The Triangular Traffic in Women, Plants, and Gold: Along the Interoceanic Road in Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia

by

Ruth Elizabeth Goldstein

A dissertation submitted in partial satisfaction of the

requirements for the degree of

Joint Doctor of Philosophy
with the University of California, San Francisco

in

Medical Anthropology

in the

Graduate Division

of the

University of California, Berkeley

Committee in Charge:

Professor Charles L. Briggs, Chair
Professor Nancy Scheper-Hughes
Professor Stefania Pandolfo
Professor Ian Whitmarsh
Professor Candace Slater

Spring 2015

Abstract

The Triangular Traffic in Women, Plants, and Gold: Along the Interoceanic Road in Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia

by

Ruth Elizabeth Goldstein

Doctor of Philosophy in Medical Anthropology

University of California, Berkeley

Charles L. Briggs, Chair

"The Triangular Traffic in Women, Plants, and Gold: On the Interoceanic Road in Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia" focuses on Peru's Amazonian region of *Madre de Dios*. Situated near the borders of Brazil and Bolivia, this region has earned the nickname "El Wild Wild West" for the implosion of lawlessness and prostitution reminiscent of the North American gold rush. With the fall of the dollar and international rise in the price of gold, Madre de Dios has seen a massive migration of people—male gold miners and female sex-workers, initially from the Andes. Now men and women from Ecuador, Colombia, and Brazil also make their way to the mines. This dissertation examines the triangular traffic in women destined for the sex-trade, plants employed for reproductive health – often en route to pharmaceutical analysis, and the gold, brought into solid form via mercury that fuels interdependent economies. "Mines are like women," went a common refrain in the illegal rainforest gold mines, "because both are for exploitation," placing the investigation of what constitutes "the human" and human-environmental interactions into the realm of human-environmental extraction. From rainforest to laboratory, brothel to bank, "traffic" depicts physical encounters, collisions, and jams, as well as functioning as an analytic to examine entwined questions of (non)human vitality and the dynamic value of people and things traveling across borders and through global commodity-chains.

~Dedication~

For “Estrella,”
“Doña Rosa” & “Doña Mariela,”
and
Juana Payaba

in memory of Gabriela Leite and Jorge Payaba

Acknowledgements

I must first thank the women and men along the Interoceanic with whom I worked. Without them, there would be no dissertation. Asking them to choose their own pseudonyms is one small way to have them "named" and thanked.

The opportunity to undertake a doctoral degree is a privilege. I thank my family, Lorraine Goldstein, Daniel Goldstein, Laura Williams, Justine Williams, and Benjamin Goldstein for supporting me on this journey. I want to especially thank my partner Martín Ortega who has patiently waited out the hair-pulling involved in writing this dissertation, providing food, laughter, and love. Pilar Ortega, whose dance moves and ladybug forays helped me focus on the most important moments of life.

I am extremely grateful for the unfailing support of my Chair, Professor Charles L. Briggs who agreed to petition the university to make an exception to its rule of one student per graduate degree program. In the spirit of a rigorous intellectual trajectory, he argued, I should be able to enroll in two postgraduate programs at once – the Masters in Folklore and the joint doctoral program in Medical Anthropology. I obtained my Masters in May of 2009, and now, in May of 2015, I graduate with my doctorate. Professor Briggs has the rare quality of being both a generous person as well as rigorously demanding academic. I could not have completed my degrees, or at least, I would not have enjoyed the years of study without the guidance and support of my advising committee: Nancy Scheper-Hughes, Stefania Pandolfo, Ian Whitmarsh, and Candace Slater. Aniesha Sapp deserves more credit than she will ever receive, but I thank her for being an institutional support and friend. Kathleen Van Sickle made sure I always ordered my books on time, had access to the copy machine, and provided words of wisdom, if not print copies, at every step of the teaching way. Tom Bottomley and Ned Garrett also kept a calm outlook when deadlines approached and managed to help at just the right time. Carolyn Frazier Without having met Carol Wise and her generous gift, I would not have benefited from the essential book, *Integración física sudamericana diez años después: impacto e implementación en el Perú.*

In Peru, a sincere "*muchísimas gracias*" to the brilliant Dolores Cortés. Her friendship, in addition to staunch collegiality and support in the field continues to this day. Without her help, I would never have made it so deeply and so safely into the gold mines. This goes for Roy Santos and his team, people who appear in this dissertation as: Juan Carlos, Nelson, Raimunda and Maribel. My team of "brothers" at DREMH who took me into the gold mines and made sure I understood the stakes in taking away "food for their stomachs" to protect "the lungs of the world." For taking me from brothel to brothel, late nights in her bar, and for deciding that Valentine's Day of 2012 would be best spent with sex workers: I want to thank Doña Rosa. Her own story of heartbreak, perseverance, and her continuous love and thoughtfulness towards me as well as her other charges makes me miss her terribly. I don't know how to reciprocate her generosity. To Doña Mariela, who asked to hide her face and her name, but wanted to have her voice heard, I thank for her words. And most especially, "Estrella," who continues to challenge me with what a typical women is or should be.

Gina Vela and her husband Julio, Pierina Zlatar Vinelli, Roxana Aguirre, Ursula Carbone Andrea Mindreau, Judith, Nelly, Miluzka, and Charo were my familia "selvática" at Kapievi. Chris Kirby and Sandra Felipe at Fauna Forever kept their door open to me. Sara Diamond and Marcos Edson Saul have only strengthened our *amistad* from continent to continent. Juan, who valiantly accompanied me from brothel-to-brothel and whose unswaying friendship and huge

heart has meant that I cannot thank him enough for all his assistance. And Daniel Rodriguez, whose work at FENAMAD, friendship with Jorge Payaba, and final night of a motorcycle chase merits further telling.

Stefanie Graeter, an intrepid and accomplished anthropologist in her own right, agreed to bicycle through the Andes with me and I am forever grateful. Her friendship knows no bounds. Through her, I met the brilliant Patricia Alvarez Astacio, whose own fieldwork on the road inspires mine. She read and reread papers in Spanish and made certain that I would be able to speak well from the page. Nicholas Emlen, whose work in Machiguenga communities, speaking Quechua, Spanish, and Machiguenga has made for provocative reading, helped me with Quechua translations and with conceptual *sumak kawsay* formulations. The conference panel organized by Devin Beaulieu that featured Dr. Emlen and myself enabled me to benefit from the insightful critique of Marisol de la Cadena.

In Rio Branco, Brazil, the incredible journalist, Maria Emilia Coelho had more energy than anyone person I have ever met. Her commitment, as with Malú Ochoa's, to social justice and indigenous rights, goes too often without recognition. Both women, along with Valéria Pereira da Silva gave me a home in the jungle. Marcos Matos, Camila Bylardt, and their daughter Irene kept me safe and sane in our *esquina da floresta*. In Rio de Janeiro, journalists and writers with big hearts and minds – Juliana Barbassa, Flora Charner, and Annie Murphy made Carioca life more vibrant with the gift of unexpected friendship. I would not have met these women without the connection of Jessica Benko, whose friendship and love nourishes me from afar. Daniel Silva, without whom I could not have even started this work in Rio, who supported me throughout the two years I cross-crossed borders will always be the best "*esposo*" I will ever have and to Diego Galeano and kindred spirit Eva Maria Roβler, I am deeply grateful.

To my colleagues and friends in Berkeley: Krystal Strong for her patience, staunch belief in me, and for being one of the best people on this planet that I have the privilege of knowing along with Di Hu, whose quiet determination continues to amaze me; Ugo Edu for sending "beijos" and knowing when to sing for her friends; Naomi Bragin who keeps me on my toes and always offered a welcoming space; Lindsey Dillon, whose luminosity and generosity astounds me; Bharat Venkat who read more drafts of my work than I think I did. He is also one of the best traveling and walking companions; Alissa Bernstein for keeping me fed and happy in the Bolivian Amazon and for being at my side when I was sick; Jerry Zee for giving me "fieldwork" words of encouragement; Janella Lamoreaux and Mareike Winchell for sage advice, picnics, and living through, as well as celebrating major life-changes together. I am also sincerely grateful to the dissertation writing group in Nancy Scheper-Hughes' office in the Spring of 2014 – those members who I have not already highlighted are: Martha Stroud, Michael D'Arcy, Sam Dubal, Rachel Ceasar, and Emily Ng. Professors Rosemary Joyce and Sabrina Agrawal also provided incredible advice and support over the years.

The Wenner-Gren Foundation, National Science Foundation, and the Soroptomist Foundation have funded my research. This past year, the Teagle Foundation, through the GSI Teaching and Resource Center made it possible to live and write. I would like to thank the team at the Center, without whom this year could not have been so lovely: Director Linda von Hoene for her wisdom and time, Kim Starr-Reid for teaching me a completely new way to write short-hand, Sarah MacDonald for being the most kind, patient, and wise colleague, Linda Miyagawa for feeding me words of advice and a consistent train of food, and Jenny Cole who, in the first two weeks of knowing me, lent me her car. I am particularly grateful to have worked with these women.

The Triangular Traffic in Women, Plants, and Gold: Along the Interoceanic Road in Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia

Table of Contents

I. On the Road: From the Mountains to the Rainforest

II. Traffic Lines: Consent and its (Dis)contents

III. "Skarlet" Letters: Marked Women, Intersections, and the Not-So-Easy Life

IV. "*La Letra Con Sangre Entra*" – Collisions and Other Kinds of Encounter

V. When Mines are Like Women and a Series of Riddled Relations

List of Figures

Figure 1: 2004 Map of the Interoceanic Road
Figure 2: Map of Peruvian Roads – Connecting to Brazil and Bolivia (2013)
Figure 3: Figure 3: Estrada do Pacífico
Figure 4: Bienvenido Carretera Interoceanica Sur
Figure 5: The Madre de Dios River From Above
Figure 6: Mining camp by the Side of the Road in the *Zona del Amortiguamiento* **Figure 7:** (Buffer Zone) of the Tambopata Nature Reserve in Madre de Dios, Peru
Figure 8: Another Space by the Side of the Road in the *Zona del Amortiguamiento* **Figure 9:** (Buffer Zone) of the Tambopata Nature Reserve in Madre de Dios, Peru
Figure 10: Tri-frontier Monument Dedication
Figure 11: Billboard of Before: Obscurity, Now: Destination
Figure 12: Billboard of Before: Desolation, Now: Optimism
Figure 13: Llanturu – Black Mud – Homestead of Doña Santosa
Figure 14: "*Encuentro BiNacional: Peru-Brasil*" (Bi-National Meeting: Peru – Brazil)
Figure 15: Combustible ~ Gas truck loaded with people and moto-taxies en route from the mountains to the rainforest
Figure 16: The Entrance to La Iglesia de San Francisco de Asis de Marcapata
Figure 17: Maribel stands at the back of the outdoor waiting room, handing back results while others wait, promotional health posters and children in hand.
Figure 18: "The Three Boys From Lima" as they asked to be named and photographed.
Figure 19: Six Men And A Motor – Sunday Morning in the Gold Mines of Mega Once
Figure 20: "Alicia" enjoys her balloon while her mother cuts watermelon to sell
Figure 21: "I Want To Be Counted" (at least once): Man arriving to be included in the HIV/AIDS exams, survey, and results
Figures 22 and 23: Riding Through the Gold Mines of Mega Once
Figure 24: The Last Five Kilometers Back to the Interoceanic Road: A Forest Buffer Against Police
Figure 25: Just Before Dusk: Residents of the Andean Marcapata Walking Home Along the Interoceanic Road After a Festival
Figure 26: On the Interoceanic Road—Entering Mazuko
Figure 27: Tarjeta de derivación employed throughout Peru by the Ministry of Health
Figure 28: Multilateral Board For the Integration of a Focus on Gender in Regional Development First Campaign: "Women for Madre de Dios"
Figure 29: A Marcha das Vadias 2012 "Neither slut / nor saint / free." Photo by João Veppo[1]
Figure 30: Figure 30 Reward: 2000 Soles (equivalent to $1000)
Figure 31: The View From Above: Huepetuhe. Photo shown with permission of Edwin Huaman Peña
Figure 32: "La Chupadera" (The Sucker) Floating from a Raft, the Snout of the Tube Sucks the Sediment From the Watery Pit. Photo shown with permission of Edgar Estumbelo
Figure 33: Illegal Miners Wait While Environmental Engineers and Police Dismantle Their Equipment. Photo shown with permission Of Edwin Huaman Peña

[1] http://www.flickr.com/photos/joaoveppo/7298789660/in/photostream printed with permission of João Veppo

Figure 34: *CUIDAR EL MEDIO AMBIENTE ES CUIDAR NUESTRA VIDA* (TO TAKE CARE OF THE ENVIRONMENT IS TO TAKE CARE OF OUR LIFE)
Figure 35: Mining Camps As Viewed From Helicopter. Photo shown with permission Of Edwin Huaman Peña
Figure 36: The Queen of Gold – La Reina del Oro, Cover of Peruvian Magazine "Poder"
Figure 37: Huepetuhe in the Afternoon After a Thunderstorm
Figure 38: The Streets of Huepetuhe, February 2012
Figure 39: Driver Carrying Bags to the Ferry Boat – Refrigerator Awaits Loading on Back of Truck
Figures 40 and 41: Viva El Paro

Figure 1: Map of the Brazilian – Peruvian Road Integration Plan (2004)[2]

This 2004 map from the Peruvian Ministry for Transportation and Communication, a simplified version of the "Integration Plan" with Brazil. The lines in black show the yet-to-be-constructed areas, which were, when I arrived in 2010, still a year from finished. The "Bridge of Friendship" that crossed over the River of *Madre de Dios* in Peru, just outside the regional capital of Puerto Maldonado was the main project underway. When I began my research in 2010, the black line that represents the unpaved portion of the road, still did not have tarmac. In Brazil, the narrow Trans-Amazon Highway and its tributaries, built in the 1960s to connect the country's rubber plantations to the industrial city ports had fallen into disrepair due to lack of traffic. These are shown in blue in the north and red in the south. The red line that runs from the Brazilian port of Santos through Madre de Dios in Peru is the route that I followed.

[2] http://www.mtc.gob.pe/portal/especiales/Documentos/mapa_integracion.pdf

Figure 2: Map of Peruvian Roads – Connecting to Brazil and Bolivia (2013)[3]
This 2013 map shows the completed Peruvian roads, with Bolivia's yet-to-be constructed roads projected in yellow.

[3] http://www.mtc.gob.pe/estadisticas/files/mapas/transportes/infraestructura/00_infraestructura/ejes_iirsa_nacional.pdf

Figure 3: Estrada do Pacífico

Road of the Pacific (in Portuguese). This photo is taken from the Peruvian side, facing the border crossing into Brazil.

Figure 4: ***Bienvenido Carretera Interoceanica Sur***

"Welcome" sign over the start of the South leg of the Interoceanic Road, from Cusco all the way to São Paulo in Brazil. Photo taken by the author in October of 2011, while cycling from Cusco to Puerto Maldonado, Peru.

Figure 5: The Madre de Dios River From Above

"The river has been in my mind so long that I cannot recall just when or how I first heard of it. All that I remember is that long ago a Spanish Captain wandering in some far Andean heights sent back word that he had found where a mighty river falls into the trackless Amazon forest, and disappears. He had named it *el Río de Madre de Dios*. The Spanish Captain never came back. Like the river, he disappeared. But ever since some maps of South America have shown a short heavy line running eastward beyond the Andes, a river without a beginning and without an end, and labeled it the River of the Mother of God. That short heavy line flung down upon the blank vastness of tropical wilderness has always seemed the perfect symbol of the Unknown Places of the earth."

~ **Aldo Leopold** (1924) from *The River of the Mother of God*

An Introduction: The Lay of the Land and Its People

~The "MAP" of *Madre de Dios*~

Nestled between Brazil and Bolivia, sits Peru's Amazon region of *Madre de Dios* (Mother of God). It forms the "M" in the tri-frontier acronym "MAP" – where "A" stands for Brazil's state of Acre, and "P" stands for Bolivia's region, Pando. When I arrived in Madre de Dios from Brazil along the Interoceanic Road in July of 2011, there were forty-six police officers for the region, which is roughly the size of Portugal (85, 183 KM squared). I had begun my research in Bolivia's Amazonian region of the Beni in June 2010 where Tsimane communities were just beginning to hear about a road that would run north to Brazil. I began in Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo, Brazil, then to Rio Branco in Acre forΩ another nine months in Brazil before arriving in Madre de Dios. Known as "*La Capital de la Biodiversidad*" (The Capital of Biodiversity), Madre de Dios had the reputation for a rich and relatively "untouched" biodiversity – that, until the paving of the Interoceanic Road began, had no paved thoroughfare running through it.

The Interoceanic Road, or "*La Interoceánica*" in diplomatic and development terms, is a network of roads spanning the entirely of the South American continent, the main artery of which runs some 3500 miles from Brazil's port of Santos in the region of São Paulo to the Peruvian ports of: Ilo, Matarani, and San Juan de Marcona. In the year 2000, Brazilian president Fernando Enrique Cardoso led the first meeting of South American presidents in Brasilia, Brazil. Cardoso, along with Bolivia's president Hugo Bánzer Suárez and Peru's Alberto Fujimori (before fleeing to Japan in an attempt to avoid corruption and human rights abuse charges) voted to commit funds for the Interoceanic Road.

The newest part of the road spans the distance from the Andes to the Amazon. From Cusco to Puerto Maldonado (the capital of Madre de Dios), the smooth tarmac follows and diverges from an older dirt track, one traveled by Andean inhabitants since the 1970's, searching for work and warmer climates. During the Shining Path years, men and women fleeing the violence that erupted in the mountains joined the traffic from the Andes to the Amazon. In those days, travelers took weeks, often months, to make the journey that can now be done in a day or two by bus. Yet even now, the Interoceanic Road is often impassable with snow and heavy rains in the mountains.

The combination of the road's construction in the Peruvian Amazon, along with the fall of the United States dollar and the volatile global economic climate, made it lucrative for artisanal miners in Madre de Dios to extract gold dust, brought into solid form via the addition of liquid mercury.[1] Quicksilver, or liquid mercury amalgamates readily with gold, making it a cheap and effective substance for those working less by machine and more by hand. It is also a highly toxic substance, dumped into rivers and onto the ground, turning a rainforest into a desert almost overnight. Most of the miners—almost but not entirely men—stream down from the

[1] When Brazil announced the plans for building the Interoceanic in 2000, the price of gold hovered at a $272.65 an ounce. When the United States economy began a more rapid downward slide in 2007-08, the price of gold rose and by the end of my fieldwork in 2012, the price of gold sat solidly at $1664 an ounce, http://onlygold.com/Info/Historical-Gold-Prices.asp (last accessed 4/15/15).

Andes. They are joined by Brazilian gold miners and a growing number of Chinese and Korean extraction companies that have taken up residence in enclosed encampments along the side of the road and deeper into the rainforest. All of them operate illicitly, without formal land concessions, and often encroaching on indigenous community land.

In 2009, Peruvian Minister of the Environment, Antonio Brack Egg estimated 30,000 gold miners were operating illegally and very visibly on land in the national nature reserves. There was nothing furtive about their presence, often right by the side of the road.

Figure 6: Mining camp by the Side of the Road in the *Zona del Amortiguamiento* (Buffer Zone) of the Tambopata Nature Reserve in Madre de Dios, Peru

Figure 7: Another Space by the Side of the Road in the *Zona del Amortiguamiento* (Buffer Zone) of the Tambopata Nature Reserve in Madre de Dios, Peru

In 2012, regional government officials in Madre de Dios guessed that there were somewhere around 50,000 gold miners operating in the rainforest and by the side of the road. The head of the public health department in Madre de Dios, Dr. Javier Chata, figured one sex-worker for ten men, in his words, "a good guess because that sounds manageable." In his calculation, then, there were 5,000 or so women working in the gold mining sex industry.[2] I recite these numbers here to give an idea both of the context in which I worked and of how local officials spoke about the gold miners and the sex-workers. I will discuss later the lineage, particularly in medical anthropology, of the "truth in numbers" of critique.

Peruvians call Madre de Dios "El Wild Wild West," referencing the North American gold rush, pointing to the lawlessness, danger, and to the prevalence of prostitution as a companion industry to illicit gold mining. Women from Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, and from other parts of Peru come to work in the Amazonian *prostíbars* (brothels). Whether their migration constitutes "sex trafficking" rests on the question of informed consent. Did they know that they would be participating in the sex industry as erotic dancers, escorts, or outright selling sex? Prior knowledge would make the movement of women along the Interoceanic Road "human smuggling" or simply "transport" or "transit." If a woman did not know, even without physical coercion, then their movement falls under the legal category of "traffic."

[2] Multiple interviews with Dr. Javier Chata on September 15, 2011 and February 13, 2012.

The Mother of God, or "*La Madre de Dios*" is, as in English, is another way of saying "The Virgin Mary." The incompatible but enduring dual identities of mother and virgin make for an uncomfortably fitting description, both for the region and for the women who participate, willingly or unwillingly, as sex workers in Madre de Dios. The notion that the region was "untouched by men's hands," as Aldo Leopold wrote in his 1924 essay, *The River of the Mother of God* (quoted on the frontispiece), rendered Madre de Dios imaginable as pregnant with yet-to-be-discovered bounty. The lure of the unknown, of the promise of El Dorado, drives the movement of people along the Interoceanic Road to Madre de Dios. The added allure is the stereotype of the "hot" women who live in the *selva* ("the wild" or "the jungle").

The search for El Dorado in Madre de Dios has attracted roving explorers, from the Spanish conquistador Francisco Pizarro to Peruvian rubber baron Carlos Fermin Fitzcarraldo. While the region of the Mother of God never lay completely untouched, the tri-frontier region still glimmers with the mystique of the "unknown," further heightened by the exotic mystique of "tribes living in voluntary isolation." Gold miners, loggers, and drug traffickers have pushed them to the forest limit and onto the world stage. The region's residents tell nostalgically of a time when motorboats were the only source (and vehicle for) traffic through Madre de Dios. That time was just a decade ago. Aldo Leopold's prediction of chewing gum and phonographs in the rainforest now seems like a healthy past in contrast to the women, medicinal plants, and gold, trafficked in the region. It is this triangular *traffic* in women, plants, and gold along the Interoceanic Road, embodying conflicting ideas about property, value, and human rights that form the central focus of this dissertation.

"The Triangular Traffic in Women, Plants, and Gold: On the Interoceanic Road in Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia" is the result of two years of fieldwork, from La Paz as well as Bolivia's Beni and Pando regions, to Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, and Rio Branco in Brazil, to Madre de Dios, Cusco, and Lima in Peru. The Interoceanic Road serves as a geographic line along which the women, plants, and gold travel all travel, linking the often-analytically distinct areas of medical anthropology, feminist theory, and science and technology studies. The project necessitated moving among languages—Spanish, Portuguese, Tsimane, Quechua and Shipibo, as well as among Andean villages, border towns and rainforest mining settlements. When in the gold mines, investigating the process of extracting and then transporting gold, women and plants enter, quite literally, into the conversation. Miners and environmental engineers working for the Peruvian government refer to plants and gold as having a singularly female character, along with "Nature."[3]

Working with the ministry of health and the environmental engineers employed by the Peruvian government to monitor and regulate extraction in Madre de Dios, I entered the gold mines. We would rise before dawn, drive along the *Interoceánica*, turn down unpaved corridors that spread like veins from the main artery of the road, then travel by motorcycle on narrow forest paths or by motorized canoe from tiny river ports. During these long days of travel and

[3] The general tenor of the gold mines was decidedly heterosexual. There were and are trans sex workers in Madre de Dios. The represent a fascinating contrast to what tends mostly towards female and male relations. Because of the often-volatile response to same sex relations in the region, trans sex workers did not want their personal narratives detailed. My hope is that I may write with more depth about them later, while continuing to engage with them.

giving workshops to gold miners about how to formalize and reduce mercury exposure, gold miners and environmental engineers alike would express irritation with environmental conservationists. Standing by the side of the road, looking out over the ecological buffer zone between land open for development and the Tambopata Nature Reserve, an environmental engineer was the first to introduce a riddle that I would hear repeatedly:

What is the difference between a mine and a woman?" When I declined to answer, he told me:

"Nothing, because both are for exploitation."

While women along the Interoceanic Road exercise more agency than the mines, and men show more sensitivity towards women and the landscape, the persistent telling of this riddle indicates the conceptual breakdown of "woman" into "nature," transforming the traffic in women, medicinal plants and gold into parallel lines of flight, as relational and relatable objects along the Interoceanic Road, as part of an international commodity chain.

When I began this project in 2008 at the headquarters of the World Intellectual Property Organization (WIPO) in Switzerland, sex-workers and gold had not yet entered the ethnographic picture. At the WIPO, I served as an "expert observer" for the Civil Society Coalition, with a focus on access and ownership to medicine. I watched as Brazilian delegates battled the pharmaceutical consortium of countries – Switzerland, the United States, France, Germany, Canada and Japan – for ownership over "traditional knowledge" (TK) and genetic resources (GR). Throughout 2009 and 2010, I focused on interviews with Brazilian patent officials and biologists who were analyzing the pharmaceutical potential of Amazonian plants and animals for human sexual health. Searching for possible "Natural Viagras" had become popular because they were certain to have a lucrative market. A further benefit was that such "genetic resources" were not subject to the same IP standards as possible HIV/AIDS or cancer drugs. When I asked how this flora and fauna made it thousands of kilometers from the central Amazonian regions to the coastal cities of São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro, Brazilian biologists and patent lawyers told me: by prostitutes on the side of the new Interoceanic Road.

I left Rio de Janeiro for São Paulo, and then to Rio Branco in the Brazilian's Amazonian region of Acre. I traveled by bus, by foot, and at one point, for a week by bicycle through the Peruvian Andes, ending in Lima. The trajectory that women and plants travel the Interoceanic Road was anything but straightforward, and as such, neither was mine. This intertwined story of sex-workers and botanicals told to me by a patent lawyer as the Brazilian government's "only way to catch the biopirates" frayed in some places and became more knotted in others. While more complicated than a single assembly line from a packaging plant to come out a synthesized commodity, sex-workers carry a variety of plants with them for sale or for their own use. I am particularly interested in maca (*Lepidium meyenii*), coca (*Erythroxylum coca*), and Ayahuasca (*Banisteria* species). The first two plants have gained their fame in the global marketplace as natural stimulants for sexual activity. Ayahuasca, the main ingredient in a powerful psychedelic brew, also joins the traffic of botanicals along the Interoceanic Road, revered for its transformative effects. Less publicized is the ability of these plants to act as abortives and contraceptives.

What makes the combination of women and plants go global are three conspiring events: the international economic crisis, the construction of the Interoceanic Road, and the circulation of gold from Amazonian rivers and soil to overseas markets. The similarities between the North American gold rush and what is occurring along the side of the Interoceanic Road end at the edge of the rainforest. The consequences, indigenous activists argue – and I am in consensus with them – are not just the destruction of indigenous communities, but also the rich biodiversity of the rainforest, that have also come to be known as "the world's lungs."

~ Traffic

In this dissertation, I employ "traffic" as a metaphor as well as an analytical framework. In addition to the ways in which "traffic" signifies illicit trade and transit, the term has multiple meanings in everyday life as both a verb and as a noun. The most mundane meaning involves what commuters encounter on their way to-and-from work. Traffic can indicate mobility as well as immobility: the flow of vehicles as well as standstill. With traffic, there is the possibility for confusion, accident and collision, discomfort and waiting, detainment, blocked objectives, and delayed arrival. As a conceptual framework, "traffic" provides a way to examine multiple objects of analysis, people and things that travel at different speeds, as well as humans, animals, plants, minerals, and ideas that collide, sometimes resulting in a crash, stasis, or a backward slide.

In Latin, the verb *trafficare* describes the action of "touching repeatedly, to handle." Breaking down the word into its root components, *trafficare* means to "carry on trade," perhaps stemming from a Latin *transfricare. Trans* signifies "across" and *fricare*, "to rub" or "friction." Friction can be the force that is, or creates, resistance. It is a synonym for conflict, the rubbing of one object against another—which, as Anna Tsing reminds her readers in *Friction: An Ethnography of Global Connection* (2005), can be a generative act. "Rubbing two sticks together produces heat and light; one stick alone is just a stick. As a metaphorical image, friction reminds us that heterogeneous and unequal encounters can lead to new arrangements of culture and power" (Tsing 2005: 5).

I build on Anna Tsing's framing of "friction" to acknowledge the creative aspects of difference and possible rearrangements of power, while also examining the collisions, accidents, fatalities, and losses as well as gains in twenty-first century global connections. "Speaking of friction is a reminder of the importance of interaction in defining movement, cultural form, and agency. Friction is not just about slowing things down. Friction is required to keep global power in motion (Tsing 2005: 6). Within a conceptual framework of traffic, I consider the slowing down, the stopping as well as the speeding of people and things. Traffic is a way to think about multiple movers going at different speeds and in various directions at the same time. Tsing employs the image of the road, which, as for traffic, is "a good image for conceptualizing how friction works: Roads create pathways that make motion easier and more efficient, but in doing so, they limit where we go. The ease of travel they facilitate is also a structure of confinement. Friction inflects historical trajectories, enabling, excluding, and particularizing… coercion and freedom join motion as it is socially informed" (Tsing 2005: 6). Nowhere could this be truer than with trafficked persons.

"Traffic" came into parlance in Italian as *traffico* in the early fourteenth century and in Middle French as *trafique* during the middle of the fifteenth century. Both terms signified "trade or commerce." Not surprisingly, "traffic" became a commonly spoken word as European trade

with China increased, colonial enterprising, and the slave trade began. Currently, "traffic" continues to carry the meaning of trade, commerce and exchange, but it does not necessarily connote reciprocity in the transaction. This is the shadier side of "traffic," entailing the illicit movement of people, of drugs, of money, and of wildlife (a billion dollar "industry" for both plants and animals).

In Portuguese, "*tráfego*" refers to commuter transit, whereas "*tráfico*" denotes the illicit movement of people or things, much as it does in English. In Spanish, there is even more of an important distinction. Dolores Cortés Toro, special coordinator for the Peruvian branch of the UN's Organization for International Migration (OIM) explains semantic confusions that arise for Spanish-speaking Latin American policy-makers and law-enforcement agents. Translations from English, French, and Portuguese into Spanish tend to classify everything, people and things, as "*tráfico,* "meaning smuggling. Whereas in Spanish, the word "*trata*" is more appropriate, meaning: the "capture, isolation, abuse, trickery, violence in the activity of coerced movement of persons" Cortés says. The difference between *tráfico* and *trata*, she emphasizes, is an important one, not simply semantically, but also legally.[4] If there is consent granted, then the punitive measures – if there are any, differ from when it is coercion and capture. What it means to "give" consent joins the traffic in ideas about freedom and human rights, ideas that rely on understandings of what "nature" and "culture" mean. Analyzing the traffic between these the well-trodden anthropological domains figures centrally into my dissertation.

Throughout *Madre de Dios* and the triple-frontier region of Peru, Brazil and Bolivia, the traffic in people and things: be they drugs, gold, rare plants and animals, already-dried puma skins — occurs daily as part of commuter traffic past the border check-points, passing inspection with bribes, or passing through the rainforest away from the police. Women acting as "*mulas*" (mules) – another gendered instance of interspecies collapse – are the most common vehicle for the transport of illegal materials. Catching "mules" has become more common as border police receive training to recognize traits associated with traffickers. The more difficult twist on these "How to Recognize A Trafficker" workshops are that women can be both the trafficker of drugs or of other women, as well as the commodity trafficked – that is, the mule might also be part of the package for sale.

In the following chapters, I think through traffic in three key ways: as events of mobility and congestion, as the illicit trade in women, plants, and gold, and as a conceptual framework to examine the movement of ideas across and within scholarly disciplines. The traffic in ideas in this dissertation traverses the dynamic boundaries of "nature" and "culture," categories that house a cascade of inhibiting but also comfortably inhabited binaries – namely, male and female, human and nonhuman. Donna Haraway writes in *Primate Visions: Gender, Race, and Nature in the World of Modern Science* that the "commercial and scientific traffic in monkeys and apes is a traffic in meanings, as well as in animal lives" (Haraway 1989: 1). Much of this traffic in meanings and value placed on nonhuman life comes from how we understand what have historically and anthropologically come to be known as "nature" and "culture." Far from wanting to patrol the boundaries between nature and culture, Haraway ultimately finds the "traffic" edifying (Ibid: 377).

While I also find the traffic between the (dynamic) domains of nature and culture edifying, I recognize that the traffic in human lives represents a different kind of movement and

---

[4] Interview with Dolores Cortés, Coordinator of Projects and Programs for the International Migration Organization in Lima, Peru on February 1, 2012.

transaction, particularly when it comes to sex trafficking. Western ideas about freedom and consent, as I mentioned above, rely on these fundamental divisions between nature and culture. So while I acknowledge that sex trafficking is quite different from the commercial and scientific traffic in monkeys and apes, I also want to investigate these lines that separate the human from the nonhuman. "It is more urgent to work on these divisions," Giorgio Agamben writes, "to ask in what way—within man—has man been separated from non-man, and the animal from the human, than it is to take positions on the great issues, on so-called human rights and values" (Agamben 2002: 16). In examining the lines that separate as well as entwine man from non-man, I do not lose sight of what separates woman from man or of these "so-called human rights." I do not think that completely eschewing (the ideal of) human rights makes for an erasure of gendered, racialized, sexualized, or classed inequalities. It seems a privilege of those always already endowed with rights as humans to call for that. I do, however, call into question the ways in which human rights discourse can silence and hamper indigenous autochthony as well as women's bodily freedom and self-sovereignty that it purports to protect.

The commercial traffic in women, plants, and gold thus provokes questions about what constitutes nature, culture, human, nonhuman, male and female, as well as being a traffic in human, animal, and plant lives. Minerals also play a vital role. Plants, as well as the landscape have a distinctive female aspect for miners, as does gold. Miners envision gold as a beautiful female spirit – one with mobility and power. Mercury, imported from Spain, sports the Roman god on the packaging; it has a decidedly male quality. Also known as quicksilver or cinnabar, mercury can cross the blood-brain barrier. It is a mobile mineral. Heavy metal toxicity is called a body burden, something else that miners and sex workers carry with them. Minerals, thus, far from inert, have a motive force that upsets ideas about animacy. Engaging Mel Chen's work on "animacy hierarchies" (2012), I explore alternative, more rebelliously creative explanations from women for why mines and women should share such a close relationality. In doing so, I demonstrate how women, minerals, and mines call into question categories of human and nonhuman volition.

As traffic as an analytic incorporates aspects of frictive motion, it also allows for the possibility of conceptual and physical collisions as well as jams. The global forces that come into play with the construction of the Interoceanic Road and the demand for gold spawn migration to the Amazonian rainforest mines, but often people find themselves immobilized – mudslides, broken-down vehicles, in conditions of debt peonage. Situations of paralyzed lives most often occur, not surprisingly, in the well-worn colonial-born fault lines of racial, sexual, and gender difference. For it is most often (non-white) people who find themselves unable to move, not the gold, which travels internationally,[5] as far Dubai,[6] or the plants, which also go around the world.[7]

What happens in this conceptual and lived space of immobility? What happens with a theoretical slowing down and a waiting, where nothing seems to be happen? I return to this space of "nothing" in the conclusion. Drawing from William Carlos Williams' poem "To Have Done Nothing," where the act of writing "does" something, I ask what it means to make an analytic intervention when I had the privilege (but not the desire) to leave Madre de Dios, when the State

---

[5] http://www.andina.com.pe/agencia/noticia-instalan-equipos-especiales-aeropuertos-para-evitar-salida-oro-ilegal-495137.aspx#.Uwe2yoVezsQ (last accessed 5/10/15).

[6] http://elcomercio.pe/mundo/actualidad/incautaciones-ponen-evidencia-lavado-dinero-oro-ilegal_1-noticia-1628845 (last accessed 5/10/15).

[7] See the discussion on Maca, Coca, and Ayahuasca.

violently intervened in mining protests that turned bloody.

The space of stasis on the side of the road is an important one for examining intersections of indigeneity, sex, gender, race, and class in the traffic between the mobile poles of nature and culture. I take up Isabelle Stengers' "Cosmopolitical Proposal" to "'slow down" reasoning and create an opportunity to arouse a slightly different awareness of the problems and situations mobilizing us" (Stengers 2005: 994). In 2009, indigenous communities blocked the Pan-American Highway in Peru. They were peacefully protesting new laws that gave foreign investors legal rights to indigenous land. In 2011, indigenous protestors in Bolivia marched in La Paz, shutting down main thoroughfares to protest plans to build a road through the Beni region (where I began this research in 2010) that would connect to the Interoceanic Road.[8] In Ecuador in 2012, indigenous protestors closed roads around Quito to protest plans for Chevron's expansion in the Amazon.[9] Yet the final event that abruptly ended my fieldwork in Madre de Dios in March of 2012, involved gold miners (primarily from the Andes), a visible number of sex workers, and members of Madre de Dios' indigenous federation who closed the Interoceanic in protest *against* environmental restrictions. They marched to *continue* mining, not to stop it.

The idea of the cosmopolitical proposal, Stengers writes, "is precisely to slow down… to create a space for hesitation regarding what it means to say 'good'" (Ibid: 995). The indigenous federation's participation in the protests against stronger regulations on the use of mercury and formalization of land concession titles challenged ideas about who "belongs" to "nature," not just who "nature" belongs to, as well as the idea of "the good Indian" or the "*el Indio permetido*" (Hale 2010). While not all members of the indigenous communities agreed with the politics of the miners or with the federation's decision to march, I wan to play with the idea that there needs to be a "slowing down" in the oh-so-quick to judge what is good and bad when "it is 'our' knowledge, the facts produced by 'our' technical equipment, but also the judgments associated with 'our' practices that are primarily in charge" (Stengers 2005: 995-96). The USAID, missionary, and humanitarian aid workers who come through Madre de Dios make a quick drive past the brothels and mines. If they stop, it is not for long. Going at that speed without pause, it is easy to frame both the women and the men along the Interoceanic Road, marching, migrating, walking, waiting, mining, selling beer and sex – as criminals, traffickers, prostitutes, or victims. I walked, hitchhiked, bussed, motorcycled, and at one point, bicycled 250 miles through the Andes from Cusco to Madre de Dios. Not only does this kind of travel afford a breathtaking "slowing down" of physical locomotion, but it also allows for time to think and talk to people whose lives have been bisected by the Interoceanic Road.

~ A Brief History of "Traffic" in the Social Sciences

I give a brief genealogy of the term traffic to mark my intervention. Consider this a signpost, not a speed limit; though the attempt is to slow down to see just how much is going on conceptually. The different directions that "traffic" can take as the physical encounter or

[8] https://www.stratfor.com/analysis/20110831-dispatch-brazilian-ambitions-and-bolivian-road (last accessed 5/13/15).

[9] http://amazonwatch.org/news/2012/1128-indigenous-protests-grow-as-ecuador-auctions-amazon-oil-blocks (last accessed 5/13/15).

collision of vehicles, as the translocation of people and things, or in the social sciences to mark conflicting lines of thought – makes it a particularly malleable and productive analytic for twenty-first century entanglements. Examining its historical application and circulation in the realm of social science facilitates a deeper understanding of the kinds of meanings that "traffic" carries and how I am traveling through ideas with it.

In *La Pensée Sauvage,* Claude Lévi-Strauss helps to lay the problematic foundation of structurally defined binary oppositions that I seek to examine through the analytic of traffic. The questionable translation of *La Pensée Sauvage* into *The Savage Mind* itself exemplifies a traffic in words and concepts, befuddling movement and meaning. In French, "wild thoughts" would translate more closely to what Lévi-Strauss intended. He writes that: "In this book it is neither the mind of savages nor that of primitive or archaic humanity, but rather mind in its untamed state as distinct from mind cultivated or domesticated for the purpose of yielding a return" ([1962] 1966: 219). In his attempt to structure lines of equality in value of people and their systems of thought—for the wild thoughts are no less worthy than tames one—Lévi-Strauss sought to explain why some ideas move and others do not. The widespread circulation of western thought does not owe itself to greater intelligence, Lévi-Strauss explained, but rather that the untamed mind does not seek a return for intellect. "We traffic in ideas; [the savage mind] hoards them up" (Lévi-Strauss [1962] 1966: 267). The traffic in ideas lends itself to a system of categorization fit for fiscal returns—for a mobility that makes it translatable across capitalist economic systems. The traffic in ideas gives a material form to thoughts exchanged, which can then also allow for ownership over the ideas trafficked—as intellectual property.

Raymond Williams employed the term "traffic" in his book *The Country and the City* (1973) when he wrote that "traffic is not only a technique; it is a form of consciousness and a form of social relations" (Williams 1973: 296). He emphasized underlying social relations made themselves manifest in daily activities and that "traffic" wasn't simply about the city and its forms of congestion on sidewalks and on the road in private cars. "Traffic" stood for an activity of movement as well as a way for conceptualizing it, and that over "a whole network of the land this is how, at one level, we relate; indeed it is one form of settlement, intersecting and often deeply affecting what we think of as settlements—cities, towns, villages—in an older mode" (Williams 1973: 296). Which is to say, traffic affects how we define "home" and "out there," something that fellow British intellectual John Urry currently studies (Urry 2000, 2008). Movement for the modern citizen does not mean home but a way of getting home, in a commuting sense, or a means by which to flee from home, if conditions dictated flight.

In his essay "Religion as a Cultural System" in *The Interpretation of Cultures, Selected Essays,* Clifford Geertz sought to clarify the various forms of traffic. His contention was that "…there is something to be said for not confusing our traffic with symbols with our traffic with objects or human beings, for these latter are not in themselves symbols, however often they may function as such" (1973). Geertz's formulation, duly revised by Appadurai (1986) and Haraway (1989), expand upon the ways in which objects and human beings take on a deeply symbolic exchangeability, particularly when trafficked.

Trafficked Women and Nature

Women, more often than men, come to function as symbols of peace and solidarity when traded in marriage. Indeed, Gayle Rubin notes in her seminal essay "The Traffic in Women: notes on the 'political economy' of sex" that: "Women are given in marriage, taken in battle,

exchanged for favors, sent as tribute, traded, bought, and sold. Far from being confined to the 'primitive' world, these practices seem only to become more pronounced and commercialized in more 'civilized' societies" (Rubin 1974: 175). Men circulate as well, but in the form of slaves, serfs, or prisoners, never as husbands. They are never traded as just men.

Rubin's essay has influenced Judith Butler, Marilyn Strathern, and Donna Haraway in their analyses of the production of what counts as nature and as culture and whose bodies within those domains matter. Rubin does not distinguish in this essay between sex as biological and gender as cultural. Rather, she is interested in the biological and cultural divide so as to understand the modes of production of such cultural definitions, for there lies the root of the oppression of women and those who do not fit in the socially defined norms of sexual identity and practices. "The realm of human sex, gender, and procreation has been subjected to, and changed by, relentless social activity for millennia. Sex as we know it—gender identity, sexual desire and fantasy, concepts of childhood—is itself a social product. We need to understand the relations of its production, and forget, for awhile, about food, clothing, automobiles, and transistor radios" (Rubin 1974: 166). Taking inspiration from Rubin's work, I contend that the relations of production and transport that govern food, clothing, automobiles and transistor radios (all employed in the rainforest economy) in Madre de Dios are also the relations that produce ideas about sex—gender identity, sexual desire, race and ethnicity, just as much as they are about fantasy, and concepts of childhood. These relations rely on the nature-culture divide and its corresponding collapse into the categories of female and male, woman and man. What often falls out of this analysis are race and ethnicity.

Rubin's inquiry into the oppression of women and "sexual minorities" modeled its relational framing from Karl Marx in *Das Kapital* when he asked: "'What is a Negro slave? A man of the black race. The one explanation is as good as the other. A Negro is a Negro. He only becomes a slave in certain relations. A cotton spinning jenny is a machine for spinning cotton. It becomes capital only in certain relations. Torn from these relationships it is no more capital than gold in itself is money or sugar is the price of sugar'" (158 in Rubin). Marx's quote is the only reference to issues of race in considering the formation of a woman's identity that Rubin gives us.

When "a mine is like a woman," as male engineers and politicians joked in *Madre de Dios*, because "both are for exploitation," the conceptual breakdown of the category of woman into that of a mine makes possible the traffic in women, medicinal plants and gold into parallel if not identical lines of flight. "A woman is a woman. She only becomes a domestic, a wife, a chattel, a playboy bunny, a prostitute, or a human dictaphone," a victim, a voluntary agent, a river, a (spirit of a) plant, or a gold mine "in certain relations" (Rubin 1974: 158). In conducting "a full-bodied analysis," I argue that intersections with race, ethnicity, as well as class must necessarily come into the analysis when one considers not only how women travel, but also how words spoken about them circulate, creating the relational networks that produce social identities and (un)inhabitable subject categories for women.

~ Intersections

In Madre de Dios, none of the 203 female sex-workers that I worked with considered themselves to be indigenous, but the Peruvian government did. These women earned the designation of being indigenous either because their native language was not Spanish, they "looked" to have indigenous blood, or they hailed from mountainous and rainforest areas

considered to belong to non-Spanish populations. The complicated politics of blood, kinship, and indigeneity intersect with gender and sexuality. They also beg an engagement with critical race theory – with specificity to each country. Peru and Brazil have different histories of transatlantic slave trade. Brazil received more slaves than any other Latin American country. Peru received some 100,000 African slaves, but ideas about blackness cannot be smoothly equated with Brazil (Sue & Golash Boza 2013). Unlike Brazil, nearly half of Afro-Peruvians were not slaves during much of the colonial era (Aguirre 1993), which is something that many historians overlook.

Over the past twenty-five years, the rise of indigeneity as a political category has also positioned it as an anthropological object of inquiry (Tuhiwai-Smith 2006; Dove 2006). Debates as to the validity of the claims to be indigenous and to rights of ownership over land and cultural artifacts connect to environmental discourse and policy precisely because the category of indigeneity has become co-constitutive with environmental conservation (Nazarea 2006; Pratt 2008; Strathern 1999) – both in contest and in concert with neoliberal economic reforms (Hale 2006; Speed 2008). Biodiversity depends on cultural diversity and autochthony. The category of intellectual property rights and nostalgia in environmental destruction in Latin American is one saturated by what it means to be "indigenous." The category of the sex-trafficked worker is one primarily, but entirely, filled by women.

Nancy Scheper-Hughes and Margaret Locke's "Mindful Body: A Prolegomenon to Future Work in Medical Anthropology" (1987) write of the necessity of braiding the trinity of the individual body, the social body, and the body politic (Scheper-Hughes and Lock 1987). The "mindful body," as with "fingery eyes" (Haraway 2008), examines the material as well as the philosophical underpinnings of Western conceptions of "the self." There is a responsibility towards other humans – and in the case of Haraway, towards other life beings. "Nature's body" (Schiebinger 2007) is a fourth body that also comes into play out of the Scientific Revolution and its predecessors. Francis Bacon's urging that men must "extract truth from Nature," "vex" and "put her to the question" to force her to disclose her secrets (cited in Merchant 2006: 525) resonates with seeing mines like women. These renderings make women's bodies isomorphic with the land, plants, and animals.

This equation need not always be unfortunate, however, it just depends on how what is natural is deployed and by whom. Most recently known for her work on the boundary separating the human and the canine—or more specifically, the woman and the dog, Haraway has continued to focus on the traffic between the human and the nonhuman realms. Her work, she explicitly and emphatically states, owes much to Marilyn Strathern's work, particularly the essay "No Nature, No Culture: the Hagen case" (1980). Inspired, as many were from Rubin's essay to look at the social systems that created the conditions for the traffic in women, Marilyn Strathern argued that one could not assume that nature and culture exist as separate domains or universal systems unto themselves. She cites examples of gender-bending and crossing the lines between what Westerners count as "natural" and "cultural" to "substantiate the contention that of all the terms we use in cross-cultural translation 'nature-culture', by virtue of their polysemy in our own culture, cannot be attributed to others in an unanalyzed manner" (Strathern 1980: 186). Like Rubin, Strathern critically engaged with Lévi-Strauss, to whom she accredits the division of nature from culture as a universalizing structural dichotomy. Bruno Latour also adopts Strathern's hyphening of nature and culture in *We Have Never Been Modern* (1993), breaking down the boundary assumptions and border policing of academic disciplines. He does not completely dissolve the divisions, though, something that Haraway will do, proposing a

"natureculture" blending (2008).

Before she came to investigate the lines of the human and nonhuman through her canine friends, Haraway began with cyborgs and primates, examining how constructions of Western categories of gender and sexuality mapped onto categories of nature and culture. "Gender is narrated as one of the products of human evolution, so how gender and sex are marked at the boundary between hominoid and hominid sets constraints on basic cultural stories about what it means to be a man or woman" (Haraway 1989: 325). Such "traffic"—a borrowing, an exchange, a movement of concepts and values between the domain of nature and the domain of culture, correspond all-too-nicely with the domains of woman and man, female and male, the nonhuman and the human. Haraway investigates how cultural stories and scientific narratives could have evolved a different kind of sexual and species order. In doing so, she asks her readers to reposition themselves epistemologically so as to imagine a different set of relationships among humans, animals, technologies, and land. This set of relationships would be less hostile than the existing one, and by attempting to reposition the way in which social scientists view the hominoid and hominid, also "set new terms for the traffic between what we have come to know historically as nature and culture" (Haraway 1989: 15).

Since Haraway's delving into the "traffic in nature and culture," social science and science studies have employed "traffic" to analyze the movement of ideas between the domains of nature and culture. All note, as Haraway does, that the kind of traffic depends on where the current border between nature and culture is, and redefining the two becomes a constant necessity. Since Haraway declared that: "I am not interested in policing the boundaries between nature and culture—quite the opposite, I am edified by the traffic 1989: 377), social scientists have taken up "the traffic between nature and culture" to investigate the conceptions of biodiversity, medicinal plants and intellectual property. This has included the examination of Amerindian ontologies (which itself has become a problematic collapse of difference across indigenous groups in the Americas) by Western-trained social scientists (Kohn: 2005, 2013; Viveiros de Castro: 1992, 2009) and indigenous claims through "nature" in nation-building narratives (Hayden 2005); the track and, at times, maintaining the separation between what counts as nature and what counts as culture in a global setting (Franklin, Lury & Stacey 2000). It has also incorporated exploring definitions of "native" and "natural" on the land (Helmreich 2005) and below the sea (Helmreich 2010, 2011) as well as in the proliferating literature of multispecies ethnography on corral (Hayworth 2010), on bees (Kosek 2010), on queer animals (Terry 2000), and on mushrooms (Tsing 2012). The term "traffic" has also been applied to the movement of concepts and methods between the anthropology of art and the art world (Marcus and Myers 1995) and more recently, to the white appropriation of black music, dance, and language (Bragin 2015). Race and ethnicity, categories caught between conceptions of nature and culture, travel back and forth, contingent on the historical moment, social context, and geographical setting.

