

ARTISTIC REPRESENTATIONS OF ANDEAN DIASPORAS:
FOOD AND CAREWORK; MUSIC AND DANCE PERFORMANCE;
AND HUMAN TRAFFICKING

By

Jean Marie Trujillo

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Chairperson Dr. Vicky Unruh

Co-Chairperson Dr. Stuart Day

Dr. Jorge Pérez

Dr. Verónica Garibotto

Dr. Ketty Wong Cruz

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The Dissertation Committee for Jean Marie Trujillo
certifies that this is the approved version of the following dissertation:

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Chairperson Vicky Unruh

Co-Chairperson Stuart Day

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Abstract

In this dissertation, I examine representations of Andean diasporas in film, literature, and a variety of other cultural texts, from a comic strip to a cooking show. To contextualize my readings of these cultural representations, I draw from the ever-expanding interdisciplinary fields of Migration Studies, Transnational Studies, and Diaspora Studies. The plethora of social science research in these fields is complemented by close reading of artistic texts that pose their own questions about shifting migrant identities, transnational lives, and diaspora-homeland-host country relationships.

Each of my four chapters focuses on the representation of one segment of host country labor markets into which members of Andean diasporas have inserted themselves—or, in the fourth chapter, in which they have been forcibly inserted through trafficking. Each chapter, then, employs a different lens to probe questions about diaspora members' experiences, their evolving connections with their countries of origin, and their ambivalent reception in their host countries. In Chapter 1, I explore images of Andeans working in food preparation in Argentina, and the surprising way in which diaspora food and foodways become laden with weighty questions about national identity. From that migration trajectory within the Global South, I turn in Chapter 2 to the feminization of migration on a South-North migration corridor driven by the globalization of carework. I consider representations of Andean women who engage in carework in Spain, their experiences of transnational motherhood, and the lives of those left behind. In Chapter 3, I explore music and dance performance of Andean diasporas on a global stage, looking at questions of authenticity as they intersect with possibilities of income, recognition, and connection. In the final chapter, I examine conflicting representations of the trafficking of Andean women to work enslaved in the global sex industry. I probe the complexity of narratives

of trafficking and rescue in which victims may become traffickers and rescuers may be less than heroic. I conclude by looking at directions for future study, particularly the gaps left when the cultural representations in widest circulation are those produced by natives of host nations, not members of Andean diasporas themselves.

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Introduction

The Andean Diaspora

*Despojado de tu casa,
Vas sin rumbo a la ciudad.
Sos el hijo de la nada.
Sos la vida que se va.*

—*Juanes, “Fijate bien”*

*Pero si sigo vivo,
por algo ha de ser.
Pa'lante, pa'lante,
Errante diamante,
Un héroe ambulante,
Para santo aspirante.*

—*Aterciopelados, “Pa'lante, pa'lante, errante diamante”*

The final two decades of the twentieth century brought turmoil to the Andean nations, which I identify here as Colombia, Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia.¹ The troubled situation in these countries resulted in unprecedented internal displacement as well as large numbers of Andean migrants dispersing via new and established migration routes to sites around the world. Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia saw slow transitions to democratic governments, but at roughly the same time, also experienced serious financial crises caused in part by the economic policies of the military governments that preceded them. Heady with the high commodities prices of the early seventies, they had borrowed extensively. By the end of the seventies, a recession left them struggling to make payments. In the 1980s, interest rates soared, and the International Monetary Fund (IMF) stepped in to bail them out, but on the condition that they adopt the neoliberal principles of privatization, austerity, deregulation, and free trade (Henderson 301, 305, 307).

The neoliberal austerity plans were successful in solving the debt crises, but the effect of their “shock therapy” on the poor was devastating, and income inequality soared (Henderson 306). Not until 2010 would Latin America’s Gini coefficient, a measure of income inequality, return to its 1980 level (*Economist*, “Gini,” 3).² During the same troubled decades, production for the rising international cocaine trade in Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia caused further socioeconomic chaos. Particularly in the case of Colombia, drug trafficking kingpins seriously weakened the state and shredded the fabric of society. Both Colombia’s and Peru’s governments also fought against the guerrilla warfare of entrenched Marxist groups, as did paramilitaries. The brutal conflicts among these various actors, while felt throughout society, disproportionately affected the rural peoples caught in the cross fire between insurgents, counter-insurgents, and government forces. “False positives,” the extrajudicial killing of persons who were actually uninvolved in the armed conflicts, were not uncommon.

One notable effect of these serious challenges to the Andean nations in the eighties and nineties, in Colombia particularly, was unprecedented internal displacement. All four of these Andean nations also experienced accelerated out-migrations, as did other Latin American countries facing similar crises in what is widely known as the region’s “lost decade.” Rising emigration from Latin America as a whole prompted anthropologist Néstor García Canclini to note in 2002 that Latin America was no longer contained within its borders: “Podemos decir que ‘lo latinoamericano’ anda suelto, desborda su territorio, va a la deriva en rutas dispersas” (García Canclini, *Latinoamericanos* 20). Due to the deterritorialization of Latin America, researchers working within the field of Latin American literary and cultural studies in the twenty-first century may need to travel to Europe, the United States, or Asia for their investigations, and Andeanists may work in Lima as well as in the highlands (as in the case of Thomas Turino), in

Queens as well as in Cuenca (as does Ann Miles), or in the “klein Otavalo” of Amsterdam as well as in Otavalo proper (as do Michelle Wibbelsman and Lynn Meisch). The boundaries of the Andean nations, while still effective markers of state power, no longer hold national or pan-Andean identities or cultures or societies within themselves as containers.³ Questions of belonging or a sense of home spill over borders, over regions, over continents. This “overflow” or “spillage” from the Andean region, with its effects both life-giving and life-threatening, is the topic of my dissertation. How flows of Andeans and Andean cultures are represented in the cultural production of various nations is a question that generates many other productive inquiries. I argue that the artistic representation of the Andean diaspora expresses social tensions about the presence of Andean populations in other countries of the Global South and the Global North and raises questions about national identity and about the newcomers’ potential place within those nations. At the same time, artistic representations of the circulation of Andeans around the world shape the experiences of these populations and serve to bind them, in desired or dangerous ways, to each other, to their countries and region of origin, and, in some fashion, to their host nations. These connections may be complex and fraught, but to explore them in literary, filmic, and other cultural production is to join a large academic project engaged in by scholars of nearly every discipline who seek to theorize aspects of our globalized world and the shifting concepts of identity that have emerged and are still emerging. My participation in that valuable project is an investigation into representations of Andean diaspora that crosses traditional disciplinary boundaries, perhaps in a manifestation of “disciplinary envy,” but also in the confident belief that these border crossings, too, are fruitful journeys.

Stephen Castles and Mark Miller identify the post-Cold War era as “The Age of Migration” in their influential textbook and reference work of that title first published in 1993

and now in its fifth edition (2014). Interestingly, they use this phrase not because previous ages did not see similar levels of migration, but due to the “growing salience” of migration (3rd ed. 1). Locating human migrations within the context of globalization’s multiple transnational flows (3rd ed. 1), they point to the politicization of migration as key to its current importance in both national and international contexts. From 1960 to 2010, they explain, the international migrant population has remained around 3% of the earth’s total inhabitants (Castles et al., “Walking” 2378). This percentage may come as a surprise to inhabitants of the Global North who are accustomed to alarmist political discourses about the urgent need to control surging migrant growth, as well as those who are engaged in efforts to craft a workable and humane migration policy in the face of political opposition. However, what most likely drives migration’s politicization is the uneven dispersion of migrants around the globe: the greatest growth from 1990 to 2010 was migration from the Global South to the Global North, especially to North America and Europe (Castles, “Crossroads” 193). Before 1990, the majority of the world’s migrants lived in the developing world; since then the majority have lived in the developed world (Koser 5).

In the “Age of Migration,” scholars from multiple disciplines analyze migrations of peoples from and within nearly every country of the world. The anthropologist Arjun Appadurai, who theorizes five dimensions of “cultural flows,” defines the first dimension as an “ethnoscape”; that is, “the landscape of persons who constitute the shifting world in which we live: tourists, immigrants, refugees, exiles, guest workers, and other moving groups and individuals” (33). For Appadurai, these persons in transit constitute an essential part of “the new global cultural economy” (32):

This is not to say that there are no relatively stable communities and

networks of kinship, friendship, work, and leisure, as well as of birth, residence, and other filial forms. But it is to say that the warp of these stabilities is everywhere shot through with the woof of human motion, as more persons and groups deal with the realities of having to move or the fantasies of wanting to move. (33-34)

Aihwa Ong, who situates Appadurai with theorists of “cultural globalization” (10), finds aspects of his theories persuasive, but also argues that Appadurai gives “the misleading impression that everyone can take advantage of mobility and modern communications and that transnationality has been liberatory, both in a spatial and a political sense, for all peoples” (11). Whether Ong’s comments regarding Appadurai are judged legitimate or not, his reminder that some mobilities are more privileged than others and that some have limited access to means of mobility is relevant to the representations of flows of Andeans across borders that I analyze in the following chapters. Few of the texts represent privileged mobilities. Moreover, what Castles terms the “governance deficit,” the absence of policies in the international community that would protect migrants from the risks of irregular status (“Crossroads” 193), is notable. The experience of migration has not been liberatory for all; for some, particularly for those without legal status, it may resemble an imprisonment.

When Castles and Miller published the first edition of their text in 1993, the field of Migration Studies was in some ways still in its infancy. Since then it has emerged as a huge interdisciplinary field of study with foci in development, citizenship, securitization, forced migration, multiculturalism, gender, global environmental change, and countless other concerns. This field draws sociologists, anthropologists, economists, historians, geographers, political scientists, linguists, and scholars in international relations, public health, and literary and cultural

studies, as well as many others. Migration Studies overlaps and intersects with other fields in a way that is hard to tease out. For example, does the field of Migration Studies encompass the study of transnationalism, a key concept in my dissertation? Or is it the reverse? Or both? This depends which scholar you consult.⁴ Many fields within and related to Migration Studies may be brought to bear on our understanding of Andean migration, and study of Andean migration adds to our understanding of the possibilities and limits of those approaches. The subfield of Diaspora Studies (is it a subfield? a separate but related field?) is particularly relevant to my analysis of the representation of Andean labor migration to sites around the world.

By diaspora, I mean a population spread across multiple nation-states, which maintains affective (and often economic and/or political) ties to a homeland or home region and is recognized as a distinct cultural community within a host society, sometimes resulting in stigmatization, but always inflecting the identity discourses of the host nations. The terminology of diaspora is fairly new to the field of Latin American Studies. “Diaspora Studies” used to refer primarily, if not solely, to the study of the Jewish diaspora. The French sociologist Stéphane Dufoix notes, “Until the 1950s, ‘diaspora’ had no possible meaning except religious” (17). In the nineties, the term began to be used by scholars of African populations dispersed forcibly through the slave trade.⁵ In the early years of the twenty-first century, Jana Evans Braziel and Anita Mannur acknowledge in the introduction to their volume *Theorizing Diaspora* that the term is currently used “as a catch-all phrase to speak of and for all movements, however privileged, and for all dislocations, even symbolic ones” (3), and they warn that it “risks losing specificity if it is deemed to speak for all movements and migrations between nations, within nations, between cities, within cities *ad infinitum*” (7). Likewise, Dufoix observes that the term diaspora “is

increasingly being used without any definition in a scope that is both wide and loose” (30) and that it is a “slippery word” (55).

While acknowledging the slippery nature of the term, I do find it useful in theorizing the global cultural flows of Andean peoples. My own use of the term derives from that of sociologist Robin Cohen, whose book *Global Diasporas: An Introduction* (1997) is noted by Dufoix as “the first major general study of diasporas written by a single scholar” (23). Cohen takes us back to the Greek roots of the term: “The word ‘diaspora’ is derived from the Greek verb *speiro* (to sow) and the preposition *dia* (over)” (ix). For me, this is a key image: Andean populations are now “sown over” or scattered throughout the world. Yet while they reside in nations around the world, their experience abroad cannot be summed up in the assimilationist model of immigration. Their relationships with those host nations have sometimes been strained, and their ties to the homeland/home region are strong and ongoing. I believe that the nine characteristics that Cohen lists as “normally” associated with diaspora can all be observed in Andean migrant communities:

- (1) dispersal from an original homeland, often traumatically;
- (2) alternatively, the expansion from a homeland in search of work, in pursuit of trade or to further colonial ambitions;
- (3) a collective memory and myth about the homeland;
- (4) an idealization of the supposed ancestral home;
- (5) a return movement;
- (6) a strong ethnic group consciousness sustained over a long time;
- (7) a troubled relationship with host societies;
- (8) a sense of solidarity with co-ethnic members in other countries; and

(9) the possibility of a distinctive creative, enriching life in tolerant host countries.

(180)

The first characteristic, that of traumatic dispersal, is perhaps most applicable to migrants who have fled political, ideological, and/or drug-related violence in Peru and Colombia, while the second, the expansion from the homeland in search of work or trade, may be more applicable to economic migrants from Ecuador and Bolivia (as well as from Peru and Colombia). The next four characteristics cited by Cohen deal with an ongoing, sometimes idealized relationship to the homeland, as does the eighth, which posits that other members of the diaspora in other countries have, by virtue of their relationship with the same homeland or home region, a claim on one's affections and loyalties. The seventh characteristic, a troubled relationship with host societies, may seem a negative definition, yet it is key to my understanding of the Andean diaspora as I examine the ways in which the presence of a diaspora population within a nation inflects the identity discourses of that nation. A diaspora population is necessarily marked as different in some way. If a population blends in so easily within a host society that its presence is not noticed or commented upon and completely escapes stigmatization, it is probably not a diaspora, and the host nation's discourses about national identity will not be affected by its presence. Cohen's ninth characteristic is perhaps the flip side of this coin. That is, while still conceived of as different, a diaspora population may in a tolerant host society enact a vibrant cultural life that is noticed as different but is generally not stigmatized.

Why not simply speak of *migrants* or *immigrants*? While I do employ these terms, I agree with John Hartley's assessment that "the term [diaspora] is useful for moving beyond conceptions of ethnicity that depict unitary notions of culture contained within national borders" (66):

Diasporas present a complex picture of ethnic identity, whereby groups participate in activities that maintain aspects of their homeland within the host country while at the same time participating in the lifestyle and culture of their new home. (66)

This complexity of identity and engagement with some aspects of the host cultures while maintaining aspects of homeland culture reflects the realities of movements of Andean peoples today far more than migration theories that in the past focused largely on unidirectional movements of people and patterns of cultural assimilation—the idea of the melting pot, for example. Today, more and more migrants may resist any “melting” into the larger society even as they seek to live and work among it. Appadurai notes that the United States, for example, is “no longer a closed space for the melting pot to work its magic, but yet another diasporic switching point” (172). Dual citizenship is more and more common; transnational lives and commitments, even more so.⁶ Myria Georgiou and Roger Silverstone argue that diaspora is “the most visible challenge to ideologies of the boundedness of people, cultures, identities, and the media” (34).⁷

The “boundedness” of national cultures is indeed in question when fifteen percent of all Ecuadorians live outside of Ecuador and ten percent of Colombians live outside of Colombia (García Canclini, *Latinoamericanos* 19). Likewise, if Buenos Aires is the third largest Bolivian city, then, to paraphrase García Canclini, “Bolivianness” does not fit nicely into the container labeled Bolivia on the map. It overflows its borders, just as “Argentineness” has overflowed its national borders, sending migrants to Europe and the United States. The idea of the nation is necessarily impacted by these figures, and particularly so given the developments in

communication technologies that allow far more frequent contact between the migrant, the homeland, and compatriots who have migrated to other nations. As Steven Vertovec notes,

Diasporas powerfully embody broader trends in the changing nature of nation-states. Today, national/ethnic identification, political community, and place of residence do not automatically fit together neatly. Instead, migrants have multiple attachments that modern technology has facilitated. (“Political Importance” 5-6)

These multiple attachments of a diaspora community may be particularly disturbing to host country nationalists who would prefer that all who make the host nation their home sever any previous national affiliations and affections. The mere presence of a diaspora population may be sufficient to incense some nativists, who, apparently, understand that the scholars’ term “diaspora” may be code for “ethnic.” This is a problematic aspect of the term diaspora that has been noted by Hatley:

Only some migrant groups attract the term. There is said to be a Chinese diaspora, throughout the world, but not a British one: Brits are called ‘expats’ [. . .] It seems that ‘diaspora’ applies to migrants whose dispersal has occurred under some sort of duress, whether military-political or economic. (66)

Hatley’s comment raises a number of questions. Are scholars more likely to employ the term “diaspora” today when the migrant collective in question emerges from a developing country? Does the use of this term relate to a perceived aspect of “ethnicity”? Is the term being used by scholars to idealize a worldwide scattering of ethnic ghettos or patterns of discrimination against ethnic minorities?

While acknowledging these problematic questions, I believe that “diaspora” points in a useful way to the complexity of the transnational lives of some migrant populations, and in using

the phrase “Andean diaspora,” I am following the usage of a number of scholars as well as members of the diaspora themselves. The Peruvian scholar of migration Teófilo Altamirano Rúa, for example, considers migrants from the Andean countries a diaspora because of their broad dispersion around the world, to nearly every country except those of Africa (46). The anthropologist Lynn Meisch has asserted in her work on the globalization of Otavalan musicians and textile merchants, “The term ‘Otavalo diaspora’ does not strain the definition of diaspora [. . .] as there are now permanent Otavalo expatriate communities in Europe and the Americas and individuals or families residing on six continents” (156). Furthermore, she notes that after the economic crisis of 1999, Ecuadorian newspapers began to use the term “diaspora” in reference to the exodus of Ecuadorian nationals (164). This confirms James Clifford’s observation: “The language of diaspora is increasingly invoked by displaced peoples who feel (maintain, revive, invent) a connection with a prior home. This sense of connection must be strong enough to resist erasure through the normalizing processes of forgetting, assimilating, and distancing” (255). This is a positive connotation of the term, an affirmation that what one has brought from the homeland is of value and should be preserved despite the pressure of the larger society to conform to its norms. Other terms used by the Andean diaspora which do not speak directly of diaspora but which strongly imply a “diaspora consciousness” include “El Quinto Suyo” or phrases such as “la colectividad boliviana en la Argentina,” both of which suggest a resistance to erasure or even to a loosening of the ties to the homeland.⁸

As noted, the overlapping fields of Migration Studies, Diaspora Studies, Transnational Studies, and other related concerns are multidisciplinary; still, they draw largely from the social sciences. However, scholars in the humanities also delve deeply into these issues, bringing different tools of analysis and interpretation. As geographers Russell King, John Connell, and

Paul White assert in the preface to their volume *Writing Across Worlds: Literature and Migration*, social science alone “fails to capture the essence of what it is like to *be* a migrant; and be, or not be, part of a community, a nation, a society—cut off from history and from a sense of place. It fails to portray nostalgia, anomie, exile, rootlessness, restlessness” (ix-x). To address this limitation, King et al. seek “a cross-disciplinary approach which brings together the social scientist’s concerns with explanation and the student of literature’s expertise in the handling of text” (x). They note that geography’s past collaborations with literature focused on place, while their focus is on movement (x). In this dissertation, I enter societal and scholarly conversations about human movement, with an emphasis on Andean migration, transnationalism, and diasporas. I draw from the wealth of social science research on these topics. This research informs my interpretation of literary, filmic, and other artistic texts that represent the Andean migration experience. At the same time, I work from a multi-genre literary and cultural studies approach that is particularly effective in bringing the richness of different types of texts to the Migration Studies field. Representations of Andean migrants and migration in multiple genres that emerge in contexts of high and low culture convey distinct aspects of the lived experience of migration and also shape that experience. In other words, a nation’s artistic cultural production representing a diaspora population within its borders may in some sense reflect a reality “out there,” but it also constructs that reality in an ongoing dialogue with other representations. The immediate impact of this production on cultural conversations about diaspora populations within a host nation likely exceeds that of social science research. Artistic cultural production, whether in texts associated with high culture or low culture, contributes to supposedly common sense, widely held beliefs about migrants and migrant communities. Every time a diaspora population is portrayed, whether in literature, film, or other cultural products, that portrayal enters a collection

of disparate representations that circulate and become part of ever-evolving cultural understandings of identity, whether individual or collective. To engage in critical readings of these representations and their trajectories is to push against traditional disciplinary boundaries and enter hybrid spaces of analysis where aesthetic concerns and mass culture products are not alien to one another.

In a 2009 TED talk, “The Danger of a Single Story,” the acclaimed Nigerian novelist Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie emphasizes the power of narrative: “Stories matter. Many stories matter. Stories have been used to dispossess and to malign, but stories can also be used to empower and to humanize. Stories can break the dignity of a people, but stories can also repair that broken dignity.” The artistic representations of the diaspora considered here have that power. Drawn in by an innate pleasure in story and storytelling, a pleasure that may extend to experiences of shock or even disgust, viewers or readers make sense of these texts by fitting them into the stories and pictures they have previously read and seen. This activity constitutes a complicated maneuver of understanding and constructing an overarching story about who the diaspora is, why it is present within the host nation, whether it belongs there, and how that might change national identity. In working to untangle the threads of the Andean diaspora experience and its complex interactions with homeland and host country, I analyze representations of the Andean diaspora in memoir, short story, documentary, novel, plays, feature film, a competitive cooking program, and a comic strip. Besides considering texts from various genres that bring unique elements to the conversation about the diaspora, I also examine texts from various sending and receiving countries. These texts represent four sending countries, Colombia, Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia, and multiple host countries, including Argentina, Chile, Spain, the United States, and Japan.⁹ Each of the four chapters focuses on the representation of one segment of the

host country labor market in which members of the Andean diaspora have inserted themselves, or, in the case of the fourth chapter, in which they have been forcibly inserted through trafficking. Each chapter, then, employs a different lens to examine these topics. The texts studied here present a variety of images of what it is like to be a migrant and what migrants are like. They articulate and interrogate both fixed and fluid understandings of regional, national, diasporic, and personal identity in the first two decades of the twenty-first century.¹⁰

In the first chapter, I examine various representations of the Bolivian diaspora engaged in food preparation in Argentina in the first two decades of the twenty-first century. The symbiotic relationship between food and identity makes its study a productive endeavor. Perhaps with little reflection, we tend to feel that what we eat is a marker of who we are and that what other people eat reveals whether they are like us or not. We operate under unspoken rules about what a meal is and how and where it should be consumed. Likewise, we make judgments, perhaps at a nearly subconscious level, about who prepares food, what they prepare, and how they prepare it. Because of our tendency to make these judgments, whether or not we register them in speech, the representations of food and food preparation in these texts are potent in their probing of questions of nationality and citizenship.

My first text, Adrian Caetano's film *Bolivia* (2001), tells the spare but devastating story of Freddy, a Bolivian migrant whose brief, tragic employment in a Buenos Aires bar is represented in an appropriately low-budget production in black and white. *La Nelly*, a comic strip by Sergio Langer and Rubén Jesús Mira published in the newspaper *Clarín*, depicts Catalina, a "colorful" Bolivian character (in a black and white comic strip) who sells fruit and vegetables on the streets of Buenos Aires. The way Catalina was represented was protested by the Bolivian Embassy in October 2007 in a seemingly minor but telling interaction between the diaspora and

the host country. Lucrecia Martel's award-winning film *La Ciénaga* (2001) creates a lush, dreamy, haunted world in the northern province of Salta in which a domestic employee of Bolivian descent works in the decadent household of the prejudiced local elite but, far more decisive than her employers, chooses to move on when her position becomes intolerable to her, leaving them to their own inept household management. I argue that in these texts, the visible presence of a Bolivian diaspora forces renewed interrogation of Argentine national identity, while, at the same time, the ambivalent reception of Bolivian migrants within Argentina contributes to the reinforcement of the diaspora phenomenon.

The socio-cultural separation of Bolivian migrant populations within the Argentine nation, so clear in the first three texts, is attenuated in the final text of this chapter, the first season of *MasterChef Argentina* (2014). In this reality cooking competition, Elba Rodríguez, the daughter of Bolivian immigrants, draws national attention, both positive and negative, as the grand prize winner. Although reality shows package each contestant in a scripted manner, and much of *MasterChef's* presentation could be interpreted as a reflection of ongoing discomfort with a diaspora presence, Elba's auto-representation in her own cooking show and her confidence that an Argentine daughter of Bolivian immigrants is not limited to "ethnic" food preparation suggest that in the shifting ethnoscaples of the Argentine nation, the Bolivian collective is claiming its place and remaking Argentine identity.

In my second chapter, I analyze artistic representations of Peruvian and Bolivian careworkers in Spain whose lives are shaped by broad trends of the twenty-first century: the globalization of carework, the feminization of migration, and transnational motherhood. These phenomena, extensively investigated by social scientists, become intensely personal when their effects are portrayed in film and short story. Fernando León de Aranoa's *Amador* (2010)

explores the challenges faced by an Andean migrant woman careworker who struggles for a place in Spanish society while also carrying out her own plans and plots with determination. Mikael Wiström and Alberto Herskovits's documentary *Familia* (2010) and Jorge Eduardo Benavides's short story "Lejanos" (2005) probe the tremendous effects of the globalization of carework on the families left behind and on the departing mother, now the breadwinner, who, mothering from afar, experiences grief, confusion, loneliness, and excitement, in varying proportions, as she faces the radical changes in her life.

In chapter one, then, artistic representations of the seemingly straightforward task of food preparation serve to illuminate questions about the place of the diaspora in the Argentine nation. Similarly, in chapter two, representations of the low prestige job of caring for another's physical and emotional needs far from one's country of origin shed light on global trends such as transnational motherhood and their impact on migrants from the Andes. Chapter one deals with South-South migration; chapter two, with South-North migration. But there are many points of contact between these two chapters. As represented in these texts, to engage in food preparation or carework in a host society is to experience an ambivalent response to the diaspora presence. On the one hand, the host nation needs and hires migrants to do low-pay, low-prestige service jobs. On the other hand, the presence of those migrants raises questions about national identity and debates about who belongs and whose belonging is suspect.

In my third chapter, I look at artistic representations of the Andean diaspora participating in a very different labor: music and dance performance. The lens of music and dance brings distinct aspects of the diaspora experience into focus, such as the way *lo andino* is performed for self and other. Music and dance performances may serve to bind a diaspora population together, to invoke nostalgia for the homeland, to uphold traditions that seem to be in danger of

disappearing, or to invite (or provoke) the host country to enter into a public dialogue about the meaning of the diaspora presence. At the same time, these performances may palpate the sensitive issue of whether success, either in monetary terms or in terms of recognition, may depend on performing that which is other, exotic, or indigenous. Performance of indigeneity often stands in for Andeanness, and in these transactions, “authenticity” is the most valuable currency.

Mitch Teplitsky’s documentary *Soy Andina* (2008) might be called the Return of the Diaspora. It portrays two women, Cynthia and Nélide, who live in the New York City area. Cynthia grew up in the United States, the daughter of a Peruvian, with little experience of her mother’s country of origin but a desire to embrace her heritage by learning Peruvian dance. Nélide, as represented in the documentary, is a member of the Peruvian diaspora who lives a markedly transnational life and whose participation in and instruction of Peruvian dance in the host country both strengthens diaspora bonds and engages with the host country through educational and cultural events. Separately and jointly, Cynthia and Nélide travel and perform everywhere from a New York subway station to highland Peruvian festivals, constructing and reconstructing identity through dance. A starkly different text, Adriana Genta’s play “Desterrados” (2008), presents one strange, poignant music performance in a futuristic migrant detention center. Detainee Hilda Arpeche’s indigenous-inflected performance is charged with meanings from nostalgia to protest, and part of the tragedy is her physical separation from any other member of the diaspora, even from her child. Nevertheless, her performance within the play suggests a sense of ongoing connectedness with the homeland that sustains her even in the face of death. Her unbroken tie with the very soil of the glorified homeland elevates, although in problematic ways, the power of diasporic consciousness to bring consolation in the most horrific

host-nation situations. Finally, Juan Radrigán's play "Carta abierta" (2004) depicts José and Lucinda, a Peruvian couple fruitlessly attempting to eke out a living in Chile by street performance of Peruvian music and dance. Here, the play's depiction of a failed music and dance performance probes questions relating to José and Lucinda's difficult relationships with one another, with the country of origin, and with the host country. In this chapter, layers of representations, that is, performances of performances, give poignancy and depth to the possibilities of identity formation that are latent in performance.

In my fourth chapter, I look at the representation of Andean women trafficked into the sex trade, both within the Andes and in the United States and Japan. Here diaspora connections serve not as a means of support or mutual aid, but rather as an efficient means of operating extremely complex transnational criminal networks. The tendency to trust what returning migrants report is typically exploited in the recruiting stage of trafficking. Later, a compatriot's family can be easily threatened if a trafficked woman seeks to escape. And a previously trafficked woman may use the same diasporic networks that entrapped her to recruit other victims. Patricia Engel's realistic short story "Vida" (2010) relates the experiences of the character by that name who is deceived and trafficked from Colombia to the United States. "Vida" conveys the deceit involved in recruiting network and the shock of enslavement in the sex trade, but it also presents the strange paradox of the not-always-heroic rescuer. Gabriela Alemán's novel *Poso Wells* (2007) portrays in a fantastic, sometimes farcical manner, sex trafficking occurring within the Guayaquil area and within Quito, and also questions the type of the journalist turned rescuer.¹¹ Marcela Loaiza's autobiographical account *Atrapada por la mafia Yakuza* (2009) relates her horrific experience of being trafficked from Colombia to Japan and her own attempts to recruit another victim. Her account, which serves as a powerful warning to

others whose desire to migrate makes them vulnerable to traffickers' deceptions, also raises questions about the other intended readers of trafficking and rescue narratives and whether their publishers appeal to a concern for justice and human rights or to the desire for a salacious read. These disturbing, sometimes heartbreaking texts portray the darkest side of the circulation of Andeans around the globe, representing the cynical manipulation of diasporic ties to deceive and enslave, the frightening organization of trafficking's inner workings, its profound effects on the psyche, and the confusion of the counter-intuitive situations in which the victim turns trafficker or the rescuer becomes a victimizer.

The Andean migrants represented in these texts, then, are food preparers, careworkers, musicians, dancers, and enslaved sex workers. Sometimes fleeing violence, often seeking economic security, these migrants face life-changing opportunities but also become vulnerable to exploitation by the host country and by other members of the Andean diaspora. Their presence in host societies brings to the fore contending conceptions of citizenship and belonging. Who should be included and who excluded from the host nation? Is assimilation of diaspora populations possible or desirable? How are national identity discourses inflected by a diaspora presence? What happens when that presence unearths underlying social tensions? How are artistic representations of the Andean diaspora that circulate in host societies exploited and reworked by diaspora populations? Can these representations serve the construction of cultural identities in flux? These questions are key concerns of this dissertation, and I turn now to the exploration of these issues in representations of the Bolivian collective in Argentina, focusing on broad social issues through the lens of food and food preparation.

¹ While acknowledging various perspectives on which countries constitute the Andean nations, I focus here on the nations where, as stated by historian Peter V. Henderson, the Andes Mountains are “endogenous” and have fundamentally shaped their histories: Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia (xiv). The Comunidad Andina de Naciones (CAN) has comprised these four nations for the past decade (2007-2016), following the withdrawal of Venezuela.

² Besides income inequality within nations, income inequality between nations is, of course, a key “push/pull” factor in migration.

³ Nina Glick-Schiller and Ayşe Çağlar question the “methodological nationalism” that continues to dominate in Migration Studies today and the “container notion of society” that is at its root (64). In the context of ongoing debates about the death of nationalism or its continued power or its reconfigurations in the age of globalization, I suggest that while ongoing methodological nationalism may limit certain possibilities of analysis, it is not yet plausible to leave it behind.

⁴ While the relationship between these fields and concepts is complicated and contested, I find Vertovec’s explanation of their interconnectedness helpful. He describes the meanings of the terms *migration*, *transnationalism*, and *diaspora* as overlapping but not synonymous: “Diasporas arise from some form of migration, but not all migration involves diasporic consciousness; all transnational communities comprise diasporas, but not all diasporas develop transnationalism” (*Transnationalism* 137).

⁵ See Paul Gilroy’s work regarding the forced dispersion of Africans and the resulting “Black Atlantic” cultures that have developed around the Atlantic basin.

⁶ In reflections regarding the fifty-year anniversary (2014) of the Center for Migration Studies’ *International Migration Review*, Jennifer Lee et al. emphasize the importance of

transnationalism, or the “transnational turn” in Migration Studies, which focuses on the way migrants’ ties are now “stretched out in space” (58).

⁷ Not surprisingly, Diaspora Studies also overlaps with the rapidly expanding field of Citizenship Studies. See Kivisto and Faist (2007) and Jose V. Cipurut (2008). In Cipurut’s volume, David Gutiérrez’s “Citizenship Dispersed: A Third Space Looking for Its Proper Place” is particularly helpful in its probing of “the complex ways in which human beings caught up in various kinds of diasporas have tried to negotiate the difficult transition between different formal systems of membership” (195).

⁸ For a description of the “Quinto Suyu,” see the volume edited by anthropologists Ulla Berg and Karsten Paerregaard. Another term is employed by Bolivian sociologist Alberto Zalles Cueto: he speaks of the “enjambramiento cultural” of Bolivians in Buenos Aires, borrowing the term from apiculture. While the idea of swarming together seems to imply strong diasporic bonds, it may have unfortunate associations, perhaps suggesting to the reader a dehumanized grouping. Ulises Juan Zevallos-Aguilar prefers the archipelago model and notes its use among some scholars in the United States, including the poet Fredy Roncalla (132-37). Zevallos-Aguilar downplays the Andean immigrant’s desire to return, commenting that the diaspora concept is not adequate to describe a migration in which “the majority of Andean people have burned their boats and do not plan to return” (131). Novelist Edmundo Paz-Soldán, on the other hand, asserts that “the majority of Bolivian immigrants who come to the United States never stop dreaming about returning someday” (169), and he cites the immigrant mantra, “My home is the United States; my heart is Bolivia” (168), which reflects a profoundly diasporic consciousness. Many scholars refer to the transnational expansion of the Quechua *ayllu*: “un ayllu que se expande más allá de

fronteras y nacionalidades” (Mendoza-Mori).

⁹ It should be noted that few countries are solely sending or receiving nations. Most countries experience both immigration and emigration and also serve as transit countries. Argentina, for example, may receive migrants from Bolivia or Senegal, and send migrants to Spain (or, depending on the vicissitudes of economic conditions, receive migrants from Spain).

¹⁰ While these textual representations of the Andean diaspora comprise multiple genres, homeland nations, and host nations, they are, with few exceptions, produced by non-migrants. Even self-representations and expressions of migrant agency and diasporic viewpoints are often filtered through non-migrant perspectives. This project would be profitably extended to include more of the less accessible but vital self-representations of the Andean diaspora.

¹¹ For a piercing (some would say cynical) examination of the journalist turned rescuer, see Julietta Hua’s chapter “Front-Page News.”

Chapter 1

“Los kollas de mierda comen cualquier cosa”:

Images of Andeans and Food in Argentine Cultural Production

For what is food? It is not only a collection of products that can be used for statistical or nutritional studies. It is also, and at the same time, a system of communication, a body of images, a protocol of usages, situations, and behavior.—Roland Barthes

When visiting Buenos Aires in 2003, I heard comments by *porteños* regarding the food habits of the Bolivian population, habits like selling or consuming foods in the street, which apparently marked them to *porteños* as “muy andino” and non-Argentine. In a country of immigrants, certain populations seemed to be stigmatized by patterns of food preparation and consumption that placed them outside the boundaries of “Argentineness,” even as they made their lives within Argentine national territory. I have been puzzling over the implications of the linkage of food and identity ever since that trip. How are food and foodways used to mark national and ethnic difference? How are the self and the other constructed through representations of food in the host country? And, as an example, how do Argentinean representations of Bolivian immigrants and food participate in a larger cultural conversation about the place of the Bolivian diaspora in the Argentine nation?

Greater Buenos Aires, Argentina, has been considered the “third Bolivian city” since the 1990s (García Canclini, *La globalización* 52), and by 2015, the number of Bolivians and their descendants in the metropolitan area was estimated at more than two million (Salomón). In this context of an increasingly established Bolivian diaspora within a city that historically has preferred to identify itself with the capitals of Europe rather than other Latin American metropoli, questions of Argentine national identity will necessarily be reconsidered, and one of the first points of interrogation may be food. As Emiko Ohnuki-Tierney writes in *Rice as Self*:

Japanese Identities Through Time: “A people’s cuisine, or a particular food, often marks the boundary between the collective self and the other, for example, as a basis of discrimination against other peoples” (3). Likewise, Anne Kreshen writes in her introduction to *Food in the Migrant Experience*, “We recognize the outsider by the look, taste, and most definitely, the smell, of their diet. Food identifies ethnic difference, even for the outsider who consumes both ours and yours” (6). Argentine national identity, then, cannot be constructed without reference to food. It is inevitably connected to ideas about what foods should be eaten, how and where these foods should be consumed, and who has the right to consume them. The presence of a diaspora, exemplified in this case by Bolivia, complicates the construction of national identity.

In this chapter, I explore the impact of Bolivian diaspora on the shifting ethnoscaapes of Argentina through its “foodscaapes.” I argue that in the final decade of the twentieth century and the first decades of the twenty-first century, the visible presence of a Bolivian diaspora has forced a renewed interrogation of Argentine national identity as a product of European migration that sets it apart from other Latin American nations. At the same time, the ambivalent reception of Bolivian migrants within Argentina has contributed to the reinforcement of the diaspora phenomenon, that is, the socio-cultural separation of Bolivian migrant populations within the Argentine nation. Focusing on the role of food as a marker of identity, I first analyze three texts that illuminate issues of nationality and citizenship explored in Argentine cultural production from the first few years of the twenty-first century: two films, *Bolivia* (Adrian Caetano, 2001) and *La Ciénaga* (Lucrecia Martel, 2001), and the comic strip *La Nelly* (Sergio Langer and Rubén Jesús Mira, published in *Clarín* since 2003). In the final section I analyze episodes from the first season of *MasterChef Argentina* in 2014, in which the daughter of Bolivian immigrants drew national attention as the grand prize winner. I contend that a careful analysis of the representation

of diasporic foodways in a nation's cultural production will reveal fissures and fears regarding the identity of the nation and its future citizens. In particular, the closely held mythology relating to Argentina's identity as a nation of European immigrants and their descendants is revisited as border migration transforms society.

