for the caretterra leading out to the peninsula where Maggie's pueblo was located. I ticked off the towns I passed on the directions Maggie had given me. Each little town announces itself with a sign "Welcome to Matanzas"—an interesting name because it means "the massacres"—another Trujillo legacy. When I saw the welcome signs I slowed to a crawl because each town erects high and often unmarked, sleeping policemen. The road ran straight and flat until the final turn-off, when I found myself scaling hills on a narrow road. The land became much drier; cactus began to appear along the sides of the road. I encountered a herd of about 50 baby goats who kindly parted to allow me to pass. As I approached Maggie's pueblo, Sabana Buey, people stared at my car from little wooden shacks along the side of the road. It was unusual to see a private car in this part of the country.

Maggie's house fits the image of Peace Corps moments. The walls are of palm bark, painted green and the roof of thick, thatched palm leaves. Inside there are two rooms of about equal size—one for sleeping, and the other for living. The sleeping room contains, in addition to a cot, a desk for writing. The other is furnished with two yellow vinyl upholstered chairs without arms, a matching couch, a small table with her water bucket and dishes and two high
shelves in the corners. One shelf holds a small collection of books in English and a copy of *El Principito*; the other holds a jar of peanut butter, a can of cocoa, some plastic cups and silverware. A family of five used to live in the house before Maggie moved in. The house belongs to Maggie's counterpart's family. She pays 75 pesos a month for rent. No one knew what to charge her. She has electricity— a light bulb on the ceiling of each room wired up to the neighbor's, but no water. She uses the neighbor's water hook up, going there to bathe. She chose to pay the woman next door five pesos a day for food, rather than prepare her own.

A mullato woman with striking green eyes enters through the back to serve us rice and beans. Maggie still receives the "plate treatment"— separate bowls for the rice, beans and eggplant. The woman has prepared food for me as well. Maggie seems well. She has gained a little weight and her face looks puffy.

Maggie had arranged for the house during her site visit in October and so her transition was fairly smooth. When I ran into her at a Christmas fair in the capital, She told me she was adjusting naturally, integrating easily into the community, without having to work at it. She tells me now she felt almost charmed those first weeks. "I would wake up every day and say, God, it's so beautiful and the people are so nice and I've found paradise." When she returned after

300
spending New Years in Sosua with some other volunteers, she came down to earth. "Here I am and the latrine is kind of scary."

While the honeymoon didn't last forever, Maggie's adjustment to her new home does seem paced and natural. She is, as always, thoughtful, taking time to look deeply and analyze her role. In my follow-up conversations with her in January and again at the beginning of April, she seems glad of the opportunity to talk out what she feels and thinks about her role. She apologizes for not having more concrete projects to show for her time in Sabana Buey, but she values the little things. "You may not feel like you are getting anything done, but things happen." Things happen for Maggie—like making shadow pictures by candlelight in her house with the neighborhood children, reading them stories and helping them read to each other, talking with their parents about education... these things happen.

For the first few months, Maggie works on the diagnostic—more because she wants to than because it's required of her. She wants to do an ethnographic study of the town, to give the diagnostic more depth. To help her understand the town better, she seeks out experiences. She attends so many religious ceremonies that some of the women think she is very devout. She cooks food at a convite [similar to a barn-raising—neighbors gather to help each
other with an agricultural task.] She visits the school and
attends meetings. In her most memorable experience she
spends a day out in the fields planting onions—onion
cultivation being the main occupation in the town.

She thinks it will be easy—"All you do is— the guy is
going along with a pole punching holes and you put in the
little cebolla [onion] and push the dirt on it." You don't
have to think very much. But after squatting all day in the
hot sun, she found it difficult to walk for about four days
afterwards. She concluded the work was horrible and inhuman
("I can understand why they come home and yell at their
kids"). But a week or so later she had a conversation with
her neighbor's boyfriend.

Roberto said he liked cebolla planting. Maggie
objected, "Wait a minute— you do the laundry because it's
dirty, but you don't necessarily like it." No, Roberto
really liked it. Sitting all day at a desk in an office
would be hard work because you couldn't talk to anyone. But
when you are planting onions you can laugh and sing, be with
people and have a good time. After talking with Roberto,
Maggie realized that while she went to plant onions to
learn, she learned only how she feels about onion planting,
not the Dominican perspective she was hoping to experience.
She learned more from his one comment than her day in the
onion fields—another lie.

Time has passed quickly for Maggie, which surprises her.
She had expected the first year would pass slowly "dragging its little feet the whole way fighting and kicking". In a way it scares her to realize two years really isn't a long time. It's hard to think of two years as one long stretch. She uses events to break up the time—a whale watching trip in February, a meeting in March, Easter in April, her parents will visit in June... In her site, day to day, she creates each day anew—she begins teaching an English class for the teachers in the school once a week for an hour. She justifies it in all sorts of ways—a way into the school, an example of a different kind of teaching—but admits she feels better having even one hour of her week scheduled with something definite to do.

If she doesn't form goals and begin to plan she realizes she could be "getting on the plane going well, that was kind of a nice two years, I ate rice and beans and put on some weight." Yet she doesn't plunge right in. As with her lies, she takes her time, investigating, looking deeper and trying to understand before she acts. She has ideas about projects, but more important than the specific projects are process-related aims. The school directive can't seem to set goals and direct their efforts. They sometimes raise funds, but the money tends to piddle away replacing mops at the school. The lack of organizational skills is more pressing than the lack of material things.

Most of Maggie's writing in Spanish has been related to
the diagnostic. The final product, completed in April, is 21 pages long, written entirely in Spanish. She chose not to use Domingo's format, using instead the outline developed by the first education group. Her process involved keeping separate pieces of paper for the different areas she wanted to look at—spirituality, education, services, health, economy, politics, etc. As she talked with people, observed and experienced the culture, she would return home and write notes in Spanish on the appropriate pieces of paper. She wanted her diagnostic to reflect more than just observations, but something more personal, more subjective, her own perspective on Sabana Buey as she sees it now. The process raises more profound questions. She looks at the change from a house like hers with a whole family in it, to the concrete homes with walls and separate rooms for everyone. The change is material, but also a change in family relations. She wonders about deeper questions and wants her diagnostic to touch upon these issues, although she knows looking for the answers would be a project in itself.

In English, she writes in her journal, although less frequently than she would prefer. At one point when she doubts what she is doing, she reads over the journal. She's not sure why, but it makes her feel better, more grounded. She surprises me when she tells me she writes in English because she wants to be able to read it ten years from now.
and she might forget Spanish. It has never occurred to me that someday I might forget Spanish. She wrote an article, which centers on the sense of community she has observed in Sabana Buey. While that much community may be too intense, perhaps there is a way to form communities in the states and begin to live a more connected life.

She continues to use writing to reflect more deeply on what she is experiencing and "make learning more of a conscious thing". Life in Sabana Buey is slow. Maggie sometimes feels "slow in the head", just going through the motions. Writing forces her to not only experience day-to-day life, but think about "what that means through my eyes looking into the situation, through their eyes, experiencing it." This is the function of her diagnostic, in Spanish, her journal and letters, in English. "There might be a lot there that you are not conscious of until you start writing and then things come together in a more coherent way."

As far as her Peace Corps role, "things feel different once you are in your site". She feels pressure to be doing something in order to feel justified. Yet when she tries to suggest things, her ideas are often ignored or dismissed with, "That's nice dear". Change is not easy.

Development work was not Maggie's motivation for joining the Peace Corps. That came later, with the discussions of development issues in training. She comes to believe, with the acceptance of her facilitator role,
that development is giving people the skills so they don't need you, helping them to have control over their own lives. But living that philosophy in her site frustrates her at times. Other volunteers have told her they were six or seven months in their sites just getting oriented before they really began to work. "For some people, it's just not going to come together."

The ambiguity of the program makes her role very hard. She begins doubt the concept of coming in and facilitating change. Maybe a more specific, defined type of program would be better. The town could ask for someone to help them start a library, or improve techniques for teaching mathematics. The volunteer would be more accountable and people could more easily understand her role. She could still facilitate. The problem, I said, is many communities never get to the stage of deciding on a project. Maggie smiles and shrugs her shoulders.

She's had to make peace with the culture. She makes an effort to understand, but "can't bend to everything." She doesn't walk alone in the evenings in order not to face harrassment from men, but sometimes "feels the limits" and asks herself if the compromises are really worth it. She definitely won't stay beyond two years. Women's lives here are too restricted. Adjustment is a process that never ends- and why should it? "I'm still a human being and I still have the same baggage I'd have anywhere else." Her
cello planting experience taught her there is a limit to what she can hope to understand from the Dominican point of view.

In the course of our conversation, a neighbor enters to ask Maggie about how to get rid of a cold sore. Some children stop by to say hello and play in the back yard. An old man passing on the street waves to her and a goat pauses in the doorway. She converses easily, if not always correctly in Spanish. She speaks now without thinking about it. Once she had a meeting with a Japanese volunteer who didn't speak English. Spanish was the common language. She feels "dug in". She deals with people as people and not as representatives of another culture. I see it in the way she moves in the environment— it is known to her.

One night she was sitting in her yard. The woman who cooks and several children were nearby, but she didn't feel the need to talk. It struck her that the situation was normal—she didn't feel weird. She knew she was really "a part of here" when one of the little neighbor girls just crawled naturally into her lap.

Gerald

Gerald is the first to call me, trying to contact me over the Christmas break, finally succeeding in mid-January, when we meet for an interview in the Plaza de la Cultura at 10 a.m. (hora americana because Gerald is on a tight schedule). I visit his site twice.
The highway that leads to Puerto Plata and Monte Cristi out of Santiago is unmarked. I suppose anyone who would have occasion to use it must know where it is. The road heads west for quite a distance until one highway forks off to Puerto Plata, heading over the mountains. The road to Monte Cristi continues west, skirting along just south of the mountains, which are always visible on the right side of the road. The land is agricultural at first, but becomes progressively drier. In Jerry's site, Villa Elisa, the cacti are like small trees. The earth has been burned white and dusty. As in Maggie's site, goats roam freely through the town. Goats and desert seem to go together.

Jerry lives in his own little three-room house situated well away from the highway on the southern side. The house is made of unpainted palm wood with a thatched palm roof and a concrete floor. There is a bathing area behind the house, but because the floor is dirt, Jerry doesn't use it. The house has no running water and the nearest source of water is several blocks away. The main room of the house is furnished with a homemade table and several wide armed chairs—on loan from the local school. Above the table, a posterboard sign headed, "English for a Better School in Villa Elisa" contains a chart with 117 names and little check marks in tiny squares.

Jerry constructed shelves for his reference books—mostly Peace Corps publications, his Spanish dictionary and
verb book, *1001 Pitfalls in Spanish*; he also has a copy of *Muier 2000*, a popular cookbook. He cooks his own food on a kerosene stove and is the only one of my informants to have a little refrigerator at his site. When I arrived he was sitting in the main room conversing with two teenaged girls, members of the volleyball team he coaches. During our conversation, neighborhood children hovered around the house, gathering in the doorway and looking in the windows. When Jerry started to cook, they moved over to the kitchen window to watch him better. I understand why he tells me the first few weeks he was in Villa Elisa he felt like a fish in a fish bowl. As he fixes dinner, he peels a cucumber and tosses the peel out the window, saying the goats will eat it. But it is the children who dig the peels out of the dust.

Pigs roam around the house and their noises interrupt our conversation at times. Once, when I go to use the pink latrine in back of the house, I find a large pig settled inside. The family next door doesn't have a latrine. They use their back yard— a fact Jerry finds "sad".

Jerry left the Saturday after the swearing-in ceremony to find a house and plan out what he would need to buy and have shipped to Villa Elisa. He moved in on December second. At first it was rough. There were problems with mice and rats. People were visiting him all the time. He couldn't get any privacy, which he likes and needs, until late at
night. Then he was forced to go to bed because there was never any electricity. "Even if you expect it, it's kind of rough for a while."

He spent Christmas with his family in Santo Domingo. For New Years he was in Santiago with Marie. Their relationship ended on New Year's Day. "We spent hours arguing about whether you can fall in love- if you can believe how ridiculous that is." Gerald concludes he's "too selfish for marriage." When I first meet with him in January, he's still smarting from the break-up. It brings out the Gerald in him. In March, he seems more relaxed. By May, he has a Dominican girlfriend.

Some of Jerry's neighbors told him they had heard rumors he was working for the CIA, a fact he finds amusing, saying the CIA would know better than to send someone with his level of Spanish to spy on a community. "Besides, what's Villa Elisa got that would interest the CIA?" All the same, he was glad of the opportunity to attend a meeting of Padres y Amigos and explain his role.

Even as he focuses on his diagnostic, he involves himself in other projects. He begins to play volleyball with a group of teenage girls in the evenings and they make him coach of the team. He begins a reforestation project- a long term thing in Villa Elisa- a few little trees outside the school encased in cactus frames so the goats won't eat them. With the director of the clinic, he organizes a
"kermesse"—a type of raffle—to raise money to buy the medicine the government hasn't provided.

Like many other education volunteers, Jerry was dead-set against teaching English. But he bows to pressure and agrees to teach two classes, each an hour and a half in length every week. He charges two pesos admission and accepts all comers. The money goes to a small projects fund for the school. He justifies the classes in a number of ways—among them that he hopes to provide an example for the teachers of how to run a structured disciplined class. But he discovers it isn't so easy when 117 students show up—the majority adolescents. He walks out of the second class in frustration (with the money), but goes back to yell at them (in English) at the top of his lungs "with explitives" (He is still hoarse when we get together several days later). Eventually he divides the group into two levels and teaches two classes of more manageable size.

I ask him to describe a typical day. He is characteristically thorough—"Get up at 6:30 or 7, go to the latrine, fix a bowl of cereal with a banana for breakfast, sweep the floor, bathe, mop the floor (in that order because I use the same water), write a letter or study, and then I go out to work." At first this work time involves the map for his diagnostic. Jerry is meticulous—measuring out exactly how long his pace is and pacing off the entire town, street by street to create a map with a scale of 1 to 2,500.
Later on, after having turned in his diagnostic, he uses this work time for other projects—helping the teachers at the school or building stoves. Jerry intended to "do the cultural thing" and take lunch from 12 to 2, but discovered he could get a lot done if he just ate a sandwich and worked while everyone else was resting. After lunch, he works again until 4:30, when he goes to coach the girls' volleyball team. After dinner, he writes letters, visits friends or reads.

Jerry has less problems with lack of structure than some other volunteers, although he says he is more comfortable in a structured environment "where there is no room to give yourself excuses". Time is passing quickly—"and things get done slowly around here."

Jerry strictly follows Domingo's survey, format and guidelines. Using his map, he carefully plots out a random sample of 60 households. He uses phrases like "baseline information" and "statistical significance" to describe his work. This is his public, academic voice. He speaks of the "policy analysis cycle"—a long process of submitting a draft report to the community, revising it, and eventually writing a final report. He envisions his audience as he writes—a concerned citizen who has checked the report out of the school library.

But even in this public voice, he needs to write to find meaning. He begins his introduction before starting to do
the surveys because the writing itself gives him direction. Writing in Spanish is easier than he anticipated. Certain Spanish structures come naturally to mind.

Although he interviews community leaders to get different perspectives on the data, he doesn't include "subjective impressions" in the final report. Objectivity is paramount. He submits his report in English first because Domingo pushes him to complete it before he is ready to write it in Spanish. But he does write it in Spanish—35 typewritten pages of objective data. He isn't writing to learn, but to present his findings—this is another voice, another facet of his literacy brought into Spanish.

Jerry continues to use Spanish more and more in his private literacy. For the first few weeks at his site he was keeping a daily journal in Spanish. The journal started his morning, led him into his day. It was like the 11e in that it helped him to cope with what was happening to him, helped him to focus and learn something. Because of the effort it cost him to write in Spanish, he would only write about the most important thing each day. The context helped him remember vocabulary. "You really only learn those things that have significance in your life." He continues to use the idea of the 11e. After a few weeks he abandoned his journal because he didn't have the emotional need anymore. He reminded me he is not the type to keep a journal.