I argue that the traffic in women, plants, and gold is both a traffic in meanings, to blur as Haraway does: femininemasculine, natureculture, humannonhuman as well as in human, animal, and plant lives. How minerals like gold and mercury animate this traffic, in potentiality and in actuality, plays at the borderlines of gender, race, ethnicity and sexuality. Gold has a female quality and mercury male. Gold appears as a fair woman. Mercury appears as the ever-fiery messenger God. As a substance, it gains its racialized valence as something that Andean and Amazonian – not fair men – employ in environmentally destructive ways. Mercury, as with lead, Mel Chen notes (2012), is a mobile mineral. The status of toxin relies on being a "potential

threat to valued human integrities," Chen writes. This kind of mineral mobility threatens to "overrun what an animacy hierarchy would wish to lock in place" (Chen 2012: 159). So what happens when mines and women refuse fixity and gain animacy? The riddle of why a mine is like a woman seemingly fixes the landscape as female, inert, passive, open for exploitation. Yet I will discuss three women in the final chapter, who, simply by their way of being in the world, upset the balance in the animacy hierarchy. One woman in particular, the president of her Shipibo community, will refigure the riddle of mines and women, rewriting agency for the land and women.

Stopping Traffic

Simple framings of exploitable "nature" and expendable people – of men and women – carry currency for the Peruvian government and for its foreign investors. Alan García (president of Peru from 1985-1990 and then from 2006-2011) wrote a series of opinion pieces for the newspaper *El Comercio* in 2007, in which he referred to indigenous communities wanting to keep their land "undeveloped" as "*El Perro del Hortelano*"—"The Dog in the Manger" who can neither benefit from what the gardener tends nor from what the farmer stores, but guards it against anyone else who might want it.[10] If indigenous people in the Amazon won't cede the land for development, then they do not deserve to have the land at all. García argued that the land belonged to all of Peru, because "all" of Peru would benefit from the extraction and sale of gold, oil, and timber. García made the figure of the indigenous person into a selfish idiot, into a "*perro*"—a "dog" jealously guarding land that it could never work productively. *El Comercio* was of course not a news source readily available to indigenous people to read or to make comment. García's also did little to facilitate language programs for indigenous communities.

One of García's complaints about this "Perro del Hortelano" was that when finally cornered, it would only concede to development of the land by the hands of its own people.[11] Of the few (as in two) choices available to indigenous groups were that they could either cede their land without protest, perhaps receiving some compensation, or they could lose everything—their land, their animals, their crops and, in the case of Bagua in 2009, their lives. This was the protest on the Pan-American Highway that is part of traffic's theoretical slowing down. In this case, a blockade that ended badly.

A *Baguazo* refers to a total disaster. On June 5, 2009, indigenous communities sat in peaceful protest along "Devil's Curve" on the Pan-American Highway. They demonstrated against new laws that gave foreign investors land rights over those of indigenous communities. The protest was exactly the kind of doggish display of backwardness that García despised.

"That's enough. These people don't have a crown. These people are not first class citizens… Four hundred thousand natives cannot tell 28 million Peruvians that they don't have the right to come here. No way. This is a serious error. Whoever thinks this way wants to bring

[10] http://elcomercio.pe/edicionimpresa/html/2007-10-28/el_sindrome_del_perro_del_hort.html
Un ensayo escrito por el Presidente Alan García en 2007, criticando los indígenas "un perro del hortelano que reza: 'Si no lo hago yo que no lo haga nadie'— Como "los que no comen del jardín de los recursos naturales y tampoco dejan comer a otros de él" (la película "El Perro del Hortelano).

[11] "…el perro del hortelano dice: 'Si no lo hago yo, nadie debe hacerlo', y concluye: 'Solo puede hacerlo la gente de mi propio equipo'. http://elcomercio.pe/edicionimpresa/html/2007-10-28/el_sindrome_del_perro_del_hort.html

us back to irrationality and primitive relapse. The time has arrived to open roads and open rivers.…" [12]

Roads have become integral to future development projects in Peru. Without roads to transport materials, the building of hydroelectric dams and mines becomes painful, if not impossible. García saw roads as paving the way to a robust future for Peru. Critics warn that this will bring an economic boom and then an irrecoverable bust. It is one of many stories about the exhaustive economy in energy extraction. Traveling along the Interoceanic Road, I was reminded of anthropologist Kathleen Stewart's words as she stood alongside a road that had once supported a bustling coal mining community in Western Virginia. "Imagine," she urges her readers "how finding oneself on the side of the road could become an epistemological stance" (2007: 34).

Certainly, Latin America's Interoceanic Road has different contexts and challenges than one in Western Virginia. The ideas, style and cadence of Stewart's writing, however, lends itself to these moments of "stuckness," standing by the side of the Interoceanic Road, a roadside which became an epistemological vantage point and ontological exercise in examining the traffic in women, medicinal plants, and gold. Accompanying these humans, plants, and minerals are different ideas of what it means to be human, a woman, a plant or a weed.

~ Where the Rubber Hits the Road and Intersections of Indigeneity

In the late 1960's and early 1970's, Brazil began the Trans-Amazonian highway that connects with the current day Interoceanic Road in Acre. As part and parcel of the International Monetary Fund's restructuring program, owing countries could pay off debt with "natural capital" – natural resources such as rubber, precious timber, oil, gold, and land rights to extract those and other mineral wealth. Originally part of Bolivia until the early 1900s, the state of Acre became important to Brazil when rubber became a global commodity. The area briefly hit the world's radar screens with the murder of Chico Mendes in 1988, rubber producer turned environmental and indigenous activist whose conservationist stance angered cattle ranchers. Despite the roads that run through it, Acre continues to represent the limits of the map for Brazilians, a no man's land, full of vagabonds, cowboys and Indians.

From Rio Branco, the capital of Acre, it is one hundred miles logged on the Interoceanic Road to the triple frontier border. The tri-frontier monument, erected in December of 2002, looks as if no one has been there since its inauguration. Bare earth with an occasional weed surround three bare flagpoles. The marble plaque is in Portuguese. It commemorates the construction of the "*Estrada do Pacífico*" (Pacific Road), another name for the *Interoceánica.* It honors President Cardoso of Brazil, Alejandro Toledo of Peru, and "authorities of Bolivia." There is no

[12] "Ya está bueno, estas personas no tienen corona, no son ciudadanos de primera clase que puedan decirnos 400 mil nativos a 28 millones de peruanos tu no tienes derecho de venir por aquí, de ninguna manera, eso es un error gravísimo y quien piense de esa manera quiere llevarnos a la irracionalidad y al retroceso primitivo. "Ya llegó el momento de abrir las carreteras y abrir los ríos …." http://www.peru.com/noticias/portada20090605/37781/Presidente-Alan-García-advierte-a-nativos-Ya-esta-bueno-de-protestas

mention of why President Gonzalo Sanchez de Lozada of Bolivia was not present. His legacy in the tri-frontier region is one of corruption and violence. He fled the presidency in 2003 after congress called for him to stand trial amidst allegations of State orchestrated violence on civilian protestors.

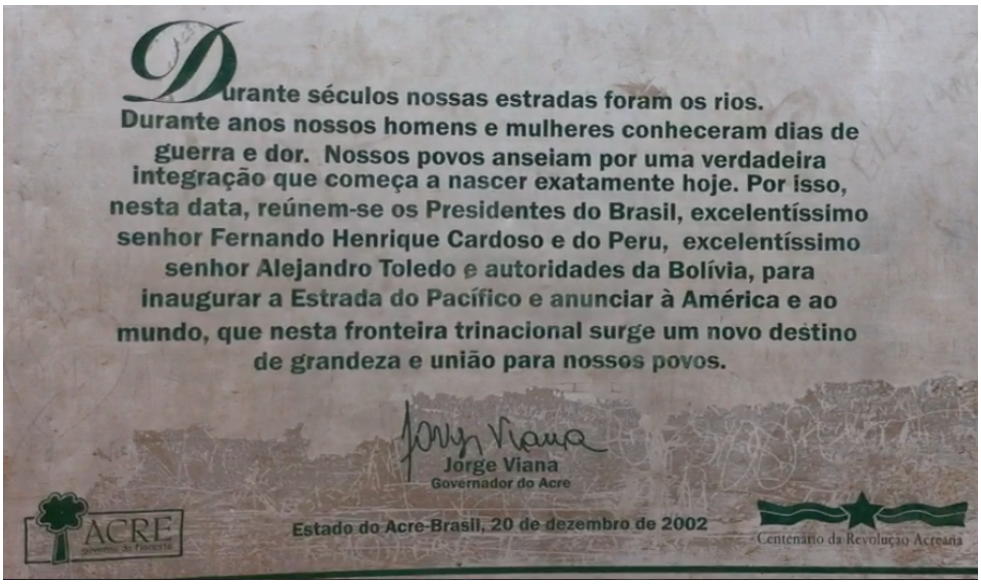

Figure 10: Tri-Frontier Monument

"*For centuries our roads were rivers. For years our men and women knew times of war and pain. Our people yearned for a true integration that begins precisely today. This is why, on this date, the President of Brazil, his excellency Fernando Henrique Cardoso, his excellency Alejandro Toledo of Peru, and authorities of Bolivia come together to inaugurate the Pacific Road [the Interoceanic Road] and announce to America and to the world, that this tri-national frontier will rise to a new destiny of greatness and unites our people*."

After crossing the border from Brazil, it takes another 140 miles to Puerto Maldonado. One does not see the extent of the mining operations when traveling in this direction. Upon entering Madre de Dios from Cusco, however, a large wood sign, painted green, with fading yellow letters welcomes visitors to the capital of the mega-diverse country – right below it the mining camps, blue-and-black plastic *prostíbars* and the desertification, born of mercury, begins.

The announcement to build the *Interoceánica* incited international protest from environmentalists who predicted that this single road allow loggers and miners to build side routes, annexing the Amazon rainforest, producing a situation of unchecked deforestation. Peruvian and Brazilian indigenous activists saw the road as an attack on their rights to sovereignty and ownership over land. They did not buy the State propaganda, promising economic benefits, environmental protections, and respect for indigenous claims to land. The billboards, riddled with holes from the sun and wind and faded over the years, still stand by the side of the road.

Figure 11 *Antes: Olvido* (Before: Oblivion) *Ahora: Destinación* (Now: Destination) Though ripped, the "now," set in 2009, was supposed to be a "Destination."

Figure 12 *Antes: Desolación (*Before: Desolation) *Ahora: Optimismo* (Now: Optimism)

To be able to benefit from the road, annexing world economic markets, people have to be ready. “To be ready, people have to know that a road is coming,” says Julio Cusurichi. Cusurichi is a Shipibo community member and recipient of the 2007 Goldman Environmental Prize for his work protecting the “isolated tribes” of Madre de Dios. Now working in the municipal government of Madre de Dios, as the regional specialist for indigenous communities (*especialista de los pueblos indígenas*), Cusurichi emphasizes the obvious: “No answer doesn’t mean that we agree; “it means that we [indigenous communities in the Amazon] weren’t consulted.” Community members in the Andes were not consulted either. Many remote Quechua-speaking residents of communities like *Llanturu*, which means “Barro Negro” or “Black Mud,” did not know that a road would cut through their homes until construction crews arrived.

Figure 13: *Llanturu* – Black Mud – Homestead of Doña Santosa

Doña Santosa, sat selling scarves, bags, and hats that she had knitted from her alpaca and sheep herd. She said that she had awoken one morning to find construction crews clearing out her stable. Without explanation, the road had to cut through buildings on her family’s property. They had not received any monetary compensation. The road would pay her and her husband back; they could now sell their wares by the side of the road. The traffic that Doña Santosa saw came in the form of gasoline tankers. Since the paving of the road, she had lost over 100 alpaca and sheep. The animals were not used to vehicles and the tankers had killed most her livestock.

She and her husband were trying to raise money for fences.

In 2010, Brazil succeeded the United States as China's top-trading partner (Hochstetler 2013). As of 2014, the *Interoceánica* is only one of many infrastructure projects that form part of South America's Infrastructure Initiative (*Iniciativa de Integración Regional Sudamericana* – IIRSA). Brazil, South America's economic powerhouse or "steam-roller" (*apisonadora*) has pushed road-building and hydroelectric projects throughout the continent to feed its energy and consumer needs. Peruvians, particularly the indigenous communities, seek to strengthen ties to communities in Brazil, acutely aware that their neighbor stands to profit the most from the Interoceanic Road.

When I interviewed Klaus Quique in February 2012, then president of Madre de Dios' Native Federation (*Federación Nativa del río Madre de Dios y Afluentes* with the acronym: FENAMAD), I encountered a darkly comic cartoon in the meeting room: "*Encuentro BiNacional: Peru-Brasil* – Bi-National Meeting: Peru – Brazil." This was the response to the road among indigenous communities.

Figure 14: "*Encuentro BiNacional: Peru-Brasil"* (Bi-National Meeting: Peru – Brazil)

The vulgar encounter, drawn on a white board, depicted a very male Brazil demanding: "*Tus ríos*! (Your rivers!) Followed by: "*Tus recur[s]os*!" (Your resources!) and then "*Tu*" crossed out and a hasty "No War!" written in English. The plump and ambiguously bodied Peru was, as Quique explained, "*Madre de Dios*." Gendered as the region's name was, everyone – male and female – suffered at the hands of Brazil. For Quique, family, and the indigenous federation, a full-bodied analysis of relations that harnessed this Amazonian region to the world market were not only racially, ethnically, and sexualized relations, but also ones that represented an exploitation of "nature."

Well-read photographers and journalists from Brazil and the United States invariably mentioned Michael Taussig's *Shamanism, Colonialism, and the Wild Man: A Study in Terror and Healing* (1981) to me. They were less interested in the Amazonian region's bout with rubber and more fascinated with Taussig's study because of the current framing of the gold mines as a space of certain death. June Nash's *We Eat the Mines and the Mines Eat Us: Dependency and Exploitation in Bolivian Tin Mines* (1979) did not inspire the same desire to *see* the gold mines in all its purported horror. The expectation of an experience mediated by a camera lens further galvanized aid worker and journalistic jaunts along the Interoceanic Road, into the fringes of rainforest not too far from the pavement and parked getaway car.

While inspired by the circulating talk of fear and the descriptions of disorder and terror, once inside the mining camps, photographers would return with photographs of mothers bathing their children in the river, of fathers carrying daughters to buy food, and male miners laboring together to pull each other out of the pits at the end of the day. Certainly the rainforest is disappearing at an alarming rate and the horrors of men buried alive, of sex-workers killed, and children trafficked to labor in the mines exist and merit the telling. But what struck me the first time that I entered the mines with health care workers was just how *organized* and clean the rows of brothel-bars and hostels were. Despite the transient structures for living, sleeping, eating and having sex – impermeable blue and black plastic, the kind used to line and seal a pond or swimming pool, the illegal mining communities in the rainforest that I visited had street signs, trash pickup, satellite TV, sneakers, perfume, and pharmacies. In this "no man's land" are the miner's associations, sex-workers cooperatives, and a governing Quechua ethic of "*Ama Sua, Ama Llulla, and Ama Quella*" – "Don't Lie, Don't Steal, Don't Be Lazy." Communities organize communities and people care for one another.

I thus consider what it means "to count" and "account for" the numbers of gold miners, sex-workers and those with HIV/AIDS, trafficked plants and people, in this "no man's land" that I did not find so terrifically filled with horror. It is, however, a shifting ground of people and things, where the very soil gives way to a liquid landscape, caving in on miners toiling in rainforest pits. It is a landscape filled with "natural capital" demanded by the IMF and the World Bank. What it means to "*contar*" (Nelson 2009) in the gold mines by the side of the road has a triple meaning: to count people and things, to "tell a story," and to settle the debt to the earth – "*pago a la tierra*" with human bodies for the gold extracted. What it means to "recount" in number and in story holds promise for residents and officials in Madre de Dios who oppose the gold mining, either for the debaucherous stain it casts on the region or for the destruction of the rainforest. I return to the themes of debt to the *pachamama*, to the World Bank, of the wild man and woman, "epistemic murk" and the promise of statistics in the fifth and final chapter, "When Mines are Like Women and a Series of Riddled Relations."

~Truth and Traffic in Numbers

What became a repeated theme in conversations with policemen and women, doctors, nurses, and governmental officials was the apology that they didn't have concrete numbers to give me, but I had not asked. The desire and demand for "hard numbers" and for a sense of "order" came from residents of Madre de Dios who described the illegal mining operations as a desolate "no man's land" (*la tierra de nadie*), a place of complete disorder, certain death, of terrified men, women, and children, trafficked to work in the mines.

The "truth in numbers" has a lineage of theoretical critique, particularly in medical

anthropology (Bowker and Star 1999; Briggs and Mantini Briggs 2003; Hacking 2000; Porter 1995), interrogating how such statistics circulate, who generates them, as well as how these numbers stay alive in the policy-maker's eye. Briggs and Mantini-Briggs demonstrate how artfully the Venezuelan government manipulated "the counting" of cholera deaths among the Warao indigenous community. The work it took to render cholera deaths invisible on the part of the State stemmed both from a disregard for indigenous lives and from the pressure of the WHO, with its powerful policies linked to funding State initiatives. The power and danger of statistics that Bowker and Star (1999) detail and that Briggs and Mantini-Briggs (2003) develop in the context of cholera in Venezuela and the control that the WHO wields. Their critique fits Foucault's framing of biopolitics (2008), the control of populations through surveillance and mediated governance. While I analyze the power and work behind creating, maintaining, and perpetuating numbers as objective truths, I also recognize the ways in which those who *wish to be counted* also matters and how merely pointing to the fallacy of statistics can then become a tool of the ruling elite.

Regional government officials in Madre de Dios understood that they have a better chance of receiving money and personnel from the central government if they can show that the least populated region in Peru had an increasing population, trafficking, and drug problems. No one was certain how to count the numbers of communities that lived in "voluntary isolation", but what it would mean for indigenous lives to "count" to the central Peruvian government remains an open question. Furthermore, indigenous federations like the one in Madre de Dios could demonstrate that the gold miners were destroying irreplaceable rainforest that would affect the lungs of people in Lima and in the rest of the world then perhaps something for the rainforest could be done.

Trying to gain the central government's attention is about keeping Madre de Dios intact, regional vice-president Dr. Jorge Soto Aldazabal explains. He says he loves the jungle, drinks Ayahuasca, and wouldn't trade his job to be in Lima because he has a view of the river and clean air to breathe in this Amazonian town. "So if Lima won't listen to the earth, the central government will listen to numbers, at least, we have a better chance to have some support. We have no support to enforce the rule of law in Madre de Dios." Dr. Soto is clear that having Peru's Minister of the Environment on their side means nothing. The president and the public have to care about the earth as well.

He cites the case of Anthony Brack Egg, Minister of the Environment from 2008-2011, who took a particular interest in Madre de Dios. He was the one who devised Peru's first environmental conservation plan, which involved eradicating the application of mercury and illegal gold mining in Madre de Dios. In 2009, Brack attempted to garner political support from a public and a president that never mobilized. President García (2006-2011) supplied his environmental minister with just enough funding to conduct raids on brothels throughout Madre de Dios, but not enough to reveal García's own ties to the illegal mining.

Briggs and Mantini-Briggs note that statistics are "powerful and dangerous" (2003: 267) because of the way that numbers carry such rock-solid truths, the gold standard, as it were, for "what is really happening." Numbers may seem like they "can cover their tracks, their histories, and their political economies of production," because few people will ask, and if they, like a inquiring anthropologist, may not happen to ask the right person – the one who generated those numbers.

The public officials in Madre de Dios not attempt to hide the calculations that they made. They instead stated their aim to utilize these numbers and their accompanying truth-value for

what they believed to be the improvement of human and environmental health in Madre de Dios. What they understand, Vice-President Soto explained, is that if you are not going to be able to find a symbolic figure around which to campaign and generate a response, then numbers – big numbers – really count.

A young paralegal in Puerto Maldonado schooled me on the circulation of numbers when I decided to investigate the statistics in early 2012. "If you are looking for Truth with a capital "T," go drink Ayahuasca. You are in El Wild Wild West. To fight corruption you have to also play the game. You know?" This brief interaction resonated ironically with what I take Simone de Beauvoir's "ethics of ambiguity" to mean. That is, de Beauvoir argues that following one naturalized mode of interacting in the world can have powerfully deleterious results. Geoffrey Bowker and Susan Leigh Star also refer to this "ethics of ambiguity" in their work on statistics, categories, numbers, and sorting things out. "We still need an ethics of ambiguity, still more urgently with the pressure to globalize, and the integration of systems of representation through information technologies across the world" (Bowker & Star 1999: 106) as their continues to be a traffic in numbers and in what it means to "produce" truth.

~The stakes of roadkill

"If the Amazon goes, don't we all go?" Elsa Mendoza, a Peruvian environmental researcher, says. Her organization, *Instituto de Pesquisa Ambiental da Amazonia* (IPAM) – The Institute for Environmental Research in the Amazon, helps to spearhead the evaluation of the Interoceanic Road's environmental impact. Based in Rio Branco, Brazil, Elsa is a several hours' drive on the road to the Peruvian and Bolivian borders. "The Interoceánica is the worst thing to happen to Madre de Dios," Elsa muses when asked about the improved travel conditions. She has helped to author several of the scientific papers that circulate, trying to bring awareness to what she sees as a global problem (Dourojeanni 2006; Mendoza, Perz & Aguilar 2007; Soares-Filho et al., 2006). Her colleague, fellow Peruvian Malú Ochoa directs the *Comissão Pro-Indio do Acre* – Pro-Indian Commission, an NGO that promotes indigenous communities' political and legal rights in the MAP region says that she can understand that the rest of the world doesn't care about these Indians, but that when it comes to the rainforest itself, "if these are the lungs of the earth, why don't people care about breathing?"

Malú, who I eventually came to live with in Rio Branco along with her longtime partner Valeria, had nationalized to Brazil during the Shining Path years. She knew the old dirt route from Cusco to the Amazon that the Interoceanic Road had replaced, having traveled herself from the mountains to the rainforest in the mud. "I do understand that it is harder to care about the earth when you have to work on it, that people deserve the right to have mobility, to sell their products. It's just that without having all the information, people can't make wise decisions about the future. No one could really understand what the Interoceanic Road would do and now it might be too late. Just look at the greed for gold and the mercury. It will kill everyone, not just the miners and the women."

It has been almost a century since Aldo Leopold wrote of the need for adventurers as well as the macabre destiny of what he dubbed the "Good Roads Movement." Unaware of the gold that lay—not in nuggets but rather in pulverized sediment, pounded to dust by the power of the River of the Mother of God, Leopold wrote: "This movement, entirely sound and beneficial in its inception, has been boosted until it resembles a gold-rush, with about the same regard for ethics and good craftsmanship. The spilled treasures of Nature and of the Government seem to incite

about the same kind of stampede in the human mind" (Leopold 1924: 126). As Leopold foretold, the River of the Mother of God no longer disappears off the map. Rather, the river has become a conduit of maritime traffic for both people and things. So has the Interoceanic Road.

~ A Roadmap ~

Chapter I, "On the Road: From the Mountains to the Rainforest" begins in the Andes and ends in the Amazonian gold mines. The Quechua greeting of "*Ama Sua, Ama Llulla, Ama Quella, y Ama Lllunk´a*" – "Don't Lie, Don't Steal, Don't be Lazy, Don't be Servile" reverberates from the tops of gasoline trucks, the standard form of transport for those seeking their fortune in warmer climates. People carry potatoes, chickens, quinoa; they carry coca, seeds to plant; they carry their children and the hopes for a better life. Once they arrive, they will begin to carry another bodily burden, that of mercury contamination. Mercury acts as the main catalyst in the illegal Amazonian gold mining operations. This first chapter examines the physical, physiological, and psychological burdens that people carry with them from the mountains to the rainforest and back again in the context of the Interoceanic Road, its history, the politics of (its) development.

The traffic of illegal lumber, of people with their moto-taxis, alpacas, quinoa and trout atop *combustibles*—gas trucks form an essential link in the global commodity chain. The gold mined in Madre de Dios gold ends up in government coffers, around people's fingers, hanging from their ears, and in computers. Drug trafficking, human trafficking, the extraction of rubber, Brazil nut, gold, and guano have shaped the political landscape of the Amazon basin. The Interoceanic road embodies 21st century issues of political and physical sovereignty (Bebbington 2010; Foucault 2008). The traffic in whom and what travels determines who and what may live or die (Agamben 1998).

From biking, hitchhiking, and walking along the side of the road and the resulting ethnographic encounters, I weave interviews with policemen, healthcare workers, farmers, alpaca herders, miners, and people along the side of the road. The Amazonian-Andean section of the road has upset notions of pristine nature as well as shattering dreams of rainforest travel (Lévi-Strauss 1961). Many indigenous people participate in the illegal gold mining alongside their Andean counterparts. The "space on the side of the road" (Stewart 1996), not just the road itself becomes an important one, both geographically and analytically because this is the space of brothels, bus stops, road-side stands, hours of waiting, weeds, homes, road-kill (though this is also in the middle of the road), police-check points, construction of tolls, restaurants (plastic walls, plastic chairs, a macabre moveable feast) and roughly-hewn wooden crosses to mark the dead. Lives lived right at the edge of the road are at once permanent and mobile.

Chapter II, "Traffic: Consent and its (Dis)contents" interrogates the many physical and theoretical directions that "traffic" can take. In Portuguese and Spanish, a distinction is made among various kinds of traffic, both human and nonhuman. In Portuguese, "tráfego" carries the everyday meaning of commuting, whereas "*tráfico*" refers to the illicit movement of people or things, much like it does in English. In Spanish, however, confusion arises for Latin American policy-makers and law-enforcement agents because translations from English or Portuguese into Spanish tend to classify everything, people and things as "*tráfico*"—meaning smuggling, instead of also considering the word "*trata*" – which instead refers to the "capture, isolation, abuse, trickery, violence in the activity of coerced movement of persons." That is, without the informed

*consen*t of the person being moved. The working definition of what it means to knowingly "give consent" is an important one, not simply semantically, but also legally.

This chapter focuses on three sites: 1) the Center Yanapanakusun in Cusco that acts as a refuge, a school, a training center and that provides legal services to women who have suffered labor exploitation; 2) the Catholic-run refuge, school, and legal services in the town of Mazuko, gateway to the rainforest mining camps and brothels, 3) and the "Alameda" – the dirt road boulevard that is the red-light district in Puerto Maldonado, the capital of Madre de Dios. From women who self-identify as victims of trafficking and labor exploitation to women who own their own brothels and bars, work as peer educators and sexual health counselors, I seek to trouble the tired trope of "victim." Yet, I also consider through the lives of these women what "consent" means when there is no viable economic or bodily alternative – for female sex workers and male gold miners, indigenous or not. That is, I take seriously the precarity of others' lives and choices that will never be my own.

Freedom – the freedom to consent or abstain from sexual activity – forms the core of feminist debates on prostitution. I examine narratives from women who lobby to keep their brothels in Madre de Dios not in opposition to, or to contest the veracity of, narratives of exploitation, but rather to offer a rich ethnographic accounting that demonstrates the multitude of experiences that women have with their bodies and in creating livable lives for themselves. The dynamic lines between the conceptual and lived experiences of women, between what they deem situations of liberation and radical feminist groups deem exploitation, contribute to a traffic in ideas about how to define a "victim" or a voluntary agent.

Building from Saba Mahmood's question about whether the category of resistance imposes "a teleology of progressive politics on the analytics of power—a teleology that makes it hard for us to see and understand forms of being and action that are not necessarily encapsulated by the narrative of subversion and reinscription of norms" (Mahmood 2005: 9), I examine how feminist scholars might look outside, inside, through and perhaps even (dif)fuse the binary opposition of resistance / subversion. While careful not to elide Muslim women's participation in practicing forms of subject formation through readings of the Qur'an, I argue that the radical feminist approach limits conceptions of freedom, agency, and desire among female sex workers in the Amazon.

Chapter III, "Skarlet" Letters: Marked Women, Intersections, and the Not-So-Easy Life" follows the conversations and friendship with "Estrella," a young sex-worker in Madre de Dios not living "the easy life." This chapter traverses linguistic and physical borders among Peru, Brazil, and Bolivia. Through the series of relations that Gayle Rubin frames in her seminal essay, "The Traffic in Women: Notes on the 'political economy' of sex" (1975), I ask about intersections of race and ethnicity with an analysis of gender and sexuality. I employ the analytic of "communicable cartographies" (Briggs, 2005, 2007a, 2007b; Das, 2006) that interpellate women as 'victims' or 'voluntary agents' to examine the traffic in women and the words spoken about women at different sites along the Interoceanic Road. In Brazil, the voluntary agent was a slut – "vadia" or "puta." In Peru, it was simply "*puta*." In both languages, the already gendered and racialized term, "*puta*" represents a boundary object that connects even as it divides the communicable sites that promote the discourse and identity of the sex trafficked "victim" and its companion other – the voluntary agent as slut. I seek to trouble (for I am troubled by it) the clean duality of the victim/voluntary agent binary that I encountered as the only available identities for women both in and outside the Interoceanic Road's sex industry. The victim/voluntary agent dichotomy encompasses the intersections of race, class, and gender also at play in the white

virginal madonna / black whore opposition that bell hooks analyzed in *Ain't I A Woman*? (hooks, 1981). The question of "ain't I a woman?" resonates with "when is a woman just a woman?" (Rubin 1975: 158).

The role of the North American white female writer, in part authoring the representations of such relations and intersections, is one that I consider through Derrida's discussion of the "*pharmakon.*" The *pharmakon* is both a remedy and a poison, not simply as a medicinal substance, but writing itself. In the writing, there is a forgetting as well as a remembering. Derrida extends this analysis to the *pharmakeus,* the necessary outcasts and scapegoats Athenian society, purged to keep the city healthy. Weaving together St. Augustine and Thomas Aquinas who both wrote about prostitution as an essential evil with male government officials in Madre de Dios whose words either paraphrased or resonated this particular vein of thinking, I consider what it means to include sex workers into the idiom of the *pharmakeus*. As outcasts, they are pulled from daily circulation. Brazilian scholar Marilena Chauí's term "semiophor" (2001) and Gayatri Spivak's well-trodden essay (for good reason) "Can the Subaltern Speak" (1988)? spur me on to think through gendered and racialized circulation and stasis.

Chapter IV, "*La Letra Con Sangre Entra*: Collisions and Other Kinds of Encounter" revolves around the expression: "*La Letra con Sangre Entra*," which literally means "The Letter" or "the Law" with Blood Enters." It translates more commonly as "Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child." In June 2012 the Peruvian government established a women's police commission because of an alarming spike in domestic violence. Police officers and psychologists cite "*convivencia*" (living together) outside of marriage of men and women with different customs (*costumbres*) and thus with conflicting worldviews to be the problem. The recent anthropological scholarship framed as the "Ontological Turn" takes up the cosmovisions and theme of "living together" or "*convivencia*" with nonhumans. In Latin America, Bolivia and Ecuador have taken the lead in rewriting their constitutions to include "The Rights of Mother Earth (*Los Derechos de la Madre Tierra*) under the Quechua term: *Sumak kawsay*, which roughly translates into "*buen vivir*"/"*vivir bien*" (to live well) with the Earth.

I draw from Marisol de la Cadena (2010) whose work offers a nuanced approach to *sumak kawsay* cosmovisions, along with Isabel Stengers's "The Cosmopolitical Proposal" (2005) and Eduardo Viveiros de Castro's work on "perspectival anthropology" (2004a) and "multinaturalism" (2004b). Rather than making various worlds commensurable in order to equate and compare one to another, I take Stenger's provocation to make an analytical "slowing down" to think about the divergences rather than oppositions of ways of living as well as what happens when collisions leave people stuck or stopped by the road.

Taking the "collision" of worlds and people in Madre de Dios, as law-enforcement authorities and nongovernmental workers – Peruvian and foreign – framed it, this chapter explores how to hold differing world views without collapsing them into the same translatable cultural object of analysis. *Sumak kawsay* has become a battle cry for scholars and activists who promote subject rights for mother earth in South America. It stems from a vision that a vocal group of Latin American scholars declare is at odds with a capitalist worldview—community-oriented with the consideration of nonhuman life-forms as part of that community (Choquehuanca 2010; Guydnas 2011; Macas 2010; Melo 2009; Wray 2008). The elision of Quechua speakers and people of indigenous descent with this worldview and with "nature" muffles other kinds of capitalist claims to power and autochthony that is very much alive in fantasies of fame and fortune—of living differently in another world that is not the rainforest.

The women's police commission (*Comisaría de las Mujeres*) has six female police officers, including one *Capitana* to tackle the Peruvian state of Madre de Dios, which is roughly the size of Portugal. From the women's police station to accompanying the police force – male and female – into the jungle brothels to conduct a "*batida*" (a raid) and then to the community of Sabaluyoc where "The Last of the Iñapari" lives, the people and worlds that collide do not always shatter, but can also meld and coalesce. Maria Magdalena, the last Iñapari speaker is married to a Quechua-Spanish speaker who would like to make a film about her life, the world that will be lost when she dies, but he also wants to convey his love for her and her inconstancy to him. "*La letra con sangre entra*" comes from his lips both to explain how he keeps his wife in line, as well as what Peru's current educational system lacks – the use of force.

Chapter V, "When Mines are Like Women and Other Sets of Riddled Relations*"* concerns an unfortunate joke that came as a constant refrain in the illegal gold mines, asking what the difference was between a woman and a gold mine. "Nothing," was the answer. Why a mine is like a woman?" is one of three riddles that I examine in this chapter, riddles that juxtapose women and men with the natural and built environment. These riddles can reinstate certain notions about male and female identities, but they can also challenge them, producing alternative relations where race, gender, indigeneity, and sexuality come into play. I model this chapter on riddle structure, not entirely linear, to suggest the possibility of multiple responses to what it means to be a woman, a man, a human, or a gold mine as well as to underline the dialogic creation of ethnographic knowledge. If language enables the construction of particular kinds of categories or categorical understandings of what constitutes nature, culture, male, female, human and nonhuman, then perhaps it can also lend itself to a deconstruction, disabling aspects of established binary oppositions, stable categories of race, gender, indigeneity, sexuality, and modes of ethnographic sense-making.

Indigenous community leaders, many of whom are female, stand against the mining. Their stance contrasts with the narrative of the most powerful woman in Peru, Gregoria Huamanhuillca Baca. Huamanhuillca represents an uncomfortably productive figure to think with – a woman who runs the largest area of illegal gold mines in Peru and known for her "*pago a la tierra*" rituals, sacrificing woman and men to the earth in payment for extracting the gold. Referred to as a "pishtaco," for feeding on people and the land, I argue that Huamanhuillca, nicknamed "*La Goya*," represents a most enticing female target: her lust for gold counters the male-dominated world of the gold miners and brothel-goers. While *La Goya* can be seen as a bitter antidote to a saccharine feminism and Edenic environmentalism, I believe she embodies something far more interesting—a powerful woman, easy to attack, shrouded in mystery. Her existence is, and continues to be a kind of riddle for me.

Disgruntling for journalists is La Goya's refusal to speak publicly. It was not until March 9, 2014 that she broke her years of silence with an "exclusive" news segment with the Peruvian television media channel *Cuarto Poder*. While I initially lamented the impossibility of an interview with the Peruvian "Gold Queen", watching her image and story – never from her own lips – circulate and gain momentum became an object of analysis itself. Gregoria's fame and power only increases with her refusal to speak – she can choose not to do so. When she did appear momentarily on camera, she appeared with her ex-husband and children. Rather than defending herself, she shows the camera crew and reporter around town and the mines. She doesn't need to defend herself.

.

Quechua riddles (*watuchi* and *imasmari*) and Shipibo riddles (*muranqui*) impart lessons of morality and history, present mind-twisters and jokes, demonstrate superiority in duels of language or impart a message that might not otherwise be spoken in direct dialogue. They allow for innovation, for people to create their own; they highlight the importance of dialogically constructed knowledge, and they create the conditions for more than just one answer. Who is asking and who is answering the riddle also matters. From a serendipitous taxi-ride shared with the ousted mayor of the most infamous mining town to interviews and participant observation with the regional environmental engineers, health officials, and Peruvian bio-watchdogs, I examine how minerals and plants play fundamental roles in shaping the lives of humans, particularly in the context of reciprocity, debt, and (re)payment.

I conclude this dissertation with a violent mining strike in March of 2012 that closed the Interoceanic Road, abruptly bringing my fieldwork in Madre de Dios to a close. This event brought me to think about a fundamental question underlying my research: What constitutes an intervention — theoretical, humanitarian, or political? This question informs my scholarly analysis and therefore my engagement with the people that I worked with. While I acknowledge the epistemological, not to mention ethical complexities, that an activist approach entails, such complexities are what drive my research in the first place.

Chapter I

On the Road: From the Mountains to the Rainforest

Anthropology is a profession in which adventure plays no part; merely one of its bondages, it represents no more than a dead weight of weeks or months wasted en route…. That the object of our studies should be attainable only by continual struggle and vain expenditures does not mean that we should set any store by what we should rather consider as the negative aspect of our profession. The truths we have come so far to seek are of value only when we have scraped them clean of all this fungus.

Claude Lévi-Strauss, *Triste Tropiques*

Figure 15: Combustible ~ Gas truck loaded with people and moto-taxies en route from the mountains to the rainforest

Ama Sua, Ama Llulla, Ama Quella, y Ama Lllunk´a
No Seas Mentiroso, No Seas Ladrón, No Seas Flojo, No Seas Servil
Don't Lie, Don't Steal, Don't be Lazy, Don't be Servile

~The Things They Carry

They carry bags of quinoa. They carry amaranth. They carry *habas*—fava beans; they carry *chuño*—potatoes dried, frozen, rehydrated in a river, and then frozen again on the Andean altiplano. They carry chicken. They carry lake trout, frozen in the snow. The frozen cargo will make it to the rainforest, but they must cook it right away if they don't have the generators to power refrigeration. One can learn to know what's in the bag, like a thief would. The sacks holding beans and potatoes are woven white plastic bags to mimic the heavy durability of burlap and bear the dark marks of the soil. The bags filled with the frozen bodies of chicken and lake trout create a metallic thud when they land atop the trucks. The quinoa and amaranth have such a fine grain that they can slip through the bag's thread, leaving a thin trail that the chickens follow. Men and women alike hoist themselves atop these trucks, nicknamed "*combustibles*" because of the triangular "Flammable" or "Combustible" warning signs on their bellies. It is cheaper to ride illegally on top of the trucks in the freezing mountain air than it is to ride in a bus. These are trucks, often with circular bodies topped with a flat frame or metal poles – a ribbing onto which people sit amongst their sacks of food, clothing, mattresses, chickens, sheep, motorcycles, and other people.

"Ama Sua, Ama Llulla, Ama Quella" travelers call to each other in the traditional Cusqueño Quechua greeting, "Don't Lie, Don't Steal, Don't be Lazy."[13] These are the "*Tres Principios*" (TheThree Principles) that form the basis of the Quechua code of conduct, that, like the fare-thee-well words of "Take Care of Yourself" sound just as much like good advice as they do a warning. Peruvian schoolchildren learn the three principles in school, not surprisingly, the fourth one: *Ama Llunk´a* – Don't Be Servile[14] does not always make it into the lesson. The principled greeting dates back to the height of the Incan Empire and has become emblematic of Peru's great past, its moral center, and the principles from which the republic will recreate itself as a "modern" nation (Berti and Cryan 2006).

"Don't Lie, Don't Steal, Don't be Lazy" echoes along the Interoceanic Road as people leave their homes in the mountainous regions of Cusco and Puno—from small towns that do not show on official records—and stream into Amazonian region of *Madre de Dios*, which means: "The Mother of God," in Spanish. People come from the fields, from planting potatoes and corn, from threshing hard winter wheat, from collecting salt from the windy flats, from homes built of enormous stones, the remnants of Incan roads and empire. They come from herding their sheep and alpacas, from sheering, cleaning, and spinning the animals' wool. They are men, women, and children carried by the women.

Then there are some who carry nothing with them, only the clothes they wear. These are not yet "men" – they are children by international standards, under the age of eighteen. But age defies quantification when people do not know their birthdays, do not have documentation (before the state) of their existence, and have learned to survive on their own, by the side of the road, in the mines where men many years their senior perish. Stories proliferate of children who

---

[13] Cusqueño Quechua—Quechua from Cusco became the lingua franca of the Incan Empire, which, ironically the Spanish conquest pushed further than the Inca did. See Paul Proulx's "Quechua and Aymara" in *Language Sciences* 9 (1) 91- 102, 1987 for an account of the differences between Quechua and Aymara and the zones of linguistic contact.

[14] Evo Morales, Bolivian's Aymara president, claims to live by this code of ethics, particularly the fourth—not to be servile.

take to the road. They ride the combustibles or walk, looking for their siblings who left to find their fortune in the gold mines or because their parents died of old age, of illness, or of broken hearts when their children never returned home.

"They"—the riders and walkers of the road of all ages and genders, do not always give their real names, and if they do, those who carry them from the Andes to the Amazon along the Interoceanic Road will change their names for them. If they carry their documents with them, this is a liability rather than an assurance for those who would employ them. "They" ride with the sheep, the alpacas, the motorcycles, the beer, the quinoa, the amaranth, the trout and the chicken—frozen or still warm and alive.

The older women sit surrounded by their ample black skirts—*polleras,* literally "a chicken seller" but also so named because when the women are seated, the skirts spread around them, giving them a roosting look, and any number of things could emerge from underneath. But who would look under a lady's skirt, especially of ladies so severe in countenance? During the height of the Shining Path's power, Andean women who sympathized or openly worked with the subversive group, would smuggle contraband materials: arms, tires, gasoline cans, under their skirts. In Cusco, the older women also wear fedoras, the vestiges of colonialism or a reappropriation to counter it. The fedoras disappear the further from the city center one goes. In the countryside, the women wear *manteras*—wide-brimmed flat hats with ribbons that stream from the rim. These are the women, married or widowed, who carry gloves, sweaters, and scarves that they have knitted. The wool smells of wood-smoke and leaves a thin sheen of lanolin on the skin after touching it. These women throw their sacks of goods open when the trucks stop, sitting by the side of the road in the hopes of making a sale.

"All of this transit is illegal," police officer Alipio explains as we stand by the side of the road in the mountain town of Marcapata. "These trucks are for gasoline, not people." Continuously shrouded in a mist that often swells so thick that it feels like walking in a cloud, Marcapata has a magical feel to it. In the town center stands the three hundred and fifty-some year old Church of *San Francisco de Asis de Marcapata* that looks like it fell out of a fairytale with its mud walls and thatch roof. The mountain churches blend the "*apus*" – the mountain gods with Catholic saints. The morning pilgrimage to church, to Saint Francis, the patron saint of animals, is also the walk to market where animals, vegetables, and, most recently, Coca Cola products, can be found.

"We are four policemen in Marcapata. But it's not just that. Look at the economy of Peru. It's expensive. So, people are not going to stop doing this. The *combustible* is cheaper than the bus and it comes more often." Alipio describes instances where police would try to intervene and passengers would turn hostile and menacing. "It's their choice. It's more dangerous, that's why it's cheaper. They could die. To each his own destiny. So why bother?"

Figure 16: The Entrance to La Iglesia de San Francisco de Asis de Marcapata

Every four years, communities in the region come together for "*repaje*" – replacing the straw roof. Nearby is the "Hostal Lenin." The revolution lives on, though the traveler and the police are never certain exactly when it will reignite.

Two hundred miles southeast along the Interoceanic Road in Puerto Maldonado, the capital of the Amazonian region of *Madre de Dios*, Dr. Jorge Aldazabal Soto reflects on how much safer, quieter, and cleaner everything was before the construction of the *Interoceánica*, before it became "*El Wild Wild West*." In 2011, Soto is the Vice-President of the regional government of Madre de Dios (he was elected President in late 2012). "Traffic existed, yes, he says, "but fewer trucks rumbled along what was a seasonal dirt road." Vehicles followed an unpaved trajectory that changed its course with the weather. The dirt road was more like a river, succumbing to floods and rockslides and mud so slick and thick that people would have to camp until the conditions cleared, sometimes a month later. Or they would walk. The journey from Cusco or Puno could take a week to three weeks in favorable conditions. In those days, the men traveled alone more, leaving their wives and children at home to tend the guinea pigs that live in the kitchen, to harvest the potatoes and corn, the quinoa, amaranth and wheat, to herd the animals and to wait. When their men didn't come home after their "*noventa*" – the 90-day spoken contract, the women tried looking for their men, but didn't know exactly where to go.

~The Things and the People They Carry

"The human trafficking problem is enormous. But it's not new. It is more visible and more possible with the road," Dr. Soto says, turning his desk fan to rotate towards Dr. Roy Santos, head of social development in the health department and myself. We talk about the differences between "smuggling" – transporting human or nonhuman commodities, which is "*tráfico*" is Spanish. The term in Spanish for "human trafficking" is "*trata de personas*," which better expresses the notion of coercion present in the English term where "*trata*" is "to handle, to treat, to negotiate." The distinction is an important one. "*Tráfico*" in Peru refers not just to smuggling of illicit people and items, but can also be employed interchangeably with "*transito*," referring to the more benign, even if irritating, quotidian movements of transit to-and-from a place of work, of commerce, of home.

Today, one stands in the many bus stations around Cusco, on street corners, or at the stalls in the markets—in the Andes and in the Amazon, and sees "*fichas de trabajo*"—"Help Wanted" signs advertising the need for labor in the jungle, as well as "*fichas de los disaparecidos*" – missing persons notices. The missing persons posters get lost under the WANTED ads. These spaces of transit, of waiting, of "pause" (Morris 1993: 270) are what "catch" people, and put them in motion, on a path that is perhaps—though not always—different from the one that they envisioned for themselves. Bus stations and taxi-stops – the "places of waiting"— bustle and move without posted signs by the side of the road to designate where to "stop."

Since the paving of the *Interoceánica*, the demand for laborers to work in the mines has increased as has the demand for cooks and waitresses—who may (have to) serve up more than just food. Now men with families may take them along after staking an unlawful claim on someone else's land—government-protected national parkland, Shipibo or Harakmbut land, or Amazonian inhabitants' land, those who does not claim indigenous blood but find themselves in the same predicament as their indigenous neighbors. "We only have Indians in the Amazon" native Quechua and Aymara speakers insist (de la Cadena 2000; Urteaga Crovetto 2007 on indigenous identity in Peru). This is one way to know a Peruvian from a Bolivian or Ecuadorian[15] for "the invited" – "*los invitados*" come from all Ecuador and Bolivia, as well as Brazil and Colombia and they take over with force. Even the police in the region succumb to the miners, either because the miners have better firepower or simply because of sheer manpower.

Dr. Soto and Dr. Santos outline the narrative portrayed by the media and by the local government's mining engineers, that the "*invitados*" have been invited, the refrain goes, by the region's Congressman, Amado Eulogio Romero who the Peruvian media have dubbed: "*Come-Oro*", meaning "Gold Eater." Romero aka "Gold Eater" ran for congress in 2011, after having served as the head of the Federation of Miners from Madre de Dios (*Federación Minera de Madre de Dios*—FEDEMIN). He allegedly accepted the equivalent of 300 million dollars in gold for his questionable involvement in unlawfully granting access to land that belongs to individuals, indigenous communities, or conservation land trusts. In what seems an incredible feat of staying-power, Romero did not have to cede his seat until 2012, when Congress put him on probation, and this only after unceasing coverage from the media showing Romero on film accepting bribes—and boasting about how he had the power to give the miners whatever they

[15] Footnote / some more in the text about the differences among these three countries in terms of indigenous politics and identification/indigeneity

wanted.[16] "Los invitados," invited or not by Romero, flood into the region of Madre de Dios. Some come at the invitation of their neighbors, or their brothers, their uncles, friends, or the unknown owner of an illegal mine who advertises what seems to be an insatiable need for hard-working bodies.

"The people who enter the mines are undocumented criminals—former Shining Path members," Dr. Soto says. This makes them even more dangerous, adding a political edge to the lawlessness. "If it were just economic need, well, that would be one thing. But they don't want the government of Peru at all." The regional authorities have grown accustomed to physically and politically negotiating with gold miners. During the mining protests that continuously erupt when the central government declares tighter environmental regulations to limit mercury contamination and deforestation, the regional government must operate in hiding. "This building that we are sitting in, my office, it's new. Do you know why we wanted it by the river?" I shake my head that I don't, other than it has a nice view of the water and the new "Bridge of Friendship" with Brazil. "Because the same miners who cause trouble also are or were loggers. They burned the government buildings to the ground several years ago. Puerto Maldonado was on fire," Dr. Soto pauses and gestures out towards the road from his desk. "We can't stop the *combustible* trucks that everyone rides," Dr. Soto pauses and points to the road from his desk, "we need the gasoline. But I wish we could stop with the death threats from the miners."

Local politicians and activists—identifying as indigenous or not, find themselves frustrated with the lack of support from the central Peruvian government and the constant menace to their lives. "*No hay Estado* (there is no State)" says José Luis Aguirre, President of Madre de Dios in 2011 (ousted in late 2012). It is disheartening to hear a politically elected leader of the region say this. But it is a common refrain. "Even our families receive death threats. We can't use all the police to guard us! But I am not going to shut-up," Aguirre says, and it is unclear whether he aggravates or reduces his chances of getting killed by saying this on nationally-aired television. The colonel of the police force, Miguel Navarrete agrees. "We just don't have the personnel. We don't have the policemen to enforce these new measures, and there are always news measures—human trafficking and environmental ones. This is why we need documentation. We need publicity. We need the rest of Peru and the world to care." This means inviting journalists from Peruvian newspapers and the odd foreign ethnographer to participate in police raids into the mines. Aguirre and local government officials eventually realized that either because of lack of manpower or economic wherewithal, Lima was not going to come to their aid. So Aguirre went to the U.S. embassy, USAID, and the Organization for International Migration (OIM) for help. Citing the human trafficking problem was not enough. Once Aguirre alerted the U.S. personnel that the Interoceanic Road represented a "cocaine corridor" and that traffickers would establish parallel routes for people and for drugs, if not use people as their *mulas* (literally mules, meaning drug-runners, usually women), finances and attention came swiftly.

