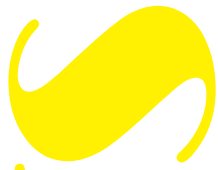


Zambitious

June 2014

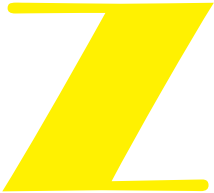




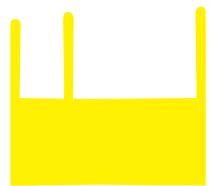
3 Dear Reader



4 Letter from the Editor



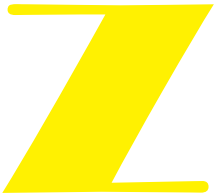
5 Show me a Peace Corps Volunteer



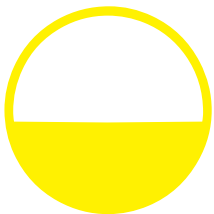
7 Ask Ambuya



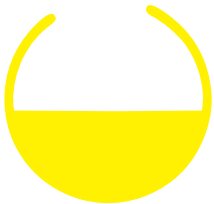
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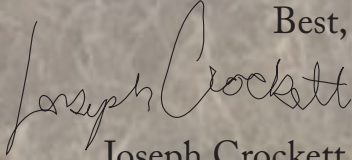
Cover Photo Courtesy of Matt Young

Dear Reader,

There are many words in the Zamglish language- that second dialect that we learn in Zambia to converse with other volunteers. Words such as “Zambush”, “Zamdrink”, and “Zamtime” puncture our conversations like holes in a leaky thatch roof. I admire all the slang, but most dear to me is *Zambition*. Though the term can be used in a derogative fashion, I prefer to think of it in a positive light: *Zambition* is the unquenchable drive in the face of towering obstacles. In other words, being a volunteer.

What you see before you is the result of that enduring spirit. Volunteers from across Zambia have contributed articles, essays, and stories for this magazine because we hope that we can create something that will not fade quickly from memory. We want this magazine to grow as more volunteers are inspired to publish their creativity. I hope as *Zambitious* expands, to showcase more volunteer’s short stories, poetry, essays, reviews and eventually enough content that it can be sent out monthly.

This isn’t the *New Yorker* or *The Economist*, so please don’t expect that level of professionalism. Even so, read carefully, and you will see the care and heart that the writers put into their work. The stories within will make you laugh, think, question, and perhaps even cry, but more than anything, I hope it inspires *Zambition*.

Best,

 Joseph Crockett
 Zambitious Director

letter from the editor

YEWOW!

From humble beginnings to world travels, I am a t-shirt and jeans kind of girl. Having grown up in the border town of El Paso, Texas, I was not only exposed at a young age to a melting pot of culture, but also to the economic and social hardships of an unstable country. This helped shape who I am, fueled my passion to help others, and sparked my curiosity about the world.

Worlds away from home, my life is now confined to a small (but pretty darn cute) mud hut tucked away in the rolling hills of Chipata, Eastern Province. As a LIFE volunteer, my work is focused on improved gardening, conservational farming, and agroforestry – at least on paper. In reality, my work can more accurately be described as part-time babysitter, professional goat chaser, full-time gardener, village manicurist, proud new puppy mama, and constant enabler of women’s empowerment.

Oh, and your Zambitious Editor-in-Chief, of course.

Over the last few months, I’ve had the privilege of working with volunteers in each of the four programs across the country. It’s been a trip sorting through and designing all of your articles, and learning about the unique experiences each of you has had to share. Through each of the articles, I’ve noticed a common thread – whether funny, inspirational or informational, they all come from the heart. They each display the resourcefulness, creativity and sense of humor only a Peace Corps Volunteer can have, especially one who poops in a hole on the daily.

As you read through this first issue of Zambitious, I hope you recognize the hardwork, heart, and passion put into the making of it. I also hope it inspires you to be Zambitious in your service as a Zambia Peace Corps Volunteer.