Another book he keeps with him all the time is called
"Notas". This notebook is his "constant clipboard". Written in both Spanish and English, it contains, among other things, prices of food, a list of things to cover in the meeting of the Sociedad de Padres y Amigos de la Escuela, the names of the members of his volleyball team, scores, new words, names, maps, poems, goals, frustrations, a list of reasons why he needs a Peace Corps bicycle, a description of what a day would be like in dreamland, and the legend to the map in his diagnostic. "I wanted to have something with me all the time so I could write things down."

His letters continue to fill emotional needs. He writes three or four letters a week, most, of necessity, in English, but this is also changing. He is beginning to write a surprising number of letters in Spanish as well. One he wrote to a sister who had studied Spanish. He wrote the first page of the letter in Spanish, but when he flipped the paper over and looked at that whole blank page, he decided to switch over to English and move things along more quickly. But he has written letters to his Dominican family in the capital, a community member in the capital who heads a society of people from Villa Elisa and a letter to Domingo explaining why he needs a Peace Corps bicycle. When he becomes involved with a Dominican girlfriend, they exchange many letters.

His writing feeds back to his reading. When he had to
look up the words "to carry out" in order to write the introduction to his diagnostic, he related the information back to an article he had been reading in a book, understanding better what it said. When he gets very lost, he takes time out to mentally translate a paragraph or two, but mostly he just reads, and hopes he can piece it all together as he goes along. He hopes things will become more familiar- the tenses, the organization of the words, the way it fits together.

In the same way he has integrated writing and reading in Spanish into his life, he has become part of the community and that community's culture. As we walk through the town, people greet him by name and he smiles and calls out to them. It reminds me of how politicians wave to the crowds, but it is more than this. He draws the line with the local thugs- to be neither agressive nor overly friendly- "cause they'll ask you if you're screwing your girlfriend and how much money you make." He has "real conversations" with Dominga, one of the teachers in the school. He confronts Margarita, the clinic director on her lack of responsibility. ("Wow!" he says, "Talking real things in another language.") He becomes involved with his girlfriend Carine, letting himself be serious right from the start. These are the kinds of experiences that integration into a culture and a language are made of.

The experience with Carine hurts Jerry, making him shy
about further involvement. He tried not to be cautious or protect his feelings. But she suddenly goes back to her old boyfriend. He still visits the family. Nobody understands why she did it to him.

Jerry doesn't think it will ever be as difficult for him to integrate into another language and another culture again.

While it's fun to go to a new place and see new things, there's nothing like the first time; there's nothing like your first kiss; nothing like your first experience living in a new place. Something about that is going to go with you wherever you go.

Things inherent in the transition process itself transcend different cultures and languages. I had never thought about what he goes on to explain, but I recognize it as true.

You don't have to really experience it all again emotionally- you have to experience the new things that you run into but you don't have to experience the emotion, whether it be panic, excitement or whatever, all over again. I could operate better in another country simply because I know what it feels like to be in a strange place where everything is foreign. The more things you take with you, the more you find that are common, country to country, place to place, culture to culture, society to society.

Jerry feels he is succeeding in terms of goals two and three of the Peace Corps- cultural exchange. He is participating in the life of a campesino as fully as he can. He no longer doubts he will stay the course of his service. The program has more structure than he thought and he is pleased with Domingo's efforts to structure it even more.
But he has doubts about the whole idea of the community education program. He doubts the premise that the government doesn't have money to spend on education. "There is more money to be had in the Dominican Republic but it disappears in graft, theft and robbery." Meanwhile teachers have to teach in an environment where "you can't have class if it's raining."

Jerry's definitions of development have changed.

At first I thought in terms of physical development. The word development, from a planning perspective, means new roads, water lines, sewer lines, electrical lines and housing, planning etc. and I still have those kinds of development goals like getting a new bathroom in the school, but what is really important to me in terms of development is human development... You have to somehow give people enough so they can discover through you that there is more to life than gee, it's me, myself and I- that there's a whole world out there you have to get along with and if you get right down to it, try to help out.

Leanne

Leanne's site is only eight kilometers from the east coast and the Mona Channel which separates the island from Puerto Rico. She was the only one of my informants I didn't visit in the campo. We met at the Hotel Lina where she and Ralph would come to stay when they were in Santo Domingo.

Leanne probably slept half the time the first month in her site. It took more emotional and physical energy than she would have allowed to get adjusted- the climate, the language, the food, the transportation, and "maybe it's just me, I'm not 25 anymore."
They moved into a house a volunteer was moving out of which belongs to the Catholic Church. They don't pay rent, but are supposed to keep it up and fix it up. The house is of cement block with a cement floor and a zinc roof. It's only one big room—"like an overgrown double garage." There are no lights or water, but the house is "blessed with a very nice latrine." They catch rain water and carry drinking water from a cheese factory a couple of blocks away. A faucet close to their home comes on occasionally and they take advantage and fill up their water buckets. They bathe in the house, standing in a dishpan, or go to the river about a kilometer's walk away.

Neither one of them has gotten involved with too many projects. Peace Corps had not given Ralph any contact person in the town so he felt lost. Eventually he started teaching PE at the school and trying to round up sports equipment. He was also trying to get the fence around the school repaired so they could eventually start a rabbit project.

For the first few months they concentrated on learning how to live there, working on language with various tutors who spoke English. Leanne began to help with English classes at the school. The teachers asked her for a class and she was trying to buy textbooks when she was in the capital, but she found it hard to think of teaching with "no worksheets, to say nothing of a language lab". English is only taught on
one day at the school so Leanne is only working on Tuesday mornings. She decided to move in slowly and not take on the afternoons as well.

In a typical day, she fixes breakfast and studies Spanish until Ralph gets up, then they go to the store or get water. At noon they go to another family's house to eat lunch. In the afternoon they might go to the beach or into the nearest city to get supplies.

By February, Leanne hadn't started working on her diagnostic. She didn't like the questionnaire Domingo gave them to use and didn't think she would use it. She is typically defiant "There's no way I'm going to do 50. If they want to send me home for that, then so be it." In the end, she decides to just summarize what she's seen informally. She doesn't see the need to do the diagnostic. "The town has had volunteers for ten years. You would think that they would keep these things on file." She handwrote the final document on five sheets of notebook paper in English.

"I haven't written a whole lot." Leanne sent a monthly report in English to Domingo where she tried to be honest about how little she was doing. She writes letters home, answering what mail she gets. She doesn't think she has done any writing in Spanish, although she carries her dictionary to the English class and sometimes writes isolated words when they can't understand her pronunciation.
Spanish is coming along better for her than for Ralph. She understands more than she can say. But there are things she will not be able to do at all, like give speeches "and let's not pretend I can". Attending meetings or working with Padres y Amigos is beyond her. She is aware of how her Spanish limits her, but says, "It may not be good to send someone out whose Spanish is at this level, but tell Peace Corps about it, not me." She feels Peace Corps should have sent them to a site like Pico Duarte where one volunteer was building trails. "If you are going to accept folks whose language is limited, assign them to situations which are less verbal." She uses very little Spanish—only when she eats with the other family and in buying things. She speaks "Spanglish" with some of the neighborhood kids. The English program is pretty good and they can almost speak to her in English. She tells me again how it is possible to get by with very little Spanish because so many people speak English.

After trying to learn another language, Leanne will never read the story of the Tower of Babel from the old Testament in quite the same way. She looks back on her study of history of the German-Americans with renewed sympathy and is more aware of the extreme difficulty of translation and the power of unspoken communication. She continues to look for universals—"smiling and looking at people doesn't get you into too much trouble, admire the
children and the farmer's livestock and you are in pretty good shape."

Biblical principles still guide her and frame her interpretations of the world. The English-language service at the Episcopal Church in the capital has become one of her main reasons for coming to Santo Domingo. I had hoped she might find her way into Spanish by attending church services, but in this most important area of her life, she needs English. She tells me the German-Americans continued to attend church in their native language long after they were fluent in English.

The lack of language forces her to look at the culture from a more distant perspective. Basically, she doesn't like a lot of the things she sees. She continues to be exasperated by the stress on appearances, lamenting the money that must be spent on jewelry and clothes. Birth control is dispensed through a health promoter in a beauty salon. Leanne finds this pretty loose, but probably better than child after child. She recognizes her temptation to want to re-do the culture from an American perspective. The government is patterned on the US system and doesn't work very well, because "it's too complicated for their educational level". It doesn't transplant well.

She is aware her point of view is distant from the Dominican reality.
The more I'm here, the more I realize how difficult it is not to view the whole country through American vision, every value judgement, every assessment I make comes through values, personal and national, you can minimize them or maximize them, but they're there.

Leanne says Peace Corps "is better than sending armaments." Faint praise indeed. She questions the idea of sending foreigners in to change lifestyles, objects to the bureaucracy and notes that while they talk about self-help, she hears so many volunteers looking for outside funding. She doesn't see much for the education volunteers to do because she finds the lack of books and worksheets to be the biggest problem. She doesn't know if it's realistic to expect communities to raise funds for basic materials.

I ask her to define development. "Raising the standard of living in regard to health and education, right off the bat." I ask her how you achieve it. "God only knows. I think it's on an individual basis." She relates the problems of the Dominican Republic to the foster children she used to work with on the farm. In work with a foster child, or with a country, "if you can get either one convinced they are good and desireable and have the ability to help themselves, you are home free." She sometimes thinks the problem of the Dominican Republic is that the country doesn't like itself.

This manifests itself in people who will pay twice as much for products made overseas and things like that. Love the Lord your God, and your neighbor as yourself—we've got a lot of people in the world who don't like themselves and we've got countries that don't like
themselves and it comes out in how they treat themselves and other people.

Marie

Marie's site is located close to Nagua, at the entrance to the Samaná peninsula. The name, El Pozo, means "the well", ironic in a town where water is a major problem. The town is below sea level and thus has a good supply of ground water. Many people in the town get their water from simply digging a hole in the ground. But the water they get tends to be full of parasites and many of the children are sick and malnourished. The town consists of a little U shaped section of road joined to the main highway. The houses cluster around the U and behind them rice fields extend seemingly endlessly. The majority of the people work "parcelas" or small pieces of land ceded to them as part of an agrarian reform project in a former government.

Although Marie had a house waiting for her in another section of the town, she was the only one of my informants who decided to live with a family when she first arrived in her site. She was still living with the family when I visited her in March, although she had finished her diagnostic and was trying to make arrangements to move. The transition didn't turn out to be as smooth as she had planned. The family had planned for her to spend her two years with them. One of the daughters in the family was dying of cancer. The mother spent most of her time with
her, leaving Marie in the house with her husband and 33-year-old son, Alcides. Marie does "women's work"- "because it's hard to sit there and watch a 70-year-old woman hauling water for you." She puts up the older man's mosquito net, arranges his bed at night, makes it in the morning... "you have to get up and show them where the kitchen table is and what there is to eat. When the lights go out, you light the candles- he's helpless; he's been helpless all his life." Marie does these things with reluctance, deliberately, conscious she was doing them because it is expected of Dominican women. "I make the colmado runs and it's me and all the muchachas picking up the tomato paste." She does have her limits. She won't empty their chamber pots. Rosa, the woman next door, does that.

Marie and I talked in the enramada out in back of the house in an area covered with flowers. Pigs and roosters walked back and forth across the back yard and over to the blue latrine; a fresh breeze entered between the lush mango trees and the cane roof of the enramada. When we finished the formal interview, we walked through the town and out into the rice fields. Marie had looked forward to my coming. I am a person in her life now and she's interested in me. The day we talked, a caravan of Peña Gomez people was passing through the area. The campaign was at its peak. In fact, when I left the next day, my car got trapped in a
Peña Gomez caravan making its way from Nagua to San Francisco de Marcoris. In the evening, we go into Nagua, eat at a local restaurant and go walking through the town. I enjoy being with her.

Despite what Domingo had said in their final meeting before the swearing-in ceremony, Marie took her time in the capital and went to her site at the beginning of December. There were some initial adjustments to make. It was her first latrine experience. She had to learn how to strain the mosquito larvae out of the drinking water. But the biggest issue was the rats. The first night she didn't sleep for hearing them in the rafters. She swore that in the morning she would go back to New Jersey but, "you adjust physically; you adjust mentally; it turns out I can live with rats."

Things were difficult over Christmas when the sick daughter came home for three weeks. Part of the problem was homesickness—Christmas is important to Marie—but mostly it was feeling out of control and lacking privacy. Because Marie was a female in the house, she was expected to serve coffee and attend to the guests. Over New Year's she broke up with Jerry, which she describes as "just a really sad place." Finally she left her site to pay an unannounced visit to another volunteer in nearby Samaná. After spending a week with him, she was ready to really plunge into work in El Pozo.

Marie used the format Domingo had given the group and
set out to do informal interviews with 60 families. She began each morning after taking her morning walk and organizing herself for the day, and went through different sections of the town. She thinks she got a fairly random sample, although generally she selected whoever happened to invite her into their house. At first she would begin her interviews by introducing herself and starting to fire off questions, but as she gained more experience, she was able to be more natural and relaxed. She followed the outline, trying to observe as much as she could, although she felt foolish sometimes sitting in someone's house "trying to figure out if they have a latrine."

She never took notes. After doing two interviews, Marie would come home and write down the information. She recorded most of it in Spanish. At first she thought she would present the report to her community, but changed her mind because she wanted to be candid about topics like the politization of education.

The final product consists of 16 single-spaced pages in English, replete with graphs and charts and detailed data. The voice is strikingly academic and very unlike her lies. She decided to write the report in English even though her notes were in Spanish, because she had limited time on the computer in the Peace Corps office, and there was no need to do it in Spanish as she had decided not to share the report with the community.
As we talked, she would cite statistics from her diagnostic from memory, specific bits of information like the percentage of illiterates in the 30-39 age group in her community. She has obviously made the information her own. Although she is not sharing the actual report with the community, she has put her data on charts and is presenting it in community meetings. At first she wrote out everything she intended to say and practiced before each meeting, but found it easier to just speak, using her charts as a guide.

Marie feels she needs better Spanish. She jumped into projects without doing a lot of studying. While her Spanish is getting better, she still gets frustrated when she goes to meetings, introduces herself and people don't understand her or she can't understand a question out of context. But she perseveres. After finishing her diagnostic, she presented the results to a meeting of the Padres y Amigos de la Escuela with over 250 people in attendance, where her data sparked a good discussion about education.

She wants to start projects but stay low-profile, cultivating leaders from the community. To this end, she nominates a woman to go to the capital with her for the WID (Women in Development) conference. She begins to work with a community on completing a school they started eight years ago; to work on a school library, working with churches and health promoters to educate the community about venereal
diseases and AIDS and planning the fiestas patronales. She also begins to work one day a week at an orphanage. Beginning in September, she teaches a class on current events at the local high school, filling in for the social studies teacher. She tells me the students are very sharp and aware. She tries to make it their class, allowing them to propose topics and using the local newspaper.

The summer was frustrating for her because no one seemed to be thinking about education, but generally things have progressed naturally. She keeps a vague plan in her head and tries to think what would be the next step. No day is typical, but she welcomes a free one. The lack of structure doesn't bother her. "If there was any adjustment about not being sure what to do next, I dealt with that when I was a reporter."

Marie integrates her literacy in Spanish and English. She gathers material for her class both in the Newsweeks that come into the Peace Corps office and in El Siglo and Listin Diario. She begins to write letters in Spanish to friends in Mexico and Guatemala. She sends me two letters, both dated 9/7/90, the first one in Spanish on July 9th, the second in English on September 7th. She writes her journal in Spanish, but switches to English when she comes up against something she can't translate. Writing helps her to own the language. While in speaking, "you can get the concept across with a few hand signals and a word", in
writing, "you have to know the relationship of the words, one to another."

Some adjustments have been made. In a country with almost no electricity, she has made friends with the dark. "I was always the one who would turn on the light in a darkening room. But now I love the sky at night when the lights are out." She asked her brother to send her a star guide. The only difficult part is writing by flashlight—one needs more hands.

Even the "tigre situation" doesn't make her as crazy as it used to. "I don't know if it's good that it doesn't faze me any more that some guy is following me." There are times, like when someone paid a little boy to run up and kiss her when she was in the middle of a meeting in a crowded restaurant, when it is humiliating, embarrassing, but it has lost its power to enrage her. She's dealing with men/women issues on another level now.