In October 2011, the regional government conducted a ceremony to declare the signing of a new anti-trafficking law with speeches by President José Luis Aguirre and Dolores Cortés of the human trafficking unit of the OIM. They referred to the fall of the U.S. dollar and the rise of the price of gold that coincided with the push to pave the *Interoceánica* through Madre de Dios at the end of 2008. In the crowd of journalists, human rights activists, NGO workers, and

[16] (VIDEOS of him engaging in this-the coverage from the media—easy to find in my archives)-Quarto Poder documentel and El Comercio coverage

environmental advocates that mixed over buffet tables and Cusqueña beer, conversations focused on origin stories for the human trafficking problems. The most concern centered on women and children—female children.

This kind of traveler is one that does not often sit atop the trucks. They do not pay their way up-front with their own soles or walk for kilometers and kilometers along the side of the road. They travel in private taxies or in buses. Some even arrive in Lima first by plane. These young women and girls wear tighter clothing. They never travel alone. They come from all over Peru as well as Brazil, Bolivia, Ecuador, Columbia, and Haiti. Women who come from Haiti enter through Bolivia, filtering into Peru and Brazil where the law enforcement is thin and the border porous.[17] From Ecuador and Columbia they arrive by bus or by plane to Lima, if not taking the road straight to Madre de Dios.

They carry makeup, clothes, music—almost always furnished as a "gift," repayable along with the price of transport, when they arrive at their destination. They also carry remedies, concoctions, charms and medicines of various kinds—the most common being a mixture of allopathic and plant medicines, condor talons from the Andes for protection, charms from the witches' market, candles, seeds, compresses, instructions for contraception, abortion, and seduction. Walking, bussing, cycling, running and hitch hiking, I travel alongside and often mix with all this traffic. I carry people's stories with me. The most heavy come from the women who have paid their debt to those who carried them, free to move—or not—as like they. These stories often feel heavy, even as I nurtured tentative friendships, the sharing of stories and the intimacy that comes with being a "*madrina*" – godmother of many a sex-worker's child.

The human bodies—male and female—that come to work in the gold mines end up with a different kind of burden, not just with the things they have carried. The level of mercury toxicity is called a "body-burden," weighing on the metabolic system, hampering the liver from clearing the poison, settling into the adipose tissue as heavy metals do—yet mobile in that they can cross the blood-brain barrier. When mercury seeps into the brain, it causes violent mood-swings, uncontrollable anger, and depression. Healthcare workers, policemen, and lawyers blame mercury, along with the problem of *convivencia* ("cohabitation" or "coexistence" of people with differing habits or customs [*costumbres*] and values [*valores]*) for the rise in domestic violence. This kind of "traffic" in values creates collisions, or *golpes* ("blows"), as nurses and doctors in Puerto Maldonado's *Hospital Santa Rosa* explain. The mercury and the problem of cultural differences explain men's volatile behavior—but not what is perceived as women's errant sexual behavior.

~Fantasies of Innocence and Filth

"Many of the women really don't know that they are heading into prostitution… but of course some of them do. The innocence is hard to understand," Angela, a psychologist in the town of Mazuko tells me. "It's hard to understand if you've been here a while and have seen so much. It's almost worse hearing the same kinds of stories over and over again." It's been almost a year at her post, counseling victims of human trafficking and domestic violence. Angela feels worn thin. She didn't expect it to be easy, but the isolation from other people who think like her has been difficult. "It's a question of values, I think. I am from the jungle, all the women and children I see come from the Andes. We all learn the "*tres principios*" in school. But it doesn't

[17] Haitian men and women flow through this border, seeking work and refuge.

mean we are all alike." Some of Angela's colleagues are also victims of trafficking. This makes her feel as though she has no perspective of another way of being, of an outside world, even if she used to live in it.

Sitting with Angela in her office, the stories of how people travelled, ones of general transit, mix with those of actual coerced or manipulated traffic of persons. Some of the women who come for assistance have entered into work contracts in the mines or in the brothels of their own accord. Some have not. "It's a complete mix, really." One young woman who turns out to be eighteen, but was brought to Angela by the police in a "*batida,*" a raid to find minors, sits in the office, clearly irritated with the situation. "I want to go back. I want to get paid. I haven't gotten paid for the month." According to Angela's diagnosis, as I do not sit in on the confidential evaluations, "Linda" comes from a "good family," upsetting the notion that only fractured families nurture this kind of sexual deviance. Yet, for as many women who have similar stories as Linda's, there are the frightened and broken women—and men—who either make it to the police on their own, or a kind truck driver finds them limping, unconscious, or captive by the side of the road.

This was the case a young woman who kept saying that she gave up her daughter, believing that the "*señora,*" who looked and smelled so nice, would really send her child to school and buy her the bicycle as she promised. While many of the police dismiss this story as a lie, Angela is not so sure. "I spend enough time with these women that I believe them. It's just so hard to understand, when I have seen it so often, why they would believe these false promises." Angela wonders aloud. "Do they really believe in "*Ama Sua*" -- that people won't lie? What happened to the fourth one, "Don't be Servile?" Her hypothesis is that the intense poverty creates more than just the physical conditions to send children away, but also the psychological need to also believe the possibility of a better life.

Intense poverty, the desire to believe in a better life, and in the inherent goodness of other human beings is at play here, as are centuries of colonialism, physical and economic oppression. I discussed this with Angela who responds that her frustration results from a sense of powerlessness. She is struggling to find a way to deal with the pain that these mothers share with her. Her own sense of confusion and pain translates into passing somewhat severe judgment on the women she sees in her office.

Angela is from another part of the Peruvian Amazon and does not speak Quechua. "Maybe I am "dirty" to these "*cholas*" (women from the mountains) because I am from the jungle. But I am educated. They are not. I dress nicely and put on makeup to show them that it's all right to feel proud of yourself. It's important to feel good about yourself. I think they don't believe they are worth anything. They don't have *auto-estima* (self esteem), that's why they don't stand up for themselves." The clash of "*costumbres*" (of "customs"), as Angela puts it, between people from the "*sierra*" (the mountains) and people from the "*selva*" (jungle), stretches back to the Incan Empire. Women from the mountains are traditionally categorized as "cold" and "closed" while women from the jungle are "hot" and "open." Angela makes a distinction between the women who come to her as victims of domestic abuse and the younger women or girls that the police bring to her. She can't believe how physically dirty the women who suffer from domestic abuse are—"they don't take care of themselves." The sex-workers, however, most often dress nicely and do the best they can do to stay clean, which is not easy to do in the mines or in Mazuko, where there is no running water except for the river, now filthy from the mining and common use as a toilet. They are a different kind of "dirty", Angela explains, noting

that she too often falls into this category of a "dirty" or "fallen" woman because her features mark her as indigenous—jungle indigenous, not mountain indigenous.

The notion of dirt as "matter out of place," Mary Douglas writes in *Purity and Danger: An Analysis of Pollution and Taboo*, implies that dirt is not a singular event. "Where there is dirt there is a system. Dirt is the by-product of a systematic ordering and classification of matter in so far as ordering involves rejecting inappropriate elements. This idea of dirt takes us straight into the field of symbolism and promises a link-up with more obviously symbolic systems of purity" (Douglas 155). The tenets of "*Ama Sua, Ama Llulla, and Ama Quella*" – "Don't Lie, Don't Steal, Don't Be Lazy" separate the Incan empire from the lowland "Indian," not only dirty from living in the jungle, but also socially dirty, prone to lying, cheating, stealing. The sexual pollution, of "being dirty," attaches to the jungle women and gold miners, a mark that cannot be washed away. Angela is adamant that the sex-workers she sees—mostly brought by the police—break the stereotype of the reserved woman from the mountains and the lascivious lady from the jungle. "The men most often prefer women with lighter skin, sure—so… not me!" She laughs. "But it's not true that all the women in the *prostíbulos* come from everywhere *but* the mountains. It's just not true. They come from Iquitos, Pucallpa, even Lima… Colombia, Ecuador, Brazil…"

Angela had become curious about what it was like inside the "*prostíbulos*" or makeshift brothels. So she'd gone undercover to chat with the men. The mix of people surprised her. While the men came primarily from Peru, there were men from Bolivia too. The Bolivians hailed mainly from the Andes, but young men from Lima sidled up from her too. They had heard that they could make their fortune in the gold mines of Madre de Dios. Now they tried their luck in Mazuko, buying beer after beer and time with the women. The women were from all over—she heard one woman speaking "Portuñol" or a mixture of Portuguese and Spanish. She overheard Quechua and asked casually where the women were from. "Puno" or "Cusco" came the answer. The foray confirmed what Angela had suspected from the women who came into her office—that it wasn't just women from the lowlands that flooded into Madre de Dios.

"It makes it harder to fight the sex-trafficking, these assumptions," Angela says. "If the jungle means total disorder, violence, dirt, and disease and the mountains are sacred and clean, serious… then the authorities respond to phantoms (*fantasmas*), not real problems." Dirt signifies disorder, but, as Mary Douglas points out, it is this sullied entropy that feeds the notion and the material formation of order, rootedness, cleanliness. "Granted that disorder spoils pattern; it also provides the materials of pattern…. This is why, though we seek to create order, we do not simply condemn disorder. We recognize that it is destructive to existing patterns; also that it has potentiality. It symbolizes both danger and power…. (156). Without the prostitute, there is no decent woman. Without dirty there is no *recognizable* purity, danger, or power. It must be expelled – or spelled out—to the outside to be seen. Sanctioned adultery for men, the women wear the scarlet letter. Not surprisingly, women bear the brunt of sexual filth, part of the system that excludes it by being the necessary outside to the clean inner circle of upstanding humans. This held true in the Middle Ages as well: "If you take away the prostitutes," Thomas Aquinas notes, "the palace becomes a cesspool."

"If you take away the prostitution, you just get "*un erial*" – a wasteland," Juan Carlos says as we drive to KM 107 along the Interoceanic Road. Juan Carlos works for the regional government. He is the head nurse in charge of taking medicine on the move. He has invited me to join the mobile clinic, leaving Puerto Maldonado on Sunday at five in the morning. We stop briefly at his clinic—that does not have wheels—in Alto Libertad (High Liberty) to collect two female nurses—Maribel and Raimunda. I help load medical supplies from the two-room clinic,

noting the worn but clean furniture and equipment. The mining camp at KM 107 that we will enter is one where Juan Carlos has established a presence, conducting rapid HIV tests and sexual health workshops. The space by the side of the road bustles at nine in the morning and it is beastly hot. Juan Carlos negotiates "*mobilidad*" for us – we will travel from the road into the jungle by motorcycle. Nelson, our driver, parks the regional government's truck by the side of the road. He is an enormous man – part bodyguard, part driver. He will come with us too.

Juan Carlos gives careful instructions to the taxi-drivers. There is more than one way into the mines, but with such narrow paths, we have to go one-by-one. Juan Carlos goes first, then me, then Maribel, Raimunda, then Nelson. To talk above the roar of the motorcycle, one has to yell. My driver and I exchange greetings. I ask him where he is from. "Cusco." He asks me the same and I reply that I have come from Brazil, where I have been living for the past year. I am careful not to lie, but also not to say immediately that I am from the United States. Juan Carlos has instructed me not to be so open with people, nor to be respectful of him and the nurses. "You are the doctor. I don't care whether it's a doctor of philosophy, anthropology, whatever. Look at your skin; look at mine. You put us all in danger if you don't understand that you have to be the doctor. It's the way things are here. White at the top." Juan Carlos explains that I can talk about my research to people in the mines as I have to him and his crew, but that acting deferentially to them will raise gold miners' suspicions. "People assume that you are Brazilian, why change that? You have Brazilian family. You aren't lying. You aren't a trafficker, promising things that will never happen. You can even talk to people about the United States, but don't walk in there and be a *gringa* up front. They'll think that you are an environmentalist. Then we are in trouble."

~Maintaining Order(s) Where There is no State

The classic trope of the environmentalist as a self-righteous misfit, protecting the earth and animals to the detriment of humans, not understanding the economic realities that people face, and blocking the desire for "progress" works well for the lobbying efforts of illegal gold miners and loggers. The sites used by Peruvian NGOs in Puerto Maldonado were burned to the ground in 2006 when "illegal" loggers marched in opposition to governmental efforts to curb deforestation. When the regional president Louis Aguirre Pastor tried to implement environmental reforms, angering the gold miners in 2012, he and his family received death threats and had to go into hiding. While Peruvians also worked consistently and conspicuously for environmental justice, the idea that Western money funded their efforts made *gringos* targets.

So to fit into the existing order of things, I follow Juan Carlos's orders. It takes us almost half-an-hour, bouncing along the hardened dirt path, to reach the mining camp. It is enormous and extremely well organized. Tent-like structures with blue and black plastic walls line wide avenues of packed sand. We pass signs advertising high speed Internet, an all-inclusive lunch of *lomo saltado*—salted beef with potatoes and rice, a Coca-Cola and Jello for dessert. The streets have names and flashy jewelry, perfumes, and shoes on display. We stop at "Sara's Farmacía" to check in with Sara. Her mother has been ill, Juan Carlos explains, and her husband left her. So she's supporting her kids by herself now. She's been working in the mines for the past year and is a pharmacist by training. My driver is a shy kid, nineteen years old, and no longer wanting to work in the mines. He says that makes more money transporting people and things in-and-out of the forest. He charges $40 soles – roughly $20 USD per trip. He says he makes anywhere from twenty to forty trips a day. That's anywhere from $400 to $800 a day, not

subtracting for gasoline. He is part of an association of drivers who organized in this part of the jungle. "We each contribute a percentage of our earnings at the end of each week. This pays for one of us if we get sick or our motorcycle breaks, something bad happens and we can't pay for it." My Peruvian colleagues do not share my shock at the organization of unions. "Where there is no state, people have to organize," Juan Carlos says, handing me a cooler and bags of syringes. "Let's go."

That day we see over one hundred men and women, lining up for rapid HIV tests. We have asked a local brothel owner if we can set up at his entrance, a little wooden deck that faces. Maribel patiently explains the test to each person. Most of them have never had it before and are scared of needles. "It's not a needle, I'm only going to prick your finger and there will be a little blood, but not much." Raimunda administers surveys to find out where people are coming from, how long they have been there, and how they arrived. Juan Carlos and Nelson give groups of men sexual health information and keep the mood light by inflating condoms into long balloons. I hand out posters and condoms—everyone wants a poster, even if it is public health propaganda, and photos of patients in hospitals. "It will make the bar look nicer," one woman, sitting in line to take her HIV/AIDS exam, says.

Figure 17: Maribel stands at the back of the outdoor waiting room, handing back results while others wait, promotional health posters and children in hand.

Figure 18: "The Three Boys From Lima" as they asked to be named and photographed.
These young men collected stacks of condoms once they had received their "negative" HIV/AIDS results

Taking a close look at the posters, they are addressed specifically to the woman. – "Even if you are only with him… (*Aunque solo estés con él*…) Do the HIV Test (*Hazte la prueba VIH*). The poster explains that nine out of ten women who have HIV contracted it from their husband or partner. "It's better to know," the poster says right below the image of the woman's face. "*Es mejor saberlo*."

The poster itself lays the burden of responsibility on the woman, a "faithful" woman at that, though the tone of the poster with the ellipses after the "Even if you are only with him" leaves space for ambiguity, pregnant with suspicious suggestion. The thoroughly "pure" woman should not have to worry about sexually-transmitted diseases. Already a "tainted" woman, the female sex-worker carries the burden of contagious pollution. In the mines, sex-work is an overwhelmingly heterosexual exchange of bodily desire, if not fluids. At once necessary and out-of-place, these women surprise public health researchers from Lima and Western funding agencies with their low incidence of sexually transmitted diseases. These diagnoses of "clean" exams risks the funding given to the Peruvian government from agencies such as USAID. The results stubbornly refuse "the epistemological and ontological groundwork from which the society's basic ideological premises arise" (Taussig 1980: 4). These people are *not* supposed to

be clean and orderly. With each rapid HIV test taken, the patient must give their equivalent of a U.S. social security number. Michael Taussig writes in "Reification and the Consciousness of the Patient" that the "issue of control and manipulation is concealed by the aura of benevolence" (Ibid). The health team that I worked with, however, systematically provided health care, knowing that they were receiving false identification numbers. "It's impossible to really trace people," Raimunda explains. "And you can't help people who don't want you to be there and most people are scared of VIH because they've heard it's bad, but they suffer more from tuberculosis and skin diseases than anything else."

Maribel agrees with Raimunda. "Tuberculosis is making a comeback," Maribel notes. "Skin diseases, respiratory problems, these are what we need to focus on because they affect everyone." She does her job, but she thinks the time and energy could be better spent addressing the environmental situation that creates the fertile conditions for human diseases. I ask her whether the issue of control and tracking blood or DNA has anything to do with the HIV tests.

They shake their heads and say that the regional government in Madre de Dios is not that organized. "Besides," Maribel says, "The central government does not care about Madre de Dios. If it is not happening in Lima, it's like it never happened." It is the nongovernmental agencies like USAID and European governments that provide healthcare training, supplies, exams, and clinical protocols.

Looking at the packages of medicines, syringes and supplies, I realize that the packages have English and Spanish labeling instructions. USAID workers who come to Madre de Dios when violence erupted several months later tell me the schema for approaching health policy in South America largely relies on the US-Mexico model, particularly when it comes to a border region such as Madre de Dios. With Brazil and Bolivia as close neighbors, one policy worker notes, "This place is a hotbed for unrest and disease, not to mention it's a real jungle here. It's like the Wild West. I get it now. This is why Peruvians call it "*El Wild Wild West*." Many of the assumptions about what a gold rush brings—lawlessness, prostitution, disorder, and disease spills onto the political soil of Madre de Dios, affecting the approach to medical policies, structuring notions of social purity and political danger. Michael Montoya writes about the configuration of Mexicano/a identity in the realm of diabetes research through genetic testing. "The diabetes genetics research enterprise configures Mexicanos/as as diabetes prone by virtue of the bits of genetic information they carry" (Montoya 2011: 105). Ideas about "purity" and "admixture" mobilize medical treatment along the US-Mexican border, where the medical definitions accept stratified categories of "white", "black", "Mexican" and "Native American" as mutually exclusive genetic families, until the joining of two different but equal groups creates an "admixed" person. Mexicanos/as come to be seen as a risk category and public health burden, acreators of risk—able to infect the "pure" population. The risky bodies are naturalized as an "admixed transnational protogenetic subject characterized as a biological and social problem in need of a solution" (ibid 104).

During the days previous to our departure for KM 107, Juan Carlos and Nelson had warned me that this land was "a no man's land" (*la tierra de nadie*), not simply a "wasteland," because of the mercury pollution, but also because of lawlessness and disorder. I point to the children playing in the street and the shops, the pharmacy, the jewelry stores. I see life and people all around me. "We haven't gone to the worst of the mining camps. I don't even want to go there," Juan Carlos admits. A group of men walk past us and call out greetings to Juan Carlos, calling him "*El Presidente*" which sounds eerily like the name the Shining Path gave Colonel Gúzman during his reign. "People know me here. You're right. They have everything

here—more than I have back in Puerto Maldonado. They make more too." Nelson breaks down the numbers for me as Juan Carlos calls out to people to come get their free HIV test. "A typical miner can make double what we make, easy." A salary for a nurse with Juan Carlos' training is approximately $1500 a month. A miner can earn that much in a day. These conditions, not surprisingly, make it difficult for government employees to refuse bribes, which usually means paying off policemen to keep gold mining.

"Some people are easier to corrupt," Juan Carlos muses. Juan Carlos and his boss, Dr. Roy Santos, (who brokered my meeting with Vice-President Dr. Soto) become philosophical interlocutors for me, inundating me with books and expounding on the nature of man. Juan Carlos cheerfully believes that all humans have a fundamental evil in them, but that it is possible to surmount temptation either with a connection to God, in keeping with a code of ethics—Incan or Christian. Dr. Santos believes in redemption, purity, and finds the rainforest to be a place of promise and hope—not disorder and disaster.

"I've been here for five months," one miner tells me as he waits the fifteen minutes for HIV test results. He is from Lima. "Mega Once is a good place to live," he reasons. "It's not so dirty." He says that this town—and it really is a veritable town constructed of plastic walls and roofs has 5,000-6,000 people living in it. He isn't sure where the name comes from, "does it matter?" Next comes a group of young men in their early twenties from Lima. They want to know all about Brazil. At first, only the men will speak with me. All of them give the same answer to the size of Mega Once. Slowly, the women start to relax, waiting in line for their results. Some of them have children who play hide-and-go seek with me, hiding behind the posters. We work steadily for five hours. When we have almost run out of tests, so Raimunda and I take the remaining posters and walk down the large avenida, wide enough for tractors and motors to pass. A woman sets up a watermelon stand in the middle of the street. Her young child runs over to me for a balloon. Six men pass, bringing a motor back to the gold mines.

Figure 19: Six Men And A Motor – Sunday Morning in the Gold Mines of Mega Once

Figure 20: "Alicia" enjoys her balloon while her mother cuts watermelon to sell

It is a Sunday morning. Each bar owner is responsible for cleaning the area in front of his or her bar. Men and women begin to emerge from the plastic caves, raking trash from the night before into small neat piles. There is a "trash truck" that comes by and dumps their trash for them—a heap that we will pass on our way back out.

There is an order to the cast aside, to the disorder of things that don't fit. Soil sits at the top of this hierarchy. Then comes dirt. Then filth. While something that is "dirty" or "soiled," is neither attractive nor sought, both dirt and soil occupy a similar category of fecund ambiguity in that they offer definite benefits—humans need rich dirt or soil in which to plant crops and graze animals and solid soil on which to construct buildings, roads, power-plants. Filth, however, lies at the bottom of the hierarchy of "matter out of place." It is the excess debris, the detritus of dirt and soil.

If we accept that dirt is matter out of place, how does it move? In what form does it circulate as a material object as well as in its symbolic form? How does it become expelled or verbally, if not morally, indefinable? Douglas provides some theoretical grounding for thinking about this. "Consider beliefs about persons in a marginal state. These are people who are somehow left out in the patterning of society, who are placeless. They may be doing nothing morally wrong, but their status is indefinable" (Douglas 156). These are the symbolic circulators of dirt—people without place. A person does not have full-fledged rights before the state if they do not own land. For the immigrants streaming down from the mountains, without identity

documents (*documento nacional de identitad*) they cannot "be placed" or traced; because they do not fit into the state-mandated order of things, they are suspect.

~Women and Blood in "No Man's Land"

We walk past *prosti-bar* after *prosti-bar* and restaurants. All of them have television and cable. A Bruce Willis action movie plays in one bar as Raimunda pulls me in to talk to people and hand out posters. The heavy-duty plastic walls and roofs are either black or blue, the front pulled back to let in air and customers. The "*cuartitos*" – little rooms to conduct sexual business – have thin cotton sheets if not the plastic separating them. We pass over an open sewer and continue until we reach a *prostibar* where a tall woman with long braids has just finished with a customer. We hand her a poster and tell her about the rapid HIV tests. She calls another woman to come with her. The two trail behind Raimunda and I as we return, handing out the last of our posters in the street to people with outstretched hands.

"They are *Colombianas*," Juan Carlos says, nudging me. "All the Afro-Caribbean women in the mines are."

"How do you know?" I ask.

"Because they don't have a Brazilian accent," he replies.

This struck me as odd. While Brazil certainly "received" the most African slaves of any Latin American country, Peru also permitted slavery. I asked why Juan Carlos knew these women to be Afro-Colombian and not Peruvian. He explained that it would be too far for them to travel – the coastal areas of Peru had the highest population of Afro-Peruvians. When I asked if that was really further away than Colombia, Juan Carlos considered the various modes of travel – bus, boat, even airplane and said that it was possible, but that Afro-Peruvians would likely not agree or be tricked into going to Madre de Dios. "Peruvians know what is happening here."

The "invisibility" of Afro-Peruvians (Greene 2010, 2012; M'bare et al. 2011; Pastor 2008; Rojas 2008) has a small but growing scholarship that examines the largely absent inclusion of Afro-Peruvians from discussions about race in Peru. Maria Elena Garcia notes the rare acknowledgement of Afro-Peruvian influence in Peru's global gastronomic boom (2013) while N'gom M'bare (2011) seeks to bring Afro-Peruvian writers not only into the Peruvian literary canon, but also into a wider Afro-descendent Latin American one. Henry Louis Gates, Jr. highlights Afro-Peruvians in his 2011 documentary *Black in Latin America,* one that Christina A. Sue and Tanya Golash-Boza (2013) want to complicate, noting that what it means to be "African," "black," and "Afro-Peruvian" in Peru are not the same as Gates portrays them to be. As Sue and Golash-Boza note, racial and color categories throughout Latin America vary and change. The fluidity and variability, however, do not necessarily people seen as "moreno" or "negro" any higher in social mobility. I write with more detailed analysis and history of the non-fluidity of imposed social categories in chapters III, IV and V, tracing the literal and figurative tri-border region where recent Haitian immigration through the porous Bolivia border to Peru and Brazil has proved racial categories to be unfortunately, but not surprisingly, deeply rooted.

When it came to the visibility of the women that Juan Carlos believed to be Afro-Colombian, the health team decided to treat each patient the same way, asking for their identity cards. The two women state their numbers, but say that they do not have their cards on them. They speak their ID numbers, akin to a social security number in the United States, by heart.

"We aren't police," Juan Carlos explains to me when they are out of earshot.

"I am glad you don't turn anyone away," I say.
"Those are fake numbers," he shakes his head. "Oh well."

We eat a late lunch next to Sara's Farmacy, watching a recent Hollywood action thriller dubbed into Spanish. There are more children than I expected to see in the mines, riding on the back of motorcycles, clutching onto the men that I assume to be their fathers. "You can judge the age of the mining camp by the average age of the children," Juan Carlos says. "Although, some families travel from place-to-place." We hail five moto-taxis and organize ourselves into a line once again, this time with Nelson, who has the truck keys, going first. We see some of the men and women that we tested on our route back to the main road. People are happy. All of the tests came back "clean."

I ask Juan Carlos, Maribel and Raimunda what would happen if they found positive results.

"We would tell them the bad news and give them the information for the hospital in Puerto Maldonado."

"And then?"

"It is completely up to them. People move so much that you can't count on finding them again in the same place."

Figure 21: "I Want To Be Counted" (at least once)
Man arriving to be included in the HIV/AIDS exams, survey, and results

If the blood sample tests positive for HIV, then the physical test goes to Puerto Maldonado's Santa Rosa Hospital. The data goes online, sent to the agencies—national and multinational—that fund the work. This is not something that healthcare workers tell participants who receive the free tests. Peruvian sex-workers and health care workers alike do not seem all that surprised by the low test results, despite the reported rampant sexual activity in the gold mines. "It does sound strange at first, since most people have come to associate new roads with all kinds of diseases," Dr. Javier Chata explains. He runs the public health outreach and research program in Puerto Maldonado. "We thought the road would bring prostitution, which it did. There are so many men, young men especially, single and on the road. But the HIV/AIDS epidemic has not exploded here as it has in, say, Brazil." New roads create new markets, but the sex industry isn't a new one. Dr. Chata compares Peru with Brazil and Bolivia, saying the Quechua code of ethics may be part of the reason why so few people carry sexually transmitted diseases. "Despite all the lawlessness, people carry their values with them. Somehow, the idea that you have to wear a condom has stayed with them; or it's that the women they have sex with really are the innocent and clean." He pauses for a moment and thinks about this. "Which makes me worry that the sex-trafficking is worse than I thought, because their tests indicate that these aren't experienced women."

Diseased women would indicate that they have experience with men. This reasoning ignoring the possibility that infection can come from just one sexual interaction, one exchange of fluids. The fluid landscape of the body and of diagnoses is one that Annemarie Mol and John Law analyze with regards to anemia. By tracking the flow of blood, in the body and through networks of clinical diagnoses, Mol and Law create a topographical map, one that brings into relief the network of the medical and social terrain upon which health care practitioners draw conclusions about normal and abnormal conditions. The boundaries among actors and spaces themselves move. They suggest that, "neither boundaries nor relations mark the difference between one place and another. Instead sometimes boundaries come and go, allow leakage or disappear altogether, while relations transform themselves without fracture. Sometimes, then, social space behaves like a fluid" (Mol and Law 1994: 643). Mol and Law writing about blood because "it disturbs the spatial securities of anatomy. It doesn't fit," while anemia unsettles different kinds of "spatial securities" in social theory.

While blood as a fluid may unsettle ideas about anatomy and where it is at any given point in the body—where to find the kind of blood needed to make a diagnosis, it is also the ultimate substance from which a diagnosis must come—particularly when it comes to sexually-transmitted diseases. Anemia—and Mol and Law focus on the tropics where the most cases occur—is not at all as unsettling in the social realm as HIV/AIDS, herpes, chlamydia, or syphilis. Blood is a "truth" serum, in that it is the substance against which results from skin tissue or a wound's secretion are tested. Analyzing blood yields sickle cells, white blood cell counts, insulin levels and antibodies for diseases, sexually-transmitted or not. Blood is the evidence and substance from which DNA can be derived, upon which values – biological and social – thrive (Montoya 2011, Rabinow 2007, etc, suggestions welcome, brain fried). That the blood of the gold miners and sex-workers in the mines did not exhibit the expected diseases confused financial donors and placed doctors in the difficult position of reporting the clean results and risking loss of much-needed funds. "Maybe it's just too soon to tell?" a USAID worker asked. "The road is so new. It might take a couple of years before the diseases start to show. Plus, there are so many people and we don't have any real numbers. We have really small samples."

Implicit in these statements is an understandable assumption that roads, especially new ones, bring disease. Public health researchers, as well as social scientists, have come to assume that new roads carry more than just cars, people, livestock, commodity goods—"progress" in material and ideological form (Bebbington 2008; Eisenberg 2006; Mendoza 2007). More people on the move, kicking up dust and dirt mean more diseases—whether they are airborne, waterborne, insect-borne—roads create the conditions for growth in either unexpected or disregarded ways. "You can't get anywhere if you don't kick up a little dust, right? Not everyone can be a winner," the same USAID worker declares. This might just be the most descriptively succinct expression of the attitude the United States takes towards foreign policy issues that I have ever heard. Of course, the assumption is that the U.S. will not be on the losing side, covered in dirt, having tried to make the slide into home base, and failed.

~When The Earth Attacks and Liquid Resolve

To leave Mega Once and return to the truck at KM 107 of the Interoceanic Road, we take a different route out, passing through abandoned pits. As the gold miners deplete an area, they move to another, digging new holes, erecting new camps, dumping more mercury into the water and ground. The landscape that we traverse is itself mobile. The soil, now void of roots has become sand and cannot hold. "Sand" slides are common, burying the men in the open pits, moving the "*chupadera*" (the "sucker"), a long hose powered by a gasoline generator that inhales the mixture of gold and soil into its mouth, sending it down a long chute to triage the larger sediment from the miniscule gold flecks. For this reason the motorcycles must follow the designated path, not coming too close to the edges of the pits. When the earth "attacks" – "*ataca*" as my motorcycle taxi-driver Juan X says as we blaze over the barren landscape – men try to dig the submerged bodies from under the soil. "Sometimes you can't. We can't find them or we just can't get there in time. It's *pago a la tierra*," Juan X guns the motor, only to wait for the rest of our crew to move forward.

The expression "*pago a la tierra*" – "payment to the earth," fits with the tenets of the "*tres principios*" – "the three principles" because you are not "stealing" if you pay for what you have taken. In the gold mines, when the soil caves and men lie buried beneath the soil, their death "pay the earth" – the *pachamama* – for the gold extracted. "The polluting person is always in the wrong. He has developed some wrong condition or simply crossed some line which should not have been crossed and this displacement unleashes danger for someone" (Douglas 159). Most often, the person can rectify the wrong by "scrubbing" clean the intentional or inadvertent transgression that upset the existing order of things. But more often than not, it is comforting to know that ritual acts of cleansing, fumigating, and burying can expunge the offense. Douglas' framework of purity and danger, of reconciliation of taboo occurs among humans, not between human and earth; here I extend it to think beyond the human to rethink the complex, mutually-defining interactions that relate humans and environments.

Juan X navigates carefully now, allowing the most experienced driver to go ahead. We are second in line. Juan X is twenty-four years old and a veteran of the mines, having started in 2007 in Huepetuhe, the oldest and most infamous of the gold mining areas. He says he stopped working in the mines after a burned-out tree trunk keeled over into the mine where he and three other men were working. The trunk pinned him down in water and knocked another man unconscious. Luckily, the operator of the "*chupadera*", floating on a wood raft, was not hurt and managed to save the unconscious man and call for a power-saw to free Juan X.

"Things are getting better," Juan X says. "Now we really do try to get those *muchachos* out before they die. And we put up crosses. The problem is, the soil falls apart; it is like water." We pass two motorcycles and continue on the sandy terrain. The semi-burned forest zone between the road and the mining pits lies ahead.

Figures 22: Traffic Leaving the Gold Mines of Mega Once

Figures 23: Riding Through the Gold Mines of Mega Once

Once we make it onto a single motorcycle track through a semi-burned forest, Juan X takes one hand off the wheel to point to the ground. "Look at the earth here. See how hard it is? It's dangerous to have so many *motos* passing each other out there. It's wider, but here the ground won't fall in." The forest boundary is always changing, however, Juan X explains, but the forest buffer is needed to "hide" them from the police. His comment made me think about human and nonhuman relations through the green vegetal force of the plant. In this case, plants had the power to obstruct and obscure the gold miners from the State.

"We can't be *right* next to the *Interoceánica*." Newcomers don't always respect the need to keep the trees as a shield. This annoys him. It's easier not to keep pushing into the forest—it costs most to transport people and materials. But it is better for the taxi-drivers.

Figure 24: The Last Five Kilometers Back to the Interoceanic Road: A Forest Buffer Against Police

Back out on the Interoceanic Road, we pay the taxi-drivers and watch people work and play along the steep embankment, the result of erosion from run-off water. A man cleans the dirt off of his motorcycle and Maribel snorts at the pointlessness of cleaning anything in the jungle. A young girl does wheelies on her bike. The last of the market trucks roll away.

"One of the main problems," Nelson explains as we wait for Juan Carlos who is chatting with some mechanics by the side of the road, "is that there are just too many people here."

Maribel and Raimunda agree. "There is one road. That's it. So everyone follows that. A map is no use here." No one can use a map, because no one really knows where any of the boundaries are in Madre de Dios. People claim to own land or mining concessions—the government owns everything beneath the soil and can re-write the terms of the claim at any time. "People are *flooding* into Madre de Dios," Nelson says. "I am on the road everyday, I go up-and-down, up-and-down. There is more and more traffic. That land is becoming dirty with so many people. It is an *inondación* (flood) of people. And they don't stay. They are floating population (*población flotante*)."

In this flow of people, the social space is a fluid one, but it may not be one of "liquid continuity." The argument that Mol and Law make about "fluid space" encompasses physical and analytical zones. "Sometimes fluid spaces perform sharp boundaries. But they sometimes do not – though one object gives way to another. So there are mixtures and gradients" (Mol and Law 1994: 659). In the great mix of things, a fluid space stands—or perhaps flows—distinctly from a regional space or a network, softening the sharp edges that create friction. "Dissolve" is their metaphor. The attempt to theoretically account for the ambiguous and often indiscernible

elements that either move too quickly or – like microbes in the blood--are too small to be seen without the mind's eye, is not one that either author claim to be more comprehensive, than, say, the Latourian "immutable mobiles" that make of seemingly stable networks of people and things. Mol and Law want to point to a multiplicity of social topologies—not simply ontologies. "So fluid spaces are no 'better; than regions or networks. They are no more attractive. Or virtuous. And they don't 'really' get at the chaos. For the social doesn't simply organize itself into a liquid form – not even in a fluid space" (Mol and Law 1994: 663). To focus on fluidity is to "study of the relations, repulsions and attractions," where repulsion signifies where "a fluid encounters its limits" (Ibid: 664).

The theoretical framework and metaphor of fluid space lends itself well to the gold mines insofar as it is a shifting landscape, where people "flood" the area, the soil collapses, and that the affinity between mercury and gold occurs in liquid form. The amalgam emerges, however, hard and indissoluble. Fire from blowtorches evaporate the mercury, leaving solid gold. The relations of repulsion and attraction of a fluid state hit their limit on solid ground—namely "dirt." Liquid—be it rain, river water, or the excess mercury—added to dirt make for *mud*. This is something that Madre de Dios has endless quantities of—from the knee-deep to the submerged gas-truck by the side of the road. "Traffic" as metaphor and as a material process gains more traction than "fluidity" in a jungle setting, where the mud and the muck make life and reasoning messy. Beyond unpaved jungle paths, traffic on a paved road can apply to the lack of movement—as in a traffic jam—or to rapid circulation where the possibilities for collision increase. As an analytical framework and object of inquiry "traffic" yields itself to the clash of ideas about the cleanliness of place, the purity of a person, and the weight of cultural and economic values in shaping the social topography and physical terrain.

"The *Interoceánica* has changed everything," Rocio Sotomayor says. She is legal counsel at the "*Defensoría del Pueblo*" (best translated as the Office of the Ombudsman) and she greets me warmly, but turns immediately away to cough. Her office stands at the corner of two dirt roads, dusty in the August heat. "It will all be a mud in a month or so," she muses. "Not necessarily better." Apart from the Interoceanic Road, Puerto Maldonado has no other asphalt. Around the main square, there is sidewalk concrete and the four roads that lead out of the center of town—which is the size of a 200-meter track on the banks of the river—are also paved like sidewalks.

Sotomayer shows me a stack of maps. "This is what has happened since the *Interoceánica*. Deforestation, disease, delinquency. The rise in dengue, malaria, everything. It's like the Earth is fighting back. It's sick. Even me, I've had dengue and I live in Puerto Maldonado, in the city. Can you imagine what it is like along the road, in the jungle?"

The environmental transformations effected by roads have long been an object of study for geographers, following on the heels of environmental conservationists and ecologists (Bebbington 2008; Brown et al 2002; Dourojeanni 2006; Mendoza 2007; Perz et al 2008), and more recently, by medical anthropologists and epidemiologists (Eisenberg et al 2006) who show the proportionate hike in animal and human-borne contagious diseases when new roads are built.

Born in Puerto Maldonado, Sotomayor earned her university degree in Cusco and her law degree in Lima. "No one wanted to go to Lima during the Shining Path years. I went when things calmed down. But maybe things are getting hot here too?" Sotomayor misses the tranquility of the Puerto Maldonado that she used to know. "And it's not just environmental pollution and prostitution. There's noise pollution too. I can't sleep at night because the music from the *prostibars* is so loud." The music often plays until the early morning hours. The

topography of Puerto Maldonado, Sotomayor insists, makes the noise carry longer and louder. With people arriving by the truckload, the noise-pollution, equated with social pollution, grows worse. The ones who pollute socially, sexually, environmentally, and acoustically are people coming from "elsewhere"—either from other parts of Peru or neighboring countries like Ecuador, Colombia, and Brazil.

~Soil from Elsewhere

The soil that travels on the bodies of people, animals, and vehicles is a live entity—or set of entities. Sotomayer echoes concerns from the regional health planners that more people means more microbes. "It's ironic, but Puerto Maldonado was less dirty, when we just had dirt roads!" The dirt that comes from elsewhere is a foreign element. The new kind or kinds of dirt, comes on the soles of people's feet, chickens' claws, and sheep's cloven hooves, on the roots of plants, seeds, on the tires of motorcycles and on the bodies the c*ombustible* trucks. The soil from the mountains travels to the Amazon, and from the Amazon to the Andes. "But up there, it's so cold, nothing grows. They are safer—no mosquitos, no heat to cook bacteria," Sotomayor explains. Some newcomers from the mountains even carry a bit of soil in their pockets, carefully poured into empty *chicle* boxes—cardboard gum containers that they put in their pockets. "It's from my Cusco," a proud *combustible* rider tells me during a police stop to check the driver's papers, but not to throw off the riders. "It reminds me of home, of my *pueblo*, my customs," he says. This reminder of home and of one's customs recalls the values of *Ama Sua, Ama Llulla, Ama Quella* – "Don't Lie, Don't Steal, Don't be Lazy" as people from the mountains mix with the people of the jungle. The soil as a referent circulates with and without intentionality on the bodies of the people and things that travel the Interoceanic Road. This kind of "dirt" blurs the boundaries between the identities of people and the things they carry.

While the soil represents "home" and "rootedness" – a sense of place for the travelers, for soil scientists and conservationists, soil acts as the indicator for the increasing mercury toxicity in the Amazonian soil. It is a marker of other kinds of mineral depletion that comes with deforestation. Bruno Latour's classic "Circulating Reference: Sampling Soil in the Amazon Forest" (1999), oft-cited in Science and Technology Studies, ironically does not take soil seriously. Soil is a literal and figurative by-product of life—but it is also the necessary ground for human existence and subsistence. As Latour's object of scientific inquiry, it is less important what the soil means, but rather how it travels as idea – how it acts as a "referent." The point is to "make reference", to show how social scientists "pack the world into words." He has chosen the "empirical grounding" of soil science with poetic intent, to show "how very unrealistic most of the philosophical discussions about realism have been" (Latour 1999: 24). Latour asks his readers to do away with "time-saving" abstractions, and to instead follow him as he brings a kind of order to the "jungle of scientific practice." This is meant to be a slow jaunt, at least in how he describes the journey, but he is only in the jungle for one quick week. Lévi-Strauss would have been jealous. This is a joyful jaunt that Latour takes; there are no "*tristes tropiques*."

The Brazilian-French team that Latour follows is composed of a botanist, a geomorphologist and a soil scientist, moving on the edges of the Northwestern Brazilian Amazon to determine whether the forest is advancing or receding. Before leaving for the inner jungle, Latour remarks that the town of *Boa Vista* (Good View) is "a rather tough frontier town where the *garimperos* [*garimpeiros*, with the "*i*" is the correct Portuguese] sell the gold that they have extracted by shovel, by mercury, by gun, from the forest and from the Yanomani" (Latour 1999:

27). *Garimpeiros* is the Portuguese word for miners. The miners and the Yanomani appear momentarily at the edges of Latour's examination of the process required to *make* soil into a "reference." For soil to act as a reference, for it to be captured and packaged, it also *has to move*. Giving human context and history would hinder the reference's ability to circulate. Thus geographical place and people fade from the analysis, fashioned in such a way that it can circulate as a theoretical or intangible version of an "immutable mobile" (Latour 1986). The method regarding the making of soil science should itself be reproducible and repeatable – social science's protocol or map to conducting analyses of science and technology. Latour relies on maps and photographs to show the circulatory nature of the reference. While "a picture is worth a thousand words," a map "can be worth a whole forest" (Latour 1999: 24). Knowing that he will disappoint scholars who believe that "place" matters, Latour acknowledges that this particular reworking of the conceptual framework of "reference" exceeds the contextual frame. To conduct his analysis, he insists that he must separate content from context.

Yet context is of great importance, especially if one commits to constructing an analysis on "empirical grounding" in the Amazon River Basin because it represents such a large portion of the world's rainforest and biodiversity. It is not just any space of just any forest. Its fate purportedly decides the fate of man. If the Amazon rainforest continues to transform into a mercury-infected desert, ground that one cannot truly call soil as it is veritable sand in which very little can grow, there are material consequences that circulate not only as a referent but also as a reality. What is ironic about Latour's intervention, even in 1999, is that the Amazon rainforest had already existed as a kind of "truth spot" (Pribilsky 2013 building on Thomas Gieryn's 2006 work on "truth spots in Chicago), circulating in both scientific and popular discourse. In the hard and social sciences, politics and science fiction, the Amazon became the theoretical ground upon which claims about the "true nature of man" – savage or sweet – took root or toppled over, these ideas about the "true nature of man" rose, entangled, from conceptions of "Nature" as either pristine or always already "touched" by human hands.

"Some regions of the world," Marilyn Strathern observes, "seem to provide locations for the pursuit of particular problems in anthropological theory whereas others do not." In this way, regionalism underlies ethnographic examination for anthropologists working in a particular area, and "it also exists in the form of specific representations of analytical problems" (Strathern 1990: 204). For anthropologists, the Amazon rainforest has been both a "truth" spot and a space of epistemic murk (Taussig 1991), and of fecund confusion. Adding a road through that particular space creates, as well as brings to light, specific representations of analytical problems with regard to mobility—how is it gendered and racialized? Who and what moves, when and why? How does a road through the Amazon physically and analytically redefine or aggravate the line(s) between whom and what is considered human?[18]

~Multiple Spaces, Multiple Orders

The Interoceanic Road itself has a history and social life of its own, the people and things that travel along it become part of an ongoing story, born of neoliberal schemes that force fantasies of economic progress onto impossible geographies. In Foucaultian terms, the Interoceanic Road represents a "heterotopia". The heterotopia are "real places" – as opposed to

[18] Hugh Raffles' piece, Jews, Lice, and History also comes to mind in thinking about filth, blood, and human-nonhuman relations.

utopias, "capable of juxtaposing in a single real place several spaces, several sites that are in themselves incompatible" (Foucault 1986: 25). The road certainly has its location in "reality," with longitudinal and latitudinal coordinates at every point along its 5854-kilometer span and it not only connects various sites that Foucault defines as "heterotopia:" the cemetery, the garden, and the brothel, but it is *also* all of these things. Crosses line the side of the road where people have died, "*huertas*" or "home gardens" grow where the asphalt and tar have not suffocated herbaceous life, and *prostibar* after *prostibar* advertise the booze and women inside.

The brothel for Foucault is an extreme form of heterotopia—"a space of illusion that exposes every real space." The brothel and "the colony" represent the two poles of heterotopia. Curiously, the colonized region for Foucault represents the possibility of creating a space that is "as perfect, as meticulous, as well arranged as ours is messy, ill constructed, and jumbled" (Foucault 1986: 27). He refers primarily to the Jesuit attempts to colonize and purify souls through ritual acts in a new space, regulated strictly through time. This meticulous perfection, of order and purity is a space of "compensation," an apology for the mess of the Motherland. The reader is left to wonder to whom the compensation is paid—to the people? To God?

Foucault believes that space, more than time, represents the fundamental physical and analytical problem of the current human moment, more so than "time." He traces this declaration back to Galileo, before whom there were "places where things had been put because they had been violently displaced, and then on the contrary places where things found their natural ground and stability." Galileo's audacity lay not in his (re)discovery that the earth revolved around the sun, but in the idea that "a thing's place was no longer anything but a point in its movement, just as the stability of a thing was only its movement indefinitely slowed down" (Foucault 1986: 23). With the earth in constant motion, stasis was an illusion. The kinds of movement, like "automobile traffic" that form part of the "human site or living space" were not stable, but rather sets of relations among moving entities—and this movement is what delineates the site of the road, the parking lot, the bus or train station.

How might an ethnographer go about analyzing the multilayered and dynamic aspects of the heterotopia, such as the Interoceanic road? Foucault proposes a "heterotopology" to study the ambiguous and ambiguously productive kind of place that is "a sort of simultaneously mythic and real contestation of the space in which we live" (1986: 24). With a particular attention to movement and stasis, Foucault writes that it is by studying the sets of relations that one can arrive theoretically, if not physically, at a heterotopic site. "For example, describing the set of relations that define the sites of transportation, streets, trains…" where trains, just as ships, or any other moving vehicle, represent "an extraordinary bundle of relations because it is something through which one goes, and it is also something by means of which one can go from one point to another, and then it is also something that goes by." The aspect of *passing through* that is also a *passing with* makes these sites something like "global assemblages" (Ong and Collier 2005) on the move. The mobile network of relations come to a place of temporary rest or relaxation at "cafes, cinemas, beaches," perhaps allowing for a more clearly defined material and theoretical space of analysis, along with the "closed or semi-closed sites of rest – the house, the bedroom, the bed," but above all, Foucault is interested in the sites "that have the curious property of being in relation with all the other sites, but in such a way as to suspect, neutralize, or invent the set of relations that they happen to designate, mirror, or reflect" (Foucault 1986: 23-24).

These methodological suggestions resonate with Gayle Rubin's provocation to conduct a "full-bodied analysis" of women's identities via the sets of relations in which they find themselves living or, perhaps, entangled. The sets of relations that designate Rubin's categories

of "prostitute, playboy bunny, chattel, or human dictaphone" (Rubin 1975) are bound up in—or are generative of—particular kinds of spaces. These spaces of the brothel, the home, the office, the park—before or after dark—poise men as well as women at the threshold of what it means to be "clean" or to be "dirty." The Interoceanic road connects as well as bisects these spaces where perceptions of sacred and profane, clean and dirty, of human and nonhuman, rely heavily on the capacity to *move*.

"I had nowhere else to go," Alicia tells me as we sip cold juices in the plaza of Puerto Maldonado. "I left home when I was sixteen. I didn't really think about wanting to go back. I dreamed of making it all the way to Lima. I don't want to farm. I don't want that life." It took Alicia two years to work off her "debt" to her trafficker, a woman who found her selling sheep's wool in a market near Cusco. She says she feels no anger about what happened. The *señora* who promised her clothes and a job did all those things for her. "I didn't know where I was going, I had no idea where Puerto Maldonado was. I just didn't want to be *there* anymore."

I met Alicia in a nightclub, one of the more upscale ones, in Puerto Maldonado. She was eighteen, turning nineteen. Her willingness to speak with me came after months of spending time with the older guard—twenty-two to twenty-six year old "*bailerinas*" as they preferred to be called. Alicia hadn't liked pole dancing as much as her co-workers, so she worked the floor, keeping men company as they watched the other girls dance, delivering drinks, and pouring hers out. "I don't want to get drunk or fat."

I ask her if she feels out-of-place in Puerto Maldonado, being so far from home and working a job that doesn't have condoned social value. She shrugs. "I don't feel so out of place. I haven't done all the—" she pauses to gesture what she would look like with plastic surgery to increase her breast size, "so I don't look different from the other women. It's hot here. It's ok to wear less clothing."

"What about with the police?" I ask.

"Who are also my customers?" Her response is not really a question. "I get to do what I want. In the mines it's different. Here, I can choose my customers. We all work together. We are all sisters. Here in the nice clubs, the police really don't bother us."

Alicia says that she and her "sisters" in the nightclub industry laugh at the way the media and politicians describe them. "I can read, I can write. I can read what the journalists say about us in the paper and on T.V. We are not stupid. We organize. *Estamos siempre juntadas* -- We always stick together."

