

show for it when I returned home.

7/17: God, I went a whole day without writing in here. Amazing. That's because I worked all day yesterday. I worked with C a couple of hours in the morning and then spent about six hours in the afternoon and evening working on the data. Jesus. I never work like this. It's a little frustrating... I'm having trouble getting verb tenses and stuff out of him. He doesn't get the idea of paradigms at all...

I don't know what I'm doing. Face it.

7/18: I also feel like I don't know what I'm doing, in terms of my work here. I feel so at sea. What am I investigating? How do I do it? I haven't the vaguest.

*During the early period of fieldwork, anxiety that builds up tends to be free floating. It relates to environmental stresses, health concerns, and self-image, with fears of rejection by the community, feelings of inadequacy in collecting essential data, and fears of failure in completing the planned research. (Wintrob 1969:67)*

One thing that I expected that I actually did *not* find was unwanted attention from men. I had been in enough big cities in Mexico to know what to expect along those lines, but it did not happen in Chalcatongo, at least not from the locals. They watched me, certainly, but it was more like being an animal in a zoo than a woman being ogled by men.

Unfortunately, there were a few men there from bigger cities, and they did give me some trouble. One in particular was a real problem. He would get drunk and pound on my door, and say strange things to me. At times I felt completely confined to my room—that it simply was not safe to go out. This was especially problematic since of course the bathroom was across the courtyard.

7/31: God I hate this [place]. I went out to go to the bathroom & this guy who lives in one of the rooms here accosted me. He's drunk off his ass, mumbling, making gestures with his hands while looking at me meaningfully. I tried & tried to listen & understand—finally I started trying to leave. He kept saying no, no, mumble mumble. Finally I just told him I can't understand drunk men, and walked off. Came into my room & just pounded the walls. Now he's 'singing.' I hate drunks ... I can't stop crying. I hate this [place] and I want to go home. NOW. TODAY. Goddamn it. I was going to go out for a walk but now I feel like I'm a prisoner in this room. I guess I could go out & make a beeline for the front door—ignore him. Besides, I can't go out till I stop crying... I hate this [place].

8/1: The drunk guy came and knocked on my door late last night. He kept mumbling 'Préstame revista' [loan me a magazine]. I kept telling him I didn't have any revistas. Finally he said, then a book. I told him I only had books in English & he said to give him one of those. So I gave him 'The Groves of Academe' by Mary McCarthy. I thought it was hilarious. So this morning he brought it back... He was still drunk, said, 'mumble mumble'—I'm sure telling me how much he enjoyed the book. He's been drunk all day today, too—singing obnoxiously, staggering around. UGH. He's been hanging out some with [the neighbour], who's probably drunk too, although luckily I haven't seen him up close enough to tell. They make me ill. It's not the fact of drunkenness—shit, I like to get smashed, myself, sometimes. It's just the way they get. The way the asshole has been drunk for 2 days now ... I hate 'em.