Marie found Alcides, the son in the family she was living with, appealing. They frequently had long conversations about politics and world affairs. He chaired a presidential candidate's local office. But Marie was wary of becoming involved with a Dominican man. As much as she wants a relationship in her life, she would like it to be another volunteer. After moving out of the house, she starts to get involved with Alcides romantically. "But I'm backing off fast." When they agree to become "novios", he
becomes too aggressive- it doesn't feel like love. But she's watching to see how it will develop.

She sets limits with the culture. There are things she is not willing to compromise. When they ask her how much she paid for things ("and can I have it"), she's stopped answering. She's stopped letting people borrow her typewriter- it's too valuable. She is no longer willing to do anything to be accepted.

She becomes more deeply integrated into the culture and the community. She finds several single women her age and makes friends. She risks becoming involved with Alcides. The relationships that are primary for her, begin to tie her to El Pozo. But there are still times when she would like to go home. "I've never wanted to go home tomorrow, but there are times when I think it would be nice. Leaving will be sad, but it will be a relief to be back in surroundings I know better- an environment I can function in without thinking."

Marie feels if at the end of two years, "there isn't a specific project that's been built or done, at least people have been able to work towards solving their own problems". Other volunteers do things differently. Joe, in the next town, has "a vastly different approach". When Marie goes to help him with the map project in the school, "we did the map. When his road needed fixing, he contacted AID."

Marie is hoping to build organizations slowly and get a
process going, a grassroots process, a human process.

And there are Peace Corps moments.

I was riding on the back of a pick-up truck going back to my site after working with Joe on the map and just talking to people at his site and I was alone in the back, all the other people were in front. I was facing out not getting too much wind, just watching the sunset and I felt very Peace-corpish. It's great to be doing work you never thought you would be doing like grinding corn in Los Jobos- sharing in some kind of effort or project to get something done- that's when I feel very Peace Corps.

In the months that have passed since my last interviews with my informants, the situation in the Dominican Republic has worsened dramatically. Balaguer was officially declared the winner of the disputed May 1990 elections fully two months after the voting. The economic crisis hit with greater force after the government signed a "Pact of Economic Solidarity" with business and labor leaders in August. The price of gasoline rose more than 300% from August to December, affecting the prices of other consumer items. Among the items raised in price were paper and ink, putting notebooks and textbooks out of the range of many Dominicans. Inflation reached more than 100% in 1990 according to official figures which tend to underestimate it. Fully one half of the children under the age of 11 are malnourished. The president rejected a bill which would have doubled teachers' salaries from their present level of 552 pesos/tanda [less than 50 dollars/half day/month] as
inflationary. Teachers are threatening to turn the schools over to the Sociedades de Padres y Amigos. The facts paint a picture of desperation.

But raw statistics tend to mask the stories of human misery behind them. My husband came home late one night. He had been visiting his cousin in a government housing project. A woman was sitting crying on the third floor landing—crying because her child was dying—as simple and as horrible as that. There was no money to buy milk or medicine. The moans of the child were audible in the hallway. "I could hear him crying out in hunger", Carlos said. He took the child to his brother, who is a pediatrician. The child had paracites and was malnourished. They filled a prescription and went back to the project. That child would live a little longer, but there are many more like him.

One of the trainees said after spending a weekend in a pueblo near Las Matas, "It's hard to sit there and talk with people when their children are just sickly-looking with puffed-out bellies, discolored hair falling out and droopy eyes. I felt so helpless." I see the symptoms too, in the children who rush to wash my windshield at the stoplights, in the baby next to Carlos's cousin's apartment who gets rice water because there is no money to buy him milk. And I too, feel helpless.

When there is no money to buy milk, education doesn't
seem so important. Many children are out of school for lack of money for uniforms or notebooks. Education is not a priority right now. The new technical trainer for the education program at Entrena doesn't plan to stress education at all with the new group of trainees. "I think they should just think of themselves as community workers."

Jerry says that while he doubts the premises of the education program, education is crucial for development. "Pure, good teaching is critical, to help people open their eyes, think, to see things from different perspectives."
While education may not directly feed this country, or bring us dollars, or solve the fuel crisis, I truly believe all these things depend on it.

Chapter Notes:


2. Statistics taken from the television program "Hablan los Líderes: Resumen del Año 1990" aired January 20, 1991 on Teleantillas, Santo Domingo
CHAPTER X

REFLECTIONS ON THE LLE

When I started to work with these Peace Corps volunteers, I didn't realize I would end up seeing my own story in theirs. Shulamit Reinharz (1984) writes, "I will never know the experience of others, but I can know my own, and I can approximate theirs by entering their world. This approximation marks the tragic, perpetually inadequate aspect of social research." (365)" The threads become more tangled when one researches something one has lived. Like Suad Joseph (1988) who went to research her own people, I "did not realize I had embarked on a personal journey as well." (46)" And, as in her case, my multifaceted identity "both facilitated my work and made it more complex." (27)"

Trying to understand the transformation my informants were going through and how literacy in Spanish and English played a part in that transformation led me continually back to my own transformation— which, although the circumstances were different, bears some similarity to theirs. While I did not write lies, I did write in Spanish, and the conclusions of this study are true to my experience. Thus, I will include myself in what I write here; rather than speak of their transformations, I will speak of ours.
Lorri Nielsen (1989) states "the ability to read and write in context gives the individual the power to transform the self." Perhaps this is the central idea of my investigation. Through our literacy, we literally transformed our world.

We cannot know the world directly, only through signs. Our eyes receive only light impulses, we create signs that give those impulses meaning. The use of these signs is our literacy—our way of knowing and interpreting the world. Semiotic theory, especially that of Charles Pierce, has enriched my understanding of this sign-making process (Murray & Peterson, 1986). We unconsciously and constantly receive signs from the environment which contain an emotional component. These "moods" or "senses" we feel impress upon us below the level of conscious awareness. Peirce calls this phenomenon "firstness". This firstness forms the raw material of sensory data, and thus the base of how we interpret reality in human, cultural and personal ways. My informants and I found our ways of interpreting the world suddenly proving faulty and unreliable. Weaver (1984) explains how culture shock can occur because, among other factors, cues that order perceptions in one's own society are gone or changed in the new environment. We had to either protect ourselves totally from this changed reality or transform ourselves to make it part of us. We processed our experiences through our literacy, our ability
to read and write in context allowed us to begin to make sense of the new experience. The experience, in turn, also changed our ways of reading and writing the world.

My purpose in investigating what happened to these four individuals and to myself as we made the transition into a new language and culture was not to formulate laws or to prove a thesis. Ethnography is not that way— even ethnography of a process. My goal was to try to understand, and to describe what role our literacy, especially writing, played in the transformation of the self involved in moving from one culture to another— a transformation so total it has been described as a "death-rebirth cycle" (Weaver, 1984). As I tried to describe this process, several things began to emerge and become increasingly clear to me.

1) Literacy as a way of meeting, knowing and interpreting the world was an intimate part of our transition into the world of the Dominican Republic.

In her book, Literacy and Living, Lorri Neilsen (1989) states, "The individual demonstrates literate behavior that is consistent with his or her world view, personality, self-concept, and experience." Literacy is part of each person's way of knowing about the world, of learning, of adapting themselves to new circumstances. The individuals whose stories are contained in this book came to Santo Domingo
with rich histories as literate persons. By looking at our literacy, one can see how we created meaning, created signs to replace those which had suddenly become unpredictable in our new environment. Literacy in Spanish was not a skill we learned, but part of our way of knowing. We made the language a part of ourselves as we brought our literacy into Spanish. We used our literacy in a variety of ways: to try to contain this new world and render it more familiar, to act upon it, to reflect upon it, to understand it, to present ourselves to it, to try to control the emotional stress of the transformation we were going through... All of us used our literacy to some degree in all of these ways but each of us had characteristic ways of using literacy which were in part a product of our personal and cultural history as literate persons and in part of our reaction to suddenly being in a totally unfamiliar environment. In order to understand how our literacy interacted with our transition into the Dominican culture, I had to look at whole persons, all of our history, our heritage, our personality, the conflicts we were playing out at that time in our lives, only then did the pieces begin to fall into place.

Leanne felt the need to limit her experience, to control the amount of new information she was receiving. Initially she was simply exhausted and needed to sleep away almost all of her unscheduled hours. In this world where everything
has changed, she experiences a powerful longing for the familiar. The incident where she and Ralph stop at the colmado to buy the little cookies which remind her of home illustrates both this need and how Leanne's literacy is interwoven with her transition. When she describes the incident she says it reminds her of the old order of communion which reads, "take this to your comfort", and reflects about the association between food and comfort. Leanne uses the Bible as a frame to interpret her world. The Bible becomes a context in which she can place the things she observes and thus make them more familiar. In a sense she takes the Bible "to her comfort", the universality of its principles aiding her in rendering the new world more livable. She also uses her experiences to enrich her interpretations of Biblical passages, as in this incident and when she tells me in one of our last interviews, that after having tried to learn Spanish, she will never again read the story of the Tower of Babel in quite the same way.

Her tendency to interpret what she perceives in the new environment so as to make it familiar is also evident in the way she talks about what she perceives. She brings rural Iowa with her to Santo Domingo, saying you can't go too far wrong complimenting a farmer on his livestock, that she wouldn't tell young people in La Estancia to stay there any more than she would tell their counterparts the same thing in Northwest Iowa.
Leanne's behavior is guided by certain principles, which are, for her, universal truths. They take the form of morals—lessons that can be used as guides to proper behavior—people are basically good, it is important to plan ahead, there is enough in the world for everybody if we work together and use it. The conclusions, for the most part, are extensions of the Christian principles to which she has chosen to dedicate her life. The conclusions are in the Bible and one finds examples of them in the living.

Gerald, on the other hand, has a public and a private literacy. He has always prided himself on his clear academic and professional writing and has used books as sources of information, to orient himself about a particular topic. Before coming to the Dominican Republic, he was working his way through reading the books on the list of suggested readings on the Dominican Republic Peace Corps sent. Taking advantage of having advance notice of his country placement, he also wrote a 30-page paper for one of his classes on Dominican migration involving economics and politics. Public literacy is a way of gathering information and presenting clearly what he has learned. Gerald has always been successful as a student and is very comfortable with this kind of literacy. For him, academic literacy is objective and provides hard information from which to draw conclusions. It is also competitive and somewhat combative—defending his thesis against attack. He has always taken
pride in his professional writing, telling me that in the planning department he was known as one who could express himself clearly in writing. Others, even his supervisors or those with more education, would ask him to review their work. He writes his diagnostic in this public voice, concerning himself with accuracy and statistical significance, at the same time making it a public document, addressing it directly to the community.

But Gerald's literacy has another face. His letters, and the occasional piece of paper scrawled in the throws of emotion, have always helped him to interpret, and thus manage, his feelings. This other literacy is more dynamic, he learns through the process. He begins to better understand himself. In times of severe stress, he has kept a journal, but never for very long. The writing helps him cope with a difficult emotional situation, and when that is done, he doesn't feel the need to continue.

Gerald also uses literacy to manage his world. He has always organized his life, in part, through his literacy. He makes lists of things he would like to accomplish. Throughout his academic and professional life, he has maintained files, reluctant to throw anything away.

All of these functions of literacy come into play in Spanish as Gerald transforms himself into the new culture. He uses his public literacy to write his diagnostic and engage his community in the planning process. He writes
official documents in Spanish—monthly reports, letters applying for a Peace Corps bicycle and eventually to apply for the volunteer coordinator position in his program.

When he goes to his site, he keeps a Spanish language journal in those initial stress-filled days. He writes long letters to his family and friends in which he explores the conflicts he is living through in the new culture. When something begins to bother him, tugging at the edges of his consciousness, he writes a letter, more to help himself to understand than to communicate with its recipient. When he becomes involved with a Dominican woman, they also exchange letters.

He uses his "notas" book in part to organize his life and in part to express himself. He fills another notebook with plans for his English class and files copies of his reports to his program manager and all the communication he receives.

Gerald's transformation process is reflected in his literacy. As he transforms himself, he transforms his ways of reading and writing the world into Spanish. This, in turn, involves him more and more deeply in the Dominican perspective on reality.

Maggie's literacy is again, radically different. She uses her literacy to create "personal knowledge". Maggie "experiments" the culture, in the Spanish sense of the word. The verb "experimentar" translates "to experience" in
English, but I use it to retain the flavor of the English verb "to experiment". Maggie seeks out experiences and mentally sets up small investigations, such as when she visits the school on the way to the Mercado Modelo, talks with her sister's boyfriend about politics, or helps the health promotor in Pedro Corto with the vaccination campaign. Knowing she will write about something, she begins to process it in her mind. When she was in college, she revised papers very little because she did a lot of thinking before she started to write. Writing forces her to be more conscious of experiences and not just live day to day. In the actual writing, things are sometimes clarified, but she thinks through the idea before she begins and tries, in as much as time constraints allow, to let it incubate until it is ready to be written.

A dynamic relationship exists between Maggie's literacy and her acting on the world. She reads, for example, the book about viewing culture by looking at one aspect of it and applies that to looking at rituals of eating in her Dominican family. She investigates different aspects of life in her pueblo, with the purpose of writing about them in her diagnostic. She creates an article out of her experience of community in Sabana Buey and her reflections on what meaning this could have in her life. This writing, in turn, helps her learn more about the experience, bringing things together in a different way. Thus it is a trans-
formative literacy, taking experiences, writing about those experiences, then bringing the insights gained from the writing to new experiences and using them to reinterpret past conclusions. She creates a knowledge which is personal in that it is based in her experience, but subject to critical examination and reflection through her writing and connection with her readings.

As with my informants, literacy was an important way in which I met and tried (and continue to try) to make sense of the Dominican world. The written word has always shaped my life. When I was a child, I read prolifically and would narrate my existence as if it were a story—"She walked slowly across the room, lost in thought". Like Marie, I kept journals from a very young age. At times in my life they have been so important I have had to carry them with me all the time, writing as many as 20 times a day. The journal gave me control in times of stress.

Academic and professional literacy is also important to me. I feel a void in my life when I am not part of an intellectual community. The opportunity to discuss ideas is central to my way of learning, without it, I feel as if I am trying to grasp a puff of smoke, unable to really know what I know. As for Marie, relationships are important to me. I need to share what I am thinking in order to know, but I also need to simply feel connected.

All these facets of my literacy were involved in my
transformation into the world of the Dominican Republic. The voice in my head that narrates my existence continued in English for a while because I did not want to give up what language I had. But gradually it was silenced until it could emerge again in Spanish. This new world resisted description in English. The English words didn't fit this new reality. The word "poor" for example, called up for me images of rural New Hampshire—shacks in the snow with metal stovepipes, wrecks of old automobiles half-buried in the yard that someone could use for parts. But the word was not adequate to what I was seeing in Santo Domingo, where "pobre" meant having absolutely nothing—no food, no water, no lights... My values didn't serve me either— I who had always prided myself on having made my own way, realized for the first time that there are people who simply have no opportunity to progress—no matter how intelligent, no matter how hard they are prepared to work...

But with all of this, I found my way into the new language through my literacy. I found two personal connections, two women, in those first months in Santiago who helped me in different ways to begin to transform myself. One was the "muchacha" in the house where I was staying. She was 14 years old, the neice of the señora of the family. She had been "sent for" from the campo to come to the city to help with the work of the house and the care of the two children. Ynelis worked constantly. She cooked

344
and cleaned and cared for the children and then dedicated
time to her own studying. Her only recreation was to
sometimes sit on the front steps in the evening with one of
the little girls and watch what was happening in the street.
Like Marie, I found myself in conflict in this house around
the issue of "women's work". I started to do the dishes
and clean the kitchen after the main meal of the day at noon
while Ynelis cleaned the rest of the house. And she became
my teacher, telling me the words. She taught me the words
to the popular merengues on the radio which she would blast
while we cleaned- "Nadie mejor que tú", "Lobo domesticado".
I would help her in the evenings with her schoolwork, more
words. I began to help her put the children to bed, telling
the five-year-old halting translations of classic children's
stories. The little girl would fall asleep in my arms. For
all the words Ynelis gave me, she didn't talk much about
herself, about how she felt. She made me curious. I began
to ask her questions about her life and try to write about
her in my journal.

