

p. 463 I almost immediately became covered in little red bites from invisible insects. No bug spray or lotion helped, and this continued for the entire time I was there. My room was also filled with flies. I got very good at killing them, and it became one of my favourite forms of entertainment. My record was 41 in one evening.

7/15: I'm all covered in red bumps. They hardly itch at all. I wonder what it is. I guess I should spray my bed.

7/17: Now they itch. They keep me awake at night. I sprayed my bed. I cover myself in insect repellent twice a day, to no avail. Ugh.

7/23: My bites kept me up all night. I kept waking up scratching. And I woke up with a bunch of new ones. I even put [the] super-repellent on before I went to bed. I put it on again this morning. I don't know why, it doesn't seem to work. Nothing does...

26 more days...

8/3: I just killed 15 flies—there are easily twice as many again in my room. [Later]: And I have now killed 34 flies in my room. Lots left.

8/4: I woke up yesterday morning with a line of 12 bites going up from my knee. My legs, below the knee, are just completely polka-dotted... But the big problem is sleeping. They keep me awake at night. And then I wake up scratching sometimes—ugh. It's so awful. They're mainly on my legs. I got three on my stomach, and a couple of weeks ago a bunch on one arm but other than that it's been the legs only. These fleas are leg-men. Assuming they're fleas. That's what everyone tells me. Invisible fleas, though.

I did manage to find consultants fairly easily, but they stood me up all the time.<sup>4</sup> Of course the notion of scheduling appointments was not quite the same to the people I was dealing with as it was to me, with my Midwestern expectations of promptness and politeness. If the consultant wasn't available, the day was shot for me—it was very hard to get people to agree to work without at least a day's notice.

7/19: I worked with C again this morning and have been working all day since on transcribing and also going through my data. I don't believe how much I work. I guess when there's nothing else to do... If I ever want to write a dissertation, I know where to come.

7/23: Oh shit. C stood me up again. I haven't done any eliciting in days and I'm getting bored. Besides, I have so much planned that I want to do.

7/24: Now I've got a lot to write about. But no time, since I have my hot date at 2:00, and it's 1:45... I was sitting here working (C stood me up again) and M came and knocked on the door and asked if I wanted to do some work. How wonderful. I was just feeling upset about not doing enough eliciting. So now I have tons of tape to go over ... and of course I'm just writing in here.

*The fieldworker finds himself writing letters of a length and intensity of feeling that is not at all characteristic of him. Or the fieldworker finds that he is spending most of his time dictating into his tape recorder and typing it up in field notes. (Wintrob 1969: 67)*

p. 464 Then there was my work itself: the more I worked on the language, the more incompetent I felt. I had terrible fears that I was putting myself through this torture for nothing—that there would be no results to