An introduction to the Bolivian diaspora in Argentina and its representation in Argentine cultural production serves in this dissertation as an opening case study that illuminates our understanding of Andean diaspora groups throughout the globe and, by extension, the very concept of diaspora. In an exploration of one host country's cultural production, the presence of a diaspora population is seen to inflect national discourses on identity and raise questions of inclusion and exclusion, questions regarding who is a full citizen or can become one. And while diaspora is a difficult term to define or fix, the very complexities or nuances of the diaspora concept may make it particularly apt for understanding the Bolivian diaspora in Argentina and its artistic representations, as well as the representation of Andean diaspora in other settings. Rather than fitting the Bolivian collective into one diaspora pattern, a certain openness of the concept allows the student of a particular diaspora group to focus upon those aspects that resonate with that particular diaspora experience.

The experience of the Bolivian diaspora in Argentina is the object of ongoing academic study in both Bolivia and Argentina. The textual case studies of this project, two films, a comic strip, and competitive cooking television program, are best understood in the context of the data collected and analyzed by these researchers. To summarize the work of various social scientists on both sides of the Bolivian-Argentine border who have conducted research among members of the Bolivian diaspora and their sending communities, the Bolivian diaspora in Argentina is characterized by its size, its impact on the Bolivian economy, its youth, its limited schooling, its

concentration in textile production, construction, agriculture, domestic service, and other service positions, as well as its increasing visibility within Argentina and, most recently, its feminization.

To get a sense of the size of the Bolivian diaspora and its impact on the Bolivian economy, the following facts are useful: in the year 2004, more than fourteen percent of Bolivians lived outside of Bolivia (Torre Ávila 32). According to the review conducted by Marcelo Arroyo Jiménez et al., some economists now consider Bolivia's economy to have passed from being "agroexportadora" to "empleoexportadora," that is, an economy based on the export of workers who send back *remesas* (8). Arroyo Jiménez notes that according to the Banco Interamericano de Desarrollo, the value of remittances received by Bolivian households in 2007 was twenty times higher than in 1985 (14). Jaqueline Mazza and Eleanor Sohnen, of the same Inter-American Development Bank, note that in terms of the numbers of intraregional migrants sent out, Bolivia is the third Latin American country, surpassed only by Colombia and Paraguay (4).

A large migration survey of metropolitan La Paz, Bolivia, (the city of origin of the protagonist of the first text to be considered) was carried out in 2008. The purpose of the survey was to determine the socio-economic effects of remittances upon this metropolitan area. According to the survey, the destination of preference, attracting 35% of migrants from La Paz, was Argentina (Arroyo Jiménez 34). Demand for labor in the textile industry drives this migration, which is seen as a means of diversifying risk and creating for the sending household a financial hedge against local economic crises or natural disasters (Arroyo Jiménez 34, 40). While those who choose to migrate transnationally are never the poorest of the poor, who lack the resources to undertake such a move, Bolivians who migrate to Argentina tend to have a lower

educational level and, in some cases, a lower income level, than those migrating to the United States or to Spain (Arroyo Jiménez 37). According to the La Paz survey, the average age of the migrant is between 24 and 45, somewhat older than previous studies had indicated, and 43 percent of the migrants are women, which reflects a trend toward the feminization of migration (Arroyo Jiménez 36, 85). The average length of stay of those surveyed was five to seven years, after which the migrant may return or, according to the sending households surveyed, the migrant may elect to stay in the destination country, having obtained legal residency or having formed a new family in that country (Arroyo Jiménez 35).

A final characteristic of the Bolivian diaspora noted by social scientists, and perhaps the most important, though not easy to quantify, is its solidarity, or what Bolivian social scientist Torre Ávila has termed the “Andean dream” (45). In his study of migrants originating from the inter-Andean valleys, he identifies an Andean dream which differs from the American Dream. While the latter focuses on individual achievement and success through migration, the former maintains an emphasis on the collective of the homeland:

proponemos [. . .] *Andean dream*, o sueño andino, para describir ciertas lógicas solidarias de lazo afectivo a través de las cuales nuestros migrantes parecerían recordar que la familia, la comunidad e incluso la tierra, como idea telúrica abstracta, permanece en la patria esperando aportes. (45)

If in the American dream one looks forward, to new lands, ostensibly willing to sever ties with the old, in the Andean dream one moves forward while looking back, never losing sight of the Andes or one’s fellow Andeans. Expressions of this dream in Argentina include radio programming, community newspapers, cultural organizations, and folkloric festivals, which reinforce affective ties with the homeland and co-nationals in Argentina. The fact that the term

used most frequently in the community's self-description is "la colectividad boliviana" corresponds with the solidarity invoked by the Andean dream.

Bolivians pursuing the Andean dream in Argentina form part of the South-South migration phenomenon which has tended to be overshadowed (at least in the news coverage and political discourse of the Global North) by South-North migration corridors, but which is increasingly attracting the attention of researchers. Dilip Ratha and William Shaw of the World Bank estimate that the number of migrants in the Global South (that is, in countries defined by the World Bank as low- and middle-income) has increased by about 75 percent in the past forty years ("South-South"). Ratha and Shaw believe that nearly half of migrants from developing countries reside in other developing countries, and that even this estimate is likely to be low, as higher levels of irregular migration are suspected to occur among South-South migrants ("South-South"). Argentina is named by Ratha and Shaw as one of the "major middle-income migration poles" ("Causes").

Argentina has continued to attract intra-regional migrants even since the global financial crisis beginning in 2008. Mazza and Sohlen note that while migration from Latin America to the United States and Spain seems to have slowed in response to the global financial crisis, intraregional migration does not appear to be affected (1). By 2009, one of every ten residents of Argentina was born in Bolivia, Paraguay, or Peru, as estimated by the consulates of those three countries and Argentina's migration institute (Mazza and Sohlen 5). One might assume that these South-South migrants experience less stress than South-North migrants, due to the lower costs and distances involved, but this is not necessarily the case. Though not facing the long, expensive, and risky journey that their compatriots may undertake as they travel to the Global North, intraregional migrants nevertheless encounter numerous obstacles in neighboring

Argentina, obstacles which may encourage the development of a diaspora consciousness. Deeply held beliefs about who should reside within Argentine national territory, or at least in its capital, may conflict with the realities of the globalization of the labor market and Mercosur's agreements for regional integration.

Unlike other Latin American countries whose discourses about national identity incorporate indigenous identities at least in some symbolic sense, discourses about national identity in Argentina have been based largely on a story of European immigrants who crossed the ocean in boats to fill the so-called empty Argentine desert (*la pampa*) and build its capital. Indigenous and African identities have no place in this national story: the only recognized protagonists are European.¹²

Certainly, statistics reveal an astonishing rate of European immigration to Argentina at the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. Grimson and Kessler note that Argentina, "in comparison to its native population, received one of the largest contingents of European immigrants ever recorded" (8), while Maia Jachimowicz notes that the estimate of the number of (European) migrants received by Argentina between 1870 and 1930 is over seven million (1).¹³ The Argentine government actively promoted this wave of European immigration: it "decided to modify the traditionally conservative and selective immigration policy and to vigorously foment immigration via propaganda and subsidized travel costs" (L. Romero 6). A key text of Juan Bautista Alberdi explains the blatantly racist rationale behind this plan to populate the country with Europeans:

If we were to take the ragged homeless from Chile, our gauchos, the half-breeds from Bolivia—the basic elements of our masses—and let them experience all the transformations of our best system of instruction, we would not in one hundred

years have made any of them into an English laborer who works, spends, and lives in a dignified and comfortable manner. (96)

So, while “Buenos Aires was thought of as a new Babel” (L. Romero 11), border migrants such as Bolivians were not conceived as forming part of it, and certainly little Quechua or Aymara, indigenous languages of the Andes, was heard in this cacophony of tongues. During the years in which waves of European immigrants were descending on Buenos Aires, Bolivian immigration to Argentina was mostly confined to the provinces closest to the Bolivian border and was little noticed by *porteños*.

By the end of the twentieth century, however, Bolivian and other border migrants would have a visibility previously unknown in the capital, a visibility that fostered an uneasy awareness of diasporas in formation.¹⁴ Grimson and Kessler call this new visibility the “hypervisualization” of ethnic minorities (118). The phenomenon of migration from border countries was not new, nor had it greatly increased; rather, it was undergoing certain changes that contributed to its visibility, such as the shift toward the capital. Mariela Ceva notes this shift in the patterns of migration since the beginning of the twentieth century: “la inmigración desde Bolivia y Paraguay, que con diferentes intensidades muestran una presencia elevada en las regiones fronterizas en la primera etapa, [disminuye] luego de la década de 1960 [y se incrementa] en la Capital Federal y Provincia de Buenos Aires” (42). Roberto Benencia too comments on the changing phenomenon of border migration, particularly its relative growth in comparison to European migration, which used to dominate, and its more Andean character in recent years, as Chilean migration dropped, Paraguayan migration remained steady, and Bolivian and Peruvian migration increased.

(135). According to Maia Jachimowicz, even as Argentines of European descent were leaving Argentina in response to the devastating national economic crisis of 2001, the net migration rate remained positive due to border migration (3).

Increasing visibility of intra-regional migrants in the final decades of the twentieth century and into the first decades of the twenty-first century has sometimes spurred xenophobic reactions to the shifting ethnoscape of the capital and Buenos Aires province. Grimson and Kessler explain that previous to the 1990s, Bolivians or Paraguayans living and working in Argentina were “placed in the same category as the invisible *mestizo* Argentines: *cabecitas negras*,” a term “used derogatorily since the 1930s to stigmatize, in a ‘country without blacks,’ the working class population of Indian ancestry that came from the provinces to work in Buenos Aires factories” (119). Now there may be a lower rung on the social ladder, that of the Bolivian immigrant who is now particularly visible as Bolivian, and, who, apparently, no matter how long the residence in Argentina, will still be a Bolivian living in diaspora.

In the nineties, a time characterized by Elizabeth Jelin as an experience of neoliberalism taken to an extreme, Bolivian and other border migrants in Argentina became the nation’s scapegoats, blamed for various ills of society, including unemployment, cholera, and crime (59). Grimson and Keller again emphasize that it was not a matter of increased immigration at that time but rather of increased competition that led to these social conflicts: “In summary, *it is not that immigrants have begun to compete with Argentines for jobs; instead, Argentines are now competing with immigrants for jobs they used to disdain*. In a word, what has changed is not the volume of immigration but rather Argentina itself” (128). Jelin refers to police practices to which the increasingly scapegoated border migrants may be susceptible, such as “*detención por portación de cara*” (60), which is apparently not unlike the United States phenomenon of

motorists stopped for “driving while Black.” The media collaborates, Jelin notes, “destacando la nacionalidad ‘peruana’ o ‘boliviana’ en las páginas de noticias policiales” (66).¹⁵ If, as Clifford has commented, “Diaspora consciousness is constituted both positively and negatively” (256), then the situation of the Bolivian migrant in Greater Buenos Aires has certainly had the potential for the negative construction of diaspora consciousness in Cliffordian terms, with its undeniable “experiences of discrimination and exclusion” (256).

Discrimination and exclusion certainly characterize my first textual case study of the artistic representation of the Bolivian diaspora in Argentina, Adrián Caetano’s *Bolivia* (2001), which won the Critics’ Award at Cannes and various other awards.¹⁶ The tensions between the host society and the diaspora are represented in this film through images of food, images that, if not revolting, are not especially appetizing. A bleak, gritty film, *Bolivia* portrays a migrant’s desperate need to forge a connection with other members of the diaspora during the painful period of transition to life in the host country; the challenges of working in the food service industry; the difficulty of maintaining family ties transnationally; and finally, the brutal experience of xenophobia. This film probes the darkest side of diaspora formation, packing more “experiences of discrimination and exclusion” into approximately three days of the main character’s life than would seem possible. The spectator is left with little, if any, hope for the peaceful coexistence of the host nation with diaspora groups.

The plot of *Bolivia* is straightforward. Freddy (Freddy Flores), an undocumented Bolivian immigrant who has just arrived in Buenos Aires, begins work grilling and serving meat in a café/bar, a greasy spoon where he is regularly harassed by the patrons. His sense of dislocation at his new job in a new country is conveyed in part by the juxtaposition of music of the Kjarkas with shots of the dreary interior of the café. Though Freddy is a Bolivian immigrant,

his identity in the film might be described as amorphously indigenous or “other.” The owner of the bar (Enrique Liporace) first thinks that Freddy is Peruvian, while the patrons of the bar address him or refer to him as the “negro,” the Paraguayan, the Bolivian, the “Bolita,” or other more offensive terms. Caggiano has noted that “boliviano” itself is used as an insult in this region: “Podrá decirse que muchas veces se oye, en la zona del Río de la Plata, “boliviano” a secas usado como insulto o agravio. Los cánticos de algunas hinchadas de fútbol podrían corroborarlo públicamente” (111). The film is shot almost entirely in the café: the dark streets represent a more dangerous space where Freddy is vulnerable to harassment by the police (for “portación de cara”). Another equally dreary café is a place to rest briefly, for lack of a hotel. At a third establishment, where Freddy and his Paraguayan co-worker, Rosa (Rosa Sánchez), go dancing, the clientele is described by one *porteño* as “Bolivian,” which probably represents here a variety of nationalities perceived as indigenous or non-European. There Freddy consumes too much alcohol, and Rosa has to get him out before there is trouble, a prefiguring of the climactic scene of the film in which “Oso,” one of the patrons at the café, becomes drunk and attacks Freddy as he works the grill. By the end of the following evening, Freddy will lie dead on the café floor, a blood stain widening across his apron.¹⁷

Most of the film, then, involves the preparing, serving, consuming, and cleaning-up of food and drink. A *choripán*, a humble *chorizo* sandwich on a plate, becomes a powerful visual symbol of all that the immigrants are perceived as taking away from the supposedly legitimate members of Argentine society. Grilled meat in this film seems to function as an expression of European Argentine identity, which is threatened by non-European immigration: “these “Bolivians” are taking a larger and larger piece of the Argentine (meat) pie. High society is absent from the film; it is those near the bottom of society’s ladder, those who find themselves

barely able to make ends meet, who lash out at the migrants (though it is not at all clear that they would accept the jobs the migrants are doing).

Tensions within the Argentine nation are encapsulated within the café, a micro-society of regular customers who work as taxi drivers or informal street vendors. Oso, the big, bearded taxi driver who is struggling financially and is already deeply indebted to Don Enrique, the café's owner, orders a sandwich he cannot pay for. Don Enrique instructs Freddy not to serve it. This situation, in which a "negro" has access to the supply of meat and beer and does not serve it, becomes intolerable for Oso, and within twenty-four hours his verbal attacks on Freddy will escalate to physical assault. When Freddy attempts to defend himself, breaking Oso's nose, Oso shoots and kills him. Caetano's minimalist narrative and its spare *mise-en-scène* and cinematography fits squarely within the "New Argentine Cinema," which, as Jens Anderman describes, was forged by a loosely associated group of filmmakers with a "shared preoccupation with the national present as a time of crisis, often encountered through neo-realist chronicles of the social and geographical margins" (xii).

More traditional "food films" may intertwine the temptations of food with those of sexuality, but assault and murder are less common in this genre. It is clear from the early scenes of this film that while *Bolivia* has food at its center, it will subvert a number of the conventions of the food film genre. Anne Bower describes the typical characteristics of the food film as follows:

To begin with, food [. . .] has to play a star role, whether the leading characters are cooks (professional or domestic) or not. This means that often the camera will focus in on food preparation and presentation so that in closeups or panning shots, food fills the screen. The

restaurant kitchen, the dining room and/or kitchen of a home, tables within a restaurant, a shop in which food is made and/or sold, will usually be central settings. And the film's narrative line will consistently depict characters negotiating questions of identity, power, culture, class, spirituality, or relationship through food. (5-6)

Rather than lush color stills of food artfully prepared, we see a gritty, neo-realistic black and white picture that does not make the food particularly appealing (especially when juxtaposed with close-ups of the torn and dirty dishrag). In fact, the absence of color, besides creating a dull, unappetizing picture of the food, sometimes makes it difficult to identify—is that stew? beans? As Deborah Young notes, the film is a “B&W video blowup that uses its grainy, handheld look to give the story a strong docu look” (24). The shots in high angle, as well as the graininess and the use of black and white, often give the sensation of the viewing of a surveillance video, which may serve to prepare the viewer for the restaurant's conversion into a crime scene. When the camera does move, the filming and editorial presence tends to linger on trays of dirty plates or other disagreeable images such as a close up of a customer picking at his teeth with a toothpick or the unshaven Don Enrique wiping the sweat from his brow (is he using the dishrag?). Joanna Page sees “the tools of trade and the prescribed movements of labor” represented in “a poetic manner” (59) and highlights a “slow-motion treatment” that “lends an epic, lyrical quality to the everyday tasks depicted” (61). I would argue, on the other hand, that any lyrical expression of the beauty and value of the tools and tasks of honest labor is undercut by potentially stomach-turning details of this nature or by the constant undercurrent of tension between the immigrant workers and the native patrons.

Whether representations of the work of the café “evoke the simple pleasure of losing oneself in the physical demands of work” (Page 61) or undercut that possibility by conveying the unsafe, unstable position of the likely underemployed immigrant worker, what is clear is that this is work that is gendered as well as racialized. Rosa waits tables and fends off the sexual advances of her customers in this all-male space. Freddy works the grill, mostly charring the cheap sausages used in the poor man’s sandwich, the *choripán*. Apparently, even under great economic hardship—the threat of repossession of one’s car or of eviction from one’s apartment—large quantities of meat and beer must still be consumed, perhaps in a desperate attempt to affirm one’s dignity as a man or one’s identity as an Argentine. The relationship between meat-consumption and national identity in Argentina can hardly be exaggerated. Jason Wilson makes this relationship clear in his definition of a *porteño* for a cultural guide to Buenos Aires: “A *porteño* is further a product of what he or she eats. Meat-eating is a sign of belonging—at one time the average meat eaten per capita was 78 kilos (172 pounds) a year—as is the male belly or *panza*” (38). Likewise, Wilson refers to the grilling of meat as “an Argentine act of national solidarity” (39). *La Nelly*, to be examined shortly, even features a talking sausage named “Neo, el chorizo del ser nacional” (105). One would think that Freddy’s grilling work would then serve to bind him into the Argentine national community. But his Bolivian racial/ethnic features mark him in the eyes of many of the customers as one who does not belong, and who does not have the right to grill meat there, even at the dismal salary of approximately \$5 a day.

The tragic end of the film, the unlikelihood of justice, and the suggestion that Freddy will easily be replaced at the grill (most likely by another Bolivian) signify a cycle of undocumented labor provided by a Bolivian diaspora desperate for work and willing to endure a certain amount of abuse in order to provide for family members. This filmic representation of the Bolivian

diaspora is so entirely devoid of hope for a peaceful, productive diaspora-host society relationship, that it could be used by the Bolivian government to dissuade potential emigrants. Freddy's life is cut short after ten days in Buenos Aires; Rosa is instructed by her boss not to discuss what happened; and, with the blood mopped up, a new help wanted sign is hung from the window. According to the elderly manager of Rosa's *pensión*, these disappearances of the migrants to whom he rents small rooms are not uncommon. He is frequently left with identity documents, family photos, sometimes even with the dependents of tenants who have disappeared from one day to the next. In a society less than three decades removed from the trauma of the *desaparecidos*, this commentary may have a particularly disturbing resonance.

To shut one's eyes to the injustices faced by the Bolivian diaspora, the film suggests, is just as morally reprehensible today as a willful ignorance of the disappearances occurring in plain sight during the military dictatorship. The nation cannot simply mop up the blood after a murder within its territory, however much it might seek to construct the victim as an "other" who did not deserve full membership in the national society. The new *desaparecidos*, victims not of a military dictatorship but of angry citizens in a time of democracy, are those immigrants who live and work on the margins of society, members of diasporic groups who suffer discrimination and xenophobic attacks.¹⁸ Neither integration nor even a qualified acceptance as a diasporic other seems possible in this context of violent, deadly confrontation.¹⁹

In Sergio Langer and Rubén Jesús Mira's cartoon *La Nelly* (published in *Clarín* since 2003), the picture of diaspora-host relations is again problematic but less bleak. Here fresh produce and herbs take center stage as we shift from the meat-filled *panza* of the working-class male Argentines to the delicate digestive system of La Nelly, a middle class *porteña*. Food and foodways—and by extension, all of Argentine national culture—are represented as being

influenced and/or threatened by diaspora populations,²⁰ but the mood is lighter. In this cartoon, the directly expressed xenophobia of *Bolivia* is absent, replaced by a friendly, if certainly patronizing, style of communication.

The Bolivian character Catalina sells fruits and vegetables on the street and tolerates the foolish comments of her regular customer La Nelly in stony silence while making mental observations that reveal her to be a person quite different from the one Nelly imagines. Like Freddy, her identity in Nelly's eyes is something amorphously Andean and other, as the following transcription indicates:

Nelly: Hola, Catalina, ahora que en Argentina soplan vientos de
esperanza, ¿no te vas a volver al Perú, no? Me parece que
con la devaluación muchos peruanos se fueron, ¿eh?
Quiero que sepas que acá lo que necesitamos son peruanos
trabajadores como vos . . .

[to the side] Qué mujer tan callada, nunca consigo saber qué piensa.

Catalina [silent comment to herself]: Le dije mil veces que soy boliviana.

(88)

Catalina is almost always shown with her baskets of fruits, vegetables, and herbs, which seem to signify to Nelly that Catalina's connection to nature is closer than her own, and as is clear from the following transcription, she sees Catalina as a traditional healer of sorts:

Nelly: Catalina, ando mal, para mí que el pelado de "Ener-pulp" me ojeó,
¿Tenés algo para las malas ondas?

Catalina [silent comment to herself]: Le doy contrayerba para quemar
con ruda y un poco de uña de gato.

Nelly: Y con las tutoradas que me vienen ando toda inflamada y con las tripas revueltas.

Catalina [to herself as she hands Nelly the herbs]: Le agrego chuchuhuasa y muña-muña, que además son afrodisíacos . . .

Nelly: Me descompenso, me da un pico de estrés y se me cae todo el pelo . . .

Catalina [again to herself]: Mata, yacón boliviano y también ortiga para bajar la testosterona y subir los estrógenos.

Nelly [to herself as she walks away with her purchases]: Catalina me sale un poquito más cara pero, ¿Cuánto me ahorro en remedios, médicos y farmacia?

Catalina [to herself as she counts the money she has made]: Con lo que le facturo a Nelly por los yuyos, me pago la cuota de “Medikarte”, la mejor medicina privada. (22)

The ironic gap between the “authentic indigenous healer” Nelly believes Catalina to be, and the willingness on Catalina’s part to take full advantage of Nelly’s stereotypes of her in order to make the money she needs to purchase the best of Western medical care, as well as the fact that Catalina’s thoughts are never voiced to Nelly, create questions about what real communication will ever be possible between them and to what extent Catalina will be integrated into Argentine society.

In response to official Bolivian complaints about the depiction of Catalina, the artist Sergio Langer insists, “Catalina es el personaje más progresista, positivo y con más fuerza que tiene la tira. . . . una tipa que de repente es una mujer que piensa, moderna, hace pilates y admira

a Evo Morales” (Gabino 2). Langer insists on the complexity of Catalina’s character, and yet she is often represented in very stereotypical ways, as silent and expressionless as the produce around her. Sausages and hamburgers talk in this bizarre comic strip, but Catalina, however clever her mind, is usually voiceless. The host nation, or at least the capital city, as represented by La Nelly, conducts financial transactions with the diaspora but does not understand it or even attempt to do so, preferring to rely on stereotypes to manage the relationship. The diaspora (here apparently a trade diaspora), represented by Catalina, does not bother to set the host nation straight, having given up on the possibility of mutual comprehension and preferring to limit communication to that necessary for the street transaction. Still, despite the lack of communication, this is, to some degree at least, a productive relationship: Catalina gets funding for her insurance plan and La Nelly gets the benefits of traditional herbal medicine. Any threat that Catalina may pose is diffused somehow by her apparent conformation to market woman stereotypes. She is a diasporic “other,” but unlike Freddy, she does not seek employment in a café (that most European of establishments), but rather sells produce on the street in a manner outwardly consistent with the *porteño*’s expectations. La Nelly, whatever might be the economic situation in which she found herself, would not dream of selling produce or herbal remedies in the street. Catalina’s occupation of this public, exterior space in no way impinges upon her; it represents a merely superficial incursion into the nation.

It may be, too, that the selling of vegetables and herbs in an uncooked state is less emotionally fraught than the grilling of the meat observed in *Bolivia*. Catalina has merely transported this produce and, as an uncooked product, closer to nature than culture, it may carry a lighter symbolic load. In Claude Lévi-Strauss’ “culinary triangle” of “the raw, the cooked and the rotted,” the cooked is a “cultural transformation of the raw” (29). Jean Soler summarizes Lévi-

Strauss and the semiotic understanding of food and culture in this way: “cooking is a language through which a society expresses itself” (55). It is not surprising, then, that the migrant who does not venture into this cultural language of cooking is less threatening to the national culture. On the other hand, for a member of the diaspora population to undertake the roasting of meat, the transformation from nature (the flesh of an animal) to culture (a prepared sausage sandwich)—this is more intimate, closer to the heart of nation (by way of the *panza*).

If we situate Catalina’s herbs and vegetables at the raw point of Strauss’ culinary triangle, and the *choripán* prepared by Freddy at the cooked point, the food of greatest interest in Lucrecia Martel’s *La Ciénaga* (2001) may be best located at the third point of the triangle, the point of the rotten, a place of decay and disgust. It is at this point that the diaspora-host relations are played out. Before examining the dirty, seemingly inedible fish consumed in *La Ciénaga*, the geographical and cultural distance separating this filmic text from the previous two texts should be emphasized. *Bolivia* is set in Buenos Aires and *La Nelly* is 100% *porteña*, while *La Ciénaga* is geographically and culturally far away, set in the northern province of Salta, near the Bolivian border. Just as the US viewer of *Bolivia* may tend to underestimate the geographic and cultural distance between La Paz and Buenos Aires, so the distance between Buenos Aires and the provinces—both literal distance and cultural distance—may not be appreciated. The distance from Buenos Aires to Salta is approximately that of the distance between New York City and Rockford, Illinois, and the cultural distance is almost certainly greater. Salta, which Lange-Churión identifies as the last post of the Inka empire (476), has a long history of a Bolivian presence and thus did not experience the sudden “hypervisualization” of Bolivians that occurred in the capital in the nineties. In *La Ciénaga* there appears to be a long-standing intimacy between

those of indigenous or *mestizo* descent and those of European descent, but, as this film makes clear, this intimacy connotes neither mutual respect nor comprehension.

La Ciénaga (2001) is the first film in Martel's acclaimed Salta trilogy, which is completed by *La niña santa* (2004) and *La mujer sin cabeza* (2008). In *La Ciénaga*, Martel, a Salta native, depicts a large extended family divided into two households: that of Mecha and Gregorio, the wealthy couple whose provincial estate seems to be disintegrating around them as they sip red wine, and that of Mecha's less-wealthy but more likeable (and more sober) cousin Tali and her husband Rafael. The relationship between Mecha and Gregorio and those persons of indigenous origin who serve in their household is sometimes quite tense, and again, food is employed as a marker of difference and conflict, as the following sequence indicates. Seeking to escape from the summer heat and boredom, Mecha and Gregorio's teenage children, Verónica, Momi, and Joaquín, and their cousins (Tali and Rafael's oldest two children), accompany Isabel, a maid in Mecha and Gregorio's household, and Isabel's boyfriend and friends to the dike. There they amuse themselves by floating on inner tubes and catching catfish, apparently by stunning them with their machetes after they sense the fish's movement through the dark, murky water. When they return to town in Isabel's friends' old pickup truck, grime clinging to their bathing suits, Joaquín leaves the fish he caught in the back of the truck. One of Isabel's friends calls to him that he has forgotten the fish, and he picks them up, walks a few steps down the dusty road with them, and then, when his cousin asks if he is going to cook them, throws his catch to the ground, commenting that only Indians would eat this fish: "Los kollas de mierda comen cualquier cosa." With this comment he marks the ethnic and social difference between his family and his cousin's, on the one hand, and the teenagers with whom they have spent the afternoon, on the other. Sergio Caggiano clarifies the use of the term *kolla*: "ser kolla es ser del altiplano y

de algunas zonas de los valles centrales de Bolivia” (163). But the term implies racial/ethnic identity more than one’s geographical origin: “un paceño descendiente ‘puro’ de españoles no será kolla” (Caggiano 163). These young people may socialize together to a certain extent, there may even be a degree of intimacy between them, but they will not sit down together at the family table to eat the same food, because even as children, the young *salteños* of European descent have learned that the “kollas de mierda” exist to serve them.

Ironically, that evening Joaquín’s family eats fish stew with enthusiasm, apparently unaware that Isabel has picked up the discarded fish from the ground and taken it home to her employers’ kitchen. Isabel’s motives are not clear. Is this merely an aversion to wasting food that is born of her economic circumstances, or just a practical sense of what is needed in the kitchen of her employers’ home? Or is it a desire to see the family who constantly derides her as an “india de mierda” or “kolla de mierda” eat the very food they throw away as being no good for anyone but Indians? Does this represent Isabel’s quiet revenge for the unwelcome sexual advances of José, her employer’s oldest son, at the *bailanta* the night before? I would argue that it may, in fact, be interpreted as a spontaneous act of resistance on Isabel’s part. Tamara Falicov writes, “*La Ciénaga* is effective in exposing a retrograde conservatism and racism that is often assumed and unquestioned within the worldview of upper-crust white families in Argentina. It reveals this injustice, but also subtly shows the resistance that Isabel, her boyfriend, and others summon up in the film” (125). The subtlety of this resistance is entirely in keeping with the understated tenor of the film. According to Viviana Rangil’s article about Martel and three other Argentine women filmmakers,

Gone are the days of “*militancia política*” (political militancy) through the lens of the camera, as it was conceived by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, Fernando Birri, Julio

García Espinosa, Octavo Getino, and a host of male filmmakers and intellectuals who conceptualized the role and ideological standing of the “New Latin American Cinema.” Social and political awareness no longer takes the form of lecturing or preaching about inequalities; instead the themes are subtle but deep undercurrents [. . .] (7).

This corresponds with Falicov’s observation that the filmmakers of the New Independent Argentine Cinema, “rather than create overtly polemical statements or march under the banner of a political movement” are “working to expand the notion of Argentine citizenship to include subjects and characters who have traditionally been invisible or excluded from Argentine screens” (133). Isabel’s preparation of the “dirty fish” for the employers to eat is a subtle picture of resistance as well as a link to the swamp of the title, to the murky water, for Mecha and Gregorio’s family not only immerse themselves in filthy pool water on their estate, but they also consume the dirty fish that lurk in the dark water of the swimming hole.

As the repeated image of dirty water implies, nature in this film is never idyllic; we may be far from the gritty urban reality of *Bolivia*, but this is not a pristine postcard-setting of the countryside. According to Isleni Cruz Carvajal, “Martel expone que los personajes de esta película tienen una relación un poco inquietante con la naturaleza” (15). In her interview with Cruz Carvajal, Martel says, “En ningún momento he querido mostrar al espectador paisajes que pudieran resultar pintorescos. Muy al contrario, la naturaleza no es agradable ni acogedora” (15). Likewise, the image of the dead fish hanging from a wire is neither pleasant nor attractive, and the viewer, while deploring Joaquín’s comment about the “kollas de mierda,” may feel at the same time that throwing the fish to the ground is not inappropriate. No clear shot of the cleaned fish or of the prepared fish stew is ever shown, only a glimpse of the bowl, and this allows the

image of the raw, uncleaned fish to remain in the viewer's mind during the dinner scene. The fish remains connected to nature (conceived as dangerous and dirty) and is not fully integrated into the supposedly civilized table, where the children reprimand their brother for his beastly manners ("No seas bestia, Joaqa"). Like the image of the fish, the general atmosphere of chaos and conflict at dinner and the scene of Momi spitting food at her older brother José work together to undermine the ideal of the civilized European family at table. In the words of critic Pedro Lange-Churión, *La Ciénaga* presents "a subtle deconstruction of the *Sarmientista* binary, a deconstruction that reveals the ineffectiveness and decay of the authority and power of 'the civilised' " (477).

Food has multiple meanings in this film. Besides a marker of ethnic/racial/class difference and a subtle means of creative revenge, it also reveals the dependency of Gregorio and Mecha's family on their indigenous servants. Practically incapable of answering the telephone on her own, let alone preparing a meal, Mecha may even owe her life to Isabel, who not only helps prepare her food but is also the first to respond to her accident. Gregorio is clearly in no shape to help Mecha. He is as drunk as his wife and is primarily concerned with blow drying his hair while she sits bleeding with wine glass shards embedded in her skin. Neither Mecha nor Gregorio is ever shown doing work of any kind. They do not produce food or drink but only consume it, mostly in the form of wine. Likewise, their son Joaquín, while he goes hunting in the forest, is not portrayed in the film as providing the family with food. When Joaquín and his cousins come upon a beast sinking into the swamp, it seems not to occur to them either to rescue it or to slaughter it for food. Is there no hope of extracting it? Mecha's cousin Tali is apparently capable of cooking, perhaps even of skinning the hare for stew that her son brought home. In the scenes in her household no domestic help is in sight.²¹ In Mecha and Gregorio's household,

however, the “indias” are seemingly the only ones who bring food and prepare it. On some days it appears that the servants are the only ones who actually get out of bed. David Oubiña asks, “¿Se podría decir que *La Ciénaga* es una película de camas?” (45). Beds fill the frame.

Boundaries blur as the family members move from one bed to another in a confusing pattern with incestuous overtones. Momi even invades Isabel’s space, napping in her bed with her during the siesta. It is in this context, surrounded by indolent employers in a suffocating house, that the servants are accused of stealing sheets and towels. The stifling intimacy involved in live-in domestic work does not produce trust. If anything, the depiction of the families’ racist assumptions and attitudes within the private space of the household is more disturbing than the similar attitudes reflected in the space of the café in *Bolivia*. The domestic space, often considered a refuge from the conflicts of society, here offers only a smaller stage for the same conflicts to be played out. Ana Martín Morán comments upon the controversial reception of this film in Salta, with its implicit denunciation of racism:

The despotic way in which Mecha treats the domestic service, particularly Isabel [. . .] reveals the profound racism of a society that continues to be determined by racial differences [. . .] Its denunciation, as the director herself explains, was perceived as the most offensive element of the film by some sectors of Salta’s population, who, after the première, accused her of showing the worst side of people. (234)

While the film was perhaps too honest for some at home, it impressed audiences around the world and won numerous awards, including the Best First Feature at the Berlin Film Festival in 2001 (Falicov 126).²² And while portraying a sad picture of diaspora-host relations, it nevertheless shows a diaspora committed to small acts of protest and resistance.

To summarize this first section, then, at the beginning of the twenty-first century, amid economic crisis and social unrest, Argentine filmmakers and even cartoonists employ images of food, apparently simple, in their engagement with complex questions about who is Argentine or can become fully Argentine, and who is living in diaspora, excluded from full citizenship and belonging even as they reinvent their lives within the Argentine nation. These artists do not issue lengthy manifestos about their political beliefs, rather they present subtle but telling images—a chorizo, a concoction of herbs, a dirty fish—aware that “it is possible to ‘say things’ with food,” and that this most basic part of our lives, these apparently minor details, can convey to ourselves and others what we love or what we hate, what we accept or what we reject, and who we believe ourselves to be, as individuals and as a nation.

What will the future hold for diasporic Bolivians such as Freddy or Catalina, or those marked as “kolla” such as Isabel (who may very well be an Argentine citizen)? Will they ever be absorbed into the Argentine melting pot? To some scholarly observers, it seems they will not: “Aparentemente, el crisol se ha enfriado” (Caggiano 193). According to this view, Andeans living in the River Plate area, and even in Salta, may continue to be marked as people in diaspora for some time, in a way that British or even the initially mistrusted Italian immigrants never were. For better or for worse, an Andean diaspora is more visible than ever before, and Argentine cultural production in the first few years of the twenty-first century suggests that the presence of a hyper-visible diaspora population provokes strong reactions among nativists. At the same time, the visibility of the diaspora has encouraged a reflexive moment among filmmakers, cartoonists, and other artists who find that with increased migration the picture of the nation is changing and who seek to represent the new ethnoscape and interrogate the question of Argentine national identity in the twenty-first century.

In 2014, more than a decade after *Bolivia*, *La Nelly*, and *La Ciénaga*, issues of the Bolivian diaspora and Argentine national identity were staged in a new way, played out on the elaborate set of the immensely popular reality cooking show *MasterChef Argentina*. Five thousand application videos were received from persons of all walks of life who wished to participate in the first season of the Argentine production of *MasterChef*, a reality cooking show created in England, remade in the United States (2010), and then recreated in localized productions of the format around the world. One of the sixteen contestants chosen for the first season of this glossy *reality de cocina* hosted by Mariano Peluffo was Elba Rodríguez, a twenty-three-year-old nursing student from Lomas de Zamora whose parents are Bolivian immigrants. None of the three texts previously discussed in this chapter has had an audience like that of this first season of *MasterChef Argentina*, which became the nation's favorite television program with an average rating of 16.6 (Cadena). No Bolivian character in a feature film has been represented as a public food presence as Elba has been. In *Bolivia* and *La Ciénaga*, films that were critically acclaimed but were not blockbusters, the characters Freddy and Isabel prepared food behind the scenes; Elba, also constructed as a character, but according to the conventions of the popular reality genre, drew national and international attention as she cooked on *MasterChef*.