Rock on,

Bailey Rose Eiland
aka Tipilire Sakala



SHOW ME

a Peace Corps Volunteer

A collaboration by Hannah Harrison & Matt Young

Show me a Peace Corps volunteer and I'll show you people of all colors, ages, and creeds. I'll show you men and women and people who are sitting in between. I'll show you daughters, sons, mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers, all of whom have left those families to find new ones across the world.

Show me a Peace Corps volunteer and I'll show you someone who knows illness, misery, cold, heat, and crawling infestations of a thousand varieties. I'll show you someone who has become intimate with infection, friendly with fungus, and can compare the viscosity of fecal matter over a meal. I'll show you someone who gave up deodorant long ago, and subscribes to "it's clean enough" more often than not. Show me a Peace Corps volunteer and I'll show you someone who hand-scrubs their one collared shirt every night in order to be presentable before their tribal leadership, their classroom full of eager students, or their government official. I'll show you someone who boils their water to bathe, filters it to drink, and sweats to haul it home.

Show me a Peace Corps volunteer and I'll show you hair that's too long, a bike

that's too seldomly maintained, and an entire wardrobe that hasn't been washed in weeks.

Show me a Peace Corps volunteer and I'll show you someone who has faced fear, change, animosity, and misunderstanding. I'll show you someone who looks at those obstacles as learning opportunities, even if it is just learning to cry at the end of the day for all that didn't work.

Show me a Peace Corps volunteer and I'll show you people driven to purpose, to change, to throwing themselves whole-heartedly into their work and living it out, each and every single day of their service. I'll show you someone who is up at the crack of dawn to dig a fish pond and burns the candle late writing grants and letters home. I'll show you someone who knows when, sometimes, it's better to take the day off and play with the kids than to go to yet another meeting. I'll show you someone who, when they do hold meetings, may wait for hours for no one to show up, but will keep showing up themselves in case someone finally does.

Show me a Peace Corps volunteer and I'll show you someone who knows that even the most impoverished person can be rich.

Show me a Peace Corps volunteer and I'll show you someone who has tried nine different ways to cook an egg. Only one of them has little bits of shell still in it.

Show me a Peace Corps volunteer and I'll show you someone who knows great frustration but also great love. I'll show you a person who knows the greatest extent of hopelessness after another sleepless night next to their pit latrine, and I'll show you the great depths of compassion when a friend brings medicine.

Show me a Peace Corps volunteer and I'll show you ecstatic joy, bitter cynicism, and crushing despair. I'll show you blind optimism, deadening restlessness, and persevering hope. Sometimes all in the same day.

Show me a Peace Corps volunteer and I'll show you a 55-year-old divorced mother of three who has weathered some of life's greatest challenges — getting married, raising children, reentering the workforce at the age of 40 — and who is now throwing herself head-first into another. I'll show you a 22-year-old who just graduated from college last semester and has the world at his fingertips. I'll show you a 65-year-old retired widower coming back for a third tour of Peace Corps, driven by a new chapter in life.

Show me a group of Peace Corps volunteers and I'll show you someone who is Haitian American from Washington D.C., someone who is Japanese American from Hawaii, someone who is Pakistani American from the San Francisco Bay Area, someone who is Irish American from Georgia, someone who is Mexican American from Los Angeles,

and someone who is Italian American from New Jersey. All of whom are called, without variation or discrimination, "white foreigner."

Show me a Peace Corps volunteer and I'll show you a sense of humor warped by 18 months' worth of poop jokes and a vocabulary honed on a collection of novels large enough to make a lit major turn green with envy.

“Even the most impoverished person can be rich”

Show me a Peace Corps volunteer and I'll show you a person who wants to change the world. I'll show you a person

who gets easily frustrated because she has high expectations for herself and doesn't want to let her community down. I'll show you a person who is idealistic and enthusiastic and dedicated and determined and maybe a little bit naive. I'll show you a person who fails at changing the world. But I'll show you a person who has come to realize just how much her world has changed her. And I'll show you a world that is ever so slightly better for it.