"But not everyone is like you, right?" I tell Alicia that while my experience in her line of work is limited to that of an observer and to fewer years on the ground that I think she represents a small fraction of the women working the nightlife in the gold mines. She agrees, grudgingly. Her main point that she wants me to understand, is that it isn't "*locura total*" ("total craziness") in the Madre de Dios. Like the motorcycle taxi-drivers in the jungle, sex-workers organized into associations, put money aside (sometimes in the bank, sometimes in a *cambio de oro*) through an elected official. The money would pay for someone when they were sick or child-care for the sex-workers or if a motorcycle broke down for the taxi-drivers. This kind of organization and trust seemed at odds with the "Wild Wild West" label applied to an area that also bore the name "No Man's Land."

"What happens if that person, the one in charge of keeping the money steals it?" I ask.

"They die. Usually by fire," Alicia explains the process of throwing a tire over a person's head and pouring kerosene on them. "That's more in the mines. Here in Puerto, it's more likely to throw them in the river, machete," she shrugs, "it keeps people from stealing." I ask her about

the presence of the church in Puerto Maldonado. Does that have an effect on people's treatment towards each other? There is a relatively new, large Mormon church and many Catholic churches, much more humble in stature, throughout the town and along the Interoceanic Road. I have never seen a church in the gold mines. "There are no churches in the mines," Alicia confirms. "Most of us come from the mountains. Those who don't learn quickly—not to lie, not to steal, and not to be lazy. *Bailarinas* are *not* lazy."

With no recognizable State presence, but only the people organizing, it is understandable that many people feel that Lima has abandoned them. From the regional government to the missionaries, the sentiment is that the State needs to step in and regulate the gold mining and purge the town of prostitutes. The hard work of making "the State" seem real, totalizing, agentive (Gupta 2012) continues precisely through its perceived absence.

"There is absolutely no order here," Oscar Guadelupe tells me as we sit on the second floor balcony of a house he rents with his wife Ana. The two work tirelessly, running an association called "Huarayo" in the mining town of Mazuko and in Puerto Maldonado. The Interoceanic Road connects the two towns, one hundred and twenty miles apart. The Guadelupes arrived in Madre de Dios from the Andes in 1994, as Catholic Missionaries. They founded an orphanage, which grew into a refuge for women and children suffering from domestic violence and now also functions as a shelter for trafficked women and children. They established a legal aid office as well, most often to facilitate the registration of newborn children before the state. "We also help the parents register as well. Most people who arrive in Madre de Dios don't have documents. The ones deep in the forest, we don't help. They won't come to us anyway. They are criminals, almost like animals. They don't want the State to help."

The name that Oscar and Ana chose, "Huarayo" is a term that has come to be a general one meaning "Indian" in Madre de Dios. They are from the mountains and are not from the jungle where Huarayos, also referred to as the Esse Ejja people, live. The term is not necessarily derogatory, but a generalization regardless of ethnicity, everyone who is indigenous from the jungle is a "Huarayo." It is strange form of address because "Huarayos" come from the place for which they are named, but they have no ownership or even the ability to reside in that place. "The displacement," Guadelupe says, "is part of the problem. It is a social problem, not just environmental." The kind of disorder that irritates him so much comes from the lack of intervention from the state. "It's complete disorder here. The plants get more help than the people. How does that make sense?" Guadelupe resents the attention given to the environment in what he sees as a hierarchy of "nature" over man. He passionately argues that this "plant over human" emphasis is backwards. The World Wildlife Fund (WWF) and the Peruvian environment NGOs – *ProNaturaleza* (ProNature) and *Derecho, Ambiente, y Recursos Naturales* (DAR) (Rights, Environment, and Natural Resources) have had a presence in Madre de Dios for over a decade and Guadelupe feels that all the attention goes unfairly to the forest.

The "*Interoceánica*," he says, will only make things worse. He does not agree with me that aligning humans and forest together in the struggle for justice could lay the groundwork for possible socio-environmental solidarity and common political goals. "Humans come first," he insists. "God's order. Humans, Animals, Plants, Minerals. Why do minerals and hydrocarbons get so much attention? Even more than trees?" He is visibly angry. "It is the capitalist system that is to blame. Gold. Greed. Humans should come first. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Don't tell me that you will put "*la tierra*" before a human? You have to respect God's order. Human rights before earth rights."

Figure 25: Just Before Dusk: Residents of the Andean Marcapata Walking Home Along the Interoceanic Road After a Festival

Chapter II

Traffic Lines: Consent and its (Dis)contents

"Human trafficking and labor exploitation are practically an Andean tradition," Vittoria Savio says as she hands me a glass of water, her long white hair caught in a loose bun and her voice still strong despite her almost eighty years. She wears a long skirt of patchwork cotton over tall white socks tucked into white slippers. An alpaca scarf, the color of camel hair hangs over her iron thin shoulders. She lights a cigarette and smokes as she talks with me over her morning coffee. The chilled mountain air of Cusco creates wisps of steam around our words. "The girls who suffer from exploitation as domestic workers are doubly vulnerable. They might leave also home because of domestic violence. They are not strong enough to say "no" or even to realize what they should say "no" to – it's a "cadena de violencia"— a chain of violence where one type of violence leads to another."

A "cadena" can be a "lock," like a "padlock," as well as a "chain" in Spanish. When it is a "cadena de violencia," the meaning relies on the context. For Vittoria Savio, one traumatic moment of violence leads to another, locked in a cycle that she attempts to break. An Italian nun with communist leanings, Savio came to Peru in 1979 to perform service work and never left. Her focus over the past three decades has been on labor exploitation, particularly of female domestic workers in the Cusco region. She started the Center for Integrated Support for Domestic Workers (Centro de Apoyo Integral a la Trabajadora del Hogar, CAITH) as a refuge and training center in 1993. Just at the edge of Cusco proper, CAITH sits overlooking the newer part of the city, within the Center Yanapanakusun. Yanapankusun is Quechua for "nosotros ayudamos unos a otros" ("we help each other"). Yanapanakusun functions as a hostel for tourists coming to Cusco and the money supports the center for domestic workers, and, if the girls staying at the center choose, a chance to interact with people from all over the world. What Savio explicitly does not want, is for the young women to end up working in the Amazon gold mining sex-industry. "I want the girls to be able to return home if they want to, or to stay here, but not to end up in the [gold] mines. It's their choice, but you can't say those girls would choose it [the mines] if they really knew what it was like." For Savio and her group of educators, teaching or re-teaching young women that they can have "a choice," to consent or not to consent to what kind of labor they perform and where, forms a key element in their mission to break the cycle of violence.

In the rainforest some five hundred kilometers away from Cusco, the heat, even in the unrelenting intensity of the dry months, strikes many native Cusqueños as preferable to the mountain cold. "I love it here because it is so warm," Doña Mariela tells me as we sit in her closed "prostíbar" – "brothel." The irony of the region's name, "Mother of God" or the "Virgin Mary" in Spanish, is not lost her, nor on her friend, Doña Rosa. Both women are in their early forties, have several children, and run their own bars that sell sex as well as beer. They arrived during one of the first waves of internal migration in 2001, when word spread that a new road would soon extend from the border with Brazil and Bolivia through Madre de Dios, en route to Cusco. While it took construction crews until 2011 to complete the road, the waves of gold miners from the Peruvian and Bolivian Andes and from Brazil began in earnest in 2008, with the fall of the dollar and the international rise in the price of gold. Women from Brazil, Columbia, Ecuador, and Bolivia make their way to mines in what the Peruvian media has dubbed "A South American gold rush." Doña Rosa and Doña Mariela jokingly refer to Madre de Dios as "El Wild

Wild West." Neither woman identifies as a sex-trafficked woman, but according to the United Nations definition – of "translocation" under "false pretenses," they are.

Now that the Interoceánica connects traffic between Brazil's Atlantic Coast and Peru's Pacific, Doña Rosa and Doña Mariela await the promised flow of money as people flood the region. During the construction of the road, they have seen the rainforest disappear under what they declare is the "la nueva ley de la selva" – "the new law of the wild" – neoliberal capitalism. The "old" law of the wild, Doña Rosa explains, had meant "cada uno por si mismo" ("each man for himself") in the jungle. Now she likens this phrase to an anthropomorphized economy "eating" up the rainforest, where construction companies, "wildcat" (illegal) miners and loggers enter indigenous territory and extract what they need. Their presence is mostly, but not entirely, unwelcome. FENAMAD (Federación Nativa del Río de Madre de Dios y Afluentes), the indigenous federation for the region opposed the building of the Interoceánica. For the most part. The leaders of the two dominant groups, the Shipibo and the Harakmbut, often split on issues of development projects. The Shipibo tend to oppose them and the Harakmbut tend to endorse new roads, mining, and logging. But behind closed doors, the complexities of indigenous politics tangle around how much power they feel they have to stop what they see as the Brazilian and Peruvian government's insatiable appetite for "progress."

This chapter begins along the Interoceanic Road in the Peruvian Andes and ends in the Peruvian Amazon to create a textual flow of analysis that follows the movement of people from the mountains to the jungle, and sometimes back to the mountains. I examine myriad instances of traffic – not so much of cars and trucks, but rather of people, of sex, and of ideas about what "nature" and "culture," "freedom" and "consent" signify in the rapidly shifting social and "natural" landscape of Madre de Dios. In the tri-frontier region of "El Wild Wild West" the traffic of what it means to "freely give consent" to development projects impacts indigenous claims to land and thus political sovereignty. "Informed consent" operates as an essential practice for the ethnographer as well as the sex worker. For the latter, informed consent is the defining feature between "human smuggling" and "human trafficking," giving legal distinction to a woman's ability to continue as well as to abstain from sex-work.

Through a critical analysis of interactions with women in the sex-industry, I seek to demonstrate the ways in which the traffic in ideas of what constitutes nature and what constitutes culture (Haraway 1989, 2008) inform how feminist scholarship frames debates about women's agency. While one cannot consider a traffic in women without engaging with Gayle Rubin, I engage more deeply with her work in the following chapter: "Skarlet Letters and the Not-so-Easy Life." Here, I draw from Saba Mahmood's work on the political aspects of female piety – closely aligned to sexual purity and her insistence on examining questions of embodiment and ethics in the making of the female subject (2005). Central to Mahmood's argument is a specific focus on the historical and cultural processes that create and enable the inhabitability of a particular subject position, rather than a prescribed rational subject. For Mahmood, agency does not have a predetermined meaning, but is rather produced through relations of power within one's own historically and socially situated realm. This approach, Mahmood proposes, "helps denaturalize the normative subject of liberal feminist theory" (2005: 33), which is one that falls in line with other assumptions in liberal politics about what constitutes human nature and agency. Enlightenment notions of a free rational subject that fights to assert individual sovereignty when prevailing social norms restrict it rely on particular conceptions of what is "naturally human" and what is culturally made so.

Such questions about how to define "human nature" and agency hits at social science's fundamental culture / nature distinction that correlates the male / female separation in a Western tradition. "Gender is narrated as one of the products of human evolution, so how gender and sex are marked at the boundary between hominoid and hominid sets constraints on basic cultural stories about what it means to be a man or woman" (Haraway 1989: 325). Such cultural stories mark the "traffic lines" along which the borrowing, the exchange, and the movement of concepts, values, and power relations move between the domain of nature and the domain of culture. Thus the underlying analytical scaffolding of this chapter and of the dissertation at large draws from ongoing debates on how and where people draw these "traffic lines," that is – separate culture from nature, humans from nonhumans, and men from women. The traffic in ideas and of people flows along the lines of who constitutes a self-sovereign rational subject able to make decisions about what they do with their bodies, where they move, how they move, and who they move with.

In this chapter, the ethnographic focus is on the internal migration occurring within Peru, even though women also come from Brazil, Colombia, Paraguay, Ecuador, and Bolivia. The emphasis on internal migration poses a counterpoint to human trafficking laws, which tend to regulate the passage across national borders, rather than within one country. Through the figures of women who consider themselves "victims" or "survivors" and those who eschew these terms altogether, I examine the fraught feminist terrain of consent. The ethnographic encounters in the Andes were of mothers looking for their children, of missionaries and labor activists who receive battered women, and of women who fled situations of extreme violence and exploitation. They were also of women who had worked in the mines, returned to their families in the mountains, bought land and built homes of their own. In Madre de Dios, the pivotal figures of Doña Rosa and Doña Mariela who played integral roles in organizing the sex-workers of Puerto Maldonado complicate analyses of what it means to victims and survivors when they intentionally engage the sex-industry, both as prostitutes and as madams.

One final note before delving into ethnographic and analytical depth: While I seek to trouble the tired trope of "victim," I also consider what "consent" means when there is no viable economic or bodily alternative – for female sex workers and male gold miners, indigenous or not. That is, I take seriously the precarity of others' lives and choices that will never be my own. Freedom – the freedom to consent or abstain from sexual activity – forms the core of feminist debates on prostitution. I examine narratives from women who lobby to keep their brothels in Madre de Dios. I do so not to contest the veracity of narratives of exploitation or to suggest a "false consciousness" of women who work in the sex industry. Rather, I wish to offer a rich ethnographic accounting that demonstrates the multitude of experiences that women have with their bodies and in creating livable lives for themselves. The dynamic lines between the conceptual and lived experiences of women, between what they deem situations of liberation and radical feminist groups deem exploitation, contribute to a traffic in ideas about how to define a "victim" or a voluntary agent.

The complications surrounding the "giving of consent" and just what kind of "gift" that is bring the traffic in natureculture and in women to the fore, not simply because, as Vittoria Savio says: "Human trafficking and labor exploitation are practically an Andean tradition" but also because the long history of land disputes in Latin America is one of coercion, pushing people to migrate to where they can find work. The building of the Interoceanic Road rests on a history of disregarding people's claims over land and their right not to develop it. In both the Andes and the Amazon, construction companies, the State, and illegal gold miners enter land without the

consent of those who previously inhabited it. That push has helped to create the market and traffic in women.

Yanapanakusun ~ "We Help Each Other" and the Nature of Interventions

The phone rings and Vittoria takes the call, cupping the phone with one hand and holding her cigarette in the fingers of her other. She has an incredible face. The wrinkles fold heavily one over the other, making way for a sharp nose and soft eyes. On the phone, her voice takes on a different tone, made more authoritative by decades of smoking – raspy, deep, comforting. She looks as though she has just walked out of someone's fairytale because she wasn't going to live by the author's rules. She is the kind of fairy godmother who would wave her wand to give her goddaughter a motorcycle and leather pants.

The stated mission of Vittoria Savio's center is: "To give a voice and the knowledge of their rights to those who never had them, due to being a women, indigenous, and domestic worker" (translating to the sense of, rather than word for word—"Dar la palabra, y conocer sus derechos a quien nunca lo había tenido por ser mujer, ser india y ser trabajadora del hogar"). The overall project is to give young women who have suffered abuse a safe haven from which to redirect their lives. All the women have come from situations of labor exploitation and some from physical violence. If they cannot return home, they stay in the center, learn to read and write, receive support to find another job, and receive legal, medical, and psychological assistance if needed. Many of the teachers and advisors in the center, which can house anywhere from fifteen to thirty women at one time, came first through the center seeking asylum. Milagros is one such teacher. She motions me to walk with her so that we can talk without having to whisper. We are in the library and ten girls, ages eight and older are working on an art project. She explains the philosophy behind the tourist venture: "It is to share another side of life here," she says as we settle into a comfortable spot in the sun. She nods to a twelve-year old girl who arrived three years ago. "The lady of the house hit her. She escaped."

I ask how the girls arrive at the center.

"Some, those who are more than twelve-years old, they come alone or the police bring them. The younger girls arrive with the police. They escape and go to the police to register a complaint, and the police bring them here." The center is not meant to be a permanent home. It is to provide "the tools for women to help themselves" as well as to strengthen the kind of social justice projects that come from the public and private sector. Milagros shows me the dorms, the classrooms, and the media room where two female disc jockeys work on recording projects. The rooms are immaculate. Part of "giving voice," Milagros explains, is the Quechua radio program "Sonqoykipi T'ikarisunchis" which in Quechua means: "In your heart we flourish." Most domestic servants, Milagros pauses, careful to explain the difference between "servant" and "worker," don't have time to read, even if they can. Radio programs are the best way to reach women and girls who can listen as they work.

Milagros asks if I would participate. She repeats the government statistic that 87% of the trafficked women who ended up in the mines of Madre de Dios came from Cusco, saying that hearing the perspective of a North American researcher might carry more weight to the women who listen. At any rate, she adds, sharing experiences is what the radio program is supposed to do and so few people are aware of just how dire the human trafficking situation is along the Interoceanic Road.

"The problem is that [exploitation] has risen because of the mining," Milagros says as we stand on the roof of Yanapanakusun, looking out at the outskirts of the city, away from the tourist center. The rains come daily now and a double rainbow appears. Milagros points to it and asks rhetorically: "Where did that idea start, gold at the end of the rainbow? People are so innocent here. It might be hard for you to understand. But if you can imagine believing things like gold at the end of the rainbow, then maybe you can imagine how a mother might think that giving her daughters away to an acquaintance, even to a friend – sometimes it's even school-teachers – would be a good idea." She cautions me from saying that I am a teacher when in the Andes. "Some people will think that you will steal their children."

I don't ask Milagros questions about her own life, but she offers some details as we stand on the roof. "I was a "victim" [of labor exploitation] too. Eight years old... I am from a rural village outside of Cusco. Now it's worse. Because of the road and the mining. Before they took people off the street, people without documents, without any family." She reiterates Vittoria Savio's point that the girls who experience domestic abuse, either in their own families or in their employer's home, become easy prey for the "señoras" who promise them a happy life in the gold mines. "Those who fall prey are the most in need. They have no direction. Victims of abuse… they become easier to deceive, they are weaker…and they go to the mining areas but it's not to cook, or if they cook, it is in conditions completely different than they were contracted to do."

I ask Milagros if she believes that all the women who travel to the gold mines go completely unaware of the possible kinds of work they will do. The language of "prey" and "victim" become harder for me to hear as more aid workers and activists employ the terms without questioning whether their definitions might not fit the self-description of the women they seek to support. Milagros looks closely at me, before looking away. It is almost a minute before she begins to speak again. "You have to be careful about how you talk about this… It's… age matters. Children don't know the difference. I didn't. My mother thought she was giving me a better life and I thought I would get a bicycle, so you have to think about that. I wanted to go, I wanted to! I didn't know life without my mother and my grandmother." She steers me back down the stairs, past the spotless girls dormitories, back down to the kitchen. Outside on the grass, sitting in the sun once again, she returns to my question about defining who is a victim and who is prey. She agrees that not every women fits so easily into these categories, but she is adamant that the danger in acknowledging contradictions on a policy level, is that women who do legitimately seek and need protections will receive none at all.

She recounts how two young girls, "*menores de edade*" (underage), had arrived at Yanapanakusun after they escaped from a woman who offered to pay their transport to Madre de Dios, where they would work for her as cooks. The two girls had been extremely excited to go to Madre de Dios, hearing that they could make so much money. The *señora* had even paid their family some of the money for the work the girls would do. But when they arrived in Cusco, a shopkeeper whispered to the girls that they would end up prostitutes in Madre de Dios. The girls reported the woman to the police, who in turn found the woman traveling under a false name. She already had trafficking charges against her. The police brought the girls to Yanapanakusun. "These girls," Milagros said with a small smile, "were from the countryside. There were strong. They fought with the *señora*."

This story sounded familiar, I told Milagros. Young women who came to the police in the rainforest mines or who frequented the rainforest health clinics spoke of a beautiful woman who came and told their parents that in exchange for cleaning and cooking, their daughters would go

to school, earn money, send it back home. What had seemed odd to Milagros (and had to me at first), was that the families received an initial payment from the transporting agent – usually female. During the time I spent in Cusco, I attended an anti-trafficking workshop and asked why traffickers would leave a payment for the family. This represented a shift from earlier trafficking narratives, when the Interoceanic Road was still young, at least, according to police and state psychologists.

"This is because people are starting to realize what is happening… slowly, anyway," Maria, a psychologist in Cusco had told me during the lunch hour of the workshop. But still, Maria recounted, the incredible innocence of the mothers who would come to the legal aid or public defender's offices (*defensorías*) continued to shock her. Mothers came looking for their children. Fathers came, specifically looking for their sons. All of them had been headed for the gold mines in Madre de Dios. "So not everyone realizes that these are false promises, but around Cusco, I think people have figured it out. These parents are coming from so far away. It's heartbreaking." The anti-trafficking workshop also featured parents who had turned activists, specifically to end sex trafficking. One parent explained the offers of money from traffickers as insurance. "Around Cusco, I think people realize they have to be suspicious of strangers, even if they look like us. So it's insurance the trafficker pays to get the kids on the road. Once they leave the villages, it's very hard to find them."

Milagros agrees that this is likely the case, and that, even if families are suspicious, the poverty is so strong that she can see how parents would have little choice but to accept. She is quiet after she says this, reflecting on her own experience. "I don't think my mother had a choice," she says softly. While still difficult, it is becoming easier to find people. NGOs partner with governmental institutions to provide legal services and counseling. Shelters that initially opened for women and children suffering from domestic violence now open their doors to people experiencing all forms of social abuse. Public awareness, Milagros believes is growing. People are starting to see that human trafficking is a problem, not simply dismissed as a problematic Andean custom.

She believes that her parents died while she was still young, perhaps after she left home at age eight. She doesn't remember the name of her village and had no way of finding her way back to a home she wasn't certain would exist if she did. Finding people and then finding their homes is so hard because the Peruvian government estimates that it lacks one million or more documented citizens. The government has since provided incentives and more time for people to register and receive their national ID – DNI (*documento nacional de identidad*). Concerns with surveillance and tracking do not seem to be ones that Peruvians in Cusco and in Madre de Dios have. Their understanding is that if they are countable to the State, the State is accountable to them.

In the end, the girls decided to go back to their communities. But this, Milagros acknowledges, does not always happen. "They were in mid-journey. They had papers that the police took back from the señora. We can rescue them like this, in mid-journey, but those who are there are lost. They are the living dead. "The living dead" (*las muertes vividas*), for Milagros, are the girls who get lost inside the labyrinth of jungle, plastic-tent encampments. The ones who do come back from the side of the road, from the *prostíbulos*, she does not trust. They have lost their humanity, she says, describing how they learned this the hard way at the center. One young woman returned several years after she had disappeared. She recruited three other girls from the center and brought them back to the mines. They haven't heard from any of them since then. "That is why I am careful with the girls when they return… Imagine, you arrive,

fifteen years old, pretty, it's easy to fall prey…" But the center does not close its doors to any girl who arrives. "It can be a woman 40 years old. We take everyone. We try to help everyone… and to help each other. That is what *Yanapanakusun* means."

It is time for Milagros to prepare lunch. She asks me to come back the next day. She would like to talk more. I walk back into the old part of town, into the crowded tourist areas, hoping to catch police contacts on their daily rounds of the city's main attractions. When asking the Cusco police about instances of human trafficking and labor exploitation, the response is most often to throw up their hands in a sign of defeat. They have to protect the tourist areas around Cusco, which is the gateway to Machu Picchu. The officers that patrol the main church and square and the monuments crowned UNESCO world heritage sites look for pit-pockets and petty thieves, not human traffickers. Without a way to check if a group of people is really a family, it seems like a hopeless cause.

"It's hard to spot a human trafficker," Jorge, a lieutenant says. He agrees to talk with me about human and sex trafficking, but says he can't promise much. It's not something his force can do much anything about, at least not yet. He invites me on his rounds to visit his officers. "Often sisters and cousins, aunts and uncles, family members will take children into the gold mines or to the markets." He points around the food market with a lunch crowd eating noisily, and, by all appearances, happily. Juan waves two of his officers over to join us. They decide to eat here on their break and invite me to join them.

Over a quinoa soup with thick chunks of pork, they talk about Cusco as a city divided by two different kinds of human markets. The tourist industry is by far the most important source of revenue for the country. Jorge tells me that the projections for the following year are in the billions of dollars – not soles, the Peruvian currency. He asks if I have been to Machu Picchu. I reply that I have. "Then you have seen how much security we have there, right? Just imagine if we had that kind of personnel and computers along the Interoceánica, from Cusco to Puerto Maldonado. At least there would be a deterrent." One of the other officers shakes his head. He isn't so sure that would change things. He points out that even in the United States, the high surveillance of the border with Mexico has arguably made it more dangerous in some cases, not less. "And not all those women are victims. Some want to be there. They make good money. Some come back here and buy land. That's happened where I am from – Quillabamba. They build houses and have money. It's not as bad as you think."

When I return to Yanapanakusun the next day to see Milagros, I ask her whether she thinks this is a shared police perspective. She shakes her head that she doesn't know, but that it's a common from anyone who faces a situation that they don't feel that they can change. Her interest, though, is what my experiences have been talking to women in the Amazonian areas. I hesitate, wondering about the price of honesty. How I can explain without alienating her as I have other aid workers, what I think about, for example, a woman's right to abort her child, especially if begotten in instances of rape by pimps or male clients? Milagros pats my hand, saying that it's okay to take my turn to pause a long moment. I tell her that I don't want to offend her, but that I don't think that all the cases of women, even "girls" by the legal age limit of eighteen, necessarily travel without any idea that they will be involved in some fashion in the sex-industry when they arrive in Madre de Dios.

Many of the seasonal workers are university students, male and female, who come to Madre de Dios to gold mine and to work in the sex-industry during their school vacations. The money they make pays for schoolbooks and their tuition. From my interactions with female sex-workers and male clients up and down the "Alameda" ("the Avenue"), the red light district of

Puerto Maldonado, the majority of university men and women come from Lima and Cusco. I have also met several young women from Rio Branco, Brazil, just across the border. They study engineering, architecture, and tourism.

Milagros pauses, pats my hand again and leaves her hand on mine. "I think you have to be careful who you say that to and why." She explains that funding agencies demand absolute definitions and without international donors, the center could not survive. Yanapanakusun was not singular among NGOs in the need to create a clear line between problem and solution to keep a steady influx of financial support. Yet, the center did provide refuge for women who sought safety from employers who physically and verbally abused them. "What you say and write about this will matter, I think," she told me. Well versed in the politics of international funding agencies and NGOs, Milagros pointed out that anthropologists often became the "experts" in a far-off situation that people sending money would consult. "In Peru, the State can't take care of everyone. We need the continued support from the outside." While she didn't think that all women traveling along the road were victims, it was also true that many of them were. "Sometimes I don't know about explaining the difference, because then it makes giving help to people who need it more difficult."

Of the three things have stayed with me from my conversations with Milagros, one is how generous she was in sharing her time, the second was her trust in me – urging me to share my thoughts on the radio show despite questions of how to define victimhood, and thirdly, her valid point about the impact of how social scientists frame situations of exploitation and resistance. She asked me to explain what it meant to be an activist-scholar, whether it was possible to be both at the same time. While she did not ask me bite my tongue, she did ask me to constantly think about how I spoke and wrote about victims and voluntary agents. These kinds of interactions remind me that anthropologists do not solve the complications of textual and physical interventions in people's lives simply by reflecting how they build their analysis.

Labor exploitation in the gold mines – and around the Andes, as Vittoria Savio so aptly put it – is practically an Andean tradition. It's customary. To be able to knowingly consent, an individual must have reached the age of eighteen; the ambiguity that swirls around people's ages and the population of Madre de Dios feeds trafficking economies from the nongovernmental standpoint. They stand to gain more power and funding when there is an increase of the dispossessed. But financial gain was neither Savio's nor Milagros's mission. Both recognized that some women would not classify themselves as victims, but they also aptly saw that complicating the narrative of exploitation would likely mean another excuse to dismiss people who already lived on the margins of global consciousness. I submit that asking complicated questions is exactly what social scientists must do, while also recognizing that there is a time and a place to speak this way. Activist scholars cannot simply pursue themes of social justice, then speak and write about them. A thoughtful activist and scholar will also consider the ramifications of one's words on people's lives.

What Milagros, Vittoria Savio, and the women living and working at the Center Yanapanakusun prompted me think about what it means to intervene—from governments deeming it necessary to take action to save lives to the more mundane – the kinds of analytical interventions demanded of social scientists. With regards to the former: when does an individual or a group deem a situation so dire that they take action? What are the legal as well as the moral obligations that might inspire a researcher, an NGO, or the State to step in and attempt guide the process of events? Milagros had also highlighted how social scientists, splitting the hairs of social categories could have an adverse affect – even if inadvertent – on policy decisions and

people's everyday lives. I agree that textual interventions demand and understanding of the possible material consequences and had thought deeply about obtaining informed consent for my own research. This meant that I had to think seriously about how I explained who I was, what I was doing, about how to keep people's identities private and not to promise changes in sex trafficking that I did not have the power to deliver.

~The "Traffic" Lines of Feminist Critiques and the Giving of Consent

Peruvian laws follow international protocols that mark an adult at the age of eighteen -- the ability to have consensual sex, to drive, to vote, and to drink. Even if a young girl claims that she consented to have sexual intercourse, her sexual partner(s) would be accused of rape if he were an adult. The ramifications of driving, voting and drinking alcohol, the latter quite common at a young age, are different from non-consensual sex; they can be more or less deleterious. The difference between a child and an adult when it comes to funding rescue attempts and founding refuges is a financially loaded one. The organization "Save the Children" and USAID became key partners in the fight to end "child labor" and "trafficking of children," but their numbers – of 1500 recuperated by police – were exceptionally high (Cortes 2012). The urgency came from the need to protect these children who did not willingly consent to the lives they would now lead.

The "giving of consent" operates as the basis for the legal acquisition of land and of labor and it is central to the legal definitions of human and sex trafficking, and herein rage disputes -- or a traffic in what constitutes freedom of choice between two opposing feminist factions. "Radical feminists" like Kathleen Barry (1995), Sheila Jeffreys (2006), and Catherine MacKinnon (2005) oppose any form of paid migration for women because they believe it to be merely a euphemism for sex trafficking. Vocal and politically active "Sex-work" or "Third World Feminists," like Jo Doezema (1998, 2009), Kamala Kempadoo (1998, 2010), and the late Gabriela Leite (2009) assert that women have a right to choose what they do with their bodies-- and not just when it comes to birth control or abortion. Radical feminists advocate for a woman to have the right to terminate a pregnancy, but argue that no woman of healthy mind and body would prostitute unless she absolutely had no other economic alternative. Herein lies the point of difference between the feminist groups: whether bought-sex is truly consensual sex. The sex-work feminists, as I will refer to them in this chapter, argue that the radical feminist front represent a "First World" colonial perspective of women's purity and wholeness, further problematized by a racial dynamic where white women play out their ideas of what women should be on the brown bodies of sex-workers (Bazzano 2013, de Sousa Santos et al. 2009, Desyllas 2010, Piscitelli 2012).

The 2000 Palermo protocol gives a broad definition of human trafficking, one that allows for a conflation with sex trafficking (Ditmore, 2005; Outshoorn, 2005; Salazar Parreñas, 2012). According to the "radical feminist" front, sex trafficking is also synonymous with prostitution – both are forms of extreme gender-based violence. Migration for the radical feminists, then, is merely a euphemism for illegal and coercive acts. When people from the Andes, coastal, or other Amazonian parts of Peru cannot make the journey on their own, they trade their labor in exchange. What it means to "give" consent defines the lines that divide "human trafficking" from "human smuggling," which is the most common form of migration. In Madre de Dios, women may work as just one or all of the following: escorts, drinking companions, erotic dancers, cashiers, waitresses, in addition to, but not always, sleeping with their male clients. Women may "traffic" other women, but I did not encounter any woman paying for or coercing

another woman into sexual relations, nor did I find men paying for, or coercing sexual favors from other men in Madre de Dios.

This is not to dismiss the possibility that it does happen, simply that the gold mines and the brothels kept a clearly defined heterosexual atmosphere. Nor do I discount the violence, trauma, and abuse of kidnapping, capture, and debt peonage that women, as well as men, experience in the gold mines and along the Interoceanic Road. Labor exploitation takes many forms; only in the sex-trade did it take the form of gender-based violence. What I did encounter, however, were networks of solidarity among female sex-workers – where "sex-worker" is someone who works in the sex-industry, even if not performing sexual acts for/with clients. The women with whom I worked over the course of two years rarely fought over customers; they formed associations to support one another in times of illness or pregnancy, and aspired to run their own bars and to "teach" the younger female arrivals. While the desire to own and run their own bars could simply fall into the "chain of violence" explanation, where one trauma begets another, but I am not convinced that this would explain the generous and strong ties that women developed with one another and with their customers.

In sex-trafficking economies, NGOs and governments also stand to profit in the fight to end exploitation, adding to the traffic in ideas about agency, power, and responsibility. Taking the perspective of a "middle ground" feminist (Kostiwaran 2011), I argue that ignoring the voices of women affected by anti-prostitution and anti-trafficking policies only hinders efforts to create (feminist) solidarity across race and class. Questions about what constitutes sex-trafficking and forced prostitution along the Interoceanic Road revolve around whether women knew that they were likely to sell sex when they left home or if they "voluntarily" consented to work in the sex-trade when they arrived.

A "middle ground" feminist travels amid the traffic of women's calls for liberation from both the "radical feminists" and "sex work feminists" – two opposing camps whose ideology and effects I will examine. Radical feminists believe that any form of trafficking is sex trafficking is prostitution. All are forms of extreme violence against women. Sex work feminists staunchly defend a woman's right to choose what she does with her body, with whom and (for) how much. A middle ground feminist acknowledges that situations of exploitation occur, as well as those when women choose to sell their sex with consent if not pleasure. What I would further argue merits inclusion into this middle ground feminist terrain is an explicit analytical and activist commitment to acknowledge the intersections of race, ethnicity, and class with gender and sexuality (Crenshaw 1989, 1993). An unfortunate commonality in both Peru and Brazil, if not around the world, are thought black and brown female bodies are assumed "available" for selling or for the taking of sex (Edu 2015; Smith 2013; Williams 2014).

In the tropical rainforest of Madre de Dios, the extraction of gold, oil, and rare wood by foreign agents and "wildcat" (illegal) miners, has made for environmental and social mayhem. Inhabitants of Madre de Dios jokingly and aptly refer to the region as "El Wild Wild West." Yet, for Doña Rosa and Doña Mariela, along with their network of sex-workers – approximately 250 women in Puerto Maldonado who also work as hairdressers, cooks, and waitresses - their work is more about solidarity than it is about "each woman for herself." Female sex-workers, indigenous peoples, and non-indigenous Amazonian inhabitants are both for and against the road, organizing periodically and often with bloody consequences, against the state—either to continue mining with toxic mercury or to halt such projects. Political affiliations and aspirations do not necessarily fall along clean lines of gender and ethnicity. Along with the literal traffic of

people, vehicles, and commodities on the Interoceanic Road travel conflicting ideas about development, progress, rights, and value.

Saba Mahmood acknowledges the debates over where to draw the line between "negative" and "positive" freedom, yet continues to engage these categories because "the concept of individual autonomy that is central to both, and the concomitant elements of coercion and consent that are critical to this topography of freedom" (Mahmood 2005: 11). I italicize coercion and consent in Mahmood's sentence because these are precisely the words that breed such discontent and discord among feminists in sex-trafficking debates. For a person to be free, active decisions must stem from self-interest, will, and one's own desires – not from "custom, tradition, or social coercion" (Ibid). When it comes to prostitution, human and sex trafficking, economic and physical coercion could also rob a person of their ability to make a choice in where the body moves and how. These kinds of debates, however, fall apart when it comes to talking about children. At what age can a person make or be deemed able to make decisions about their bodies and themselves?

Working with women has inevitably put me into contact with children. The question of intervention rose for me again when working with sex-workers or women running from domestic violence, who also had children. I did not have authorization from my university to interview children, so I did not. But that did not stop me from volunteering my time at shelters that also provided refuge to children. There were only two shelters in Madre de Dios in 2011—one run by Peruvian missionaries in Mazuko and the other, an orphanage, run by a Swiss missionary in Puerto Maldonado. The missionary effort in Mazuko had produced a sign that greeted drivers coming from Cusco to Puerto Maldonado. Truck-drivers would report that this sign had prompted them to take action. They would arrive, sometimes at midnight or the early morning hours, bringing children that they had found by the side of the Interoceanic Road.

Figure 26: On the Interoceanic Road—Entering Mazuko
"If you harm me, I will report you!—Physical, Psychological, and Sexual Aggression Against Minors Are Crimes"

The town of Mazuko, one hundred and eighty miles from Cusco, lines a short quarter mile of the Interoceanic Road, huddled awkwardly a river that changes course even more

dramatically now that dredges, pumps, and tractors utilize it. It is the gateway to Huepetuhe, the oldest and most infamous of the gold mining towns. Peruvians have nicknamed Huepetuhe the "El Dorado" of "El Wild Wild West" and Mazuko has rapidly gained a reputation for a lawless roadside town, where any trafficked person or commodity must pass before continuing on the paved Interoceanic Road. A strip of brothels and bars by the side of the road, Mazuko doesn't appear to be much of anything. But behind the road and kilometers deep into the rainforest, is where the twelve-man police force, dare not go without back-up personnel.

In June of 2011, a thirteenth officer joined the police force – a woman. The other twelve officers had requested that the regional government transfer at least one female police officer to Mazuko because the male officers didn't feel able to handle the increasing number of women and children filling their station, either because of domestic violence complaints or because of human trafficking. "We thought a woman would be better to talk to them [the women and children], Mazuko's police chief told me before putting me in touch with officer Melania. "Men just seem to make the women and children even more nervous."

I meet officer Melania on the sidewalk outside of the police station. She holds her nine month-old baby girl in her arms. Flanking the station are cambios de oro – literally gold changers – that burn off the mercury to leave pieces of solid gold. I again thought about what kind of intervention it would be to tell officer Melania that the mercury vapor could permanently damage her daughter's brain. I decide that the delivery of the message could affect its reception; better to wait until the end of our meeting. She ushers me into the police station to give me a tour.

Inside the wooden building, the hard hiss of blowtorches from next-door made for a strange soundtrack to our conversation. Melania points to a row of shiny black desktop computers that the police received from an NGO grant, but there is no Internet and often no replacement ink for the printer. "We are accustomed to handwriting the reports anyway," the police chief tells me, "and since we still have to send it by taxi to Puerto Maldonado, there is no point in typing. The electricity goes out more than it is on… and it we need anything, it's running water, not printers."

At the chief's urging, Melania walks me several doors down, past some shops and gold-changers to the health clinic. There, the doctors explain that without reliable electricity and running water, a treatable wound or illness becomes potentially life-threatening as they struggle to keep conditions sanitary. There are two doctors and three nurses in the clinic today. All of them will spend two years in Mazuko, as part of the government placement program that repays their school fees. I ask the head doctor about the mercury contamination and he groans.

"It's everywhere. It's absolutely everywhere – in the soil, in the water. In the air." He points outside. "You can't see it, but it's in the air. There is nothing we can do." He asks if I know of the Stanford University project on mercury contamination. I have. He asks if I think researchers will send the "clean" technology needed to "capture" the mercury vapor, turn it into liquid, and perhaps even recycle it. I tell that I don't know, but I certainly hope so. Melania listens intently and when we walk out, she asks me more about this mercury problem. I confess that I wanted to tell her about the mercury vapor earlier, but didn't want to put her off by telling her what to do. She shakes her head and says that she can handle it, working with a group of twelve men in a border town. "You have to be the right combination of tough and kind," she says. "Don't worry about telling me difficult things and I won't worry about telling you things that are hard to hear either, ok?"

I thank her and we walk back to the police station. It is officer Melania's day off, but there is nothing else to do in Mazuko, she says, especially if you are not working in the gold mines and partying in the bars. She brings me over to the missionary-run shelter and we sit with Angela, the psychologist there. The two women work closely together and have seen close to one hundred women and children in the past two months.

"Don't think that this means they all are victims," Angela warns as Melania and I sit down in the small office. "Many of the women come in here to complain that their señora hasn't paid them yet and they want me to help them get paid. But they don't want to stop working. They just want to get paid." Melania nods. She had been surprised to encounter this when she arrived. With the children, it was different, but some of the girls who came into the legal aid office were sixteen and did not want to stop performing sex-work. The police had a legal obligation to detain them and try to find their parents. That proved difficult because many of these detained youth either did not have identifying information on them or never had applied for national identity cards. I ask Melania and Angela about what they thought defined a victim and a survivor. What did "consent" mean to them in the context of their work—did characteristics like age or poverty play a role in defining who could freely consent?

They both think deeply for a minute. Angela begins saying that people are a strange mix of innocent and wary in the Andes. She attributes this to varying degrees of contact with the Shining Path insurgents. "The Shining Path hit people differently and sometimes just the words alone create fear." Many parents want their children to go to a better life, Melania reasons, so consent is often based on false information. The problem for the police becomes that even in what they deem clear circumstances of human trafficking – sexual or not – if the person is over eighteen and wants to continue working, there is no legal reason to take them away. Both women believe that there is a bit of Stockholm syndrome when it comes to why people would choose to stay in situations of violence and exploitation. The combination of post-traumatic stress caused by the Shining Path in combination or a result of violence—physical, sexual, and emotional—in the home, pushes young people onto the Interoceanic Road. "And then it's just a cadena de violencia," Angela said, echoing Vittoria Salvio. "People go from one bad situation to the next, not knowing where to turn to make it better, or not realizing that it doesn't have to be so bad.

Melania agrees. "Do you remember Raimundo?" she asks Angela, who nods that she does. "This was an incredible boy," Melania says. She and Angela still watch over Raimundo, because both of his parents died. They don't know how Raimundo's mother died, or his exact age, but they guess that he is eight years old. He arrived with a trucker who dropped him off, saying that the boy had said that he had been walking for an entire week. Raimundo spoke no Spanish, only Quechua. When Angela asked him how his father had died, he said it with his hand, Angela paused, "you know, like this" she demonstrated the finger that cuts-across-the-neck move. "He said his father drank gasoline and died. His brother had already left on a combustible for the mines. I don't know what happened to his mother. But he started walking because he wanted to find his brother."

Melania explains that people in the poverty-stricken areas of the Andes get addicted to the smell of the gasoline and inhale the fumes. Sometimes they lose their minds and drink it, just like the 70% rubbing alcohol solution for wounds. The question of coercion and consent to leave home in these scenarios is a difficult one. "Poverty shouldn't be such a difficult problem to solve," she says. "The road is one of those projects that the government said would improve people's lives, reduce poverty and isolation. Maybe it has in some ways. The exploitation of

domestic workers is improving, but maybe it's just that the exploitation is traveling on the road from Cusco to Madre de Dios."

Both Melania and Angela found themselves caught in ambiguities about the nature of interventions as well. Both held a commitment to rescue children from working in the gold mines, even if they did not want to leave, but they found themselves befuddled by young women who wanted to stay in situations of debt-peonage. What Angela often had to do was designate a person as psychologically unfit to make decisions for themselves. This troubled her on some levels because she felt she applied her own parameters to what consent should mean. She would ask women if they had violence in the home, if they would consider leaving the brothels if they had another viable way to live and make money. The hardest moments for her came when she had to make a decision, whether to call the police and restrain a woman against her will because Angela had ascertained that the woman could come to harm or even death if she left the shelter.

~ The Trouble with Traffic from Madre de Dios to the United Nations (and back again):

In 2012, the regional government's doctors estimated 250 to 500 female sex-workers in Puerto Maldonado and up to 5,000 in all of Madre de Dios. The latter number represents a loose estimate, based on the regional head-doctor's guess that there was one sex-worker for every six men in the mines – where numbers for illegal gold miners hovered around 30,000. The latter figure published by the Minister of the Environment, Antonio Brack Egg in the "Year of the National Union Against the Global Crisis" – 2009, still circulated in the press and government offices, even though doctors assured me it had risen in the past three years.

To receive government funding, health care workers had to furnish numbers of some sort. Practitioners who oversaw the obligatory weekly sexual health exams had to make educated guesses as to the number of women they would see. But few of them attended the women directly. It came as a surprise to them that many of the sex-workers had arrived in Madre de Dios through other women – sisters, cousins, aunts, and friends—and not just men working as pimps or abusive partners. Doña Rosa explains how she left home: "My sister told me I could come and work as a waitress. She left home first. She told me that there would be a new road, that we could eventually open our own restaurant." Doña Rosa pauses and laughs, "I was selling more than churros, I tell you." Doña Rosa's sister still resides in Madre de Dios while their mother and other siblings live in different parts of Peru. "They don't know what we do here, of course not. And besides, I am too old now. I am a *Dama*, not a *señorita* anymore."

Doña Mariela came to Madre de Dios with her husband and son in 2001. After several years and another child, she left him, taking her two children with her to escape the physical abuse. She says she hadn't performed sex-work until she was on her own, but discovering a network of female sex-workers who have helped her survive has made her grateful for the community. She now supports herself as a *cajera* (cashier) because she does not own the bar but manages it and the women who work there. "I am mama and papa to my children, but I only have one income," she says, trying to catch her daughter before she knocks into the table where we sit.

My voice-recorder clatters as it hits the floor and Doña Mariela coos anxiously at her daughter while also apologizing to me. I am more worried about her daughter, who is four years old and suffers from what her mother thinks is mercury poisoning from living in the gold mines. "She doesn't speak and I know she isn't like other children. She isn't like her brother. She's old enough to talk but she can't walk very well and it's like she's only one year old instead of four."

Doña Rosa did not identify as a "sex-trafficked woman" and neither she nor Doña Mariela classified herself as an "exploiter" of women, but they are in terms of the United Nations protocols as well as in Peru's laws and policies. Both women run prostíbars and employ sex-workers. The wording of the United Nations 2000 Palermo Protocol on the trafficking of persons provides the fodder for conflations of human trafficking, sex-trafficking, and prostitution as variations on the same form of gendered violence (Bazzano 2013; de Sousa Santos et al. 2009; Piscitelli 2012). According to the "Protocol to Prevent, Suppress and Punish Trafficking in Persons, Especially Women and Children, supplementing the United Nations Convention against Transnational Organized Crime, trafficking in persons means:

"…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 (United Nations Office on Drugs and Crime's 2012 "Global Report on the Trafficking of Persons," p. 16).

How one gives "consent" and another gains it figures prominently in the intentionally broad definition of trafficking. The UN participants sought consensus, thus the resulting publication encompasses the views of sex work feminists who distinguish between forced and voluntary prostitution, along with the radical feminists who desire eradication of all forms of exploitation. Rhacel Salazar Parreñas, Maria Cecilia Hwang, and Heather Ruth Lee (2012) have noted that radical feminists view "human trafficking" as equivalent to sex-trafficking, which is then equated to prostitution. This collapse creates a blanket statement where one stands for many, without any specificity. The radical feminists represent the abolitionist side of the debate on sex work; they are the majority view whose ideology affects policy decisions on women's human rights (Ditmore 2005) as well as economic initiatives (Rao and Presenti 2012).

The most recent demonstration of their influence came in February 2014, when the European Parliament voted to criminalize the client rather than the sex-worker in an attempt to root out prostitution. Minister of the European Parliament, Mary Honeyball promoted the law, influenced by the Swedish model, in turn influenced by strident international organizations like the "Coalition Against Trafficking in Women" (CATW). Founded by U.S. sociologist Katharine Barry in 1988, CATW seeks to eradicate the demand "for the bodies of women and girls for commercial sex that is fueling sex trafficking" as well as to revise prostitution laws, advocating for "legislation on local, national, and international levels to prevent women and children from becoming victims of human trafficking" (CATW 2014). Prostitution is not the same thing as "human trafficking" or "sex-trafficking," but CATW considers it so, based on the premise that prostitution stimulates the traffic in women (Desyllas 2007). For abolitionists, prostitution represents an extreme form of violence; no women would freely consent to it. Indeed, CATW defines prostitution as sexual slavery. Forced prostitution, thus, is a "pleonasm" (Outshoorn 2005).

Discontent with the conception of "consent" grows deeper on both sides of the trafficking debate. While radical feminists like Kathleen Barry (1995), Sheila Jeffreys (2006), and Catherine MacKinnon (2006) see prostitution in any form as a human rights violation. Non-abolitionists

like Kamala Kempadoo (1998, 2005, 2015), Jo Doezema (1998, 2010) Gabriela Leite (2009) and Adriana Piscitelli (2012, 2014) have been the most vocal in Latin America and the Caribbean.

The sex work feminist contingent is growing in Brazil with incisive critique against the radical feminists (Bazzano 2013; de Sousa Santos et al. 2009). Moshoula Desyllas (2007), Melissa Ditmore (2005), and Rhacel Salazar Parreñas (2012) argue that the radical feminist agenda denies human rights to sex-workers, particularly by not giving them a voice, thereby reproducing inequality. Whether to prove or disprove value in a moral economy of sex-work, the "prostitute's body" has become "a terrain on which feminists contest sexuality, desire, and the writing of the female body" (Bell 1994: 73). Women like Doña Rosa and Doña Mariela don't operate under the influence of pimps. Women, just as often as men, traffic other women and facilitate prostitution in Madre de Dios.

~ Traffic Economies and Moving Bodies

Scholarly literature on migration has only recently begun to focus on women, whereas analyses of trafficking have traditionally done so. While there has been a surge of interest in women's migratory patterns, few feminist economists have investigated the monetary triggers, or what might differentiate "migration" from "trafficking" (Agustín 2007; Rao and Presenti 2012). Feminist intellectuals with opposing viewpoints recognize the need to address what drives trafficking – but they see very different solutions. Middle ground feminists argue that forced prostitution can stem just as much from economic need as from physical coercion (Kotiswaran 2011), but advocate for sex-worker's to have safer working conditions, rather than eradication. Radical feminists see men as the problem, fueling the demand for women, while ignoring the marketplace for male prostitutes. For sex work feminists it's a job, not an identity. For some it can serve to establish a different power dynamic by "queering" heterosexuality (Pendleton 1997) – giving women the power to say "yes" or "no" if men are going to ask anyway.

Dolores Cortés of the Organization for International Migration (OIM) differentiates among sex-trafficking, human trafficking, and smuggling – all forms of movement that fall under the organization's rubric of migration (2012). The line between migration and trafficking is not a clear one, often the two entwine. The distinguishing factor is "informed consent." Did people really know what they had agreed to? Did a person leave home under false pretenses or physical force? Questions of an economic nature push further on what "consent" means – would translocation occur if not for financial necessity? An increasing number of Latin American feminist scholars assert that these kinds of questions merit critical attention (Bazzano 2013; Leite 2009; Piscitelli 2012) and furthermore that: "Sexual trafficking is far from being an isolated problem. Its causes are intrinsically related with other social, economic, political and cultural phenomena" (de Sousa Santos et al, 2009, 71). This resonates with Gayle Rubin's provocation to feminists to conduct "a full-bodied analysis" of women that takes "everything into account: the evolution of commodity forms in women, systems of land tenure, political arrangements, subsistence technology," because sexual systems cannot become legible in "complete isolation." Equally lacking, Rubin continues, are economic and political analyses that do not take into account sexual systems (Rubin 1974: 210).