Over the course of sixteen episodes, “Elbita” emerged as the audience favorite, as measured through *MasterChef's* engagement with viewers via social media. Elba's eventual triumph was rewarded with a monetary prize, further culinary training, and publication of a book of her recipes by Planeta. Her success on *MasterChef* opened up other opportunities for her as a public food persona. She was recognized as “la embajadora de la comida tradicional boliviana” in a ceremony at the Bolivian consulate that included Los Kjarkas and other internationally known Bolivian music ensembles. She even received an invitation from President Evo Morales

that led to her first trip to Bolivia and to her mother's reunion with a long lost brother. Her story, as represented in the reality show itself, social media conversations, various analyses by entertainment commentators, and personal interviews, suggests that despite changes that occurred during the Kirchner years, issues regarding the place of the Bolivian collective within Argentina are still salient.

Media scholar Michelle Phillipov notes that reality cooking shows such as *My Kitchen Rules* are organized both as battles (between contestants) and journeys (contestants' experiences as they move from their early failures to more advanced and successful cooking) (90). *MasterChef's* construction of Elba's journey and her final battle highlights the way in which she was both honored and, to some extent, humiliated in an ambivalent presentation of her condition as a daughter of the Bolivian diaspora. It should be noted that all contestants are publically humiliated at some point on the journey and might feel left out if they were not. The viewer cringes as the chefs yell at participants, ¿Qué es esto?" and shame them for their failures. But Elba's journey is constructed as a particularly arduous path from ignorance to expertise, in which she learns that her greatest strength lies in embracing that which her humble origins have given her. The culmination of Elba's journey, the final battle against Pablo Fekete, is presented as more than a contest between two individuals with a passion for cooking who both want to win the grand prize. Here two representatives of the Argentine nation are set against each other. Elba is coded by the producers as the underdog, the sweet, simple, hardworking "ethnic" girl who, despite never having eaten in a restaurant before participating in the show, nevertheless manages to defeat the privileged, proud young lawyer with his complicated dishes. This is a celebration of Elba's talents and strengths and an appreciation for what the second generation of the Bolivian

collective may achieve. But it is also a problematic enactment of what might be termed the proper diasporic role within the Argentine nation.

A few conventions of reality cooking programming illuminate the scenes of a key journey episode and the final battle. Media scholar Tasha Oren describes the “basic DNA of a cooking competition convention”: “a larger-than-life host, a specifically defined challenge, bombastic music, a set time limit, a panel of judges, and a cast of contestants whose back-story and biographical detail serves to heighten the stakes and fan the programmes’ already heated dramatic flame” (27). Particularly relevant to this chapter is the convention of choosing a diverse group of contestants with back-stories of interest. If all of the contestants of *MasterChef Argentina* had been middle- or upper-class *porteños* of European descent familiar with haute cuisine, not only would a large percentage of the viewership have been unable to identify with any of the contestants, but the possibilities for drama would have been reduced. At the same time, as Phillipov points out in her discussion of *My Kitchen Rules*, hours of footage are shaped via an editing process to create “shorter, clearer, more manageable character types and identities” (91). That is, a group of contestants must be diverse, but there is little time or place for showing complexities of character or background or back-story. Elba’s identity as the humble and hardworking daughter of immigrant parents is a clear and manageable identity in the reality programming context; to capture subtleties of her personality or her experiences is not part of the reality show equation.

In keeping with *Master Chef Argentina*’s characterization of Elba, an episode represented by producers as a turning point in her journey is the one in which she presents to the judges, Christophe Krywnis, Donato de Santis, and Germán Martitegui, the *sopa de maní* that her immigrant mother taught her to cook. As Elba does so, we hear her comments in voice-over:

“Hice sopa de maní [. . .] Estoy como un poquito nerviosa porque no sé si al jurado le va a gustar la comida. Yo soy muy acostumbrada, tengo el estómago de hierro, como muchas cosas. Quizá salió un poco pesadito.” While undeniably Elba’s words, these comments should be taken in the context of typical reality show production. Phillipov’s study of *My Kitchen Rules* found that a one-on-one interview with a contestant might last up to eleven hours but would be edited into a brief segment (91). Elba may have made numerous comments about her experience in preparing *sopa de maní* and anticipating the jury response, but the producers chose these comments for the key voice-over. The producers may also have elicited the comments by posing leading questions. Recalling Joaquín’s ugly comment in *La Ciénaga*, “los kollas de mierda comen cualquier cosa,” the implied contrast between the iron stomach of the child of the Bolivian diaspora and the more refined stomachs of the well-known French, Italian, and Argentine chefs may be part of a larger narrative of discrimination and exclusion that contributes to the diaspora phenomenon. As Alys Fleischmann and Nancy Van Styvendale point out in their introduction to *Narratives of Citizenship*,

Narrative arts and their attendant criticism can challenge and extend the range of possible meanings afforded citizenship [. . .] However, narratives—whether fictional or factual, amazing or mundane—can also be highly effective at foreclosing inquiry. They can naturalize elaborately constructed logics and deep-seated biases alike, presenting them as common sense or inevitable, and the less obvious their narrative coding is, the more effective their cultural work can be.” (XVII).

Not a genre given to reflection about the perpetuation of supposedly common sense or inevitable narratives, the reality cooking show reconstructs national narratives in a way that promotes

simple binaries and, most likely, resonates with any pre-conceived ideas of the Argentine viewing public regarding the Bolivian diaspora and their cooking and eating habits.

As Elba speaks in voice-over, a fast succession of close-ups and extreme close-ups of the peanut soup, pleasingly plated, are followed by a shot of Elba as she stands before the judge, waiting with her hands folded behind her back. On the other side of the raised table, Martitegui, owner of the internationally acclaimed Buenos Aires restaurant Tegui, towers over Elba. She answers his questions like an obedient school girl. This is a Bolivian dish that her mother prepared: “En verdad siempre lo comí desde chica.” As the chef tastes the food, a shot/reverse shot pattern of his gaze at Elba and her calm, respectful stance is accompanied by the requisite suspenseful soundtrack, until finally he states, “Este plato [pause for effect] es un viaje. Está buenísimo.” The second judge, Krywonis, tastes the soup next, and again the chef gazes at Elba while he chews. When the camera cuts twice from Krywonis’s face to Elba’s, both times she lowers her head. The chef’s face is inscrutable and he does not comment. The final judge, chef De Santis, inquires, “¿Qué se siente cocinar este plato ya a esta edad que siempre ha cocinado otra persona, tu mamá o tu familia?” Elba’s response is heartwarming and echoes the Andean dream discussed earlier in this chapter: “Para mí, es más que nada hacer honor a mi mamá. Es la manera en que me transmite la cultura. No tuve la oportunidad de viajar. Es una manera de transmitirme lo que ellos vivieron en su vida.” There is next a cut to another contestant, Natali, who is smiling tenderly. It should be noted, though, that in a reality show this smile may or may not have been in response to Elba or to this particular moment. However, its placement here conveys the idea of the warm feelings and goodwill Elba inspires in others. The judge pronounces, “Nos hiciste viajar a todos. No sé dónde tenías escondido todas estas recetas. Vos no mostrás lo que tenés adentro. Seguí por este camino, porque es el correcto.” His statement is a

warm response to Elba and to her heritage as part of the Bolivian collective. At the same time, there may be an implied ghettoization of Elba and her prospects as a chef. This road of fidelity to one's roots is "el correcto," not one of many roads. In this view, Elba's embrace of her past may foreclose certain possibilities for her future, and that has a logic that is not questioned in *MasterChef*.

This discourse that both praises and patronizes Elba is repeated after the season's end, when Krywonis says of her, "Sin pretensiones innovadoras ni la intención de distinguirse por su extravagancia, Elba demostró que con poco se puede lograr mucho." He praises her further: "Siempre fue humilde, tuvo los pies en la tierra y muchas ganas de aprender." In the press and social media, Elba's humble origins and (suitably) humble culinary ambitions are emphasized over and over. This *Facebook* comment, by fan Silvia Petrilli, is typical: "Con tu humildad y tu perfil bajo guardás además de valores morales muchos conocimientos." Likewise, fan Angela Del Valle Cascini writes, "Elba: tu humildad es lo más lindo que tenes." (All quotations from social media have been reproduced without change or correction.) The emphasis on Elba's humble origins may increase her support among those who share her origins or her economic and social status. At the same time, the program's representation of Elba's sweet, unassuming ways may recommend her in the eyes of those higher on the social ladder. Her perceived lack of pretension may convert her into a beloved Anti-Evita who does not threaten society's structures of power. Though she is preparing food on the national stage, and she wants to learn more and improve her life and the lives of her family, she is not portrayed as a social climber aspiring to rise beyond her rank. In *MasterChef*'s representation, Elba celebrates the supposedly simple, hardy comfort foods of her heritage, the recipes of her mother; she does not make unseemly claims to the sophisticated preparations of haute cuisine that rightfully belong to the acclaimed

male chefs. Some viewers might put Elba in the racist categories of “cabecita negra” or “bolita,” but given the program’s portrayal of her, these same viewers might feel that at least Elba understands her place in society and does not insist on full citizenship with all of its rights and privileges.

By the final episode of the first season of *MasterChef Argentina*, the culmination of Elba’s reality show journey, both she and Pablo had survived sixteen episodes of cooking challenges both ridiculous and sublime. Each episode brought new twists, such as contestants making a mad dash through the “súper” (prominently marked as the Jumbo chain) to choose the ingredients for their planned menu only to find out that their baskets would be switched. Now, in the final faceoff, a narrative emphasizing the simple lasagna prepared by Elba versus the fine lobster prepared by Pablo continues the characterization achieved in the previous episodes, at the expense of noting the actual complexities of the dishes Elba prepares. But “Elbita,” the audience favorite,²³ wins the grand prize in a dramatic and polemical conclusion to the season.

In the article “MasterChef tuvo su sorpresa y media,” Juan Carlos Fola asserts that Elba’s victory was not due to her superior cooking: “ya sabemos cómo va esto, al público hay que darle pan y circo. La verdad es que emocionó la alegría desbordada de Elbita y su familia, que seguramente necesitaba el dinero.” In Fola’s eyes, and those of various other commentators, Elba is not victorious due to her merits as a chef, but because that climax of the season’s narrative is more dramatic or crowd pleasing, or perhaps because the judges felt sorry for poor Elbita and her needy relations and felt that they needed the money more than Pablo’s family. Fola affirms, “Sin saber de quién era el plato [. . .] seguramente el resultado hubiera sido otro.” In this view, Elba may be a good cook, but not a true *MasterChef*.²⁴ At the extreme end of the spectrum of negative responses to Elba’s success, Baby Etchecopar, a late night talk show host who refers to himself

as “El ángel de la medianoche,” asks Elba in an interview what he admits is “una pregunta fea”: “¿A vos te hicieran ganar porque cocinabas bien o te hicieron ganar porque daba rating?” He insists, “vos eras . . . a ver, digamos, vos venías con una historia cargada de vida, ¿no?” He also exaggerates the distance between her dishes and those of the other contestants: “Los demás preparaban platos de auteur y vos decías, voy a hacer un guiso.” Elba answers calmly, “No tan así, eh? Era más creatividad que otra cosa.” She affirms her roots but rejects the supposition that her success was due to her back-story.

As mentioned previously, *MasterChef* encourages social media interaction among fans. Its *Facebook* questions such as “¿Quién decís que se va hoy en MasterChef?” create a culture of viewer engagement. Comments on social media regarding Elba’s success range from emphasis that this was *MasterChef Argentina* (not Bolivia) to responses pointing out that Elba is indeed Argentine.²⁵ If some disturbing comments reflect a xenophobic view of Bolivian migrants and their families that may contribute to the ongoing negative construction of the diaspora, other comments suggest an appreciation of the diaspora presence and a broadening of who is considered truly Argentine that points to future integration. This may play out as a continuation of the “Andean dream”-inspired diasporic identity even as the Bolivian collective consolidates its position in Argentine society.

In summary, cultural conversations about the place of the Bolivian diaspora, conversations illuminated by representations of food, may be evolving in the direction of acceptance and integration into the life of the Argentine nation. It is an open question to what extent the ongoing diasporic situation of “here but not of here” will be carried across multiple generations. The situation of the Bolivian diaspora in Argentina will be of continuing interest to the field of Diaspora Studies in general as a case study of a South-South migration pattern that

has created a large diaspora population in a neighboring country, but a neighboring country that historically has thought of itself as not so much Latin American as European, and thus has presented unique challenges to integration. At the same time, the home country has sought to maintain strong ties with the diaspora and to facilitate its ongoing political involvement, through absentee voting, for example, while the diaspora has developed as strong sense of being a *colectividad* and engages in multiple identity-affirming activities.

The only certain conclusion is, in an extension of García Canclini's metaphor, that the neat packaging of nations within borders, once a fiction with considerable credibility, is now a fiction recognizable as fiction and acknowledged by all but the most rabid of nationalists. Because of the "spillover" from nation to nation, the identities constructed in the twenty-first century must depart from new interrogations of citizenship and belonging, and these interrogations leave their mark in cultural productions and representations, where they are visible in the smallest of images: a grilled sandwich, an uncooked vegetable, a dirty fish. These small pictures of animal or vegetable, raw or cooked, can image back to us our deepest concerns about who we are and who belongs with us at the national dining table (as citizens) and who should be turned away as an uninvited guest (to be deported) or sent off to the kitchen to eat (in diasporic separation). In the Argentine context, the recent presentation of *sopa de maní* on *MasterChef Argentina*, a program that is ostensibly a microcosm of the nation and that reaches significant numbers of citizens and non-citizens in its broad appeal, is a particularly charged moment in the cultural conversation. Does *sopa de maní* belong on the national stage? Will the person who prepares it be celebrated? Relegated to an ethnic niche or diasporic enclave?

Elba's recent productions on *YouTube*, engaging cooking instructional programs in the tradition of Julia Child rather than the competitive elimination format of food programming,

suggest that the second generation of Bolivian immigrants is confident that it can capture attention on the national stage while representing its own experiences. Elba has converted her participation in *MasterChef* into an opportunity for self-expression, constructing her own representations of self and community. On *MasterChef*, her ethnic identity and heritage and her role in Argentine society are carefully managed and constructed by the producers according to reality programming conventions in order to maximize ratings. These *YouTube* videos, on the other hand, reflect her assurance and agency in managing her own identity and deciding what role her diasporic history will play in her future. On the *Elba cocina YouTube* channel, Elba is presumably free to prepare anything she likes, whether *sopa de maní* or *osobuco al Malbec*.

In the next chapter, I turn to representations of Andean women engaged in carework in Spain. Food preparation is often a key duty of carework, but other aspects of this work may make it more fraught. Working in Enrique's restaurant proves fatal for Freddy, but in some ways the day-to-day life of Isabel, who works in the home of Momi's family performing a variety of duties, is more difficult than his. Isabel is rarely off duty; her space and her privacy are continually invaded; and she experiences the family's slights, criticism, and insults without being able to isolate herself from them physically for hours or days at a time. In the context of the feminization of migration and the globalization of carework, similar conflicts play out for Andean women in Spain, who navigate both the ambivalence of the host country attitudes toward them and the shifting terrain of their family relationships as they embark on transnational motherhood.

¹² Mixed-blood gauchos were incorporated into national identity discourses in the *género gauchesco* birthed by Bartolomé Hidalgo in the early nineteenth century. In the words of Nicolas Shumway, this genre, at least in its populist incarnation, “sought to affirm a place in the country’s guiding fictions for the common folk, the rural poor, the mixed bloods, the nonelite” (68). However, that place in the national narrative has not been won, for the much-debated gaucho’s eventual acceptance as national symbol entailed a “whitening” process.

¹³ Mariela Ceva contrasts the foreign born population reported in the 1869 census, at 11% of the population, with that of the 1914 census, at 35% of the population, and notes that Italian, French, and Spanish immigrants were the largest groups to enter Argentina between 1880 and 1930 (19).

¹⁴ Ceva summarizes various anthropological and sociological studies when she writes, “Durante las últimas dos décadas se ha producido un fenómeno de visibilización de la población limítrofe en la Argentina” (17).

¹⁵ In response to Mariana Carvajal’s interview question, “¿Cómo son tratados los bolivianos en la prensa?” Sergio Caggiano responds,

Analicé durante cuatro años los diarios El Día y Hoy, de la Plata, y vi cómo aparecieron los inmigrantes bolivianos, cuando no se trataba de artículos sobre la comunidad boliviana o sobre inmigración y encontré que aparecían sólo en la sección policial, vinculados a la comisión de algún delito.
(Carvajal 2)

¹⁶ According to producer Lita Stantic’s website, the following are the awards received by *Bolivia*: Prix de la Jeune Critique, Semaine de la Critique, Cannes (2001); Mejor Película

Latinoamericana, Festival de San Sebastián (2001); Mención del Jurado, Festival de Huelva (2001); KNF Award from the Circle of Dutch Critics, Film Festival Róterdam (2001); and the Fipresci Award, Regus London Film Festival (2001).

¹⁷ The limited spaces within the film’s diegesis—bars, a pension, a *locutorio*, a small pool and dance hall, and the street—reflect what Joanna Page notes is common in recent Argentine film: “financial exigencies mark the production process, as well as the film’s themes” (126). Page describes the filming process as follows:

The film was made by unpaid actors and technicians, using a small number of locations that were available at no cost and needed minimal lighting, and was shot only with equipment that could fit in a car. Filming was done mainly on weekends and nearly always with the bar open (a condition imposed by the owner). The film took three years to shoot, and filming was sporadic, as and when funds became available. (126)

¹⁸ It should be mentioned that Bolivian migrants were not untouched by the dictatorship: Zalles Cueto notes their displacement by the military: “en 1976 la dictadura militar, pretextando la construcción de autopistas en Buenos Aires, intenta mediante la coerción y la violencia relocalizar y ‘repatriar’ a los cada vez más numerosos bolivianos que se instalaban en las villas miseria” (97). Likewise, Torre Ávila describes the military’s “cleansing” of greater Buenos Aires in preparation for the 1978 World Cup: “aquel gran grupo de arbietaños que vivía en el barrio de las Barrancas de Belgrano [. . .] desalojados mediante un acuerdo de los gobiernos militares de Bolivia y Argentina cuando se maquillaba la periferia de la gran capital para acondicionarla como sede del mundial [. . .]” (136).

¹⁹*Bolivia* does not only indict Argentines for xenophobia towards its diaspora population.

Through Freddy's explanation of the reason for his cross-border journey, the film also points a finger at the United States for eradicating coca crops (and, in collateral damage, other nearby crops), thus creating a strong push factor.

²⁰A series of *La Nelly* comics deals with the question of Chinese migration to Argentina and the ensuing creation of "Argenchina." In the following example, Nelly makes her prejudices clear:

Nelly: Yo soy como Sarmiento, sueño con una inmigración anglosajona, algo más VIP. . .

Los chinos son muy distintos a nosotros . . . van a mandar a cualquiera.

Neo: No, Nelly, vamos a hacer un casting para elegir a los que más se adaptan a nuestra idiosincrasia. Ya se abrió un registro de aspirantes y se anotaron 25 millones de chinos . . .

Nelly: Claro, allá ganan 50 dólares y laburan como negros . . . ¿Cómo no van a querer venir? . . . se enteraron que acá ganan lo mismo con un plan trabajar y no laburan nunca. (105)

Neo goes on to show Nelly the vision of the future Argenchina, in which even Catalina, the Bolivian fruit and vegetable street vender, is now working in a rice patty ("los lagos de Palermo se han transformado en un gigantesco arrozal" 108). Interestingly, Nelly does not have to travel far into the future, only from 2004 to 2010, to witness this transformation.

²¹Although Tali's family does not depend on servants, and thus the images of food in her house do not suggest the ridiculous passivity of her cousin's home, these images do not convey domestic comfort and wellbeing. Rather, they are unpleasant or disturbing, as when little Luciano stares at the dead hare at the kitchen sink in a prefiguration of his own death (or at least, very serious accident) at the end of the film.

²² According to David Oubiña, other nominations and awards include the following: Premio Alfred Bauer a la Mejor Ópera Prima, en el Festival de Berlín; Premio Coral a la Mejor Dirección y a la Mejor Actriz (Graciela Borges), en el Festival del Nuevo Cine Latinoamericano de La Habana; Premio a la Mejor Película y a la Mejor Ópera Prima en el Festival de Toulouse.

²³ The following comments from MasterChef social media illustrate the support Elba elicits from viewers in response to her cooking skills and her humble manners:

Meneranda Glenda: muy bien Elba, me encantaron las croquetas. Punto aparte tenes la humildad que se necesita para llegar lejos! vamos querida!
May 18, 2014 at 7:59pm

Garcia Ines: Me encanta Elba! Ella es mas humilde en sus modos y no se la cree como otras participantes. Que llegue lejos!!!! smile emoticon
May 21, 2014 at 6:35pm

Silvia Alejandra Barrios: Felicitaciones Elba,no te conozco pero hoy,me hicistes llorar de la emocion!,ademas de cocinar bien,resaltaron tu humildad,tu capacidad de saber escuchar y tu evolucion,merecido premio!!
July 27, 2014 at 8:24pm

Debora Helguero: Estoy muy feliz por Elba, me gusta su humildad y la pasión que tiene cocina, con respecto a Pablo es muy soberbio y una persona egocentrica,
July 27, 2014 at 8:56pm

Patricia Alonso: Elbita te adoro, tu humildad te engrandece ..
June 29, 2014 at 7:46pm

Graciela Trusso: Entra tanta soberbia,sin dudas Elba es la más sencilla y humilde !!
·May 19, 2014 at 12:10pm

Patry Coronel: sos la gran ganadora x tu humildad y sencillez
July 14, 2014 at 2:21pm

Adriana Ovejero: Felicitaciones Elba, la ganadora merecida. La humildad le ganó a la soberbia.
July 27, 2014 at 9:14pm

Silvia Petrelli: Amorosa!!!! todo lo mejor. Sos una gran persona. Con tu humildad y tu perfil bajo guardás además de valores morales muchos conocimientos. Adelante!!!!

July 11, 2014 at 4:40am

Graciela Miglio: Sos muy ingeniosa , humilde, franca , transparente, adelante!!

May 31, 2014 at 4:09pm

Angela Del Valle Cascini: Elba: tu humildad es lo más lindo que tenes. Es tu valor agregado...

Porfa, no la pierdas...te apoyamos

June 14, 2014 at 5:20am

²⁴ Gender-inflected conceptions are also relevant here. The woman cooks at home; the man cooks outside of the home and may aspire to be a chef (unless he is an immigrant at the bottom of the restaurant worker hierarchy and assigned only the most repetitive and laborious tasks).

²⁵ The following is a sample of mixed comments responding to Bolivia al Aire's *YouTube* posting of the *sopa de maní* episode.

Martha Flores Medina:

Me he tomado el trabajo de leer todos los comentarios. Me horrorizo por la falta de respeto a Bolivia. Esta niña, una chiquita de 23 años les dio vuelta a los competidores(as) argentinos que se volvian rojos de envidia, no todos, pero algunas mujeres se les veia como la madrastra de Blanca Nieves! Gano Elba, por su humildad, ese amor que transmite y su gran respeto hacia sus padres, su cultura y a toda la enseñanza que recibio de sus profesores. Viene de una familia humilde con grandes valores!!!!!!...se vislumbra un gran futuro para ella. Elbita Dios te bendiga y sigue adelante!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

adviertehoy777:

Argentina, es argentina, unica, Bolivia tiene una cultura unica, que deberian verla, estudiarla, hay mucha pero mucha humildad, en los bolivianos, ARGENTINA QUE EN UN TIEMPO ATRAZ, DECLARABA QUE BOLIVIA ERA UN PAIZ QUE TODAVIA SE VIVIA EN 'PLUMAS! la generacion actual,ha cambiado! EL RSPETO, es mutuo! esta muchacha parese haver nacido en argentina!! POR LO TANTO ES ARGENTINA! DE DESENDENCIA BOLIVIANA!! pero es argentina! lo da a notar dice" el paiz de mis padres" colgemos el pasado por favor!! luchemos contra, el desprecio, bendiciones a bolivia bendiciones a argentina!!. en el amor no hay temor!! si no que el perfecto AMOR ECHA FUERA AL TEMOR. I Juan 4.18

sebastian quitral:

Elba es bolita??

taksunokuchi:

No, es argentina. Y en tal caso tampoco sería "bolita", sería boliviana. No hace falta hacer gala

de ignorancia.

hau ilegalidad:

En Argentina tienen que poner algo para sacarlos de acá. Argentina con esto está mostrando la peor cara, indios, amerindios, mestizos de M.... vallansen a su país, saquen el plan patria grande arlhein BK:

Elba es argentina.. una más de los 40 millones que somos, no representa a Bolivia pues no es boliviana en todo caso presentó un plato típico que preparaba su madre que sí lo es, un plato típico para compartir con todos los argentinos algo de sus raíces como hicieron los demás participantes. Ella como argentina, está compitiendo en un programa de SU país para ser la nueva Masterchef Argentina y representar con orgullo a su país Argentina. Elba hasta llegar a la final no paramos..!!

Fõçunõ Paz mundial:

eso es masterchef ARGENTINA

Astor Mandel:

vieron que los bolivianos no solamente venden verduras? ahora agregaron otro eslabon a la cadena productiva, ahora cocinan SOPA DE MANI

One hopes that this thread is an example of the anonymous opportunities for comment that draw in the most extreme commenters and not a true picture of society's views as a whole.

Chapter 2

“Quedándonos aquí no vamos a poder”:

Andean Migrant Women in the Global “Maid Trade”

Por lo mismo que se cree que acá es mejor [. . .] o sea que es una buena opción venirse. Entonces, me llaman mis amigas, mis compañeras, y me dicen, Oye, ayúdame, estoy en una mala situación [. . .] Entonces yo le digo, si quiere que le diga una cosa, si quiere que le dé un consejo de verdad una amiga que la quiere, Mejor estás allá. Mejor estarse allí, que Ud. gana más estando allí al lado de las personas que la quieren, al lado de sus hijos que Ud. los ve crecer, que los ve cambiar, y no que un día Ud. llegue cuando ya la desconozcan los que realmente son los suyos.—Audio recording of a migrant woman’s voice, audiovisual installation “Maternidades globalizadas,” Mau Monleón, Valencia

A young woman of Andean background wakes long before daylight in a cramped room in Paris and rushes with her snugly wrapped baby in her arms to what appears to be a large, impersonal but adequate child care facility. There she lays the sleeping child in one of the cribs in a neat row. Hearing him cry just as she is leaving the room, she turns back, bends over his crib, and sings to him “Qué linda manito que tengo yo” as a shot/reverse shot pattern creates a tender exchange of gazes. She moves her fingers in a hypnotic fashion until her child falls back to sleep and then reluctantly but hurriedly departs. This is the opening sequence of “Loin du 16e,” directed by Walter Salles and Daniela Thomas, a short segment of *Paris je t’aime* (2006). The young mother, Ana (Catalina Sandino Moreno), then boards a series of buses and trains in a lengthy journey to the well-appointed flat of her employer. Upon her arrival, a woman’s voice quickly informs her from off screen that they will need her to stay late that evening and then disappears. The employer is seemingly unaware that the caregiver she employs is also a mother, and there is no hint that Ana’s baby might be welcome to share his mother’s working days, however logical that kind of arrangement might appear. When Ana’s charge wakes in the spacious and beautifully decorated nursery, she again sings “Qué linda manito,” now in a leisurely way, but with some distraction, gazing out the window as if searching for the eyes of

her own baby on the tree-lined street. But it is this more privileged baby who receives many of the small, nurturing gestures that Ana has little opportunity to offer her own child.

This brief segment of an internationally successful film highlights the figure of the Andean woman carrying out paid domestic work, or “carework,” in the European Union. Is it a surprise to the viewer that this young mother from Colombia or another Andean nation has nearly the full responsibility of caring for one of France’s youngest citizens? It may be surprising, to the extent that Barbara Ehrenreich and Arlie Russell Hochschild’s observation in 2002 is still valid: “it is striking how invisible the globalization of women’s work remains, how little it is noted or discussed in the First World” (12). Even if the Andean nanny’s presence has come to seem natural, what is revealed in this clip is not so much the fact that Andean women, along with other migrants, care for Europe’s children. Rather, it is the sobering reminder that many of these careworkers are themselves mothers, and the carework they provide for other families may come at an emotional cost to their own children, even as their economic situation improves.

Despite a draining commute, extended working hours, and the sadness of holding her own child only during the night, Ana’s situation would be enviable to many Andean women who have left their children in their home countries and who work for months or years at a time in jobs similar to Ana’s while communicating with their children only by phone or via other communication technologies. These mothers, who face the demands of caring for two households, one thousands of miles away, enact what scholars of migration have termed “transnational motherhood,” a key concern of this chapter. Whether transnational motherhood should be celebrated as a strategy for the economic survival and betterment of Andean families, investigated as an experiment in the readjustment of traditional gender roles in the face of current

economic realities, or lamented as an experience of painful absence and unbearable loss is one of the questions that emerges in the analysis of the feature film, documentary, and short story I discuss in this chapter. These texts also probe the underlying social tensions that are subtly expressed through images of the usually hidden/invisible/less-valued labors involved in housekeeping or childcare or eldercare; the racial, ethnic, gender, and national hierarchies that naturalize the Andean woman migrant as a paid domestic worker in the European Union; and the host nation ambivalence that emerges around the figure of the Andean domestic worker who is assigned the most mundane and menial tasks but also entrusted with the care of the most fragile persons in the developed world.

Just as, in the previous chapter, creative representations of migrant foodways and of migrants working in food preparation engaged larger cultural questions about the growing Bolivian diaspora in Argentina, here the artistic representations of three Andean mothers (one a mother-to-be) who are employed in carework engage questions of cultural ambivalence about the Andean diaspora in Spain. Food preparation almost always constitutes a key duty of carework, but carework inscribes a broader circle that is more holistic, intimate, complex, and fraught. Its representation in film and short story palpates the deepest fears and hopes of a country regarding its foreign-born caregivers, their employers, and the young, sick, and elderly whose lives are held in their hands, as well as the traumas and transitions for those caregivers and in the families left behind.

The texts explored in this chapter, then, probe the complexities of the lives of Andean women who, representative of what scholars term the “feminization of migration,” are employed in domestic work, child care, and elder care in Spain. Facing a double, if not triple or quadruple, discrimination, they find that carework is one of the few segments of the labor market accessible

to them due to their position at the intersection of gender, race, socioeconomic status, and citizenship status bias. These artistic texts plumb the risks and possible rewards of their work, as well as the stresses of working (and in many cases, living) in the intimate space of the employer's home, physically close but socially and culturally distant. At the same time, these texts tease out the ambivalence expressed by the host country toward the Andean careworker, who lives on the margins of society even as she inhabits its most private spaces, cares for its most basic human needs, and nurtures its most vulnerable members. The representation of a pregnant immigrant caregiver in Fernando León de Aranoa's *Amador* (2010) explores the challenges of survival, acceptance, and integration faced by Andean migrant women in Spain. The representation of the transnational mothers in Mikael Wiström and Alberto Herskovits's *Familia* (2010) and Jorge Eduardo Benavides's "Lejanos" (2005) traces the experience and the effects of what sociologists call "care resource extraction" on the families left behind, as well as the strains on the departing mother, who navigates new carework responsibilities, the challenges of long-distance mothering, the grief of separation, and the subtle changes in family relationships, for good or ill, that are inevitably caused by her migration to Europe and subsequent breadwinner status.

Amador, *Familia*, and "Lejanos" emerge within a context of the globalization of carework. In this process, as summed up by social scientist Rhacel Salazar Parreñas, "women from the global south migrate to the global north in order to alleviate the care burdens of privileged women in the global north" (23). Barbara Ehrenreich and Arlie Russell Hochschild note that women in the First World whose male partners do not share in carework have succeeded in "tough 'male world' careers" by transferring carework to women from the Third World, a situation that they call "the female underside of globalization" (2). First World

women's integration into the workforce, particularly when their male partners do not help to fill in the "care gap," is a strong "pull factor"; the poverty of Third World women, a poverty exacerbated by processes of globalization, is a "push factor" (Ehrenreich and Hochschild 8). What has resulted, according to sociologist Saskia Sassen, is a new "labor aristocracy" and the "return of the so-called 'serving' classes in globalized cities around the world" ("Women's Burden" 510). If in the mid-twentieth century an impoverished highland woman might have migrated from the Andes to coastal Lima for domestic work, in the first decade of the twenty-first century, she may very well continue her journey on to the globalized cities of Europe. Even in times of economic crisis, she will find that there remain some jobs that even unemployed nationals will not take, due to low pay, low prestige, and difficult working conditions.

Clearly, care burdens have never been equally distributed among men and women, nor among different racial and ethnic groups. As sociologist Pierrette Hondagneu-Sotelo notes, "Worldwide, paid domestic work continues its long legacy as a racialized and gendered occupation" (19). Lawyer and human rights advocate Juhu Thukral notes in a study of immigrant women in the informal economy of the United States, "The intersection of race and gender can give life to deeply embedded biases that create potential for vulnerabilities. Such bias often stems from notions of the type of work that is appropriate for some women of certain backgrounds" (67). Again, this bias is not new. What is changing, according to Hondagneu-Sotelo, is that "today divisions of nationhood and citizenship are increasingly salient" (19), creating a "New World Domestic Order" (3) that is marked by the phenomenon of "transnational motherhood" (3).

Here I define transnational motherhood simply as the carrying out of the "project" of mothering across national borders, following Deborah Fahy Bryceson and Ulla Vuorela's

foundational and widely cited definition of the transnational family: “families that live some or most of the time separated from each other, yet hold together and create something that can be seen as a feeling of collective welfare and unity, namely ‘familyhood,’ even across national borders” (3). As women migrate from the Global South to the Global North in search of higher wages, their families are reconstituted and reshaped by their taking on the main breadwinner role, as well as maintaining a long distance nurturing role. New family dynamics and dependencies develop when impoverished families choose this route as the best, and perhaps the only, option for their long-term economic survival in a globalized economy. When more traditional patterns of male migration provide questionable value in changing markets, the migratory project is not given up, but is adjusted as necessary to new economic realities. Sassen uses the phrase “feminization of survival” to emphasize that today “households and whole communities are increasingly dependent on women for their survival” (“Women’s Burden” 506).

In this context, scholars such as Magdalena Diaz Gorfinkiel who study the “internationalization of childcare” have found that “the ways of ‘doing motherhood’ are expanding” (739). New understandings of a mother’s role even within very traditional societies can produce tension, even trauma, for all involved, but at the same time, the transnational families represented in the texts examined in this chapter work courageously to face these challenges in a way that benefits the family unit.

The concepts of transnational motherhood and the transnational family represent one of the more extreme cases within a larger field of Transnational Studies, which, in the words of Sheba Mariam George, “looks at the processes by which post-World War II immigrants maintain linkages and identities that cut across national boundaries and that bring two societies into a single social field” (35). Certainly the residence of one’s children in the home country must

represent one of the greatest incentives to engage in transnational practices that maintain a strong linkage to that place. At the same time, it should be emphasized that these linkages do not connect life in the settlement country with life in the homeland as it was lived before. Rather, the country of origin is experienced differently, with a changed family dynamic. In an ethnographic study of women's migration from Kerala, India, to the United States, for example, George explores the effects on migrant families when the migration of the wife creates a "break from the status quo as men suddenly [find] themselves dependent on women for social and economic resources" (20). This same process is seen in *Familia* and "Lejanos," the two texts depicting Andean transnational motherhood, a practice which creates a disruption in families previously enacting traditional gender roles.

The fact that the carework explored in the three works of this chapter inscribes a trajectory from the Andean nations to Spain corresponds to a specific set of contemporary geopolitical circumstances. Until the last couple of decades of the twentieth century, a study of transnational families in the southern part of Europe would probably have focused on the perspective of those left behind. As geographer Russell King writes,

In the not-too-distant past the whole of the Mediterranean Basin was a reservoir of migrants who, between the early 1950s and the mid-1970s, headed to northern Europe in the millions. At that time most countries of the Mediterranean region were united in their poverty and relative overpopulation: emigration was seen as a desirable solution, quite apart from satisfying the demands of postwar Europe for extra labor to rebuild and develop industrial economies. (2)

Nieves Ortega Pérez notes the great change that occurred as Spain moved from being a sending country and a transit country to being a receiving country (2). Among the factors she cites as

causing this change included the closure of borders of Germany, Switzerland, and France, which had traditionally been receiving countries; the political changes which developed as authoritarian regimes came to an end; the proximity of sending countries of the Maghreb; and the strong historic and economic ties between the two coasts of the Mediterranean (2). In the eighties, the entry of Portugal, Spain, and Greece into the European Union made them “portal” countries on the southern border of Europe (Ortega Pérez 6). David Corkhill notes that upon signing the Schengen agreement in 1991, Spain began to play the role of “ ‘guardian state’ on the EU’s southern flank” (49). Likewise, Graciela Malgesini refers to “Gatekeeper Spain” (27) and explains the attempts of the TREVI group to control migration:

Immigration from poor countries began to be seen as a “security” problem by the Schengen nine. The so-called TREVI (Terrorism, Radicalism, Extremism and Violence) group insisted repeatedly on the need for Spain and Italy to reinforce controls along their Mediterranean borders. This new ‘conflict hypothesis’ has engendered specific strategies, incorporated in the Treaty of Maastricht: the movement of citizens from Third World countries is placed on equal footing with controls on drug trafficking, terrorism and prostitution. (26-27)

Sassen clarifies the intentions of the Maastricht treaty: “a) neutralize borders when it comes to the circulation of capital and EU nationals, and b) strengthen those same borders when it comes to circulation of non-EU resident immigrants” (*Guests* 101). The *comunitario* v. *extracomunitario* distinction, often racialized, continues to play a role in discussions of European identity and complicates the integration of Andean as well as Caribbean, African, and Middle Eastern migrants and refugees within the European Union.