Show me a Peace Corps volunteer and I'll show you a citizen of the global community. Someone who can never go home again, or see the world as they did before their service. Someone who was once a child, staring at the finger pointing toward the sky. Now, they look and see the moon.

Hannah Harrison:

<http://hannahgoesfishing.wordpress.com/>

Matt Young:

<http://fishinginzambia.wordpress.com/>

Ask Ambuya

By Amanda Bruesch

Q: Why are villages so different from province to province? For example, villages in Eastern Province are clumped together, villages in Central Province are spread out, and villages in Southern Province are orderly -- what causes these differences?

A: In general when speaking about differences between provinces, we have to look at the history of the tribes that have settled in that area. In Southern Province, the Tongas are known for being the original Zambians and have inhabited the land longer than other tribes. They have had more time to organize village structures, and because the Tongas practice polygamy an entire village can sometimes consist

of a single family. We also have to consider how Tongas use open spaces to herd cattle.

Central Province is large and spread-out, but don't be fooled, a lot of villages still tend to be clustered close to the Great North Road. And as far as Eastern Province is concerned, it tends to have more areas of concentrated populations because of the amount of immigrants coming from Mozambique and Malawi.

And village structures can even vary widely within the same district, based on multiple factors like access to water sources, amount and quality of farmable land, and proximity to infrastructure like roads and markets or major buildings like churches, schools, or clinics.

Q: What is an acceptable gift for the bride of a Zambian wedding?

A: If you're going to a bridal shower, a traditional gift is one of several kitchen items (hence the colloquial name "kitchen party"). These can include brooms, braziers, a family pot (that big pot all Zambians make nshima in), wooden spoons, glasses, or nice tea cups. If you want to keep it simple, a wooden spoon and some pots are very acceptable.

As far as the wedding is concerned, it's encouraged to give the newlyweds things that they will need for their house. This can include bedding, small furniture, solar lights, and the most popular gift of all, wall clocks. You can also never go wrong with something sentimental like a framed photo of the couple or something that you had your heart set on getting them. It's a gift after all, and I'm sure they will be grateful for anything that you decide upon.

Q: I am dating a Zambian man. However, I find myself attracted to a fellow volunteer. What should I do? If I should break up with the Zambian, what's the best way of doing it?

A: First, take a breath. Maybe two. This is a good time to think over how you really feel about your current relationship. At this point, don't worry about your perfectly healthy attraction to another person. This can be a

harmless thought as long as nothing has been pursued. (If it is already "messy," I strongly encourage condoms.) I'm a big fan of respect. If you listen to your heart and it says that you want to end the relationship, you should do just that. Would you want a partner that didn't want you? Out of respect for yourself and your partner, set him free. Let him begin the healing process that you may have already begun.

“If it all goes down like a Jerry Springer episode, you should probably get a cat, chocolate, wine, a Nicholas Sparks book, and a really good back massager”

Breaking up with someone is never easy; assuming that you can gauge the reaction of this man, it may be wise to choose a setting accordingly. Try to be sensitive, honest, and

clear. It may help to write out the things you need to say. Consider the kind of relationship you want to have with this gentleman post break-up and be sure to explain your boundaries while still respecting his. This process can sometimes take a few days because both parties may have mixed feelings or questions.

Be patient and have a good friend for support. If it all goes down like a Jerry Springer episode, you should probably get a cat, chocolate, wine, a Nicholas Sparks book, and a really good back massager.

*With love,
Ambuya*



By Bailey Rose Eiland

It was the question I never expected to get. I currently live in a world where sitting on a reed mat, shelling peanuts, and making the occasional trip to the borehole is your best bet of receiving both information and entertainment simultaneously. A world where electricity is but a whisper of development just out of reach. A world where “www” is just three simple letters and “dotcom” could easily be your child’s name.

So when Kalaba Elifas, one of my village counterparts, asked me to teach him how to use the internet, I was a little thrown back. This was great. No, this was wonderful. What’s more, it was eye opening.

The ordeal made me realize how much we take the simple things for granted in our social medi-ed, Wikipedia-ed, ain’t-got-time-if-it-ain’t-dsl-speeded, westernized world.