~Consent and its (Dis)contents

Questions of agency, choice, and economic determination in the sexual marketplace are precisely the ones that Latin American feminist intellectuals have begun to interrogate, while also taking their words to the streets and to policy-makers in protest (Leite 2009; Piscitelli 2012; Silva and Blanchette 2005). Gabriela Leite, a Brazilian sociologist and former prostitute, known for her strong voice and political actions penned her autobiography, Daughter, Mother, Grandmother and Puta: The Story of a Woman who decided to be a Prostitute in 2009 (four years before her death). Perhaps it is because Leite had the bodily experience coupled with more cerebral pursuits that earned her the credibility to speak to multiple audiences. Her efforts to decriminalize prostitution, to promote – "A Lei Gabriela Leite" – "The Gabriela Leite Law" along with her NGO "Da Vida" (Give Life) inspired sex-workers throughout the continent not to be ashamed, not to "*esconder debaixo do tapete*" (hide under the carpet), as Leite was fond of saying.

Peruvian health care workers in Madre de Dios shake their heads when they hear about Gabriela Leite. "All our problems come from Brazil," Dr. Quispe says. She is an obstetrician from another major city in Peru. "It's true," agrees nurse Leticia who works in the sexual health clinic. "These ideas about sexual liberation, all the prostitution, it's all coming from Brazil. Before the road, it was not like this." In Madre de Dios, ideas of good and bad, of normal and abnormal, and of what it means to be the ideal woman have an "antes" and a "despúes" – a "before" and "after" the Interoceanic Road.

"It's a cadena"—"a chain" another doctor explains to me. She shakes her head and clucks in disapproval. "It's a chain because the women are part of the commodity [supply] chain." The three female practitioners agreed to give a roundtable interview in one of the two clinic's exam rooms. The clinic, designated solely for conducting sexual health and pregnancy exams for sex-workers, sits discreetly to the side of the bustling hospital. Doña Rosa sits with us, listening. She and a transsexual sex-worker make the rounds in the clinic and in prostíbars as health promoters, part of the regional public health initiative to keep sex-workers adhering to their weekly sexual health exams to make sure that they were "clean." This "permitting" of prostitution with weekly checkups goes back to a Napoleonic code that became widespread throughout Europe and its colonies. The enduring decree recognizes the "necessity" of prostitution to keep the soldiers satisfied and safe, by regulating female sexual health (Kempadoo 2004: 88). Peru, in contrast to Brazil, follows the Napoleonic reasoning and regulates prostitution, madams, pimps, and brothels. Brazil on the other hand, allows for prostitution, but outlaws pimps and brothels. This has become a popular approach in Sweden and England, orchestrated by the radical feminists.

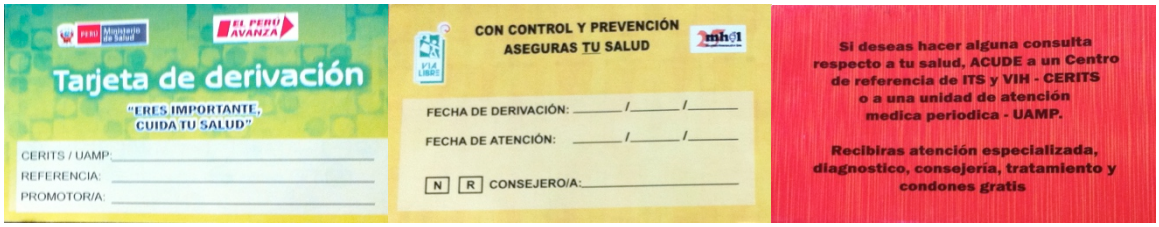

Figure 27: Tarjeta de derivación employed throughout Peru by the Ministry of Health

The Peruvian *tarjeta de derivación* – is marketed as a "referral card," but it also functions as a way to keep track of the number of sex-workers. The clinicians allowed me to take pictures but not to take a sample card because women would often sell them, along with their "carnets" – documentation of their sexual health status. The green part of the card reads: "*Eres Importante* – **You are Important**" and "*Cuida Tu Salud* -- **Take Care of Your Health**." The yellow section, hidden into the center when the card folds, reads: "*Con Control y Prevención Aseguras Tu Salud* – **With Control and Prevention, Assure your Health**." The backside of the card in red explains that all exam services and condoms are free.

The health "promoters" received a small cash bonus for each new woman they recruited. While established prostitutes knew to keep their carnets with them at all times, as proof of their relative "purity," newly arrived women did not always understand what it meant to be carded, no matter how clearly Doña Rosa explained it. "So I am another kind of recruiter!" She laughs at the irony of how this would fall under the definition of "deception" in anti-trafficking language. "They don't really understand why they are coming, and then the government and NGOs use these numbers for funding."

I leave the clinic that afternoon with Doña Rosa, walking along the market road in the direction of her home – the back of her *prostíbar*. For the past several months she has allowed me to join her night rounds, distributing condoms and health cards, promoting the clinic." I ask her what she thinks about the opinions expressed by the doctors and nurses. She shrugs as we pass a line of motorcycle taxis. "It takes a long time to change people's minds. And if they don't talk to us about our lives, how can they know?" Doña Rosa looks at the sky, heavy with the promise of a storm. She takes my arm and we hurry back her bar-home and sit down with Doña Mariela.

"It has gotten worse, money-wise, because of the politics," Doña Mariela says. The police now conduct "*batidas*" – "raids," scaring off customers because the government wants the brothels too close to town to move out of sight but not out of a client's reach. "The central Peruvian government wants to attract investment in the mining and logging industry," Doña Rosa explains. She shows me an article from Peru's "*El Comercio*" newspaper. "See how Humala is purging the police force? See the U.S. demanding that we kill off the *cocaleros* (coca-growers)? The international money, that's what our government wants." Peru has to clean up its image, and sex-workers need to be invisible. Doña Rosa and Doña Mariela pour a round of *Cusqueña* beer, refusing to serve "*Sampa*" an imported Brazilian beer now coming across the border in vast quantities. Their knowledge of the global marketplace influenced where they saw themselves in the world. They made careful choices in addition to insightful comments about world politics, denouncing current President Humala to be "just like [Alan] Garcia," Humala's neoliberal predecessor.

Anthropologist Lisa Rofel situates neoliberalism's origins in the global south (Rofel 2007). Neoliberalism or neoliberalisms walk hand-in-pocket with globalization. While both stand as contested terms, they form an integral vocabulary for twentieth and twenty-first century politics. Neoliberalism is perhaps an imprecise term for an unwieldy economic process. However, as Jamie Peck has noted, the "word must have content" even if in practice, it appears to "be an unstable signifier," that once it has entered the world, it becomes "even more plastic, porous, and promiscuous" (Peck 2010: 28).

While the figure of the prostitute—plastic, penetrable, and promiscuous might participate in the clichéd "world's oldest profession" (such a phrase itself has circulated as a commodity form and excuse for some time), not every women circulates as a commodity through the sex-

industry. The women I worked with did not always identify as prostitutes even if people treated them as such. They renounced the label of "oppressed," demanding to make their voices heard. This is not to say that coercion, violence, and economic hardship are fictions. Many women do suffer from duplicity, battery and subversion. This is why it is imperative to distinguish among female migrants, sex-workers, and sex-trafficked women, although those who don't (have to) sell sex for a living might still call them "puta."

~ Hiding Face, Having Vision, Giving Voice

"None of us want to show our faces," Doña Mariela says, bouncing her baby gently in her arms. "That's why we don't visibly organize. No one likes to be called a "puta." We have children, we have families, if we show up on TV or in the newspaper, it's embarrassing." She pauses as a male customer walks by and she explains that he can come to drink, but her girl is gone, so he will have to bring his own.

Doña Rosa comes to sit beside us. "I try to educate the girls," she tells me. I tell them they need to have *visión*." She realizes that most people outside of sex-work have a different idea about the kinship-like connections that sex-workers can form with one another and with their clients. "It's a little bit like love. I mean sex-workers can fall in love with their clients and we [sex-workers] are a family. We are organized. We look out for one another. I tell them [the sex-workers] they have to read… they have to know how to talk to the men. A lot of men come for company, not just sex, so they have to read the newspaper, know what's happening in the world. They can't just go straight to the *cuartitos*." The *cuartitos* are rooms in the back of the bar. Doña Rosa allows for fifteen minutes, thirty if the night isn't busy and she trusts the couple. She runs a strict establishment, which she attributes to her success. "You see, I had vision; that's how I made it."

"I don't want to be seen," Doña Mariela repeats, "but yes, I do want the government to hear us." Part of her vision is how to stay safe, feed her children, and avoid physically abusive men—including police.

"This is another reason why it's so hard to stand up, speak, and be seen," Doña Rosa says. She does not fear her ex-husband, and as such plays a more visible role than Doña Mariela. She tells me how Angela Villón Bustamente, "Peru's Gabriela Leite" as she jokes, came to Madre de Dios to build solidarity, but none of the sex-workers in the region wanted to show their faces. Villón is the president and spokeswoman for the "*Asociacíon de Trabajadoras Sexuales de Lima*" ("The Sex-Workers Association of Lima"). Her efforts to expand the association's network and establish a regional headquarters in Madre de Dios met with timid excitement. Doña Rosa dreams of going to Lima to work with Villón. "We need more voices like hers. And she's beautiful. You need beautiful people to do the talking so that others will listen."

Villón's argument that sex-workers are human beings, that they are citizens working just as hard, if not harder than others and often in dangerous conditions, resonates with Gabriela Leite's activism in Brazil. Villón, also a former sex-worker, employs similar categories of citizenship and rights that abolitionists do (Barry, Jeffreys, MacKinnon), but takes them in another direction. She refuses the category of "victim" because it does nothing to empower women outside of sex-traffic, women who "consent." Identity categories can bring women together (Carastathis 2013) or tear them apart. Because Villón takes this "contaminated social category" (Spivak 1988) as a place from which to speak, stand out, and be proud, Doña Rosa wishes she would come back. "I think we are stronger now. Before women just kept moving, but

now some are staying. It's hard to keep a large group together if everyone is always moving."[i] Despite the moving bodies, Doña Rosa and Doña Mariela formed the nucleus of an informal network of sex-workers who held other day jobs. Cell-phones kept the women in contact through a predetermined chain of communication, as meeting together in one place did not yet feel safe.

More formally, keeping track of women through the efforts of health promoters, like Doña Rosa was essential to the government's attempts to manage the flow of people and diseases. Yet in the spring of 2012, when public health officials, the Ombudsman's office, and the public defender's office for women and children organized a multilateral task-force with missionary and nongovernmental organizations to focus on issues of gender inequality and violence, no sex-workers sat at the table. This seemed odd given that the group formed because of the rise in domestic violence, sex trafficking, and prostitution. The invitation for me to participate came from my sustained relationship with sex-workers and brothel-operators. I declined to "speak for" these women, asking instead if Doña Rosa and her colleagues might also participate in the group.

"If only Angela were here," Doña Rosa groaned. "She would know what to say." Having sex-workers as a presence at the table when government officials discuss what to do about them, however, proves a powerful conversation changer and Doña Rosa began to see that. For the lawyers, professors, and missionary-workers in the group, it was the first time that they had met and conversed with women who actively *chose*, that is, knowing gave their consent to work in the sex-industry.

Figure 28: Multilateral Board For the Integration of a Focus on Gender in Regional Development First Campaign: "Women for Madre de Dios"

After seeing the poster for the group and deciding whether or not to participate. Doña Rosa reasoned that: "We are, after all, making and spending money in Madre de Dios. We are part of the economic development whether they like it or not—just like the miners… and we are women of Madre de Dios."[ii] Doña Rosa realized that her strength lay in her voice and showing her face at the group's meetings, but not necessarily appearing publically with them. Not yet, at least. "I think my job will be to demonstrate [to the group] that it's not so simple to say what is

human trafficking and sex-trafficking. It's not the same thing as sex work. But maybe we can work across our differences. I just don't know yet."

"Ethically," Shannon Bell writes, "there can no longer be a philosophy of prostitution in which there is an absence of prostitute perspectives and prostitute philosophers" (Bell 1994: 185). Nor, I argue, can there be an analysis of feminist solidarity and resistance in Latin America with an absence of Latin American (women's) voices. In highlighting the narratives of female Peruvian and Brazilian sex-workers not often heard in (the formation of) policies that pertain to women's rights, I am grateful for the generosity of Doñas Rosa and Mariela, as well as sex-workers within and without their network that welcomed me to spend time with them, day and night. While I also worked alongside Peruvian doctors and nurses in the gold mines to administer rapid HIV/AIDS exams and tuberculosis tests, they did not live the everyday – or every-nightlife of sex-workers as the *Doñas* did. Such a deeply engaged ethnography—participant observation and semi-structured interviews over the course of two years along the Interoceanic Road—allowed me to form and sustain relationships with sex-workers that continue to this day.

I am also indebted to Latin American feminists who have traced networks of disconnect as well as forged networks of solidarity, as their words do not always surface in a Western canon. "Who gets cited, where, and by whom—namely, the geolinguistics of citations—exposes the routes through which theories travel and (male) intellectual lineages are constructed in a global context" (de Lima Costa and Alvarez 2014: 559). With this in mind, the theoretical framework for this chapter benefits from feminist scholars over the past two decades who have focused their analyses on transnational feminist networks (Alvarez 1999; Alvarez et al. 2003; Cabezas 2007; Domínguez et al. 2010; de Lima Costa and Alvarez 2014; Leite 2009; Marchand and Runyan 2011; Piscitelli 2012). Their works take an economic and vocal approach, identifying the challenges as well as the successes of creating solidarity.

Attempts to form an internationally unified feminist movement often break down along race and class lines as feminists and critical race theorists within and without Latin America have noted. Discontent with the conception of "consent" grows deeper on both sides of the trafficking and prostitution debates, and sex work feminists have argued that their radical opponents further entrench a white colonial epistemology on an idealized female victim of color (Alvarez et al. 2003; Cho et al. 2013; Crenshaw 1989, 1993; Kempadoo and Doezema 1998; Kotiswaran 2011). Brazilian feminists Boaventura de Sousa Santos, Conceição Gomes and Madalena Duarte (2009) urge recognition of the wider socio-economic, cultural, and political contexts of women's roles, and Gabriela Leite criticizes international feminism for speaking *for* rather than *to* "putas" as she seeks to redefine the term and the women who fill it (2012). The "middle ground" and "sex work" feminist scholars cited in this chapter—as well as this author— seek to understand the conditions of sex-workers' consent, which entails speaking *to* and often *with* the women that policy-changes are meant to affect.

The next chapter focuses on the relationship with one female sex-worker who I continue to communicate with – who, like Doña Rosa, keeps in contact through cell phone texting and social media. Through the friendship that developed with this young sex worker, close to me in age, who connected me to her clients – men who worked as chemists, policemen, mayors – I continue to interrogate what it means to "gain" informed consent and to write about the lives of others. While not entirely pleased with the term "middle ground" feminism, such a theoretical terrain recognizes the intersections of race, ethnicity, and class with gender and sexuality. It does not create a generalizing analytic whereby all women take on the label of victim, but it also

recognizes the cases of extreme violation of consent, where women truly do not realize that, even where "human trafficking and labor exploitation are practically an Andean tradition" they will meet a harsher reality than promised. Definitions of race and ethnicity, not just of gender and sexuality, create the back-and-forth traffic between conceptions of "nature" and "culture." How and where race, ethnicity, class, gender, and sexuality intersect define how categories of "victim" or its other, a "voluntary agent" circulate and create subject identities that interpellate women who may not choose the labels affixed to them. This next chapter takes up the victim/voluntary agent or "vadia" dichotomy in its intersectionality, as well as demonstrating the ways in which I sought "informed consent

Chapter III

"Skarlet" Letters: Marked Women, Intersections, and the Not-So-Easy Life

"Is writing seemly? Does the writer cut a respectable figure? Is it proper to write? Is it done?"

…

"The *pharmakon* [writing] is that which, always springing up from without, acting like the outside itself, will never have any definable virtue of its own. But how can this supplementary parasite be excluded by maintaining the boundary, or, let us say, the triangle?"

"The character of the pharmakeus has been compared to a scapegoat. The evil and the outside, the expulsion of the evil, its exclusion out of the body (and out) of the city—these are the two major senses of the character of the ritual."

...

Jacques Derrida, "Plato's Pharmacy" in *Disseminations*

~~~~~

"I choose… *Estrella*. Yes, you can call me *Estrella* when you write."

"Are you sure?" I ask.

Estrella nods her head, a wisp of dyed honey-blonde hair coming loose from behind her ear. She tucks it back and nods again. Yes, she is sure. She had initially balked when I had asked her if I could record our converstion. I had told her that she could record me as well—answering the questions that she wanted to ask. She said she would think about it. For now, the recorder stays off.

We are sitting in Asadazo, Puerto Maldonado's most "hip" restaurant, owned by a woman from Lima. For what is supposed to be a backwater Amazonian town, the main square has a decidedly gourmet European flair to it. A café run by a Swiss missionary sells quiches, pastries, and ice-creams made from local tropical fruits and several other cafes have adopted similar menus. Environmental conservationists from Lima and around the world, flock to Madre de Dios. Good food has a paying crowd. Asadazo's owner flies in fresh fish from other parts of Peru. Everyone who can afford not to eat the mercury-contaminated fish comes here. NGO workers rub shoulders with the governer of Madre de Dios, Lima's hip new-agers lounge in the open-air garden behind the bar, and various governmental employees—doctors, laywers, environmental engineers serving their two year stint away from home, all come to Asadazo for good food and real alcohol. Estrella had never been.

Estrella and I had met the previous week when my friend Juan, eager to avoid working on his own dissertation, offered to take me around Puerto Maldonado's strip joints. Juan's mother, the daughter of Chinese immigrants, runs several businesses. During the day, Juan works on his linguistics reseach with an Ecuadorian Quichua community not far from the newest men's club – *Las Peladitas* (literally meaning "pealed" or "denuded"). By night, Juan moonlights as the manager of his mother's logging company, taking male clients to show them a good time. He had brought me to *Skarlets,* the gentlemen's club where Estrella worked at that time. He had warned me that the women move around more in Puerto Maldonado, changing venue often. He
~~~~~

wasn't sure if Estrella would still be there.

Estrella, who has agreed to meet me for lunch, her first meal of the day, seems to settle into her surroundings. When we had met outside the restaurant, she had pulled nervously at her short jean skirt, but it wouldn't go any further down, so she gave up as she walked next to me, her platform sandals putting her at my height. She placed a light sweater across her shoulders and adjusted her white tube-top.

"Is it ok here?" I ask as we sit down at a table outside. I was treating her to lunch and I felt strangely nervous. We had exchanged texts several times each day during the course of the past week and I felt a bit like we were dating.

"Yes, it's fine here and you can write if you want," Estrella gestures to my notebook that sits on the table. I write instead on a napkin. It feels less official and thus less obtrusive. "Unless you prefer napkins… This is what you call anthropology?" She asks with a smirk.

"I don't know if I am a typical anthropologist." I say.

She raises an eyebrow and with a theatrical flourish, opens her purse to pull out a make-up mirror. She decides that she does not need to touch up her face and snaps it shut.

"And what woman is a typical woman?" she asks.

I shrug. "Is there one? I don't know. None?"

Estrella ponders this for a moment. "You know, at the clinic, at Santa Rosa [hospital]… the clinic that *we* all have to go to, there is a *promotor* (health facilitator)—or is he a *promotora*? I mean, everyone knows that she is really a "he." Estrelle thinks that if he wants to be a woman, then why not just call him a woman? She asks me if "travestis" – transvestites are safer in California than in Madre de Dios. She thinks that a city like Lima would be easier for men who prefer to be women. "Ronda" is brave, the only openly gay sex-worker in Puerto Maldonado, by her testimony. I have no reason to contradict her. Madre de Dios as "El Wild Wild" West has a decidedly heterosexual vibe to it.

Estrella believes that it is safer for Ronda to be working in the health clinic and to have a network of people who know where she is and when she will be working the bars. She explains that many of the health promoters also engage in sex-work. The doctors, nurses, and police officers tell her and her fellow sex-workers – including the health promoters, that they are "*acostumbradas à la vida fácil"*—"accustomed to the easy life."

"I have two children, I showed you the photos, right?" Estrella asks. "So, tell me, even if you don't have children yet, what part of being a parent, of giving birth, of working all night, is part of an *easy life*?"

The notion that female sex-workers live "*la vida fácil"* frames women as voluntary agents, as having a freely—if not gleefully—made decision, as if their choices weren't shaped by larger social relations. Such a move silences the voices of women who may not find their lives "easy," and women, like Estrella, who find sex work "easier" than to another job that pays less. In the previous chapter, I discussed the radical feminist debates that frame all women as victims. The other end of the political spectrum are the sex work feminists who argue that many women enjoy and do freely choose sex work. The middle ground feminist terrain analyzes the wider social relations around how female sex-workers self-identify as well as how others – international lawyers, law enforcement agents, and feminists affix the labels of "victim" or "voluntary agent" to them.

In this chapter, I employ the analytic of 'communicable cartographies' (Briggs, 2005, 2007a, 2007b; Das, 2006) that interpellate women as 'victims' or 'voluntary agents' to examine the traffic in women and the words spoken about women at different sites along the Interoceanic

Road. In Brazil, the voluntary agent was a slut – "vadia" or "puta." In Peru, it was simply "*puta*." In Portuguese and Spanish, a distinction is made among various kinds of traffic, both human and nonhuman. In Portuguese, "tráfego" carries the everyday meaning of commuting, whereas "tráfico" refers to the illicit movement of people or things, much like it does in English. In Spanish, however, confusion arises for Latin American policy-makers and law-enforcement agents because translations from English or Portuguese into Spanish in Peru tend to classify everything, people and things, as "*tráfico*"—meaning smuggling, instead of also considering the word "*trata*" – which instead refers to the "capture, isolation, abuse, trickery, violence in the activity of coerced movement of persons." The difference is an important one, not simply semantically, but also legally.[19]

In both languages, "*puta*" represents a boundary object that connects even as it divides the communicable sites that promote the discourse and identity of the sex trafficked "victim" and its companion other – the voluntary agent as slut. I seek to trouble (for I am troubled by it) the clean duality of the victim/voluntary agent binary that I encountered as the only available identities for women both in and outside the Interoceanic Road's sex industry. The victim/voluntary agent dichotomy encompasses the intersections of race, class, and gender also at play in the white virginal madonna / black whore opposition that bell hooks analyzed in *Ain't I A Woman*? (hooks 1981). As I will discuss in this chapter, the public safety officer of Brazil's border region, Acre, ascribes a purity to indigenous women, and a sexual perversity to female Afro-Brazilians. On the other side of the border in Madre de Dios, Peru, indigenous women from the mountains have a cold, closed, practically nonexistent sexuality, according to law enforcement officials and public health workers, while women from the "*selva*" are sexually "wild" and hot. This geographical determinism stretches to encompass the few Afro-Latinas in the rainforest mines, where Afro-Peruvians are certainly assumed to be "exotic" and "open" for sexual adventure, but doctors and nurses allege that it is simply too far for them to come all the way from the coast. They are, instead, labeled Afro-Colombian (see chapter 1).

While Estrella does not identify as "indigenous," health care workers, clients, and law-enforcement officials describe her as such – on the health forms from weekly check-ups and in conversation when telling me about women like her who make so much money as "putas." This idea of a woman living the "easy life" has a racialized slant, where the trope of the lazy woman is either one of the "slow Indian" or the "stubbon slave." By following the word '*puta*', spoken and performed by different actors, I highlight the intersections of gender and sexuality with race and class (Chrenshaw, 1989, 1993), that create what are often contradictory subject positions for women – particularly women deemed "non-white."

Ideas about what constitutes productive labor thus has an unsurprising color scale. The women that I encountered by the side of the road and in the rainforest gold mines came from Brazil, Bolivia, Colombia, and Ecuador, in addition to Peru. This was from their own reporting. I did not ask for identity cards or for women to identify themselves according to State definitions – or anyone's definitions of race or ethinicity. Estrella knew the State categorized her as "indian," which came out in her explanations of how she perceived the situation of female sexworkers in Madre de Dios. Because the majority of the men in the gold mines come from the Peruvian and Bolivian Andes, she explained, they want something new and exotic – a woman, an "*india*" from the "*selva*" – the jungle. But there were also many women from the Andes. They, like Estrella,

[19] Interview with Dolores Cortés, Coordinator of Projects and Programs for the International Migration Organization in Lima, Perú on February 1, 2012.

did not self-identify as indigenous, but were labeled as such if they spoke Quechua as their first language. Estrella scoffed at the highland/lowland distinction. "We are all working here together." Neither she nor her colleagues ever said the word "puta." She explicitly told me never to call her a "*prostituta,*" which was more directed towards my writing as I had never spoken the word around her. As with the other women that I interviewed and spent time with, the preference was for being called a "*bailarina*" – "dancer" or "*cajera*" – "cashier" or "call-girl." For the older women, the respectable terms were "*patrona*" or "*dama*", which mean "madame" and never a "*proxenta*" – "female pimp."

I take their preferences into account, when thinking about how communicability "enacts "positionalities that confer different degrees of access, agency, and power, recruit people to fill them and invite them to construct practices of self-making in their terms" (Briggs, 2007a: 333). While Briggs writes that communicability operates differently depending on location – for example, the clinic employs different vocabulary and projects different subject positions than does a court of law – I argue that particular sites and sets of people don't always 'invite' or afford women the opportunity to self-make, but rather enforce subject-positions not of their choosing – like "puta," "*vadia*" or "*mãe preta*." The deployment of the racially charged and already-gendered '*puta*' in these contexts exemplifies the collapse between two different spheres of possible social and political subjectivities. Already imbricated in this "cartography of communicability," it felt like the most ethical move as an ethnographer to "invite" subjects to have a choice in their naming and positioning. The circulation of words about the women affects how the police treat them as well as how local and national politicians decide on protective or punitive measures with respect to women. I invited Estrella and all the sex-workers as well as the gold miners, law enforcement officials, government workers, doctors, nurses – anyone that I interviewed who was not already a published public figure – to choose their pseudonym. That is, I did so for all but one woman who I call "Véronica." I explain why I chose a pseudonym for her at the end of this chapter.

~ The Pharmakon in the "*Puta*"

When speaking with a roundtable of male government officials, they respond to questions about prostitution in Madre de Dios by wondering what it would be like if all the *prostíbars* closed. The Minister of the Environment, in an attempt to evict the illegal and destructive gold miners, had gone after the brothels, purging as many as possible from the rainforest. The regional president of Madre de Dios had followed suit, closing down sex-worker establishments in the capital of Puerto Maldonado. Places like *Skarlets*, more discreet and upscale, were left alone, because, as one Mayor explains to me, it's good for regional business. I press him on this, asking him to elaborate further. This is the Mayor of a well-known mining town not far from Puerto Maldonado. He says: "It would be craziness. All those men. I don't know what would happen with the mining. Either the men would speed up or just leave. But I can assure you, without the prostitution, I think it [the environmental destruction] would be even worse here, not better."

Prostitution in Peru is legal, but highly regulated on the books. State officials apologizing (to me) for the explosion of prostitution in Madre de Dios would often invoke St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Augustine who both believed in the "necessary evil" of prostitution. The Mayor's words in particular resonate with those of St. Thomas Aquinas, who, in recognizing the necessity of prostitution, wrote: "Prostitution in the towns is like the cesspool in the palace: take away the cesspool and the palace will become an unclean and evil-smelling place" (Berkowitz

2013: 148). Aquinas built his tolerance of his acceptance of prostitution on the writings of Augustine of Hippo. St. Augustine, who had reformed his lustful ways to become a devout and celibate man, still asserted that prostitutes "were damned, but their souls were to be sacrificed for the betterment of good society" and that if prostitutes "were pulled from circulation, men's lust would seep everywhere and pollute the world" (Ibid 148).

On the subject of expulsion, of the necessary outcast, and of keeping the city clean, Jacques Derrida writes about how Athenian society would "keep" a number of degenerates and outcasts—*pharmakeus*, feeding them until some calamity struck the city, at which point the *pharmakos* would occur—a ritual sacrifice of at least two outcasts. In this way, the "city's body proper" would reconfigure its health and wholeness by killing off the infected. Yet these social derelicts, these "parasites were as a matter of course domesticated by the living organism that housed them at its expense" (Derrida 1981: 130). They healed as well as sickened the body politic.

It is not a long stretch to include sex-workers into the idiom of the *pharmakon*. At play in Derrida's essay, "Plato's Pharmacy," are notions of difference at the origin of an idea or term, differing definitions within one language, defying translatability. My intention, following Derrida, is to think about the "puta" in the "*pharmakon*" as it also relates to the practice of ethnographic writing. The focus on writing for Derrida is in the Platonic dialogue, "Phaedrus," where writing is offered as a gift, a remedy for memory, but the refusal of the gift exposes writing to have at its center, its opposite—a poison, a forgeting of the words and ideas written.

"If the *pharmakon* is 'ambivalent,'" Derrida writes, "it is because it constitutes the medium in which opposites are opposed, *the movement and the play* that links them among themselves, reverses them or makes one side cross over the other (soul/body, good/evil, inside/outside, memory/forgetfulness, speech/writing, etc.)" (Derrida 1981: 127). I have italicized "*the movement and the play"* as it relates to the ambivalence, the sliding of one term over to the other because it is this ambivalence and movement – the ability for a sex worker to be both a remedy to society or a poison, to be a victim or a voluntary agent – that most interests me. If there is a way for writing or another way to do things with words, one that allows for productive ambivalence or even a third term, how would this affect communicable maps?

Derrida introduces the possibility of a third term and triangular relationships. "The *pharmakon* [writing] is that which, always springing up from without, acting like the outside itself, will never have any definable virtue of its own. But how can this supplementary parasite be excluded by maintaining the boundary, or, let us say, the triangle" (Ibid: 102)? Derrida's question is one that I wish to flip on its side. In thinking about triangles, three-way traffic and third terms that can upset as much as participate in the social relations and physical infrastructure that connect women, plants and gold, I suggest that rather than policing the boundary and excluding parasites, it might be more productive to follow the writing style of Plato – that is a dialogue. Socrates is the "*pharmakeus*" par excellence, interrogating through dialogue, often while walking, to co-create knowledge. He did so perapetically, through movement, almost always walking, in public, and in dialogue with more than one person.

On the road, walking, cycling, or in a moving vehicle, much of my research took place while in motion and in public spaces, often with more than one person talking with me. My hope is to render, as much as possible, a dialogic approach to who and what I analyze. This attention to voice within the power dynamics of transnational feminism draws me to consider Gayatri Spivak's "Can the Subaltern Speak?" Spivak also draws inspiration from Derrida, writing of the complicity of the intellectual in constituting the Other to Europe, as well as possibilities for

avoiding the reinscription of difference that muzzles the subaltern. "In the face of the possibility that the intellectual is complicit in the persistent constitution of Other as the Self's shadow, a possibility of political practice for the intellectual would be to put the economic 'under erasure', to see the economic factor as irreducibly as it reinscribes the social text, even as it is erased, however imperfectly, when it claims to be the final determinant or the transcendental signified" (Spivak 1988: 75). This is a dense sentence. I will examine it in more depth in the last section, however, in brief, for its significance governs my thinking for this chapter: it is the possible opening for social theory to have political import. Who can speak for whom and *how,* who may have a hand in constructing the categories and things put "under erasure" is a question of language and voice.

"Is writing," as Derrida asked, "seemly?" or "proper? Does the writer cut a respectable figure? Is it done" (Derrida 1981: 74)? Can writing as *pharmakon* – as remedy and poison ever be anything but both? If so, could it also then allow for erasures and reconstitutions, verbal deaths and renewals, an end to injurious ways of thinking and, shape different modes of speech and action? With that ambiguity, perhaps, there comes the possibility of a different kind of political practice that may demand a different style of speaking, as well as writing, about the lives of others.

From Estrella's question of "what is a typical woman?" and thinking about, with, and through bell hooks' question of "ain't I a woman?" to ask about the absence of black women in what she rightly saw as a feminist movement colored white. I follow and depart from Gayle Rubin's seminal essay "The Traffic in Women: notes on the "political economy" of sex." While the Rubin urges her readers to consider how sexual systems cannot cannot stand in isolation to "the wider social context and history," an explicit reference to race is noticably absent. Perhaps one can read "race," like "class" into "land tenure" and "political arrangments" that form part of Rubin's list of what a "full-bodied analysis" of sexual systems must entail. Precisely what bell hooks (and others) noted – was the absence of a stated inclusion of non-white women into feminist analysis and activism.

A brief roadmap to this chapter: I begin with my journey across Brazil, to Bolivia, and then to Peru to conclude with Estrella.

~ Naming and Othering

I board the bus in São Paulo, Brazil, feeling anxious as a woman traveling alone for some 2700 miles of the Interoceanic Road to the state of Acre, a state that people from São Paulo say "doesn't exist" at "the ends of the earth." In a town some sixteen hours from my final destination, a bottle-blonde woman who I had seen the night before in a bar next to the bus station, steps aboard. We are several hours from where I had last seen her. She throws herself into the front-row seats with a pillow and blanket, promptly falling asleep. The ticket collector, a young woman, gently shakes a leopard-print-clad leg sticking out from under the blanket. The bottle-blonde head emerges and she says, "*Tenho não*." She has no ticket. At the next stop, the bus-driver speaks to the woman in the closed driver's compartment. He is tall and naturally blonde (She is not). The woman re-enters the passenger area with her platform-sequined shoes in hand, and walks barefoot to the back of the bus. No one speaks to her, but loud whispers spread from seat to seat. A mother yanks her little boy, headed for the bathroom, back into his seat.

My seat neighbor gestures with her head towards the back of the bus. "You know, right? That mulatta…" Our bus stops for us to disembark and board the river-ferry. A line of trucks builds behind us as we wait. The woman stands, now wearing her sequined shoes, away from the group, hugging her pillow to her chest. She looks to be in her twenties. A truck-driver honks, his black truck has red dice hanging from the rear-view mirror. Her body makes a shrug of relief and she smiles, tossing her head as she walks away. A man snorts, "*E aí…puta.*" She hurries to the truck, leaving the soft but persistent chorus of men and women chanting "*puta, puta*" behind her.

Observing this exchange, feeling disempowered that I stood by and watched, doing nothing, my mind turned to Franz Fanon as a way to think through the discomfort that comes from the complicity of being one who watches. When the child screamed: "Maman, a Negro!", Fanon had been 'hailed' as Other. His body made him nameable to those around him. The hailing created a psychic rupture and he suddenly saw himself through the eyes of the other passengers. He did not recognize or want to take on this forced identity. In the space of the moving train, a slew of historical stereotypes assaulted Fanon and he felt he suddenly existed in the triple. For the young child, he is perceived as Black, for the others on the train, he is Senegalese, Savage, or an exotic walking phallus (Fanon, 1967: 116). His sense of identity is subject to how others see and name him, irrespective of how he knows himself.

Both Fanon and the woman have been hailed as less worthy by those around them. These are "words that wound" (Matsuda et al 1993) that critical race theorists have analyzed with respect to a verbal "placing" of non-white people into social hierarchies that translate into negative material consequences (Curry 2012). This kind of 'naming' takes a person out of the everyday circulation of going to-and-from work or school, and places them in another context, with split existences. They become semiophors (Chauí 2000) – their category-of-being represents a stereotyped identity that circulates in word and image apart from their selves.

The passengers had already recognized the woman as '*puta*' on the bus before one man started the chant of '*puta*' outside. It was only in walking towards the truck-driver that the young woman enacted her identity, allowing the passengers to call and point. For Fanon, the child's call and the subsequent passengers' reaction reiterated the whiteness of the norm. Fanon is aware of his corporeality as materially abhorrent to others. For the woman, in the public space of the bus and ferry crossing, her body enacts one of her identities for the other passengers (including myself). But is '*puta*' her only identity? She is not given (or does not take? Is this a choice?) the opportunity or the words to explain whether she is also a mother, a nurse, a secretary, or perhaps a university student.

In her autobiography: *Daughter, Mother, Grandmother and Puta: The Story of a Woman who decided to be a Professional Prostitute* (2009), Dr. Gabriela Leite, a social scientist and former sex-worker describes how, as a university student, she chose sex-work.[20] Leite championed the rights of sex-workers within and without Brazil, advocating for the decriminalization of sex-work, for health benefits and civil rights for prostitutes. Leite reiterated an often ignored point that: "Prostitution exists because there has always been a demand for this service. We all know they [prostitutes] exist, and we all know people who procure them." Leite's activism had her traveling to speak at the United Nations on women's rights and working to

[20] *Filha, Mão, Avó e Puta: a história de uma Mulher que Decidiu Ser Prostituta.* Sadly, during the writing of this dissertation, Gabriela Leite passed away from cancer in November of 2013.

empower prostitutes in Rio de Janeiro with her non-governmental organization, "Da Vida." Her laudable efforts to decriminalize prostitution, to have sex work recognized as a sexual right, should not be confused with issues of sex trafficking in women. Leite's advocacy, her international circulation of words, is based on women having choices, even if economically constricted ones, rather than on women being deceived.

Leite's identity as a sociologist provided a place from which to speak to a wider public – and be heard. Her multiple identities as a white activist-intellectual and former prostitute, bestowed a kind of credibility to speak to the public. The danger of taking the wording of sexual rights too far is that one might understand that *all* prostitutes want to sell themselves for sex and do so with as much gusto as Leite, who opened her autobiography relishing in the night life and men's bodies, whatever their color, shape, and size.

Judith Butler writes in *Excitable Speech* that language can inaugurate a social existence for the body via interpellation into *and* through a social context. The "interpellation" constitutes the individual's physical body and identity through and within the social. Scholarship on black female sexuality in Brazil demonstrates the continuing racism by the Brazilian State and media, depicting brown and black bodies as sexually open and exploitable (Edu 2015; Smith 2013; Williams 2014). Gilberto Freyre, one of Brazil's more prolific racist writers helped to circulate the saying: "White woman for marriage, mulatta woman for f---ing, Negro woman for work…" (Freyre, 1987 [1933]: 13-14.)[21] This colonial expression most infamously sets the lines for a communicable cartography that freezes the non-white woman into a subject position not of her own fashioning. Calling someone a prostitute places their body on the basis of what that body does for a living. If a person does not self-identify this way, or does not appreciate being recognized as such, the 'calling' can constitute one's body as an alien space and enforce an identity just as much social as it is physical, as it appeared to be for the young woman on my bus.

When it comes to injurious words, the interpellation can also be a rejection, a feeling of being thrown out of one's own body, perhaps even accompanied by a physical ejection from a place. The word '*puta*' can signify anything from an exclamation of dismay to an insult. In Portuguese and Spanish, the word can carry a less charged meaning, that of 'shucks' or 'darn,' when having dropped an object or forgotten to do something. The word has detached from the women that it references and can frame a person's general state of unease or divestment of responsibility. Women hear '*puta*' all the time even if it's not directed at them. Calling a person a '*puta*', however, fixes that person in time and in context. In that moment, whether they like it or not, they must wear the mantle affixed to them. This is not just men's language about women. As the interaction on the bus demonstrated, women also call other women, '*puta*.' Men, unlike women, "are defined in terms of what they do in the world, women in terms of the men with whom they are associated" (Lakoff 1973: 64).

~ Marking and Marketing the Woman's Body

The stigma associated with the word 'prostitute' has elicited international campaigns to employ the label of 'sex worker' to signify men and women who work in the sex industry but who do not necessarily, or who do not only, perform sexual acts for money.

[21] "*Branca para casar, mulata para foder, negra para trabalhar*."

Figure 29: A Marcha das Vadias 2012 "Neither slut / nor saint / free"
Photo by João Veppo[22]

In Brazil, '*A Marcha das Vadias*' – 'The March of Sluts' has men and women taking to the streets, (re)writing their bodies in protest of the derogatory usage of the words 'puta' and 'vadia'. The protest began in Canada but has spread around the world, demonstrating the volubility of these words in a take-it-to-the-street communicable cartography. The social movement to retake these words and thus redefine their associated identity attests to the malleability of words to travel in more than one direction, as well as the power that words can have to redirect one's course in life. Marking flesh with: "Neither slut / nor saint / free" represents a literal attempt to retake one's physical body from the body politic reversing the kinds of 'scarlet letters' that mark people as social outcasts.

"Marcia," who chose the pseudonym because she wanted to be remembered with the march, explained the writing on women's stomachs. "The belly can say a lot. It can be sexy. It grows when we are pregnant. It's what we can expose [in public] like a man." The choices of what women wrote on their bodies were, as Marcia put it, the things that they would want to say or had said, but didn't feel as though the government or elite society would hear. "Our bodies, even if we aren't selling sex, become like property of the State. So we make that property talk back."

What Marcia pointed to was the way that women's bodies – particularly non-white bodies were indispensable to the State for physical labor, to keep the State (or palace cesspool free) in working order. To take away all these bodies would be detrimental, but too many bodies would overrun the palace. Marcia had indicated the particular significance of a woman's belly growing and related this to the sordid history of sterilization of non-white women in Brazil. The current irony is that the State provides such toxic injections for contraception that many black women prefer the operation to permanently keep them from having children (Edu 2015). Marcia comments on the supply and demand of bodies: "So just enough of us to work, but not enough of

[22] http://www.flickr.com/photos/joaoveppo/7298789660/in/photostream printed with permission of João Veppo

us to really have a voice," Marcia says with understandable bitterness. "Too many and we would lose our value, just like with any product you buy. We become too easy to exchange."

Approaching a woman's body as the property has a contested history as an object of analysis for feminists and for anthropologists. Marrying Karl Marx's work on political economy to Claude Lévi-Strauss's *Elementary Forms of Kinship* and Sigmund Freud's theories on sexuality, Gayle Rubin posits that it is not men who are the root oppressors of women, but rather with the way that biological differences are explained and deployed in the social realm (1975). One can hear emanations of Simone de Beauvoir throughout the entirety of the text, particularly when Rubin asks what constitutes a 'domesticated woman' and what system of relationships causes the oppression of women? "A woman is a woman. She only becomes a domestic, a wife, a chattel, a playboy bunny, a prostitute, or a human dictaphone in certain relations" (Rubin 1975: 158). These relations give rise to the identities of '*puta*' or '*vadia*,' mother or virgin, brought into being through social exchange. Such gendered relations are, however, intrinsically racialized in Brazil, if not throughout the world. Women like Gabriela Leite and women who are neither "saint" nor "prostitute" but rather "free", draw attention to sex-work as a vocation that spans Brazil's racial categories.

The categorical understanding of the word "puta" is one where the black woman is (con)scripted as being sexually exploitable in Brazil (Caldwell 2007; Gonzalez and Hasenbalg 1982; Smith 2014; Williams 2014). This affects a woman's ability to move of her own accord. Christen Smith highlights the immobilizing effects for black women in Brazil – hailed, mocked, assaulted, even killed for being seen as "puta" – as one existing "outside the moral order" (Smith 2014: 114). Smith's title, "Putting Prostititutes in Their Place" resonates with Chauí's "semiophor," where black women are pulled from daily circulation as just woman. The marked identity of "puta," constucted and maintained through popular media, engrained in the (colonial) social contract, thus "places" prostitutes where they "belong," outside of routine social life (Smith 2014).

(Not) Talking About Sex and Traffic in Acre

In Brazil's Amazonian region of Acre near the borders of Peru and Bolivia, the Secretary of Public Safety says that prostitution and sex-trafficking do not "belong" in Acre. He says that he sees few cases of sex-trafficking or prostitution because this is a religious area of "high morals." He acknowledges that while Acre has its share of poverty, women are either devout or indigenous (or both) and would not prostitute or fall victim like women from other poor areas of Brazil. He is referring to the Northeast, where the sex-tourism, sex-trafficking, and sex-work is high – a predominantly Afro-Brazilian area. When I ask if there really are no cases of sex-trafficking or prostitution in Acre, the Secretary responds that the cases are few in comparison to other Amazonian states, because Acre has no '*garimpeiros*' – 'miners' or 'prospectors' – but rather rubber tappers and cattle farmers.

Originally part of Bolivia until the early 1900s, the state of Acre had become an important source of rubber. The area briefly hit the world's radar screens with the murder of Chico Mendes in 1988, rubber producer turned environmental and indigenous activist whose conservationist stance angered cattle ranchers. Today people joke that "*O Acre tem más vacas do que pessoas*" – "Acre has more cows than people." The *seringueiros* or rubber tappers (seringa literally means syringe that was employed to harvest the tree's latex) had come in two waves of men, both times from Brazil's poor Northeast – precisely the region that the Secreatary

of Public Safety had referenced as a hot zone of sex-tourism and trafficking. The first wave – *Correrias* or *Runners* of Northeasterners killed most of the indigenous men in the area, but kept the women. Today, the commission of indigenous peoples (*A Commissão Pro-Indio*) —a nongovernmental organization, is made up of Ashininakas, Machineris, Kaxinawás, Yawanawás, Araras, Poyanawás, Jaminawás, Nukuinis, Kaxararis, Kulinas and Kampas. For the Secretary of Public Safety, Acre's troubles are nothing compared to its border cousins—Cobija in Bolivia and Iñapari and Puerto Maldonado in Peru.

"We are a quiet town with good values," he says. "We don't have problems with human trafficking, sex trafficking, or really any prostitution."

His female secretary, who enters to offer water and coffee, breaks into the conversation: "Of course, there is sex trafficking and prostitution! Of course there is!" She places the cups of coffee and water on the table in front of me and, with the empty tray balanced on her hip, turns to address me. "We don't talk about it, but it happens, with the indigenous women too. On the borders especially, but what can *we* do?" She addresses her words directly to me, as much a challenge as it is a stand in solidarity. Looking embarrassed, the Adjunct-Secretary jumps in to say: "We all know it happens… trafficking of women and children, prostitution… but we don't have specific numbers."

The Secretary hastens to respond, saying that the problem, while it did perhaps occur here in Acre, was far worse in Bolivia and Peru. This was why those two countries had better security and legal systems to identify and prosecute the traffickers as well as to support the victims. But, he added, "Not all of the women are victims," echoing a riff I heard often. "Some prostitute at the same time that they have other work." So, is a woman not really a sex-worker if she has a day-job? And how does that not make the women victims of poverty – socially instituted violence – if they have no other means to make money?

This business of knowing what kinds of decisions 'subaltern' women make and why, of constructing a consciousness and subjecthood is a fraught field and "it is not easy to ask the question of the consciousness of the subaltern woman; it is thus all the more necessary to remind pragmatic radicals that such a question is not an idealist red herring" (Spivak 1988: 90). Spivak asks for paying attention to the silences that give rise to the figure of the subaltern woman in the 'retrieval of information' as well as in the production of theory.

The Secretary of Women's Affairs in Acre told me that: "You will have to investigate because I know it happens, but I don't have numbers. Tell me what you find." This is a message that makes me uncomfortable as an intellectual as well as a woman, and it is one that I shall return to in my conclusion. I responded that I wanted to speak *with* and *to* these women, not just report *about* them. Spivak writes: "In seeking to learn to speak to (rather than just to speak for) the historically muted subject of the subaltern woman, the postcolonial intellectual *systematically* 'unlearns' female privilege" (Spivak, 1988: 91).

Her words resonate with Paulo Freire, Brazil's revolutionary thinker who espoused an 'emancipatory pedagogy' (1967) – literacy for all Brazilians. Freire's belief in exchanging words follows from this pedagogy. He seeks to create the conditions for dialogue, which can give rise to an emancipatory pragmatics as it endows people with the ability to verbally interact on a more socially equal footing. Bestowing a theoretical consciousness does not magically manifest in freedom of choice, Spivak writes; this only works in the case of the male European intellectual that she critiques, someone who can have his cake and eat it too. Giving people the power to 'name' their world is what Freire seeks to do, so that they may also contest the

namings. Those who do not have the same economic privilege can't speak, name or contest, and this is not because their mouths are full, quite the opposite.

In Rio de Janeiro, famous for its Carnival celebrations, sex-work pays well. Or often better than a job as a nurse or a secretary does, says one woman who completed her nursing training but makes four times as much as a prostitute than she would as a health technician: "I don't complain here, making enough to live. Safe, no, sex-work isn't safe for anyone. But it pays the bills. It's a way to pay the bills" (cited in Murphy 2011). In anthropology and public discourse, in Brazil and around the world, the debate over the terms of sex-worker and prostitute incorporates questions of ethics, economics, and laws as well as those of race, class, and gender. The two sides of the debate split along those who are 'victims' and those who are 'voluntary agents.' The view of those on the side of 'voluntary agent' or 'voluntary *puta*,' is that the majority of the Brazilian women who work in the sex-trade are not victims. The panic over sex-trafficking is overblown. How can women be victims if there is a choice involved (Leite 2009; Piscitelli 2004; Silva and Blanchette 2005)?

This reaction on the part of scholars to choose 'voluntary agent' over 'victim' makes sense when these are the only two options. This is part of the problem, however, that there seem to be no *other* interpellatable options for women; they have two choices, which are really two sides of the same binary. But what kind of choice is it when economic factors so clearly apply pressure? What are the social relations in which women circulate? 'Victims' as well as '*vadias*' have a specific communicable cartography, which was at once generated and denied in the office of the Acre Secretary of Public Safety. Victims become static, no longer '*vadias,*' moving through the market-place, selling their bodies. *Vadia*, in Portuguese, shares its origins with 'vagabond' and the Latin verb '*vadere*' meaning 'to go.' Vagabonds and *vadias* move constantly, bearing the stigma of one who has no fixed place. Perhaps somewhere along this circuit, interrupting the modes of exchange of bodies and words, alternative identities and subjectivities may arise.

Female social activists in Acre – be they governmental or non-governmental workers – see a different reality than do some Brazilian scholars. "The girls come from the poorer parts of Brazil," says a coordinator for a governmental agency on women's human rights, "and whatever kind of work they do – in restaurants or as domestic workers, the bosses do as they like. It's invisible, this violence. If no one talks about it, it's worse. This is all over Brazil." The Secretary of Politics for Women concurred: "No one talks about it because it's too ugly a reality."