The residence of two Peruvian transnational mothers in Spain in the documentary and short story that I examine corresponds with the fact that Spain is the second most popular destination for Peruvian emigrants, after the United States (Sánchez Aguilar 95). Between 2000 and 2007, Spain was Europe's leading country of immigration (McCabe et al.), and its immigrant population quadrupled in eight years (Arango 3). In a 2010 study of the Andean migration to Spain that occurred between 1997 and 2007 ("the great migration"), Colombian political scientists David Roll and Diego Leal-Castro conclude that as a result of this migration flow, there now exists "una España Latinoamericana de dos millones y medio de personas, y una España Andina que es la mayor parte de la España Latinoamericana" (36-37).²⁶

By 2003, voluntary return policies (also called "pay-to-go" or "buyer's remorse" policies) were put in effect in Spain in an attempt to control the influx of migrants (McCabe et al.). The global financial crisis of 2008 hit Spain very hard and greatly exacerbated tensions surrounding migration. The post-2008 situation of Andean workers in Spain became particularly difficult. Papademetriou et al. locate Andean migrants in Spain among the four groups hit hardest by the recession worldwide (along with Pakistanis and Bangladeshis in the United Kingdom, North African immigrants in Spain, and Hispanics in the United States) and among those most targeted in pay-to-go programs (15).²⁷ In the second decade of the twenty-first century, Spain has experienced negative net migration, resulting from the return of immigrants to their home countries or relocation to a third country as well as the emigration of the Spanish-born (Arango 2). Even so, Peruvian migration to Spain has continued to grow, albeit at a slower rate than in previous years (Sánchez Aguilar 95). Immigrants working in Spain's service sector were less affected by the economic crisis than immigrants (primarily men) working in construction (Arango 3). Still, Gomez-Cornejo notes that according to data from 2008, around sixty percent of

domestic workers in Spain worked in the “economía sumergida,” with all of the instability this entails (1). In Thukral’s study of the crisis in the United States, she notes the particular vulnerability of informal workers to exploitation during a global recession of this nature. Domestic workers may have employment, but they find themselves “working harder for less money” (68, 69).

In Fernando León de Aranoa’s *Amador* (2010), the risk of careworker exploitation is mitigated by employers who, while wishing to transfer carework out of the family, do not impose harsh conditions on the caregiver. This is not the dangerous situation portrayed in Aranoa’s previous film exploring the role of migrant women in Spanish society. *Princesas* (2005) depicted the experience of Zulema (Micaela Navárez), a Dominican migrant woman working as a prostitute. By contrast, *Amador* portrays the comparative security of the life of Marcela (Magaly Solier), a Bolivian migrant careworker.²⁸ But this film teases out any viewer ambivalence or unease with the Andean domestic worker, a figure both trusted and distrusted, by portraying a pattern of deception and creating suspense about how far this deception will go and how serious it will be when it is found out. The filmic narrative acts out and then undercuts this societal unease, hinting at the telenovelesque trope of the scheming or devious maid, but then showing that the joke is on the viewer; it turns out that the employer has become aware of and approved of Marcela’s deception, and has even chosen to join in and prolong it. At the same time, *Amador* probes society’s discomfort with the growing body of the pregnant immigrant, always a focus of xenophobic responses to immigration,²⁹ and creates a striking representation of the unique nature of careworker relationships with the vulnerable persons they care for and the sensitive, intimate situation of working in a private home.

Marcela, a young Bolivian immigrant in Spain, finds herself pregnant with her partner's child just as their relationship is disintegrating. She has packed her bags and composed her farewell letter to Nelson, suspecting that while he values her collaboration in his work in the informal economic sector, his romantic attention is engaged elsewhere. Marcela and Nelson work together trimming wilted leaves and petals from bouquets gleaned from the dumpster of a floral business. They spray the discarded products with air freshener ("para que huelan a flores") and form rejuvenated bouquets to be sold on the street by immigrants of diverse origins. For this entrepreneurial couple, flowers represent not a token of romance or love, but rather a livelihood in a job market that offers them virtually no access to the formal economy. Hurriedly stuffed into dilapidated suitcases on a dusty hillside, then sorted into wastebaskets and distributed for sale on the street from a crowded apartment turned wholesale market, these roses constitute a secondhand product whose remaining economic value must be artificially prolonged until it is sold. Only then can the inevitable processes of decay and decomposition be allowed to prevail. This is not the poetic currency of the heart; it is solely an exchange on one of the lowest tiers of an economic system in which immigrants do what they can to survive. A few minutes into the film, the viewer may reevaluate the initial shot in low angle of a lone weedy flower. In this pre-credit sequence, the ordinary weed clings to the dry hillside where Nelson and other migrants crouch, waiting to descend on the floristry dumpsters as soon as the guards take their coffee break. That simple and honest weed may become far more appealing than the cultivated, processed, and re-processed rose.

After Marcela faints at a bus stop and learns of her pregnancy, she puts aside her plans to leave Nelson. She tears her farewell note in pieces but does not discard them. She then resumes processing faded flowers. However, she does not reveal to Nelson that she is pregnant, perhaps

because two years previously he had insisted on terminating an unexpected pregnancy, and she wants to have this child. Nelson's preoccupation with managing his floral business and general lack of attention toward Marcela make it easy to conceal her condition for a time. Nelson and Marcela work together and also shop together, not for baby supplies, but for a large refrigerator that will extend the shelf-life of their product in the heat of summer. Their floral merchandise chilled, they continue to sweat and strive to make enough to catch up on the rent, make payments on the refrigerator, and grow their business. Yet each inhabits a separate emotional world. When Marcela touches on the topic of their future together, Nelson's revelation of his dream to purchase delivery vehicles with "Flores Marcela" painted on the side is not the vision of their relationship that she had hoped for.

Ostensibly to help make the payments on the refrigerator, Marcela applies for a job caring for Amador (Celso Bugallo), an elderly, bedridden man whose family is busy supervising the construction of their new home. Marcela's transition into carework is quick and seamless. Yolanda, Amador's daughter, explains to Marcela that she will give him his medicine, prepare his meals, and care for his needs while the family is away. Apparently Yolanda judges very quickly that Marcela is just the person she is looking for, likely because of a naturalization of who does carework in Spain.³⁰ Marcela accepts the job offer, perhaps determining that the conditions will be manageable and offer her the best opportunity to save money for her eventual separation from Nelson.

In the short time that Marcela cares for Amador, a guarded but mutually satisfactory relationship is formed. When Marcela engages in this carework, even for a few weeks, the development and expression of an emotional bond is part of her labor along with her attention to Amador's physical needs. German sociologist Helma Lutz stresses the unique nature of this

employment sector: “the logic of carework [. . .] is clearly different.” In domestic work, she argues, there is “a special relationship between employer and employee which is highly emotional, personalized and characterized by mutual dependency” (Introduction: Migrant 1). Although the plot twists in this film do not conform to a typical carework trajectory, the film’s portrayal of Marcela’s entry into domestic work would seem to align with the issues raised by sociologists in regards to the experiences of migrant caregivers.

Marcela enters warily into the confined space of Amador’s room, a closed, grave-like place that is a world unto itself. The dated furnishings in muted colors evoke the autumn of life. The representation of both interior spaces where Marcela spends her time, her apartment and that of Amador, causes a sense of claustrophobia in that an entire room rarely fits in the frame. Amador’s bed hardly seems to fit in the frame. Close-ups of Marcela’s face reveal her initial unease as she takes in her new surroundings. The awkwardness of entering a workplace that is also a home is palpable. In Lutz’s study of carework, she quotes (in translation) the phrase Helga Krüger uses in relation to domestic work: “the smell of privacy/the private” (Lutz, “When home” 50). Smell is difficult to convey in film, which in this case is fortunate given the rotting flowers, decaying flesh, and clouds of floral scented air freshener. But during this scene the viewer may imagine or remember the distinctive smell of a warm, stale apartment that has not been altered in decades. Krüger may use this phrase about domestic work in the sense of “a whiff of,” or just “an association with.” But “the smell of the private” is powerful in conveying the delicate situation that the careworker faces as she enters a private home. To paraphrase Lutz, this is not just another workspace, and this film shows that. Amador’s home is a physical extension of himself, a picture of his idiosyncrasies, his decline, his neediness, and his grumpy good-heartedness.

Despite Marcela's initial unease, her relationship difficulties, and her pregnancy, she manages a long commute, lifts Amador off the toilet, and generally performs the most difficult tasks of elder care with good humor. It is on Amador that she bestows her first authentic smile in the film, and although she attempts to engage Nelson in discussions about the future, her deepest conversations are with Amador. Within the strange, forced intimacy of a caregiver/invalid relationship (it is in the bathroom that Amador first asks her name), Marcela chats with him about matters both trivial and deep and learns secrets unknown to his daughter Yolanda. It is only with Amador that she discusses her pregnancy. In Marcela's conversations with other native Spaniards, whether with Yolanda or with health care professionals, there is often an uncomfortable pause before she responds to their questions or comments. The viewer sees first the face of the one asking the question, and then a reverse shot of Marcela's face, unresponsive, as if still struggling to comprehend the question or to formulate a response. But with Amador a quick shot/reverse shot emphasizes the lively banter between them.

Within a few short weeks, Amador dies peacefully in his bed with a jigsaw puzzle piece in his hand. The extreme close-up of that motionless hand and the stricken expression on Marcela's face mark the transition into a new sort of carework. Marcela flees, her labored running motion captured by the quickly shifting camerawork and the nearly canted frame, in contrast with the stasis of the corpse. Marcela does return to Amador. But in her confusion or panic about losing her job, she hides the truth from his family. The telephone rings, first off screen and then with a close-up of the dated beige object on the wall. Shots move back and forth from Marcela's frozen face to the insistent telephone. When Marcela finally answers Yolanda's calls, she reassures her, "Sí, Señora, todo está bien. Su papá está descansando." This appears initially to be an understandable hesitancy to break the bad news to the daughter of the deceased.

But with repetition it develops into a full-fledged plan to deceive Yolanda and the rest of the family. Air freshener now serves to mask the rising odor in Amador's room. Flowers gleaned from the dumpster surround his bed as if he were laid out in a secret funeral parlor, a cheaply perfumed tribute to a man denied the dignity of burial.

The tension rises as Marcela's deception extends to picking up Amador's medications at the pharmacy, answering with some awkwardness the pharmacist's friendly inquiries as to Amador's health, and then carefully counting out and throwing away the correct number of pills each day. With time the odors emanating from Amador's room become noticeable to a neighbor whose questions must be continually deflected. Fortunately for Marcela, she has at her disposal large quantities of rotting leaves and stems that she can haul on the bus with her and then produce when the concerned and increasingly suspicious neighbor visits, apologizing to him that she has forgotten to take out the garbage. Closing curtains to keep the neighbor from peering in the apartment, she tries to restrict his gaze and mask the odors he smells. With each hour and day that passes, Marcela's moral dilemma and her sense of guilt grow, but so do her ingenuity and skill in deception. The viewer, who sees the world through Marcela's eyes and sympathizes with her, also feels a heightened anticipation of the terrible shock that awaits Amador's family, betrayed as they are by the very person to whom they have entrusted the care of their frailest member. Any suspicions or latent fears about caregivers who are untrustworthy, unstable, or even deranged—possibilities that anyone outsourcing carework must consider—may be dredged up by this bizarre depiction of a deceitful care provider. One can only imagine what unthinkable scene would erupt had Yolanda hidden a “nanny cam” in her father's apartment. With each darkly comedic scene, stranger developments transpire, culminating in the secret visit of a mortician arranged by “Puri,” Marcela's co-conspirator, the aging prostitute who had visited

Amador weekly during the past five years and who now, improbably, is convinced by Marcela to accompany her to church to pray for his soul.

Finally, a moment of truth is imminent when Marcela stops suddenly on the stairs on her way up to Amador's flat. The viewer sees her horrified face and then, from her perspective, the open door above her. There is a quick cut from Amador's living room, where Yolanda and her husband wait for Marcela in silence, to the café table at which Marcela was hired and where she now waits—for what? Her employer's justified explosion of anger? Perhaps a violent reaction? Arrest for desecration of a corpse? Deportation? Transport to a mental institution? Every possible reaction to an unstable or conniving immigrant careworker may be imagined by the viewer. A close-up of Marcela's hands as she wrings them in fear adds to the tension. But Yolanda enters the café, sits down, speaks briefly of her grief, lights a cigarette, and then states simply that they are very pleased with the job Marcela is doing. Far from exhibiting shock or anger, she explains in a matter-of-fact manner that she would like everything to continue as it is while the construction project, dependent on Amador's pension funds, is completed. Marcela realizes that they have been visiting Amador's flat in secret for some time and are fully aware of the games she has been playing. They will continue on, complicit in Marcela's scheme, hiding Amador's demise for purely economic reasons and justifying it all by assuring themselves that Amador would have approved.

This revelation turns the suspicion of the migrant careworker on its head. Marcela's deception is strange and shocking, but it emerges in the context of economic need and desire to provide for her unborn child while Nelson chases other women. The approval of her deception by her employer, a far more privileged woman and the daughter of the deceased, causes the viewer greater moral outrage, arising from her placing her own material comfort above the law,

and even above her own father's timely burial. Marcela's crimes, from arranging flowers stolen from a dumpster on private property to dissimulating the death of her elderly charge, fade in comparison. She may have exercised extremely poor judgment, lied to her employer, and broken the law, but she was not cold toward Amador. On the contrary, in the days following his death, she reflects on the short time they shared and ponders the curious things he said to her, such as when he insisted that the wheelchair-bound woman on the street below was actually a mermaid, and it was for that reason she kept the lower half of her body covered by a blanket. Marcela also feels compelled to complete the jigsaw puzzle Amador had been putting together when he died, despite having expressed to him her complete lack of interest in his hobby. Apologizing to Amador for going against his wishes, she reads and posts his final letter, a declaration of love to one Adela, and her face shows sincere grief when it is returned due to the addressee's death. Marcela's deception involves keeping Amador at her side. In a *novela*-worthy scene, she sits next to his sheet-draped cadaver as she watches her *novela*. This seems less disturbing than Yolanda's complicity that keeps his body at a distance. In a sense, Marcela attends to Amador in his death as faithfully as during the final days of his life, continuing to iron and take care of his home, which lives on as an extension of his personality.

Perhaps it is not surprising, then, that it is not a child of Yolanda's but rather Marcela's child who will bear Amador's name. By selecting the name Amador for her unborn son, Marcela chooses to celebrate his life and maintain his memory, while binding a second generation immigrant to a native Spaniard and suggesting the promise of greater integration for her son than she herself may achieve. Before his death, Amador addressed the unborn child, expressed his regret that they would not meet ("nos vamos a cruzar"), and assured him that a spot awaited him:

“Te deajo mi sitio. No deajes que nadie te lo quite.” Here the fertility of the migrant worker is legitimized, if only by an eccentric old man on his deathbed.

Amador expresses confidence that this child of Andean parents will occupy his soon-to-be-vacated position, but he also speaks with confidence when asserting the presence of mermaids in the neighborhood, leaving questions as to how his words should be interpreted. Certainly Marcela’s own belief that there is a place for her and for her son in Spain, or even among the living, is not unwavering. After piecing together proof of her husband’s infidelity, a torn up photograph tossed in the garbage with the wilted rose petals, Marcela lies down on the bed next to Amador’s cadaver and begins swallowing a bowlful of his pills. But the buzzer indicating Puri’s arrival rouses her from her drugged sleep, and despite being violently ill and experiencing some hemorrhaging, she recovers and is reassured by the clinic nurse that the baby is fine.

At the end of the film, Marcela again prepares to leave Nelson. She sets out her previously torn up farewell note for him to piece together, omitting again the news that he will soon be a father. She sets off again, just as in the beginning of the film, pulling her suitcase to the bus stop, a small figure in the long shot of a marginal housing development. Her future seems uncertain, and yet she walks with the confidence of one who now believes Amador’s theory that everyone is given all of the puzzle pieces they need, and all that one has to do is determine how to put them together to construct a life.

Clearly, raising her child in Spain will involve many challenges, and not only due to her economically precarious situation. Many xenophobic responses to immigrants center on the growing belly of the pregnant migrant, with the unavoidable implication of changing demographics and a dramatic warning of the fertile newcomers’ supposed drain on social services. When picking up medication at the pharmacy Marcela is the object of suspicious

glances or even looks of outright disgust by fellow customers. In this case, a dose of suspicion is certainly in order, given the nervousness she displays as she lies about Amador, but at the same time it appears that a nervous, pregnant native Spaniard would not have provoked the same reaction among the others waiting in line.

This film is specifically mentioned in a column in *El País* by political scientist Joan Subirats as one that politicians such as Alberto Fernández Díaz of the Catalan Partido Popular would see as proof that immigrants use and abuse the national health care system and represent a drain on society. This supposed drain is grasped at by anti-immigrant groups while possible contributions to society (and the resulting “care drain” in the country of origin) are overlooked. Yet Marcela’s determined posture at the film’s end suggests that whatever challenges she encounters, she will not let anyone take from her child the place Amador has offered him. She may not always play by the rules, but, the film seems to say, in this economy neither does anyone else. If the Andean careworker poses a threat to Spanish society, so do the native families she serves.

While *Amador* portrays mistrust or suspicion of migrant careworkers obliquely in a darkly comedic context, balancing a representation of societal unease with hope for integration and change, *Familia* (2010), a Swedish documentary by Mikael Wiström and Alberto Herskovits, portrays transnational migration’s complicated effects in one Peruvian family with few happy scenes to lighten a general feeling of loss. *Familia*, winner of the best documentary award at the Karlovy Vary film festival, follows the journey of Peruvian Natividad Barrientos to Spain, conveying with poignant and tender close-ups the tense preparation for her trip, the pain of separating, the disruptions in the life of her family back home, her experiences in Europe, and her brief, conflicted return to Lima. The third film in a trilogy focusing on the experience of one

marginalized family, *Familia* puts a face on transnational motherhood as well as the feminization of survival. Literally, the publicity for the film, the trailer, the DVD cover—all are dominated by a close-up of one striking face, that of Natividad (“Nati”) Barrientos, mother, grandmother, and transnational migrant.

Familia does not directly comment or judge or stretch to extend itself beyond the carefully constructed depiction of Nati’s story. According to Alissa Simon’s review in *Variety*, Wiström first met the Barrientos family while traveling in Peru in 1974. Perhaps because of the filmmakers’ years of acquaintance with the family, in many scenes nearly all of the family members seem to be so natural and at ease that at times the viewers may have to remind themselves of the filming and editing presence, of which little trace is visible. Communications scholar Patricia Aufderheide describes one of the techniques that is key to documentary’s tradition of realism: “cinematography that creates the illusion that you are almost in the scene or ‘looking over the shoulder’ of the action and gives you a psychological stake in the action” (26). The sense of being almost in the scene is powerful in *Familia*, almost too powerful. The intimate close shots of intense family interactions, both positive and negative, may even cause discomfort for the viewer, who would prefer to back up a bit to give the family some privacy and space as they process this momentous change in their lives. To feel oneself present in family conflicts and in supposedly private conversations behind closed bedroom doors; to witness the overt and subtle machismo that destroys one son’s relationship with his partner and generally governs the family relationships; and to have a psychological stake in the action on the floor with the *cuy* as the knife is sharpened in preparation for a farewell dinner are all experiences that may nearly overwhelm the viewer with the sense of being too close, too involved, maybe even engaging in a sympathetic voyeurism. Particularly in scenes in the family home in Chorrillos, the close-ups and

longer takes serve to draw the viewer of *Familia* into the Barrientos family story and develop the viewer's sense of its authenticity.

At times, however, sudden departures from the techniques of realism, such as the shock cuts from one hemisphere to another, from one world to another, cause the viewer to contemplate the filming and editorial presence. Cuts back and forth from Chorrillos to Madrid and San Sebastián create stunning juxtapositions of the two worlds Natividad inhabits and the attractions and difficulties of both. One pointed cut is from a black and white photograph of the family in front of the shack they lived in as garbage pickers to the almost unnaturally bright colors of the swimming pool and manicured grass of the San Sebastián hotel where Nati works, and then, just as quickly, from the overhead shot of the sparkling azure pool to a close-up of the toilet Nati cleans. Here is a clear editorial statement about the shock of migration from the Global South to the Global North and the hard work of migrants behind the scenes that serves to maintain the pristine façade of the hospitality industry.

Another more subtle reminder of the constructed nature of the documentary is the fact that the family's pictures of their most destitute years are not cheap snapshots but rather beautifully composed professional photographs of Nati and her partner, Daniel, scrabbling together a life in the desolate landscape of a dump. Daniel shares these grim but impressive images from the previous documentary projects with Nata, the couple's youngest son, telling him about their lives and pointing out the pigs that competed with them for food. Nata, who is growing up in a far more comfortable home than his older siblings experienced, reacts to the photo of their first shack, "Parece de los tres chanchitos." These stills convey to him a sense of the family's history, difficult but worth preserving and passing on. They also make the trajectory of Nati's life from the Third World to the First World even more dramatic for the viewer, who

observes that two decades previously, this extraordinary woman managed to do the necessary domestic work to care for her family in a shack with materials, furniture, and household supplies all scavenged from heaps of waste. In a photograph of the shack's interior, a (plastic?) flower adorns the tiny kitchen table where Nati sits in the background, an effort to create a pleasing domesticity even in this context. Nati's tired face shows both her daily cares and her hope for the future. Besides highlighting the material and social distance that Natividad travels in her lifetime, the inclusion of these stills also poses an implicit question: was the family in some sense better off living together in its times of extreme poverty than being separated in a position of some economic stability? It is not possible for the viewer to judge which face, that of the shy young mother who navigates trash piles with her baby in her arms, or that of the quiet older woman who navigates the streets of Europe and communicates with her young son by phone, shows less worry and more hope, or reflects a greater peace with her life's trajectory.

Familia dwells on absence and in absence. No moment of presence is unaffected by the constant awareness of future absence. The film portrays preparation for absence, the experience of an eighteen-month absence as lived by family left behind and by the absent mother, and then a brief, emotionally charged interval of presence in which the looming question of whether the family will experience a future absence shadows every moment together. Eva Feder Kittay has contested Hochschild's use of the term "a global heart transplant" (GHT) for the process in which female caregivers, especially mothers, move from the Global South to wealthier nations in the Global North. This term, notes Feder Kittay, clearly implies "moral harm," and she believes it should be attenuated by various facts, such as the reality that "these women are not overtly coerced to migrate" and that their children "tend to do better materially and have more opportunities than children of comparable families without remittances" (54). Yet as Nati

prepares for her journey, a sense of impending suffering, even doom, seems to fall over the family, not unlike a death that would precede a heart transplant.

Nati, represented in the documentary as the rock of the family, is not the first to leave Chorrillos. Sandra, the oldest daughter, has already departed to try her luck in Brazil. As the youngest daughter, Judy, explains this in a voice-over, Sandra, her partner, and their child are neatly edited out of one of the family photos in a reminder of the now common experience of picking up one's life and heading out of the country to find work. Of the remaining family members, Nati is perhaps the only one capable of moving away to work for strangers in a country she does not know. Her partner's physical limitations (Daniel walks with a marked limp) would preclude him from doing the hard physical labor required in construction work and other jobs open to male immigrants. For this family, the feminization of migration means that Nati, not her partner of thirty-one years, will leave for Spain.

Nati's departure does not seem to be tied to meeting the family's most basic needs for food, clothing, or shelter. When they were living in a hovel and facing extreme poverty ("a veces no había qué dar de comer a los chicos"), they would not have had the resources needed to fund a migratory project. But by the time that Nati prepares to depart for Spain, the family, while unquestionably still at the lower end of the economic spectrum, has managed to obtain stable housing and certain material comforts, perhaps due in part to their involvement in the previous two documentaries.³¹ At this point it would appear that migration is spurred by a desire to satisfy what sociologist Javiera Cienfuegos Illanes, in her study of Peruvian transnational mothers in Chile, calls "sumptuary consumer aims (in comparison to subsistence needs)" (216). In this context, it appears that Nati's comment, "quedándonos aquí no vamos a poder," does not mean that staying here we will not be able to feed our family the most basic of meals or put any clothes

on their backs. Rather, it seems to imply, we will not be able to meet the next modest level of material expectations, or we will not be able to offer Nati, our youngest child, the range of opportunities that remittances would provide. One of Nati's stated goals is to one day bring her son to Spain to study there.

In a pioneering study of the children of mothers migrating from the Philippines to do domestic work in the Global North, Salazar Parreñas found in her interviews that children's experience of migrating mothers was more difficult than that of children of migrating fathers (97). She posits this to be a function of the "ideology of women's domesticity" that transnational motherhood violates, and she explores the ways that transnational mothers "reconstitute mothering by providing acts of care from afar," employing text messaging and other technologies to nurture their children and be involved in their daily lives despite their physical absence (103). Cienfuegos Illanes calls this "a new code of maternal obligations," a code which requires "systematic conversation" despite geographical distance (219). Helma Lutz and Ewa Palenga-Möllenbeck refer to this as "Skype Mothering" (23). In *Familia*, however, Nati has limited access to the computers and mobile devices that many migrants use to maintain daily contact. Nati relies on weekly phone calls from a *locutorio* to a landline phone for communication with her family, and even that schedule is interrupted when the family's phone is disconnected due to lack of payment. In the calls Nati is able to make, she showers warmth and affection on Nata, her youngest child, and he beams and holds the phone as if it might get away from him during these precious minutes. Unable to show her love through gesture, touch, or mere physical presence, she uses the tone of her voice and terms of endearment to express her deep maternal feeling.³²

In the documentary's account, Nati prepares herself for the difficulty of separation from her partner and from her youngest son but underestimates the toll of her absence on Judy, her grown daughter still living at home: "No creí que te iba a afectar tanto." Nearly all of the cooking and a great deal of the other domestic labor previously performed by Nati falls to Judy, just as Salazar Parreñas found in her research in the Philippines: "Daughters experience a radical transformation in their daily routine and a sudden reduction of their quality of life" (110). Judy is not new to domestic work. As she relates in a voice-over, at the age of fourteen she was already working as an *empleada* in a very difficult situation. A close-up of her lying in bed, hair tousled, eyes distant, grasping the bedspread around her and partially covering her face emphasizes the pain that her voice-over expresses: "Nunca me olvidaré como me gritaban en la cara que era solamente una empleada y tenía que obedecer sus órdenes." But despite her long experience of carework, her mother's departure places a new burden on her. As represented in the documentary, Judy's quiet resentment of the care burden she now bears is complicated by the guilt she feels. She reflects in a voice-over that it is she, the younger and stronger one, who should have summoned the courage to migrate.

Another factor that makes Judy's experience particularly difficult is that in the film's account, she does not share in the close emotional bond that exists between the father and his youngest son, a bond that seems to strengthen both of them. In Daniel's own words, he was "muy drástico" with his daughters when they were growing up. Inserted footage from the second documentary shows him admitting that he has beaten his daughters out of anger. Tensions continue in this film as Daniel lectures Judy at the kitchen table, urging her to make plans for future income as if blind to the amount of daily household labor she already performs. As he eats the food she has just put down in front of him without receiving a word of thanks, he tells her,

“Tienes que ponerte pila.” Certainly this scene could be interpreted as his fatherly care for her, concern that she not be limited to work like his. He initiates the conversation with the question, “¿Sabes lo que significa trabajar en moto?” But Judy’s resentment and frustration are evident as she alternates between following an offscreen fly with her eyes and closing her eyes. Soon, as the shot/reverse shot pattern shows her father’s face in close-up again, the viewer hears the slam of the flyswatter, and then sees a medium shot of Judy flipping the yellow flyswatter back and forth to confirm her success. As the conversation (or lecture) continues, another medium shot, this time from behind her father’s shoulder, shows the restless movement of her hands as she plays with a match, and soon a close-up of a lit match in her hand shows its flame dying out. In this brief scene, it is as if the anger about her situation flashes up and then dies back again.

As Judy speaks about her struggles in a voice-over, a long shot of her mother walking a small white dog in freshly fallen snow conveys that the carework Nati performs in Spain extends to the pets of the Global North. Does Nati enjoy the novel experience of a solitary walk on a snowy day with only a pet dog for company? Does she resent that the dog may be petted but her own children are too distant to touch? These are questions that the documentary does not attempt to answer. What is clear is that while her mother attends to the care needs of Europe, Judy must fill in a large part of the care gap that her mother’s absence creates at home.

In the representation of Nata’s experience of the separation, one object in particular becomes an enigmatic picture of his confused emotions: a simple wooden top. *Familia* begins with the sound of the top spinning. The viewer first hears the sound of the spinning, which is difficult to identify, and then the first image of the film appears, a brief close-up of a toy top on a seawall. The top reappears in a scene in which Judy, in a voice-over, comments that her little brother does not really understand what is about to happen (“juega como si nada estuviera

pasando”). But as Judy speaks, a close-up of Nata’s face shows something more than a child’s interest in a toy. He is lying on his stomach, his chin resting on the ground, and the camera is at his eye level. He stares at the top in silence, and his worried eyes follow it as it begins to spin out of the frame. What does the top mean to this child and to the viewer? In the poetic world of the film, it is clearly more than a toy and more than a simple distraction from his worries. Is it a picture of Nati’s life spinning in directions he could not have foreseen? A reflection of his being relatively fixed in space, running about with boyish energy but unable to cover any great distance while Europe pulls his mother away from him? The repetition of the rhythmic sound of the top spinning across a hard surface, an echo of the opening moment of the film, may be annoying to the viewer, almost eerie, as if what might be simply the tedious sound of a child’s noisy toy were instead an attempt to emit message or a warning.

Just as the limited mobility of the spinning top is increasingly charged with meaning, so too is the improvised mototaxi driven by Daniel as a source of meager income. This moving object, also severely limited in its range of motion, is not a plaything but the means of a precarious livelihood. The torn, grimy plastic that serves as a windshield and the bucket of rusty parts with which Daniel keeps the makeshift vehicle in service contrast with the sleek planes and subways in which Nati travels. This contrast highlights for the viewer the anxiety about Nati’s departure to the First World and the questions about whether Nati and Daniel’s relationship will survive her extended absence. Will she have traveled so far, on so many levels, that she will scorn this sad three-wheeled vehicle, the improvisation made necessary by need, and the life partner who, despite years of attempting to provide for his family, has not managed to escape a marginal role on the outer edges of Lima? Upon Nati’s return to Chorrillos, this mototaxi is, in the film’s account, one of the first items that she touches. Tracing the growing tear of the plastic

with her hand, is she tracing out a tear in their relationship? Realizing that she will never see their world with the same eyes, that part of her will always be absent? Or affirming that this is her place in the world, or that however far she may travel, these ragged realities will always constitute home?

The images of the spinning top and the mototaxi both express the limited movement of the family left behind, a tension between movement and stasis. But the handmade kite which Daniel and Nata fly together in Nati's absence represents a degree of freedom in which the string that tethers the kite is almost forgotten. The kite scene is a dizzying experience for the viewer of circling the young boy as he jumps around shouting in Spanish, "¡Dale!" The scene is accompanied by the most light-hearted, joyful segment of the soundtrack, a departure from the pentatonic melody played on a stringed instrument in a straight tone that is usually heard when the ambient sounds are supplemented. This scene highlights the comfort the father and son find in each other's presence, the possibilities of family members supporting each other to ease the pain of absence in transnational familyhood.

Nevertheless, the strains of absence are ongoing, even when the family is reunited. In the days following the thrilling family reunion at the airport, again a vertigo-inducing experience for the viewer as the camera operator circles around Nati and Nata's silent embrace, heated arguments erupt. One issue is Nati's concern about whether Nata is being sufficiently disciplined by his father in her absence. Daniel insists in response that he has in fact been both father and mother to their son. In Cienfuegos Illanes's interviews with Peruvian mothers working in Chile, she found that "while no renegotiation of gender relations was observed, there was a complexification (or flexibilizing) of the roles of the mother and father" (217). This pattern seems to apply to Nati's family as well. In the Barrientos household the father takes on much of

the nurturing role, for example, saying Nata's prayers with him at night as Nati used to do. In fact, one could interpret Nati's complaint as a concern that her husband has readjusted his role too much, becoming too nurturing and failing to enact his traditional role carrying the primary responsibility as the disciplinarian (a role he exercised with great severity in the case of his older children). However, this "complexification" (Cienfuegos Illanes's term) of the father's role does not extend to involvement in domestic work such as cleaning and cooking, which is assumed to be entirely Judy's responsibility. As Judy explains to her mother as they converse at the kitchen table, "Cuando te fuistes yo tomé la responsabilidad de todo." She is weary: "Cuidar y atender. Es lo que he hecho siempre." Nati's response is simply, "Eso, Judy." This has been the experience of both women.

Once Nati is working in a private Spanish household instead of the hotel she initially cleans, it appears that her domestic responsibilities are actually less taxing than those passed on to Judy at home, involving fewer persons to look after and more labor-saving appliances. Judy understands that this may be a much-needed break for her mother: "al mismo tiempo estaba tranquila tranquila por ti porque sabía que descansabas de todo eso, de los mismos problemas, de la rutina, de todo." In Spain, Nati may have more time to rest, to go out with women friends to a public park or to go shopping together, than she would in Chorrillos. It cannot be argued that her experience is entirely one of loss. At times her new life does seem a respite from the grittiness and the chaos of home as well as a solution to its economic problems. In her analysis of interviews with Peruvian migrants to Chile, Cienfuegos Illanes recognizes "an ability of these women to develop a sustainable personal project in favor of their families" (223). This project may open new doors, offer new perspectives, and allow new individual freedoms.

Still, in the documentary's representation, it appears that the losses outweigh the gains. In the final phone conversation before her return (how does the camera operator fit in the phone booth?), Nati expresses that what she most looks forward to is to touch her loved ones. Conversation has been ongoing, if not at the frequency that they may have desired, but what has been denied this family for months is what Feder Kittay has termed "the embodied, fleshly contacts that signal intimacy" (57). Even if the family has had access to scenes filmed in the making of the documentary, only the filmmakers have had the privilege of greeting with a kiss or a hug, touching a shoulder, or shaking a hand. In *Familia*, though there is much to celebrate, the scales tilt toward loss, loss felt in the body, the absence of touch, the pain of physical connections severed. Nati cannot embrace her husband, touch her son's pudgy cheeks, or comfort her daughter with a small gesture of affection as they walk down the street or work in the kitchen together. The filmmakers have the privilege of moving back and forth from one world to the other over the months of family separation, but the subjects of the documentary remain out of each other's reach, each in their respective hemispheres, connected by images and voices but perhaps finding that these linkages only create a greater desire for physical closeness.

For the viewer, the close-ups and extreme close-ups invite a deep, almost troubling sense of intimacy with the family and a poignant picture of the many lives affected by just one migrant woman's departure to perform carework in Spain. Establishing shots of city landscapes and busy street scenes, and close-ups of objects such as rusty spare parts and the spinning top, while important visual and even poetic aspects of the film, are secondary to the close-ups of the human faces. It is the subtle possibilities of emotional expression in the human face that most profoundly affect the viewer in this filmic representation of the feminization of survival and

transnational motherhood. These sociological terms become highly personal in the artistic presentation of the faces of the Barrientos family, especially that of Natividad Barrientos.

If *Familia* focuses on the lived experience of absence in one transnational family, “Lejanos” (2005) by the Peruvian writer Jorge Eduardo Benavides presses the question of injustice in the global maid trade. “Lejanos” is one of the short stories collected in *Inmenso estrecho: cuentos sobre inmigración*, presented by Ángel Fernández Femoselle of Kailas Editorial. Linhard calls this “the first Spanish anthology dealing exclusively with immigration” (408).³³ All profits are for the benefit of the non-governmental organization Red Acoge, which, according to the book’s cover, had at the time of publication been defending immigrant rights in Spain for fifteen years. This story highlights Spanish incomprehension of Peruvian reality and protests the “extraction of care resources” or “care deficit.” Despite moments of sweetness and humor, the story is marked by an undertone of bitterness about the withdrawal of care from the Andean region.

An initial reading of the story appears quite simple. Raúl’s mother (unnamed) works in a private household in Madrid, while her husband and son remain in Lima. She is involved in the day-to-day care of Paco, the child of her employers, through whom the story is initially focalized, as revealed not only by its content but also by linguistic markers of peninsular Spanish, such as *zumo* instead of *jugo*, or the use of the phrase “darse de hostias” (22). Approximately halfway through the story, the composition breaks off, and it appears for a few lines that while Paco continues to be the source of focalization, an omniscient narrator external to the story now looks down on the Spanish schoolboy writing a composition and describes what is going through the boy’s mind: “Paco mira por la ventana y suspira. Está cayendo la nieve a raudales y seguro que Curro y Manolo estarán jugando felices mientras que él tiene que terminar

la tarea que le pidieron en clase y que no ha terminado aún por estar pensando en la Navidad” (23-24). But bit by bit it becomes clear that now the focalization has in fact shifted to Raúl, who, working on his own composition in Lima, is imagining Paco at work in Madrid. This change in focalization is confirmed by changes in vocabulary such as a use of *provocar* generally limited to the Americas (“se van de viaje cuando les provoca” [24]) and also by spelling mistakes that would not be expected of a narrator external to the story nor of a Spanish child whose Castilian pronunciation distinguishes *s* and *z*: “andalusa,” “jugadoras,” “limpiesa,” and even “Sidane” (24, 25).

The lives of Paco and Raúl have little in common besides an interest in soccer, difficulty in remembering whether words such as *holgazán* and *almanaque* are spelled with an initial silent *h* and, due to globalization processes beyond their comprehension, the presence/absence of Raúl’s mother in their lives. Despite the intimate historical ties (and ruptures) between Spain and Peru, neither child has a clear conception of life in the other’s country. The unreliability of both narrative voices is revealed as Paco asserts that Raúl has a llama (in the coastal city of Lima), while Raúl conveys that in ten minutes on the metro Paco can travel from the city of “Real Madrid” to Barcelona (22, 25). Each child imagines the other’s life, with the textual result being a strange juxtaposition of two student compositions written in two different countries with different dialects, compositions both followed by a brief question about spelling. The two young narrative voices make assertions with a child’s naive confidence that he can sum up the world in a few words: Franco “era un señor que estaba todo el día inaugurando pantanos” (22), “en España la Navidad es la mejor del mundo” (24) and “en España hay más toreros que futbolistas, y por eso se llevan de Sudamérica a los buenos futbolistas” (25).