Ana Margarita was another type of connection. In her I
found the professional colleague I was missing. She was a
professor in the Spanish department of the university where
I worked. I met her when I signed up for a course she was
teaching in conversational Spanish for foreigners. She was
doing research with eighth grader's compositions in local
schools and invited me to attend a presentation of some of
her findings. By chance one day she quoted Isabel Allende in class, "The poor don't need charity; they need justice." The quote interested me, so I asked her about the source. I began to borrow novels from her. Even though I could barely read Spanish, I worked my way through three novels by Isabel Allende, and Amor en los Tiempos de Colera by Garcia Marquez. Sharing novels and ideas with her helped bring back the little voice in my head—only now the narration continued in Spanish.

Each of us used our literacy in characteristic ways consistent with our histories, our heritages, our personalities and our ways of knowing about the world. We used our literacy to find out about the new world we were entering. The initial reaction of almost all of my informants to receiving their country placements was to look in an atlas or encyclopedea. Some took books out of the library. But we also used our literacy to act upon the new culture—interpreting it through text, processing experience and assigning meaning through writing. We engaged in literate behavior "a process of making meaning through signs that inform and shape the individual and the context" (Neilsen, 1989). We indeed used our literacy to shape the context, but also to inform and shape ourselves—changing ourselves as we read and wrote the new context.
2. Our approach to the new language as seen through our writing, mirrors our approach to the culture.

When we look at the lies my informants wrote, we can begin to detect their approaches to the new language they were learning. Each was faced with the problem of having to say something in a language they did not know well. They were given the same resources, a Spanish/English dictionary, 301 Spanish Verbs, 1001 Pitfalls in Spanish, and the same instructions that first day when I described the purpose of the lie and gave them the outline. Despite this similarity, they approached the task in radically different ways which had to do with a number of factors including their history as literate persons, their basic feelings about themselves as learners and as writers, their reactions to difference and to stress, and their feelings about being in a strange culture.

Without exception, the transition from one country, climate, culture to another was more difficult for my informants and me than we had anticipated. None of us spoke very much Spanish before we came to the country. Marie, Jerry, Leanne and I spoke virtually none. We were all concerned, before leaving the States, about possible difficulties in learning the language, although this was not the main focus. Only Jerry focussed most of his anxiety on language learning, but all of us expected to have problems
with the language.

We had very little idea of what to expect before we came. One trainee told me she thought they would "just be dropped off" in their sites. Gerald brought all of his camping gear so he would be sure to be prepared to meet basic survival needs.

When we arrived, we found ourselves in a totally unfamiliar situation over which we had little control. Living with the Dominican family, we lost control over meals, privacy- we were living as guests in someone else's home. We experienced the added stress of not understanding most of what was going on in the home. For my informants, the training program was rigorous and tightly scheduled. They found themselves again in the role of students. While we had all tried to prepare ourselves mentally for the stress, as Maggie said, "you know what to expect, but you don't know what you are going to feel like."

Each of us developed a characteristic approach to the problem of writing in a language we did not yet control. This approach finds its parallel in how we approached the problem of trying to make a transition to a way of life we did not understand. If we chose to limit ourselves, to proceed cautiously, deliberately or chose to be more open, more daring and determined, this reflected in our approach to both the language and the culture. The language facilitated entry into the culture and the culture to the language. In
fact, the relationship between language and culture is so close as to be almost inseparable.

By her own admission, the transition was much more difficult than Leanne had expected. By sleeping much more than normal she tried to control the amount of stimulation she was receiving, but still found herself feeling tired all the time. She sought out familiar things and tried to make the strange more familiar. She took walks with Ralph from her family's house to a nearby farm to view the cows and investigate how they processed the silage. This, at least, she understood.

Spanish class, especially in the first two weeks, was extremely stressful. The teacher spoke Spanish all the time; her classmates were half her age; and the teacher's style was very difficult for Leanne. She wanted to know what things meant in English. She wanted to be sure. She told me she thought it would have been better to have treated them all like children, like blank slates, calling on them one by one and carefully restricting their input. She doesn't like Entrena's method, especially the part called "creative grammar", where she has to make up sentences and have a conversation with other students. She says she can't converse without knowing the vocabulary first and she can't make up sentences because she doesn't have the words or the grammar (and it's no use pretending she can).

Given all of this, the lie doesn't seem as bad because
at least she can look the words up in the dictionary. She has some control. She tells me all along she "likes to write". She likes the lie because she uses it very differently from how I intended it to be used. She controls the language through writing. She uses only structures she has studied and knows well. She restricts the themes of her lie so as not to have to tax her vocabulary. Assigned topics don't bother her much. She doesn't have a great investment in her topics. They bother her only when they require her to use structures she doesn't feel she has mastered completely. Leanne maintains her base in English. With Ralph even more resistant to the language than she is, all of their conversations are in English. Wherever she goes, even to the most remote pueblos, she always finds someone who speaks English and interprets for her thus limiting what she has to deal with. The culture is rendered more familiar through the false equations of translation. When she is in a situation where she has to use Spanish, as with the clinic director in La Estancia, she finds a way to restrict the interaction. In that case, writing out the questions she wanted to ask and having him write his answers, which she could then check in the dictionary. When she draws a lesson from her lie, it takes the form of a moral, most often based on biblical principles - again, a familiar structure. She tells me complicated structures don't seem to have much place in her Spanish. Rather than risk writing a
structure she has not studied or a translation that is not clear from the dictionary, she leaves a blank space and asks the teacher, because "that's what the teacher is for."

In her site, she restricts her involvement in projects to teaching English, thus limiting the amount of Spanish she will have to use. She dismisses the requirements of her program which demand higher-level language skills, saying, for example, "I'm not going to be able to give speeches and maybe I'm not going to be able to in two years and let's not pretend I will." She doesn't work with the Padres y Amigos and feels Peace Corps should have assigned her to a less verbal program.

In part because her language is limited, she approaches the culture in a restricted manner, retaining her base in the familiar. She interprets what she sees in terms of Biblical principles and mid-western (and "lower-middle class") values. She equates the flight from the campo with the flight from farm areas in Iowa—poverty here with the poverty she knew as a child. There are things that bother her here, like the stress on appearances, which she views as wasteful luxury, lack of birth control, lack of organization... She recognizes the limitations of her approach saying she questions the wisdom of sending foreigners in to change life styles. She sees everything of necessity through her "personal and national" (and Biblical) values.

Marie is under similar stress, but her approach is
totally different. Finding herself in a strange situation, not knowing the language, the people or the culture, Marie dives in. What she doesn't know, she fakes at first and learns as she goes along. She keeps her focus on the meaning, the relationship, the project, the goal.

In her lies, from the very beginning, Marie is not content to write using only the simple structures she can manage. She wants to write as she did in her career as a reporter— with meaning and impact. So where she has no knowledge in Spanish, which at first is almost everywhere, she applies what she knows in English, at times translating idiomatic expressions word for word— a procedure which results in a Spanish word salad. When I tell her this strategy doesn't result in Spanish anyone can understand, she says quite simply she can't think of any other way to do it. She doesn't want to compromise content by simplifying structures.

Fortunately, Marie is not often assigned topics for her lies. Once she was asked to write about her daily activities and once about mailing a package. In both cases, she did not consider the product to be a lie and asked me not to consider it as such. Her topics became increasingly personal, dealing with her feelings, her relationships with others. The relationships she forms with me and with her class during technical training, also becomes a motivating force behind the lies.
Again we can see this approach of plunging in, faking it when necessary, and keeping the focus on meaning and the relationship, in how she begins to transform herself into the language and the culture. From the beginning, Marie doesn't focus on the language for its own sake, but as a way to relate to others. She tries to form a relationship with Miguelina, the woman in her Dominican family. She is not content to confine herself to topics she can manage with her vocabulary, but right from the beginning, talks about issues which are important to her—world affairs, male/female relationships, age, history... What she doesn't know, she glosses over, gesturing, smiling or pointing to words in the dictionary—but the conversations are "surprisingly complex". Her need to form relationships in English, with the other trainees, and maintain her relationship with Jerry conflicts with her language learning. The language, for Marie, is always secondary to the relationships, so she allows this to slow her progress. While Jerry places the relationship on hold in order to improve his language skills, this idea would never occur to Marie, for whom the relationship is by far more valuable.

In her site, she dives into the culture, not allowing language to limit her, acting on instinct when she has to, compromising until she decides she has to start drawing lines. Again, while she grows to understand the culture more and more, this is not her priority. The connections with
people and dedication to her work motivate and shape her integration.

She immerses herself in her work right away, giving talks to community groups, teaching classes, starting projects. The things she does are demanding in terms of language, but she doesn't limit herself as Leanne does. She throws herself into it, because what is important to her is not proficiency in the language or knowledge about the culture in itself, but what she can do with the language and the knowledge: the work, the project, the people are what matter to her.

Language itself was a major issue for Gerald and his major preoccupation throughout the training period. Gerald likes to be exact, precise, in control of what he is communicating. Like Leanne, he wanted what he said to be correct, but like Marie, he didn't want to restrict what he said. He didn't want to cut down his adult language to his child-size vocabulary in Spanish. His approach was to try to say everything, but correctly. In order to accomplish that he tried several techniques, all of which are visible in his lies as they evolve.

His first writing is very controlled. He uses all of his reference books to try to find the correct forms for saying exactly what he wants to say. He analyzes, in English, what would be the correct form to use and wants his teacher to explain to him, in English, the reason behind
each mistake he makes. He believes he can understand analytically and thus control the structures of the language. When the teacher refuses to explain his mistakes in English, refuses to explain grammatical rules in English, and refuses to translate, Gerald becomes angry and frustrated.

Eventually, his writing becomes more personal and more heuristic in function. He writes, not to tell us what he has learned in the past, but to figure out what something means to him in the present. He also loosens up his approach to the writing saying he recognizes there are things he will have to learn from experience with the language, from reading, from listening. He may not be able to articulate why every "de" or "a" or article belongs where it does, but he will be able to sense when one is missing.

This process is reflected in Gerald's approach to the culture. At first he qualifies it as "stupid" because it doesn't make sense in terms of what he has known. But he quickly realizes it is different and tries to learn about it on its own terms, throwing himself into activities with his Dominican family. He reserves as much of his free time as possible to share with his family, spending evenings and free weekends with them instead of getting together with other trainees. With his open, friendly manner and capacity for acting the fool at times, Jerry quickly forms relationships with Dominicans. By the time he gets to
technical training, he's relaxed enough to trust that the
details of cultural knowledge too, will come and that he can
"blunder through". At his site, he involves himself quickly
in "real stuff in another language"—confrontations,
discussions, a romantic relationship, a breakup... This
takes the emphasis off looking at the culture itself and
onto learning through it as he had done with his lle.

Unlike my informants, I came to Santo Domingo alone.
This fact created an entirely different experience for me. I
was more able than they to make a clean break from the
language and the culture I had known, because I did not have
to straddle worlds. Before I came to Santo Domingo, I knew
learning Spanish would be a priority for me. Like Jerry, I
had unrealistic expectations about what I would be able to
accomplish. I expected to be speaking fluently in three
months. Right from the beginning, the writing I did in my
journal in Spanish has features which are definitely
Spanish. I was rejecting English and trying not to
translate so much that much of what I wrote doesn't make
sense in either language. I did write, almost from the
beginning, in Spanish and I tried to make my Spanish look
Spanish.

Similarly, I tried to integrate myself quickly into the
culture—almost at the cost of rejecting my own. I hated it
when people called me, the "Americana" and tried to make my
appearance the most Dominican possible. I couldn't change
my eye color, but I could change my way of dressing, my way of walking. My efforts to appear less American were also motivated by the attitude towards Americans of the family I was staying with. They agreed to have me live with them out of friendship for my husband, but I caused them conflicts. They were active members of a political party known, especially at that time, for anti-Americanism. So while they accepted me for Carlos's sake, they resented me at the same time. Thinking the United States responsible for most of the problems in the Dominican Republic, a position for which I have some sympathy, they viewed my presence in the house as almost like harboring the enemy. So I was trying to be careful of my public identity to avoid reinforcing their stereotypes. I also tried to be "culturally sensitive". But like Marie, I found I had to make compromises—compromises I would not have been able to keep on making if I had stayed much longer than the four months I lived there.

I castigated myself, feeling stupid for not speaking fluently after three months, frustrated at my failure to assimilate the culture more rapidly. But like Jerry, I was determined. I stayed in the environment, trying to understand, even when I desperately wanted to go home.

In looking at these four people and myself, our approaches to the language and the culture seem to fit together so smoothly it is hard to tell where one ends and the other begins. The culture gives the language life and
vice-versa. Direct translations miss the saturation in cultural "sense" each word contains. One cannot enter into the culture without learning the language and the language is not language without the culture. Our ways of integrating language and culture into our lives are perfectly parallel and related to our ways of making meaning through literacy. One predicts the other. It is all of a piece.

3. Lie writers shift their attention—from the language itself to creating personal meanings through language. The language becomes a medium of expression, rather than an object of study. They more carefully craft their lies, advancing progress in the language.

In their first lies, my informants were all focusing to a large degree on the language itself, rather than on the message they intended to convey. They were highly conscious of writing something in Spanish. The language itself absorbed the major part of their attention. As training progressed, while they still focused on language, content tended to become more important to them. They were able to focus on what they wanted to say through the language. Eventually, they began to be able to consider different options and manipulate the language to clarify their meaning.

At first, they all faced a simple dilemma of simply not
knowing the words, the verb forms, the structures, etc. to express their meaning. They resolved this problem in different ways, using the resources (dictionary, etc.) Entrena had provided. The manner in which they resolved this initial dilemma turns out to be important in that it set the pattern for the stance they took towards the lie throughout training.

Each week in our interviews I invited them to talk about their lies. The open invitation ("Tell me about your lie.") elicited types of responses which evolved naturally along the same general lines. In the very first interviews, their attention focused on the language itself. Most later shifted their focus to the content of their lies. The lie became more of a tool for processing experiences than an exercise in written Spanish. Paradoxically, this new focus on content and relative lack of attention to language itself tended to advance progress in the language more as they were using it for real purposes.

Eventually, some of my informants were able to consider different options for language use. Through manipulation of the language, they experimented with different effects in their lie. They used the language to sharpen and delineate content. At this level, they truly crafted their writing.

For Leanne, the lie remained a language exercise. The original dilemma of not knowing the words made Leanne very uncomfortable. She objected to Entrena's method because she
did not feel it was possible to have real conversations without first reviewing the necessary vocabulary. She resolved her initial dilemma with the lie by using her dictionary, but mainly by keeping her language very simple. She aimed to avoid mistakes, and for the most part was quite successful. As she only dealt with known structures, she could quickly and easily correct her errors. She chose simple topics, not because they particularly interested her, but because they did not tax her linguistically. She rules out whole areas of potential interest. "I don't take on topics like politics; I don't have the vocabulary." As it is easier to write about real things than how she is feeling, she keeps her lie objective and matter of fact.

She allows the vocabulary and sentence structure to control the content of her lie. "Sometimes when I don't know how to go on with the more involved sentence structure, I just leave off and go to another subject." The topic is relatively unimportant to Leanne. When she is assigned a topic, she objects, not because she has anything in mind she would rather write about, but because she would need to use the future tense.

Maggie's approach to the original dilemma was totally the opposite of Leanne's. She used all of her reference books to resolve the problem of not knowing the words, but refused to compromise her content. "I don't want to simplify it just because I'm putting it in another language,
so that might mean for one sentence it might take a lot of time." Even in cases where she knew all the words, she might have to "read five pages on the subjunctive" in her reference books in order to figure out how to structure the sentence.

Perhaps because she "just assumed the language would come", Maggie's focus from the beginning was on the content of her l1es. When I interviewed her and asked her about her first three l1es, she told me the first two weren't "real l1es" because the topics had been assigned and she hadn't been able to do much with them. But with the third l1e, she was making connections with things she had read and outlining what to include before she began to write.

By her fourth l1e, Maggie is writing "a paper dealing with an idea". She reads her draft aloud after checking it, to simply hear how it sounds in Spanish, because even though it is a foreign language, it should still have a flow. When she is speaking, she may have to go with what she knows in a given moment in order to get by, but in writing, "you have time and a little more flexibility to stick with what you want to say and how you want to say it- a little more freedom."

By the time she did her l1es in technical training, the focus had shifted entirely to use of the language to achieve certain effects. She considers different leads and eventually changes the end of her Media Cara l1e. In our
interviews, she talks about how she crafted her lie, what she chose to eliminate and what to include.