People do talk about it, just in different ways and in different places. A female politician who is friends with the mayor's wife must consider political as well as social relations before speaking to me and speaking for trafficked women, sex-workers, and prostitutes (as they may not be the same). The communicable cartographies of 'victim' and '*vadia*' may seem at odds, just as their subject positions are, but the two terms provide the opposite poles of the same map. Gabriela Leite wants to talk about prostitution, because, she says: if it is kept 'hidden' and 'confined,' or 'invisible,' it is not just hypocritical; it is harmful to the woman. Latin American anthropologists like Adriana Piscitelli want to talk about the different kinds of 'traffic' in an attempt to create 'spaces of agency' for women (Piscitelli 2008; Silva and Blanchette 2005). Civil servants and NGO workers want to talk about sex-trafficking in an attempt to halt it. Then there are the governmental officials who do not want to talk about it at all. I asked one civil servant working for the Secretariat of Politics for Women why that might be the case.

"Because," she replied "then they would have to do something about it. It's too big. It's too hard. Everyone knows cases [of sex-trafficking existing], but people ignore, trivialize, naturalize [it]. They say, it happens, like prostitution. Just like that."

With the words of "everyone knows this happens but no one wants to talk about it" echoing in my ears from interview to interview, I also wanted to know why this happens? What do women pay for someone to "traffic" them to a new and better life? Who makes these promises of a better life and work opportunities and then breaks them? Sueli, a long-time social activist in women's rights says: "These are poor girls with little or no schooling. They are tricked, tricked by these guys… pimps… but madams, women also, you know – who come, who come and say, 'We can give you a better life, more money. You can send money home to your family and come home to live like a queen.'" Sueli now works for the government of Bujari, a small town on the side of the Interoceanic Road. A recorded number of eighteen girls are reported as having been sex-trafficked from her municipality. "Imagine," she says, "if the number is that high in Bujari, what it is in Rio Branco?" She shakes her head sadly when asked about how the girls end up as part of this traffic and responds: "The girls believe the promises and when they realize their mistake, it's too late. They are either too embarrassed, too far away or maybe don't know the new language of the country they are in, or are just too scared to come home."

Promises that draw people to travel under false pretenses require a different kind of attention in practice than they do in print; they certainly require a different kind of attention in the legal realm than in the academic one. For scholars who study human trafficking, the question of responsibility – of the promises one makes to informants who may also become friends; of the moment to intervene or not to intervene, becomes a difficult one. As "violence is imbricated with representations of it" (Briggs 2007a: 339), so too are those involved in producing the narratives – the victims of violence, their families, their local communities, the government, the medical community, the media, and of course, the anthropologists. What kinds of words is the intellectual not only willing, but also able to take responsibility for, as academics often provide the evidence and basis for legal decisions?

Bolivia in Brief ~

There is no official triple border crossing where the three countries meet. To enter Bolivia officially, one must have, even as a tourist, a visa if you are a United States citizen. Brazilians don't have an easy time entering either, mainly because they are seen, as in Peru, as border bullies. The town of Cobija is the exception. Oficially part of Bolivia, one does not need a visa to go there—it's a tax-free zone and Brazilians flock there to do their shopping. Electronics from all over Asia end up in Brazilian pickup trucks, crossing back into their heavily taxed land. Haitian refugees, hoping for Brazilian citizenship, wait anxiously in what could be Peru, Bolivia, or Brazil, depending on where they are standing outside of the Bolivian consulate in Assis, Brazil. Assis, Brazil and Iñapari, Peru are the twin border towns that do not have an equivalent in Bolivia.

"The problem is more drugs here, as you can imagine," Raúl Flores, the Bolivian diplomat who may, or may not, grant me a visa to enter Bolivia—tells me. It is my third attempt to gain entry as a researcher at the border. "Why don't you enter as a tourist?" He asks. "Its much easier."

"Because I am not a tourist."

"*Claro*," he sighs, leafing through my paperwork. I have letters of invitation from Bolivian professors who I have never met, but who have corresponded with me over email and try to help now on the phone. Raúl cracks his neck and cranks his fan to spin faster. He notes that I am lucky to have come today. There is electricity, so the fans work. It is much easier to wait with the electric wind. He hates it in Assis, Brazil. In the evening, he steps over the invisible line that lands him back in Bolivia. His Portuguese is flawless. He tells me to wait. I go outside. The consulate is a two room wooden structure, worn by the sun and rain. It has a small porch and two chairs, one of which has a broken leg. I lean on the railing and look out onto a small square where Haitian men and women, caught by the Brazilian border patrol as they entered from Bolivia, await their fate.

After an hour Raúl comes out to smoke a cigarette. He seems surprised to see me.

I put down my notebook. "Writing?" He asks. "Are you curious about the Haitians?" He nods his head towards the group. "Since the floods in their own country, they've been flooding into ours. But they don't want to stay in Bolivia, they want to go to Brazil, where there's work. Each morning pickup trucks come and cart off some of the men, but they usually bring them back by the evening. Cheap labor."

I ask him how dangerous it is for them, working for the ranchers. In the Federal University of Acre (UFAC), activist professors have sponsored Haitian academics, teachers and students. They can stay as long as they have the umbrella of protection of the university. It's mostly luck, Jean-Phillipe, one of the Haitian students tells me. He obtained his visa for South America through the Dominican Republic. From there he took a combination of boats, buses and cars. There is an established underground, he acknowledges, and yes, it is dangerous because you don't really exist, so no one will know if you disappear. His family would never be able to find him.

Raúl shruggs. "Women [*Haitianas*] are rare. It's the men who travel. I am sure that they suffer, but I guess it is better than in Haiti. If they are lucky, a cattle rancher might sponsor them, and then they can stay in Brazil, at least as long as they work for him." Raul pauses, stubs his cigarette on the wooden railing. "Bad idea, smoke when it's a wood house."

I stay silent, not sure of what to say.

"Your visa is ready," he says. "But I read your proposal. You'd be better off in Puerto Maldonado. That's where everyone goes. You have to follow the gold, the women do. And it's an easier life there."

~ Puerto Maldonado, Regional Capital of Madre de Dios, Perú ~

"I came because of the gold," Estrella shrugged. "We all did."

It is October 2011, a month after I have come back from negotiating visas in Brazil and Bolivia. I run into Estrella at a local café. She invites me to join her, the Mayor of Laberinto, and "Carlita." Laberinto is a gold mining town several hundred feet down a steep embankment off the side of the Interoceanic Road. It is a port town, a river gateway to gold mines deeper in the jungle. When I visited several months later, I was surprised to see that the money-changers advertised a gold-to-Euro conversion. Carlita is one of Estrella's constant companions from *Skarlets*. The two women sit on either side of the Mayor, a powerfully build man in his mid-thirties. His family came from Serbia and Croatia during one of Fujimori's attempt to "whiten" the Amazon.

The Mayor asks me what I am doing in Madre de Dios and this is when Estrella answers, surprising me with her smooth interruption to say that she came here for the gold, that "we all did." She later tells me that she wanted the Mayor to know that I was one of her "group," which meant that she controlled the dialogue. She explains to the Mayor that I am an anthropologist from California, studying the effects of the Interoceanic Road, with a focus on the traffic in women. She tells him that I am also interested in what kinds of plants women use, teasing me about drinking Ayahuasca.

The three primary plants that women like Estrella carried in their "farmacia ambulante" were: Maca, Peru's most biopirated plant; Coca, and Ayahuasca. Despite wild male shamans, Mama Maca, Madre Coca, and Mama Ayahuasca have a distinct female identity for those who grow and ingest them. They also have the qualities of the "*pharmakon*" acting as both remedy and poison—on the one hand as fertility enhancers and male stimulants—i.e. natural Viagras, or as contraceptives and abortifacients on the other – which is more how sex workers employ them – depending on the dose.

"Everyone comes for the gold," the Mayor tells me. He speaks openly about the connection between the gold, the gold miners, and the prostitution. Neither woman appears uncomfortable, but neither say anything either.

At the end of his lengthy description of the situation of corruption, of lawlesslness, and rampant prostitution in Madre de Dios, Carlita changes the subject to ask about Brazil.

The Mayor answers before I can, saying that it is a very different life in Brazil. It's even more of a land of cowboys, he says.

"But is life better? Do you like it better there?" Carlita asks and again Estrella answers for me, telling her that no, I like life better in Puerto Maldonado. The Mayor invites me to Laberinto for a personal tour.

"Estrella and Carlita too?" I ask as Estrella shoots me a warning look.

"We are more at ease here in Puerto, thanks," she chimes in quickly, smiling widely and asking Carlita to please go get some more napkins.

The Mayor excuses himself, saying that he has an errand to run and will be back.

After he leaves, I apologize to Estrella. She laughs and tells me not to worry about it, "*no pasa nada, amiga, tranquila*." If the Mayor didn't come back, she and Carlita would meet him somewhere else. She wasn't worried. "He doesn't like to eat alone."

"*Ven conmigo (*Come with me), she says, beckoning me to stand and walk with her along the beach of the Madre de Dios River. Carlita finds a young man she knows and stays in the café.

"Let's go walking. It's important to feel free. The beach is empty."

During the day, the beach stayed fairly quiet. Miners and their families would sometimes go during their day off, bring food and stay as long as they could stand the vicious insects. River beaches in the jungle should not be confused with ocean beaches. Estrella did a bit of discrete advertising, talking with men, also walking along the beach, chatting about what shows would occur that night at *Skarlets*.

"Did you go to *Venus*?" Estrella asks me as we walk.

I pause, thinking about how to answer her question about the most popular men's club "Venus." I knew that her "ex-friend" worked there and that the two were still angry at on another but I did not know why.

Estrella asks again, in a controlled voice whether I had gone and what I had thought about it.

Venus reigned as the flashiest strip-club. The owner had sat at the bar, underneath

flashing lights, looking out over his spotless club, drunk bankers, loggers, and miners reclining on plush chairs before him. *Skarlets*, where Estrella worked, had a deteriorating interior. The once lush red couches looked threadbare on closer inspection. While *Venus* had throbbed with live music and gyrating naked female bodies, *Skarlets* had electronic music off-and-on, an empty stage and lonely pole, and three woman in short skirts passed out, face down on the couches. Estrella had been the only one awake, sitting outside in a turquiose sating bra and jean shorts, "*buscando aire*," when Juan and I arrived.

"For me, *Skarlets* was better—as a woman who doesn't want to watch pole dancing but to talk to the women."

Estrella shrugs and smiles, preferring to pursue her own line of questioning.

"Do you remember when those men came in looking for *Véronica*?" She says the name "*Véronica*" with an emphatically irritated tone. She looks at me closely.

I nod. I remember. Véronica now works at Venus. Juan had introduced me to her and asked about Estrella. Véronica had grimaced and referred to Estrella as her "ex-amiga."

"Ex-amiga," Estrella sniffs. "Véronica, and it isn't her real name, you now? It's not her name. It is her *work name*, understand?"

"Yes."

"So when you asked me what name I wanted, because you are going to give us all other names when you write, you know that I have a list of names. We all do. It's part of our lives to go by different names."

She asks me what my name would be and I tell her that I won't go by another name. She jokes and asks me to promise that I am not after her job. I promise. The first night that we had met, I had ordered water to drink in the bar, which made Estrella suspicious. That was what sex-workers did to stay in control. It also meant that men had to buy them drinks, which they spilled or dumped out strategically so as not to get drunk and to keep the client buying.

She had challenged me in *Skarlets*, she admitted, to make sure that I was not a threat. Juan and I had just come from *Venus*. Having just seen two stripteases, I had learned that to pole dance well, the less clothing the better. But that was not an option for me.

Estrella had protested my presence at first, barring the way and saying flatly: "Mujeres, no." But Juan had convinced her that I was "just an anthropologist."

To the delight of Estrella's friends and the few drunken customers in *Skarlets*, they learned that anthropologists tend not to know how to pole dance. I turned out to be the night's entertainment. Estrella dared me onto stage and onto the pole. I did not need to feign trepidation as I approached the pole. It was thinner, taller, and more slippery than I had imagined. My capri pants and tee-shirt gained no traction on the metal that smelled faintly of sweat and perfume. I had made it almost to the top of the pole before losing my grip. Before I could think to slide down fireman style, I had already hit the wooden stage. Hard. I had looked up to see Juan and Estrella laughing. She believed me that I was not out to steal her job.

"So did you see Véronica?" Estrella insisted, bringing us back to her present concern, the laughter of the pole-dancing mishap only a precursor to ask about her former friend.

"Yes." I answered.

Estrella wanted to know if I had seen Véronica dance. I had. While we had been in *Skarlets*, men had come looking for Véronica. She was, according to Juan, the most popular of all the *bailarinas* in Puerto Maldonado. I admited that Véronica was a good dancer.

Estrella did not react the way I thought that she would. "She is excellent. She taught me how to dance."

I asked her how they had met. Estrella narrated how they had met in Mazuko, the human trafficking hub for women traveling into the gold mines. Véronica had come from another jungle area further north where she had already been working in a strip-club. Estrella and Véronica shared similar stories of a pretty woman who told them of opportunities to make all the money they would need for a lifetime.

"I told her, I need the money for my sons." She told me, "You can have all the gold you need. Forget the *plata*."

Gold was the new "plata" or silver. There was so much of it, or so the woman had told Estrella, that gold was the new currency. She could line her pockets with it. Her story resembled Véronica's, whether it was because the same woman who had sought them out or because, in the retelling, two former friends had woven their arrival story together."

"A woman came. Pretty. I don't know exactly how she knew I was a dancer—I only dance, understand? So she came and tells me: El Dorado exists in the jungle of the south. The men want to enjoy themselves. You can make 2,000 soles in a night. That's what the woman told me and Véronica."

Estrella is careful never to tell me the woman's name as she narrates her version of her and Véronica's story. They had met in the same club in Mazuko. She didn't tell me the name and I didn't ask. Estrella had already been in Mazuko for two weeks when Véronica arrived.

"Her name at the time was "Victoria," and she didn't like it if we called her "Vikki. I was dying of horror of the place. Victoria taught me to dance and in two weeks we both paid off our debt and left for Puerto."

"What was your name in Mazuko?"

"Inéz."

"How long have you been here in Puerto?" I ask.

"One month."

Inéz and Victoria wanted out of Mazuko. They wanted out of the makeshift clubs built out of heavy-duty plastic, the kind that covers swimming pools in another world. The open sewer walkways and humid living quarters stank of mildew and bodies. Skin infections were the most common affliction of anyone living in the mines or by the side of the road. It was difficult to find clean water to bathe in, even if they tried to go to the river, men would often be washing their tractors upriver or right where they wanted to swim. But they had to pay the señora back – she had charged them for all of their travel expenses, the clothes and makeup that she bought for them, everything they had consumed along the way.

"Her mother didn't know *anything* about what she was doing here," Estrella explains as we walk back from the beach into the main plaza. We sit on a bench in the afternoon shade. She explains that when she and Véronica met in Mazuko, they made a pact. Véronica taught her how to dance. They made more dancing than drinking. Estrella had heard of the job at *Skarlets* from a male client.

She pauses. Her phone is buzzing. It's the Mayor. I look away in the only gesture I can think of that might give her a bit of privacy. She sends him a text message and continues her story.

"We arrived here in Puerto. We had the idea to save our money and start our own bar. But it is too expensive. It didn't work. I have to send money home. Véronica doesn't. She has to be a queen. She doesn't know how to clean clothes or cook. Can you imagine?"

In the end, Véronica had run off with a male customer, a successful mining *concesionario* (holder of a mining concession) who had fallen for Véronica the first night he walked into

Skarlets. These kinds of *Pretty Woman* stories along with a *Cinderella* mystique seemed to sustain Estrella other women that I spoke with. The intense need for money—for both miners and sex-workers joined them in an economy of necessity and fantasy. For as much exploitation of human labor and environmental devastation, there existed a curious innocence among both the men and the women in the mines. This was, of course, how they had arrived in the first place, leaving their homes on the word of a stranger, believing in the El Dorado of their dreams and a better life.

For now, Estrella says she sends home more than enough money to her mother to take care of her two children. Back at home, her family never knew that she would split her days between the checkout counter at the supermarket and turning tricks at the port. That was where the señora found her. Estrella was making two or three soles per trick – *pase* – and the promise to make more had enticed her.

From Arequipa to Puerto Maldonado, Estrella went by car with the señora and other women she had picked up along the way. I ask Estrella if she had trusted the woman more than she might have trusted a man. She thinks about this and responds "possibly." The road trip, longer and more interactive than the plane ride had been more painful physically and psychologically. She had time to think and watch the landscape pass.

We walk back to the café. Estrella is off to meet the Mayor. I sit down and start to write. A moment later, Estrella returns. I look under the table, thinking she must have left something.

"*Amiga*," she said, handing me a stack of napkins. "You are going to need these to write all this down, no?" Laughing, she gives me another "beso" – "kiss" goodbye.

Weeks later I ran into Véronica and her fiancé on the street. They are leaving Puerto Maldonado as Estrella had predicted. I wished them luck. Carlita sees the exchange and calls me over to talk.

She asks me if I know why Estrella and Véronica will never be friends again. I shake my head that I don't. I say that I don't think that I need to know.

"It's important that you know why," Carlita insists. "Her real name isn't Véronica."

I know that.

"Listen to me," Carlita says placing her hands on my shoulders as she faces me. The sun in my eyes makes me squint. "She is using Estrella's real name."

Estrella and Véronica, formerly *Inez* and *Victoria*, had fought. It turned out that the wealthy mining concessionaire was married. Estrella didn't approve. It was one thing to be a distraction for married men, another thing to steal them. Victoria didn't agree. She changed her name to "Véronica," stealing Estrella's real name. That, in a sex-worker's code of ethics can mean not only social embarrassment, but phyical retaliation from friends, lovers, and even family.

The name "Véronica" is not Estrella's real name. I do not write with the name that Véronica chose for herself because she wanted it to be Estrella's real name again, which would place Estrella in an even more vulnerable position. This is the one instance where I chose which name to employ.

~On Choosing One's Words

The 2000 Palermo Protocol that issues the strongest and most influential international statement against the trafficking of women has sparked debate because of its ambiguous wording when it comes to the definition of trafficking people and exploitation: it "shall mean the

recruitment, transportation, transfer…for the purpose of exploitation. Exploitation shall include, at a minimum, the exploitation of the prostitution of others or other forms of sexual exploitation….” Words can prescribe. Words can condemn. Words can tempt. Words can soothe. Words can incite. Words can wound. The sound of the word “Puta!” carries it a significance that reaches back to touch on violence that predates the hailing act. Words can have, and often do have, unintended consequences.

There is a growing literature in the U.S. of sex-work feminism – sex workers who write about their experiences and demand labor rights and recognition, if not also to be admitted into a more inclusive feminist movement. It is largely authored, however, by white women and men (Nagle 1997; Phoenix 2013, 2008; Weizen 2010). These are the beginnings of the “prostitute philosophers” that Shannon Bell calls for in *Writing The Prostitute's Body* (1994), encompassing queer theory and sexuality, but not so much intersections of class, and still less of race and ethnicity. Notable Latin American and Caribbean scholars like the late Brazilian sociologist / former sex worker Gabriela Leite (2009), Adriana Piscitelli (2008, 2011, 2014), and Kamala Kempadoo (1998, 2005, 2015) argue that framing sex-workers or prostitutes as victims takes away women's ability to speak for themselves.

The lineage of black feminist critique in Brazil has strong voices. The late anthropologist Lélia Gonzalez wrote about the ‘place’ of the black women in Brazilian society and politics. This “proper place” – either domestic worker or prostitute – is not an inviting subject position for black women (Bairros 2000; Gonzalez and Hasenbalg 1982). A feminist politics of place must recognize the intersections with race and class (Crenshaw 1989, 1993; Smith 2014; Williams, 2014). Sueli Carneiro, proposes a ‘blackening of feminism’ to point to the symbolic violence of the everyday circulation of images and words – like ‘puta’ that denigrate black women (2011), something that white women do not experience in entirely the same way.

As a North American doing research in Latin America, I consider it essential to read and engage with Latin American thinkers. Walter Mignolo writes that one's geohistorical location enables or determines a particular understanding of the world and that how one thinks and how one speaks are in constant interplay (2000). To change the (linguistic) borders of intellectual thought entails a rethinking; it entails a border thinking—between disciplines of thought—so that the subaltern histories and entrenched inequities can come to the fore and circulate. His discussion “is intended to create, through border thinking (e.g., thinking in between human sciences and literature), a frame in which literary practice will not be conceived as an object of study (aesthetic, linguistic, or sociological) but as production of theoretical knowledge (Mignolo 2000: 223).

In his characterization of how to think critically and speak differently, Mignolo writes about language not just in the grammatical or phonetic sense, but also in “the politics of language” sense. Literary practices have in various ways—the making of dictionaries, the standardizing and purifying of language—been linked to the “coloniality of power.” He sees Western values as having been “woven together to produce the linguistic maps, the historical geographies, and the cultural landscapes of the modern / colonial world system within its internal logic (e.g., imperial conflicts) as well as in their external borders (e.g., conflicts with ‘other’ cultures; the colonial difference)” (ibid). The historical geographies that Mignolo points to act as his compass and resonates with Marilyn Strathern's idea that some areas of the world lend themselves more available for the pursuit or the intransigence of particular problems in anthropological theory: “Some regions of the world seem to provide locations for the pursuit of particular problems in anthropological theory whereas others do not. Regionalism thus exists not

only as a substratum of ethnographic experience common to anthropologists familiar with an area—it also exists in the form of specific representations of analytical problems" (Strathern 1990: 204).

This is where I wish to return to Spivak and her assertion that the intellectual plays a complicit role in creating "the Other of Europe." There is "a possibility of political practice" and that is to take what Spivak sees as the given and "final determinant or the transcendental signified" – the economic or the economic factor and put it "under erasure" (Spivak 1988: 75). Drawing on Derrida who drew from Heidegger, Spivak argues that the word itself must be employed in a critique of it. This is unavoidable and demonstrates that the word itself is not stable, that it is not a solid or transcendental signifier.

Much of Spivak's argument has to do with representation and of an economic analysis. The question of representation with regards to the subaltern takes a different turn, and how one writes, how one chooses the words to represent another. Spivak critiques Foucault, Deleuze and Guattari, and Derrida. However, it is upon Derrida that she bestows the honor of the least "dangerous", at least when understood in contrast to the others who act as "the world intellectual masquerading as the absent nonrepresenter who *lets* the oppressed speak for themselves" (Spivak 1988: 87). The italics are my own. I wish to emphasize that "letting" one speak for one's self can carry the heaviness of patronizing someone as well as displaying an abdication of analytical responsibility. This is a pitfall that I deeply wish to avoid.

Can the subaltern speak or will the intellectual, even in a well-intended attempt to provide an appropriate representation always filter, warp, or take (away) the subaltern voice? Spivak is careful to delineate the different kinds of "representation" one may take in a post-Marxian era. "*Darstellen* belongs to the first constellation, *vertreten* – with stronger suggestions of substitution – to the second. Again, they are related, but running them together, especially in order to say that beyond both is where oppressed subjects speak, and know for *themselves* leads to an essentialist, utopian politics" (Spivak 1988: 71).

Spivak critiques the Foucault-Deleuze conversation that "reintroduces the constitutive subject on at least two levels: the Subject of desire and power as an irreducible methodological presupposition; and the self-proximate, if not self-identical, subject of the oppressed" (ibid). More troubling still, is that since the intellectuals (I include myself in this category) are neither of these, "S/subjects become transparent in the relay race, for they merely report on the nonrepresented subject and analyze (without analyzing) the workings of (the unnamed Subject irreducibly presupposed by) power and desire" (Spivak 1988: 75). My questions become: Can the intellection and the subaltern speak together? If so, how? Or may this only happen if the intellectual is not from a dominant social group? Spivak concludes her essay writing that the female intellectual must take seriously her task: "The subaltern cannot speak. There is no virtue in global laundry lists with 'woman' as a pious item. Representation has not withered away. The female intellectual as intellectual has a circumscribed task which she must not disown with a flourish" (Spivak 1988: 104).

For this reason, I do not fade into the background in my description of my interactions with people, when observing the events around me, nor in my analysis. While this ethnography is not about me, how I represent the complexity of the human and nonhuman traffic relations along the Interoceanic Road and the ideas of who or what counts as having worth does stand as a question of ethical ethnographic engagement. I know no other way of avoiding making myself invisible or "transparent"— as if people speak through me rather than to me—than to place myself in the writing. It is in the "staging of the world in representation – its scene of writing, its

Darstellung" where the dissimulation of "the choice of and need for 'heroes', paternal proxies, agents of power -- *Vertretung*" (Spivak 1988: 74) takes place.

I try not abdicate my analytical responsibility by merely "reporting" on what I have seen and done. I wish to render clear the rhetorical choices that I make and why I might employ the categories of hero, paternal proxy and agents of power as well as why I question the need for the categories of *vadia*, *victim*, and sometimes *martyr* for women. The choice for these signifying categories as objects of analysis as well as words employed to describe and represent is significant; they are often ones that I adopt in my analysis to put them "under erasure" to better understand them.

~ Closing Words

Sexual systems, Gayle Rubin writes, cannot stand in isolation to the wider social context and history. "A full-bodied analysis of women in a single society, or throughout history, must take *everything* into account: the evolution of commodity forms in women, systems of land tenure, political arrangements, subsistence technology, etc. Equally important, economic and political analyses are incomplete if they do not consider women, marriage, and sexuality" (Rubin 1975: 210). Rubin's inquiry into the oppression of women and "sexual minorities" took inspiration from Karl Marx in *Das Kapital* when he asked: "'What is a Negro slave? A man of the black race. The one explanation is as good as the other. A Negro is a Negro. He only becomes a slave in certain relations. A cotton spinning jenny is a machine for spinning cotton. It becomes capital only in certain relations. Torn from these relationships it is no more capital than gold in itself is money or sugar is the price of sugar'" (158 in Rubin). Marx's quote is the only reference to issues of race in the formation of a woman's identity that Rubin gives us.

In conducting "a full-bodied analysis," I argue that intersections with race, ethnicity, as well as class must necessarily come into the analysis when one considers not only how women travel, but also how words spoken about them circulate, creating the relational networks that produce communicable cartographies with subject positions of '*puta*,' '*vadia*', mother, and virgin.

I want to be careful not to collapse the categories of race and indigeneity as the same or even similar between both countries. The "proper place" for a Peruvian "indian" is in the jungle as anthropologists of Peru have noted (de la Cadena 2000; Greene 2010; Varese 1972; Rojas 2008). Whereas Brazil has, since 1973, inadvertently opened the legal door for people to claim indigenous status. While identity politics and categories of race may differ in Brazil and Peru, the common theme, however, is that the darker the skin, the less socio-economically mobile, the less politically empowered.

In Brazil, the victim / voluntary agent dichotomy often means that the State tends to see indigenous women as victims and black women (who may not self-identify as black) as voluntary agents - prostitutes. The coloniality of power (Mignolo 2000) at work in shapping livable existences for people are politically designated and historically maintained. Now that the Brazilian State has allowed for the possibility of indigenous communities to have some recognizable political status, it is not quite so maligned a category of being (French 2011). Not so to be black. The unfortunately common image of the exotic "mulata" that inspires sex-tourism to Brazil clashes with the black motherly domestic caretaker (*mãe preta* – black mother) of white children (Gonzalez 1983). Domestic workers or prostitutes represent the "proper places" for black women in Brazilian society, notes Christen Smith (2014), drawing on Brazilian black

feminist scholars (Bairros 1991; Bento 1995; Carneiro 2003; Gonzalez 1983).

In Peru, the assumption is that any woman of African descent in the gold mines must be Colombian (see Chapter I). This attests to a certain kind of invisibility that Afro-Peruvians have – their "proper place" is primarily on the coast, while the "Inca" resides in Cusco, and the Indian in the Amazon (Greene 2010). The Andean-centric view of Peru is something that Peruvian anthropologists have also noted (García 2005; Galindo 1988; Varese 1972). There is a particularly "static" and "fixing" quality to these "proper" places for ethnic, racial, and gendered groups that extend broaden the context of a "woman's place." The resonance with the word "prostitute" – where "pro" means "before" and "statuere" "to be made to stand" describes a lack of mobility that I wish to take, figuratively, "on the road" in Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia to examine words, already embodying the intersections of gender, sexuality, ethnicity, race, and class, direct the traffic in women.

In thinking about what questions and problems come attached to the region that one studies, integrating the various languages that spoken and opinions given, how might the written representation allow for such plurality of perspectives without losing precision? What analytical and linguistic genealogies of thought and life-worlds does the (activist) researcher inherit? The Spanish and Portuguese colonial efforts produced fictions that went beyond the liberty afforded by magical realism and manifested in productive as well as destructive consequences. How one speaks and writes about race, nature, and history becomes a conversation that also involves disease, violence, and poverty.

In writing about what distinguishes one region from another, Marilyn Strathern notes that the "sense of having uncovered what is distinctive about a particular region lies also in the manner in which anthropological ideas are organized" (Strathern 1990: 205). She suggests that the moments of "cathexis" occur when some local regional event "re-arranges conceived notions, thus bouncing back off the assumptions which inform metropolitan theory" and some regions lend themselves better to the export of concepts (Strathern 1990: 205). How, then, to weigh these ideas and see the lines of relation between them and their specific location and how to make non-totalizing connections, becomes an important question. Strathern's project (if she would call it one) along with Spivak and Lakoff's work, open the possibility for the ethnographer to write in a "woman's language" with the hope of erasing (the need for) gendered language altogether.

That one must "utilize the language that belongs to our own in order to create a contrast internal to it" (Strathern 1990: 17) works in tandem with putting words "under erasure." A new language could be a way of relativizing the base, but Strathernian talk is an unwieldy language, itself not cohesive or with a unified base. Her intention is to make transparent (not the same kind of transparent as Spivak's) the practice of anthropological description, "which creates its own context in which ideas drawn from different social origins are kept distinct by reference to those origins" (ibid: 17). She does not advocate for smoothing differences or for exporting concepts, necessarily. What becomes necessary is the creation of a kind of verbal mirror, one that forms and informs our thoughts about about difference, and to think about the kinds of theoretical walls that give rise to material ones—what those enclosures keep out just as much as what they contain.

How does the physical cartography affect the cartography of communicability (Briggs 2007), what words, what stories, what ideas travel, particularly when it comes to violence (Das 2000)? The discursive geography and hence the communicable cartography of the *idea* of

women as mother, as virgin, as prostitute as well as the region of Latin America as a more-or-less unified entity—as having a homogenous population, a purity of blood and a unity of language, of its border gnosis, border thinking, and coloniality of power depends on the geo-historical location (Mignolo 2000). To open up to new ways of thinking, it often takes a change of language. Language defines and explains the boundaries of our thoughts even as it allows one to push against those very limits. My attempt to write in a more dialogic form, to engage with less-cited authors; to read and translate from Portuguese and Spanish, and to ask people to "name" themselves in this ethnography, is, on one hand, with the aim to push at the boundaries of how we think about the intersections identity, choice and language. On the other, it is to acknowledge how very material the consequences can be for people who are the object of such words as they travel across or transgress linguistic, physical, and social borders.

Figure 30 Reward: 2000 Soles (equivalent to $1000)

For the killer that ran over and fled, leaving a grandmother of the community of Checaspampa unconscious and for whose fault she died, not bringing her to the health post.

Señora Basilla Villagra Huaman

This occurred on Sunday, the 17th of April of this year [2011] between the hours of 8am and 10am

Please help us find my grandmother's killer, the derelict who took her life.

With any information call cell:

9????7604 y 974261103

Ask for the Señora Carmen or Señor Alejandro

We beg all of our neighbors of Checaspampa and adjacent areas to help us find the killer who cowardly fled after the accident.

Thank you

Chapter IV

"*La Letra Con Sangre Entra*" – Collisions and Other Kinds of Encounter

There is the dark Latin American frontier: a place of violence, conflicting cultures, and an unforgiving nature driving once-civilized men to barbarism…
Anna Tsing, *Friction*

~ ~

Ha calmado ya el furor de mi sangre,
Ha vuelto ya la paloma, aleteando do gloria

The fury of my blood has calmed,
The dove has returned, flying from heaven

José María Arguedas, *Todas Las Sangres – Every Blood*

The expression: "*La Letra con Sangre Entra*" literally means "The Letter" or "The Law" with Blood Enters," but translates more commonly as "Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child." The phrase surfaced often in conversations with police officers discussing domestic violence and regional conflict in Madre de Dios, but it wasn't until I traveled to the village of Sabaluyoc that the words struck me in the everyday rhythms of the home and the classroom. Sabaluyoc[23] is a community of Harakmbut, Iñapari, and "*colonos*" – Quechua speakers from the Andes, so called because they "colonize" Amazonian territory. Head of the community, *colono* Don Fernando believes that the village suffers from "ethnic confusion" and a "conflict of *costumbres*" – cultural values and practices. A retired schoolteacher, occasional gold, and married to Maria Magdalena considered "the Last of the Iñapari," Don Fernando considered his home-life to exemplify the kinds of clashes that occur between people with different value systems. He lamented the advent of human rights discourse and implementation in Peru precisely because it made teaching wives and children life lessons more difficult. "Before it was, spoil the rod, spoil the child. It's human rights that "screw" everything up...." Don Fernando had used the word "*joder*" in Spanish, which more commonly translates into a slang term more vulgar than "screw," but can also mean to "hit" as in "to break," "mess with," or "hit up" sexually.

This chapter examines the collisions that do not fit within the framework of "friction" as Anna Tsing has so productively theorized. These "collisions" – as opposed to "interactions" in daily encounters – are physical altercations. Such collisions occur on the roadside, in the rainforest gold-mining and logging frontier zones, and during riots against internationally funded roads, hydroelectric power plants, and mining operations. They happen when gasoline tankers fly down Andean mountainsides killing or mangling alpacas, sheep, and people, where communities armed with spears, bows and arrows clash with riot police with guns. And

---

[23] Sabaluyoc means "The River that has big fish." *Sábalo* means "big fish species" in Spanish + the Quechua suffix *-yuq* (which means 'having'), which is often rendered in Spanish as *-yoc*. It's a very common strategy for forming place names in Quechua. There's no /o/ in Quechua (except when it's next to a /q/, hence the rendering of the Quechua suffix *-yuq* as /*-yoc*/), so the /o/ often becomes /u/. My gratitude to Dr. Nicholas Emlen for the clarification on the name.

collisions occur in the home, between husbands and wives, parents and children. To come to more adequately come to grips, as it were, with gender-based violence, femicide, and extermination of groups of people, I employ "traffic" as an analytic. I do so not only to examine moments of painful collisions, but also to think though ideological traffic that uproots as well as transports. In these instances, rather than reconfiguring power or expanding (human) rights, conceptual and physical encounters can end of stymy human and nonhuman lives.

Before coming to Maria Magdalena and Don Fernando in Sabaluyoc, I begin in the women's police station just on the outskirts of Puerto Maldonado, the capital of Madre de Dios with the *Capitana.* Her framing of the many forms of violence she saw occurring in Madre de Dios brought the collisions of fists and faces, blood-letting, and blood relations to the fore.

"*Convivencia*," Blood, and (other forms of) Kinship

In June 2011, Madre de Dios opened a "*Comisaría de la Mujer*"—a female police station. The rapid rise in domestic violence and sex trafficking had motivated regional authorities to request more personnel to confront the lawlessness. The regional president lobbied the central government for support arguing that the women of this "no man's land" needed protection. Eight female police officers arrived from various parts of Peru and took their post in Madre de Dios under the direction of the *Capitana* Elba Guzmán Corrales from Cusco. Six weeks into the new initiative, I meet with the *Capitana*. She points to stack of papers.

"The "*denuncias*"— complaints of domestic violence are pouring into the office faster than we can deal with them," she says. "The mercury has a lot to do with it, but the "*convivencia*" (cohabitation) is a major problem too. There are too many people with different *costumbres* (customs) trying to live together. It doesn't end well."

I ask her to elaborate on what it means to "not end well." Her reply is when people with such different ways of seeing the world come together it ends most often in "*sangre*" – in *blood*. She is not just talking about domestic, but also about the men working together in the gold mines. "But yes, my job concerns protecting the women who are victims of domestic violence," she nods, patting the stack of lodged complaints into a neat square. While the majority of the domestic violence came in the form of women bruised and bloodied by clashes with men, the *Capitana* emphasizes that women also turned on their children. She hadn't seen this as often, but her point was, she said, squaring the papers once again, that there is an unfortunate aspect to this kind of violence – that it is a cycle of violence that is hard to break. "It's almost like it *gets in* the blood, like a shared familial transmission." This form of transmitted knowledge inscribed literally and figurative by and in blood was not the sort of kinship custom she condoned.

She continues to explain that the men and women streaming into Madre de Dios are not upstanding citizens. They are outcasts, criminals, people who do not fit in their homes and villages. They do not uphold the tenets of "Don't Lie, Don't Steal, Don't be Lazy," and this creates conflict with law-enforcement officials as well as between men and women. "People have different ways of living," the *Capitana* explains, "and it's not always so easy to understand each other. Within Peru, we have different languages, different beliefs. It's almost like different worlds. Some villages haven't changed in hundreds of years. Some people are still recovering from the Shining Path. This makes it hard to live together (*vivir juntos*) in the same place." This description of Madre de Dios as a vast region, disordered, unruly, and increasingly violent exemplified the broader view of the police force and regional government that the men and

women traveling the Interoceanic Road by foot, taxi, and atop gas trucks were criminals, if not in actuality then in potentiality.

The *Capitana's* description of the people and problems in Madre de Dios also reflected her understanding of me as an anthropologist, focused on women's lives and health. Throughout our conversations that lasted three months, when she obtained the transfer she sought out of Madre de Dios, the *Capitana* continued to emphasize just how violent "uncultured" humans could be – not necessarily a "true state" of the human being to her, but rather an unguided and wayward one. They were the "*maleducados*" – the rude, the badly educated in social politeness and in knowledge. She wanted me to understand the inevitability of physical clashes and violence when humans with different customs and ideas of what it means to "live together" came into contact.

When men leave the mountains for the jungle, the *Capitana* explains, they encounter local inhabitants, other migrants, women they love or pay to love. The violent clashes that ensue among men from different villages and between men and women – be they of the jungle or of the mountains – necessitate forceful State intervention to create order. Not only did the State's use of force became an acceptable form of violence, but missionaries and government workers in addition to local inhabitants of Madre de Dios were emphatic in underscoring how much Peruvian government needed to take more aggressive action. "We need more personnel to get rid of these miners; they are all criminals, undocumented, former Shining Path insurgents," the *Capitana* said. What would later strike me as paradoxical was just how many people would stand in line to have their fingerprints inked and stamped to have their very first identity card. People *wanted* to be part of the State, noticed, tracked, and thus part of the national order, whatever that might mean for the health and education benefits. The firm belief in the State and its power to care for its population, to restore or create order almost launched Keiko Fujimori into presidential power in 2011. Despite Alberto Fujimori's slew of illegal and violent actions – forced sterilization of indigenous women as one of many – he still enjoyed the credit for dismantling the Shining Path and restoring order to Peru.

The kind of State intervention that the *Capitana* spoke of was a manifestation of making the law known through a show of blood. Later in this chapter, I will discuss those who echoed the *Capitana's* sentiment for more physical State intervention – other police officers, the villagers of Sabaluyoc, and missionaries working to recuperate children from the gold mines. In this analysis, questions of *whose* blood – male or female, indigenous or not figures prominently in past and current justifications for the State to sterilize women, to send riot police, to raid into *prostíbulos*, and to place environmental regulations on gold mining. "What the State has to manage is Peru's mega-diversity," the Capitana explained. "You have heard that Peru is mega-diverse for its flora and fauna, but we also have a diverse human population. Violence in Madre de Dios is a problem of *convivencia*."

Convivencia translates most literally as "cohabitation" or "coexistence." I prefer the translation of "coexistence" along with the less succinct, yet more encompassing phrase of "living together" (*vivir juntos*) as the Capitana also phrased it, because it extends to a revival or re-signification of the Quechua term – "*sumak kawsay.*" *Sumak kawsay* translates into "*buen vivir*" in Perú and Ecuador and "*vivir bien*" in Bolivia, but these are rough equivalences, as are the corresponding terms of "welfare" or "living well" in English. *Sumak kawsay* has become a battle cry for scholars and activists who promote subject rights for mother earth in South America. The concept stems from a vision that a vocal group of Latin American scholars declare is at odds with a capitalist worldview. David Choquehuanca, advisor to Bolivian President Evo

Morales, has championed the concept of sumak kawsay/ vivir buen in his country (Choquehuanca 2010). His colleagues in Ecuador also share this cosmovision, of multiple worlds that stems from a community-oriented understanding that considers nonhuman life-forms as part of this community (Macas 2010; Melo 2009; Wray 2008). Catherine Walsh warns out that this form of multiculturalism has another side to it (2010), echoing Charles Hale also suggests that there is collusion, rather than collision, between multiculturalist and neoliberal agendas (2005). Walsh points out that Alberto Acosta (2008) and Eduardo Gudynas (2009), well known "buen vivir" advocates, promote a vision of integrated development, one that assumes a particular quality of life. It is not just about honoring all life forms and Mother Nature.

Despite the darker side of integrated world (development) projects, Marisol de la Cadena (2010) offers a nuanced approach to cosmovisions promoted and enhanced through the harnessing of *sumak kawsay*, drawing from Isabel Stengers's "The Cosmopolitical Proposal" (2005) and Eduardo Viveiros de Castro's work on "perspectival anthropology" (2004a) and "multinaturalism" (2004b). Rather than making various worlds commensurable in order to equate and compare one to another, de la Cadena follows Stengers in suggesting an analytical "slowing down" to think about the divergences rather than oppositions of ways of living. Taking the "collision" of worlds and people in Madre de Dios, as law-enforcement authorities and nongovernmental workers – Peruvian and foreign – framed it, this chapter examines how to hold the diversity of these worlds without collapsing them into the same translatable cultural object of analysis. While de la Cadena has written eloquently and extensively on "sumak kawsay" and multispecies "living together," the political engagement – in the Andes – not the Amazon, does not reflect this.

Indeed, the coexistence with the *Pachamama* or Mother Earth was not the Capitana Guzmán's main point, but her invocation of the Quechua moral code along with "*convivencia*" resonate with the political movements that promote respecting all lives, human and non-human, in an all encompassing code of ethical conduct towards the earth's offspring. Her thoughtful framing of the situation in Madre de Dios as she saw it entailed careful attention to what she felt an anthropologist needed to know about the different ways of living that meant increasing conflict among people with contradictory ways of thinking and being in the world. She affirmed that these different worldviews among people from the mountains and people from the jungle have "always been this way" and that it would never change.

I was surprised at how adamantly the *Capitana* saw people's values and customs as contradictory and ultimately irreconcilable. "They cannot live together." Mountain and jungle dwellers were polar opposites, frozen not only in time, but also in place. "*Indígenas* – Indians" belong in the forest," the *Capitana* reiterates for me. "Many people from the mountain villages also live in backward ways," she says, "but… it is different." I ask the *Capitana* about this difference. The mountain cultures, she explains, have a history – Machu Picchu, for example. One can see the proof of their existence and cultural value, to say nothing of the value it brings to the Peruvian economy. The *Indios* in the forest don't build monuments or even have permanent homes. They boast no identifiable marks of their accomplishments. I agree with her that the Inca certainly were a great people and that beyond the Andes, the Amazonian Ashaninka carry this Inca blood. The movement from the mountains to the jungle has a pre-Colombian history. The *Capitana* nods, saying that perhaps not all the *Indios* are completely lost. While not of the mountains, they are better than the derelict Shining Path members, undocumented and violent who end up in the gold mines.

The notion of "*convivencia*" as *La Capitana* Guzmán explains it to me, includes couples living together outside of marriage but also the "living together" of people from different areas, with different values, speaking different languages. "Andean people don't have the same customs as people from the jungle and then these men work in the mines all day, of course they are contaminated with—dirt, mercury, everything. The women here don't care. There is no respect for marriage in Madre de Dios." Stringing together all these problems as she sees them affecting domestic violence, Guzmán repeats the Quechua moral code of "*Ama Sua, Ama Llulla, Ama Quella"* – "Don't Lie, Don't Steal, Don't be Lazy." She says that the biggest problems come from the clash in values – "hot" women from other parts of the Peruvian Amazon, from towns like Pucallpa and Iquitos as well as from Madre de Dios "undo" the men. This trope of the "hot" woman of the jungle traces its roots to colonial times (Motta 2011), if only because the delicately clothed European sensibilities took naked flesh as an invitation (Cañizares 2008; Chirif 2004). "In Madre de Dios, there is lying, there is cheating, there is stealing," she says, her face grim. "They are not upholding our values." The "they" were the people from the jungle and the uncivilized men from the mountains.

I ask whether the shared Peruvian values that she refers to are the ones promulgated by the government and taught in schools. The *Capitana* nods that yes, she means the shared values of the great nation of Peru, built upon and returning to its pre-colonial foundations. The Quechua moral code has its origins in the Andes, but it now extends to all of Peru's school children, but yet the figure of the backward Indian from the mountains persists. This association of backwardness and uncivilized behavior travels with men who stream down from the Andes to gold mine in the Amazon. "We are not *Indios,*" is the chorus from gold miners. "*Indios* don't have clothes and live in the forest." The Andean-Amazonian divide has meant that the ultimate backwater people live in the rainforest.

The Quechua moral code is part of the Incan national identity, not a refusal to "modernize" she hastens to tell me, quite the contrary. She points to the Interoceanic Road as a mark of development. "But we have to maintain our roots to grow upward." With the botanical metaphor in mind, I reflect on the move forward that many government officials opposed in Madre de Dios, saying that Peruvians weren't "ready" for the changes. They were not ready to "modernize" -- which in this scenario means to travel in cars leaving the forest and entering the city, wearing clothes, and participating in the national moneyed economy.

The literature and critique of "modernity" particularly in its relationship to indigeneity in Latin America extends well beyond the scope of this dissertation. Within this chapter, however, I refer to Bruno Latour's *We have Never Been Modern* (1993) as the nature-culture hybrid that reveals as so intimately connected, related to notions of wildness, human nature, and governance. Latour's analysis of Hobbes, whose particular visions of "one" ruler affected (infected") ideas of governance and human nature as "selfish," are ones that Marshall Sahlins powerfully refuted (Sahlins 2005, 2013). Néstor García Canclini does accept "modernity" or "modernities" to allow for multiple versions that participate in nation-building projects, even as he critiques the notion. In "The Futures of the Past," García Canclini describes how "modern projects appropriate historical goods and popular traditions" – like Machu Picchu, for example – by taking "into account what resists modernity" and claiming "they are prolonging shared traditions" (Canclini 2007: 108). This is precisely Peru's Inca branding project. Even the country's insignia that appears on all tourist propaganda refers to an ancient past – the circular lines of the Incan Moray site, drawn like the Nazca's monkey tail. García Canclini's point about the historical goods and

popular traditions certainly has its place in Peru. His second point, that modernization "does not demand the abolition of traditions; nor is it the fatal destiny of traditional groups to remain outside of modernity" (Ibid: 170), does not figure into Peru's development projects. It is a fascinating but all too common dichotomy of resurrecting and thus also "inventing traditions" (Hobsbaum and Ranger 1983) and "inventing culture" (Wagner 1975) that often work against – not for – indigenous communities seeking to establish discursive authority (Briggs 1996).

The *Capitana* is of the perspective that Indians are frozen in time, a racist fixity from which Mario Vargas Llosa made his writing career. The *Capitana's* words ring eerily of Vargas Llosa-speak, that the jungle *Indios* as well as the Andean *Indios* cannot manage the changes occurring, their worlds are too different. The result, she explains again, is violence between people with conflicting worldviews. Her words resonate with a colonial legacy, on both the conservative and liberal sides of current politics in Peru, one that confounded, if not inflamed, the trajectory of the Shining Path.

In 1990, following his trumped attempt to beat Alberto Fujimori as Peru's next president, writer Mario Vargas Llosa spoke about the clash of cultures resulting in ethnic violence for an interview with Spanish newspaper *El País*. "Ethnic violence exists in all societies, that, like ours, houses different cultures and traditions, and more seriously in societies like that of Peru's, with very noticeable economic differences."[24] The problems of "living together" for Vargas Llosa had become explicitly and explosively brutal in 1983 when the newly installed military government asked him to head an investigation into the killings of eight Peruvian journalists. The journalists had themselves gone to report on the deaths of seven alleged "*Senderistas*" at hands of villagers in the region of Ayacucho, hard hit by the Shining Path insurgents. The marked socio-economic stratification that Llosa referred to in his interview were in theory, the reasons why the Maoist guerrilla group had taken up arms, for only the "shining path" of Leninist-Marxism would bring about social and economic equality.

The *Capitana* Guzmán is in her late twenties, born after this spate of killings. Her early childhood memories are of living under the shadowy threat of the Shining Path. Perhaps this is what led her to become a police officer, she says, adding that the leader's family name does not mean that they share the same blood. As she speaks, the *Capitana* face, fierce and beautiful, tightens as she describes her increasing frustration with the women she counsels.

"*La letra con sangre entra*" may have often carried the meaning of "Spare the rod and spoil the child" but the common inclusion of women along with children in safe houses demonstrated the extension of the rod to reach also the women. "These women have no "*auto-estima*" (self-worth) and not more than an elementary level of education." She reads off some of the registered complaints from women coming from Pucallpa and Iquitos. They come because their sisters are here, their friends. Some female contact is necessary to make the journey from home to Madre de Dios, Guzmán says. The *Capitana* emphatically underlines the importance of family ties, starting with marriage. "It affects the children. The family is where they learn their first lessons. If it is just "*conveniente convivencia*" (convenient cohabitation), then the children don't learn how to be good people. In the jungle, there is too much disorder. And people have

[24] "La violencia étnica existe en todas las sociedades que, como la nuestra, albergan culturas y tradiciones diferentes, y es mas grave en sociedades como la peruana, con diferencias económicas muy marcadas."

lost their customs." The *Capitana* remarks that Cusco is a city that has order and decency. She is uneasy in a place like Madre de Dios which is everything but that to her.

~ In/Decent People, Wild Women, and the Lettered Indian

Writing about "*gente decente*" – "decent people," Marisol de la Cadena examines the moral definitions of race that include education and family ties. "As the conduit of education and morality, the biological family was a central component of decency" (de la Cadena 2000: 47). She invokes an elite Cuzqueño saying that resonates beyond the city, that people gain "education and morality in the cradle." The Capitana Guzmán's adamant focus on the family and on marriage defined "*gente decente*" from the "*gente inconsciente*" – "irresponsible people." These factors placed the male "*non-documentados*" from the Andes in close proximity to the "*mujeres salvajes*" – "wild women" or "women from the jungle." "*La selva,*" which also means "the jungle" also means "the wild," and characterized women who did not get married, mostly because they hadn't learned "to know" how to be decent. The play of words that people articulate in Madre de Dios, of the "*mujer salvaje*" turns a woman from the jungle into a "wild woman." Less of a threat was the shaman or the "wild man" (Taussig 1987), so deeply had notions of decency (as well as decay) become entwined with ideas of cleanliness in the daily life of a "cultured" person.