After about an hour of slowly explaining things like “scroll down,” “links,” and Google (in a mixture of English and Nyanja), Kalaba was surfing the web. Finally, Kalaba was set up with his very own first Gmail account. It took a few attempts – unfortunately, “farmer@gmail” was unavailable as was the password, “12345678” – but we worked out the kinks and BAM. Done. Mission Email complete.

The whole reason behind Kalaba’s desire to learn the web was so he could email the Peace Corps volunteer I replaced, Tom. The two were friends and I know Kalaba misses him. So when I told Kalaba that we could send Tom a message, he was absolutely mind blown. He thought it was especially great that not only could he message Tom, but Tom could see it and respond right away.

I don’t know why the ordeal surprised me so much.

“Our world is evolving at a rapid pace, and why shouldn’t rural Zambia want to be a part of it too?”

Our world is evolving at a rapid pace, and why shouldn’t rural Zambia want to be a part of it too? I came here to bring development. And truth be told, the internet is just as much development in today’s world as farming techniques, watering

holes and cultural lessons.

Ultimately, seeing the huge grin on Kalaba’s face when he learned he could suddenly talk to an old friend worlds away – well, that was Instagramable, Facebook statusable, Tweetable, and downright blogable.

GETTING TO KNOW OUR NEIGHBORS :

Demystifying the Dark History of the Congo

Sam Blohowiak | Northwestern Province

As PCVs we are forbidden to travel there, we hear dark stories of theft, murder and rape. Yet many of us, especially those volunteers in Northwestern, Luapula and Central Provinces live within a casual bike ride of its shadowy borders. The Democratic Republic of Congo has an interesting history stricken with violence and war since before its independence in 1960.

THE
CONGOLESE
SEEN BY
THEIR
TRIBAL
ZAMBIAN
BROTHERS

Zambians first say “Kwiji” - “I don’t know” when asked about the Congo, and look at me curiously waiting for me to tell them the latest rumor about our notorious neighbors. Then as we get into it a bit further, I realize there is a wealth of encyclopedic knowledge including dates of events and names. They tell me about the people, favoring the Katangese, who live just across the border and are our tribal kin. They tell me that Katanga holds two thirds of the copper belt’s total wealth and is where the Lunda Paramount Chief resides. The people have only known war I’m told, so they are rough people, they pretend to be nice when they come to Zambia and they are treated well but if you go to visit that side you will not receive reciprocal good will.

I hear often of the Zambian and Zimbabwean truck drivers that have been murdered recently, also of the hunters who were regularly butchered after stumbling across a hiding militia in the bush. Throughout Zambia, when something is stolen or goes missing the Congolese are automatically to blame, even when the evidence clearly says otherwise.