Despite the amusing stereotypes of bullfighters and llamas, this story is overall a dark one, in which Raúl's sadness is palpable, and his overwhelming desire to have his mother by his side is conveyed. Denied her hugs, which are now reserved for Paco, he treasures her letters: "A Raúl le gusta mucho recibir carta de su madre, le gusta olerla un poco antes de abrirla y luego la lee muchas veces, tumbado en su cama, hasta que casi se la aprende de memoria" (23). Or is this only Paco's imagination of the scene? Is it likely that this information has been conveyed to Paco by Raúl's mother? Or even that Raúl would have shared with his mother the practices surrounding the receipt of her letters? Whether this description is Paco's conjecture, invention, or interpretation as he considers how he would respond to his own mother's relocation, what is certain is that for Raúl the physical presence of the letter must stand in for the bodily presence of his mother.

In Salazar Parreñas' study of transnational families in which the mother has departed from the Philippines to work abroad, she found that "children who believe that their mothers suffer in migration have less difficulty adjusting to their transnational family life than those who do not" (103). It seems to make a great difference to the child to know that the pain she or he experiences is a mutual, shared suffering. Raúl knows that his mother misses him, and this helps to mitigate his pain, but it cannot erase it. For three years now his mother has been absent, and he understands her work: "les hace la *limpiesa*, la comida y todo lo que necesitan" (25), but in completing his homework he is left with one question, which he poses to his father. "Papá, ¿injusto es con hache o sin hache?" (25). Perhaps this question is too obvious in the context of this story. Benavides hardly needs to spell out the injustices that are clearly revealed. But he does so, perhaps because the injustice of extracting family caregivers from a country is, as Feder Kittay writes: "an injustice that goes beyond material injustice" (57). It is one thing for Europe to

extract minerals or petroleum from the Andean region; to extract careworkers is another. The fact that Raúl's question is a duplication makes it even more heavy-handed. At the end of the previous section Paco asked the same question of his mother: "Mamá, ¿injusto es con hache?" (23). But Paco has his mother at his side to answer his questions. That is, he benefits from his own mother's presence and that of his caregiver. In a global lottery of nurture, Paco has won a double portion. In *Familia*, Nata loses the physical presence of his mother, but he does not experience this kind of care triangle in which another boy receives the daily care that he has lost. Raúl's sense of displacement by Paco may be the most difficult aspect of the mother's departure.

What is implied by the tone of denunciation of injustice that marks this story? That Paco's family—and perhaps, by implication, a reader's family—has a responsibility to withdraw from an unjust system of care extraction or at least to mitigate its effects on one caregiver's family? Should they take the small step of buying their employee a round-trip plane ticket that would allow her to spend the holidays with her husband and child? But if she does not have legal status to be employed in Spain, her return to work could be difficult or impossible. The plan for the employers' vacation is to travel around Spain "divirtiéndose de lo lindo," and because "los padres de Paco son muy buenos, segurito se llevarán también a la señora peruana" (25). The focalization of this comment is perplexing; it is one of various points at which the clear division of a story first focalized through the one boy and then the other seems inadequate. Raúl's perspective is conveyed here, but why does he describe his mother as "la señora peruana"? Is this a distancing mechanism? A way of protecting himself? If this were a sudden and unmarked shift back to Paco's composition, why would he refer to his parents as "los padres de Paco"? This confusing focalization could be a manifestation of a mental habit developed by Raúl's mother as she constantly switches her mental focus from one boy to the other. It would seem that we are

not privy to her thoughts or feelings, yet she is the only one who could possibly have access to all of the information in the story. This does not explain, however, why a great deal of what is conveyed is misinformation, unless Raúl's mother amuses herself by reflecting on the ignorance of the two boys about each other's worlds. The compositions could be her mental construct, a way of ordering her world and managing the physical and psychological distances spanned by the "care triangle" of mother, son, and employer's son.

Will Raúl's mother enjoy herself "a lo lindo" with her employers or will she simply do the same work in another setting? Even if this were to be a real break from her domestic duties, could she really "have a lovely time" when her son and her husband, whom she has not seen in three years, are on the other side of the world? Does her satisfaction in providing a remittance income for her family compensate for the separation? Perhaps it is only the ignorance of child that conceives of a careworker and transnational mother finding great pleasure in traveling with her employers.

"Lejanos" touches on another concern of the migrant domestic worker whose employment in a private household is not just off the books, but also out of sight. Her loved ones are far away—"lejanos"—and the lives the two boys live are far apart, in distance and in the daily realities they face. But another distance is that of the migrant worker from any protective measures of the state to regulate the domestic space in which she works: "A esta señora la tienen en casa desde hace tres años y ellos dicen que es una suerte y ella dice también que es una suerte porque podría haberle tocado otra gente, que no paga bien y explota a los inmigrantes y a veces hasta los matan" (25). It should be noted that it is not exactly "suerte" that has brought a *limeña* mother to Madrid; it is a result of worldwide flows of persons who participate in the globalization of labor in order to secure the economic survival and progress of their families. But

it is “luck” in the sense that at least this woman’s situation does not involve the menace of violence; she feels safe in her workplace, if not necessarily in the street. In a chapter titled “The Racisms of Globalization,” Castles considers the far-right movements who have expressed violently their racist response to the global movement of labor (Ethnicity 163-86). This menace means for the transnational family another stress, added to that of prolonged absence, caused by the small but real possibility of a violent attack on the street, perhaps even murder, by xenophobic groups who reject the presence of certain immigrants within the nation. Furthermore, it is clear that a street attack may be least of the worries of a migrant woman working as an *interna*. To be a live-in careworker in a private home is an arrangement that puts her at risk of sexual violence and abuse. If Raul’s mother has “luck” in this area, not every careworker will be so fortunate, and the greater her economic need and the tighter the job market, the more pressured she may feel to stay in a difficult or abusive situation. These are realities that migrant mothers will not want to discuss with their young sons, but Raúl seems to have some awareness of these dangers and a sense that his mother’s situation could be much worse.

As narrators, both boys are ignorant and misinformed, but they are also empathetic, sincere, and sometimes wise beyond their years. They use subtle turns of phrase that capture precisely what might happen in this kind of situation. In Paco’s description, Raúl “siente algo parecido a la pena” when his teacher talks of going to Spain too (22).³⁴ “Something like pain”—pain that is not acknowledged as such, pain that is suppressed to a subclinical level, pain mixed with anger or with resignation? “Something like pain” highlights the gap between what is felt and what can be expressed, and it hints at a boy’s hesitance to reveal to others or even to himself the depth of his grief.

It may be that this story's strong denunciation of injustice is related to its being written from the perspective of the children involved. Whereas the mothers and fathers in transnational families can focus on the possible long-term benefits of these arrangements, children may find it hard to imagine a long-term good in the midst of a sense of abandonment. If they can perceive only their loss, the sudden absence, then what is a mixed experience for their parents may be a devastating one for the children. Perhaps Benavides perceived that the best method for conveying and protesting the injustices of the maid trade would be to put it "in the mouths of babes," reminding us that if care resources are being extracted, children are the ones suffering most from that extraction. The voices of the children affected by the global movement of careworkers are not often heard. More typically, the experience of the transnational family, if it is represented in cultural production at all, is focalized through the migrant who leaves, now often the absent mother.

"Lejanos," then, a deceptively simple story but evocative of complex realities, employs both a gentle humor tinged with irony and a direct, a heavy-handed indictment to explore and protest the effects of the maid trade on children. What the filming and editorial presence does in *Familia*, with close-ups that emphasize the physicality of the separated bodies and their longing for the others' touch, Benavides's narrative accomplishes through focalization. Like *Familia*, it cuts from one continent to other, but unlike the film, in which the location of each scene could probably be identified with GPS-like precision and the camera's focus indicates the focalization in a direct manner, "Lejanos" befuddles readers with its shifts of focalization. The reader puzzles over the following questions: Whose mind am I in? Where are we? Can I trust the perceptions and descriptions provided from this perspective? The story activates Roland Barthes's "hermeneutic code." The same code functions in *Amador* as tension builds around the question

of the decaying corpse and what will happen when Marcela's deception is found out: how will this problem be resolved and what will the fallout be? But *Amador*, though creating a situation of suspense, does not leave the viewer doubting as to who is feeling or speaking and where he or she is located as does "Lejanos."

While the reader of "Lejanos" is pushed to take a more active role than the viewers of either *Amador* or *Familia*, that is not to say that either film presents a nicely packaged message about carework or the maid trade or transnational motherhood that the viewer simply receives, unwraps, and swallows whole. In *Amador*, the viewer puts together puzzles just as the characters do. Aside from speculation regarding how the corpse situation will be resolved, the question of whether the careworker's child will be able to take the place in Spanish society that the dying man has offered him is not easily answered. Even *Familia*, in some sense a social documentary, avoids completely any extradiegetic narrator voice-overs that would make outright judgments about the global care economy or the viability of the transnational family. While the film is carefully shaped, it invites the viewer to enter the family's space without insisting on one interpretation of their reality. For these reasons, the films examined in this chapter may capture the viewer more than "Lejanos" and inspire more reflection, for while in just a few pages the short story raises many fascinating questions, the repeated spelling query regarding "injustice" may leave readers wondering whether the author had any confidence in their ability to put two and two together to answer those questions on their own. Benavides's story at first suggests the great possibilities of focalization in narrative as described by narratologist Mieke Bal:

"focalization is, in my view, the most important, most penetrating, and most subtle means of manipulation" (116). However, concluding with a far less subtle means of manipulation, the

insistence on the spelling of “injustice,” makes the author’s hand seem too heavy, as if his trust in the readers’ abilities to puzzle their way through the hermeneutic code had suddenly eroded.

“Lejanos,” then, twists the reader’s mind around the triangle of connection that develops between the careworker, the child left behind, and the child she cares for. This complex story highlights the emotional cost of care drain, the painful experience of the transnational family, and, most pointedly, the injustice experienced by the children left behind. While *Amador* suggests a slight movement toward migrant integration in the host country and the possibility that the careworker’s child may reap benefits from his mother’s migration with limited costs to their relationship, both *Familia* and “Lejanos,” the two texts that represent transnational motherhood, portray the human costs of the globalization of domestic work and temper any tendency to celebrate the new-found mobility or increased income of these women or their ability to form and maintain transnational families. These are families progressing economically but paying a significant emotional cost, living daily with an ache that remittances sent or received cannot relieve. *Familia*’s intimate close-ups of the physicality of the bodies separated by migration and the more intellectual experiments with shifting focalization in “Lejanos” represent the daily dramas played out in the globalized lives of Andean careworkers in the first decade of the twenty-first century.

In the following chapter, my focus shifts from representation of carework to that of another, quite different means of earning a living in the informal economy of the host country: music and dance performance. Members of the Andean diaspora who engage in music and dance performance generally exercise far greater control over their working conditions and avoid the risks inherent in working behind the scenes in a restaurant or in a private home. Furthermore, their greater visibility within the host society may be a positive experience, and, at least in some

situations, it may correspond with Cohen's ninth characteristic of a diaspora population, "the possibility of a distinctive creative, enriching life in tolerant host countries" (180). Music and dance performance may be embraced and remunerated by host countries and may serve to bind together diaspora populations. On the other hand, as seen in the following chapter, music and dance performance can also devolve into painful expressions of diaspora angst.

²⁶ Roll and Leal-Castro's "¿Cómo surgió la España latinoamericana y andina en once años de migraciones?: Bases para un esquema explicativo desde el bienestar" is a concise introduction to the complex interactions of economic push and pull factors during those years.

²⁷ See Ferrero Turrión's "Migration and Migrants in Spain: After the Bust" for further discussion of the post-2008 climate for migrants to Spain. See also Peruvian anthropologist Teófilo Altamirano Rúa's *Migración, remesas y desarrollo en tiempos de crisis*.

²⁸ Zulema and Marcela, then, represent the two areas of greatest demand for immigrant women in Spain. As Kofman et al. note, "recent migrant women find that, in Europe, apart from sex work or domestic work, the avenues for employment are almost closed to them" (114). Due to co-nationals' involvement in the sex industry, whether by choice or coercion, domestic workers may experience what sociologists call "courtesy stigma" (Ozyegin and Hondagneu-Sotelo 206). That is, "courtesy of" the situation of their fellow migrants, they too are stigmatized.

²⁹ In the United States, for example, the pregnant Mexican woman who will give birth to an "anchor baby" is a focus of xenophobic attention. In the United States, at least, nativist discourse often focuses on migrant women who "come here and have lots of babies and end up living on welfare." This discourse foments opposition to jus soli or birthright citizenship. See Elena R. Gutiérrez's *Fertile Matters: The Politics of Mexican-Origin Women's Reproduction* for a thorough analysis of "breeding like rabbits" discourse.

³⁰ Thukral's discussion of the intersection of race, gender, and immigration in the United States' informal economy is relevant here. In regards to "the domestic worker who comes to clean your house and watch your children, the sex worker who tells no one about the true source of his or

her income, and the hotel maid who brings you fresh towels when you travel for business,” Thukral notes that these sectors “conjure up specific images of those who are engaged in this labor: women of color—and most likely—immigrant women” (65). It seems probable that in Spain, too, an employer such as Yolanda would be conditioned to conjure up this trifecta of characteristics when looking for a suitable careworker.

³¹ Aufderheide discusses the question of intervention in the process of making a documentary:

“The ethics of a verité filmmaker’s relationship with the subject has often been raised.

Filmmakers may inadvertently change the reality they film, and they may agonize over how much to intervene” (54). In my view, it is impossible that a documentary not change the reality that is filmed. In the case of *Familia*, it seems likely that the filmmakers made a decision similar to that of the makers of *Hoop Dreams*, who, Aufderheide explains, “believed modest contributions were part of a good-faith relationship with the struggling families” (54).

³² The importance of the *locutorio* in the lives of transnational mothers was emphasized in *Maternidad globalizada* (2006-07), an audiovisual installation by Mau Monleón of the Universidad Politécnica de Valencia. As part of Monleón’s larger *Mujeres que cuidan* project, she created a *locutorio*-like space with four seats, three wall clocks, headphones, and a wall-mounted telephone. In this space, visitors heard and saw audio and video testimonies of migrant domestic workers from various countries. These testimonies, available on the exhibit blog, are punctuated by a beeping sound that seems to indicate that a phone call has been terminated. Many of the concerns of this chapter are reflected in the *Maternidad globalizada* migrant testimonies. One powerful phrase, “Si supieran,” captures one migrant’s response to those at home who imagine the advantages of doing carework overseas (“se cree que acá es mejor”).

Naturalization of who does carework is summed up: “Es lo que te toca.” And the uniqueness of emotional carework in the intimacy of a private home is emphasized: “el afecto no se puede medir.”

³³ While recognizing the possibilities of this collection and applauding the designation of royalties to Red Acoge, Linhard expresses concern about Spanish authors appropriating migrant voices without sufficient reflection on this dynamic: “The fact that in most of the texts the authors claim immigrant voices, narrating events from the immigrant’s perspective without engaging with the implications of this problematic and even condescending gesture reveals the limits and shortcomings of the entire anthology” (410).

Benavides, while no transnational mother, did migrate from Peru to Tenerife, where he lived for over a decade, so it may be that Linhard’s question of “who has the right and the responsibility to narrate the becoming of post-national Spain” is less relevant to his short story than to others in the collection. That is, his right to narrate may be assumed.

³⁴ If Raul’s teacher were to depart for Spain, she would likely join the many Peruvian migrants experiencing “descensos en la escala ocupacional,” as perhaps Raúl’s mother did. Escrivá explains this phenomenon:

“[. . .] en los años noventa y en adelante, la escasez de empleos calificados ha obligado a la mayoría de los llegados—independientemente de su bagaje educativo—a aceptar empleos menos deseados. De ahí surge la carrera incesante de las peruanas como empleadas domésticas en España, al igual que ocurre con otras mujeres de países vecinos: Ecuador, Colombia, y Bolivia. (153-54).

While *Familia’s* Nati has little formal schooling and few resources, this is not the profile of

every Peruvian emigrant. Escrivá reports that in her interviews with Peruvian women working in Spain, in many cases these women found themselves doing domestic work which in their own households in Peru they had hired other women to do (154).

Chapter 3

“This Music Is Very Cultural”:

Music and Dance Performance of the Andean Diaspora

Music is socially meaningful not entirely but largely because it provides means by which people recognize identities and places, and the boundaries which separate them.—Martin Stokes

Además, que a ellos les gusta este tipo de música, los valsecitos, los huaynitos y toda la wevadita, como dicen acá.—José Acuña, “Carta abierta”

In the cleverly titled “Pandemic,” a 2008 episode of Trey Parker’s irreverent animated series, *South Park*, the main characters observe with wonder and dismay that Peruvian pan flute ensembles are suddenly to be found at every mall and tourist site. Intrigued, they hatch a plan to replicate the success of these groups by selling their own compact discs. After investing birthday money in Andean instruments, they quickly perfect a repertoire of “Mary had a Little Lamb” and “Three Blind Mice” in a generic Andean style and produce a disc with the unlikely title of “The Llama Brothers: Tapas and Moodscapes.” Soon they are cashing in on a global trend and engaging in turf wars with other flute bands at the mall. Their initial success is evidenced by the response of a passerby who comments in monotone, “This music is very cultural.” However, their efforts are soon interrupted by Homeland Security, which declares that the world is threatened by an epidemic of street-performing Peruvian pan flute ensembles: “Around the world, wherever there are tourists or shoppers, there are on average 65 Peruvian flute bands per square kilometer.” Thus begins the roundup and quarantine of these musicians in a Miami internment camp, where they will await transport to Guantánamo. The plot proceeds to ever stranger events, such as the fearsome invasion of giant guinea pigs, and, finally, the revelation that the worldwide proliferation of Peruvian flute bands was actually a benign mission to protect the planet from “La muerte peluda.”

The “Pandemic” episode, much commented by ethnomusicologists and drawing mixed responses in Peru, portrays the global extension and visibility of Andean music performance in the first decade of the twenty-first century. Perhaps none of the informal labor niches into which Andean migrants have inserted themselves has drawn as much attention as music performance. Other migrant work, regardless of whether it is voluntary or compelled, carried out in a private home, a restaurant kitchen, or a brothel, may take place on the edges of society’s consciousness. Even aproned domestic workers who move through public spaces with their employers’ children may somehow blend into the background, but music and dance performance, when undertaken to provide a livelihood, must demand public attention. For better or for worse, it elicits a response from the host society to a diaspora presence.

Mitch Teplitsky’s documentary *Soy Andina* (2008), Adriana Genta’s play “Desterrados” (2008), and Juan Radrigán’s play “Carta abierta” (2004) each use the lens of music and dance performance to probe the complexity of Andean diaspora communities’ relationships with one another, with their home country, and with their hosts. Whether seeking to maintain or strengthen a connection with the home country or to find a niche in the highly segmented labor markets of the host country, the musicians and dancers in these works perform and enact *lo andino* for themselves and for others, with varied results. Conveying exuberance or anger, memory or pure invention, pride or irony, their performances invite the host country to enter into a conversation, whether limited to a commercial transaction or occurring on a deeper level. At the same time, these music and dance performances question the extent to which one’s success may depend on performing otherness or exoticism or indigeneity for the same audiences that may resent or fear the presence of the other outside of colorful and neatly contained street

performances. In this context, the construction of “Andeanness” or the performance of indigeneity emerge as key strategies that shape music and dance performance.

Tiplitsky’s *Soy Andina* interweaves the experiences of two women. Nélide Silva, a Peruvian immigrant, participates to a remarkable degree in a transnational social field spanning New York City and a small Andean community, Llamellín (Ancash). Cynthia Paniagua, a New Yorker with much looser second-generation ties to Peru, travels there on a Fulbright scholarship to explore the dances of her mother’s homeland. The film celebrates diaspora-host-homeland connections without minimizing the tensions that emerge among these parties or the questions about who has the authority to present and preserve traditional music and dance.

Genta’s “Desterrados” differs greatly from *Soy Andina*. In this fictional world the creation of transnational lives or any viable diaspora-homeland connection is impossible. The image of the Andean employed by the non-Andean playwright serves to protest the human costs of globalization via an anomalous performance of indigenous music in the context of a futuristic migrant detention center. Despite isolation and imminent death, the performer within the fictional world receives a degree of peace and consolation from her mystic connection with the homeland. The play’s audience, though likely disturbed by the injustices of migratory systems, may question the image of indigeneity produced in order to highlight those injustices.

Radrigán’s “Carta abierta” is an occasionally humorous but ultimately bleak portrayal of a Peruvian diaspora written by a famed playwright of their host country, Chile. The Peruvian couple represented in this play neither feels welcomed in their host nation nor can imagine return to the homeland that they feel has betrayed them. They are left, then, in a bitter affective statelessness that poisons their attempt to market themselves as authentic Andean performers. Their desperate need to ward off starvation by street performance becomes an indictment of host

and homeland, a tragic representation of the darker side of migration, that is, its losses and its dangers.

A fruitful starting point for the analysis of music and dance performance of the Andean diaspora is the recognition that performances that sell well in a Western context tend to be carefully constructed performances of an indigenous-inflected Andean identity. This is true whether one defines selling as generating financial profit or as achieving acceptance as a valid and authentic cultural product. In either case, what is expected in the Western market is a performance inspired by supposedly folkloric or traditional music, as well as some display or representation of highland indigeneity, even by performers who might not in other contexts identify as indigenous but rather as *mestizo* (or even *criollo*). Anthropologist Michelle Bigenho notes in her study of Bolivian music performance both in Bolivia and in Europe “how much indigenusness has become an index of Bolivianness in the international sphere” (24). A similar claim could be made for Ecuador and Peru. Bigenho asserts that this “privileging of the indigenous within international funding priorities is not innocent of what the anthropologist Renato Rosaldo terms ‘imperialist nostalgia,’” a concept that Bigenho summarizes as “the condition in which people of the West long for what has been lost through their own projects of colonization” (5). Concurring with Bigenho that imperialist nostalgia is a shaping factor of Andean music performance in the Global North, I argue that the appeal in a Western context of certain images of the Andean is skillfully manipulated in these texts by Andeans and non-Andeans; indigenous peoples and non-indigenous peoples; and cultural industries and individual actors seeking to earn some money on the subway platform, as in the opening scene of *Soy Andina*, in which Cynthia briefly joins the Quichua Mashis in their train platform performance. Whether performing for profit or recognition or both, successful performers display sensitivity

audience expectations of some aspect of Andeanness that seems exotic, even ancient, untouched by the modern world. Fürsich and Avant-Mier's concept of the "authenticity discourse" of the world music industry is helpful here:

Early on, authenticity was established in a discourse reminiscent of travelogues and colonial aspirations and emphasizing distant, unspoiled roots. World music was the fulfillment of an intensified search for genuine experiences, in reaction to living in the mediatized spheres that make up postmodern everyday life. (113)³⁵

The purchase of a compact disc from the Quichua Mashis at a subway station in north Manhattan, then, may satisfy a felt need for a genuine experience of another world. One does not have to travel to South America to enter that world; and even if that imagined world never existed, even before the colonizers arrived, still it may be conjured up during one's commute, providing a foil to the day-to-day drudge of contemporary urban life. The colonization of the Americas is perhaps the last thing on the CD purchasers' minds, but they are nevertheless participating in some way in a larger cultural construction of imperialist nostalgia, even as they contribute to the livelihood of the performers and, perhaps most importantly, validate their presence in this public space.

Not surprisingly, as ethnic studies scholar Kirstie Dorr notes in her study of informal networks of Andean musical performance and compact disc sales in San Francisco and elsewhere, these performances typically involve a "flattening of the racial, ethnic, and geographic heterogeneity of Andean cultural formations," as in the case of compact discs mass-produced and then personalized with the name of the group performing on the platform ("Andean Music" 500). Appeal to imperialist nostalgia via music does not require strict, or even loose, adherence to musical traditions. As Dorr observes, the process "relies precisely on the

audience's inability to capture the intricacies of Andean instrumentation, genres, and aesthetics" ("Andean Music" 500). One might say that a worst-case scenario of this lack of musical knowledge or aesthetic judgment is played out in the South Park "Pandemic" episode when the admirer of "The Llama Brothers" comments, "This music is very cultural," regarding a flattened version—flattened almost beyond recognition—of the already flattened music the boys imitate. In the South Park parody of response to Andean musical performance in the Global North, the vaguest provocation of imperialist nostalgia is all that is required for a successful performance.

Even though a subtle or blatant appeal to imperialist nostalgia is a shaping factor in these performances, an appeal to other varieties of nostalgia may also have a part. The larger the diaspora population in a given area, the larger the market for selling nostalgia within that population. Also related to the size of the influx is the potential for larger-scale identity projects. These may be partially grounded in nostalgia but may also embrace the evolving nature of diaspora cultures as they engage with host country cultures as well as the home country and home country cultures. Communities such as the Andean diaspora in the northeastern region of the United States may exemplify what Bigenho, borrowing from Benedict Anderson, calls "sonorous imagined communities": "If Anderson wrote about nations that read common texts, I want to lay out a nation that listens to, dances, and feels an imagined common bond, and that plays and dances, for itself and for others, the elements of these feelingful activities that bind people who do not necessarily know each other" (3). A Colombian community living thousands of miles from their homeland may continue to bind themselves to one another and to their *paisanos* back in Colombia (or elsewhere) by singing along with Carlos Vives or dancing to the rhythms of Shakira. Even as identities shift over time and space, music and dance can be a powerful means of reenacting linkages to one's co-nationals.

At the same time, sonorous imagined communities may be supranational. While nations may argue about the origins and patrimony of certain traditional dances, still in many contexts there may be an appeal to a pan-Andean identity, a desire to enact an imagined unity that is not contained by the borders of nation-states. In a study of the musical construction of place, Martin Stokes argues, “The musical event, from collective dances to the act of putting a cassette or CD into a machine, evokes and organizes collective memories and present experiences of place with an intensity, power and simplicity unmatched by any other social activity” (3). Stokes’s emphasis on the potency of the musical event and its relation to the construction of place is especially relevant to *Soy Andina*. Even the title, a quote from Nélida Silva, might have been *Soy peruana* or *Soy ancashina*. While this broader identification with the Andean region is balanced in the film with national, provincial, and local affinities, “the Andes” remains an unmatched construction of the homeland around which collective memories and sonorous imagined communities are built in and by the diaspora.

Teplitzky’s documentary *Soy Andina* portrays the diaspora experience through the lens of music and dance in the lives of Peruvian immigrant Nélida Silva and the US-born child of a Peruvian immigrant, Cynthia Paniagua. Unlike the other texts in this chapter, this documentary affirms that the diaspora experience, while challenging, can offer great rewards. Through practices such as dance, deep bonds can be sustained across borders while productive relationships and meaningful ties are created in the host country. This can occur among one’s diasporic community, but also with other cultural groups. *Soy Andina* suggests that for the children of the diaspora, who may not consider themselves a group apart at all, a transnational social field may be something that their parents inhabit and consider natural but that does not seem personally viable given their sense of distance or disconnection from the family’s country

of origin. Nevertheless, this documentary shows that even for a child of the diaspora with weak ties to the familial homeland, participating in traditional music and dance can satisfy a longing to forge a personal relationship with that homeland while identifying first and foremost an “American.”

As portrayed in *Soy Andina*, Névida exemplifies the most productive and satisfying of diaspora experiences. She displays a remarkable flexibility, moving seamlessly between urban and rural contexts, between two countries, and between three languages. Through dance, she makes a life for herself and builds bridges to other cultures in New Jersey and New York, while also celebrating her own cultural traditions and continuing to enact her participation in her community of origin, Llamellín. She maintains strong ties to her *pueblito* while also affirming a broader diasporic identity: “Soy andina.” Certainly, the emotional cost of moving in a transnational social field is real, and perhaps it is felt even more deeply by those who do not accompany her on her journeys. Noelia, Névida’s sister, asks tearfully at their parting “por qué la gente se tiene que separar.” Besides the pain of separation, there are tensions related to cultural differences in gender roles as well as familial anxieties, such as her father’s initial concerns that his daughter, having lived abroad for so many years, would find it difficult to meet her obligations as the *alfereza* of Llamellín’s largest yearly festival. In spite of these tensions and difficulties, the film portrays a strong, animated, and confident woman who thrives both in a diasporic context and in her homeland, living a rich transnational life, acquiring new cultural capital, mentoring young dancers like Cynthia, and, by means of traditional music and dance, fostering the adhesion of a broadly defined Andean diaspora community in the New York metropolitan area.

Co-founder of Ballet Folkórico Perú in Paterson, New Jersey, Nélica is respected there as an authority on Peruvian dance. As represented in the documentary, she has capitalized on diaspora nostalgia, her own and that of others. This nostalgia has motivated her to teach traditional Peruvian dances to the US-born children of Peruvian immigrants and other *andinos* in the New York metropolitan area and to present these dances in a variety of performance contexts, such as street parades, an elementary school assembly, and a more formal recital hall presentation. Performances in these various spaces function not only to celebrate and share Andean cultural heritage but also to assert the right of these rural music and dance forms to inhabit these spaces and extend themselves through the cityscape, just as they were previously extended via internal migration from small highland towns to the *criollo* city of Lima.

In various settings of New York and New Jersey, Teplitsky's Nélica can direct and perform folkloric dances according to her vision of their correct or authentic performance, or, to borrow a term from ethnomusicologist Joshua Tucker, according to certain "ideologies of musical propriety" (33). However, when she returns to the mountain community of Llamellín as the *alfereza* of the *fiesta patronal*, she finds that her authority, while still to an extent acknowledged and respected, is not untouched by more traditional patterns of gender relations. These traditional roles make it difficult for her to carry out her plans as she had prepared them.

When Nélica is disturbed by an out-of-towner who has organized the festival bullfight and who plans for the bull to be killed, she protests that this is not traditional in Llamellín. While she makes her opinion on this matter known, she recognizes that her childhood friend, wife of the bullfight organizer, cannot say anything in her defense. She conveys this in a rare address directly to the camera: "this person is my friend from my childhood, but she is woman . . . and she does not have the word . . . you know, she doesn't have the power . . . she is woman, so she

just has to be quiet.” In nearly every other scene of the film, Névida appears full of energy, despite her long journeys, exhausting schedule, and vigorous dancing. But when she makes these comments, resting her head on her hands, a close-up shows her weariness and a certain resignation.

Névida is portrayed as a pragmatic woman who understands the structures within which one operates in Llamellín. When possible, she works within those structures to preserve traditions she values without resorting to drastic measures that would isolate her from the community and complicate her ongoing participation in its social life. In some areas, however, it appears that she is willing to break with tradition. Typically, the fiesta would be hosted by a married couple, not a single woman.³⁶ One may speculate that Névida’s experiences with more flexible gender roles in the United States and the cultural capital acquired while living abroad were influential in her offering herself in the role of *alfereza* without a spouse as co-host.

In the film’s account, Névida’s distress about the deviation from the festival’s bullfighting tradition does not compare to her charged response to changes to music and dance traditions. In one memorable sequence, Névida, fiery in a bright red blouse and hat, openly confronts the musicians playing *technocumbia* in the plaza and attempts to silence them in favor of more traditional genres. Waving her hands and shouting over the music, she has no qualms about crashing into a cymbal as she pushes her way back to the director. Her voice is hardly audible over the band’s continued playing, but the English subtitles convey her anger: “Stop playing that crap . . . you morons, you’re supposed to play huaynos, not technocumbia.”³⁷

Huayno, the musical genre that Névida expects in this context, is, according to ethnomusicologist Raúl Romero, “the most widely disseminated and popular song-dance genre in the Andes” (“Peru” 448). Héctor Fernández L’Hoeste calls it “the quintessential genre of the

Inca highlands” (351). Its musical characteristics include duple meter, an AABB form, and, optionally, a closing “*fuga* or *qawachan*, which consists of a contrasting theme in a faster tempo” (R. Romero, “Peru” 448). It is certainly not a static genre, having developed and evolved since colonial times and even undergoing a commercialization process as rural migrants to Lima created a new mass market in the 1950s and beyond (R. Romero, “Popular” 219). Yet *huayno*’s still notable pre-Hispanic roots are likely foremost on Nélica’s mind, given her deep concerns for cultural preservation and her desire to foster the extension of traditional music to new spaces. The opposite movement occurs here, with a felt invasion of what is for her the geographical heart of *huayno*. R. Romero has noted the trend of “the spread of brass bands throughout the Andean region at the cost of smaller traditional ensembles with less dazzling instruments” (“Peru” 455). This process, and resistance to this process, are crystalized in Nélica’s brief but intense confrontation with the band leader. That which is most “dazzling” does not satisfy her expectations, particularly if it is associated with *technocumbia*.

Technocumbia, the object of Nélica’s scorn, is defined by R. Romero as “a musical style based on the cumbia from Colombia characterized by the extensive use of electronic instruments (electric guitars, electric drums, and synthesizer)” (“Popular” 217). The tradition of brass bands playing *cumbia* in peasant town festivals dates to the 1960s (R. Romero, “Popular” 224-25). Processes of globalization and hybridization have for decades informed and shaped music in these small town festivals. In fact, as R. Romero explains, *technocumbia* emerged at the end of the nineties out of the eighties’ *música chicha*, an urban blend of *huayno* melodies and styles with *cumbia* rhythms (“Popular” 228). But in the context of the *fiesta patronal*, these hybridizations rankle, and Nélica makes her opinions known. Not at all appreciative of what R. Romero terms the “elastic” repertoire of a brass band (“Peru” 455), she communicates that she is

unwilling to accept this displacement, a literal displacement of the *huayno* from the physical space of the plaza, the historic center of the *pueblo* and its musical traditions.

The director of the invited band responds indignantly to Nélida's outburst. He tells her that they will play what they want to play, and with trumpet in one hand, he shakes his other hand dismissively in Nélida's face. Undeterred, she forcefully frames her complaint (conveyed here in the subtitles due to the continued blasting of the instruments that drowns out her voice) as that of the residents of the town: "This is our fiesta . . . you'll play what people from our town want." She then signals to those nearby not to dance. Arms crossed over her chest, she scoffs, "Let's see if people will dance." A few shots of the plaza show that no one is dancing to *tecnocumbia*, leading the viewer to conclude that in this fight her plea in favor of the town's traditions has been successful, or, perhaps, that the eventual loss of this particular musical battle was too painful to include in the film and was cut out during the editing process.

Nélida's strong reaction to the band's choice of musical style may have stemmed in part from an awareness of Peruvian *cumbia*'s assimilatory impulse. Fernández L'Hoeste argues that in Peru indigenous cultures are assimilated through Peruvian *cumbia* into the modernizing nation:

Most musicians and fans of cumbia celebrate its obvious cultural hybridity. But in Peru [. . .] cumbia functions not only to include cultural otherness but to exclude it. The "Peruvianness" associated with tecnocumbia is that of a Peruvian mestizaje that imagines the national assimilation of Peru's majority indigenous population through processes of modernization [. . .] (353)

Nélida's desire that the highland town's plaza remain a space for traditional local music would logically conflict with the incursion of a genre that in Peru has, as Fernández L'Hoeste notes, "a

firm link to, and celebration of urban working class *cholos* (and *cholas*)” (353). While she may dislike *technocumbia* for aesthetic reasons, the intensity of her response suggests that far more is at stake here. To borrow Bigenho’s expression again, the performance of this music constructs a sonorous imagined community which may displace the imagined community that is dear to her. In a study of rural and urban *fiestas* in Mexico, Nestor García Canclini writes, “The *fiesta* can be regarded as a staging of fissures between the countryside and the city, between Indian and Western elements, their interactions and conflicts” (*Transforming* 87). A staging of fissures is a perfect description of this dramatic scene, in which *huayno* and *technocumbia* stand in for broader societal conflicts. Although a simple opposition of these two music genres is insufficient to capture the complexities and possible overlapping of their corresponding imagined communities, *Soy Andina* captures a moment in which that opposition is expressed as dueling representations of *pueblo* identity.

Nélida’s passionate fight for traditional festival music and dance might at first seem unlikely, given her extensive exposure to other musical and dance styles in Lima and abroad. But it is possible that her confidence in taking a stand on this issue is born of her firsthand acquaintance with various musical and dance traditions, rural and urban, national and international, and the fact that she is not overly intimidated by any of them. She does not consider certain music or dance forms as tied up with inevitable modernizing processes that must supersede earlier styles and interpretations. Rather, she pushes against these pressures, affirming through her words and actions that the highland distinctiveness expressed here physically in the steps of the *huayno* is worth preserving, and that *technocumbia*’s attraction may pull away something essential to the identity of the *pueblo*.

In the documentary's account, successful negotiation of varying cultural pressures, norms, and shifts may be Névida's greatest strength, but this strength developed out of years of discomfort as an internal migrant whose family relocated from Llamellín to Lima when she was a young woman. In a voiceover, she reads an email expressing to Cynthia her difficulties as a young *serrana* in the capital: "I was an immigrant in my own country." Here the viewer notes that a sepia color and a slightly slower motion mark the scene that recreates a disoriented Névida's walking through the streets of the capital. This scene communicates what Antonio Cornejo Polar has called in his discussion of migrant subjectivity in Lima and other Peruvian cities a "rhetoric of migration [. . .] which puts emphasis on sentiments of uprootedness and nostalgia and which normally understands the point of arrival—the city—as a hostile space" (114). Yet images of loss and confusion are accompanied by images more suggestive of what Cornejo Polar has termed a "triumphant" discourse of migration (117): a beautiful series of family photos of hometown festivals held in Lima during those years. Névida notes in the voiceover that a key moment in her adjustment to life in the capital was her enrollment in the José María Arguedas School: "When I found that school, it was the first time I was feeling comfortable already in Lima." As Cornejo Polar reminds us, "triumph and nostalgia are not contradictory terms in the discourse of the migrant" (117). The film suggests that for Névida, the affirmation of her cultural roots in the Andes via the practice of highland folkloric dance in the capital gave her the confidence to succeed both as an immigrant in her own country and as a transnational migrant. After managing what she describes as a "radical" transition from Llamellín to Lima, and having been affirmed in the bodily expression through dance of her community's most treasured cultural practices, she was able to carry that affirmation with her to the United States, certain of her place in a sonorous imagined community—or perhaps, for a

dancer, a kinetic imagined community—that exceeded her country’s borders. She must have felt that if every rich detail of costuming and every step and turn and bow were valued and celebrated by the Arguedas school Lima, where ascendant Andean cultural practices were often scorned, they would be even more appreciated in a cosmopolitan city known for its confluence of world cultures.