The "enculturated racism" extant in Peru, traced and displaced by Marisol de la Cadena, as well as Mary Weismantel (2001) and Daniella Gandolfo (2009) who take up de la Cadena's critique, rests upon ideas of moral and bodily hygiene, rooted in people's geographical and social "place" in the world. Yet being "*gente decente*" can also be engendered through formal education, at least partially so. "Decency was a flexible norm of conduct for daily life, one that allowed a belief in the preeminence of ascribed status to coexist with an acceptance of the liberal definition of social equality" (de la Cadena 2000: 47). The notion of "decency" had to travel without encountering or acknowledging a traffic in ideas into which it would collide because liberal politics must promote at least the idea of social mobility. Thus, education could instill morality as "the true hygiene that purifies the soul' (Luna, 1919: 25 cited in de la Cadena 2000: 47). La Capitana Guzmán, coming from Cusco, repeats her dismay at how uneducated these women from the jungle are, women who come into her office, battered, bruised, and often in need of a bath.

From the Capitana's framing of domestic violence and trafficking in Madre de Dios, it sounds like only women from other parts of the Amazon fall into this physically and socially immobilizing cycle. I ask the Capitana if women from the Andes also come to the police station for help. "Very few," she says and then pauses, "but then, we sometimes have calls from the hospital and visit with the couple, women with their husbands who are from the mountains… this is the idea that *la letra con sangre entra*…" Guzmán pauses, "that some lessons only come with blood… It does usually mean domestic violence (*violencia familiar*) in legal terms." The stereotypes that women from the mountains are "colder," "closed," and "sexually frigid" cast these women as "pure" in contrast to the wild women of the jungle, "hot," "open," and "sexually liberal." Part of the "hotness" in wild women is that they speak up and act out, unlike their geographical counterparts. Yet even for Guzmán, the contrast between "mountain women" and "wild women" begins to dissolve as we talk.

Asking Guzmán if marriage really solves these issues of domestic violence or if the institution just hides it, elicits a reiteration of the problems of trying to "live together" with

competing world-views and values. "It's just physical attraction. They don't know each other. Then they fight. It's a hard lesson to learn." As we sit and talk, the Capitana leans across her desk and explains her latest case to me—a married woman, a professor at the local private university, who came once of her own accord to the women's police station, but has twice ended up taken to the hospital because of severe beatings. "She is a smart woman, but she won't leave her husband. I told her, 'he will kill you next time' but she says she can't leave because of her children." Guzmán is clearly concerned. Agitated, she stands up and walks to the door, before abruptly returning to her desk. "It's a chain of violence (*una cadena de violencia)* that I don't understand. I try to do the best I can do. But it feels impossible."

Because the Capitana seems so enervated, I hesitate before remarking that her story contradicts what she first told me about the uneducated woman with no self-worth who "allows" herself to be beaten because she doesn't know any better or doesn't think herself deserving of better treatment. Guzmán looks over at me, elbows on her desk and chin resting on clasped hands. "You are right. It is contrary to what I said before. It doesn't make sense. None of it makes sense. Madre de Dios does not make sense. There are just too many people here and not enough of us."

I ask the Capitana if she means that there are so few police. She nods that it is that, but also that there are so many "*non-documentados*." These non-documented miners and sex-workers come from all over Peru and neighboring countries, she explains and pauses, "some of them indigenous." I am not certain what her reference point is for what it means to be indigenous: Is it living in the jungle? Is it having a native language that is not Spanish? Is it not speaking Spanish at all, not having had any state institutionalized education?

I rattle off some Peruvian town names like Puno, Cusco, and Ayacucho. Puno, close to the border with Bolivia, has a predominantly Aymara speaking population. Cusco and Ayacucho, the many towns and village in their environs, are primarily Quechua speaking. The Capitana pauses for a moment. Looking up to the ceiling, she speaks slowly, "You know, it's a question of culture, mostly. Language does have a lot to do with it. When we go into the mines and conduct raids, many of the girls are underage (*menores de edad*) and they don't all speak Spanish that well." I ask what their first languages are—Aymara, Quechua, Shipibo, Harakmbut? "Mostly Quechua," she responds. I nod, thinking that this would point geographically to the Andes, not to the jungle, which would thus disrupt the prevailing notion that women from the Andes did not indulge in sexual encounters with such open marketability or pleasure.

The Capitana shakes her head. "There are so many… contradictions in Madre de Dios. An "*indígena*" is someone who doesn't live in the present, who still lives in the past. They don't have education. They don't come from cities… but in the mines, there are women from Lima, from Brazil, from all over… because they can make so much money. The indigenous women don't prostitute as much, but, maybe this is… they aren't indigenous anymore. They are *mestizos*, even if they were born as *indígena*. They leave home and then they aren't indigenous anymore."

The Capitana's words echoed those of early twentieth century scholars such as José Carlos Mariátegui and Luis Eduardo Valcárcel, for whom the *mestizos* were Indians who had "defected" from the jungle to the city, not simply someone born of an Indian parent and non-Indian parent. By leaving their proper "natural/cultural" environment, they could no longer be considered a "true" Indian. Their blood might relegate them as "other," but their arrival to the city where they went to school, interacted, perhaps even collided with non-Indians meant that they were now corrupted and thus "mestizo." So being "pure of blood" extended beyond the

contours of the body to the geography of racialized space. Both Mariátegui and Valcárcel reflected an upper class racism that an "*Indio leído*" – a "lettered" or a "literate" Indian was also an "*Indio perdido*" – a lost Indian.[25] The nature/nurture binary converged with natureculture from the most conservative to the most liberal "non-Indios." Mario Vargas Llosa, the famously lettered Peruvian fiction writer and Nobel Prize Winner whose voice I cited earlier, also took the view that Indians could never fit with a "modern" Peru. I will discuss his only novella focused on the Peruvian Amazon in the last section of this chapter. The themes of *El Hablador – The Storyteller* – of an "enlightened modern" who tells and mediates the stories of others and Vargas Llosa's critique of ethnographers and linguists become highly relevant when two anthropologists and one linguist travel at the behest of Don Fernando to tell his wife's story – The Last of the Iñapari – without her asking.

In 1990, the same year that Vargas Llosa watched President Alberto Fujimori take the presidential reins from outgoing Alan Garcia and amidst the tumult of the Shining Path's attacks, Vargas Llosa penned an essay for Harper's Magazine that built on the central themes of El *Hablador*, this time, in relation to the mountain Indian. "The price they must pay for integration is high-renunciation of their culture, their language; their beliefs, their traditions and customs, and the adoption of the culture of their ancient masters. After one generation they become mestizos. They are no longer Indians" (Vargas Llosa 1990: 52).

In this essay, entitled "Questions of Conquest: What Columbus wrought, and what he did not," Vargas Llosa predicted, based on the destructive power of conquest, that the only way for true integration to happen was for all *indios* to become *perdidos* one more final time. While he did not frame his perspective as promoting another conquest, his essay flowed from the evils of Columbus to the hard realities of today. "Only in countries where the native population was small or nonexistent, or where the aboriginals were practically liquidated, can we talk of integrated societies," he writes. These differences were what gave rise to ethnic violence in Peru. His view is that the lack of modernization both classified as well as froze the Indian in Incan times, unable to move forward, but also jealous of being behind. He tried to play on José Carlos Maríategui's (in)famous phrase that "Marxism-Leninism will open the shining path to revolution." The "shining path" of communism was not one that Vargas Llosa advocated, but in unfortunate irony, Vargos Llosa and the insurgent group also built its movement on geographical determinism and "a crude racial/cultural evolutionism" that posed an indigenous cosmology as opposed to a modern one (de la Cadena 2000: 314). "Indian peasants," Vargas Llosa writes, "live in such a primitive way that communication is practically impossible. It is only when they move to the cities that they have the opportunity to mingle with the other Peru." The clear distinction between Indian peasants and "the other Peru" that Vargas Llosa stated ran along the traffic lines between nature and culture that Columbus had wrought. Vargas Llosa apologized for the bloody legacy, but he saw no reason to rethink Peru's future course. The use of force, the "*fuerzas de orden*" – forces of order, the soldiers of the State, had to use physical power and violence to keep everyone in check.

The categories of "indigenous" and "indigeneity" have perhaps traveled beyond their initial (relative) coherence, intended to create political solidarity amongst those who seek to assert their political rights to speak. In promoting subject rights for the *Pachamama* or Mother Earth, the hope that indigenous groups, so often considered "one with nature," could gain legal

---

[25] Charlie Hale (2004) writes about "el indio permetido" in a neoliberal multicultural moment. I engage this critique in the final chapter.

traction as "ecological stewards," is a motivating one. In these debates, as nature's body is gendered female (Merchant 1980, 2006; Schiebinger 2007) and humans are declared to be killing nature, the figure of the indigenous woman becomes central—more for her image as *the* representative of a homogenous category of "pure" beings than for any actual woman's physical existence. Marisol de la Cadena (2000) and Mary Weismantel (2001) have written extensively on the contradictory versions of what it means to be an indigenous woman in Peru. Depending on the context, where she is virginal like the forest or polluted, uncivilized, or corrupted by the city. Place, as much as economic context – matters. In Madre de Dios, a "true" indigenous woman does not have sexual desires, would never prostitute, and remains shy, almost submissive in the words of politicians and policemen. Yet it is not entirely clear *who* is "indigenous" or quite what that means in a Peruvian context, which is as dynamic and as fraught as any debate about what it means to be "native" and "of the land" (Degregori 1998; Galindo 1993; Garcia and Lucero 2011).

The different terms—*indio* and *indígena* become one and the same in my conversation with the *Capitana* Guzman. Yet within the national and international discourse on human and environmental rights, land management, and climate change, "indigenous" has the correct valence to travel through political channels. A defining characteristic of the political climate in Peru was that "*indio*" and "*indígena*" are interchangeably be dirty words, whereas in neighboring Bolivia and Ecuador, even Brazil, to be "*indígena*" can afford access to a recognized political platform. I ask the *Capitana* about Ecuador and Bolivia. She shakes her head and says that she can't speak to the politics, indigenous or otherwise in those countries. It's hard enough to stay abreast of local politics. Returning to the identity politics of Peru and "becoming mestizo" because they have left their place of origin, I ask the *Capitana* whether the flood of migrants, the undocumented gold miners are "indigenous" or not. She promptly shakes her head "no." They have left home, they learned another way of life. The gold corrupts them, as does the uprooting and mixing of their culture with the people of the jungle. Additionally, she points out, there are far more Quechua speakers in Peru than there are Shipibo, Harakmbut, or Machiguenga. Of those three major Amazonian indigenous groups, there are only thirty-one villages in Madre de Dios. She is adamant that the mestizo women from the mountains and from the jungle sell sex, but that the "pure" indigenous women from both places do not prostitute.

Marisol de la Cadena writes that according to early twentieth century Latin American "cultural / racial purists," such as Valcárcel and Mariátegui, in addition to racialized notions of morality attached to education and upbringing, that "the salient characteristic of female Indians' sexuality was their rejection of 'foreignness,' an aversion that had however guaranteed the 'purity of the Indian race'…. Indian female impurity resulted from transgressing the xenophobic quality of their sexuality" (de la Cadena 2000: 24). These notions seem to have changed little in the past century. The sexual purity of the Indian woman marks her moral standing, affecting the blood of her race and kin. "Mestizaje was a moral problem" that could either be the result of rape, a white "pishtaco" man on a brown female body (Weismantel 2001), or deviant female indigenous behavior. The city corrupted the Indian, dweller of the forest and the mountains. The effect on the Indian woman, her body and her image reflecting the "Pachamama" or "Virgin Mother" (Nash 1993), was even more abominable. "The impure Indian woman finds refuge in the city. Flesh of the whorehouse, one day she will die in the hospital" (Valcárcel 1927: 78 cited in de la Cadena 2000:24).

Guzmán asks me if I have been to the Hospital Santa Rosa, where a seven-person team of nurses, doctors, and peer educators (former or practicing sex-workers) administer sexual health

exams and contraception. I respond that I have, and am now also going on rounds with the sex-workers from prostíbar to prostíbar at night. She nods and asks how much longer I will be in Madre de Dios. I estimate just under another year.

"I don't have the energy," she tells me. Her stint will last another six months, but she has put in a request for transfer. If a position closer to home becomes available, she wants it. The idea of sending recent graduates of medical school, the police academy, and environmental engineering programs to underserved parts of Peru is a good one in theory, but often creates stress and poor performance, Guzmán believes. "Some people love it here. I will serve my country with my time. I just want to be closer to home." As I stand to leave, the *Comandante* Vegas, second-in-command of the police force, enters. He greets me and asks to speak with the *Capitana* privately. They have pressing matters, he says apologetically, that need "force" (*fuerza*) to resolve and restore order.

~ The Use of Force

I thank the Capitana and leave, contemplating the "force" of the police

This invocation of "order" made me uncomfortable. It was the "*fuerzas de orden*" – forces of order, that is, Peruvian soldiers who had also raped and killed so many Andean inhabitants during the Shining Path years. Under the heading of "Blood Brothers" in her article "Gender in Transition" (2007), Kimberly Theidon gives a sharp analysis of the gruesome accounts of gang rape, noting that in her "research it became clear that although the Senderistas and in some cases the *ronderos* raped, the systematic use of sexual violencewas a practice deployedby the "fuerzas de orden" (forces of order). In short, where there were soldiers there were rapes" (Theidon 2007: 471). Perhaps a distinguishing feature between the Senderistas and the soldiers (and this is not to elevate one group's actions as more ethical in war than another) was that women participated and held positions of power in the Shining Path (Kirk 1993). Not so in the Peruvian army. This was part of keeping the order of things, of keeping people in their proper place.

The next day, my colleague Maria and I have just finished an interview with the state prosecutor when we encounter the *Comandante* on the sidewalk. He asks us to come to the police station that afternoon. I have submitted my translated research statement, university affiliation, and requested interviews with him and the Colonel, his superior. Maria, who is conducting a Master thesis on corruption in Madre de Dios, has done the same. We assume that we will be conducting a joint interview, so we spend the rest of the morning framing our interview questions. When we arrive, the interrogation is, not surprisingly for us. The *Comandante* wants to know why I am so interested in "the savage mind" (*los pensamientos salvajes*) if another anthropologist – a French one and thus more qualified – has already written a book with that same title. Surely, he says, sunglasses low on his nose; there are other more important things to study. Without giving me a chance to respond, he explains exactly what he means.

"We want to invite you both to come on a "*batida*" – a raid tonight." The *Comandante* says matter-of-factly. "It will be a good experience for you both, to see how the police operate, how we get rid of corruption (*sacar corupción)*." Maria is thrilled. She asks what kind of corruption, the gold mining or the prostitution. I want to know who is included in the "we."

"The Colonel and I would like to invite you. And corruption, the mines and the prostitution, they are the same. You get rid of one, you get rid of the other," the *Comandante*

replied. While he was no stranger to the more discreet "gentlemen's clubs" of Puerto Maldonado, as Estrella would tell me later, the *prostibars* in the mines represented a different world of depraved human activity. He describes the complete lawless in the mines. How thieves, when caught, met their end by fire – a car or motorcycle tire forced over their heads, followed by kerosene and matches. "That's "*salvaje*" – savage," he says. "You see humans as they really are (*el ser humano como es, natural…*), in nature, men are vicious (*en la naturaleza, son salvajes*). They are after *la sangre* – blood."

With such an invective of humankind, focused in the gold mines, I hesitate to sign up for a night that sounds more frightening than interesting. Maria thinks otherwise. "Oh, it will be fine. The *Comanandante* just thinks this is what we want to hear."

The desire for the central government to have a presence in Madre de Dios, to create "*orden*" – ("order") repeated by government employees, nongovernmental and pastoral workers became the call-to-arms for conducting the raids into the gold mines and brothels. The *Comandante's* invitation to observe the raid, I learned, stemmed from a concerted effort on the part of the regional government to draw media attention to how little support they had to "clean up" the corruption and govern the region. The *Comandante,* sensing my hesitation to attend the raid, called to underline his point that when it came to "the savage mind"; the order he and his police force sought to instill came in opposition to what they saw as utter lawlessness in the gold mines, where "*el ser humano se vuelve salvaje*" – "the human returned to savagery."

In his chapter, "*Imagenes del pensamiento salvaje*" – "Images of the savage mind" (which, along with Viveiros de Castro, I would prefer to translate as "wild thoughts"), Eduardo Viveiros de Castro introduces "perspectivalism" and "multinaturalism" to uproot Malinowskian "From the native's point of view" theories. This "cannibal metaphysics" for which the book is also named, draws from Lévi-Strauss's framing that "a wild thought projects another image of thought, not another idea of the savage."[26] In proposing alternative ontologies and ways of theorizing the world, Viveiros de Castro tends to accept the collapse of difference in Western thought. It is difficult not to also fall into generalizing tendencies when analyzing both sides of naturalism and perspectivalism divide, precisely because the debate still seems to split into two more-or-less opposing camps. The hope that drives "the ontological turn," however, is that there will be a way to hold onto the different perspectives and objects of analysis and see the productivity of their differences.

~ The "*Batida*"

"*Batida*" comes from the Latinate word "*batir*" (to beat). A "*batido*" (in Portuguese as well as Spanish) refers to a drink—like a smoothie—that has been whipped or stirred together. In that sense the force creates a mix of things, it shakes them up, unsettles or perhaps even irrevocably changes the pre-existing form of things. The "*batida"* (raid) in the rainforest would shake things up, but it would not change anything, a female officer for the district attorney's office (*fiscalía*) tells me as we ride with two other officers, the four of us stuffed into the back seat of a Toyota Tundra two-cab truck. "It's why we invite journalists along. We need to bring attention to the problems, but we don't have enough police to make a change."

[26] "Debemos entender que la idea profunda de Lévi-Strauss de un *pensamiento salvaje* proyecta *otra imagen del pensamiento*, y *no otra idea del salvaje*."

Silvio Waisbord writes that a "mix of economic and political reasons explains why the news media never gained full autonomy vis-à-vis the state" in Latin American (Waisbord 2012: 440). The combination of market forces and the global political moment meant that private media outlets made business deals with governments, advertising politically driven and paid for messages. The police and regional government of Madre de Dios got savvy. If they could present a sensational story of lust, greed, and violence in the region through the media, the attention would grant them the monetary and bodily resources they believed they needed. The media as "watchdog" (Alves 2005) did not necessarily mean that the reporting had a bite. It often meant that it when placed at the gate, it knew where to bark.

Maria and I had arrived at the police station and quickly found ourselves separated. The *Comandante* was hurriedly placing people in vehicles but none had space for two. We are reunited when the trucks stop by the side of the road, at KM 83. It is completely dark and deserted, the ideal place for the police to convene, go over the plan, and hype of their force. The prostíbars and mines begin at KM 103. The air hums with night-singing birds and insects. Four other governmental trucks, silver and white Toyotas, flank either side of the road. The female Fiscal points to three motorcycles, all Hondas, lined up between two of the trucks. "That's all we have. Three motorcycles. We have forty-six policemen who need to enter the mines. The trucks can't enter. They're too big. So three men on a motorcycle… not going very fast. The rest have to go on foot or wait for the drivers to come back. So you leave six policemen… alone… kilometers into the rainforest." I have to admit that this sounds like a bad idea. Standing by the side of the road, photo-journalists for the newspaper *El Comercio* snap pictures in the dark, the flash flickering, then blazing for several eerie seconds. The light catches people frozen or trying to rearrange themselves so to appear as best they can in the recorded moment.

El Comercio was the media outlet of choice of Peruvian Presidents. Alan Garcia had published his string of racist commentaries on indigenous groups and "El Síndrome del Perro del Hortelaño" ("The Dog in the Manger") where he attempted to convince, rather successfully, the Peruvian public, that indigenous people blocking roads and development projects wanted to return the country to "primitivism." García's strategy, employing the print and television media, was to "generate development through communication" (Alfaro 2009). Rosa María Alfaro Moreno, Professor of Communication also works as a consultant for Peru's Ministry of Transport and Communication; her publications since 1983 equate democracy, development, and communication. Her perspective is aligned with "development as freedom," deeply influenced by British economist Amartya Sen, and in turn, impacting the way that Peruvian presidents access and implement their media resources. The opinion has a geographical hierarchy. García chose to write, in Spanish, rather than to speak on the radio about development projects that would include building roads, hydroelectric dams, and mineral extraction. Print media circulate most widely in the cities. In places where the actual construction projects occur, one is hard pressed to find a newspaper or a TV, DirecTV or DVD; radios are the poor man's media.

The *Comandante* finds me in the flash of camera light. He tells me that while "the only news that really mattered" happened in Lima, the Comandante hoped that if García could galvanize city-dwellers in the capital to care about incidents like Bagua (the 2009 indigenous road-block discussed in the introduction that turned bloody), then he could "clean up the jungle." I tell him that Maria and I are not journalists from *El Comercio* and are less likely to be mouthpieces for the police force; we won't – or at least I won't – publish an uncritical account of the night's activities.

Yet in the moments of light, I see Maria, taking pictures. I envy her bravado, the caution that one flying-in and flying-out can throw to the wind, whereas I feel that I must hold it closely. She will stay only for several more weeks; I have many months to go. She can afford to be less cautious, she acknowledges. I do not want to sacrifice the trust that I am trying to build with the police force in Madre de Dios, especially the *Capitana*. So I hang back, trying to remain respectful of the female fiscal does not approve of the photographers. Between the camera flashes, I make my way back to stand by the female *fiscal*. I recognize the *Capitana* Guzmán's voice, ordering her female police officers, now numbering twelve, into three rows and to stand at attention.

Back in the truck, we drive another twenty-five kilometers (about fifteen miles) to KM 108. The female fiscal hands out bulletproof vests and instructs a small group to follow her and for some of us to stay by the truck. I am among those left behind while the journalists go ahead. Maria and I watch as ten police run checks through the *prostibars* on both sides of the road. Once they have secured the immediate section of the Interoceánica—posting police every hundred yards, the fiscal returns. I see why this is an ideal place to enter into the mines. It's a small area to surveil while the rest of the officers are in the jungle. Ten officers on the road, thirty-six in the jungle and two motorcycles return. The fiscal hands Maria and me bulletproof vests and asks us to climb aboard separate motorcycles. I clutch the back of my driver's Kevlar vest with one hand and steady myself with the other on a metal run behind the seat. The hum of insects has paused. All I hear is the crunch of the gravel as we descend from the road onto a dirt path, which then gives ways to a raised wooden passageway built on stilts above a marsh. The silence is unsettling.

The moon shines a half-crescent, sending a thin light onto the plastic *prostibars* and onto people's homes. Doors—some fashioned from wood, but most from the thick plastic remain closed, but light shines through the cracks and shadows flicker behind the walls. The going feels slow, even though we only enter three kilometers (almost two miles) from the Interoceanic Road. Many of the wood boards have collapsed into the man-made bog below. The water smells stagnant, but it must not be saturated with mercury because thick plant leaves and stalks reach through the spaces of the missing floorboards.

The wooden passageway ends and the motorcycle tires land on solid ground. I see Maria ahead of me, riding the uneven ground as I am, with one arm behind her back, hand wrapped around the metal tow. "Bar California" appears suddenly around a turn and bright spotlights the police brought with them illuminate a small square. The mood surprises me. People sit calmly on motorcycles, loll on plastic chairs, and eat at wooden tables. Meat on sticks sizzle over a hot grill and the *sopa del día* (soup of the day) is still being served. Three "video" bars – "*La California*," "*La Ley*" (The Law), and "*El Caribe*" (The Caribbean) circle the square. Some women stand outside on the porch of "La California," while men wander out of the bar.

The *Comandante* meets us in front of *La California*. "Welcome home," he jokes to me. Journalists from Peru's *El Comercio* newspaper busily snap photographs around us. Between the flash of cameras and the police spotlight, the night seems eerily bright. Electricity lines crisscross overhead. "How—" I begin to ask, but the *Comandante,* anticipating my question responds. "Illicit. All of it. It's mostly generators out here, though. All those videos…" he points to the three video-bars around us. "Let's go inside." Maria and I follow the *Comandante* into *California*. "Please," he says, seeing my hesitation. "Take pictures.

Once again I hang back. I catch the *Capitana's* eye and move towards her. She has the female officers at the back of the bar. The tense atmosphere inside the *prostíbar* breaks as one

woman, still standing next to the dancing pole on stage, calls out that the police are in for a good night, she is about to dance. She is standing, one leg bent on a plastic chair; the other firmly planted on its silver high-heel. The officers near to her look up but say nothing. Their job is to separate the women who look underage from those who do not. The line of younger women snakes around toppled chairs. They stand in two's, leaning on one another until they arrive at the front of the line. Then, one by one, female police officers accompany them back to their living quarters to get the identity cards. For those who do not have their identity cards with them, or at all, the police have their computers with them, set up on the other side of the bar, checking names, birthdays and birthplace. If underage or if age and identity cannot be established, they go to selected safe houses run by missionaries or social workers.

The only men left in the bar besides the male police officers are clients, so drunk that they sleep through the entire process, heads thrown back on plastic chairs. The police have only detained the women to check to see if they can make a case for underage prostitution and sex trafficking.

The whole process takes a little over two hours in the California *prostíbar* and its two neighboring video-bars. I stand outside, talking to some of the female police officers. The *Comandante* joins us. He tells me that they have forty-eight women recorded and are bringing twelve girls back with them who are underage. The girls will go to safe houses until their families can be located. "If they can't?" I ask. The Comandante shrugs and says that his job is to conduct the raid and "pack the punches" (*haga los golpes*), even if they are fairly empty ones.

The *Comandante* buys kebab of chicken. He offers to share it with us, while explaining the history of the bar *California* and how raids tend to go in Madre de Dios.

"Three sisters run *La California*," he says, pulling out a poster. "They weren't here, of course." The *Comandante* didn't think they would "catch" the sisters in the bar. He considers it a somewhat successful raid because they found underage sex-workers in the bar. But this won't be proof that the sisters run a sex-trafficking ring, even though the women have this reputation. I am curious why the police targeted this particular bar, or set of bars. The *Comandante* shrugs. "The location, we've come here before. It's routine." Something about the way he said it recalled the female district attorney's words that this was more a display of force than an acknowledged effort.

The whole thing was scripted. The police did not expect to find the bar owners there, though they hoped they would. They just "disappeared." This sort of "disappearing act" calls to mind Diana Taylor's work on gender and national identity. The women in the *prostíbar* and the sisters who ran the bar all starred in one very "bad script" (Taylor 1997). The men were "extras" in this police performance – a *saludo a la bandera* (a salute to the flag) that enacted a salute to State authority. The male clients – in Puerto Maldonado and in the jungle – were primarily Andean simply by dint of the sheer number of mountain colonists to forest dwellers. I did see indigenous leaders in brothels around Puerto Maldonado. Both parties respectfully lowered their eyes and, within a matter of minutes, they had moved either to conduct their business or to depart. The police officers and all of the regional government, save one Shipibo man, were not indigenous.

"So, how does this fit with your *pensamientos* salvajes – savage thoughts?" The *Comandante* asks me, now that he had shown me the sordid inside of the gold mines. "Do you really think they are "good Indians"? The *Comandante* wants to know how I will tell this story when I write. He asks me teasingly, since I am the anthropologist, if I will write like *La Habladora* (*The Storyteller*), referencing Vargas Llosa's famous novella that weaves the author's

usual themes of the indigenous incompatibility with modern life. It is also a commentary, however, on anthropology, the academic life, and what it means to make a social intervention and to write about it.

In the next section, I discuss Vargas Llosa's work as it relates to the questions I raise about what it means to make an analytical intervention as well as to the intersections of race, ethnicity, gender, and sexuality in the traffic of ideas between "nature" and "culture." Vargas Llosa's writing has been fundamental in shaping ideas about race and ethnicity in Peru. The views that the *Capitana* expressed about the problems of *convivencia* are ones that Vargas Llosa wrote extensively about. These beliefs about where people "naturally" belong influence the traffic in ideas about what constitute "nature" and "culture." Ideas about who belongs in the forest, in the mountains, and ideas about female sexual purity impact how the government and law-enforcement treats the women and the men who travel, live, and work along the Interoceanic Road and beyond.

~ Staying Rooted, Going Places

Vargas Llosa wrote his only work that included the Peruvian Amazon in the novella, *El Hablador* in 1987. He had traveled to the Amazon. In a curious attempt to equate the roaming Jews and their encounters with Christianity with the Machiguenga of the Peruvian Amazon, negotiating encroaching "modernity" with an industrializing Peru, Vargas Llosa repeats his most trenchant claim. There is no "catching up" or honoring of different ways of living. Backward "walkers" of the forest, the Machiguenga, already lost because they have no place in a Peru that moves forward, will die or be left behind. Both equal a loss. The equation with the Jews is that they, like the Machiguenga, are "walkers" and that storytelling, memory, and preservation of their cultural identity are ultimately impossible. Here the similarity ends, as Vargas Llosa certainly does not want to suggest giving the Machiguenga a homeland.

The *Comandante* suggested the reference both because of my Jewish name and because of my vocation. But he also wanted to know how I would render the scenes of the "*batida*," of the police, of the intransigent "native." He asked if I thought all this "mixing" was such a good idea. I asked him if he thought that the Germans, Russians, Serbians, and Croatians that immigrated to Peru to "whiten" the population were a good mix, and what about the Japanese and Chinese who either came as slaves or as refugees over time. "That is different. They are different. They weren't even living in the forest." The Comandante suggests that I am also like Saúl, disappearing into the forest, perhaps happier in the jungle than anywhere else.[27]

Mario Vargas Llosa plays himself in and outside of the text. He is doubly author: "Mario" as Peru's great writer of the entire text and "Mario" as a character in the text who interacts with the main protagonist, Saúl. Upon finishing his university studies in Lima, Saúl is intrigued with the role of the storyteller in Machiguenga culture. He goes to live with them. Mario the character produces a public television rendition of Saúl's experience, perhaps in an effort to also convince himself that introducing "Western ways" – language, ideas, stories –

[27] I am not forgetting Walter Benjamin's *Storyteller*. I am not directly engaging with Benjamin here, both for reasons of length and of content, but the value placed on stories, on storytelling, and the pace of life do have a place for Llosa and for the mediatization literature on framing public opinion with regards to devepment and social integration.

make the Machiguenga life better. The subtle critique of anthropology and what it means to intervene, cultural hybridism, law, and order run throughout the book.

Vargas Llosa acknowledges that the Machiguenga have struggles with repression and survived extermination since Incan times. This merits respect, but the time for change has come. "It is tragic to destroy what is still living, still a driving cultural possibility, even if it is archaic; but I am afraid we shall have to make a choice. For I know of no case in which it has been possible to have both things at the same time, except in those countries in which two different cultures have evolved more or less simultaneously." The ultimate goal is modernization, because something like communism or any collective living is archaic. Ultimately, "modernization is possible only with the sacrifice of the Indian cultures" (Vargas Llosa 1990: 53). If Néstor García Canclini and Mario Vargas Llosa could sit together in the same room, not just on my page, I would like to know how Vargas Llosa would respond to García Canclini's assertion that: "Modernization does not demand the abolition of traditions; nor is it the fatal destiny of traditional groups to remain outside of modernity" (García Canclini 2005: 170). Vargas Llosa might resort to his argument in *The Storyteller* that any hybridity causes a loss, an irrecoverable loss, something that he argues Saúl produces when he introduces his language, thoughts, and stories to the Machiguenga. While Bruno Latour would perhaps cause a greater stir, saying that there is no such thing as being "modern" (1993), Bauman and Briggs note how Latour overlooks the role of language in creating modernity (2003). By doing so, Latour reinscribes the "modern" ideologies he seeks to unsettle, reinstating white European elites as the main purveyors of knowledge when he reinstates modern/nonmodern as the second great divide after nature and culture (Bauman and Briggs 2003). The promise Latour's "Parliament of Things," excludes nonhumans that are also thinking selves, as Eduardo Kohn notes (2007, 2013). It also does not consider the ways in which race, gender, ethnicity and sexuality operate to make people into "things" (Chen 2012). While dogs dreaming and forests thinking, exceeding the literal and inhabiting the semiotic web that joins all life forms shimmers seductively, it fails to account for indigenous groups who do want to speak, who do want a voice, and who are tired of being called "dogs" in the pejorative, mangy sense.

So it is best, I think, to actually ask, rather than to tell. Perhaps the best kind of "Storyteller" inquires first. The words of one young Machiguenga leader strike me as the best contestation to Vargas Llosa: "He is the one stuck in time, stuck in one place. If he thinks that the world and its people have always stayed in one place, he didn't learn his history in school." This young leader further quipped that government schools on indigenous land must be better than those in Lima. I met "Freddie" in Brazil when he came to meet with the indigenous commission in Acre to discuss strategies for protecting "tribes living in voluntary isolation." Freddie spoke Portuguese as well as Spanish. "We need to be able to choose," he says. He was less concerned with hybridity and losing some traditions than what he characterized as the issues of freedom and choice to move – in the forest or out of it.[28] "I want to go to university. I want to

[28] The Machiguenga are not one "cohesive" tribe or language group living in one place. Freddie doesn't see why they have to be categorized that way. They move, they hunt, and they increasingly try to delineate the land that can be "their place" in which to live as they crisscross the borders of Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia. Machiguenga leaders in these three countries have formed a strong coalition with other indigenous groups and federations to protect previously "un-contacted" peoples or "tribes living in voluntary isolation." These tribes speak a dialect of

have the same right to knowledge that you have." Freddie had applied to two Brazilian universities and was awaiting admission. In both Peru and in Brazil, a recent push from a concerted effort through indigenous federations on both sides of the border had made education – both teaching in indigenous languages in village schools, but also demanding government-funded scholarships for indigenous students to attend university.[29]

Well-versed in the politics and contexts of Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia, he asks me to consider the case of the "Last of the Iñapari" and how non-indigenous people consistently miss the point that he is trying to make about freedom, development, hybridity (his words were "*mistura*" – Portuguese for a "mixture"), and cultural loss.

It should be a choice, as much as it can be," Freddie says. Maria Magdalena is the last of the Iñapari people because she is the last living native speaker and the last "true-blood." Freddie doesn't understand why her children can't also be considered Iñapari. He is not a fan of the "purity of blood" reasoning. He says again that it is a question of history, "haven't all humans mixed and mingled?" I have told him that I am going to meet Maria Magdalena at the behest of another anthropologist. I am uneasy about the trip because I am not certain that it is something that Maria Magdalena wants. Freddie nods. "She may not want to tell her story."

(Forest) Frontiers and (Blood) Relations

Maria Magdalena sits with her back to us, a baby monkey on her shoulders. She seems to hear us approach as she freezes for a moment, but does not turn around, then, continues sharpening a stick that will skewer the bush-meat that she just caught.

Her husband, Don Fernando pauses. We stop. I am with Miwa, an Albanian anthropologist and worker in an Italian NGO, and my linguist friend, Juan. Miwa has invited us along because Don Fernando wants her to make the movie. She says that she is protective of Maria Magdalena but would also like to find a way to write about the Iñapari for her unfinished Masters in anthropology. Miwa came to *Sabaluyoc* for the first time in 2008 to work with the school children. It is now the end of August 2011 and Miwa's contact with the village and children has been sporadic over the years.

Don Fernando calls out to his wife and asks if we can approach. I am surprised by his timidity. Maria Magdalena greets us, especially happy to see Miwa. As she stands, the monkey pants in panic. She takes pulls the animal to her chest, holding it close with both hands. She has a thin, athletic build, sharp eyes and wears loose pants and a tee-shirt. She asks her husband if he will keep showing us around the village. She wants to prepare food on her own. The monkey jumps onto the platform that has their sleeping cots, clothes, pots and pans. Four corner posts hold up a thatch roof for a wall-less structure. Don Fernando agrees and we leave his wife with her animals and head up the hill towards the school once again.

We had already been wandering through the village for the past hour. Don Fernando gave us a tour and a history of the village. It had taken us three hours from the ferry crossing of the Madre de Dios River to arrive. Miwa had told me after we crossed the river that I would have to

---

Machiguenga. Shipibo, Harakmbut, Ashaninka, Jaminawá and other communities join the Machiguenga in this mission.

[29] There is an incredible amount of scholarship on language ideologies and education that does not receive attention in this chapter. I do not mean to give it short shrift, but rather, must consider it for another iteration of the ideas I roll out here.

hitchhike. The unwelcome arrangement ultimately led to an informative truck ride with "Kevin," a Chinese logging supervisor who only stopped because Miwa stepped directly into the road. I had waited by the side of the Interoceanic Road at an empty *servi-centro* – gas station with an impressive number of posters displaying women in thongs. I had turned my attention towards the road and watched three federal Peruvian agents investigating some of the illegal farming and logging operations at work under an unrelenting sun. When Miwa and Juan finally arrived, we hired a motorcycle taxi for Juan and I sat behind Miwa, who told me not to move or we would flip over. So for forty minutes I hung onto her shoulders and tried not to move on the rocky, unpaved road into the rainforest.

Don Fernando had been waiting for us on the other side of the river. There were only two women, four children, and three men left in the community at the moment. This was not counting Alex, who ferried us across the water. Alex preferred to identify as a woman, though the few community members were split on whether this was alright or not. There was no animosity towards Alex, but certainly curiosity from the men who had known Alex since infancy. Had I been able to spend more time with Alex, I would devote a chapter to being "transgender in the jungle" as she put it. I do not know how Alex came to coin that phrase. It is one of the many tantalizing moments that could have become another dissertation in-and-of itself.

When Don Fernando displays a respect that verges on timidity for his wife, I am intrigued because the first hour that we spend with him, he has railed against the introduction of "human rights" in the village. Before it had been "*con sangre la letra entraba*" – and he expressed nostalgia for the time when it hitting one's wife and exacting corporal punishment on naughty students had not been a violation of human rights.

"You know what they say now, the students?" he asks Juan and I as we settle into the brightly painted classroom. It is a pleasant space with pens and chalk splayed everywhere. Juan and I sit on the tiny chairs, Don Fernando at a desk. Miwa goes to play with the four children. Juan asks him if we can record an interview. Don Fernando is more than pleased to have listeners and begins to talk without prompting. "You know what these kids say now? They say: 'you can't hit me; it's against my human rights." He shakes his head.

"I beg your pardon, Ruty, but it's these human rights, these NGOs that are screwing everything up." The NGO, he says, was the Italian one that Miwa worked for, with its mission to support the "rights of children." Don Fernando says that he harbors no resentment towards Miwa and her organization. He is happy with the money the school has received from the NGO. But has something to ask me. He doesn't understand these human rights. It sounds like environmental rights to him too. He asks me to explain how it is that he is not supposed to hit his wife, a student, a child, but the United States, Italy, Spain, these countries with human rights, why they can drop bombs from airplanes and it's ok. Furthermore, his frustration rising, why can an international corporation to come and log and mine but he can't legally cut down a tree to rebuild his house or mine with mercury?

My response that he is right to see the hypocrisy pleases him. That I don't condone hitting his wife or dropping bombs, causes some consternation. In my notebook, I try to remember a question that Anna Tsing poses in *Friction.* I cite it properly here: "Will the frontier rock the center, revealing global capitalism in its dirty underwear" (Tsing 2005: 43)? Don Fernando asks what I have written down. I try to couch my response to Don Fernando by explaining my memory of what it means to expose global capitalism and dirty underwear. He

likes the idea that, to me, his thought-process has pulled the pants down, so to speak, on Western human rights.

He says Sabaluyoc is a "frontier" because it is a village before the wilderness starts. It had been a small Harakmbut community when he arrived, but the Piedras River that we crossed by ferry connected to the Madre de Dios River, made the community an ideal port for transporting lumber. The Andean colonists had started to flood the community in the 1970's when "natural capital" in the form of natural resources had become a destruction currency form. Now logging was illegal for the most part. Through the same NGO network that had told the "spoil the rod, spoil the child" was inappropriate, he had found a Fair Trade Brazil nut consortium called Candela, based in Lima. The Brazil nut harvest was a lucrative one, and Don Fernando believed that this "*pueblo de la frontera*" – "frontier village" would become a true town someday, where the children would have an elementary school and highs school.

"Frontiers are not just edges," Anna Tsing writes; "they are particular kinds of edges where the expansive nature of extraction comes into its own" (Tsing 2005: 27). These frontiers have a materiality and authority on a map or at a border crossing because the authority imagined to be contained in them. Tsing's words and rhythmic prose hint delicately at the tone of Michael Taussig's rendition of wildness, healing and terror (1986), where of the frontier making of wildness, "entangling visions and vines and violence." This wildness stretches both forward and backward in time, "bringing old forms of savagery to life in the contemporary landscape. Frontiers energize old fantasies, even as they embody their impossibilities" (Tsing 2005: 29). These kinds of fantasies – of finding El Dorado – which for Don Fernando no longer means gold or even profiting from lumber or Brazil Nuts, means making a movie about his wife.

While I am influenced by Michael Taussig's framing of the storyteller and fantastic weaving of words, I turned away from a deep-engagement with *Shamanism, Colonialism, and the Wild Man*. I feel I must defend this choice not only for Taussig's engagement with the jungle and the Andes, with Ayahuasca and "revolutionary plants," and the role of "the Storyteller," but also because Peruvian and Brazilian anthropologists and photographers routinely asked me about "studying terror and healing" in the Amazon, particularly in light of my focus on medicinal plants. This mention of the book and the continuing image of the jungle as a disorderly space of terror and unknown, speaks to a power of circulation and translation of certain anthropological writing that I had not known about before my arrival in Madre de Dios. Particularly in the context of Maria Magdalena, I appreciate Taussig's rumination on the role of storytelling, as "a sort of necessary mediation between concept and practice that ensures the reproduction of the everyday world" and that these are "histories not of, but *for* us" when recounting others whose everyday is so very exotic. Ultimately, however, I choose a different storytelling path primarily because Taussig's primary engagement is with men. Powerful women come second-hand, so to speak, through analyzing other people's stories, storys like *Los ríos profundos* (deep rivers). This is José María Arguedas' "crypto-autobiographical novel" (Taussig 1986: 231), where the women defy the State and rebel against the injustices of capitalism. This mode of storytelling is also one that I do not wish to emulate.

Taussig's formulation, "Wildness is the death space of signification" (Ibid: 219), is a very different wildness than the one that Tsing writes about, but it does align more closely with that of Vargas Llosa who traveled to the Peruvian Amazon in 1958. Unlike his storytelling character, Saúl who loves being in the jungle, Vargas Llosa finds the jungle to be a horrible place, void of its own cohesive culture and significance, fragmented and manipulated by missionaries. This is how Vargas Llosa determines that, given Peru's legal framework, the Indians in the Amazon as

well as the Andes must be integrated into the modern political structure. The solution, however, was not, like the missionaries, to ask, dialogue, or even provide a choice, which simply continued the colonial, patriarchal order of things.

This imposed integration of the Indian within the politico-legal framework involves an economic conversion, from the forest-field trade zone to a market economy. Don Fernando wants to make this transition, he says, "I have already started with Candela." He explains that the Free Trade groups had connected with environmental NGOs in the area. Sabaluyoc was one of the communities contacted. He had already been head of the community for some time, and transitioned to organizer of the Brazil nut cooperative.

Now, he says, the next step to having more money and bringing Sabaluyoc into the national spotlight is to make a film about his wife. He wants to know how I will tell this story of Sabaluyoc, of him, of his wife – in that order. I tell him that I am not there to make a film. First, I don't know how. Second, I will help in any way that I can, provided that his wife wants to tell her story – on film or at all. And third, does he want the story to be about him or his wife? He decides that it should be about both of them. We are still sitting in the school. Juan and I stand and stretch from the small wooden chairs that creak under our adult weight. Don Fernando, intent on the task at hand, launches into an account of his relationship with Maria Magdalena.

~ A Love Story Of Sorts

Don Frederico and Maria Magdalena met while picking Brazil nuts in Madre de Dios. The town of Iñapari, named after a people that once inhabited what is now the tri-state region, houses the official border crossing that separates, or connects, Peru from Brazil. Iñapari is two hundred kilometers away from where Juan and I now sit with Don Frederico. "I want to tell you how I came here, how I met Maria Magdalena, so you understand what I am trying to do here."

Very little research, Juan had explained to me before we arrived, has been done on the Iñapari people and language. Perhaps this is because linguists did not think it so different from Mascho-Piro or other Southern Awarak languages (Danielson 2011; Parker 1999; Rivet & Tastevin 1921). According to Steve Parker (1999), a linguist at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst, only four people were left speaking Iñapari at the time of his research in 1993, "a 43-year-old man who still speaks the language with his two brothers and one sister." Maria Magdalena is the "one sister" and the "only one" left with a full lexicon of Iñapari.[30]

Don Frederico estimates that he and Maria Magdalena were both somewhere in their twenties or thirties when they met and married. He says he is sixty-four in 2011, but that is according to the birth year he gave when he registered for his national identity card (DNI) several years ago. It was a guess. "She has never had any documentation," he says. "None of her family ever did. That's why I have been mother and father to all of them." As he speaks, Don Frederico relates his role of "parent" to Maria Magdalena and to her Iñapari family as one of teacher. He was the one who taught them to speak "proper Spanish" as he came from a family of teachers. "Education is extremely important, at the very least you have to speak Spanish correctly. If not, people will think that you are a fool, a "*nativo*," and I don't understand why my children don't want to go to school – sometimes they won't listen to me!"

[30] For the linguistic anthropologists, I recognize that this lexical and salvage approach is a particular strain of language ideology.

Don Federico's emphasis on education is so high that he explains that he is the one that encouraged the Brazil nut pickers to send their children to Puerto Maldonado to study when they finished primary school in Sabaluyoc. "They have to have an education. They have to." The four remaining children are not, he says disagreeing to Miwa's suggestion that the village is dying, a symbol of a weakened village structure and lack of possibilities. This angers him greatly. He has shown us the meetinghouse that he raised money to build, the brightly painted school house equipped with sturdy desks, a clean blackboard, and the spotless soccer field. "We are not a dying village," he affirms adamantly, but "Maria Magdalena is the last Iñapari." That world is disappearing.

Maria Magdalena, whose husband had died before she met Don Frederico, brought several children to the marriage. Don Frederico, laughs and says most men have children out of wedlock, said he had some children as well when he decided to take a wife. Together, he and Maria Magdalena had two boys and one daughter. The subject of how many children always carried the macabre undertone of the actual question, which is: how many have survived, never an easy topic to broach. So when I ask gently about the children now, Don Frederico instead replies that at one point he began to suspect that Maria Magdalena may not have been faithful.

"I grabbed her one day and said, "Look, now what are going to do? *¿ya?* I'm going. Or you get away from me." The painful memory, which is more than fifteen years old, remains a fresh wound. "My children, that's how I could have left them, abandoned. But, for the love of God, I didn't leave those arms; I live for my children, two boys and a girl, that's life. I couldn't leave… I grabbed her and I said, I am going to continue to teach them, but I will educate them to be *buena gente* – good people, … not to be like natives… " Don Frederico's hands went from folded on the top of the desk to a white-knuckled grab around the desk-top corners. He repeats, with growing ire, the problem with human rights.

"It's *human rights*, that's what screws everything up, that upsets everything (*desgraciadamente eso que dicen, derechos humanos es lo que jode todo*)." Juan and I ask why human rights are so bad, keeping our own critiques of human rights – based on a very different conception of "human nature" than the deeply atavistic one of Hobbes and Adams. "Because," Don Frederico says animatedly, "legally you can't tell them something, something brutally (*algo a lo brutal*): 'Listen! Do these things,' no… Why? Because the sons, these sons say, 'No, it's not the right of before, we have rights to live" (*Porque los hijos ya, porque los hijos dicen: "No, ya, no es el derecho de antes, tenemos derechos a la vida*).

The result, Don Frederico says sadly, is that there is no order. No only can you not make children listen and learn like you used to, but you can't grab your wife like you used to either. "She was unfaithful with the neighbor," he says. "I knew it. I could tell that this was not my child." The role Don Frederico plays as assistant teacher to the government-paid professor, his role and what he believed were his paternal rights and role in his own family and the community, had suffered with this introduction of ideas about human rights.

"The Spanish brought it, or… foreigners, no offense Ruty, but it's one reason why it's not good that people from the outside come and put these outside ideas in their heads." He pauses and we suggest going to meet Maria Magdalena. She has prepared a meal for us, Don Frederico says. We walk back down the hill back towards the *Piedras* River to the small wood platforms, built on stilts with thatch ceilings, where Maria Magdalena has the fire going.

Her black hair, streaked with silver, is in the hands of her monkey, who alternatively twists and untwists it. "As you can see, she is the hunter in the family," Don Frederico says proudly. The baby female monkey, Maria Magdalena says, lost its mother, probably to an illegal

logger hunting for extra food or income. She isn't sure whether she scared off the other hunter or whether he would have left the baby, anyway. The tracks were of heavy rubber boots, not a woman's, and led back to the logging camp that shouldn't have been there in the first place. Don Frederico hushes her, aware that Juan has logging interests. Maria Magdalena ignores him, pulling her monkey, down into her arms, cooing to it like a baby. Abruptly, she turns to face her husband: "We are not going to eat this monkey *papa*, no matter how hungry you get." Her voice is hoarse with emotion and her eyes burn fiercely.

"Well, then make sure I don't go hungry," he retorts while he pulls Juan and I over to the fire. The stew is hot as we sit on logs, brushing away ants and eating. Don Fernando wants to talk about the film. Maria Magdalena listens to him and it's clear he is trying to cajole her into doing this for him. He says this is why we have come, to see her. Miwa corrects him and says that he invited them. Maria Magdalena does not answer immediately. Instead, she introduces us to her two boys who she says speak basic Iñapari. She has lived in this area all her life. All of her family is dead. She asks how long we are staying, looking anxiously into the jungle. She becomes restless, staying in the village for too long. The Brazil nuts will be falling in a month and she wants to be in the forest. After she says her piece, she wants to retire to sleep, Don Frederico wants her to talk more with us, but Miwa explains that no project can happen unless Maria Magdalena agrees to it. Reluctantly, Don Frederico agrees. In the morning Maria Magdalena says goodbye and leaves with her monkey to hunt. Her husband, forlorn at the prospect of losing the opportunity to make a movie says that he has never been able to make her do anything, asks rhetorically why he even tries. His love for her is clear even as he expresses his frustration at the challenges of "*convivencia,*" of "living together" with a woman who does not share his worldview, but whose children share his blood.

