7/31: So I got on the bus to Chalcatongo & this time it left at 5:30 [a.m.]. These 2 obnoxious women got on a little after 5 & proceeded to make all sorts of noise—screaming & giggling in the front of the bus (they were friends of the drivers). Imagine my (unpleasant) surprise when the louder of the two started talking about me. The first clue was something about 'la muchacha que parece a un muchacho' [the girl who looks like a guy]. I couldn't hear or understand all of what she said and I was really getting down on myself for being so paranoid, but then they went through this thing about 'entró'—'she got on the bus', obviously. This was all in whispers, with glances to the back of the bus—it was too dark for her to see me. Then they got into this simply hilarious joke which consisted of Miss Obnoxious saying 'Do you speak English' in a bad accent—they repeated that one about five times. That was when I knew for sure I wasn't being paranoid. Later, on the road, when it got light, they would every now & then whisper something & turn & look at me... I fantasized all sorts of things to say to her but of course didn't say anything. She got off at Chalcatongo too—maybe I'll see her in town & can trip her or something.

8/4: [M and I] were talking about the United States, and she said that she had heard—she didn't know if it was true—she couldn't believe it was (lots of hemming and hawing) but that she had heard that when Americans didn't want their children they killed them. I tried to set her straight.

[In a discussion of what fieldwork may/may not be like]: *catastrophic identity fragmentation ... a searing and traumatic attack against his or her sense of identity ...* (Wengle 1988: x)

20.3 How Did this Happen and What Can We do About It?

I have already suggested that at least part of the reason that I could go to the field so unprepared for what daily life would be like is that—at least for many of us—there is no place in our curriculum for training students in the practical aspects of doing fieldwork. Another factor plays a role, though, which is that the mystique of fieldwork remains very strong in our field.

A passage in the 'Editor's Introduction' to *Emotions and Fieldwork* (Kleinman and Copp 1993) sums this up quite nicely:

> Fieldwork is supposed to be fun...Anger, boredom, confusion, disgust, self-doubt, depression, lust, despair, frustration, and embarrassment are perhaps more than occasionally associated with fieldwork, but they are not often discussed—at least not in print—because such sentiments violate the pleasure principle so often associated with model practice ... This curious policing of socially correct feeling within the fieldwork community can lead to a rather bizarre slanting of research reports wherein the fieldworker is represented as wallowing in an almost unmitigated delight while engaged in the research process. This is quite possibly one reason why the actual experience of fieldwork can come as such a shock to the neophyte. (1993: vii)

Consider the explicit example of this in Samarin's 1967 book on linguistic fieldwork:

> Here and elsewhere in this volume I may give the impression that field work is more awesome than it really is. A field worker should take his work seriously, but he need not do it lugubriously, for an exciting and life-enriching experience awaits him. Field work is characterized in one word—at least for me; it is *fun*. (Samarin 1967: vii)[5]

So, although until very recently linguists have rarely discussed their fieldwork experiences in print—we just write about our data—the 'pleasure principle' message does get communicated. I do not know exactly where