In *Soy Andina*, then, Névida is a picture of hope, an example of integration in the host country that does not unravel her ties to the homeland. Névida seeks and finds opportunities to share traditional music and dance with the host country but is open to exploring new performance concepts, as in the case of the school assembly performance with Cynthia, a modern dancer trained in the United States. They create together a fusion of modern and traditional dance styles that enacts the experience of a migrant remembering her home while living in an urban context. Névida is portrayed as both flexible and tenacious, and it appears that this combination has served her well in navigating from one culture to another. Nevertheless, questions may emerge regarding her return home, the effect of the camera turned on the *fiesta patronal*, or possible tensions between the returning transnational migrant and those who, if they have traveled beyond their province, have sought work in Lima. Névida has lived a migrant success story. Whether this may inspire admiration, motivation, or envy in those left behind is difficult to determine, as is the reaction to her self-assigned role as the guardian of Llamellín’s musical and dance traditions. Is her active concern regarding the loss or transformation of highland Andean cultural forms appreciated by all the townspeople? To what extent is the equation “Llamellín equals tradition” accepted or contested by others? What is the effect of documenting these cultural forms? Does the arrival of the cameras correspond in some way to anthropology’s now largely rejected clichés that Rosaldo sums up as the “vanishing primitive” or “mourning the

passing of traditional society” (81)? The ambiguities and complexities of Nélida’s position are left for the viewer to untangle as the camera follows her journey from city streets to unpaved mountain roads. The quick cuts and the equally jerking feeling of what seems to be a handheld camera whose bearer is attempting to navigate uneven terrain and avoid mud puddles keep the filming and editorial presence in the viewer’s mind. The fact that this is a documentary is never forgotten. As such, it reflects a selection process in which the trope of “mourning the passing of traditional society” in the tradition of the ethnographic film may at times be irresistible.

In *Soy Andina*’s opening scene, Cynthia Paniagua, clad in blue jeans and wrapped in a black leather coat, wearing her long black hair in a single braid beneath a traditional *chullo*, walks on a wintery city street. Despite the musical theme of the film, no soundtrack plays; only ambient street sounds, perhaps muted by the snow, can be heard. The apparently handheld camera follows with a bumpy motion as Cynthia heads down the stairs to the subway. After a couple of quick shots of boarding and of fellow passengers chatting or reading the newspaper (“BLIZZARD”), we see Cynthia detrain at the Lexington Av/59 St station. On the subway platform, the Ecuadorian group Quichua Mashis is warming up, one member also wearing a *chullo*, this head covering perhaps suggesting what Joshua Tucker has described as “the situational nature of indigenous authenticity” (35), or simply that it was cold in Manhattan. Another performer opts for a Nike-branded stocking cap with his poncho. One member of the group shows Cynthia a compact disc, the music starts up, and soon a close-up of Cynthia’s feet shows her joining in, apparently spontaneously. She dances as they play, and the circle of spectators grows. Her willingness to dance in this space and her skillful and soulful performance would suggest that this scene is not placed in the film in chronological order, but rather is chosen to open the documentary because of its iconic representation of Andean music performance in

the Global North. This is precisely the appropriation of public space for informal performance and compact disc sales that the “Pandemic” episode of South Park parodies and that has been described by Dorr as a typical performance model in what she terms the “US-based informal economy of Andean musical production” or “Andean music industry” (AMI) (“Andean Music” 486). The AMI, Dorr argues, has “subverted the world music industry’s established geoeconomic order by relocating the spatialized process of cultural production, mediation, and consumption to the everyday public spaces of subway stations, street corners, and shopping malls” (“Andean Music” 487). Back on the train, Cynthia’s comment regarding her brief participation in the informal economy of the AMI is simply that “not everyone has the balls,” but performing on the subway platform is “totally worth it.” Subway platform performance involves more than the usual performance anxiety. Not only may the performers be evaluated on the artistic success of their production, but they also face the possibility of a hostile response from the public or from authorities regarding their appropriation of an unauthorized performance space.

While Névida has maintained deep social ties with her community of origin in the Andes and has dedicated her life to preserving and performing its music and dance traditions, Cynthia Paniagua, a child of the diaspora, is drawn to Peruvian dance but admits that she is a stranger to her mother’s homeland. New York is her home, and while this cosmopolitan setting allows her explore Peruvian dance traditions, especially when she makes contact with Névida, she begins to wish for a closer connection to her Peruvian roots and a greater understanding of Peruvian dance cultures. Encouraged by Névida, she applies for a Fulbright scholarship that will allow her to study dance in Peru. When awarded the fellowship, she sets off on an adventure that is in some ways comparable to her mother’s journey in the reverse direction, to the United States.

Cynthia describes a trip to Peru she took with her family when she was a teenager. She says she acted “retarded.” This comment is apparently meant to communicate that at that time she was unable to comprehend fully the opportunity she had to connect with her heritage and develop closer relationships with her Peruvian relatives. She expresses regret in the film that she did not ask enough questions. Now, while desiring connection, she finds herself misunderstood. Why would she want to go to Peru when all of her relatives there are seeking to emigrate? As she heads to her first dance class, she confides to the camera, “I just want to fit in . . . I don’t want to stand out, but if I open my mouth I’ll stand out.” Cynthia feels that her Spanish is deficient and that the culture of Lima is unwelcoming and difficult to understand or integrate into: “I’m not considered Peruvian here. Now I’m this *gringa*. How many times do I have to explain to everyone what I am?”

Besides fielding inquiries and assumptions about her personal identity, Cynthia finds herself exploring questions of Peruvian national identity. One especially perplexing experience for Cynthia is Peruvian Independence Day. The large, solemn military parade she encounters, complete with brass and percussion, weapons and jeeps, is not at all what she was expecting to find. She is left asking, “So, where’s the dancing?” Later, a much smaller Andean-style procession gives her a taste of what she had hoped to find, with women traditionally dressed *de pollera*, dancers moving in a far less choreographed manner, high-pitched vocal calls, and an informality that encourages participation, not an inactive spectatorship. This small but lively celebration on a side street is even complete with a camelid. Cynthia happily joins in the festivities, having found a representation of the cultures of the *sierra* that were conspicuously absent in the military parade. But if Stokes’s affirmation that “music informs our sense of place” (3) is accurate, then Cynthia has learned that however much Lima was transformed by internal

migration in the final decades of the twentieth century, certain spaces of great symbolic weight still exclude traditional highland music and dance forms.

After a few months of study at dance academies in the capital, Cynthia, at Nélide's urging, begins a pilgrimage around the country. She travels to Puno ("the folkloric capital of Peru") for the *Festival de la Candelaria* and also to Jauja and along the Peruvian coast in search of dance forms influenced by African music and dance traditions, such as *marinera* and *tondero*. Her memories of being an adolescent visitor to Peru and watching her pregnant aunt "shakin' it" as she introduced her young niece to Afro-Peruvian dance will now be complemented by memories of teaching her cousin, that aunt's daughter, some of what she learned on the Peruvian coast. This moment of coming full circle gratifies and bemuses Cynthia.

In his study of popular culture in Mexico, García Canclini distinguishes between traditional peasant *fiestas* and urban *fiestas*, the former "*fiesta-participation*" and the latter "*fiesta-show*" (*Transforming* 88-89). One of the most striking aspects of Cynthia's Fulbright year is that she has many opportunities to engage in both of these festival modes, and various points in between. She dances as an informal festival participant in the *sierra*, joins an urban carnival celebration with Nélide, and competes in a highly structured *tondero* competition for monetary awards on the coast. These diverse participatory and performance experiences bring her to a point where she feels she has changed and grown. "I'm not the same person as I was," she reflects as, back in New York, she contemplates the reverse culture shock that mirrors her initial frustrations in Lima. Experiencing some of the sense of dislocation or distress that can accompany international journeys and transnational lives, she finds dancing with Nélide in the Ballet Folklórico to be a way of calming her nostalgia for Peru: "it helped me not be so . . . 'homesick,' really." The pause before "homesick" indicates the strange situation for her of

feeling nostalgia while having arrived “home” in the United States. But what she found on her journey was more than technical knowledge or specific dance skills, more even than a deeper understanding of her mother’s homeland and its great diversity of cultures and cultural products. She also found a new map of her own identity. “I’ll always go back,” she announces with both pride and, perhaps, a bit of surprise: “It’s my heart’s home.” What was once a distant awareness of her roots is now in a sense an uprooting. Now no one place will be an uncomplicated home for her, but rather there will be an ongoing desire to live a transnational life of comings and goings. It is not the United States but Peru that is privileged in this conception of her center of emotional rootedness. One long shot in the film shows Cynthia sitting on a rock above Lake Titicaca, wrapped in a large poncho, sitting in a meditative pose with her back toward the spectator. This scene suggests that she has sought, and perhaps found, a spiritual rootedness as well. Her complicated subject position as a lifelong inhabitant of the Global North with familial roots in the Global South may not preclude her participation in the cultural formation of imperialist nostalgia. Unlike the consumer of Quichua Mashis’s recordings, Cynthia’s experience of the Andes is prolonged; it is apparently conducive to deep and ongoing reflection. However, to assume that her conception of the Andes is untouched by widely circulated representations of the Andean exotic is to underestimate the far-reaching power over us that these representations wield.

In the final minutes of the film, while conversing with Nélida at a café table in New York, Cynthia says with confidence and pride about her soon-to-be-born daughter: “whatever she decides to do, you know she’s going to be hearing some *huaynos* and *tonderos* and *marineras* and *festejos* and *huaylas*.” Clearly, Cynthia’s deep attachment to Peru is not limited to one region or one culture. While the initial sequence showed an overtly Andean performer and

performance on the subway platform, as the film progresses one sees Cynthia equally at ease dancing to Afro-Peruvian rhythms. She dons a bandana with equal grace as a *chullo* or an intricately beaded head covering. It is likely, however, that the market for Afro-Peruvian genres on the subway platforms of the Global North is not as strong or has not been cultivated. Dorr notes that the “racial politics of the Andean music scene are [. . .] messy and complex,” referring not only to the “the strategic exploitation of racialized stereotypes of ‘Indian-ness,’ ” but also to “the promotion of Andean music as ‘Indian.’ ” This “obfuscates the Afro-Andean origins of many of the industry’s popular songs” (“Andean Music” 501). While the term *Andean* has multiple definitions, as noted in my introduction, the assumption that the Andean equals indigeneity and automatically excludes any hint of African descent or cultures is problematic, and the broadening of the documentary to include and celebrate those forms and to follow Cynthia’s journey as well as Nélide’s provides much of its power. The depiction of transnational lives and diasporic realities in *Soy Andina* is not a naively idealistic vision; this film conveys the moments of celebration and connection that follow transcontinental journeys and relocations as well as the many bumps in the road. However, in comparison to the life and death situations in the text to which I now turn, Uruguayan playwright Adriana Genta’s “Desterrados,” the conflicts enacted in *Soy Andina* are minor and the possibilities of a rich diaspora experience are confidently affirmed.

In Genta’s “Desterrados,” Hilda Arpeche, a Peruvian migrant, represents *lo andino*, especially in the moving, grotesque final scene. Facing her impending death in a surrealistic immigrant detention center, Hilda begins to play her *quena*, an instrument that appears here out of nowhere as an irrevocable sign of her Andean roots. Hilda’s performance in the final scene bears no resemblance to actual Andean musical traditions. Rather, it functions as a nostalgic

appeal to a lost world, a fierce protest against injustice, and a powerful plea for the spectator's solidarity.

“Desterrados,” which premiered in Buenos Aires in 2008, takes place neither in Buenos Aires nor in any other recognizable metropolis, but in a futuristic place known only as “Unión de Estados del Mundo,” or simply “Mundo.” Mundo is a territory that evokes many aspects of the European Union and of the United States of America although it does not literally represent either. Within the fictional world, there are only two geographical categories: Mundo and “Territorios Extra Mundo.” A racial component determines who has the right to reside in these two spaces; when another detainee, Ana, asks why she was not admitted to Mundo as a tourist, Hilda answers, “Porque no les ha gustado tu cara. Tampoco les gusta la mía. Ellos notan que soy mujer de Extra Mundo con sólo verme” (2).

The characters in “Desterrados” have been detained in a “Centro Habilitado de Emergencias Migratorias” of “Zona Fronteriza E-21” of Mundo by the feared “Servicio de Inmigración y Naturalización,” known by its initialism SIN. The only communication between the detainees and SIN officials takes place by means of a PIC or “Panel Inteligente de Comunicación” (2). In an interview with Sonia Jaroslavsky, director Uriel Guastavino comments that the PIC is inspired in part by automated customer service systems and that it speaks with “una amable voz de azafata de aeropuerto.” This warm tone surely makes its impersonal commands and arbitrary decisions even more chilling.

According to the stage directions, various characters “proceden en la ficción de regiones que corresponden a países hispanoamericanos en la realidad” (n. pag.). Hilda Arpeche is marked in the play as Peruvian even though she is identified only as “Ciudadana de TEM, Territorios Extra Mundo, Región Sur 14” (3). One indication that Región Sur 14 corresponds in some way

to Peru is Hilda's use of the Peruvianism *chibolo* when attempting to convince the PIC of the urgency of her situation. Separated from her young son whom she needs to nurse, she insists, "A la mujer que cuida a mi chibolo tengo que avisar" (5). Spectators cannot ignore such references to Latin American countries because the action within the detention center is juxtaposed with an academic presentation in a world that at first appears to exist outside of the primary fictional world. At a "congreso sobre migración mundial," expert Brisa Mujica presents facts that, according to the notes, "dan cuenta de la realidad y están extraídas de fuentes reales y verificables" (n. pag.). For example, while one of the detainees, Mario, eats his rations "como un perro" because he arrived at the detention center handcuffed, Brisa makes the following comments: "Según el último informe del departamento de Asuntos Sociales y Económicos de las Naciones Unidas, cada hora, 58 habitantes de América Latina—casi uno por minuto—, salen de sus países de origen con la intención de no regresar, esto es, de convertirse en migrantes" (8). The constant juxtaposition of immigration-related data with the action of the play prevents the audience from considering the action a futuristic representation or fiction without correspondence to current realities, whatever the strange turns of the plot.

Hilda, marked as Peruvian by her vocabulary, is also signaled as Andean by her possession of a *quena*, an end-notched flute dating to pre-Columbian times. In the final scene, when the detainees realize that the amorphous authorities who converted this early childhood center into a detention facility do not intend to deport them, but rather to abandon them to die of hunger behind bars, Hilda's response is perplexing. According to the stage directions, "Se acuclilla y se pone a tocar su quena, serenamente" (31). Her serenity in this fatal moment arises from her confidence that the spirit of the deceased grandfather of fellow detainee Niko will protect her young son. The grandfather's spirit will do so, she believes, because of a surprising

act on her part. She has managed to carry out his final wish, which was to be buried in Territorio Extra Mundo. She has done so by swallowing his ashes, because she considers her body to be part of TEM. As she explains to an astonished Niko: “Las enterré en mi cuerpo. Cumplí su deseo porque yo soy tierra de TEM, barro que anda” (30). Fully identified with the soil of her native land, Hilda at this moment is also identified with the mythic figure of *Pachamama*, Mother Earth. Hilda faces death with serenity because her son will be saved and, perhaps, because she feels a mystic connection with *Pachamama*, who will not die.

This brief *quena* performance, so rich in signification but also problematic in some sense, is difficult to interpret. No reason is given in the play that would explain why Hilda would have had a *quena* among her personal effects when she was detained. In her conversations with other detainees, there is no mention of her participating in any musical group or selling handcrafted wares. Trafficked to Mundo to work in the sex industry (“me trajo . . . engañada, prometiéndome lo que no era” (21), she inadvertently reveals her “lencería de puta” (18), and thus her ongoing prostitution, in her frenzied rush to cover the exposed ashes of Niko’s grandfather (“hay que tapar al muerto”) (18). Furthermore, her performance is itself very strange. It is much more common in Andean musical traditions for men to play the *quena*, while women participate in the music by singing or dancing, not by playing an instrument. R. Romero states categorically: “Aerophones are played only by men” (“Peru” 442). In the case of the *quena*, Dale Olsen notes the strong association of the verticality of the instrument with masculinity (288). Another unusual aspect of Hilda’s performance is that music is usually played collectively in Andean musical traditions. Ethnomusicologist Thomas Turino comments that in some areas, as he discovered in his field work in Conima (Puno), the idea of playing alone would be considered

“aberrant” (20) and music is “participatory at its core” (*Music* 21). Finally, Hilda’s posture is unusual. It is not customary to squat while playing the *quena* or any other instrument.

As discussed earlier in this chapter, any search for the so-called authentic is problematic, and I do not describe these musical traditions to discredit the authenticity of the performance, which is beside the point. In fact, one could argue that the aspect of Hilda’s performance that departs most radically from Andean musical traditions, that is, her playing while squatting on the ground, serves to identify her more fully with the *Pachamama* and thus to further distance her from the hyper-technological world of PIC machines and implanted chips. What is a microchip to *Pachamama*? What power can the migration authorities of Mundo have over the Earth Mother? No longer “desterrada,” she is “terrada,” linked to the land that she left, to the soil that can swallow up human ashes. This image of Hilda as *Pachamama* points with nostalgia to the Andes, or at least to the Andes as imagined in the metropolis, a mystical, timeless world. Contrasted with menacing alarms and the click of remotely controlled gates, Hilda’s serene performance conjures a supposedly pure natural world that cannot be touched by a corrupt civilization, or perhaps the so-called primitive (or the vanishing primitive) that will remain somehow as an aesthetic inspiration even after it is destroyed. The *quena* performance, then, may awaken imperialist nostalgia as it creates a more exoticized image of the Peruvian character, an image brought into stark relief by the high-tech detention setting.

Hilda’s *quena* performance could be viewed as just one more episode of appropriation of indigenous Andean music by non-indigenous Andeans (or others). That is, this performance could be inserted within the tradition of musical *indigenismo*, which typically adopts elements of Andean musical traditions to create a sterilized product appropriate for a cosmopolitan public, a performance cleansed of musical characteristics undesirable in the new context (as, for example,

high-pitched tones of the female voice are eliminated for the world music market).³⁸ As Joshua Tucker notes, “the legacy of *indigenismo* facilitates the shallow uptake of indigenous signifiers by outside parties” (33). The *quena*, propelled into world fame by Simon and Garfunkel’s version of “El Cóndor Pasa,” is now the South American aerophone most recognized in the West (Olsen 290-91); thus a shallow uptake of the *quena* as signifier is not difficult to imagine.

In describing this *quena* performance as a possible case of appropriation of Andean indigeneity, I am not suggesting that it approximates the appropriation represented in Claudia Llosa’s film *La teta asustada* (2009), in which a wealthy employer appropriates the songs sung by her *empleada* (Magaly Solier) for her own Andean-inflected musical compositions in a classical style, and then, when sufficient musical material has been collected, abandons her servant without ceremony in the middle of the street. Nor do I suggest that dramatists do not have the right to represent cultures that are not their own or to choose from a global inventory of visual and sonorous images in order to construct their fictional worlds. No creative work could be fashioned without appropriation from multiple sources. In this case it is apparent that Genta or the acting group En Zona Roja that asked her to write and collaborate with them on this play employed these images for the purpose of capturing the hearts of a Rio Plate public to motivate them to fight the injustices of migratory systems, injustices not limited to the Global North. It also seems likely that the use of the *quena* in this play is associated in the Southern Cone with the *Nueva Canción* movement, in which Andean instruments have been used since the sixties in the construction of an anti-imperialist, pro social justice message. But at the same time it is curious that these two signifiers—the sounds of the *quena* and the image of the indigenous Andean woman—are used in so many global contexts. This invites speculation. Is this simply a fascination with the exotic? Are these representations put forth as a pre-modern antidote of sorts

to the perceived evils of modern or postmodern society? While in the case of this play, the character of Hilda Arpeche and her *quena* performance were surely created for the purpose of impressing upon the spectators the urgency of the situation and of calling them to solidarity, to use these signifiers linked to the natural world of the Andes or a supposedly pre-Columbian, almost timeless primitivism is to employ an inevitably fraught method for emphasizing the cruelties of technologically advanced but morally bankrupt host societies.

Two years after its premiere, “Desterrados” returned to the stage in May 2010, sponsored by the embassies of Bolivia and Ecuador in Buenos Aires, as well as by organizations that fight for immigrant rights, indicating that the project of bringing to the stage the hidden lives of the detained continues to be of vital social importance. Nevertheless, it is always complicated to represent one who is considered “other,” and the fact that the dramatist worked with the abovementioned theater group to create the characters based on interviews with migrants who had been detained in the United States or Europe does not necessarily erase the moral ambiguity of such representations or their appeal to imperialist nostalgia. It is doubtful that any of those testimonies included a *quena* performance in a detention center—obviously this is a dramatic and aesthetic touch—and it is worth reflecting on how the image of *lo andino* is used in the play, how protest is constructed, what this may imply, and what reaction this will provoke in the spectator.

Hilda’s *quena* performance is cut short when her fellow detainees discover a cadaver in an advanced state of decomposition in a previously locked section of the detention center. This is the cadaver of Brisa, the expert on Migration Studies who has now turned up in the primary fictional world, a casualty of her own activism on behalf of immigrants. This gruesome plot twist prefigures the destinies of the current detainees and confirms Hilda’s earlier vision of bodies

piling up unburied, a vision which led her fellow detainees to consider her a *bruja*. With the finding of the cadaver, any lyrical pentatonic melody is silenced, the musical allusions to the distant Andean world cease, and the steps and shouts of new detainees arriving to the gate of death are comingled with the pleasant stewardess voice of the PIC, that human voice that pronounces inhumane dictates to those not implanted with microchip verification of Mundo citizenship. As Hilda's song ends, the spectator may be left feeling nostalgia for the Andes, wooed by the constructed image of an idyllic place that represents human freedom rather than systems of exclusion and detention. The nostalgia for an imagined pre-contact world may serve to wake in the spectator feelings of solidarity with Hilda, her fellow detainees, and all who are marginalized and excluded. If the audience leaves motivated by a spirit of solidarity, then questions about the supposed authenticity of the representation of the Andean or about how that call to solidarity has been constructed will be merely academic. That is, these questions may be fascinating to debate, but clearly they are of less importance than the cadaver of a single migrant who dies in detention.

Soy Andina laments changes to traditional Peruvian music and dance traditions while celebrating the possibilities of music and dance performance for fostering and strengthening diaspora, host country, and homeland connections; "Desterrados" offers the troubling comfort of a singular Andean music performance in the face of a futuristic host country's hostility and deadly indifference; but "Carta abierta," by the famous Chilean playwright Juan Radrigán, presents a diaspora emotionally cut off from both homeland and host country. For the desperate performers of "Carta abierta," Andean music and dance offer neither connection nor comfort, nor even enough income to meet the most basic day-to-day needs.

Peruvian immigrants José Acuña and Lucinda Quispe Mayta urgently attempt to earn a living, or, at least, to procure their next meal, by performing their “Andeanness” or “Peruvianness” in Chile. While Chile is itself crossed by the Andes, it is perhaps less likely to represent itself as Andean, and it is given to distancing itself from Peru.³⁹ José and Lucinda read advertisements for positions that exclude them as foreigners, and then strive for insertion within the informal economy of street performance by choosing songs and dances that emphasize their Peruvian nationality. However, their repeated failure to gain an audience and make a few *pesos* plunges them into conflict with one another and awakens a deep bitterness toward both their host country and their homeland. As a result, the initial celebratory narrative of the “open letter” is transformed into a cry that is both sorrowful and vituperative. While Nélica finds affirmation, connection, and success in her diasporic performances, Cynthia forges new connections with her familial homeland, and Hilda’s performance at least affords her some comfort in the face of death, José and Lucinda’s performance would seem to fail by all criteria. Their performance does not draw spectators; the performers are in a conflictive relationship; they must be on their guard lest the “pacos” should come and arrest them; their performance does not spring from a desire to share traditional music and dance as buskers; it brings them no comfort; it does not bind together the diaspora; it does not engage the host country in any way; and most gravely, it fails as a strategy to make a little money in the informal economy, the only economy open to the couple.

In the initial scene, Lucinda sits on a park bench on a winter day in a city understood to be Santiago, Chile. She makes an offering to *Pachamama* (“para que tengamos plata”) and then begins to record an implausibly cheerful letter to Sara, a relative back in Peru. Meanwhile, her husband, José Acuña, peruses “help wanted” advertisements that clearly exclude him (“Importante empresa requiere personal . . . que no sea extranjero”), makes vulgar suggestions as

to how Lucinda should address her relative back home, and insists that they must get to work. They bicker in Spanish, make up in Quechua, and then begin their street performance. At this point, José, who has just scorned Lucinda's ritual offering, shows himself very interested in anything that might be considered authentically Peruvian if it will draw spectators:

LUCINDA. ¿Cómo se te ocurre que voy a bailar esa canción tan lenta?

JOSÉ. ¿Qué? ¿No te gusta “El cóndor pasa”? ¿Una canción autóctona, un clásico del Perú?

LUCINDA. ¿Quién te ha engañado hombre, si esa canción le parece a Chile, Ecuador, Colombia . . . y hasta los japoneses dicen que es de ellos?

Lucinda perceives correctly the irony of this particular song being described as *autóctona*. Turino explains that “El cóndor pasa” was created as part of a *zarzuela* by an *indigenista* composer of art music, Daniel Alomía Robles, and popularized abroad by Spanish-born band director Xavier Cugat, who came to the United States from Cuba (and also published “La Conga Pasa”). “El cóndor pasa” vaulted to global fame when an encounter in Paris between Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel and the ensemble Los Inkas culminated in Simon and Garfunkel's recording with Los Incas (later Urubamba) in the 1960s (“Moving” 132-33). In another twist of this cosmopolitan tale, the key specialists in Andean instruments in the Los Incas ensemble were actually from Buenos Aires (Rios, “La Flûte Indienne” 132). But whether viewed as autochthonous or cosmopolitan, this iconic song might be just the hook that grabs an audience. José surely has in mind the monetary possibilities of “the signature Andean folkloric-popular music tune around the globe to the present day” (Rios, “La Flûte Indienne” 159). What better advertisement of Peruvian difference than a song that in 2002 was designated by Peru's Instituto

Nacional de Cultura as *patrimonio cultural* (Dorr, "Mapping " 17)? But this will be the first of a series of performance failures.

It is unclear if this couple's attempts to draw an audience fall short due to a lack of talent on their part, Santiago's lack of interest, or simply weather that is not favorable for this venture. Regardless, their fumbling, fragmented street performance acquires with each failed act a more poignant quality. A reading of the play script, however, does not resolve a fundamental ambiguity: there are no notes indicating the degree to which the theatrical representation of the failed performance might actually be a great artistic success. For the theatergoer, is the performance of Lucinda and José's performance grating or pleasing to the ear? Should the actress who plays the role of Lucinda dance well, at least part of the time, and win the admiration of the audience? Or should she deliberately craft an awkward performance style that is painful to watch? While these questions are difficult to answer without having attended a production of this play, it would seem that even as the actors present a failed performance, there must be sufficient ease, grace, or talent in that presentation to hold the spectators in their seats. If their rendition of "El cóndor pasa" were unbearable, then how would they win the sympathy of the audience for the characters' plight?

The musical repertoire widens as José and Lucinda agree to a *saya*, an "Afro-Bolivian tropical syncretic musical style, formerly a praise song" (Olsen and Sheehy 510), suggesting that they will not strictly confine themselves to Peruvian forms or to highland genres in their performance. They judge African-influenced styles of the Andean countries to be just as likely as highland musical genres to draw attention in Chile, perhaps believing that the key ingredient to a successful performance in Santiago is the representation of the exotic. But this broadening of their repertoire will not constitute a celebratory tour of the musical traditions of the Andean

nations. This is not the Peruvian-Spanish co-production *Sigo siendo/Kachkaniraqmi* (2013), Javier Corcuera's joyful filmic tour of the diverse musical traditions of Peru. That is, questions of genre specificity aside, to tour the diverse musical traditions of the Andean nations in a seemingly haphazard way, interspersing angry outbursts against one's homeland with a false epistolary account of one's successes in the host country, is to leave the theatergoers torn. They may feel interest in and enjoyment of various musical styles on the one hand, but concern for the (fictional) performers' well-being in a context of discrimination and degradation on the other. Even if the street performance within the theater performance is pleasingly enacted, the ongoing tension between the enjoyment of typical music and dances and the knowledge that another outburst of grief, fear, or rage is likely to interrupt that performance at any time must keep the spectator from relaxing into a celebratory mode.

The performance of the *saya* is delayed by José's long introduction of Lucinda. He recites the tragic history of Lucinda's life, with details about her university degree in mathematics and logic that make her current work as a busker a sad reflection of the common migrant experience of professional over qualification and the necessity of working outside of one's field or training or interests. She begins to dance but soon stops ("no bailo ni una huevía más"), frustrated by the fact that she is dancing for no one but her husband and herself. Sending José off to investigate a possible janitorial position for which it would appear that he is also overqualified, Lucinda continues the forced cheerfulness of her letter: "éste es un país maravilloso que nos ha recibido con los brazos abiertos." In a blatant lie, she describes to her aunt in the most glowing terms the solidarity that she hoped for but has not in fact experienced: "como ellos han vivido en carne propia lo que es la dictadura y la persecución, se han convertido en los seres más amorosos que he conocido." Lucinda's ongoing, almost robotic repetition of the

assertion “éste es un país maravilloso” begins to suggest *Alicia en el país de las maravillas*. But unlike Alice’s Wonderland, Lucinda’s “país maravilloso” is not a dream but a lie. She attempts to convince her aunt, and perhaps herself, that all is wondrous, but harsh realities conspire against her.

José returns with a joke about his experience navigating the metro and the more somber news that he has had no success in his job search. The company was looking for cleaning personnel who were “lolos, cabros, gente joven y no . . . no . . . machucados.” When the potential employer saw his eye patch and hearing aids, acquired courtesy of the Peruvian government during the Fujimori regime, José was out of the running. His wife will later introduce him to their still-imaginary audience as a “sobreviviente de un genocidio que hubo en los penales en el año 92.” But there is no time to lament the physical or psychological scars inflicted by the homeland because they must earn enough to eat dinner that night: “afuera las penas, a trabajar.”

At this point it appears that José still has hope that their performance will draw spectators. Yet even his affirmation of the potential audience’s interest suggests an underlying Chilean disdain: “No te preocupes, en cuanto nos escuchen vendrán. Además les gusta este tipo de música, los valsecitos, los huaynitos y toda la wevadita, como dicen acá.” The use of the diminutive and especially “wevadita” implies a certain Chilean condescension, not a sincere respect for these musical genres. José seems to believe that their host country’s appreciation of this music is mixed with amusement; tolerance of a simpler, more primitive form; or interest in exotic but not serious musical traditions. However, he is not in a position to challenge these attitudes. If he and Lucinda are to eat dinner, they must appeal to whatever level of interest a Chilean audience might have.

Introducing themselves as “Los autóctonos del Perú” to their still non-existent audience, José and Lucinda present “La rosa roja,” Dúo Arguedas’s Ayacuchan *huayno* that speaks of poverty, hunger, destruction, and imprisonment but ends with the image of a rose born of tears. In the song’s account, misery can be transformed into beauty. Will this “huaynito” bring spectators and transform this couple’s misery into dinner, if not beauty? Unfortunately, it does not. In response, in a series of jarring transitions, José changes tactics. He tells an off-color joke, makes a political joke, and then proceeds to “una cosa más seria, de acuerdo a las circunstancias”: a recitation of an excerpt from the Peruvian poet César Vallejo’s “Traspié entre dos estrellas,” one of the *Poemas humanos* written in exile in Paris. The poem begins, “¡Hay gentes tan desgraciadas . . .,” and these verses do seem to correspond to José and Lucinda’s current miserable state:

JOSÉ. ¡Amado sea aquel que tiene chinches
 el que lleva zapato roto bajo la lluvia
 el que vela el cadáver de un pan con dos cerillas,
 LUCINDA. el que se coge un dedo en una puerta,
 el que no tiene cumpleaños,
 el que perdió su sombra en un incendio,
 JOSÉ. el animal, el que parece un loro
 el que parece un hombre, el pobre rico
 el puro miserable, el pobre pobre!

While these lines and the others that the couple recites convey the richness of their homeland’s literary heritage, they also emphasize the depth of poverty that has come upon José and Lucinda in the host country. They will be lucky if they have even “the cadaver of a loaf of bread” that

evening. They close their recitation with the lines “¡Ay de tanto! / ¡Ay de tan poco! / ¡Ay de ellos!”—that is, with an implied “¡Ay de nosotros!” Reading Vallejo’s *Poemas humanos*, literary critic Dianna Niebyski comments that these poems are haunted by the “dark specter of the exile’s sense of loss,” with “disturbing [. . .] registers” of “befuddlement, rage, and the always uneasy compromise between scream and silence” (89). Language is inadequate to express these deep emotions, but Vallejo’s poems represent what could be termed a last-ditch effort to use an insufficient medium for communicating pain and loss. Likewise, José and Lucinda’s experience shows music and dance performance to be inadequate for communication with the Chilean public. Their performance calls out to the spectators but cannot engage them. The performance might offer the potential for a cathartic expression of their anguish, but that catharsis is blocked by the more pressing and immediate need for food.

When José and Lucinda’s poetic recitation fails, what follows is a painful episode, conveyed to the audience “en mímica,” in which José urges his wife to consider another kind of performance: “Muéstrate un poquito.” Without words, she angrily suggests that *he* perform a strip tease. He responds by threatening her, and finally, as she weeps, the (theater) audience hears his verbal attempts to comfort her: “ya flaca, ya flaca.” In response to her question, “¿no soy tu esposa acaso?”, he begs her forgiveness: “Perdóname, es que no hay gente, no tenemos qué comer, me desesperé, perdóname, por favor.” They then abruptly return to dance, with Lucinda making the surprising comment, “sabes que me gusta bailar.” This is the first hint in the script that Lucinda might enjoy dance performance.

For their next act, José and Lucinda choose the well-known Afro-Peruvian *landó* “Toro mata.”⁴⁰ Heidi Feldman considers the *landó* and the *festejo* “Afro-Peruvian reconstructed genres”: in the absence of a continuous tradition of African music in a country with a very small

Afro-Peruvian population, new forms with roots in historical music and dances were created during the late 1950s (156). Both the *landó* and the *festejo* have a responsorial format (Thompkins 480, 82) and, to borrow from the discourse of world music analyzed by Fürsich and Avant-Mier, an “infectious” rhythm (105). Perhaps “El cóndor pasa” fails to draw spectators in “Carta abierta” because its rhythms are not danceable. Passersby are not, against their wills, affected or infected by “El cóndor pasa” as they may be by “Toro mata.”

“Nada.” This is Lucinda’s first word after she and José conclude “Toro mata.”

Throughout the play Lucinda has repeated with a less and less convincing tone the discourse of grateful acceptance of warm Chilean hospitality and hope for a bright future in that country. By the end, however, even when her husband reveals that he has saved enough *pesos* to get a plate of food for them to share at the stand of another Peruvian immigrant, Lucinda spits out an alternate discourse. Now it is not the hands of Chileans that are open, but rather her letter. No longer a private missive, it becomes an open letter to her host country:

País maravilloso que nos ha recibido con los brazos abiertos . . . ¿para qué nos ha recibido con los brazos abiertos? ¿Para que hagamos de payasos en las calles, para que lavemos los platos, para que les saquemos la basura? . . . estamos limpiándoles la mierda, en eso estamos y nos pagan muy bien, muy bien para lo que estábamos acostumbrados y claro, como no, si ese trabajo no lo quiere hacer nadie, solo nosotros, nadie más, los demás son personas, son seres humanos, nosotros somos los indiecitos. . .

Lucinda’s sudden burst of indignation at her treatment by her host country is not as bitter as her wrath toward her homeland, which she blames for putting her in this untenable situation: “país de mierda, Lima de mierda, odio tus valles, tus playas, tus montañas, tus quebradas, tus casas de

mierda, calles de mierda, déjenme en paz . . . pero quiero volver.” Torn between nostalgia, grief, and anger, she can only conclude: “puta que estamos jodidos . . . estamos jodidos.” Previously disapproving of, or at least impatient with, her husband’s vulgarities, she now seems to seek out words that are sufficiently obscene to convey her anger and brokenness.

The curtain falls as an anguished José informs Lucinda that their co-national’s food stand is no longer there. He urges her, “baila, . . . ¡baila! . . . ¡¡baila!! . . . ¡¡¡baila!!!” Despite their failure to draw attention to their performance, not to mention applause or tips, they dance on. Now their dance is less a conscious strategy to earn money than a compulsive performance of their desperation or a frenzied response to the urgency of hunger. They are represented in this play, a play written in their host nation, as victims both of that nation and of their homeland. They suffer a devastating emotional statelessness, a loss both of the past and of the future of which they dreamed. Radrigán’s play indicts his fellow Chileans (“qué clase de solidaridad puede ser ésta”) in the clearest terms. In an article commemorating Radrigán’s twenty-five years as a dramatist (1979-2004) and recognizing Radrigán’s ongoing preoccupation with “la figura del marginal,” Adolfo Albornoz Farías asserts the following: “cada vez más la obra de Juan Radrigán ‘lee’ al espectador/lector mucho más que éste a la obra” (103, 11). This experience of being read is by nature uncomfortable for the spectators and risks alienating them, particularly when, as in this work, the intention is by no means subtle. But at the same time it could awaken empathy for this diaspora community, particularly if the audience is drawn in by a sympathetic and pleasing performance of this couple’s performance failure.