Like Maggie, Marie is unwilling to simplify what she wants to say when she writes in Spanish, but unlike her she is not willing to read pages and pages in her reference books in order to decide which form of the verb to use. Marie initially uses one reference book, the dictionary, and she uses it extensively. When I ask her about her lies, she translates them with commentary, not really trusting the Spanish words to convey her meaning.

Perhaps because she has written professionally, she has definite ideas about writing. She doesn't want to simplify her vocabulary or sentence structure in order to write in Spanish. From the beginning, no matter how simple, her lies always have a conclusion. The idea of writing a report of events does not occur to Marie. "If you're going to put something down on paper you might as well make it a little more meaningful than just a regurgitation of what you did." Writing, for Marie, is always more than an exercise in grammar and vocabulary.

Over the course of training, her lie change. While her ideas about writing don't permit her to write meaningless things, she is initially still basically practicing her Spanish. As she finishes up at Pantoja and goes on to technical training, she changes in two basic ways.

She begins to understand the language more, begins to
understand what her teacher means when he tells her to use Spanish phrases, begins to use what she knows instead of relying so heavily on the dictionary. Suddenly it is possible to read her lie without first translating them into English.

The lie also becomes more personal. The content matters to her and she has developed trust in me and in her classmates and teacher to share and want to communicate about the issues she is struggling with. "It's become almost like a journal entry—more than a lie to practice my Spanish." She writes with more purpose, knowing the lie will form the base of her work in class and of our conversation each week.

With her treatment of more profound content, she begins to more consciously craft her lie. She talks about the choices she made as she wrote each lie and why she decided to include what she included. With the time limitations and the pressures of training, she is not always completely satisfied with the product. Once she described to me in detail how she would revise one of her lies if she were to write it over, what parts she would streamline and where she would add more details, and an idea she had for a more effective lead.
4. In order to write, my informants initially applied English structures where they had no knowledge in Spanish. At some point they realize the languages are different, and begin to formulate and test hypotheses about the Spanish language in their writing. This natural process produces lies which are more Spanish, in turn, increasing fluidity in the language.

The translation of the first few lies each of my informants wrote was very easy. The lies themselves were almost word for word translations from English and translating them back posed few problems. My informants were applying what they knew in English (Edelsky, 1986), because basically they knew no Spanish. This was not true of later lies. Sometimes I had to add explanatory notes in my English translations to preserve the flavor of the originals. While all of the lies were "written in Spanish", some of the earlier ones would be incomprehensible to a non-English-speaking Dominican. In fact, some of the teachers, who have all studied English, experienced difficulty interpreting them because they were trying to read them in Spanish.

Some would question the value of this type of writing. But it doesn't end there. While not all of my informants came to the dramatic thunderbolt-style revelation Jerry described in his "ES DIFERENTE" lie, all of them realized at
some point that each language was answerable only to itself and despite the cognates, they were undeniably different.

Accepting, on some level, that difference, my informants began to experiment with the new language, actively formulating hypotheses about how it works and letting it become part of them, receiving the language. The lie become more Spanish—more difficult to translate. I'm not sure what we mean when we talk about "thinking" in a foreign language. But clearly verbal thought in Spanish increases as the lies become more Spanish. These phrases come more easily to the tongue as my informants use the language in their lie to plan our what they will write and discuss in class what they have written.

Eventually, they began to use the properties of the language itself—to experiment with those features of Spanish which have no equivalent in English. For example, the diminutive and incrementive "isimo" forms or the proper extravagance of the language ("me facina").

Marie was the informant who applied English most to her writing in Spanish. Her basic strategy was to translate word for word from English as she wrote her lie. She applied English word order (es no problema; tuvieron no tal miedo), English expressions (making nasty remarks, when she had had enough) and even English spellings, sometimes lifting an entire word (Estados United, Haitians), using an English word that sounded like a Spanish word (lose for luz) or
applying English spelling rules (differcientes). She told me she couldn't think of any other way to write, but revealed her insecurity about the effectiveness of her strategy by writing English translations below some phrases "to help her teacher figure out what she was trying to say."

At first I didn't see much hope Marie would ever learn Spanish. Her strategy of word for word translation seemed disastrous to me— it was blocking her progress. She used the dictionary extensively, saying she didn't know how to use the verb book. Her teacher told her to try to use Spanish phrases. Marie responded, "I'd love to. I don't know any. I have a dictionary and a verb book, but I don't know phrases." I suggested she might try to write more simply, using what she knew. The idea frustrated her. She didn't want to "sound like a third grader". What I didn't realize at first and Marie taught me was that her strategy, ineffective as it was in producing conventional Spanish, enabled her to express herself at a much more sophisticated level than her knowledge of Spanish would have allowed. Like the kindergarten and first grade students I had worked with who wrote with invented spelling, or left a letter to stand for each word, Marie's strategy, while not comprehensible to native speakers, allowed her to express herself, to say something meaningful in Spanish and did not interfere with learning more appropriate forms and using other strategies later.
With her lie about anticipating her visit to the Batey, I noted a marked difference in her language. She was no longer translating word for word. This lie was as incomprehensible as those that had come before it, but it was Spanish she was experimenting with. She plays with object pronouns (como les viven, hablar con los, Cuerpo de Paz los hace ayudar); she sometimes gets a Spanish phrase (en el campo de la caña de azúcar); she spells from imperfect visual representations in Spanish, rather than the dictionary or application of English rules (libre for libro, esperar, quero). In her next lie, about the chocolate cake, she herself tells me she is beginning to get the idea and it isn't so hard to use what she knows to write in Spanish. The grammar is beginning to come to her. She is able to write "una familia nos dio", to form phrases (pan de el ajo) and create grammatical forms (cociniendo). She is beginning to test hypotheses about Spanish. Eventually she is able, in a later lie, to write that the mountains were "bonitisimas" in a "mundo encantador".

Gerald's work with the dictionary, verb book and other reference books is so effective it is hard to see in looking at his first lies, just how little he knows. He writes niños and años, leading us to believe he understands the letter ñ and how to form plurals in Spanish. It is only when we see "propiedades" and "Espagnol" that we see he does not. In one case he is copying from the dictionary and in
another, applying an English rule. But after realizing that "ES DIFERENTE" and not everything will make sense in English, he begins to experiment with Spanish, writing "des lenguas" and "la mayoria des ideas" thinking if articles are pluralized in Spanish, then perhaps prepositions also might be.

Gerald comes to the realization he can't understand everything about this language by referring to his own, some things about a language just are that way (especially things like prepositions and object pronouns). He relaxes and begins to notice them in his reading, begins to read aloud to himself to hear how they sound and where they go. By the end of training, he has a sense for where they belong and knows when one is missing, even if he doesn't always put the right one in the right place.

If Marie used invented spelling and Gerald a whole language approach to learning to write in their new language, Leanne was much more traditional. Like the method of teaching writing in vogue when I went to elementary school, Leanne prefered not to write anything unless she was absolutely certain she could write it correctly. Leanne's sentences in her first lies were extremely simple and each one was a separate creation. "The house is big and beautiful. The house is pink and blue." Like children under a traditional approach to literacy instruction, she doesn't apply anything of what she already knows about lan-
guage. She is starting again and wants to confine what she writes to what she has studied. After her visit to the Smiths, she is content to move even more slowly.

In the lies my informants wrote, a natural evolution seems to take place. They began with a history of language use, with ideas about how language works based on their experience in the native language. For those who had not studied other languages, everything they knew was English. Therefore, their first writing was naturally based in English even though they used Spanish words.

Through experience with the language and feedback and response in the correction and discussion of lies, they come to accept the languages as separate systems. They experiment with the Spanish language itself to the degree that they sometimes fail to apply English structures where they are applicable.

Finally, they begin to be able to use features of Spanish which have no direct equivalent in English. The writing not only uses Spanish words and phrases, but feels Spanish. At this point, a direct translation yields English "with a Spanish accent".

5. Each informant defined and used the genre (lle) in an individual way, consistent with their way of learning about
the world. Through literacy, those who were able to use the
lie in more personal ways seemed to integrate better into
the Dominican community.

Before beginning training, none of my informants had
ever heard of a lie. They began defining it for themselves
the day I gave the language orientation and continued to
define it throughout their training. While there was broad
agreement on certain general ideas about what the lie was
and was not, each defined the lie for themselves and set
personal criteria for quality. As a requirement of the
language program, all of the trainees wrote lies. But some
were able to write lies which were authentic (Edelsky, 1986)
in that meaning-making was the central goal. For these
trainees, the lie acted to catalyze their cultural integra-
tion. The lie represents the learning experiences the
trainees were going through. Writing about the experiences
transformed them, defining personal meanings and making them
more accessible to reflection.

Those who were able to express personal meanings in the
lie seemed to integrate more easily into the Dominican
community. When we express with our own words, however
imperfectly, something important to us, that language, that
meaning, takes on a new form which becomes part of our
personal history. This language is not empty of reflection,
"segregated from the fullness of life" (Vygotsky, 1962), but
rather authentic language-praxis-comprising action and reflection (Freire, 1970). In forming our meanings, bringing them into life, into words, in writing, in a new language, we identify ourselves more with that language and thus, with that culture. To shape our meanings in Spanish, we have to first receive the language, thus allowing the culture to become more a part of us, facilitating our entry into the community of speakers of that language.

For Leanne, the lie became a way of controlling and limiting her language input. She used the lie to practice known structures and vocabulary rather than experiment with unknown forms. Keeping the language simple helped simplify the experiences. She almost uses the language as a screen to protect herself from the experience—a way to manage it instead of explore it. By limiting vocabulary and structure, she also metaphorically limits what she needs to deal with in terms of cultural experience. Through her limitations in language, she limits cultural integration (I can't converse with natives. I have to learn by observation.) She also limits her future role as a volunteer ("Let's face it," she tells Tito, "with my Spanish, you can forget my leading groups.").

When I ask her what constitutes a "good" lie, she tells me it should tell a story and have a moral. She seems to be going back to forms familiar to her—the sermon, the Bible lesson. In practice, her lies are most often descriptions or
reports rather than experiences and her reflections about them. When she does draw a conclusion from her lie, it usually takes the form of a moral, often based on Christian principles. She tells me in the first weeks of training she would have no objections to sharing personal things in her lies, but she doesn't have the language to be able to do it. Limiting what she has to deal with linguistically and in terms of the culture is crucial to her. Thus, she cannot allow the lie to become authentic, precisely because of its potential for catalyzing cultural and linguistic transition.

Gerald initially defines the lie as a presentation of a lesson that has "stood the test of time". The lesson, for Gerald, remains the most important part of the lie throughout training, although his process changes considerably. His original concept of the lie was to write about things he literally remembered all of his life- "a lesson for a lifetime". He admits he is not learning anything new from writing about old lessons- at least in terms of the content of the lie. But this is not his initial focus. "The lie to me is an opportunity to use the language and try to understand the way things are put together grammatically, to form verb tenses and things like that and that's why it's valuable to me." Gerald's first "old lessons" bear an indirect relation to his current situation in the themes he choses to treat- cultural adjustment, stress and being in an academic situation where
he wasn't on top. When I tell him the idea is to write about current lessons, he writes several lie about the language itself.

The lie about Marie and how they handle stress differently represents a turning point. He begins to use the lie to learn from a current experience. This lie also marks the beginning of his use of the lie for personal expression and as a mode of learning, as a way to work out problems. With his lie about wealth, he begins to apply what he has learned about language (ES DIFERENTE) to the culture. He begins to see other perspectives through his lie. By this time, Gerald has a clear idea of the use of the lie and when I ask him to write a lie in English, he continues to examine life experience and draw a lesson from it.

The lesson remains important to Jerry right to the end. A lie is not a lie unless one is able to draw a lesson from it. Most often for Jerry, the lesson is learned in the writing of the lie. The lies become increasingly dynamic and he uses them more and more consciously to learn, to process experience. As training progresses, he tells me he doesn't know what he will conclude from a lie until he writes it. The lesson emerges in the writing itself, in the organizing of his ideas. He feels a twinge, a restlessness when involved in a situation or experience and knows he will use it as lie material. There is a lesson he will have to write to discover. Gerald begins only with the experience and the
idea it will be important. The better lies are the ones with better content. He focuses not on the language itself, but on the significance of the lesson. The ultimate meaning taken from the experience is most important. So the lie, for Jerry, becomes quite personal.

Maggie uses her lie to write about her investigations (formal and informal) into the culture. Unlike Jerry, she usually knows what she will conclude before she begins, although often only vaguely. She refines her thinking as she works through her lies. She focuses on the crafting of the lie— the way she puts it together to say what she wants to say. The lie serves a processing function as the message is shaped in the writing of the lie.

When I ask her to choose her best lie, she looks for a lie that presented a challenge to her in their writing. She selects a lie that focus on ideas, rather than experiences, because in these she has to reflect on experiences and choose what to include and what to eliminate. She selects examples that will help the reader understand her point and decides where to begin and end the lie and how to structure it. All of this is true of every lie, but those that deal with ideas don't have a single experience to frame and define what will be included and thus were more carefully formulated. The lie, for Maggie, is an extension of her thinking.

In contrast, Marie seems disconnected from her lie at
first. She needs a few weeks to find her bearings and begin to discover the lle's potential. At first I was afraid she would lose them before I had a chance to copy them. They began to change with the chocolate cake lle which revealed some important changes in Marie's use of Spanish, and changed further with the lle about her reactions to the men in the pueblo. She used that lle to come to a resolution about her experience and take something positive from it. That lle also marks a turning point in our relationship, as it establishes trust between us. After that, Marie begins to use her lle like a journal. From that point on, they reflect the major emotional issues she is dealing with. Like Jerry, she finds the meaning as she writes the lle. She works from a lead towards a conclusion, but without knowing what that conclusion will be. For Marie, writing is a "deeper experience" of the language. She is more conscious of what she is saying. The lle permit her to work out personal issues and share her insights with others.

When I ask Marie to choose her best lle, she doesn't evaluate the lle themselves, but the process that went into the making of them. She values the lle she could learn from, but not necessarily in terms of what is reflected on paper. In her evaluation, she mentions the original experience that gave rise to the lle and the feeling she associates with the experience. The better lle are those that concern experiences that gave rise to stronger feelings. She also
values lie that taught her something in the writing of them, like her lie about the men, or her last lie about feeling out of control. The process, rather than the product determines the value of the lie for Marie.

Each person used the lie in individual ways which reflect their literacy and their ways of learning about the world. What they value in the lie mirrors what they value in their learning process. Leanne focuses on stories with morals, Jerry on hard lessons, Maggie on the challenge of her learning experience and Marie on the process and the experience itself.

Those who were able to use the lie to create personal, genuine meanings catalyzed their cultural transformation process. By engaging in this authentic exploration in Spanish, they brought the language and therefore the culture, much closer, received it into themselves. In accepting the language, they also accepted the cultural component of the language, drawing themselves closer to speakers of the language.
CHAPTER XI

FINAL REFLECTIONS

Educational research is not like research in other disciplines. As Harste (1989) points out, it cannot be "pure" research because education is action. We work with theory and data and try to draw conclusions, but continually face the necessity of practice. There can be no "pure" educational theory apart from the realities of Monday morning. For this, my research is not a pure ethnography. I cannot merely describe what's there because I am describing a process of change. This is, rather, a research of a praxis- a renaming of the world that transforms it (Freire, 1970)- a description of an idea made real- how writing interacts in a process of transformation. And because it's educational research, I have to think about how it informs our practice in language education.

How can we apply the lessons of these vivencias?

1. Literacy is part of how individuals make meaning in the world. It is not a skill to learn, but part of how we learn. We should make room for language learners to use their literacy from the beginning of any language program.
We did not, my informants and I, come to language learning as empty vessels waiting to be filled, but as adults with a lifetime of experience. Literacy was an important part of our lives and an essential part of how we made meaning in the world.

Many language programs restrict the use of the written word on the theory that second language learners should learn "naturally"—like children learning a first language where speaking and listening precede reading and writing. Almost no language program I know of uses writing as a tool for learning with beginning students the way Entrena's program does.