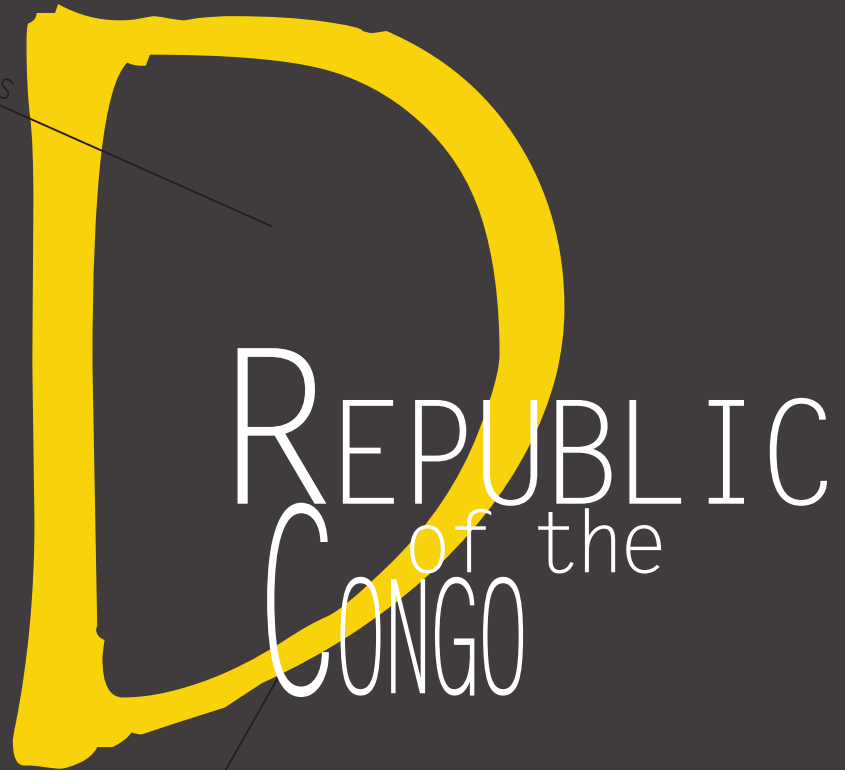
Everything that is produced in Ikelenge is sold at the boarder at great prices; I wonder why their buying power is so great when there are said to be zero jobs available. I'm assured that although the Congolese are terrible agriculturists they are great entrepreneurs and business people. So they find ways to buy and sell pineapples, goats, chickens, maize, tomatoes, dogs, and any thing else they can think of to sell to the many mining communities which dominate the Katanga province. To Zambia, they sell things like, motorbikes and parts, bicycles, beer, electronics and other small commodities.

Since my incredible Amama and her family are from the Congo, my Atata has to be reminded that there are some good Congolese, even great in my experience.



BELGIUM COLONIZATION

Kongo colonization begins when King Leopold II of Belgium commissions it as his own private venture. Europe officially recognizes Leopold's control over Kongo in 1885. During Leopold's rule millions of Congolese are said to have been murdered or worked to death at his hand. The last places conquered and brought under colonial control are Eastern Congo and Katanga, this is telling of the tenacious independence shown by these areas throughout the rest of the 20th century and into the present. As protests grow around Leopold, the Belgian state annexes the Congo and eventually sets up a long term plan to increase Congolese self government. Prior to the arrival of Europeans and especially Leopold, the Congolese are already governing themselves. With their own system of traditional chiefs and leaders which is destroyed in favor of first a totalitarian dictator, then a colonial democracy. To this day the western model of democracy is proving impotent in this central African society.



CONGO INDEPENDENCE/ KATANGA SECEDES

In 1959 nationalist riots and rebellions start to pop up with greater frequency around the capital city. By 1960 the Belgians decide they can no longer manage and the Congo gains its independence. Joseph Kasa-vubu is democratically elected President while the runner up in the fledgling nation's first election, Patrice Lumumba is asked to set up a government as the first Prime Minister.

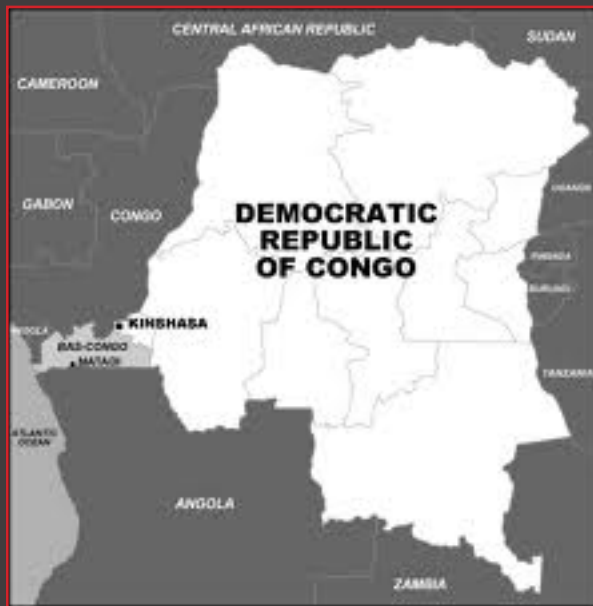
1960

CONGO INDEPENDENCE/ KATANGA SECEDES CONT.

