

7/17: Food is such a problem here. Yesterday I went to the one restaurant I know of and had: a small plate of greasy rice, tortillas (homemade wheat ones, not good at all), a main dish of—get this—breaded pork knuckle? They told me it was pata de puerco. Well, all it was was bone and gristle with breading over it, and red sauce of some questionable origin. Oh yeah and a tiny plate of beans. Not even black beans—pinto beans. Maybe today I'll get up my nerve and go see if that other place I spotted really is a restaurant. It's sort of hard to tell. No sign, nothing painted outside on the wall.

7/18: Today was mini-market day. On Sunday, there's a small market—about 1/2 the size of Thursday's. I bought bread and tomatoes and mangos and bananas. So I don't have to eat at the foul restaurants. Actually yesterday I did try the other restaurant and it was better. I just had eggs and beans (black beans—yay!) and tortillas. That was a hell of a lot better than breaded pig's knuckles. I'm glad I had eggs—I don't think I'm getting any protein.

7/24: Today I had the first good food I've had [here]—at my eggs & beans restaurant. It was mole verde [green sauce]—with chicken, potatoes, and squash floating around in it. I asked if it was real hot, knowing full well it was a stupid question, & they said no, no. Of course I almost died it was so hot. But it was good.

*Malnutrition...is produced by failure to consume adequate food. This can be related to the availability of food in the fieldwork environment, and also sometimes to the difficulty of transporting food supplies from outside sources to the research site. (Howell 1990: 75)*

[The other side of the coin—a fieldworker who gained 30 pounds]: *In the face of extreme isolation from familiar social and intellectual sources of emotional satisfaction ... an intensification of dependency needs was inevitable. Since it was essential that she not openly express her frustration and anger..., she attempted to relieve her insecurity by eating. (Wintrob 1969: 66)*

p. 462 Second, it was the rainy season, and I was at an altitude of about 9,000 feet. It was extremely cold, and I was not prepared for it. I wore layers and layers of clothes, and froze when I had to wash something. We did have electricity in the house I lived in—most houses in the village had it. But of course there was no heat, and often when it rained the lights would go out.

7/13: I'm sitting here with my down vest on over my thermal shirt, short-sleeve shirt and sweatshirt. It's fucking cold in this place.

7/18: Well, it's pouring and the lights are out and if I leave my door open for light the rain comes in. It's 5:45 so it's gonna be dark soon anyway. What, may I ask, am I going to do in the dark? I asked the señora if she had a candle but apparently she doesn't—she never came back. This is swell. It's thundering...

7/19: Well, the lights are flickering again and my tape deck is operating at varying speeds so I guess I just have to quit working for a while. I bought a bunch of candles today so when the lights go I'll be able to see. At least dimly.

8/4: I'm freezing. Today I washed my thermal shirt—I wear it 24 hours a day so it gets sorta filthy. I wear it every day and then to bed too. I sure shoulda brought more warm clothes.