In a flier I recently received for a program which I feel is fairly representative of current practice, writing is referred to as "contextualized grammar". The flier goes on to explain that exercises in sentence combining are used to "train students to create well-written stretches of natural-sounding discourse." (Byrd and Gallingane, 1990)

The notion that speaking and listening precede reading and writing in the language development of children has been seriously questioned (see Harste, Burke and Woodward, 1985; Smith, 1983). But even if it were true, my informants and I were not children when we began to learn Spanish. Literacy was a part of our lives, part of how we made sense of the world. Most language programs today are "communication based". Literacy is the means of making those meanings we
communicate (Berthoff, 1989). To deprive us of this way of knowing certainly would not have helped us.

This study focused more on writing than on reading, although both were important to my informants and me. We used writing in a variety of ways: to process experiences, to reflect upon personal issues, to experiment with the culture, to find out what things meant to us. All of this was valuable in itself, but doubly valuable in Spanish as it allowed us to receive the language as part of ourselves. When we can use the language, however imperfectly, to write about an experience and learn something about ourselves, or come to a conclusion about the culture we are trying to make ourselves part of, then the language becomes part of us, part of our way of knowing about the world. This also encourages us to begin to see things through the language and eventually use the language to make our meanings clearer to ourselves and others. Thus it is important to provide opportunities for this type of writing in every language learning program, for first or other languages.

2. We should encourage language learners to use writing in more personal ways by focusing our talk about their writing on content and process, rather than on the language in and of itself.

Those of us who were able to use the writing in more
personal ways seemed to have less difficulty integrating ourselves into the Dominican community. As we are able to use writing to create personal meanings, we allow the language in, we increase our receptivity to the language. As we allow the language to become part of us, we are also permitting the culture to become part of us. This is true partly because it is inseparable from the language and partly because we are processing experiences we have lived in it, thus understanding better not only ourselves, but the Dominican way of life.

There is no one set formula for encouraging learners to use writing in more personal ways, but there are certain basic principles we should respect. Learners must be free to choose their own topics. We need to trust them to know what is important to them and resist the temptation to assure they practice a particular vocabulary by assigning topics.

Writing has to be a regular thing, due at set times so the learner can plan and develop "the writer's eye" (Murray, 1968), allowing topics or occasions (Graves's 1990) to find them. We cannot expect quality writing or thinking if we assign a lie one day to be handed in the next. We need to provide adequate time to complete the assignment so the learner can select topics, plan and be in control.

My interviews encouraged the progression in talk about the lie from structure to content to craft which I described
in the last chapter. When we as language educators focus our attention on content and process, we are encouraging learners to focus their attention in similar ways and supporting them in their efforts to grow in the language. Attention to content also helps foster the personal relationship and building of trust so necessary for entering into the club of language users.

Opportunities to share and discuss the writing are crucial. Writers need response. Especially when dealing with cultural material, students need a "public space" (Greene, 1988) to be able to share ideas and receive commentary from their peers and even more importantly from the teacher as a native in the culture. While error correction is helpful to learners as they try out hypotheses about the language, programs should stress self-correction, as Entrena's system does, and the main focus should always remain with the content.

While opportunities to share and to respond to others' writing are crucial, perhaps we need to provide options for sharing and for not sharing pieces of writing in order to encourage personal expression. I used writing in Spanish in my personal journal which I wasn't sharing and still feel the writing helped me to receive the language and thus the culture. The writing also served to relieve stress by providing an outlet and a way to begin to look at some of what I was experiencing. Perhaps it could do the same for
All of these ways of encouraging personal writing in the new language are ways of inviting learners to consider what they are learning as a "real language", (As Jerry says, "Wow, talking real things in another language!"); thus inviting them to use their literacy and knowledge of language in service of learning this other language.

3. The process of transforming oneself into a new culture and language is intensely personal and totally individual— the focus in this type of language learning (and in all language learning) should be on the individual person and not on any body of knowledge.

To say the process of transforming oneself into another language and culture is individual or personal is a gross understatement. The process involves all one is— from the most basic physical processes like my search for a toilet that flushed to questions of identity, values and personality. Through an experience of total vulnerability, one forges a new identity which will live in some sort of symbiosis with the old— being at once the same. Not easy stuff.

This process cannot be reduced to memorization of verb conjugations and vocabulary lists. The material we are imparting here is no less than the person herself. She is
the curriculum.

The process of necessity generates a huge amount of stress, calls into question a person's values and beliefs, while at the same time removing most of what has ever been familiar to them. It is no wonder they fight us— as Jerry did, or try to limit their experience— as Leanne did, or seriously consider giving up and going home— as we all did.

With this kind of stress, only a people-centered, caring (Noddings, 1984), empowering (Freire, 1970) type of approach has any chance of effectiveness. The curriculum has to respect the learner in her struggle, seeking to restore to her the power of language. A first step being to show her that what she has known is not useless.

We need to listen to learners who have trouble bringing their real concerns into a public voice in order to try to help them find that voice in the new language. We need to be more insistent with learners like Leanne who are content to limit their experience. We need to keep asking her to draw conclusions in her writing and not be accepting of lies that are only reports or descriptions. We need to continue to try to communicate with her in Spanish and not let her convince us she can't. We need to give her the support she needs to be able to take in more of what she is experiencing and take risks.

With students like Leanne we need to continually invite them in to the new language and culture, while respecting
their need to protect themselves from it. We must believe that each student is capable of making that transformation in her own time and never cease to invite her in.

With all language learners, we need to listen to and affirm their voices as they struggle to grow beyond themselves and express themselves in a new language.

4. At first learners need to rely on English structures where they have no knowledge in Spanish. Use of this strategy allows them to express far more in their writing than they would otherwise be able to and does not impede learning of conventional forms later. Learners have a right to their interlanguage.

The native language has been considered a source of "interference" in second language learning. Under Contrastive Analysis theory, the first language is considered "the major obstacle to successful mastery of the new language" (Dulay, Burt & Krashen, 1982:97). This position has been discredited by studies demonstrating that error patterns of second language learners do not conform to the patterns contrastive analysis would predict, but to my knowledge, no one has challenged the basic absurdity of the position. When we learn our first language, we learn more than vocabulary and grammar, we learn what language is for. We learn how to use words to express our desires, to relate
to others and to name and explain the world for ourselves. All of this and much more we can apply in our learning of another language.

Translation has fallen out of favor in second language teaching. In general, I would agree with this position. We need to know that the languages are different, that each is unto itself, a heritage and a way of life of a people. But the dictionary provided a bridge into the new language in my informant's initial lies which enabled them to express themselves in whole units of discourse, to create unified texts, however simple, and communicate real ideas. It allowed them to use language in some of the ways they use their native language— to learn, to reflect, to explain, to report, to mean. Without the opportunity to apply what they knew in English in the writing of those first lies, none of that would have been possible.

Drilling in error-free production makes as little sense in second language learning as it does in teaching young children to read and write. Language learners need to communicate in the way they can, using the strategies they can, because the content, not the form of the language, is important. My informants made many errors in their first lies, but these errors, even when they were not corrected, did not become habits or impede their learning of conventional forms any more than a children's invented spelling prevents them from spelling conventionally later.
In a certain sense, each language learner has to discover for herself how the language is structured in the course of real language use. Traditional language programs prohibit real language use to the beginner by confining her to the narrow range of forms "covered" in class, and, on the other hand, tend to introduce forms such as the subjunctive long before the student has developed the need to use them, causing other types of problems.

Language learners have the right to use real language from the beginning of their language learning. Their interlanguage, or the intermediate forms they construct as they are learning a new language, provide their means of expression in the language they are trying to grow into. We should listen, inviting them into the club (Smith, 1988) of speakers of the language.

5. The lie, being such an open genre, is a powerful tool in second language learning.

The concept of the lie as a genre grew and developed throughout this project. As we refined our definitions of the genre, it revealed unique potentials for catalyzing second language learning.

One basic challenge for a second language learner is to make the strange sounds "her" words- to own the meanings in the new language. Life experiences in the new culture give
sense to the words and the lie provides the vehicle to aid us in the conquest of language. Its flexibility and open nature allow the most beginning student access to the creation of authentic meanings—allow her to use "her" words to process her experience. The lie adapts to each person's way of making meaning in the world.

The two main characteristics of the lie, its focus on experience and the meaning taken from experience, are crucial factors in its effectiveness. It brings private experiences into a public forum. The learner controls the language of the lie, creating language which becomes generative (Freire, 1970) in that it codifies the meaning taken from the vivencia. Through the language of the lie and the discussions in class, the words become symbols of lessons and experiences of personal growth. In my discussions with my informants, we would refer back to the experiences using the Spanish words (ES DIFERENTE, los hombres, Media Cara, vista más de cerca) in a way that "saturated them with sense" making them symbols of lived experience and incorporating them into the personal history of each writer.

I believe, with Graman (1988), that, "the important thing is that the words be genuine and that their aim be to understand and name some element of the world relevant to them." (438) This "naming of the world" can only be accomplished through words real to the learner, not through
repetition of senseless drills—however correctly the sentences are formed. These "genuine words", based in experience, need to be heard. We need to create in our classes the kind of public space Maxine Green (1988) refers to when she says, "In contexts of this kind, open contexts where persons attend to one another with interest, regard, and care, there is a place for the appearance of freedom, the achievement of freedom by people in search of themselves." (ix) In search of ourselves, and I would add, in this case, in search of a place for ourselves in a new world, in search of connection, of understanding.

In Las Matas, in the library at Cento Padre Julio, I found a pirated version of Paulo Freire's *Educación como Práctica de la Libertad*¹. The brief prologue was set in manual type-print and had been printed on a machine that filled in the o's, a's and tops of the e's. No author was cited for the prologue where I found words which express, for me, the heart of this project. I translate them here:

The illiterate [or the second language learner] should embark on reconquest of language; learn to pronounce "her" word, that which has meaning. This is achieved through dialogue in which she has communicated her experience and has received the communication of the experiences of others.

**Chapter Notes:**

1. Publication Data not available.
BIBLIOGRAPHY


Berthoff, Ann, 1987, "Forward" in Freire, P and Donald Macedo Literacy: Reading the Word and the World. South Hadley Mass: Bergin and Garvey


Brookfield, Stephen 1970. Understanding and Facilitating Adult Learning


390


Graves, Donald 1983. *Writing: Teachers and Children at Work* Portsmouth, NH: Heinemann

Graves, Donald 1984. "The Enemy is Orthodoxy" in *A Researcher Learns to Write* Portsmouth, NH: Heinemann

Graves, Donald, 1990. *Discover Your Own Literacy* Portsmouth, NH: Heinemann


391


Hubbard, Ruth, 1985, "Write and Tell" *Language Arts* 62(6)


Krashen, Stephen 1985 "The Input Hypothesis: Issues and Implications" *New York: Longman*


LaBelle, Juan Carlos, 1987. "From Consciousness Raising to Popular Education in Latin America and the Caribbean" *Comparative Education Review* 31(2)


Murray, Donald, 1968. *A Writer Teaches Writing* Portsmouth, NH: Boynton/Cook

Murray, Donald, 1982. "Write Before Writing" in *Learning by Teaching: Selected Articles on Writing and Teaching* Portsmouth, NH: Boynton/Cook


Pequeño Larousse 1989 Marsella, Mexico Ediciones Larousse


Prats-Ramirez de Pérez, Ivelisse, 1981. Por la Educación Santo Domingo: USAD


Secretaría de Estado de Educación, Bellas Artes y Cultos (SEEBAC) 1977. Reglamento No. 2890 del Poder Ejecutivo que rige las Asociaciones de Padres, Tutores, Maestros y Amigos de la Escuela Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic

Smith, Frank, 1983. "Reading Like a Writer" Language Arts 60 558- 567


Smith, Frank, 1986. Insult to Intelligence: The Bureaucratic Invasion of Our Classrooms Portsmouth, NH: Heinemann


Tavares K., Juan Tomas, 1990. Educación Santo Domingo: Editoria Barleta


Tuan, Yi Fu, 1982. Segmented Worlds and Self- Group Life and Individual Consciousness University of Minnesota Press

Urzua, Carole 1987. "'You Stopped Too Soon': Second Language Children Composing and Revising" TESOL Quarterly 21(2) 279- 304


Werner, David, 1977. Where There is No Doctor Palo Alto: The Hesperian Foundation


395


Zamel, Vivian 1987. "Recent Research on Writing Pedagogy" *TESOL Quarterly* 21(4) 697-715

396
# APPENDIX 1

## Training Calendar

### Week 0

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Activity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>14 Tues.</td>
<td>Pre-Departure Orientation in Miami</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15 Wed.</td>
<td>Departure from Orientation day, Arrival at Hotel in Miami</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16 Thurs.</td>
<td>Pre-Departure Orientation in Miami</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17 Fri.</td>
<td>Orientation at Administrative Training Center</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18 Sat.</td>
<td>First weekend of training</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19 Sun.</td>
<td>To be spent with Dominican family</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

*Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission.*
### Training Calendar

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Language</th>
<th>Core Training</th>
<th>Technical Training</th>
<th>Secondary Skills</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Orientation</td>
<td>1-Sharing Experiences</td>
<td>1-Getting acquainted</td>
<td>1-Gardening Workshop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2-17 hours of classes</td>
<td>2-Orientaion/Goals</td>
<td>2-APCD Program Presentation</td>
<td>7 hours</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3-Non-verbal - 20 hours</td>
<td>3-Personal Safety/Crime</td>
<td>TOTAL 4 hours</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4-Dominican, N.A. values</td>
<td>4-Dominican, N.A. values</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>5-DR History/Politics</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>6-Dominio/merengue</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>TOTAL 13 hours</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Overview and Goals of Orientation
- Sharing Experiences
- Getting acquainted for Tech Training
- APCD Program Presentation
- Cultural Exports
- DR History and Politics

#### Orientation to Language Learning and Spanish
- Spanish
- Non-Verbal Communication
- Personal Safety and Crime
- Dominican and North American values - Cross Cultural Adjustment
- Domino/Merengue
- Intro to Gardening Workshop

**Week 1**

- **Monday, 21**: Sharing Experiences
- **Tuesday, 22**: Spanish
- **Wednesday, 23**: Getting acquainted for Tech Training
- **Thursday, 24**: APCD Program Presentation
- **Friday, 25**: Spanish
- **Saturday, 26**: Spanish
- **Sunday, 27**: GARDENING WORKSHOP (1/2 of GROUP PER DAY)

**Spanish**
- Getting acquainted for Tech training
- Personal Safety and Crime
- Dominican and North American values - Cross Cultural Adjustment
- Domino/Merengue
- Intro to Gardening Workshop

**Non-Spanish**
- Orientation
- Goals
- Language

**Secondary Skills**
- Gardening Workshop
  - 7 hours

**ENTREMA-PEACE CORPS/D.R. Pre Service Training Program**
- Cycle: SUMMIT 1990
- Month: AUGUST
- Program(s): Forestry, Water & San, Small Animal Child Survival, Community Education
- Training Week No: 1
## Training Calendar

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Monday</th>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
<th>Saturday</th>
<th>Sunday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>29</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weekly Orientation/Pluses &amp; Wishes</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>LATRINE WORKSHOP</td>
<td>1/2 of Group per Day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DR Sub-cultures and Family Structure</td>
<td>Race and Religion</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Tech Training</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Field Trip</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Overview of DR Regions (History, Geography, Customs)</td>
<td>Personal Health Workshop</td>
<td>Personal Health Workshop</td>
<td>Medical + Stress + Sexuality</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personal Health Workshop + Nutrition + Dominican Food Stuffs</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personal Health Workshop + Medical + Stress + Sexuality</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Language
- 1-21 hours of classes
- 2- Field trip
- 25 hours

### Secondary Skills
- 1-Latrine Workshop
- 7-hours

### Core Training
- 1-DR Regions
- 2-DR Sub-Cultures
- 3-Race/Religion
- 4-Personal Health Workshop
- 5-Pluses and Wishes
- TOTAL 12 hours

### Technical Training
- 1-Program-related sessions by Tech. Trainers.
- TOTAL 4 hours

---

**ENTRENA-PEACE CORPS/ D.R. Pre-Service Training Program**

**Cycle:** SUMMER 1990

**Month:** AUGUST

**Program(s):** Forestry, Water & San. Small Animal, Child Survival, Community Education

**Training Week No:** 2
### Training Calendar

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MON. 4</th>
<th>TUES. 5</th>
<th>WED. 6</th>
<th>THURS. 7</th>
<th>FRI. 8</th>
<th>SAT. 9</th>
<th>SUN. 10</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Weekly Orientation</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Field Trip No. 1</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Field Trip info</td>
<td>Tech Training (Focus on Development)</td>
<td>DR Economic Situation</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Program Evaluation</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Week 3