Kasa-vubu is threatened by Lumumba's popularity and so Kasa-vubu and Lumumba begin trying to dismiss each other from power. This turbulence has two immediate effects: Katanga province decides it prefers stable ties with Europe and secedes; and General Joseph Mobutu leads the Congolese army to mutiny against the new government. Mobutu reinstates Kasavubu as President, who quickly has the national icon Lumumba arrested and held until his violent execution. Lumumba is the one figure from this period who reminds me of one of our own American founding fathers. During the push for independence he was an inspiring orator, pamphleteer, and manager of a brewery. There is an old Zambian song in Kikaonde by Emanuel Mulemena which pays tribute to and asks what happened to the lyrics: "ba - "his eyes were later dropped in by a Belgian firing military camp.

The new Moise Tshombe, are "choosing and asked that to Katanga. great wealth his military very Belgians and vubu requests

who a year later steps in to disarm the Katangese soldiers. Tshombe, still with total support of Katanga agrees to end the secession and joins Kasa-vubu as Prime Minister of the Congo in 1964. In case the political situation changes away from his favor, Tshombe privately sends some of his elite forces to live in Angola rather than be assimilated into the national army.



Lumumba, including musabawile mwenso" pricked out". He is acid and finally killed squad in a Katanga

president of Katanga, states that they order over chaos" the Belgians return Tshombe who had at his disposal has well trained by the also in Angola. Kasa-help from the UN,

1960 - 1965

CUBANS IN CONGO

During these early years there are rebellions cropping up throughout the country with the exception of Katanga province which is currently getting its way. There is a sort of alliance between the different rebel factions although there is a complete lack of cooperation or communication. Che Guevara discusses this issue thoroughly in his African Diaries. Following a successful rebellion in Cuba, Guevara and 200 highly trained and experienced Cuban soldiers arrive with finances, weapons, and Marxist ideals. Writing to Castro in his serious Congo project, there is not the victory or the revolution that in, writing that many armed enough soldiers." He also notes that there is dissent among the leadership, which is usually getting drunk in Dar es Salaam. At one point, Guevara reports an incident where a group of pro-government Tshombist fighters from Katanga land in a strategically important area where a major-general of the revolution and no fewer than 1,000 armed men give the area up nearly without a fight. As he writes of "the [negative] way in which the groups in this area relate to one another," I am reminded of the tribal rifts that are thankfully absent here in Zambia. Che and his men soon evacuate both the Congo and the mission by boat to Tanzania and back to Cuba.

“The people have only known war, I’m told, so they are a rough people.”

1965 to admit doubts about the he observes that commitment to higher cause of Che so believed "There are too men and not

MOBUTU RISES

1965

The government in power is centralized, pro western, and very open market, allowing mining companies and other foreign interests into the Congo. For Che it is a fight for societal ideology, for the Congolese it is about tribal and political Patronage. Government positions and mining jobs are given to those loyal to Kasavubu and Tshombe. Amongst the turmoil and rebellion, General Mobutu’s views diverge from the administration and for the second time in less then 5 years Mobutu successfully ousts Kasavubu. This time he elects himself president.

WE ARE

CIMO

CINE

By Matt Young

The Same Thing:

We are cimo cine

It just got dark. The village all around me is alive with the sounds of children playing and laughing, women calling across to one another, men returning from their fields, bicycles rattling by on the path outside my hut, chickens clucking, long-legged crickets chirping. The sounds of rural Africa.

I had thought I would be alone in my village for two years. I had read that being in the Peace Corps would be mentally and emotionally isolating, and so I tried to mentally and emotionally prepare myself for isolation. But how wrong I was. I'm the farthest thing from being alone in my village. Every other person in the village is here too.

Yes, I am the only American for a 6-kilometer radius. I'm starting to realize though that this is an arbitrary distinction based more on the set of criteria that I use to identify myself than on any inherent

characteristics that I have. It's this assumption, this inherent belief that my differences and not my similarities are what define me, that I'm trying to change in myself. That the Peace Corps as an institution is trying to change, I think, in both America and in countries across the world, one village at a time. It is a simple lesson but a resounding one: we are more alike than we can at first imagine.