Although José and Lucinda cannot successfully market authentic Peruvian—or Andean—music and dance in order to earn their daily bread, the “Carta abierta” performance of their street performance may transform their failure into a successful appeal for understanding and

solidarity. It may be that references to Peru's and Chile's shared experiences of armed conflict and dictatorship will push audiences to seek to overcome the historical tensions between these countries and reject discriminatory discourses such as those Lucinda parrots in her open letter. Or, possibly, the play will serve to bind together members of the Peruvian diaspora in Chile who have the opportunity to see their experiences represented on stage. To elicit these responses from theatergoers would be a fitting part of Radrigán's legacy in Chile and beyond.

The three texts explored in this chapter present varying portrayals of the diaspora experience. *Soy Andina* presents tensions and difficulties but also deeply rewarding connections among members of the diaspora, between the diaspora and the homeland, and between the diaspora and its host country. The performance of Andean music and dance creates and strengthens bonds among these three sides of the diaspora triangle, suggesting a future of fruitful interactions that will not fade with time or distance. Nérida, especially, is represented as navigating the diaspora experience with sensitivity and grace. She acknowledges the strains and losses involved, while at the same time serving as a picture of what diasporas can offer to homelands and host countries, particularly through the vehicle of music and dance performance, embodiments of evolving cultural identities. Even Cynthia, who certainly struggles to find her way to a connection with her mother's homeland, represents a successful second-generation integration within the host country of her mother that has not quenched the desire to deepen her bonds to the familial homeland via dance.

Adriana Genta's "Desterrados" portrays a disastrous diaspora experience and a hostile host country. Music and dance performance is largely absent from the work and plays no role in fostering the slightest connection between these groups. At the end, however, a singular performance conveys a moment of serenity as Hilda, both a victim of sex trafficking and a

mother who will die separated from her child, draws on her still deep emotional ties to her homeland to face her fate. Her unusual musical performance gives her comfort and at the same time serves as a protest and a call to solidarity with migrants trapped in discriminatory systems and detained indefinitely.

Finally, in “Carta abierta,” music and dance performance fails entirely, at least within the play. Music and dance do not foster connections, deliver comfort, or even make any money for the ad hoc performers. Unlike Hilda, this couple, although suffering from hunger, does not face imminent death. However, emotionally severed from their homeland, from the host country, and even from each other, they experience a death of hope that may contribute to the failure of their music and dance performance on the streets of Santiago. At another level, however, the performance of “Carta abierta” could be a success: it may be deeply affecting for the intended recipients of the letter, a sector of Chilean society with the power to improve conditions for the Peruvian diaspora.

Representations of transnational connections or disconnections related to Andean music and dance performance will continue to be of interest to scholars of migration and Diaspora Studies. One representation in progress is the project “Transnational Fiesta: Twenty Years Later.” Wilton Martinez and Paul H. Gelles’s film *Transnational Fiesta* (1992) was one of the first documentaries to represent a growing Andean diaspora in the United States and its ongoing relations with the homeland, particularly in regards to festival culture. Martinez and Gelles’s website describing their latest film project highlights the wide circulation of their first film and affirms that it “helped change the stereotypical perception of indigenous peoples as backwards, isolated, and static in time.” Martinez and Gelles also note on the site that the ongoing strength of the celebration of the *fiesta patronal* depends largely on the migrants residing in the United

States, who are now the primary sponsors of the fiesta. As music and dance performance continues to mediate encounters between the Andean diaspora, the Andean countries, and host countries, the representations of these performances participate in a complex global dialogue about Andean music and dance: where they should be performed, who has a right to perform them, what they mean to various stakeholders, and how their performance may be intertwined with the performance of indigeneity.

In the next chapter, I turn to the representation of Andean women and girls who, like Hilda Arpeche of “Carta abierta,” are trafficked to work in the sex trade. Many, like Hilda, are trafficked from the Global South to the Global North (which Extramundo and Mundo approximate). They are promised one job and forced into another. Like the globalization of carework, the globalization of the sex trade has drawn Andean women to the United States, Europe, and even Japan. Sometimes this is by choice, at least initially, in a search for more lucrative markets. In other cases, women find themselves trapped in complex diaspora networks that serve not as systems of affective ties between homeland and diaspora populations, but rather as criminal webs for the efficient recruitment, transport, and exploitation of co-nationals.

³⁵ See also Stokes's succinct treatment of authenticity as discursive trope (6-7).

³⁶ For example, Michelle Wibblesman's study of Otavala festivals notes: "Typically, individuals gain status in their communities once they are married and can assume, as a couple, a series of ritual obligations and sponsorships known as festival cargos" (53).

³⁷ This is a *technocumbia* arranged for brass band, the typical ensemble found in village festivals.

³⁸ Regarding this "cleansing" process, see Marisol de la Cadena's description of the two-step process employed by the Conjunto Folklórico of Peru's National Tourism Corporation: "captación (capture)" and "depuración (purification)" (278-79). De la Cadena notes that after collection, the "raw material" of sorts had to be purified, which "implied its adaptation to the supposedly high cultural standards of urban audiences" (279). See also Fernando Rios's discussion of the multiple ways folkloric musical representations "differ from their professed source of inspiration [. . .] notwithstanding the commonly held belief that folkloric performances foster cultural preservation" ("The Andean Conjunto" 7).

³⁹ It was in Chile where the pan-Andean ensemble originated. See Juan Pablo González's article for a discussion of the way the Nueva Canción "brought the Andes closer to the Chilean people, and allowed them to integrate traces of Andean culture into their own identity" (7).

⁴⁰ I believe this to be a *landó*, because my introduction to this song was through the recording *The Soul of Black Peru*, which indicates that it is a *landó*, but Lucinda refers to it as a *festejo*, which William David Thompkins considers as "probably the most important Afro-Peruvian musical form (480). Thompkins describes the *landó* as "rhythmically distinct and more complex than the *festejo*" (481).

Chapter 4

“I was a Nice Girl Once”:

Trafficked Andean Women in the Global Sex Industry

Las mujeres se esfumaban como humo y a nadie que pudiera hacer algo parecía importarle demasiado.—Poso Wells

“Joven bien presentada para trabajar fuera del país todo pago, excelente sueldo.” This announcement promising a good job in another country was used by a Colombian-Panamanian-Spanish human trafficking ring dismantled in 2011 that, according to the newspaper *El Tiempo*, had recruited more than 70 women from the “Coffee Triangle” region of Colombia to the port city of Colón, Panamá. There they were forced to work as prostitutes, generating approximately \$500,000 (USD) in monthly earnings for their traffickers (“Cae”). This story is repeated throughout the Andes, as agencies that appear completely legitimate advertise modeling opportunities, hostess and waitressing jobs, nanny positions, arranged marriages, elder care positions, secretarial work, work in the tourism industry, and scholarships for study abroad. Through these and other recruitment strategies, women and girls seeking a better life find themselves caught up in small regional operations or in worldwide trafficking networks that may link, for example, Colombia’s Cauca Valley to the Russian mafia or to Eastern European organized crime (Toro Bedoya 191). Many will never return to the Andean region, while others will return as recruiters of new victims, perpetuating the cycle of exploitation.

The proliferation of Andean trafficking and rescue narratives in circulation since 2000 suggests the necessity of having a cultural conversation about twenty-first century human trafficking, its causes, its methods, and ways to combat it.⁴¹ Who are the victims, and why do they become victims? Are they ignorant and uneducated? Do they come from the poorest strata of society? Are they just kids plucked off the street? Or “sex workers” (a polemical term) whose

plans to relocate for greater earnings didn't turn out well? And whether prepubescent girls with little understanding of sexuality or experienced prostitutes who seek more lucrative markets or somewhere in between, who traffics them and how do these traffickers escape detection and/or prosecution? How do they acquire and transport their human product, and how do they develop and maintain their efficient global networks for the commercial sexual exploitation of women and girls? How is it possible that thousands of Andean girls and women⁴² are twenty-first century slaves? Do they ever escape? Are they rescued? Can they recover?

The three Andean trafficking and rescue narratives analyzed in this chapter create awareness of human rights abuses and expose confusion and misunderstandings about these abuses. These narratives highlight the particularly vulnerable situation of the migrant woman, who, in seeking to move to another region, another country, or another continent, becomes easy prey for traffickers. Finally, the three texts challenge the sufficiency of what I will call the "trafficker-victim-rescuer" (TVR) paradigm, an organizing structure typical of the trafficking and rescue narratives that are emerging as global awareness of trafficking increases.

Colombian-American Patricia Engel's "Vida" (2010), a realistic fictional account in which a woman is trafficked from Colombia to the United States, reveals a complicated relationship between victims and "rescuers" that does not mesh well with the TVR paradigm's clearly-defined roles. Gabriela Alemán's *Poso Wells* (2007), a more fantastic fictional text representing trafficking within the Guayaquil area and within Quito, highlights societal complicity and the paradox of victim agency. It also explores the possible contradictions latent in one of the "heroic rescuer" types: the (typically male) journalist who steps out of his investigative role to undertake a rescue operation. *Atrapada por la mafia Yakuza* (2009), Marcela Loaiza's autobiographical account of being trafficked from Colombia to Japan, threatens to

dissolve the dividing lines among the actors in the TVR paradigm as all three groups—traffickers, victims, and rescuers—begin to blur into one another. Loaiza’s narrative also raises questions about the intended reader of trafficking and rescue narratives, how these narratives are mediated, and whether their larger public appeal is based on human rights concerns or a desire for a sensationalist read.

The three narratives, then, even as they embody the “trafficker-victim-rescuer” model, lay bare its contradictions and inadequacies in distinct ways. Rescue narratives that fit the TVR paradigm, based on the interactions of three neatly defined sets of actors, are intuitive and appealing. A clear differentiation of traffickers, victims, and rescuers is to be expected in a narrative form that sometimes serves a legal purpose of making a case against traffickers or a public service function of warning potential victims, since in neither case would ambiguity be a virtue. Likewise, a dramatic television program framed as a societal mission to find and arrest criminals, such as *America’s Most Wanted*, requires short segments that will lead viewers to call in with information about the perpetrators. This leaves no time for musing on the complexity of the trafficking phenomenon. But as the texts analyzed in this chapter reveal, the TVR paradigm typical of trafficking and rescue narratives is sometimes insufficient to represent the messy, complex, and evolving relationships among the three groups. Traffickers may be former victims. How could one pinpoint the moment at which that transition from victimized to victimizer occurred? At the same time, the rescuer may be less than heroic. He may have his own plans for victimization. There may be no rescuer at all, but rather, the victim manages to find her own way out of a bad situation.

Another complication in some rescue narratives is that the victim does not see herself as a victim or wish to describe herself publicly in those terms or define herself by something that

happened to her. Or she may prefer not to erase her own agency from the story nor to appear naïve or childish. If a trafficking victim seeks assistance in the United States, however, she must be literally certified as a victim by the Department of State in order to receive services and protection, so it would not be prudent to assert her agency in any way. As human rights lawyer Dina Francesca Haynes notes, “Today’s immigration laws make it risky to acknowledge that individual agency and purpose drove the decision to move on and improve one’s life. The legal fiction is that one can either be a victim or a capable person of free will, but not both” (112). This “legal fiction” informs and shapes trafficking and rescue narratives: “The modern US domestic legal interpretation of these rights that derive from international human rights law prefers a simple victim story to one that is complicated by a parallel story about the desire to leave behind economic and cultural malaise” (Haynes 112). This preference for a simple victim story clearly extends beyond the United States.

The reader of the cultural works analyzed in this chapter may also seek a “simple victim story,” or what H. Porter Abbott might call a “masterplot” (46-47) with ties to the Cinderella narrative. Traffickers, victims, and rescuers are easily cast as “types”: the evil trafficker, the innocent and helpless victim, and the heroic rescuer. In many cases, this description corresponds precisely to the actors in a trafficking narrative, and masterplots and types of this nature allow us to organize our impressions of the world by fitting them into narrative structures that are familiar to us. However, one bitter criticism of human rights literature in general is that this masterplot may pit non-Western “savages” doing harm to their non-Western victims against the Western heroes or saviors who sweep in to rescue the victims. Law professor Makau Mutua, whose work influenced my construction of the TVR paradigm, critiques the “grand narrative of human rights

literature” as organized by the paradigm of “savages-victims-saviors (SVS)” (10). Such a narrative, while it may be offensive, has the persuasive simplicity of a fairy tale.

To pick apart trafficking and rescue narratives in search of masterplots or types or underlying structures is not a devaluation of their importance or authenticity or moral force in recounting cruelty and courage, horror and heroism. It is rather an opportunity to ask what may have been missed in the attempt to narrate these almost unspeakable realities. Simple victim stories, created not by simple victims but by victims who have grasped that the way their story is told may be critical to their case for assistance and protection, must elide complex cultural realities such as what criminologist Alexis Aronowitz, who investigated trafficking for the United Nations for five years, terms the “Migration-Smuggling-Trafficking Nexus” (6). These linked terms refer to phenomena that theoretically can be differentiated and yet in practice may be hard to untangle, as when migrants seeking to be smuggled across international borders find themselves trafficked instead, under various possible levels of coercions and deception (Aronowitz 2-3). A “simple victim story” cannot do justice to the complicated subject positions of those who purposefully set out to make a better life for themselves and at some point in that process, perhaps even after reaching their destination, fell prey to traffickers. Even in fictional accounts, the way traffickers, victims, and rescuers are represented and the way that the trafficking and rescue story is narrated matter, because they shape societal awareness of and responses to trafficking. While the despicably evil nature of trafficking is apparent, and the human suffering that it produces is incontestable, the complexity of this huge global industry must be recognized—a complexity that does not lend itself either to simple narratives or simple solutions. Women and gender studies scholar Julietta Hua’s provocative study *Trafficking Women’s Human Rights* focuses on how trafficking “gets talked about” in various texts,

including journalistic reports and government and NGO publications and public service announcements. Her question, “How does trafficking get talked about?” (xv) and her probing of the fact that “certain scripts gain currency” and “some scripts and stories become privileged over others” (27) is just as relevant to artistic representations as to media or institutional accounts of trafficking. One survivor of trafficking becomes a “poster child” of the anti-trafficking movement, her story broadcast both through traditional and social media, while another’s story is forgotten.⁴³ Excavating the buried stories may be just as important as examining the privileged ones.

The trafficking of girls and women for sexual exploitation within the Andean nations (“internal trafficking”) and from the Andean nations (in this case “South-North trafficking”) is not a new development in the Andes, nor is trafficking limited to women and girls, but, as might be expected during a period characterized by rapid development of technology, ever-increasing global mobility, and the feminization of migration, it takes on increasingly complex forms as traffickers continually seek innovative ways to entrap and exploit women and girls who are searching for a better future. The year 2000 is a key date. While trafficking has taken place in previous decades and previous centuries in various guises and under various names, in 2000 the United Nations’ Protocol to Prevent, Suppress, and Punish Trafficking in Persons, Especially Women and Children (known as the Palermo Protocol), a supplement to the United Nations Convention against Transnational Organized Crime, marked what Haynes calls “the first point at which trafficking became defined as a matter of international law, expanding upon and linking together pre-existing individual crimes such as abduction, kidnapping, forced prostitution, and slavery” (113). The legal linkage of these crimes under the term *trafficking* served to heighten global awareness and made clear that “as to the level of egregiousness, the whole of trafficking

in human beings is more than the sum of its parts” (Haynes 114). Also in 2000, six weeks before the Palermo Protocol, the US Trafficking Victims Protection Act (TVPA) was passed.

Here I use the terms trafficking in persons and human trafficking interchangeably and as they are defined by the Trafficking Victims Protection Act (TVPA), the 2011 Trafficking in Persons (*TIP Report*) prepared by the United States Department of State, and the United Nations’ Palermo Protocol. “Trafficking in Persons” is a term used broadly by these institutions, an “umbrella term for activities involved when one person obtains or holds another person in compelled service” (*TIP Report* 7). According to Article 3 of the Palermo Protocol,

“Trafficking in persons” shall mean the recruitment, transportation, transfer, harbouring or receipt of persons, by means of the threat or use of force or other forms of coercion, of abduction, of fraud, of deception, of the abuse of power or of a position of vulnerability or of the giving or receiving of payments or benefits to achieve the consent of a person having control over another person, for the purpose of exploitation. Exploitation shall include, at a minimum, the exploitation of the prostitution of others or other forms of sexual exploitation, forced labour or services, slavery or practices similar to slavery, servitude or the removal of organs. (*TIP Report* 42)

It is important to clarify that the term *trafficking*, while apparently emphasizing the transport of victims, may or may not involve transportation either within a country or beyond its borders. As stated in the *TIP Report*, “At the heart of this phenomenon are the myriad forms of enslavement—not the activities involved in international transportation” (7). Alemán’s *Poso Wells* (2007) represents internal trafficking within the Guayaquil area and within Quito, in both cases involving a minimal distance. But transporting a woman a few city blocks for sexual

exploitation is no less a case of trafficking than the situations depicted Engel's "Vida" and Loaiza's *Atrapada por la mafia Yakuza*, which represent trafficking from Colombia to the United States and to Japan. Siddharth Kara, a Fellow with the Carr Center Program on Human Trafficking and Modern-Day Slavery at the Harvard Kennedy School of Government, points out that whether one is trafficked across town, within the country, or abroad depends not on chance but on what he describes as "sophisticated market assessments" by traffickers who maximize profits by determining which ethnicity is in demand in local and global markets (11).

Exactly how lucrative the trafficking of persons is today is not clear, but one oft-cited figure is the International Labor Organization's 2008 estimate of annual profits of human trafficking in all of its forms at \$32 billion (1). Haynes notes that, unlike a shipment of arms or drugs, a human being can be sold over and over, and she cites a mid-1990s estimate prepared for the CIA of profits to traffickers at "\$250,000 for each women trafficked for sex slavery" (115).⁴⁴ Growth in profits is related to a precipitous drop in the cost to purchase a slave, which Kara describes as a direct result of economic globalization, a phenomenon which has had a disproportionate impact on already marginalized women and girls and put them at great risk (24-25): "when the mass migration trends unleashed during the 1990s created a windfall in potential slave labor, it did not take long for those in the sex industry to deduce that they could vastly increase profits by capitalizing on the desperation and vulnerability of dislocated women and children (33)."

By the middle of the first decade of the twenty-first century, the explosion of trafficking for sexual exploitation seen in the nineties had settled into a pattern of steady growth (Kara 17).⁴⁵

This is a global picture of trafficking in persons; the Andean region, while not even considered one of the worst regions for human trafficking, is nonetheless plagued by it.

Colombia, the source country in the narratives of both Engel and Loaiza, is described in the 2011 *TIP Report* as “a major source country for women and girls subjected to sex trafficking in Latin America, the Caribbean, Western Europe, Asia, and North America, as well as a transit and destination country for men, women, and children subjected to forced labor” (125). In the same report, Ecuador, the setting of Alemán’s novel, is described as “a source, transit, and destination country for men, women, and children subjected to sex trafficking and forced labor” (148).

The analysis that follows unpacks the scripts and stories in these three works depicting trafficking of Andean girls and women within a global market for commercial sex services with an eye toward what is challenged, questioned, unanswered, or left out. Engel’s “Vida,” for example, calls into question the role of the “heroic rescuer” and his or her relationship with the victim. It does this by presenting one “rescuer” who offers what can only be seen as a second chance at victimhood, and another who manages to effect a real rescue but only after a long period of doing nothing at all. The story of the character Vida unfolds through the eyes of Sabina, the US-born daughter of Colombian immigrant parents. The protagonist of a collection of stories titled *Vida*, Sabina in this titular story encounters Vida at a barbeque, where the Hungarian boyfriends of both the young women have gathered with their “cluster of compatriots” (119). Vida has “those same skittish eyes, like a stray cat that knows it’s about to be chased off,” and “It was her man who did the talking with a fixed hand on Vida’s waist, and you’d almost think she was his prisoner if it wasn’t for the way she always dipped her mouth into the curve of his neck and marked him with kisses” (119-20). “You’d almost think”—that is, if the idea were not so preposterous, that in twenty-first century Miami one human being would be the prisoner of another. Sabina intuitively understands some aspects of Vida’s life: “I knew she was illegal like my boyfriend, most of his friends, and about half of Miami” (121). But “illegality” in itself does

not explain for Sabina why this attractive young woman (“lean with high hips, dollar green eyes, and bouncy black hair”) is only working in the shadows, cleaning houses occasionally: “I didn’t see why she couldn’t get a job in a restaurant or a store” (121).

Sabina—mouthy, independent, and, at twenty-eight, five years older than Vida—is not a particularly naïve young woman. The very first sentence of “Lucho,” the first story of the collection, begins, “It was the year my uncle got arrested for killing his wife” (3), and that story is permeated by themes of sexual abuse and violence against women, as seen through the eyes of the then fourteen-year old Sabina. But perhaps in this story it is Sabina’s relationship with “the boyfriend,” as she calls him, that blinds her to the toxicity of his friend Sacha’s relationship with Vida, even as the reader, piecing together the clues, begins to suspect an unsavory history. Another clue comes when the usually timid Vida confronts Sabina about why she is with her (serially unfaithful) boyfriend and asks her if she still believes in love (“as if it was something like Papa Noel or El Coco”), to which Sabina can only shake her head. “Me neither,” replies Vida, and Sabina hears in her tone “a pride that I wanted for myself” (122).

Only when the two boyfriends both have to work the same evening is the space created for Vida to speak plainly to her new friend about her experiences in Miami. Sabina goes to pick her up:

The apartment was a shoddy place on upper Collins near the banged-up motels and right off of drug dealer’s row. She was sitting on the front steps smoking a cigarette when I drove up, her hair pulled into a ponytail, wearing jeans and a pink blouse. Almost looking like a private school girl who got lost in the wrong neighborhood. (123)

Again, the “almost looking,” like the earlier phrase “you’d almost think,” conveys that at this point in the narrative Sabina has clues to Vida’s real situation but does not yet understand them. Vida, in the manner of a child, insists on going to the beach, “even started begging me to take her there like I was her mother or something” (123). “Like I was her mother”—and in a sense Sabina, with her car, has the freedom of movement of an adult, while Vida, who “couldn’t drive herself anywhere” (123), has for this reason, and more sinister reasons, the constricted mobility of a child. Vida is childlike, too, at the beach, where Sabina observes her with some puzzlement:

Though clouds covered the moon and the shore was dim with night,
 Vida pulled off her sandals and ran towards the water, went in up to her
 knees and splashed around in the foam. I sat in the sand and watched her
 lose herself, shouting things at the clouds. (123)

Vida is like a child at play, though her enjoyment of the beach comes at night, beneath the moon, not the Miami sun, and the apparent newness of this pleasure surprises Sabina: “I thought you’ve been here for years already” (124). Even Vida’s blunt answer does not open Sabina’s eyes: “That’s true [. . .] but they didn’t let me out of the house the first year” (124). Sabina recounts her interpretation of this statement:

I imagined a horrible employer. A family who hired her as a muchacha.
 I saw tons of young girls in white maid’s uniforms all over Miami, pushing
 strollers in the park and grocery carts at the supermarket. Maybe she had a
 boss who locked her away. I’d heard of that. My mom’s muchacha was full
 of terror stories. (124)

Vida seems to realize that she will have to spell this out for Sabina: she worked in “una casa de sitas” [sic] (124).

Even here, Sabina thinks there may have been some linguistic confusion:

“If my second-generation Spanish was correct, she said a brothel. A place where they take appointments with women” (124). Finally, Sabina asks what this means: “I didn’t know how else to say it, so I asked her as plainly as I could what she was doing there. And just like that she said they’d made her a puta” (125). About this term there can be no confusion, even for a second-generation speaker.

What to say next? Vida asks Sabina if she thinks differently of her, which Sabina of course denies, and Vida sums up her life before Miami: “I was a nice girl once. Nice family. Everything” (125). Sabina is full of questions but can only say she is sorry, “like an idiot” (125). Their conversation turns to future plans—Sacha has agreed to pay for her to go to beauty school (“he knew a Polish lady in Aventura who would give her a job off the books”)—but soon Vida’s story comes out: the betrayal by her hairdresser, who lured her to Miami with false promises.⁴⁶ The hairdresser, “a transvestite named Fito,” won her appreciation and confidence: he “always did her hair and make up for the beauty pageants gratis because he said Vida was the best investment in her town, Usme” (125). Apparently, she was a good investment for him, because after telling her family of his Miami contacts (he “would get Vida auditions at all the Spanish networks so she could be a presentadora on *Sábado Gigante* or something” [125]), at the Miami airport he disappeared: “some other guys ushered her into a car, stuck a gun to her stomach, and informed her that Fito had sold her for seven thousand dollars that she had to pay off starting now” (126). Scholars of trafficking would describe these events as the recruitment stage, the transport stage, and then, the exploitation stage, the point at which any deceptions involved in the previous two stages are revealed, since the victim is now where the traffickers want her to be and escape at this stage is difficult and dangerous (Aronowitz 55-57).

With bitter irony Vida recounts how her parents gave their blessing for this journey, blinded by religious superstition to Fito's nefarious intentions:

Oh, my mother had me drinking water from the flower of Jerusalem. It was supposed to bless me and send me on a journey, so when Fito offered to pay for my ticket, Mami thought it was the work of God [. . .] She kept it in a glass bowl, next to the television and we had to feed it fresh river water every week or it would curse us. It was only when I went to an American grocery store for the first time that I realized I had been praying all my life to a shiitake mushroom. (126)

Experts in the study of trafficking emphasize that it is precisely this desire to migrate that creates vulnerability to trafficking. Haynes points to understanding the victim as a key step to fighting trafficking and comments, "This in turn requires recognition that she is likely to have had a desire to migrate, and it is that very desire that was twisted and exploited by her traffickers" (126). That is, a trafficking victim is not likely to have been abducted from her home or sold by her family (though this does occur in rare cases); rather, she more likely became vulnerable to trafficking as she considered how to migrate or as she began her journey (Haynes 126):

Migrants are not only likely to be economically and emotionally vulnerable but also exist, in fact if not always in law, between state protection mechanisms. In other words, they often cannot rely on the protection of the state they have left behind [. . .] At the same time, they have not yet, and may not ever, procure the protection of the state in which they hope to land. (Haynes 111)

Vida's situation is exactly this—she has left whatever protection the Colombian state provided her, and she has no legal status in the United States. Her life is now ruled by her traffickers, who consider her their property.

The multiple roles necessary to effect a successful trafficking operation involve numerous people both in the source country and the destination country, and it is soon revealed that Sacha too has played a part in Vida's victimization. When Vida reveals to Sabina how she and Sacha met ("The house. He worked there too. He was the guard" [128]), placing the final piece of the puzzle that is her tragic story, her entrusting of this secret to Sabina provokes an immediate reaction from the former (and present?) guard:

We were speaking Spanish, so I know that he couldn't have known what we were saying, but Sacha appeared within seconds, pulled Vida up by the elbow, and dragged her towards the driveway. She seemed defiant as he talked into her face. She crossed her arms and looked away, at the ground, up to the sky, even to me on the other side of the yard. (129)

Vida's response to Sabina's question about this troubling encounter is dismissive: "she rolled her eyes as if bored to death" and said only, "Such a big production [. . .] just to tell me he loves me" (129).

If until this point the story has portrayed the narrator's inability or unwillingness to see what Sacha, and by extension, "the boyfriend" are really involved in, the following section portrays her hesitation to act on this information. She does attempt to share the story with Jess, her "gringa" friend who once "did a stint as a social worker," but Jess's only response is to sigh, "I don't know why you hang out with these people, Sabina" (128-29). Over time, Sabina will learn more details about Sacha and Vida: Vida relates how after a year as Vida's guard, "he said

he loved me and that he wanted us to be together like normal people,” and he “gave the other girls money so they could run away” (133). Vida summarizes their situation: “We had to hide for months because his boss had people searching everywhere. But time passed. And now we are okay” (133). Apparently Sabina accepts this version of their relationship. They are okay. She does attempt to analyze her involvement in their lives, musing, “my friend Jess would say that it was the freak factor that drew me to Vida. That she was a novelty act for me, a living movie complete with exploitation of Latinas” (133). She seems to feel a real sense of sisterhood with the protagonist of this exploitation story. Just as Sacha and “the boyfriend” were said to be brothers, a certain sisterhood between Sabina and Vida emerges. The spurious sisterhood of their first meeting, when Sabina is introduced to Vida as a Colombian “as if that was all we needed to become like sisters” (120), is in fact transformed into a close friendship. And for Sabina, to interact with Vida is, in some sense, to interact with an alternative version of herself, one born and raised in Colombia where, according to Sabina’s mother, she “would have grown up more feminine, with better manners” (133). She comes to feel for Vida a “dolor ajena” [sic]: “Feeling pain on behalf of someone else. A pain that is not your own. No succinct way to say it in English” (135).

Still, despite her feeling for Vida, her pain on her behalf, she recognizes that she is not acting on that pain in a way that would help her friend, and in retrospect she judges herself harshly for this failure and lists the actions she might have taken:

I’m not that charitable. Nothing in me said I should help Vida. Give her money from my savings so that she could buy a plane ticket back home. Hook her up with a counselor at my school, someone to talk her through her dramas. Help her heal. None of that. I just wanted to drink her up like

everyone else. (135)

The disturbing metaphor of the consumption of Vida may be broad enough to touch not only those who prostituted her and the johns, and not only Sabina, who accuses herself, but also the reader, who is invited to consume Vida's story page by page. How can the reader engage with a text representing a trafficking victim without somehow revictimizing her? "Vida, the living documentary," Sabina calls her (137), bringing to the fore again the issue of representation and consumption.

As Sabina takes in Vida's story, she is forced to examine her own relationships with men, first of all her own boyfriend, whom on New Year's Eve she finally tries to confront about his friend's activities. When he admits that he knows what happened, she attempts to provoke an appropriate response by detailing what Vida endured under Sacha's guard: "He watched them beat her, rape her, and sell her" (141). The boyfriend's absurd response to this is only, "She never tried to escape" (141), indicating that he believed her resigned, even content, with a life of beatings and rape. He laughs when Vida counters that a girl was once shot for trying to escape: "They just told the girls that to keep them from trying" (141), thus minimizing the ongoing threat of deadly force that ensured the girls' compliance. When Sabina pushes him further, he responds with his own thinly veiled threat of violence:

"How could you have known about it all and done nothing?"

That set him off. The boyfriend pulled over right there on the Venetian Causeway and wrapped his fat knuckles around my shoulder, his rough fingertips carving into my skin.

"It was just a job, Sabina. He had to make a living, too [. . .]" (141)

Sabina insists, “Being a witness can make a person just as guilty” (141). But though he tells her to get out of the vehicle, and she wishes she had “had a little honor and walked home by foot,” she stays in the car: “Let the boyfriend drive me home and let him sleep in my bed and everything else” (142). Her words, “Being a witness can make a person just a guilty” turn pointedly back on herself, as she has confessed, “It never occurred to me to ask Vida where this house of horrors was. I never thought to report it to the police, see if the house was still in operation. Help her expose Fito, maybe help the girls who would follow” (140).

On New Year’s Day, something changes. Vida calls, and without needing to discuss it (they are, after all, “sisters”), they both know what they will do: “Later that afternoon she told Sacha she was going to buy cigarettes. I told the boyfriend I was visiting Jessamy. I picked Vida up at the corner and we drove all the way to Orlando before we stopped for a toilet” (142). When they arrive at Sabina’s family home, her parents intuit that they should not ask “what we were doing there in New Jersey in the dead of January with no luggage and still in our Miami clothes” (142-43), and Sabina’s father insists that Vida call home and then purchases her a plane ticket. Sabina muses, “Seems so easy now. After all those confessions on the beach. Problems solved by a long drive and my dad’s credit card” (144). As they hug goodbye at the airport the next day and Vida thanks her, Sabina can only wonder, “Why did it take me so long to get her here?” (144).

In the final paragraphs, Sabina places the point in time of the narration: “It’s been a year since all this” (144). Perhaps our narrator will reveal that she now works rescuing women from situations such as Vida’s? Or counseling survivors of forced prostitution? Warning would-be migrants of the risk of trafficking? But no, there is no dramatic turn around, no sudden activism, no life-changing recognition that her passivity or her poor choices might somehow make her complicit in the suffering of another. The reader learns only that she stayed with parents for a

while and let the boyfriend forget about her (“he’d replace me with another chica soon enough” [144]). Vida stays in touch: she calls and says, “I worry about you” and confides that “she’s washing hair at a nice salon on La Séptima, and they’re going to teach her how to do highlights” (145). Her parents, presumably, know nothing of her ordeal in Miami.

The reader may judge the seemingly rudderless Sabina less harshly than she judges herself in this narrative, not only because she did eventually rescue Vida, but also because in her act of narration she somehow redeems herself. By telling the story of her own guilt, her own inaction—by refusing to cover up her own inadequacy as a rescuer or her enmeshment with a boyfriend who condones trafficking—she strengthens the narrator-reader bond and also dramatizes the complexity of trafficker-victim-rescuer relationships. A heroic rescuer would have been far more helpful for Vida and would have spared her months of slavery. But her slow climb to freedom first with Sacha and then away from him, while departing from the TVR paradigm, may portray a far more realistic picture of what escape from trafficking usually looks like.

The narration ends with Sabina’s memory of what Vida said on the night they drove north: “There is no love. Only people living life together. Tomorrow will be better” (145). This is the small hope that is left to her—former beauty queen, victim of trafficking, survivor, she no longer harbors any illusions about love, or at least, of romantic love. She will probably never have a little girl whom she might groom for a beauty pageant: she believes that during one of the “brutal examinations” by the brothel doctor she was sterilized (139). But her future, with its small satisfactions of working in a nice salon or taking a family vacation, indeed looks better than her past: no documentary, no drama, no *telenovela* to be consumed, just a simple life with her family. Just “living life together.”

In Colombia, Vida was Davida, and presumably she returns to this name, a more appropriate name for something resembling a “normal life” than “Vida,” a name too big, too dramatic, appropriate for a “living documentary” or a “novelty act, a living movie complete with exploitation of Latinas” (137, 133). Vida does not want to be the heroine of a novel or a movie. After recounting to Sabina the day she had been beaten so badly she could not see, and Sacha pitied her and took her on his motorcycle to the ocean and carried her to the water (before returning her for the evening’s work), she specifically tells Sabina, who had “started to think of her and Sacha as some kind of weird fairy tale,” that “she was no Eréndira” (138). In this reference to the story of a young girl prostituted by her own grandmother in a story written by Colombia’s most well-known writer, Gabriel García Márquez, Vida refuses an identity of victimhood. She will not play this role, for despite all that has happened, she believes that this is not her story. This is not “The Incredible and Sad Story of the Candid Vida and her Heartless Hairdresser.” It is rather a more subtle exploration of the sometimes tangled relationships between the actors of the TVR paradigm, an affirmation that the victim passes through a stage of victimhood from which she can emerge and move on, and an interrogation of why a witness to trafficking might delay rescue, taking in the situation but acting with a less-than-heroic response time.

If Vida explicitly rejects a role in a “weird fairy tale,” the enslaved women depicted in Ecuadorian novelist Gabriela Alemán’s *Poso Wells* (2007) seem to be trapped in just such a tale, one that plays with generic conventions in its combination of the detective story with two very different but equally fantastical representations of trafficking. In the first trafficking case, the rescue of the majority of the victims comes so late that it leaves little hope for recovery or redemption, nearly foreclosing the possibility of the victorious ending hoped for in a trafficking

and rescue narrative. In the second trafficking case, the victim quickly and handily manages her own rescue, which is fortunate as there are no other potential rescuers in sight. In both cases, the “T” of the TVR paradigm is broadened to include the many powerful members of society who are aware of trafficking but do nothing. This is the strangest and most painful aspect of these women’s experience. Their exploitation occurs within a complicit society that suspects or even sees what is happening but refuses to acknowledge it. Even more scandalous than the situation in “Vida,” in which a few common citizens hesitate to act on behalf of a trafficking victim, here it is politicians and powerful government officials who, at best, turn a blind eye to trafficking, and who do not hesitate to participate directly when it is to their benefit. These fictional officials represent and indict the corrupt powers that be within Ecuadorian society and beyond who, for various reasons, choose not to recognize trafficking or to devote sufficient resources to combat it. Alemán creates a world bordering on the fantastic that nevertheless points to the reality of enslavement in the Andes, revealing the particular vulnerability of migrant women and the indifference of society to their situation. At the same time, it reflects the agency of migrant women who have made plans, however flawed, to better their lives, and, when those plans go awry, may be capable of extracting themselves from trafficking situations without assistance. Before dismissing the tale as too bizarre to be in any way related to actual lived experience, one should consider that the 2011 *TIP Report* places Ecuador on the Tier 2 Watch List,⁴⁷ below Colombia, Bolivia, and Peru, because “the government did not show evidence of increasing efforts to address forced labor and sex trafficking crimes involving adults, or trafficking-related complicity of local government officials, and government protections for adult victims remained inadequate” (*TIP* 148). In this context of “weak overall law enforcement efforts against

trafficking in persons crimes” (*TIP* 149), a literary depiction of societal indifference to the disappearance of women, mostly poor internal migrants, is less fantastic than it appears.