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Language</th>
<th>Core Training</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1-14 hours of classes</td>
<td>1-Program Evaluation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Secondary Skills</td>
<td>2-Intro. to Development</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3-&quot;Edge of Survival&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4-PC and development</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>5-DR Economic situation</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>6-Development</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Assumptions and filters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>TOTAL 5 hours</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### Technical Training

| 1-Program-specific focus on Development |
| 2-Program-related sessions by Tech. trainers |
| 3-Field trip preparations |
| 4-Field trip #1 |
| TOTAL 7 hours (At Center) |

---

**ENTRENA-PEACE CORPS/D.R.**

**Pre Service Training Program**

**Summer 1989**

**Month:** September

**Programs:** Forestry, Energy, & Sea, Small Animals, Child Survival, Community Ed

**Training Week No:** 3
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Mon. 11</th>
<th>Tues. 12</th>
<th>Wed. 13</th>
<th>Thurs. 14</th>
<th>Fri. 15</th>
<th>Sat. 16</th>
<th>Sun. 17</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
<td>Spanish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Non-Formal Education Model</td>
<td>Forestry Workshop</td>
<td>Urban Poverty in the DR</td>
<td>Non-Formal Education Theory and Assignment</td>
<td>FREE AFTERNOON</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**APPENDIX 1**

**Weekly Core Training**
1. Pluses and wishes
2. Non-Formal Education
3. Urban Poverty

**TOTAL 7 hours**

**Technical Training**
1. Processing Field Trip 1
2. Individual Interviews 1
3. Program-related session by tech. trainers

**TOTAL 4 hours**

**Week 4**

**Language**
1. 22 hours of classes

**Secondary Skills**
Forestry Workshop
4 hours

**SHORT COURSE**
- Summer 1989
- ENTRENA-PEACECORPS/D.R. Pre Service Training Program
- Cycle: Summer 1989
- Programs: Forestry, Water & San, Small Animals, Child Survival Community

**Training Week No:** 4
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MON.</th>
<th>TUES.</th>
<th>WED.</th>
<th>THURS.</th>
<th>FRI.</th>
<th>SAT.</th>
<th>SUN.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### WEEK 5

**Language**
- 17 hours of classes

**Secondary Skills**
- 7 hours

**Core Training**
1. Program Evaluation
2. Non-Formal Education presentations
3. Appropriate Technology in the DR

**Technical Training**
1-3 program-related sessions by Tech Trainers
2. Preparation for trip #2
3. Field Trip #2

**TOTAL 8.5 hours (At Center)**

---

**FIELD TRIP NO. 11**

**TRAVELING BY YOURSELF**

---

**Week Orientation**
- (Field trip sites)
- Program Evaluation
- Spanish

**Tech Training**
- Non-Formal Education Presentations (in English)
- Spanish
- Tech Training
- Field Assignment

**Secondary Skills**
- Field Trip

---

**ENTRENA-PEACE CORPS/D.R.**

PreService Training Program

**Cycle**
- Summer 1989

**Month**
- September

**Programs**
- Forestry Water & San
- Small Animals Child
- Survival Community Ed

**Training Week No:** 5
### Training Calendar

**Week 7**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Language</th>
<th>Core Training</th>
<th>Technical Training</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>13 hours of classes</td>
<td>1 - Program evaluation</td>
<td>1 - Definite site assignments</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>2 - 1 Program-related session by Tech. Trainers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>3 - Self Assessment II</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>4 - Definite Site Visit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>TOTAL 7 hours (At Center)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**DEFINITE SITE VISIT**

- Winne
- Monton
- Sosua
- Samana
- Cotui

**ENTRENAD PEACE CORPS/D.R.**

Training Week No: 7
Desayuno sería siempre de las 7:00-8:00

- Español
- Español

Taller de Desarrollo Comunitario
- Educación de Responsabilidad
- Mantenimiento de Prunus
- Uso de Escuelas

Asociaciones de Padres y Amigos

Hijos a sus Campos

Convenio #2:
- Planear el Proyecto del Mapa con el grupo de la escuela
- Investigar tema individual
- Continuar con Diagnóstico de la Comunidad
- Participar en Reuniones de Organizaciones
- Practicar Dinámicas de Grupos

Almuerzo sería siempre de las 12:00-1:00

- Español
- Español

Taller de Desarrollo Comunitario
- Motivación del Grupo
- Planificación
- Estrategia y Papeles

El Diagnóstico de la Comunidad (#2)

La Cena sería de las 7:00-8:30
Hecho por los grupos designados cada noche

Notas:
- Fiesta en la noche del Martes el 24th
- Introducción al Proyecto de Mapas
- Leer folletos "Los Socios" y "Los Dirigentes"
### Desayuno
- Lunes: Español
- Martes: Español
- Miércoles: Español
- Jueves: Entrevistas de Padres de la Escuela
- Viernes: Viajar a los Campos
- Sábado: Fin de Semana libre!!!
- Domingo: *

### Cenar
- Lunes: Español
- Martes: Planificación y Viabilidad de un Proyecto
- Miércoles: Enseñando Inglés
- Jueves: Facilitar Taller de Metas del Grupo
- Viernes: Viajar a donde quiera...
- Sábado: *
- Domingo: *

### Cena
La Cena sería de las 7:00-8:30
Hecho por los grupos designados cada noche.

---

**APPENDIX 1**

Training Calendar:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lunes</th>
<th>Martes</th>
<th>Miércoles</th>
<th>Jueves</th>
<th>Viernes</th>
<th>Sábado</th>
<th>Domingo</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Entrevistas</td>
<td>de Padres</td>
<td>de la Escuela</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contabilidad Popular</td>
<td>Experiencias de los PCU en el Campo</td>
<td>El Desarrollo de la Comunidad: ¿Qué Es?</td>
<td>Viajar a los Campos</td>
<td></td>
<td>Fin de Semana libre!!!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Facilitar Taller de Metas del Grupo</td>
<td>Viajar a donde quiera...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Metas y Objetivos de un Grupo</td>
<td>Planificación y Viabilidad de un Proyecto</td>
<td>Enseñando Inglés</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**VIERNES 30:**

**TRAINING WEEK NO:**

---

ENTRENA-PERCE CORPS/D.R.
Pre-Service Training Program

CYCLE: PST-FY-89
MONTH: OCTOBER
PROGRAM: EDUCATION

---

Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission.
Desayuno sería siempre de las 7:00-8:00

Desayuno: Español
Assuntos y Éticas del Desarrollo: Español
Generando Fondos: Español
Práctica de Map Workshop

Tiempo en Grupo...

Enseñar a los Campos

Rimuezo sería siempre de las 12:00-1:00

Español: Diseño de una charla no-formal
Español: Diseño de una Charla
Map Workshop

Poner las cosas en marcha...

La Cena sería de las 7:00-8:30

Hecho por los grupos designados cada noche

Se vende este Espacio...
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LUNES 13</th>
<th>MARTES 14</th>
<th>MIERC. 15</th>
<th>JUEVES 16</th>
<th>VIERNES 17</th>
<th>SÁBADO 18</th>
<th>DOMINGO 19</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Desayuno serio siempre de los 7:00-8:00</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Viajar a Santo Mondongo...</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carter</td>
<td>Formales</td>
<td>Visitas a la Escuela Hogar de Madre Teresa</td>
<td>Los Treeheads charlas</td>
<td>La última oportunidad de aprender bien, algunas cosas...</td>
<td>Presentaciones de los Proyectos Individuales</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Procesamiento de los Talleres y Charlas</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Almuerzo serio siempre de los 12:00-1:00</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Español</td>
<td>Presentaciones de los Proyectos Individuales</td>
<td>Fiesta Final....</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>El Nucleo</td>
<td>Le Vivienne en el Campo</td>
<td>Las Ed-Heads</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Escolar Distrito de</td>
<td></td>
<td>Darán Charlas a los Treeheads</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Las Matas</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>La Cena será de los 7:00-8:30</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hecho por los grupos designados cada noche</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Entrena-Perce Corps/O.R.**
Pre-Service Training Program

**Cycle:** PST-FY-89
**Month:** October
**Program:** Education

Training Week No: 13

*Esto es la penúltima semana antes del resto de sus vidas... que disfruten!*
### APPENDIX 1

**Training Calendar**

**Week 14**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Monday</th>
<th>Tuesday</th>
<th>Wednesday</th>
<th>Thursday</th>
<th>Friday</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Language</strong></td>
<td>Weekly Orientation</td>
<td>Development of Institutions and Resources</td>
<td>Project Funding Sources</td>
<td>Settling-in Workshop</td>
<td>Exams and Interviews continue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Technical Training</td>
<td>Exit Interview with APCDs</td>
<td>Exams and Interviews continue</td>
<td>Exams and Interviews continue</td>
<td>Exams and Interviews continue</td>
<td>Exams and Interviews continue</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL</strong></td>
<td>1/2 hour</td>
<td>8 hours</td>
<td>1 hour</td>
<td>1 hour</td>
<td>1 hour</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Note: Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission.*
APPENDIX 2

LLE Outline

Como hanse en boren lle
(Life Learning Experience)

1. What were your expectations and attitudes before the experience? What was the situation before?

2. What happened? (Describe the experience; be specific)

3. What was your reaction? How has your attitude changed? What meaning does the experience have for you now?

4. What other experiences didn't seem to be related before, but now do seem related?

5. How can you use the new knowledge gained from this experience to face new situations?
APPENDIX 3

Map

The Dominican Republic

- Monte Cristi
- Puerto Plata
- Santiago
- Las Hadas
- El Razo
- Villa Elisa
- San Juan
- Bayahibe

Reproduced with permission of the copyright owner. Further reproduction prohibited without permission.
APPENDIX FOUR

OTHER LLES

Maggie

Este será corto porque ahora, yo estoy muy cansada. Este fine de semana yo fui a Las Matas de Farfán para visitar otra voluntaria en la programa de educación. Me gusta mucho Las Matas. Es mas limpia y tranquila de aquí- y las montañas- que magnifica. Pero hay cosas tristes allí también. En las escuelas hay algunos escritorios, pero más estudiantes. Los profesores necesitan comprar sus libros y otras cosas por las aulas, pero muchas veces, ellos no lo pueden. Algunos profesores necesitan prestar libros de los estudiantes y entonces, las aulas no tienen nada. El ambiente en las aulas es esteril. No hay estimulo por los estudiantes o por los profesores.

>This will be short because now I am very tired. This weekend I went to Las Matas de Farfán to visit another volunteer in the education program. I liked Las Matas a lot. It is cleaner and more quiet than here- and the mountains- how magnificent. But there are sad things there as well. In the schools there are some desks, but more students. The teachers have to buy their books and other things for the classrooms, but many times they cannot do it. Some teachers have to borrow books from their students and then the classrooms don't have any. The atmosphere in the classrooms is sterile. There is no stimulation for the students or for the teachers.]

M-2

Yo no pienso que yo tenia expectaciones claros sobre la familia dominicana antes yo vine a este país. Probablemente yo tenia ideas generales, como las familias aquí estarian más tradicionl que en la EEUU, pobre, y serian parte de comunidades íntimos. No tenia muchos pensamientos sobre caracteristicos individuales de la gente en una familia. Aquí es un descripción de mis dos familias.

Mis padres dominicanos son más joven que mi padres sangres. Papá tiene 43 años y mamá tiene 36 años. Papa es un enfermero. No tiene horas regulares, y a veces, gente

Ana es la mayor. Ella tiene 17 años. Va a ir a la universidad en enero próximo. Ahora, ella estudia inglés, trabaja en la casa, y está muy activa en la iglesia. Los niños, Isidro, Eduardo, y Rafael tienen 13, 12, y 10 años respectivamente. Todos son estudiantes en un colegio.

Cuando la familia no está trabajando, la gusta jugar dominos y visita con amigos y parientes en la galería de nuestra casa. Los niños les gusta mirar la televisión o jugar con otros niños.

Mi mamá en los EEUU tiene 65 años. Ella trabajaba en un banco de ahorros hasta siete años pasados. Ahora ella es una voluntaria y ayuda gente quien necesita ropas, comida y otras cosas. Mamá lee mucho y le gusta música y el teatro. Papá tiene 70 años y trabaja parte del tiempo como un vendedor en una tienda para ropas de hombres. El le gusta mirar películas y deportes para televisión, y arreglar cosas.

Usualmente él tiene un proyector alrededor la casa. Mis padres salen más frecuentemente de mis padres aquí, y ellos les gusta tomar viajes cortos. Yo pienso que ellos son menos tradicional pero mi familia dominicana no tiene partes géneros rigidos.


En general, las diferencias más notable son que mi familia en los EEUU no vive juntos y que mis padres tienen más tiempo tranquilo. Ellos salen más también. Mis padres dominicanos reciben visitas todas las noches. Con más tiempo, yo puedo distinguir diferencias finas. Pero yo pienso que me adaptaré mejor cuando yo trato entender sin demasiado comparación desde los dos. Yo trato entender mi familia dominicana y otras personas aquí (for who they are).

I don't think I had clear expectations about the Dominican family before I came to this country. Probably I had general ideas, like the families here are more traditional than in the United States, poor, and would be part of intimate communities. I didn't have many thoughts
about individual characteristics of the people in a family. Here is a description of my two families:

My Dominican parents are younger than my blood parents. My father is 43 and my mother is 36. Papa is a nurse. He doesn't have regular hours and sometimes people come here to receive his services. He helps with community work too. For example, he helped build the wall for the central generator. Papa is very active in his church. Mama is active in the church also. She works in the house—cooking, cleaning and washing clothes. She likes to do ceramics and paint. Together, they are raising four children—one girl and three boys.

Ana is the oldest. She is 17 years old. She will go to the university next January. Now, she studies English, works in the house and is very active in the church. The boys, Isidro, Eduard and Rafael are 13, 12 and 10 respectively. They are all students in a private school.

When the family is not working, they like to play dominos and visit with friends and relatives in the porch of the house. The boys like to watch television or play with other boys.

My mother in the USA is 65. She worked in a savings bank until seven years ago. Now she is a volunteer and works with people who need clothes, food and other things. Mama reads a lot and she likes music and theater. Papa is 70 and he works part time as a salesman in a men's clothing store. He likes to watch movies and sports on television and fix things. Usually he has a project around the house. My parents go out more often than my parents here and they like to take short trips. I think they are less traditional but my Dominican family doesn't have rigid sex roles.

My oldest brother is 46. He lives with his family in the same city with my parents. He has an insurance office. He likes boats a lot. Andy is 33. He lives in Brooklyn and is working on his doctoral degree in comparative literature. He is a poet and in many ways is my model. The last is Jeff. He is 32. He is married and they have a son. In November they will move to California. Jeff is a director with Waldenbooks.

In general, the most noticeable differences are that my family in the USA doesn't live together and my parents have more quiet time. They go out more too. My Dominican parents receive visits every night. With time, I can distinguish the fine differences. But I think that I will adapt better when I try to understand without too many comparisons between the two. I try to understand my Dominican family and other people here for who they are.

Este fin de semana, yo fui a Pedro Corto, un pueblo.
entre Las Matas y San Juan. Fue muy interesante que un pueblo tan pequeño tiene tan mucho asociaciones y que ellos parecen estar activos. El viernes, fui a una reunión de ganaderos. Un hombre dijo sobre la responsabilidad de todos a trabajar juntos para los unos a los otros, y para la comunidad. Ahora, este grupo está planeando a trabajar con Los Padres y Amigos para arreglar un lyceo. Ellos esperan que con un edificio nuevo, los jóvenes no necesitaran ir a San Juan por clases secundarios. Estará interesante a ver si los dos grupos hacen planes especificados durante la próxima reunión.

This weekend I went to Pedro Corto, a village between Las Matas and San Juan. It was very interesting that such a small village has so many associations and that they seem to be active. On Friday, I went to a meeting of farmers. A man spoke about the responsibility of everyone to work together for each other, and for the community. Now, this group is planning to work with the Padres y Amigos to fix a high school. They hope that with a new building, the young people will not need to go to San Juan to high school. It will be interesting to see if the two groups make specific plans in the next meeting.