There's a phrase in Bemba, cimo cine, which means the same, or the same thing. I use it surprisingly often considering that I live in a place where I am the most different person my neighbors have ever encountered for longer than the time it takes a car to zoom past the village, in a culture where men readily hold hands in public even though husbands and wives never touch each other during the day and I haven't seen a bare thigh since Labor Day of last year.

It actually comes out a lot in conversation with people when I'm trying to describe myself and have already said I'm not married and do not have children. Okay, so I don't cook nshima and my Bemba stumbles along like an elderly man with a bum knee. (We both eventually get to where we want to go, but it takes much longer than it should and there's a lot of gesturing involved.) But rather than noting my different skin tone, different hair texture and length, different eye shape, look instead at our similarities! I want to cry out, unsure whether it's them or me who I really am trying to convince.

Look as I walk along the same bush paths that you take to get to your fields, cook at the same time as your wife and sister and mother, on the same brazier they use, with the same charcoal. Observe that I draw water from the same well, buy the same tomatoes and the same cabbage from the roadside. Watch as we laugh at the same things, greet each other in the same manner, shield our eyes from the same sun, complain

good-naturedly about the same heat, and then gripe about the same morning chill the next day.

And begin to see, slowly, but certainly, that the product of our similarities is greater than the sum of our differences. To know that I am not alone here. To realize that we are cimo cine. We are, in the ways that matter most, the same.

The principal of the nearby school stopped by to visit yesterday and asked how I was settling into village life. When I said that things were going great and I was adjusting well, he asked with concern, "But isn't it difficult living all by yourself, being here alone?"

I looked down at the children crowded around our feet, glanced over at the men laying bricks for the foundation of the new house next door, looked past them at the women drawing water from the well. My well. Our well.

I smiled. "I'm the farthest thing from being alone."



THE BETTER HUTS & GARDENS QUIZ



Name: JOY (DOUGIE) DOUGLAS
Province: eastern
Intake: LIFE 2013

Hut Nickname:

THE COTTAGE

My Hut is best described as:

- a. a humble abode
- b. the Love Shack
- c. the Addam's Family Mansion
- d. two sticks and some plastic

My hut layout is:

airy & open - one large common room, a bedroom & a shower room, plus one massive nsaka/iwe fortress/chicken roost.

The grossest thing in my hut is:

- a. a pee wall
 - b. the typical unwanted freeloader (termites, fruit flies, rat poop, etc)
 - c. my foul smelling Chacos
 - d. my hut is so clean, I can eat off the floors
- all OF THE TERMITES!



We can't all be Martha Stewart, MacGyver & Tim Allen rolled into one; had any home improvement catastrophes worth sharing?

I KNOCKED OUT ABOUT 1/4 OF A WALL TRYING TO INSTALL SCREENS ON MY WINDOWS - WHOOPS! LUCKILY, THE REPAIR MATERIAL WAS IN STOCK...

What has been the most worthwhile home improvement/AT addition to your hut?

I BUILT A SHOWER IN MY SPARE ROOM. LOVE IT!

The most useful item I inherited from the volunteer I replaced is:

TABLE & BOOKSHELF (SHE LEFT A COUCH & TWO CATS, TOO. THE CATS HAVE CLAIMED THE COUCH AS THEIR OWN.)

If I could go back and bring one thing from America for my hut, it would be:

- a. my dog
- b. a good set of kitchen knives
- c. my housemaid
- d. my dignity

During rainy season, my hut is comparable to: SWAMP

- a. an ocean front property
 - b. the aftermath of Katrina
 - c. Merlin's tower with pots and pans
 - d. dry as a bone
- TOO SOON! :(

When packing for Zambia, what was the one thing you brought to put in your hut that you just couldn't live without?

a GOOD KITCHEN KNIFE!

The meals I cook most often in my hut can best be compared to:

- a. Taco Bell
 - b. nshima, all day every day
 - c. one pot special
 - d. Paula Deen... would you like some food with that butter??
- IT'S A TIE!