Poso Wells refers to the fictional Cooperativa Poso Wells (supposedly located near Isla Trinitaria, Guayaquil), described in the opening paragraph of Alemán’s novel as a desolate, fetid, hellish site located “en el hueco más apestoso y olvidado de los límites del mundo que existe de este lado del Pacífico central” (15). Here informal settlements house hundreds of thousands of the poorest of the poor in the most precarious conditions: “Kilómetros y kilómetros de viviendas de palo, caña y aglomerado construidas sobre aguas servidas y barro podrido” (15-16). While theft is a constant threat—“No se puede dejar una cabeza de plátano fuera de la puerta porque se esfuma” (19)—the inhabitants of Poso Wells understand that far greater dangers lurk:

Algo se agazapa en las calles de Poso Wells y ataca a los nervios como un tamtam persistente. Y eso, sea lo que sea, jadea en los sueños de sus habitantes, los lengüetea con su ruinoso saliva y aliento de pozo séptico y deja a sus cuerpos pringosos y sucios cuando despiertan. Esa sensación de peligro no se quita con sólo intentarlo, se vive con ella todo el día y al atardecer sólo se hace más palpable pues no es sólo comida lo que desaparece sino gente. (20)

Trafficking is often conceived of as a business, a network, a web, or a system, and it is all of those things, but the image of the salivation of a panting creature gives a face, or at least a mouth, to trafficking, creating a metaphor of a living predatory organism, not just an organization of predators. Into this fearful place steps journalist Gonzalo Varas, the first person from outside the barrio to seek information about the disappearances of young women from Poso

Wells over a period of fifteen years. Varas finds that in this physically and socially marginalized space, there is neither the political will nor the resources to investigate these cases:

Todo estaba envuelto en una maraña de problemas legales y dejadez: denuncias que nunca se habían hecho, falta de dinero para iniciar el trámite judicial, callejones sin salida, falta de investigaciones, prioridades confusas, inmigrantes que volvían a sus tierras y dejaban olvidadas los nombres de sus hijas, esposas y sobrinas en las costas del estero salado. (29)

Although Varas quickly determines that nearly fifty women have disappeared from Poso Wells, his editors have little interest in this story, being hungry for news coverage related to the upcoming national elections, particularly the bizarre electrocution of the candidate who, shortly after arriving in the densely populated Poso Wells to distribute food and make worthless promises of housing materials in exchange for votes, has the singular misfortune of accepting a live microphone attached to a high voltage post while standing a puddle of his own urine. Already “on the ground” in Poso Wells investigating the mystery of the disappeared women, Varas is well-positioned to cover (and profit from) the sensational story of the “candidato carbonizado” (31), as well as the immediate disappearance of the only potential political successor, Andrés Vinueza, at the hands of “un grupo de hombres sin ojos o con los párpados hundidos” (36), characters reminiscent of H. G. Wells’s story set in Ecuador, “The Country of the Blind.”⁴⁸

While the disappearance of scores of marginalized women had attracted little or no attention by either local or national authorities, the kidnapping of candidate Vinueza by the group of blind men brings the national army to Poso Wells. However, despite their efforts to find Vinueza, their biggest accomplishment is rounding up fifteen men for lack of identification

documents (50). Meanwhile, Varas's investigation of the *desaparecidas* takes an unexpected turn when, attempting to rescue a street dog whom he has named Témoc from a hole in a vacant lot, he finds the cavity to be far deeper than he imagined and, returning with a machete, rope, and a light, he descends into a netherworld. Typically a rescuer does this in a figurative sense, but he does so literally. Underground, he is first attacked by rats. He next falls into a lower cavern, where he stumbles upon the body of a woman, alive, but barely recognizable as human, and half-buried in the mud. Perplexed, but inspired by his childhood readings of Superman comics, he ties her body to his own and climbs the rope with her to effect her rescue, albeit finding it difficult to maintain the calm of a superhero when he realizes that the woman is clad only in a coat of mud. Despite this dramatic development, Varas pauses to rescue Témoc before transporting the woman to the house of Jaime Montenegro, the elderly man with whom he has found temporary lodging in Poso Wells.

Surprisingly, the sight of the woman covered in mud, clothed only in Varas's shirt, attracts no obvious attention from the residents of Poso Wells: "Bajaron por las calles de tierra como si fueran los únicos habitantes de Poso Wells: nadie los vio; nadie los quiso ver" (109). The tropes of eyesight and blindness, as well as narratorial comments upon willingness to see or refusal to see, pervade the novel. What a society does not see or chooses not to see, it cannot change. Trafficking of persons, while in many ways a hidden crime, is also something that happens in plain sight when fear of complicit authorities or local "strongmen" keeps bystanders from intervening in, or even commenting upon, what they see.

Varas, having stumbled into a rescuer role, muddles his way through it. He offers the woman a glass of water, and it seems that she begins to recover her humanity:

Cuando pretendió acercar el vaso a los labios de ella, la mujer pareció verlo por primera vez. Algo en su actitud había cambiado en ese corto intervalo: enderezó su cuello, alzó su rostro y se incorporó en el sillón. Enseguida dejó de parecer un animal asustado. Tomó el vaso y bebió el agua sin ayuda de nadie.

(111)

Varas shows her where she can wash up in privacy but then, hidden from her view, gazes back at her as she scrubs off the layers of grime: he watches her “como un mirón, no lo pudo evitar” (112). Is this not another exploitation, at the hands (or eyes) of a “rescuer,” of a woman who already has been exploited until her sense of her humanity is nearly lost? In some ways similar to Sabina of “Vida,” who acknowledged “I just wanted to drink her up like everyone else” (9), Varas is not portrayed as a perfect “superhero” rescuer, but rather as an all-too-human character whose conflicted desires (he both covers the woman with his shirt and uncovers her with his gaze) reveal something of the complicated situation of the rescued woman and her post-rescue vulnerability.

Despite his weaknesses, only Varas; his host, Montenegro; his Mexican friend, Benito; and a resident of Poso Wells named Bella emerge as characters in the novel with any character at all, any sense of human rights or dignity, any recognition of lines that must not be crossed in the headlong rush toward profit and power. Multiple plot lines intertwine with those of Varas, the electrocution and the subsequent kidnapping of Vinueza, and the rescue of the still unidentified woman from her subterranean prison. But what unites nearly all characters in the varied threads of the plot, from the common criminal in Poso Wells to the well-heeled associates of Vinueza, is their utter contempt for the rule of law and complete confidence in their impunity. Holmes, the representative of the multinational mining company seeking to strike a deal with the Vinueza

group for their (mutual?) exploitation of Ecuador's mineral riches, takes this attitude to its extreme when he envisions the Andes as "un país virtual abierto a las compañías multinacionales, una suerte de tierra de nadie donde no existían impuestos ni se pagaban derechos" (290-91). At every level, as the plot threads its way through every stratification of Ecuadorian (and global) social realities, it exposes vice, greed, and corruption, a Hobbesian world in which the strong do as they wish and the weak have no recourse. In this world, the crimes against the weak and powerless, crimes such as trafficking, do not exist because the strong have no interest in recognizing them.

In this dark world, the group of degenerate blind men given to chanting pseudo-Christian litanies in an archaic Spanish determine that Vinueza, their hostage, is key to their survival. They will use him to capture women whom they may impregnate: "Nos vais a conseguir mujeres y vamos a ser fuertes nuevamente. Veréis, te protegeremos y vos también prosperás" (145). Vinueza, while less than pleased with the kidnapping, nevertheless decides that this group of prophet-like old men may be just what is needed to jumpstart his electoral campaign. They head to Quito, where a second trafficking narrative will soon emerge: Vinueza will go along with the abduction of a woman off the street because keeping the eccentric old men happy is politically expedient.

In another twist that reflects society's confused priorities, Varas loses his job as a reporter due to his reluctance to abandon the investigation of the missing women of Poso Wells to track down some missing refrigerators and televisions supposedly stolen by the guards of the police warehouse. Varas explains the situation to Benito: "Que a nadie le interesó que encontrara a una mujer [. . .] arrastrándose por un túnel de babaza [. . .]" (150). Convinced of the existence of "una ciudad debajo de la ciudad" (150), Varas and Benito canvas Poso Wells with the photo of the

woman rescued from the tunnel and soon learn that she is Valentina, the daughter of internal migrants from Manabí who returned there without her when, after several months, she could not be found. The mystery of who victimized Valentina is revealed when, watching Vinueza's press conference on television after his return to Quito, Valentina becomes greatly agitated when hearing the voices of the blind men at Vinueza's side. The five men, cleaned up and dressed in tunics of celestial blue, are presented to the media by Vinueza: "Son sabios que me han hecho entender que Dios quiere que yo sea el presidente de todos los ecuatorianos" (201). After Vinueza describes his recent encounter with Jesus Christ and his confidence that God is speaking through him, the blind men begin to chant a litany and stomp their feet and shake the bells that hang from their ankles, at which point Valentina screams, touches the television screen, and speaks her first words since her rescue: "Son ellos" (206).

Valentina's former captors have moved from the hidden passages under a vacant lot in a marginal coastal community to the limelight of the national capital, but their ultimate purpose is still to obtain women whom they may impregnate. Their first victim in the capital is the prostitute Sun Yi, "una adolescente panameña-china-ecuatoriana que había llegado de Quevedo a la capital para hacerse un billete rápido" (195). The product of multiple migrations, Sun Yi is now determined to earn money in the capital in order to study at the "Instituto Og Mandino," having been inspired to pursue further studies by her reading of a worn copy of *Cómo llegar al éxito* by Dale Carnegie and applying his advice in ways Carnegie did not envision. Dramatically different from the blind men's other victims, she has chosen to work in prostitution, and she has come to the capital prepared to face its dangers. Lest her johns give her any trouble, she keeps her venomous "serpiente X" with her at all times, which will prove especially useful when she is kidnapped and delivered to the hotel room of the five blind men, where she is told that she is to

produce an heir, and thus she will be held for nine months. Increasingly nervous, but still clearheaded, and realizing that her attempts to negotiate a deal that will be agreeable to all have failed, she does not hesitate: “En ningún momento de la noche había soltado su cartera y ahora que los estropeados cuerpos de los hombres se abalanzaban sobre ella desnudos, decidió que eso ya había ido demasiado lejos” (233). In a stroke of poetic justice, serpiente X bites the offending member of one of the blind men. Vinuesa enters, and as the victim agonizes, Sun Yi escapes. Having decided that “la vida citadina no era para ella,” she seeks the first bus to Salango: “[. . .] ya ni siguiera volvería a Quevedo. Prefería ayudar a su familia en la pesca que verse envuelta en esa clase de asuntos turbios que no dejaban de sucederse desde su llegada a la capital” (235). She has effected her own rescue and chosen to abandon her ill-fated migratory project.⁴⁹

The rescue of the blind men’s other Poso Wells victims in the final scenes of the novel is less satisfactory than Sun Yi’s neat exit from trafficking, which, though departing from the TVR paradigm, at least offers a dramatic escape scene and a sense that Sun Yi has moved quickly from being a victim to being a survivor. While the underground passages are finally excavated and the blind men’s victims freed thanks to Bella, a Poso Wells resident who, seeing that officials are botching the logistics of the rescue, steps in to coordinate the rescue of the tunnel women, the reader may find this rescue story unsatisfying in that the women are not differentiated at all. A mass of victimized female flesh, they remain as anonymous in the rescue narrative as they were to their captors. They are resurrected—at least physically—from their tomb-like condition, yet whether they will really be able to reassume a place among the living is unclear. Will they be able to define themselves as survivors, as Vida did? Will they achieve the strength and determination of Sun Yi to embark on a return migration journey? Because those wielding any power in society chose for so many years not to see their plight or concern

themselves with rescue attempts, these women were left buried in life, covered in earth, prematurely returned to dust—their spirits dead and their identities disintegrating. Their captors, bizarre fusions of trafficker and john, supplier and consumer, were unusual in that they were not interested in profits but in procreation, and that they literally could not see the physical and psychological harm they were inflicting. But without society’s complicity—the indifference of some and the silence of others—the blind men could not have continued to exploit these women for so many years, until, like their captors, they had no hope of seeing the world again. Again, the TVR paradigm is both used and shown to be lacking in some way. While Sun Yi did not need an outside rescuer, these women, though pulled from the ground, do not seem to be fully “rescuable.”

Marcela Loaiza’s autobiographical account *Atrapada por la mafia Yakuza* (2009) reveals that not only may the boundaries between trafficker and rescuer be blurred, as when Vida is “rescued” by the brothel guard, and not only may the rescuer be less than heroic, as were Sabina and Varas, but even the line between trafficker and victim may be difficult to draw when victims find their escape involves the recruitment of new victims and the eventual opportunity to profit from the same trade that first enslaved them. This is probably the most perplexing breakdown of the TVR paradigm: the possibility that the trafficker is a former victim and the victim a trafficker-in-training.⁵⁰ Difficult questions about the ethics of representation of trafficking also emerge around this text, which was published by multinational publisher Planeta: in a victim narrative of this nature, are the objectives of the victim achieved, or do the publisher’s interests inevitably intervene? Would Planeta have published a victim narrative written by enslaved agricultural or textile workers, without the shocking sexual content? Who determined what content was included and what was not, what was made explicit and what was suggested?

Graphic descriptions of the most sordid episodes of the victim's experience, if they serve no purpose beyond the bottom line, may amount to a secondary victimization.

Marcela Loaiza exemplifies the target population sought by human traffickers. A twenty-year-old single mother in Pereira, Colombia, who works as a supermarket cashier and sells street food with her mother to make ends meet, she finds herself in a trying situation when her mother is attacked and robbed of a month's income, resulting in hospitalization that only adds to their numerous unpaid bills. During this distressing time, she runs into a high school friend, Lina, who, though she once lived in a more precarious situation than Marcela, is now driving a nice car and is able to give Marcela enough money to pay the past-due bills and feed her daughter and younger siblings. Lina tells Marcela frankly that the reason for her changed circumstances is that she went to Japan for three years and worked as a prostitute, and she refuses to assist Marcela in following her footsteps and warns her that her life would be at risk. Marcela insists that she wouldn't have to be a prostitute—she could find another occupation in Japan—but still Lina refuses. However, a seed has been planted, and within a month Marcela finds the services of the handsome and well-dressed Señor Pipo, who quickly makes the arrangements for her travel to Japan as a “dancer.” The narrator, the older and wiser Marcela, repeatedly emphasizes the painful naiveté of her younger self during the recruitment phase of her trafficking: ‘Yo estaba feliz, e ingenuamente me decía, Tan lindo ese hombre, cómo me pregunta por toda mi vida. Se nota que le intereso y que le caí bien y por eso me quiere ayudar’ (12). Not suspecting the uses to which this information will be put, she travels with great excitement to Bogotá, where Sr. Pipo will quickly procure for her a convincing Dutch passport.⁵¹ At one point she starts to cry as she begins to comprehend the complete separation from her family. Sr. Pipo reassures her, “Tranquila, que cuando tu familia y tu hija vean el dinero, ni te van a preguntar dónde estás y tu

hija con tantos juguetes ni te va a extrañar” (14). His words should have served as a warning: in the economy of her traffickers even her family relationships will be seen as reducible to commercial exchanges.

Marcela does show some awareness of trafficking issues, preferring to take her own suitcase that she knows is drug-free lest she be jailed for transporting heroin or cocaine. Sr. Pipo attempts to calm her: “no trabajamos con droga, solo ayudamos a muchachas humildes y necesitadas como tú para que salgan adelante [. . .] Los negocios de nosotros son mucho más seguros” (15). Unfortunately, the part about the security of his business proves true. As Louise Shelley, an expert in transnational crime, notes, human traffickers are exposed to far less risk than drug traffickers in that few traffickers are prosecuted at all and even fewer must forfeit their profits (88).⁵² Although Marcela is surprised that Sr. Pipo, having delivered her to the airport with documents and cash in hand, disappears quickly “después de despedirse con toda la frialdad del mundo” (16), she is not overly concerned, trusting as she does his stated commitment to helping humble and needy young women.

The sophistication of her traffickers is proven in that the transportation phase of her trafficking proceeds seamlessly. In Narita, Japan, she switches her Colombian passport for her Dutch passport, and as “Margaretta Troff” she walks through the airport, amazed at her new surroundings: “miraba todo a mi alrededor, como anonada de tanta tecnología, de tanta belleza, de tanto orden y tanta limpieza” (19). This is the shiny first world she had dreamed of entering, and now she has arrived. Karolina, her *manilla* (manager), greets her warmly (“Hola, hijita, ¿Cómo le fue?”), drives her to a small, disordered house, and urges her to sleep, offering her a futon in a small laundry room. Before surrendering to sleep, Marcela thanks God for this opportunity to travel and work in Japan: “Dios mío, gracias por ser tan especial conmigo” (20).

Just three hours later the warmth of her welcome has cooled considerably. The transportation phase of her trafficking complete, all pretense is set aside and the reality of her condition is made explicit: the exploitation stage begins. Her *manilla*, in such a different tone that Marcela mistakes her for another woman, rouses her roughly (“a que se viene es a trabajar”) and informs her of the following: Marcela will pay 20,000 yen daily to her *manilla* and another 10,000 a day to the mafia for the privilege of working on the street. Her passport will be held until she pays her total debt of five million yen, and if she tries to escape they will pay a visit to her family in Colombia (“y les damos un saludito hasta que aparezca, OK?”). Finally, if she does not behave, she will be sold directly to the mafia, her debt will be doubled, and she will not be treated “tan dulcemente” (21). Almost before Marcela knows what is happening, she finds herself on Ikebukuro street in “ropa sexy,” extravagant makeup, and heels so high that she can barely take a step. When attempting to bow before Otto, the “jefe de la calle,” she falls at his feet. Her *manilla*, now “la dueña y señora de [su] vida,” instructs her to work from 10:00 to 5:30, advises her “entre más perra se porte mejor, tiene que ser buena puta,” and disappears (24).

Sobbing and praying behind a soft drink machine, she is comforted by Patricia, a fellow Colombian, who teaches her the one Japanese word she is going to need, her price: *niyamen*, or 20,000 yen. Patricia arranges her encounter with her first client (“es muy comprensivo y no te va a maltratar”), and then saves her life by pulling her into a dumpster when the Chinese mafia arrives on their motorcycles, a group of fifty or so, and begins to beat the women with chains and baseball bats and kick them with steel-toed boots. Instructed by Patricia to stay crouching in dumpster until the Japanese mafia arrives, Marcela, nearly overcome by the smell of rotting fish, watches helplessly as one of the victims agonizes just a few feet from her (28-29). The Japanese mafia carry the victim off to the hospital, where she will soon die (30-31). Within days, Marcela

too is hospitalized. For her attempt to resist a yakuza's demand for anal sex, she is brutally attacked and beaten to unconsciousness. She wakes up two days later in the hospital where for two weeks she will be interned, not understanding one word that is spoken to her (47).

These first shocking weeks of exploitation in Japan, full of disillusionment and disgust, terror and violence, are curiously framed by the *manilla* as a necessary evil in a process that will lead to Marcela's freedom and fortune, a process that Karolina is guiding in a maternal fashion. Her girls, or *talentos*, who supposedly range in age from 18 to 32 (although one appears to be just sixteen), are to call her *Ma* just as she calls them "hijitas" (49). She reminds her "hijitas" frequently of the lucrative position they will one day hold: "Cuando me paguen la deuda poco a poco las iré guiando para que ustedes traigan otras mujeres y ganen su propio dinero y vivan como yo" (50). At times, then, she encourages them to view their relationship not so much as a trafficker-victim, exploitative interaction, but more as a trafficker-protégé interaction in which she passes on her knowledge of the commercial sex trade in Japan, mentoring them even as she exploits their youth and beauty. Acceptance of this viewpoint will make them more compliant sex slaves as well as setting the stage for the ongoing repetition of the trafficking cycle.

Marcela initially rejects this vision of herself as a future *manilla*, but after several months of exploitation, when Karolina proposes that she recruit another girl to come to Japan and take her place, paying the rest of her debt, she is quickly convinced (180-81). She decides to contact Camila, a young woman she met at the passport office who had expressed interest in leaving the country. Even as Marcela recruits Camila, she warns her, "aquí no es fácil, y es a putiar [sic]" (182). Camila is apparently less naïve than Marcela was—"Yo sé que en Japón no se cuidan viejitos"—and she expresses no misgivings: "si puteo aquí por 100.000 pesos, ¿por qué no lo voy a hacer allá, y por yenes?" (182). When Camila arrives in Japan via the *manilla*'s network,

Marcela is free, and she celebrates her freedom seemingly without any concerns about the fact that it has come by means of the enslavement of another, presumably having been pushed to a point at which the need to escape—by any means—has overridden moral qualms.⁵³

Now keeping all of her earnings, Marcela begins saving for her trip home. However, when her *manilla* calls with the news that Camila has run away and Marcela is again responsible for her debt, Marcela tells Karolina that she will never go back and then seeks refuge in the Colombian embassy to avoid being caught by the mafia *chímpiras* (bodyguards) who are searching for her. If she has any “rescuers” in this narrative, they are her friends and fellow prostitutes who have to disguise her to get her to the embassy alive, and the consul, who quickly understands that she has been trafficked and explains this term to her (180-195).

It appears at first that Marcela will receive assistance in Colombia to reintegrate there into her family and society, that they will help her to denounce this trafficking network, and that she and her family will have police protection. The consul assures her, “yo te voy a ayudar, para que tu historia le [sic] sirva a todas las jovencitas de Colombia y del mundo” (196). He is able to arrange for her protection in Japan until her deportation flight is scheduled, and there she is greeted by various agency officials who encourage her to help capture these traffickers, but apparently her *manilla*, who had bragged that she would easily “buy” a judge (“en Colombia la gente se compra con dos pesos” [190]), paid fourteen million pesos to keep the investigations from proceeding (203). This mirrors the societal corruption and complicity portrayed in *Poso Wells*.

The stated goal of Loaiza’s narrative is to accomplish what government and legal authorities could or would not do, to help other young women, “con mi testimonio y con mis experiencias” (205). Though her experiences have taught her about the sophisticated

organization and the global extension of the sex trafficking industry, she asserts her unwavering commitment to use her personal narrative to frustrate further recruiting attempts: “Moriré con esta lucha en mi corazón porque en mis manos está evitar que mis hijas, las hijas de mis amigas, mis sobrinas, mis primas y todas las mujeres jovencitas y adolescentes del mundo sean vulnerables a este flagelo” (205). Another possible goal of her narrative, not stated, but arguably achieved, would be to contest any gossip or judgment about her trip to Japan being a deliberate move with the express intention of working as a prostitute.

The stated narrative goal, to warn young women about their vulnerability to sex trafficking, may explain why the most humiliating details of Marcela’s experiences in Japan are described in the text. Perhaps Marcela believed that the only way to convince young women not to pursue easy money in Japan was by including the most degrading and disturbing moments, so that any glamorization of the life of an exotic dancer or a prostitute would be impossible, and the ugly reality of the life of a sex slave would be apparent. But the written record here bears some resemblance to the photographic records that many clients purchased, and just as those clients continued to exploit Marcela even after she had moved on to her next client, the circulation of this text may in some way continue Marcela’s victimization. Is Marcela being continuously consumed just as “Vida” was? If this book sells because sex sells, has it really achieved its narrative goals?

Perhaps this is a tradeoff that Marcela weighed and was willing to accept: to publish her experiences in a sensationalist read and hope that if at times it falls to the hands of someone whose interest is merely prurient, at other times it may help someone who might have believed that she could maintain some control over her body and life while working in the Japanese sex industry, choosing to satisfy certain desires but not others, for certain clients but not others, at the

time and the place of her choice, and free to walk away if she wished. If Marcela persuades one young woman of the risks of being trapped in sexual slavery, then she will have been not only a victim of trafficking and, with regards to Camila, a trafficker-in-information, but also a “rescuer” who has disseminated vital information to young people made vulnerable to trafficking because they seek a quick escape from poverty. The complexity of her situation, as well as that of her once-trafficked *manilla*, pulls apart the TVR paradigm at the seams.

Both the cruelty and complexity of trafficking situations, then, are revealed in these three texts in which the TVR paradigm is both used and shown to be lacking. Vida is “rescued” from the brothel by one of her traffickers who takes a liking to her. Vida’s friend Sabina does not choose to rescue her immediately from this second, more ambiguous but still exploitative situation. This raises questions about the responsibility of the witness, that is, the moral culpability of those who observe but do not act, consuming a dramatic story but doing nothing to change it. Likewise, Varas’s rescue of Valentina departs in significant ways from the expected story of the “heroic rescuer,” and by the point at which the rest of the “tunnel women” are finally rescued, all levels of society have been shown to be complicit with their trafficking, whether through direct involvement, indifference, or fear of confronting their traffickers. Sun Yi, far from being a helpless victim typical of the TVR paradigm, pulls off her own rescue with the help of “serpiente X.” And Marcela, prostituted by a former trafficking victim, recruiter of the next victim, and, like Sun Yi, director of her own rescue, further problematizes the neat division of traffickers, victims, and rescuers (TVR). The ease with which her case is dropped by prosecutors again condemns society for its corruption and lack of will to fight the trafficking industry. Finally, Marcela’s text brings to the fore questions about the representation of victim experience—whether it is empowering for the trafficking survivor, a necessary means for

preventing future recruitment, or a risky endeavor that may result in further victimization, this time by the publisher and the reader.

These three narratives make it clear that the TVR paradigm, as useful as it may be for structuring the first writings and readings of narratives of trafficking and rescue, cannot support the weight of the astonishingly complex human trafficking industry. As the Andean countries and so many other regions of the world face this issue, narratives of trafficking and rescue enter and reflect the cultural conversation about what trafficking is, who is involved, and what can be done to stop it. But the question of “who’s who” in this global phenomenon is perplexing when today’s victim may be tomorrow’s trafficker, today’s trafficker may be tomorrow’s “rescuer,” and society’s indifference is what allows more and more victims to be pulled in, furthering the cycle of crime and appalling human rights abuses. Narratives that cast traffickers, victims, and rescuers in immutable roles may be appealing, but they can only convey fragments of the trafficking story, or some trafficking stories but not others. Ultimately, telling only the more limited, manageable trafficking and rescue stories may actually obstruct efforts to end trafficking. The enmeshment that may arise between traffickers, victims, and rescuers; the potential fluidity of those roles; the use of family discourse to bind victims into a new social unit as “hijitas” with both duties and (future) privileges—these are just a few of the bizarre realities of this global scourge, realities that cannot be ignored either by society at large or by scholars of trafficking.

⁴¹ Perhaps the most widely disseminated text in this cultural conversation is a popular *telenovela* first broadcast in Colombia from April 2004 to June 2005, *Todos quieren con Marilyn*. A United Nations agency determined that taking advantage of the portrayal of trafficking in the *telenovela* plot would lead to greater awareness of and engagement with this issue and, most importantly, to direct communication with potential victims and their families. They worked with the producers to insert a trafficking awareness public service campaign within the *novela*'s trafficking plotline (UNDOC, "In Colombia"). Regarding this text, one may ask if the lives and grief spared through such a campaign justify its inclusion within any cultural product that has wide appeal, or if some aspects of this *telenovela*, such as the invitation to the spectator, implicit in the camera placement, to participate by gazing with the johns at the prostituted women, undermine the United Nations' purpose.

⁴² This is a conservative estimate given that regarding Colombia alone, Myriam Berubé cites the figures of the Departamento Administrativo de Seguridad (DAS): 45,000 to 50,000 women are believed to be living abroad as victims of trafficking, "primarily young women forced into prostitution in Europe and Asia" (Berubé 5).

⁴³ In Peru a well-known "poster child" is Jhinna Pinchi, the subject of *La noche de Jhinna* (2011), a documentary about this now infamous case of internal trafficking in which the path to enslavement in a nightclub began with a haircut: Jhinna visited a salon in Taraboto and was recruited by the hairdresser to be a hostess in Piura. There she was forced into prostitution, and her first johns were the very law enforcement officials whose assistance she might have sought. Jhinna's case now circulates through social media, with politicians, actresses, and other

celebrities joining her cause. Her soft-spoken manner and sweet demeanor, as well as her portrayal in the documentary with the innocence of a child and the gentle warmth of a young mother may be factors in her elevation to “poster child” just as important as her unusual willingness to take the risk of denouncing her traffickers and publicly pursuing their prosecution (as yet unsuccessfully).

⁴⁴ Other experts’ figures are just as disturbing: according to the World Migration Report of 2011, almost two of every 1000 people on the globe are victims of trafficking (57), and in 2009, sociologist and president of Free the Slaves Kevin Bales asserted in his study of trafficking with co-author Ron Soodalter that in 2009 there were twice as many slaves as were taken from Africa in the entire period of the Atlantic slave trade (3).

⁴⁵ By 2009, Kara characterized the current state of the sex trafficking industry as “akin to a mature, multinational corporation that has achieved steady-state growth and produces immense cash flows” (17). In fact, trafficked sex slaves produce higher profits for their traffickers than any other slaves: “the global weighted average net profit margin of almost 70 percent makes it one of the most profitable enterprises in the world” (Kara 19). Besides having astounding profit margins, trafficking in persons (for various industries, not only the commercial sex industry) is, according to US expert on transnational crime Louise Shelly, a much less risky criminal enterprise than the narcotics trade (88).

⁴⁶ That Miami would be the destination is no surprise, given that Asian, African, and Latin American traffickers in persons often operate via diaspora networks, and victims are likely to be trafficked to a destination with a significant diaspora population (Shelley 94, 92). Transnational networks between diasporas and homelands, or among diaspora communities, can further the

sharing of valuable information about jobs, educational opportunities, or housing, as well as the movement of goods such as musical recordings or food products from the homeland that are savored abroad, but they can also serve to facilitate trafficking of drugs or people.

⁴⁷ The US State Department's *TIP Report* categorizes as Tier 1 those countries "whose governments fully comply with the TVPA's minimum standards for the elimination of trafficking." Countries "whose governments do not fully comply with the minimum standards and are not making significant efforts to do so" are categorized as Tier 3. Two categorizations are possible between Tiers 1 and 3: Tier 2, for "Countries whose governments do not fully comply with the TVPA's minimum standards but are making significant efforts to bring themselves into compliance with those standards," and Tier 2 Watch List, which adds to the Tier 2 wording the following:

"AND

- a) the **absolute number of victims** of severe forms of trafficking is very significant or is significantly increasing;
 - b) there is a **failure to provide evidence of increasing efforts** to combat severe forms of trafficking in persons from the previous year, including increased investigations, prosecution, and convictions of trafficking crimes, increased assistance to victims, and **decreasing evidence of complicity** in severe forms of trafficking by government officials;
- or
- the determination that a country is making significant efforts to bring itself into compliance with minimum standards was based on **commitments by the** country to

take additional steps over the next year.” (*TIP Report* 13-14)

⁴⁸ John D. “Rio” Riofrio notes Alemán’s fascination with this story: “She saw in Wells’s story a perfect metaphor for her Ecuador as a country of the blind, a blindness that was both social in terms of the inequality with which Ecuador had become comfortable and political [. . .],” referring in the latter case to Ecuador’s 2006 elections (26).

⁴⁹ I suspect that anthropologist Laura María Agustín, who studies the situation of migrants working in the commercial sex industry, would be quick to point out that until abducted by the blind men, Sun Yi was no victim of trafficking and needed no rescuing. In her highly controversial critique of what she terms the “Rescue Industry,” Agustín decries the fact that “migrants who sell sex are routinely treated as victims,” and warns of the confusion resulting from the “conflation of the ‘trafficking discourse’ with migrations to work in the sex industry” (4, 40-41).

⁵⁰ Anthropologist Kay Warren’s interviews conducted in Colombia from 2007 to 2011 and her analysis of evidence submitted in prosecutions of traffickers led her to question “polarized predator/victim discourse”: “In practice, Colombian legal cases reveal women accepting a variety of jobs in trafficking organizations after they have paid off their initial debts to the organization” (105).

⁵¹ Like drug traffickers, human traffickers are typically highly sophisticated “logistics specialists” (Shelley 92).

⁵² Impunity, according to the International Labour Organization, is at the root of human trafficking (11). Increasing global awareness and funding of anti-trafficking initiatives have not yet translated into successful prosecutions.

⁵³In this “proxy recruiter” role, Marcela was engaging in what trafficking experts call “happy trafficking,” because she presents a relatively happy picture of the situation abroad in order to persuade the next victim (Aronowitz 53).

Conclusion

Research is formalized curiosity. It is poking and prying with a purpose.—Zora Neale Hurston

Research in the humanities and in the sciences share this in common: The questions that we, as scholars begin with are often not the questions we answer. Something happens in the archive, as in the laboratory, that takes us down a path we had not imagined. —Arlene Marcia Tuchman, author, *Diabetes: A Cultural History*

That this project would culminate in analysis of trafficking and rescue narratives was a twist I could not have foreseen when I first overheard the *porteño* comments regarding the Bolivian population's food habits that sparked my curiosity about the relationship between food and identity. Intrigued by the observation that selling or consuming food in the street marked Bolivian immigrants as different, as “muy andino” and non-Argentine, I began to contemplate the way food and foodways are used to mark the self and the other, and later, to explore this topic in Argentine cultural production. Study of representations of Bolivian migrant communities in Argentina led me to Andean populations in other nations. From the lens of food I moved to the broader lens of domestic work, and after an introduction to this issue in the US context, I began to examine the representation of Andean careworkers in Spain, with explorations of the feminization of migration, the globalization of carework, and transnational motherhood. From there, further twists and turns led me to representations of Andean music and dance performances and of trafficking of Andean women. This project, then, evolved to include a broad swathe of the diverse artistic representations of the Andean diaspora in the first decades of the twenty-first century, representations that emerged in contexts of ongoing urbanization, debt crises, rising economic inequality, internal armed conflicts, forced displacement, and the global circulation of labor.

The analysis of cultural texts from multiple host countries in multiple genres representing migrants from multiple countries and their experiences in multiple labor markets is both a

strength and a limitation of this project. It is a strength in that it attests to the complexity and diversity of the world-wide Andean diaspora phenomenon in its many representations, and it allows for the exploration of broad trends such as transnational motherhood. It is a limitation in that no one diaspora population's representation in one host country can be plumbed as deeply as it could be in a more narrowly focused project.

As mentioned in the introduction, an immensely valuable extension of the project would be to analyze far more diaspora representations of their host countries, their homelands, and themselves. This would most likely require travel to the host countries, or perhaps to countries of origin, since at this point representations created by members of the Andean diaspora are in general more difficult to locate. But to probe the subtleties of the representational dialogue entered into by diasporic and non-diasporic (host nation) populations would illuminate aspects of those exchanges that simply cannot be discerned in analyses and interpretations of only one side of the cultural conversation.

At the same time, a profitable expansion of this study would be the addition of chapters examining representations of diaspora populations in other segments of (mostly informal) labor markets, such as the production and sale of *artesanías*. Representations of diaspora populations engaged in textile production, for example, might provide a different angle on the practice or performance of indigeneity. An inquiry into the representations of llamas or vicuñas in textile product marketing, whether by persons of indigenous or non-indigenous background, would be a fascinating case study.

Another fruitful expansion of this project would be to widen even more the diversity of texts considered. One might analyze visual representations such as photographs in mainstream newspapers and in the smaller newspapers of diaspora communities; menus, signage, and

decoration of diasporic restaurants; or advertising produced in homeland tourism campaigns that target the diaspora, inviting them to visit, to reconnect, or to explore their roots. The inclusion of more Ecuadorian texts would be valuable, as would inclusion of texts of great interest from various countries that I was not able to access in the United States, including Martín Rejtman's film *Copacabana* (2006), Óscar Godoy's film *Ulises* (2011), and Isabel Rodas and Gabriel Páez's film *Vengo volviendo* (2015).

This project will continue to be relevant in coming years. Castles and Miller's "Age of Migration" has not ended and migrations from the Andes will continue, whether pushed by violence or pulled by economic opportunities, especially to the Global North. Some future migrations from the Andean region will no doubt reflect privileged mobilities, but many will not. One very troubling question is the extent to which global warming's effects in the Andes will create "climate change refugees." In the July 2016 *New York Times* feature "Climate Change Claims a Lake, and an Identity," Nicolas Casey and Josh Haner portray the displacement of the Uro of Llapallapani due to the rapid desiccation of Lake Poopó on the Bolivian *altiplano*. According to the United Nations World Food Programme's Andean Regional Director, Miguel Barreto, the program's Vulnerability Analysis and Mapping (VAM) in the Andean region has shown that "Low income communities located in the Andean region through the four countries studied, have similar difficulties accessing basic services such as water, energy, and markets, which reduce their coping mechanisms and makes [sic] them especially vulnerable to climate-related disasters" ("New Atlas"). In Peru, for example, the World Food Programme's *Atlas of Food Security, Disasters, and Climate Change* shows 190 districts with "severe vulnerability" and 673 with "very high vulnerability" ("New Atlas"). In this context, in which livelihoods are threatened by climate change and communities lack the resources to "withstand climate shocks"

(“New Atlas”), both internal and external migration will likely result. How Andean populations displaced by climate change will be received and represented, whether they will be classified as refugees or as economic migrants, and how previous negotiations of diaspora/host relations might be affected by their arrival remains to be seen.

Returning to García-Canclini’s observation that “ ‘lo latinoamericano’ anda suelto, desborda su territorio, va a la deriva en rutas dispersas” (*Latinoamericanos* 20), it is improbable that the widely dispersed Andean “overflow” will reverse direction, that deterritorialization will be followed by reterritorialization, or that established diaspora populations with increasingly strong ties in their host nations, including their host-nation-born children and grandchildren, will return to their countries of origin permanently. If the Andean nations are “unbound” (the term used by Basch et. al), it is not plausible that they will ever be re-bound. Some return migration did occur in the wake of the global economic crisis of 2008, and whether the Colombian peace process will succeed in bringing displaced Colombians back from Ecuador and other nations is still an open question, but it seems likely that Andean diaspora populations and the way they are represented and represent themselves will continue to be of interest as host nation/diaspora relationships evolve. Will the diaspora presence continue to provoke societal tensions that will be expressed in host nation cultural production? Or will the socio-cultural separation of diaspora populations decrease over time to the point that the term *diaspora* no longer applies? Will ever-shifting ethnoscares result in a more fluid understanding of national identity, diluting the intensity of host nation pushback? Or will Trumpification-like processes distill negative reactions to the diaspora presence, so that societal tensions are aggravated and representations of diaspora populations become part of a downward spiral of incivility? However these issues may play out, the way migrant communities proceeding from the Andes are represented and represent

themselves will be of ongoing importance in shaping individual and collective identities, both for host nations and diaspora communities.

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