M-4

El Sabado en Pedro Corto, hubo una reunión del consejo para organizaciones- las personas eran socios y líderes de otros grupos en Pedro Corto y los parajes. Un hombre era de San Juan. El estuvo en la reunión porque era una plancha para elegir la próxima directiva del consejo.

Despues las auto-introducciones, este hombre dijo que yo hable antes la agenda. Entonces yo hablé sobre Cuerpo de Paz- que tipos de trabajos nosotros hacemos y que hay voluntarios alrededor del mundo, etc. El conocía Joanne Peterson y yo expliqué que ella no es una voluntaria del C. de P., pero con una iglesia. Próximo, el habló por mucho tiempo sobre las dificultades para trabajar en desarrollo sin recursos y, yo creo, me preguntó como yo trabajare. Yo contesté que quiero trabajar juntos con la gente en mi sitio para decidir las prioridades de los problemas, que es posible hacer, y como ganar fondos. Pero él tuvo más decir. El dijo que hay mucha gente quien dice que ellos trabajan para desarrollo- pero no tienen interés en las vidas de los campesinos, que ellos estan en un nivel más alto y tienen puertas cerradas. Sin un padrino, los campesinos no pueden esperar por mucho. Por ese tiempo, yo estuve una poquita cansada de pararme, una poquita desvanecido de hambre y gripe, pero yo respondí. Dije que me gusta C. de P. porque los voluntarios viven con la gente en la misma comunidad por dos años. No viven en un nivel más alto y no se mudan cada tres meses a un lugar nuevo.
El intercambio fue interesante y un poco dificil. Fue dificil decidir si el hombre estuviera desafiandome o simplemente hablando sobre los problemas de la pobreza y de desarrollo. Pero yo necesité decidir, en ese momento, que decir y como, sin parecer que yo no entendi nada. Fue el primer tiempo en cual yo tuve que responder tanto.

Saturday in Pedro Corto, there was a meeting of the organization council- the people were members and leaders of other groups in Pedro Corto and the surrounding area. One man was from San Juan. He was in the meeting because it was a platform to elect the next directive of the council.

After the introductions, this man said he wanted me to speak before the agenda began. So I spoke about Peace Corps- what types of work we do and that there are volunteers around the world etc. He knew Joan Peters and I explained that she is not a Peace Corps volunteer, but is with a church. Next, he spoke for a long time about how hard it is to do development work without resources, and, I think, asked me how I will work. I answered that I want to work together with the people in my site to decide the priorities of the problems, what it will be possible to do and how to earn funds. But he had more to say. He said there are a lot of people who say they are working for development- but they are not interested in the lives of the campesinos, that they are on a higher level and close their doors. Without a patron, the campesinos can't hope for much. By this time, I was a little tired of standing up, a little faint from hunger and a cold, but I answered. I said that I liked the Peace Corps because the volunteers live with the people in the same community for two years. They do not live on a higher level and they don't move to a new place every three months.

The exchange was interesting and a little difficult. It was difficult to decide if the man was challenging me or simply speaking about problems of poverty and development. But I had to decide in that moment, what to say and how without looking like I didn't understand anything. It was the first time that I had to respond so much.

Gerald

Dos sábado pasado, decidí parar hablar ingles porque estuvo destructivo a aprender español. Antes, mi resolución, sintiendo muy frustración. Sentí no aprendería español suficientemente que estaría útil en mi programa. Sentí necesito hacer más. Antonia había dicho que necesitamos hablar español todo el tiempo. Decidí ella estuvo correcto. Una vez que había hecho la resolución, sentí mucho
menor tensión mental aun cuando estuvo difícil para yo hablar español todo el tiempo. Ahora hablo español más o menos todo el tiempo excepto cuando es absolutamente necesario hablar inglés. Mi español es malo, pero aprendo.

[Two Saturdays ago, I decided to stop speaking English because it was destructive to learning Spanish. Before making my resolution, I was feeling a lot of frustration. I felt I would never learn Spanish enough to be useful in my program. I felt I needed to do more. Antonia had said that we needed to speak Spanish all the time. I decided that she was right. Once I had made the resolution, I felt much less mental tension even when it was difficult for me to speak Spanish all the time. Now I speak Spanish more or less all the time except when it is absolutely necessary to speak English. My Spanish is bad, but I will learn.]

G-2
Recientemente, mi novia y yo paseamos en el autobús como regresamos de nuestros fin de semana en Samaná y ella dijo me que una de las cosas (cualidades) que le gusta la mayoría sobre me es mi calma. Ella dijo que ella quiso ella estaría más similar a me y no se inquietaría sobre el pocos problemas de vida. Yo replicé que yo ensayo anticipar muchas cosas en la vida pero que aun planes la mayoría faltan. Así yo acepto que yo no puedo anticipar todas las cosas y no inquieto sobre esas cosas que yo no puedo gobernar. Tocante a esta fin de semana, mi filosofía es el mismo. Yo planeo tanto como posible, pero el resto yo tocaré de oído. Es una filosofía que ha estado próspero para me muchos tiempos en vida.

[Recently, my girlfriend and I were riding in the bus when we were coming back from our weekend in Samaná and she told me that one of the things (qualities) that she liked most in me was my calm. She said that she wished she was more like me and didn’t get worried about the little problems in life. I replied that I try to anticipate many things in life, but that even the majority of plans fail. Therefore, I accept that I cannot anticipate everything and don’t worry about the things that I cannot control. Touching on this weekend, my philosophy is the same. I plan as much as possible, but the rest I will play by ear. It is a philosophy that has benefited me many times in life.]

G-3
En Miami, mi profesor a entrenamiento me preguntaron escribir me necesidades que estuvo saliendo en los Estados Unidos. También, estuvo necesario que se como salir sin esas cosas. Escribí que familia estuvo una necesidad
importante a mi y que cartas estuve mi familia en el campo. Pero estoy aquí ahora, en la República Dominicana, y escribo muchas cartas pero cartas no esta mi familia. Cartas no esta bastante. He encontrado otra gente quien pueden estar mi familia, más o menos. Por ejemplo, mi familia dominicana esta mi familia aquí. Suertemente, mi familia dominicana esta muy simpático así ha estado fácil. He aprendido que necesita una familia de algún tipo, más o menos, si quiero estar contento.

[In Miami, my teachers in training asked me to write my needs that I was leaving behind in the United States. Also I needed to know how I would leave without these things. I wrote that family was an important need for me and that letters would be my family in the campo. I am here now in the Dominican Republic and I write many letters, but letters are not my family. Letters are not enough. I have met other people who can be my family more or less. For example, my Dominican family is my family here. Luckily, my Dominican family is very nice and so it has been easy. I have learned that I need a family of some sort, more or less, if I want to be happy.]

G-4

Concéi un hombre hoy que quiere ir a los Estados Unidos. Eso no es muy diferente. He conocido mucha gente que quiere dejar la República Dominicana por los Estados Unidos. Que era diferente era que esto hombre tenía un buen negocio y vivía cómodamente. Pregúntéle el por que el quería abandonar su negocio y comenzar otra vez en los Estados Unidos. El dijo que el quería comparar una casa mejor, un carro mejor, etc. Esta experiencia me causó pensar sobre mi experiencia de Cuerpo de Paz hasta ahora. Dejé los Estados Unidos para experimentar cosas muy diferente de la cultura de los Estados Unidos. Pero mi experiencia con esto hombre me ha causado creer que estoy me vadeando dentro un océano de experiencias nuevos, no me zambulliendo, porque mucha de la cultura aquí es modelado de la cultura de los Estados Unidos. Hay evidencia abundante de la influencia de los Estados Unidos en este país. Si quiero zambullirme dentro experiencias nuevos y muy diferente, debo ir más lejano. Pero quizás es mejor vadearme que zambullirme dentro de las culturas nuevas.

I met a man who wants to go to the United States. This is not very different. I have met a lot of people who wasn to leave the Dominican Republic for the United States. What was different was that this man had a good business and lived comfortably. I asked him why he wanted to abandon his business and start again in the United States. He said he
wanted to buy a better house, a better car, etc. This experience caused me to think about my experience with the Peace Corps so far. I left the United States to experience things very different from the culture of the United States. But my experience with this man has caused me to think that I am wading in an ocean of new experiences, not plunging in, because much of the culture here is modeled on the culture of the United States. There is abundant evidence of the influence of the United States in this country. If I want to plunge into new and very different experiences, I should go farther. But perhaps it is better to wade than plunge into new cultures.

Leanne

L-1
El sabado temprano en la mañana mi esposo y yo fuimos a la ciudad. Primero, nosotros nos desayunamos en Hotel Lina. El desayuno estuvo muy bueno y muy caro.

Entonces, nosotros visitamos el museo nacional de historia y geografía y el museo nacional de historia natural. Los museos son muy grande y interesante. Yo aprendo mucho por la República Dominicana y la gente en los museos. Por yo vivo y trabajo aquí por dos años esta importante yo comprendo el pais y la gente.

[Early Saturday morning, my husband and I went to the city. First, we ate breakfast at the Hotel Lina. The breakfast was very good and very expensive.

Then, we visited the National Museum of History and Geography and the National Natural History Museum. The museums are large and interesting. I learn a lot about the Dominican Republic and the people in the museums. For me to live and work here for two years, it is important that I understand the country and the people.]

L-2

Yo hablo y escribo en español con dificultad. Anoche yo estudié los verbos tiempos y otros palabras. Yo necesité ayuda con las palabras y las pronunciaciones de las palabras.

Mi mama tiene una visita. La niña tiene diez años y la niña estuvo aburrida.

Entonces, la niña ayudé me con las palabras en español. Después yo aprendi mas palabras y la niña no tiene aburrida.

Yo ayudé la niña y la niña mi ayudó tambien.
I speak and write Spanish with difficulty. Last night I studied the verb tenses and other words. I needed help with the words and the pronunciations of the words.

My mother had a visitor. The girl was ten years old and the girl was bored.

So the girl helped me with the words in Spanish. I learned more words and the girl was not bored.
I helped the girl and the girl helped me too.

L-3
Este fin de semana pasada yo fui a la Azua. En Azua, yo visité mi esposo y otro personas en la programa animales pequeños. Yo llegué el viernes en la tarde. El visitó una familia de campesino por dos días. La familia están muy pobre. Por ejemplo, solamente una cama y no luz y no lámpara. El dijo la familia trabajaron mucho por un poco dinero.

En el sabado nosotros hablamos y caminamos y comimos. La grupo trabajaron por tres oras en la tarde.
Yo volvi a Las Matas el Domingo en la tarde. En tres días, Ralph y el grupo llegan aquí también.

Me gusta el fin de semana pasada porque me no gusta vivir sin mi esposo.

[Last weekend I went to Azua. In Azua, I visited my husband and other people in the small animals program. I arrived on Friday afternoon. He [had] visited a campesino family for two days. The family was very poor. For example, only one bed and no electricity and no lanterns. He said the family worked very hard for very little money.

Saturday, we talked and walked and ate. The group worked for three hours in the afternoon.
I came back to Las Matas Sunday afternoon. In three days, Ralph and the group will arrive here too.
I liked last weekend because I don't like to live without my husband."

L-4
Los profesors trabajan mucho en la escuela en La Estancia. La trabajo esta difícil sin libros y otro materiales. Tienen la pizarra y tiza solamente y uno libro por el profesor. las clases esta muy grande. La ejemplo, una clase tiene cincuenta las estudiantes. Esta seis profesores en la escuela. Esta no clases de musica o arte o drama o educaciòn fisico.

Mas gente aquí están pobre así mas estudiantes sin las cuadernos y los lapizes y las plumas y las uniformes. Algunas estudiantes llegan a la escuela sin desayuno, también. Algunas estudiantes caminan dos o tres kilómetros a la escuela. La planta fisica necesita esta reparar y pintura.
The teachers work a lot in the school in La Estancia. The work is hard without books and other materials. They have only the blackboard and chalk and a book for the teacher. The classes are very large. For example, one class has 50 students. There are six teachers in the school. There are no music, art, drama or gym classes.

More people here are poor so more students don't have notebooks, pencils, pens and uniforms. Some students come to school without breakfast, too. Some students walk two or three kilometers to school. The building needs to be repaired and painted.

L-5

La Estancia tiene una clínica gobierno. Este comunidad tiene una población uno mil y es cuatro y media kilómetros de Las Matas. La mayoría trabajan en agricultura y mucho gente son pobre.

La clínica tiene dos doctors. Las doctors trabajar uno año después graduación. Ellos trabajan in parte por sus educación.

Las mujeres dan a luz en el hospital en Las Matas pero reciben información control de la natalidad en la clínica en La Estancia. La información es gratis.

Los niños en la comunidad reciben vacunas en la clínica. Ellos reciben DPT, polio y sarampión.

La clínica no tiene clases de salud por la gente. Una persona muy infermo es refirió al hospital en Las Matas.

Las problemas de salud que más común son gastroenteritis, enfermedades respiratorias, enfermedades de la piel, y hipertensión arterial.

Las personas no necessitan pagar algo en la clínica. Yo pienso, La Estancia es afortunado tener la clínica porque otros comunidades no tiene una clínica o un doctor y la gente no ayuda por emergencias.

La Estancia has a government clinic. This community has a population of 1,000 and is four and a half kilometers from Las Matas. The majority work in agriculture and many people are poor.

The clinic has three doctors. The doctors work for one year after graduation. They work in part for their education. The woman give birth in the hospital in Las Matas but receive information about birth control in the clinic in La Estancia. The information is free.

The children in the community receive vaccines in the clinic. They receive vaccines for DPT, polio and measles. The clinic doesn't have health classes for the people. A very sick person is referred to the hospital in Las Matas.

The most common health problems are gastroenteritis,
respiratory infections, skin diseases and hypertension. People don't need to pay anything in the clinic. I think La Estancia is lucky to have the clinic because other communities don't have a clinic or a doctor and people don't have help in emergencies.
Antes de ir a la República Dominicana, no pensaba que existiría el racismo aquí. Pero el fin de semana pasado visité a Dahabon en la frontera y descubrí una condición sorprendente. La voluntaria me enseñó la frontera y las condiciones más pobres al otro lado en Haití. Me explicó que cuando vienen los Haitianos a la República Dominicana, los Dominicanos los menosprecian.

Pero no es solamente un problema del racismo entre los Haitianos y los Dominicanos. En la República Dominicana misma las personas de piel más blanca reciben más respeto. La voluntaria a quien visité es negro y no recibe piropos como los otros voluntarios americanos. Nadie quiere casarse con ella. Peor que eso, recibe insultos porque no tiene "pelo bueno" como otros americanos. Cuando estábamos caminando, un tigre le dijo a ella, "¿Eres mujer o varón?"

La voluntaria me explicó que esta actitud tiene que ver también con la imagen poderosa de los EEUU aquí. Dijo ella, "Los Dominicanos piensan que siempre lo blanco es lo mejor. [Aun prefieren los pollos blancos!" Esta actitud afecta su trabajo aquí como voluntaria en la educación comunitaria. Piensa ella que los niños no quieren aprender. "No quieren mejorar su propio país. En vez de esto prefieren ir a los EEUU."

Por supuesto esto no es un problema único a la República Dominicana. Tal vez tiene sus orígenes en las actitudes de los poderes coloniales como los EEUU. Y ahora existe el racismo en los EEUU, Africa y en todo el mundo.

Before coming to the Dominican Republic, I didn't think racism would exist here. But last weekend I visited Dahabon on the border and discovered a surprising condition. The volunteer showed me the border and the poorer conditions on the other side in Haiti. She explained to me that when the Haitians come to the Dominican Republic, the Dominicans don't value them.

But it isn't only a problem of racism between Haitians and the Dominicans. Within the Dominican Republic, the people with lighter skin receive more respect. The volunteer I visited is black and doesn't get catcalls like the other American volunteers. No one wants to marry her. Worse than this, she receives insults because she doesn't have "good hair" like the other Americans. When we were walking, one tigre said to her, "Are you male or female?"
The volunteer explained to me that this attitude is related to the powerful image of the United States here. She said, "The Dominicans think that white is always better. They even prefer white chickens!" This attitude affects her work here as a volunteer in community education. She thinks that the children don't want to learn. "They don't want to better their own country. They would prefer to go to the USA."

Of course this is not a problem unique to the Dominican Republic. Maybe it has its origins in the attitudes of the colonial powers like the United States. And now racism exists in the US, Africa and the whole world.