

until I got the giggles, was this how Alzheimer's patients would live in the wild?? I tried to find a way to enjoy this music, but it was so random and hermetic, high, flinty, and impossible to predict, it felt anthropologically valuable, sure, but that's it, I couldn't kick the feeling that it was too primitive a kind of world music, too low in its evolution, devoid of important nuance and dynamic. In short, my American disdain was hearing its name called, and I got annoyed with the laborsome tune. I was past this kind of thing. And when it really got to me, I closed my eyes to shut it out but only found it closer there, I was unable to escape the piercing inanity of the piccolo's perpetual climb and fall until it was done. Again, it was probably thirty or forty minutes in total, and the other men said, "Dune," which I can translate to you now as, "Acknowledged." Then the men waited again and, in just moments, the wooden lid over the hole began to clatter something fierce, as if a terrible wind was speaking through it. The man with the ripped sleeve turned to the hole and opened the lid and wind came through the tunnel and hit the man, shooting his hair back and tossing itself through his clothes with abandon. Now here's what happened: something spilled out of the hole, at first I thought it was a large rotisserie chicken, but the wind died down and they picked the thing up, a man slung the thing over his shoulder, it was a young boy, naked, holding his eyes shut, with his legs kicking a little, a boy streaked with dirt stains and rocks in his skin that I had taken to be a rub. They carried him down the hill and one of these Jobsian derelicts, a man with a pith helmet on, came running ahead with a folded set of clothes under his arm, a small black turtleneck and jeans for the boy. They put the kid down and dressed him, guiding his legs, for he was suffering from exhaustion. The boy had his arms by his side and I could see he had three fingers. They also put New Balance on him and then he was put over the shoulder again and carried. They were leaving, I ran back to my camp, the space under the propped-up door, and grabbed my suitcase.

When I caught up with them, they were standing in the trailway. The boy was still being held and the men had pooled together. On the side of the trail, the man with the ripped sleeve had collapsed and "Herbert" was stooped down over him with another man. They were holding the hand of the man with the ripped shirt and listening to his chest. I knelt down by the