When speaking with Maria Magdalena, it was not clear to her why she would be so sought after, unless it was to teach Iñapari to others. That the blood of an Iñapari made her a legitimat speaker did not make sense to her, as she pointed to her children who, while of "mixed blood" (*una mezcla de sangre*) could speak the language. Don Frederico's eagerness and hospitality, desire to participate in the world and not be left to the margins clashed with his wife's wish to be left alone. Their relationship could turn violent, according to Don Frederico, usually on his end, but he also admitted to fearing her hunting prowess and joked nervously that he might not wake up one day, an arrow through his heart. He meant to play on the imagery of cupid's arrow, both enthralled and irritated with his wife. He said as we left that he wished that he had something special about him, a reason why someone would want to film his life and hear his stories. He had so many of them.

The problems of "*living together*" as the Capitana Guzmán had initially framed them for me were far more complicated and interesting than a mere clash of worldviews and inability to integrate. The flow of people into the gold mines after years of Shining Path and government inflicted violence, the clashes in the jungle, the fight for resources demonstrate a global friction particularly visible in frontier regions. Very often, though, international power do not rearrange, indigenous groups form alliances with gold miners and loggers because there is little other choice, and the result of such interactions can end in bloody reprisal. Hitch-hiking back to Puerto Maldonado, I rode with an indigenous Harakmbut family. They pointed to all the crosses on the side of the road, marking where road accidents had turned fatal. I wondered, looking at the treeless landscape, how to cultivate the hope that Anna Tsing had expressed in *Friction* (2005) even in the face of rainforests burning and working with women covered in bruises. I decided

that the promise of traffic, as with friction, is that there is an openness and an ambiguity that can go in many ways. The benefit of ambiguity is also its bane, that even when traveling what seems to be a straight line on a road, the destination may be entirely different than the one first marked on the map.

Chapter V

When Mines are Like Women and A Series of Riddled Relations

Figure 31: The View From Above: Huepetuhe
Photo shown with permission of Edwin Huaman Peña

From above, the gold mines look like a swamp, a molten mass of yellow-hued mud and white sand that zigzag in thick swaths through the green mass of rainforest. From below, standing on one of the floats within the water-filled open pits some sixty feet deep (20 meters), the sky seems incredibly far away. There are two ways to mine for gold in Madre de Dios, either by river dredges, or by the floating wood rafts that circle the open pits, equipped with a motor attached to a wide hose, "*la chupadera*" (the sucker), so named because it sucks in the soil from the bottom of the pit, churning the water, sending gold-flecked soil down a long chute that separates the larger sediment from minute pieces of gold.

In the open-pit gold mines, a raft holds the motor that runs the "*chupadera*" which sucks the silt from the bottom of the pit and sends it down a long shoot to separate the gold flecks from the larger sediment before forming the mercury amalgam.

Figure 32: "La Chupadera" (The Sucker) Floating from a Raft, the Snout of the Tube Sucks the Sediment From the Watery Pit
Photo shown with permission of Edgar Estumbelo

Figure 33: Illegal Miners Wait While Environmental Engineers and Police Dismantle Their Equipment
Photo shown with permission of Edwin Huaman Peña

I can only see the *chupaderas* operating from a distance as I stand with Enrique, an environmental engineer working for the regional government's office for energy, mines, and hydrocarbons[31] at the edge of the Interoceanic Road. We are looking out over "*la zona del amortiguamiento*" – "the buffer zone" – between the Tambopata Nature Reserve and land open for development.

Enrique had stopped the truck to point to a painted billboard in the conservation zone, illegally invaded by miners. The sign, espousing sustainable mining practices is surrounded by sand.

Figure 34: *CUIDAR EL MEDIO AMBIENTE ES CUIDAR NUESTRA VIDA*
(TO TAKE CARE OF THE ENVIRONMENT IS TO TAKE CARE OF OUR LIFE)

Enrique and I stand in silence as I read the ironic message. Then he asks me: "What is the difference between a mine and a woman?"

In one week of going back-and-forth past the zone, the desert has grown. It feels like living on a movie-set, the landscape changes in a matter of minutes. Bulldozers and tractors, boldly sporting the Volvo insignia, topple trees, flatten underbrush, and dig holes wide enough to accommodate the motors and men. Miners pour liquid mercury into old oil drums and mix it with gold-flecked sediment extracted from the open pits with bare hands and feet, pants rolled up to their knees. Excess mercury that does not form an amalgam with the gold goes onto the land, leaching the life out of the soil and contaminating water. The gold next goes through purification by fire, burning off the mercury in the *cambios de oro*, leaving solid gold.

[31] *La Dirección Regional de Energia, Minas, y Hidrocarbonos—DREMH*

The gold-changing tents and brothels with thick black and blue plastic walls and posters of voluptuous light-skinned women stare back at us.

Because I haven't answered him, Enrique repeats: "What is the difference between a mine and a woman?"

"Is this a bad joke about women?" I ask.

"It's a riddle…You can't guess?" Enrique is poised to answer.

"Tell me," I say.

"Nothing," Enrique pauses, gauging my unsurprised reaction, "because both are for exploitation."

Figure 35: Mining Camps As Viewed From Helicopter
Photo shown with permission of Edwin Huaman Peña

~ Of Minerals, Women, Plants and Mules: Riddling as Reordering Animacy Hierarchies

Why a mine is like a woman?" is one of three riddles that I examine in this chapter, riddles that juxtapose women and men with the natural and built environment. These riddles can reinstate certain notions about male and female identities, but they can also challenge them, producing alternative relations where race, gender, indigeneity, and sexuality come into play. I model this chapter on riddle structure, not entirely linear, to suggest the possibility of multiple responses to what it means to be a woman, a man, a human, or a gold mine as well as to underline the dialogic creation of ethnographic knowledge. If language enables the construction of particular kinds of categories or categorical understandings of what constitutes nature, culture, male, female, human and nonhuman, then perhaps it can also lend itself to a deconstruction,

disabling aspects of established binary oppositions, stable categories of race, gender, indigeneity, sexuality, and modes of ethnographic sense-making. Riddle structure enables imagining multiple ways of being in the world, as well as different ways to live with other humans, animals, plants, and minerals.

From questions that one must answer to win vast hoards of gold, to gain passage to the city of Thebes, guarded by the Sphinx, to imparting lessons of morality and history, to mind-twisters and jokes, riddles can decide matters of life and death, superiority in duels of language—as often is the case in Quechua and Shipibo tradition, or impart a message that might not otherwise be spoken in direct dialogue. I will weave folkloristics and anthropological analysis to examine the riddles posed to me in Madre de Dios.

The folklore that analyzes riddles is as varied as it is rich. "Folklorists are in unanimous agreement that the riddle is a proper object for study by them," Robert George and Alan Dundes write, however, they continued, "thus far no folklorist has been able to give a definition of the riddle employing concrete and specific terms." It is not my intention to accomplish that feat, but rather to employ the ambiguity of riddles in my analysis. As the title of the article suggests, George and Dundes attempt to provide a structural analysis of what this genre of folklore is and what it can offer, beginning with Aristotle's identification of riddle with metaphor. They build upon Archer Taylor's work, who, realizing that folklorists (at least in the Western tradition) had done little to describe the kinds of riddles people tell, gave the definition of the "true riddle" as that which, "in the strict sense compares an object to another entirely different object" (Taylor 1943: 129). The "positive" or "true" riddle's metaphoric answer is meant for the listener to take it literally. For the Russian folklorist, Y.M. Sokolov, a riddle can be "an ingenious question," most often figurative, but also "in the form of a direct question" (Sokolov 1950: 282). Notable Peruvian anthropologists and folklorists José María Arguedas and Antonio Cornejo Polar have made significant contributions to the entire field of folklore—not only of riddles— and their work most often focuses on themes of social injustice born of racial inequalities.

When relating mines to women—connecting two different entities through language, in an objectifying manner, it may not be an ingenious question, but I take it both literally and figuratively. Katharine Young coins the term "bodylore" to examine how discourse about the body renders visible the kind of subject or object the body is supposed to be—contingent on circumstance (Young 1993). I draw from Young's framing of bodylore, Candace Slater's work on gold, seen as an active female agent for Brazilian gold miners (*garimpeiros*) in the Brazilian Amazon—which resonates with my mercurial and gilded encounters, and the famed folklorists Robert George, Archer Taylor and Alan Dundes on riddles. The promise of thinking through the playful but also unsettling language of riddles is that efforts to solve, "classify" and categorize them have posed difficulties, even for the great fathers of folklore. Dundes and George conclude their 1963 article, "Toward a Structural Definition of the Riddle," that such a definition eludes them. Defining the structure of the riddle remains an ongoing challenge, as the ingenuity of riddles is an ability to put seemingly disparate entities into comparison, which means performing mental and linguistic footwork.

The riddles and stories that put women and the (built) environment into relation provide a way to think differently about the traffic between "nature" and "culture." Mines are not just like women, but are also like gold, coca, maca, and Ayahuasca. Despite Michael Taussig's wild male shamans, Mama Maca, Madre Coca, and Mama Ayahuasca have a distinct female identity, as does gold, taking on a motive force in the riddles and stories people told. Sex workers like Estrella employ these particular plants as either fertility enhancers or as contraceptives, even as

abortifacients for themselves. It all depends on dose. For the men, maca and coca act as "natural Viagras." The sale of which gives sex workers a little added cash.

All three of these plants have international circulation beyond Peru, Brazil, and Bolivia. Maca is Peru's top biopirated plant.[32] Coca, also known as "white gold" in its refined powder form, has always been a trafficked plant in Bolivia and Peru. In 2011, Peru has surpassed its neighbor as the top exporter of cocaine. When it comes to Ayahuasca, the famously psychedelic plant whose vine is male and who leaf is female, Brazil and Peru both staked claims in 2008 to have Ayahuasca recognized as their cultural patrimony in the global marketplace.[33] All three of these plants have international circulation because they are profitable. The plants travel, the women do not. Stopped at the border by the increasingly vigilant Brazilian border guards, the plant specimens are confiscated. If it is cocaine, the women go to jail.[34] If it is coca, it is confiscated and the women go free. These women saddled with cocaine work as "*mulas*" (mules), which is often to perform "*pago*" (payment), for a debt, usually for their own transport across borders.

Mules, the offspring of a mare (a female horse) and a jack (a male donkey), represent a cross-species anomaly and cannot reproduce. As such, they have only labor value as work animals and are not worth treating well. The border between Brazil and Peru sees much of this traffic in women and cocaine. "These women are no better off than animals," the head of border control explains, pointing to two women recently taken into custody. "The cocaine is worth more than they are to the traffickers, so they send as many of them through as they can." Another border guard adds that the official crossing has the benefit of the paved road, but that the rest of the unmarked rainforest border areas have no one. "We are sure traffickers cross there too. Maybe they don't need the women as mules there. There is no way to really know."

Another form of debt that must be paid in the gold mines is "payment to the earth," in Spanish, "*pago a la tierra*" and "*kintukuy*" in Quechua. The ritual in the Peruvian Andes occurs in August, involving supplications and gifts in the form of coca leaves, the alcoholic drink of "chica" made from yucca, or llamas to the *Pachamama* (van Kessel 1992). People are not the traditional sacrifice. In the gold mines, there is a price for extracting so much gold so violently. Women and men end up as exchange for gold. But there is a difference. Men become accidental payment to the earth when the soil, loosened by cutting through roots and the corrosive effects of mercury, caves in on male miners. The women, on the other hand, are said to be an actual sacrifice for the *Pachamama's* demand for reciprocity.

This chapter examines a series of spoken gendered riddles that connect and collapse women into animal, plant, and mineral. When women are like mines or mules because both are

---

[32] http://www.nytimes.com/2014/12/07/world/americas/in-peru-maca-spawns-larceny-and-luxury.html?hp&action=click&pgtype=Homepage&module=mini-moth (last accessed 4/30/15).

[33] Those who drink "Aya" in Peru often speak of a woman in white, the Ayahuasca spirit guide. In Brazil, Santo Diame drinkers pray to the Virgin Mary. For the purposes of this chapter, I focus on Peru for the most part. Santo Diame has a tremendous following and literature, one that goes beyond the riddles of this chapter.
For Peru, see: http://www.bialabate.net/news/peru-declara-la-ayahuasca-patrimonio-cultural and http://www.bialabate.net/wp-content/uploads/2008/08/IPHAN_Request_Ayahuasca_Cultural_Heritage_Brazil.pdf last accessed 4/30/15.

[34] This is the most recent Acrean news: http://www.3dejulhonoticias.com.br/?p=10143

for exploitation, women "as debt" or "payment" becomes another unfortunate outcome. Women as gold, however, offer more animacy, even though minerals sit at the bottom of this hierarchy. Through the riddles and stories retold by women, I explore alternate ways of conceiving women's relationships to the material world.

Quechua riddles (*watuchi* and *imasmari*) and Shipibo riddles (*muranqui*) impart lessons of morality and history, present mind-twisters and jokes, demonstrate superiority in duels of language or impart a message that might not otherwise be spoken in direct dialogue. They allow for innovation, for people to create their own; they highlight the importance of dialogically constructed knowledge, and they create the conditions for more than just one answer. Who is asking and who is answering the riddle also matters. I reposed "mines are like women" riddle that I heard from male miners and engineers to the women that I worked with, wanting to know if alternative views of the world could yield different responses.

I will return briefly to Estrella, whose "Skarlet letters" I discussed in Chapter III. Second, Juana, former president of her Shipibo community, fighting to keep illegal miners and loggers away, and third, "La Reina del Oro" – "The Gold Queen – a rags-to-riches Quechua woman, who, like Estrella, came to Madre de Dios with a human trafficker. Estrella chose to reframe the question of why mines were like women. Juana harnessed the riddle and its answer, but her answer as to "why" was entirely different from Enrique's. "Peru's Gold Queen," first a maid, now a rich woman, has risen to power and infamy as a mine owner and operator. All three of these women trouble the victim/voluntary voluntary agent binary as well as the "animacy hierarchies" (Chen 2012) with regards to how minerals and women can move and act in powerful ways.

Mel Chen's analysis of animacy within language extends to how biologically determined bodies gain value in the world. Linguistically, "animacy hierarchies" refer to the "liveliness" or "sentience" of nouns. Chen is referring to linguistic anthropologist Michael Silverstein's work (1976) on intersection between meaning and grammar. She gives an example writing that English speakers find it difficult to decode the phrase: "the hikers that rocks crush." This difficulty stems from "the inanimacy of the rock (which plays an agent role in relation to the verb *crush*) as compared to the animacy of the hikers, who in this scenario play an object role." When the active role is played by a nonhuman actor, by rocks which occupy the most passive of the inanimate objects in the "natural" world," a linguistic violation has occurred (Chen 2012: 2).

Chen points to how this idea of animacy initially, promulgated by Aristotle,[35] informs our

[35] Aristotle's text, *De Anima,* laid the foundations of what it means to exist and be human, not only for philosophers pondering the human condition, but for politicians and governments deciding what kinds of characteristics define a worthy and able citizen. What moves and what makes matter move, and what defines matter rests – or rather is restive – at the center of Aristotle's inquiry, driving an investigation of the soul/mind. What is it that animates and is animated in the world? The distinctions that Aristotle draws are highly gendered. Passive matter is female—it is receptive—a womb(/tomb). Active matter is male—the spermatozoon—the life force. Thus, the soul moves but is not moved—it is the primary mover and it consists of three closely related, if not also integrated, aspects: passions, faculties (or capabilities), and states of character (habits, ways of being). The soul, Aristotle writes, is composed of three capabilities, characteristics, or faculties: nutrition, perception, and the mind—or intellectual capacity. Thus there is a hierarchy of life—plants have nutrition but neither perception nor intellect, animals have nutrition (which also includes reproduction) and perception, and humans have all three. It is

conceptual "order of things" with humans at the top of the species hierarchy and minerals at the bottom. The ramifications of animacy hierarchies, Chen writes, impact ecological and environmental considerations because "objects, animals, substances, and spaces are assigned constrained zones of possibility and agency by extant grammars of animacy" (Ibid: 3). She asks the question: "What if nonhuman animals, or humans stereotyped as passive, such as people with cognitive or physical disabilities, enter the calculus of animacy: what happens then" (Ibid: 3)? Chen's focus on the animacy of nouns, of minerals like mercury, and the gendered and racialized relations woven into language informs my analysis of riddles, gold mines, gold, women, mercury, coca, maca, and ayahuasca.

I ask through the linguistic formation of the riddle if this the same language that solidifies a conceptual order of things, can reorganize animacy hierarchies and social order when wielded by those considered socially and physically inanimate. This focus on language and going "beyond the human" invokes Eduardo Kohn's work on semiotics and an anthropology that goes beyond human modes of representation (2007, 2013) discussed in the previous chapter. Kohn's approach to human-animal relations and Haraway's "fleshy material-semiotic presences" (Haraway 2003:5) resonate here. Particularly relevant is Kohn's intervention that social theorists "inherit a pervasive (but usually implicit) linguocentric representational framework that often reproduces a dualistic division between the material and the meaningful even when it seeks to overcome it" (Kohn 2007: 5). The hyphen presents itself as a solution to the problems raised by a language framework that appears inflexibly static. Kohn seeks to develop an anthropology beyond the human and beyond language that can account for the space of difference that the hyphen bridges (2007, 2013). I wish to play at the boundaries of the framework because I think that posing an outside fixed the boundaries of language and accompanying hyphens that freeze categories. I also extend analysis beyond animals and plants to think about the animacy of certain minerals.

Through Estrella, Juana, and the Gold Queen, I offer an ethnographic accounting that demonstrates the multitude of experiences that women have with their bodies and in creating livable lives for themselves, which means reframing the categories that verbally and physically frame them. The riddles and stories that collapse women into gold mines, into gold itself, or as plants like maca, coca, and ayahuasca, bring the traffic in natureculture and in women to the fore. In the spirit of Haraway's who writes that in *Primate Visions* that: "The commercial and scientific traffic in monkeys and apes is a traffic in meanings, as well as animal lives" (Haraway 1989: 1). The traffic in women, plants, and gold is both a traffic in meanings – femininemasculine, natureculture, humannonhuman (Haraway 2008) as well as in human, animal, and plant lives. How minerals like gold and mercury animate this traffic, in potentiality and in actuality, plays at the borderlines of gender, race, ethnicity and sexuality.

Gold has a female quality and mercury male. Gold appears as a fair woman. Mercury appears as the ever-fiery messenger God. As a substance, it gains its racialized valence as something that Andean and Amazonian – not fair men – employ in environmentally destructive ways. Mercury, Mel Chen notes (2012), like lead, is mobile. The status of toxin relies on being a "potential threat to valued human integrities," Chen writes. This kind of mineral mobility

---

in the intellect where Aristotle lodges his exploration of reason and differentiation of man from animal and plant. Aristotle almost entirely disregards minerals, and this is where Chen makes her theoretical move.

threatens to "overrun what an animacy hierarchy would wish to lock in place" (Chen 2012: 159). So what happens when mines and women refuse fixity and gain animacy? The riddle of why a mine is like a woman fixes the landscape as female, inert, passive, open for exploitation, yet Estrella, Juana, and La Goya, simply by their way of being in the world upset the balance in the animacy hierarchy. Juana in particular, will refigure the riddle of mines and women, rewriting agency for the land and women.

~ Estrella, again

Estrella attributed her pole-dancing skills to her success in the sex industry and spoke about becoming a bar owner herself, preferring to teach young sex-workers how to succeed in the business, which for Estrella means having conversational knowledge about national politics and world events. She busied herself during her daytime hours teaching a growing cohort of young women how to read. She would run a morning news hour (this was a practice that several madams that I worked with also did), where the sex workers would read sections of the local paper – the national ones if available – and make sure that they were prepared for customers that night.

One figure consistently in national news that Estrella and her colleagues read was Peru's "Gold Queen" – "Gregoria Huamanhuillca Casas Baca. As a female gold miner and concession owner, "The Gold Queen" has a reputation for being an "atypical" Quechua woman because she disrespected the Pachamama for extracting so much gold. When I asked Estrella about this female miner, I asked her what she thought of the riddle about mines and women, having just heard it yet another time from the male engineers. Estrella, habituated to my annoyance at this , asked me, "What is a typical woman?" This is something that she would ask me more than once. While this could be construed as another riddle, in the line of an enigmatic question, Estrella was not demanding an answer; it was not a puzzle to be solved.

Acknowledging her own stature, Estrella explained that any rich and powerful woman would always be the target of nasty rumors. "We can be more than just one thing, you know. I am a mother, a good mother. I am also a good dancer. I'm beautiful. I will leave it to you to figure out what a "mujer típica" (a "typical woman") is she added, "but a woman is not for exploitation."

~ The Second Riddle in Two Parts – What is Woman on a Road?

Several weeks after Enrique had posed the riddle of "why mines are like woman," I joined the team of environmental engineers – Enrique, Alberto, Sergio, and Javier for a trip to Boca Colorado. The mining town houses three main kinds of gold miners: the local Harakmbut indigenous community, Andean colonists (*colonos*) from the mountains, and Brazilian miners.

It became a kind of ritual, passing by the buffer zone, standing by the side of the road, looking out over the increasing desertification of the Amazon rainforest. I would hear the "mines are like women" riddle repeated in the gold mines from miners and environmental engineers. Enrique and his colleagues took me into the gold mines for the next seven months, acting as protective teachers and colleagues. We rose before dawn, driving several hundred kilometers on the Interoceanic Road before taking canoes and then taxis to reach our ultimate but only temporary destination. The regional government's office for energy, mines, and hydrocarbons

employed only five environmental engineers for an estimated 30,000 – 50,000 informal gold miners.

Two weeks after Enrique and I had stood at the edge of the Interoceanic Road, taking in the disappearing rainforest, proliferating mines and rainforest brothels, I go again with the environmental engineers into the mining camps. It is now the last day in August 2011. The sun has dropped below the horizon as we climb out of a motorized canoe and walk to the Toyota truck. The engineers – Sergio, Alberto, Javier, and Enrique are discussing how many miners there are now.

"In 2009, the Minister [of the environment] said there were 30,000 miners, 15,000 in the Tambopata Reserve, which is completely illegal," Sergio explains. I ask him how the minister of the environment, at the time Antonio Brack-Egg, had come to that number. The engineers all shrug. "Every number is a guess, except for our list. We have 1382 miners who have filed to formalize," Alberto says, adding: "That much we know, because they report to us. It's impossible to know how many people are really out there."

Enrique changes the topic and tells his colleagues how I had not wanted to answer the riddle of what the difference was between a mine and a woman.

Alberto has another riddle that he wants to see if I can answer.

"What is a woman on a road?"

I shake my head again this time, telling him he has to answer his own riddle.

"A woman on the road is either a prostitute or a ghost," he confirms with an earnestness that requires that I write this in my notebook.

"Why is that?" I ask, hoping that one doesn't become the other in some man-made way.

"Neither belong on a road," Alberto explains. "Prostitutes stand by the side of the road, or," he pauses and points to the plastic *prostibars* flashing by, "or they are on the side of the road in the *bars*."

"And a ghost?"

"Searching for what she lost—a lover, revenge…"

I relayed this conversation to a group of Peruvian graduate students who emphasized the importance of roads for the Inca, both on earth and in the sky. The great Milky Way was a white road across the heavens. Roads on earth facilitated travel to mountain shrines. A road on earth represented a crossroads to the sky, where the physical and spirit world merged.

One student countered with another riddle that he had heard: What is Man on a Road?

The Answer: Time.

This kind of open-ended riddle did not necessarily have a "right" answer. But the answer of "Time," carried the poetic attribute of "Father Time." It smacked hard with women portrayed as prostitutes or ghosts, where the possibilities for being did not hold such dreamy promise. Rather, riddles about women have locality, context, a grounded aspect that fixes them in a place and time. Riddles about men, however, require abstraction. This "higher" order of thinking allows men a universality not given to women. Figurative constructions, how language structures gendered and racialized boundaries of speech affects the actual movement of people and things (Chen 2012). It also speaks to the effects of the Scientific Revolution, as Carolyn Merchant writes in *The Death of Nature* (1980). Merchant continued to analyze Francis Bacon's influence on the view of a static feminized Nature, from which "truths" and "treasures" should be extracted with force, drawing on metaphor of torture and exploitation. The Scientific Revolution and its companion Enlightenment principles espoused, Mother Nature would only

"give up" her secrets when "put to the rack" (Merchant 2006). This "modern" world drew on Aristotelian principles of animacy, where passive females and nature needed the heat and intervention of active male power.

~ Of Dinosaur Bones and Gringas

During the same trip to Boca Colorado, earlier in the day, the group of engineers had asked me to meet with Raúl, a gold miner who thought that he had found dinosaur bones. I tried to explain that I wasn't qualified to know. Raúl had joked that I was like "La Gringa" with a capital "G" the fickle phantom "who could either bring him great wealth or take it all away." He explained that in addition to "La Gringa," there was another otherworldly being "Mamacha" that held sway in the gold mines. These two female figures that gold miners spoke of were ones that they both feared and prayed to. They were, in Raúl's words, "a bit like ghosts."

Peruvian anthropologist Víctor Pachas writes in *History of Uncertainty: Habitat, Conflict, and Power in Artisanal Gold Mining*[36] that: "In the gold mining regions, artisanal miners refer to all the exploitable mineral deposits as "La Gringa" (Pachas 2011: 132). "La Gringa" is often interchangeable with "Mamacha" a Quechua reference to a female saint. This figure is very different from *Tio* or *Supay* that June Nash (1979) analyzes.

Pachas interviewed miners throughout Peru, including Madre de Dios. He recounts similar stories to what I heard in the gold mines—where "La Gringa" or "Mamacha" – two seemingly disparate figures were both venerated for their ability to bestow gold or knowledge upon men, as well as take them away. While *Madre Tierra* (Mother Earth) certainly existed in material form, the ethereal presence and image of the blonde and fair gringa circulated with or as her female counterpart—Mamacha.

"She is not a person," Raúl stresses to me. Raúl is a gold miner. He has found what he believes to be dinosaur bones in Boca Colorado and wants me to see them; he has heard that I am an anthropologist. "La Gringa isn't a real person, I beg your pardon—you are a real person, but La Gringa that we ask for help is special."

I look up from measuring what could easily be bones for all that I know and try to explain that I am not an archeologist (the items Raúl found turn out to be fossilized wood). "But you cannot just study what is above the ground if you are looking at what is happening here" he chastises me. "You have to look everywhere—in the ground, in the sky, you have to listen…We ask La Gringa, La Mamacha to show us where the gold is. She may help you; she may not. You have to do what she says; otherwise, you will lose everything." In the end, I was not able to help Raúl who had hoped to capitalize on the dinosaur bones, as he had not met the success he had envisioned for himself in the gold mines.

Alberto, who posed the second riddle of a woman on a road, explains that the belief in "La Gringa" as a sacred and lucky, even if flighty being is why he can bring me into the mines. "You are good luck. And people see you as good luck…" he shrugs and laughs, "and everyone thinks that you are Brazilian, which still makes you like a Gringa here, but not an environmentalist—that would be bad luck for all of us." The debt that I felt to my colleagues for gaining me safe passage to the labyrinthine worlds of the rainforest mining towns was one that I felt I could not repay, but they never demanded a payment.

---

[36] *Historia de una Incertidumbre: Hábitat, Conflicto, y Poder en la Minería Artesanal de Oro de Perú*

The women working in the sex-industry along the Interoceanic Road do not fall into this lucky category of "gringa" even if Brazilian. While they do not self-identify as "indigenous," the Peruvian government classifies them as so. Local newspapers in Madre de Dios splashed graphic pictures of women's bodies washed up in rivers, found dead in brothels, or unearthed in alleged "payment to the earth" rituals. I will return to this theme of "pago a la tierra" ("payment to the earth"), particularly in my discussion of the Gold Queen who purportedly prefers female bodies to sacrifice in exchange for the gold she extracts.

In thinking about the difference between a mine and a woman in conjunction with what a woman is on a road, the unfortunate racial slant is all-too-clear. The fair-skinned *gringa* is good luck – or a powerful phantasm to be feared – while the woman from the Andes or the Amazon is not only of the earth, but must necessarily return to it as a sacrifice. This fair non-Amazonian woman can also be gold herself, the spirit animating and creating all that glitters (Slater 1994). In Madre de Dios, gold, animated and gendered female needs the force of mercury to bring the gold into solid form. Mercury as the Roman god, son of Jupiter, is a virile, enterprising, organizing, male force. Miners in Madre de Dios make identified explicitly with "*Mercurio*" – calling on him as an adopted "*apu*" – Quechua god. When protesting the central government's environmental regulations, "miércoles" – Wednesday, which is Mercury's day, is the day of choice. Mercury as a material object as well as an imagined being becomes an organizing principle for gold miners seeking their fortune in the Amazon rainforest.

~ The Third Riddle: Who Should Pay the Pachamama?

The Peruvian environmental engineers that I worked with would consistently challenge me, "If the lungs of the earth are the Amazon rainforest and we shouldn't touch it, how are we supposed to eat while you keep breathing?" Enrique, Javier, Alberto and Sergio asked this in a chorus.

"It's not your usual riddle (*adivinanza*)," Javier says. "This isn't meant to be clever. We actually want an answer."

Yet again, I did not have an answer for them, but unlike the other riddles that involved women's bodies, this legitimate question had no legitimate answer.

Not surprisingly, the five environmental engineers were frequently frustrated with the impossible task of formalizing all the gold miners in the region – which they estimated to be somewhere between 30,000 and 50,000. Formalizing meant transforming illicit mining into legal activities— having people sign on the books, apply for concessions, and regulate mercury usage.

Gold miners in Madre de Dios have a reputation common to their line of work – that they rape the land and women in equal measure, one that the "mines are like women" riddle only serves to underscore. These horror stories circulated along with the legendary lawlessness and disorder said to prevail throughout the region. While I did not visit every one of the innumerable mines, the ones that I did visit had neatly formed avenues, an organized service to pick up trash (though dumped in abandoned mines), gasoline-generated electricity and hot water, even, in some cases, Internet. Miners and sex-workers formed their own associations, committing a percentage of their salary each month to cover one another in cases of sickness and injury. When the central Peruvian government attempted to evacuate the miners and sex-workers, they organize in vast numbers, descending in the thousands on the capital of Puerto Maldonado, blocking the Interoceanic Road.

This "riddle" as question for which the engineers wanted an actual answer responds to the kinds of relations that men with very few economic options become perennial culprits in a global economic system that is not of their construction. Not all of them saw the mines for exploiting the earth.

"There is a larger debt to the earth," Alexander says as he pulls up a chair to sit across from me in the dining area that we share. "We have to pay it." At nineteen years old, Alex left his home near Cusco and has spent the last year working in the gold mines, paying off the debt he owed to the man who brought him from the Andes to the Amazon. He is eager to return, hearing that the price of gold has once again spiked. After a dead tree fell into the mine where he worked, pinning him down in the water and knocking two other men unconscious, Alex had to leave while his broken collarbone healed. Since then, he has been working as gardener earning the equivalent of $100 a week, which is not as difficult physically, but, he boasts, he could earn as much as $300 US dollars a day in the mines. "And," he continues, "It is much better now, before, before it was not always possible to find the bodies even if we tried, but now it's custom to at least put up a cross to mark a miner's death. If we are going to give "*pago a la tierra*" – payment to the earth, we might as well put a cross there."

He says that he isn't worried about going back to the mines. "If men are *pago*, it's usually an accident," he explains. Without any roots left alive and the mercury and sun bleaching the soil to sand, sink holes are common. "Maybe it is the Pachamama fighting back, but it's worth the price. It is a shame. We try to dig out the men buried below, but we don't leave them as payment on purpose. Women, women, though, the Pachamama prefers women. That is on purpose."

The practice of offering payment to the earth is not a foreign one in any part of the world. While more often an animal sacrifice, human bodies tend to hold a higher value. I hesitate to draw direct parallels, as one of the promises of riddles is to upset the reigning order of things and offer different ways of seeing and acting in the world, but the offering of a female sacrifice in the ballad of the "Walled-Up Wife" is one that Berkeley's folklorist Alan Dundes (1996) wrote about extensively. A more appropriate name, however, would be the "Walled-Up Woman" as it is can be a sister or any woman who presents herself.

The basic plot involves a group of men who try in vain to build a structure of some sort—a castle, a monastery, or a bridge. During the day they toil, but some unseen power undoes their work at night. Via a dream or some supernatural power, they learn that the only way to complete the structure is to sacrifice the first woman who comes to the building. The unwitting if not unwilling sacrifice tends to be a wife, a sister, or a lover of one of the men, causing them pain, but obeying the order to immure her. The woman often believes the event to be a game or joke until she realizes that her husband, lover, or brother has abandoned her to die.

Of the many versions of this story throughout Europe, the woman begs for a window, at least for a time, to nurse her baby. A spring or tree will mark the place of her death. These transformation stories of human to animal, to plant, or even to stone, tend to occur most often in one direction when the human is a woman. The transformation of woman into plant or stone occurs in death.

Candace Slater, writing about Brazilian gold miner's (*garimpeiros)* tales, describes how miners affirm that, "if someone is murdered near the gold pit, that pit almost always yields a lot of gold" (Slater 1994: 731). The Brazilian *garimpeiros* in the neighboring Amazonian regions attribute a female aspect to the gold. These tales resonate with transformation stories where rivers, trees, and animals have *mães* (translated as mothers, but like Pachamama spirits can also

be referred to as male) "who may inhabit a wide variety of geographic locations, constitute a more general class of embodied natural forces and tutelary spirits" (Slater 1994: 730). Running into, killing, or harming these spirits does not bode well for the one (usually a man), who encounters them. These feminized forces of the landscape can assume human form, as a beautiful woman, as well as animal form. The transformation, Slater writes, recalls the *Encantado* tales, where a blond and beautiful enchanted woman lures men to the river bottom. Miners' tales tend to differ in that this ephemeral woman in the gold inspires a state of wonder and longing. This whimsical woman can also cause death and terror, but she can also bestow great amounts on gold to those men she looks upon favorably.

Gold as woman animates the Amazonian landscape. The connection between the attraction between blood and gold extends beyond the Brazilian miners' tales to Madre de Dios to-and-from the Andes. In the tales that Slater analyzes, there is a recognition that "blood attracts gold" (*o sangue chama o ouro*, Slater 1994: 732) or "good blood for gold" (*sangue bom para o ouro*, Slater 2002: 114). The bloodletting in the *garimpeiro* narratives tends to be male-on-male murder, unless the male miner angered a *mãe* in the Gold, and she kills him.

In the Peruvian Amazon, the need to reciprocate, blood for gold, is a more explicitly recognized and practiced one. It relies on the ritual act of "payment to the earth" in the Andes often comes in the form of a llama or alpaca, along with offerings of coca. The sacrificial animals inaugurate new buildings and bridges, give thanks or propitiate a good harvest. In the case of extracting minerals from the earth, men's bodies buried in the collapsing soil, repay the *Pachamama* for draining the veins of gold that run through the Earth's body. This tends to happen more as a necessary accident, whereas the sacrifice of women's bodies occurs as a direct female blood for female gold, a hoped for equal and beneficial exchange. Good blood for gold, and women have better blood, according to the male miners in Madre de Dios.

"So burying women is not an accident?" I ask the aspiring young miner, Alex. He shakes his head. He hasn't seen it and doesn't want to, but he is certain that it happens. "You know who does it the most, it's why she has so much money, don't you? La Goya, she is the worst of them all.

Figure 36: The Queen of Gold – La Reina del Oro
Cover of Peruvian Magazine "Poder"
Meaning "Power" or "To Be Able"

~ The Gold Queen ~ *La Reina De Oro*

The most powerful and feared woman in all of Peru goes by the nickname of, "La Reina del Oro" – "The Gold Queen" or "La Goya." Gregoria Huamanhuillca Casas Baca earned her two nicknames by growing her empire in the infamous gold mining town of Huepetuhe. Huepetuhe and its neighboring areas of Delta I, II, and III were home to the Harakmbut-Arasaire before Quechua-speakers descended from the Andes. "Huepetuhe" means "*Huell*a *del Tigre*" "Footprint of the Tiger" in Harakmbut and has become synonymous with the myth of "El Dorado," with both the promise of riches and of danger. Debts paid only by death have become common themes in stories that come from Huepetuhe. Gregoria has a reputation for her purported penchant in sacrificing women in payment to the earth for the gold so violently extracted, so the stories go. The Peruvian media leaps at this, a woman feeding on other women. Gregoria is the perfect scapegoat that everyone can love to hate. Lima intellectuals have been quick to draw the parallel between Gregoria's alleged actions to Francisco de la Goya's painting of "Saturn Devouring His Son," hence her nickname of "La Goya."

"La Goya" embodies a detestably fascinating figure for the Peruvian public. Ricardo León, a renowned Peruvian journalist writes that: "The history of informal mining in Madre de Dios is the story of Huepetuhe, but the story of Huepetuhe is the history of La Goya. And each

one is more sordid than the other." León's framing of La Goya pitches her life-story as isomorphic to that of the land, both of her own destructive making—or unmaking. Her rise to infamy began when she landed far from her home in Cusco, also the product of the human trafficking trade, working as a maid for Cecilio Baca Fernández. Señor Baca first came to the region of Madre de Dios during his obligatory stint in the Peruvian military in the 1970's (El Comercio, March 25, 2012). Attracted to Huepetuhe for its mahogany and valuable wood, he began to accrue logging concessions and a small fortune. What Baca did not have, was a wife. He married his maid, and Gregoria Huamanhuillca Casas took the name of Baca and rose quickly to infamy as the country's Gold Queen.

"She is walking gold," Alex whispers, afraid to speak her name loudly. I am not certain that such secrecy is necessary, but I whisper a question in reply. "Like the La Gringa or Mamacha?" Alex nods emphatically. "Exactly, except that she is not beautiful. She's kind of old. She is super *gorda*—really fat, so that's very good, of course, but she has gold teeth and gold lining her clothes, she jingles when she walks because she has gold coins in her pockets—or maybe even women's bones, and she even has gold pieces in her water for good luck." Alex's attitude is a mix of fear, revulsion, and respect.

"She is illiterate. A complete idiot. It doesn't make sense," Gelman Enrique Villegas Huelen, Huepetuhe's former mayor, ousted by *La Goya* tells me as we sit, hunched together in a *taxi colectivo*, a communal taxi on the way from Mazuko to Puerto Maldonado. It is early in November of 2011 in the town of Mazuko, a well-known trafficking hub on the Interoceanic Road between Cusco and Puerto Maldonado. I had just settled into the back seat of the taxi, feeling grateful both to have made the last one for the day and to have a seat between myself and the other male passenger, when Gelman came racing down the side of the *Interoceánica*, yelling for the taxi to wait. I was not going to sit for three hours between two strange men in a dark taxi, so I got out and held open the car-door. As Gelman slid into the middle seat, he turned his powerful build to face me, introducing himself, telling me he was the former mayor of Huepetuhe, and asking me where I was from and what I was doing in Madre de Dios. I answered reluctantly, saying that I was an anthropologist from California, studying the social and environmental impacts of the Interoceanic Road. He told me I had to look at the gold mining and the prostitution. I would have to go to Huepetuhe if I had not already. He would be my guide. He would regain his post as mayor; he would show me the way. But first, I should interview him.

So with the wind billowing through the open windows of the taxi and *lambada* music—another import from Brazil—blasting, he shouted the history of the Baca family into my tape-recorder. He directed his ire almost towards Gregoria.

"The Baca family *is* Huepe! But the wife, Gregoria, *La Goya*; she's the worst. Gregoria's family, they are miners. They create an incredible amount of environmental damage. They are a semi-ignorant, semi-literate family. Gregoria doesn't know how to read nor write. But the family has money, obviously. And they don't want me to complain but they are burying the town with all this cast-off sediment." I ask him about the stories that I have heard, that former Peruvian president Alan García and former Bolivian President Eduardo Rodriguez had tried to get their heavy machinery into Huepetuhe. He responds that this is "la política Peruana," and brings me back to how La Goys is the real criminal. I insist on this point, isn't La Goya just beating these men at their own game. Gelman becomes frustrated. "But she isn't supposed to succeed. It has to be some bad magic." La Goya was not supposed to succeed because she

represented everything that was not supposed to gain traction in the liberal democratic order of people and things.

Gelman's words display the kind of "encultured racism" that Marisol de la Cadena (2000) and Daniella Gandolfo (2009) write about and against with respect to Peruvian novelist, Mario Vargas Llosa. where the uneducated Indian hinders the development of a modern Peru. This kind of racist sentiment prevails in Madre de Dios. Gelman poses himself as a Cusqueño elite, an educated man. Gregoria is a semi-literate and backward Indian who speaks Quechua better than she can speak Spanish. "She is an "indígena perdida" – "a lost Indian," Gelman says.

Unlike an "Indio Permetido" – "an authorized indian" (Hale 2010) who toes the line for the State, upholding the image of caretaker for Machu Picchu and Incan heritage, Gregoria is, rather, an "Indígena Perdida" according to Gelman because she has strayed from honoring the Pachamama, as all good Quechua women should. This kind of behavior, he continued, his ire rising, went beyond being a "lost Indian," La Goya, like Saturn devouring his son, had become "a pishtaco."

When Huepetuhe became known as the "El Dorado" of the Peruvian Amazon, heavy machinery, appeared, rumored to be owned by the likes of Peruvian Alan García and Bolivian Paz Estenssoro who were presidents of their respective countries from 1985-1990. The tractors, forklifts, and dump trucks had not been plentiful then, just enough to pad the pockets of men in power. But then Gregoria Casas Huamanhuillca came to town.

On the "books," she and her husband have a collective 5100 acres of mining concessions. Of that, some 3800 acres belong solely to *La Goya*, while she has another 600 in *tramite* – in the process of gaining concession rights. These numbers come from Ricardo León who published them in a February 2012 report. He admits that without any paper trail, with no police or regulatory measures in place whatsoever, that "there are no exact numbers," but he estimates that 27 million dollars each month go into La Goya's pockets alone. A month after León's report, Peru's *El Comercio* newspaper reported that the Familia Baca had more like 18,500 acres –the equivalent of some 40 golf courses— of land titled to their name, but this doesn't take into account what the Bacas have off the books. In a lawless land, they are the law, so much so, that Gelman Villegas will never be mayor again, not while he opposes mining so close to the town.

"You know," Gelman tells me, "you could get permission to interview Gregoria. That would be funny! Then you will see how she can barely speak Spanish. She has a radio show…" Mimicking her voice, Gelman holds my recording device to his lips.

I shake my head and remind Gelman that no one has ever had an interview with *La Goya*. Gelman becomes sober for a moment. "You're right. She is evil," he shudders. "Evil! And she cannot speak! She can barely speak Spanish," he laughs, a bit nervously or so I imagine. The faces of our traveling companions and driver remain cloaked in the dark. The music plays at a lower volume, which causes Gelman to also lower his voice. "She eats women alive."

We ride in silence for several minutes before Gelman begins to speak again. He is angry. The former mayor shakes his head vigorously and pounds the ceiling of the taxi with his fist. "In the general engineering laws of Peru, there is an article, article 48. What does it say in this article 48? It says the following: Miners working near to a town that create damage, *that create damage* to a third party have *the responsibility* to compensate them. This family, Gregoria and her children, they are burying the town—burying us all! Why should the people of Huepetuhe be *pago*—payment for their misdeeds? Pishtacos. The worst kind, our own, sucking the fat of the land, like the *chupaderas* suck up the gold."

The *chupadera* (the sucker) relates to the Andean figure of the "Pishtaco." As Carmen Salazar-Soler (1991), Nancy Scheper-Hughes (1993), Mary Weismantel (2001) and Kay Warren, among many notable anthropologists have observed, this figure rears its head in the telling of stories when violence and trauma have occurred in the area. The Pishtaco tends to be white, male, and feeds on the fat of Indian bodies, which both my Amazonian and Andean colleagues related to the mining operations as well as to what they saw as a Brazilian-born initiative to annex Peru for its natural resources via the Interoceanic Road. It also, for a group of young Peruvian graduate students in Lima and Cusco, related to Eduardo Galeano's *Las Venas Abiertas – The Open Veins of Latin America* and the International Monetary Fund's draining of the life-blood of their country.

The 1970's saw President Nixon cut the U.S. dollar completely from the price of gold—then set at $35 an ounce, allowing the price of gold to fluctuate. At the same time the IMF began restructuring loan programs throughout the world, encouraging the Global South to make use of its "natural capital" – selling off not just oil, timber, and minerals, but also the rights to the land. The IMF's restructuring programs – ostensibly to decrease economic volatility and to influence the stability of political regimes (that is, the reliability of governments to allow for international interference) led to a globalizing trade in natural resources at the end of the twentieth century. The World Bank encouraged struggling countries to pay off debt with the sale of land rights to mine, drill for oil, log for mahogany, build roads and hydroelectric power plants. These were, and are, part and parcel of neoliberal policies that tighten the tourniquet on the "open veins of Latin America" (Galeano 1997).

Gelman was not the first, nor would he be the last person to pose the Bacas as Pishtacos—fat-suckers. But his words struck me—"the worse kind, our own." Gregoria was and was not of his people. While Gelman and Gregoria both came from Cusco, Gelman's family came from the city, and Gregoria's from the countryside. As a woman, I would propose, she also represented a most enticing target: her lust for gold countered the male-dominated world of the gold miners and brothel-goers. While *La Goya* can be seen as a bitter antidote to a saccharine feminism and Edenic environmentalism, I believe she represents something far more interesting—a powerful woman, easy to attack, shrouded in mystery. Her existence is, and continues to be a kind of riddle for me.

Disgruntling for journalists is La Goya's refusal to speak publicly. It was not until March 9, 2014 that she broke her years of silence with an "exclusive" news segment with the Peruvian television media channel *Cuarto Poder*. While I initially lamented the impossibility of an interview with the Peruvian "Gold Queen", watching her image and story – never from her own lips – circulate and gain momentum became an object of analysis itself. Gregoria's fame and power only increases with her refusal to speak – she can choose not to do so. When she did appear momentarily on camera, she appeared with her ex-husband and children. Rather than defending herself, she shows the camera crew and reporter around town and the mines. She doesn't need to defend herself. It is not necessarily because she speaks Quechua better than she speaks Spanish. This strong female figure whose avarice eats away at the nation's power and reputation resonates with the well-known figure of Doña Bárbara from Rómulo Gallegos' 1929 novel by the same name, set in Venezuela.

The greedy, whimsical, violent Doña Bárbara is known as a devourer of men. Cruel temptress, she employs witchcraft to seduce men and take their land. Gallegos paints her almost entirely in one dimension; even the reason given for her uncivilized nature is that she is a product of her environment – rough and unruly. Her daughter, who she had as the result of one of her

bouts of seduction, she abandons. Yet this cast-off young woman, Marisela, does not take after her mother. She is in sorry condition until Santos Luzardo, a lawyer from the city, come along. The young, handsome, well-educated man embodies all that Venezuela could become. Under his care, Marisela flourishes. The two fall in love despite their difference in race and class. While analysis has mainly focused on the union of Marisela and Santos as the glorified analogy of love bringing together the cultured elite with the rough populace, Gallegos also has an additional message of the inexorable draw of modernity and its necessary exclusions. Doña Bárbara also falls in love with Santos Luzardo. She tries in vain to become good in his eyes. She gives her daughter her rightful inheritance, returns all the land that she has "stolen" (although her tactics fit with State legitimated practices of land acquisition) and renounces her sorcery. Santos denies her. The novel ends with Doña Bárbara returning to the place where she came from, a place that is far from the city and order to which her daughter will ascend. Those who cannot fit and do not belong, despite all their attempts to adapt, must disappear down river, excluded from the new modern State. The names that Gallegos choses, clear for Spanish speakers where Bárbara is the Barbarian and Santos Luzardo is the Saint of Light (Luz), highlight the Enlightenment exclusions.

Latin Americanists have focused on this novel for its influence on the politics of national identity not only in Venezuela, but also throughout Latin America. The narrative fixes the gender and place of authority – male and urban – over the feminized, unruly countryside (Sommer 1990). The educated man from the city outsmarts the conniving countrywoman, but environment does not have to determine everything; Marisela's transformation proves that education can mobilize a change in social hierarchy. By imposing a central male order, this love story provides an allegory for national (and continental) unification across race and class lines. The wayward, capricious, self-entitled Doña Barbara – who like her daughter, has at least a touch of Indian blood, must be excluded if not dominated for there to be peace (Skurski 1994).

Gallegos penned Doña Bárbara in 1920, a moment when a push for democratic governments, a leftist push for social order made a ruling elite search for justifications to unite as well as divide the country and its people into their proper roles. It resonates with the current neoliberal moment, if it is indeed another species of liberal government. The image of Doña Bárbara became a symbol for the triumph over irrationality, witchcraft, and disorder. Similarly, the "Gold Queen" as a monstrous image has helped harness national pride in protecting the environmental status as a "mega-diverse country" and re-define the contours of a modern Peru – one that honors and protects the "lungs of the earth" by sagely balancing much-needed infrastructure, extraction, and development with declarations about conservation. La Goya plays a key role as the monster devouring young women (the country's reproducers) and "pristine" rainforest.

But that is where the tale of nationalism and the triumph of masculinity, order, the State, and heterosexual love, ends. La Goya has not fallen to any man. She continues to reign in Huepetuhe, with private jets and landing strips, politicians in her pocket, and enough gold to make her escape should she decide. A female miner who has, in the eyes of the nation, "become a Pishtaco," where the men have the lighter reputation of instead just being, "*maleducados*" (rude and uneducated) criminal, but not fat-suckers, not evil. By La Goya's refusal to speak she resists interpellation and bucks the established national order of things. Gallegos's Doña Bárbara, epitomized all that was barbaric and backward about the nation, could not win against the rational male order of things. But Gregoria Huamanhuillca Baca upsets the liberal democratic sense of order. Her success doing exactly what male miners do exposes the corruption of the

State itself – former president Alan García wanted a hand in the gold too. Congressman Amado Romero from Madre de Dios, elected to control the mining and "pacify" the gold miners, was caught on camera taking bribes from the mining federations. His nickname in Peru is "*Comeoro*" (the Gold Eater). Unlike La Goya, Romero stayed in office and in favor until dedicated investigative Peruvian journalists dug out footage and interviews, exposing the *congressista* on national television in a powerful documentary in September 2011 (Cuarto Poder).[37] Examining the media attention that La Goya and Comeoro have received, Romero's actions, while condemned, come across as business as usual, while La Goya has become the icon of a monster.

Figure 37: Huepetuhe in the Afternoon After a Thunderstorm

The gold sludge has enveloped houses and animals in Huepetuhe. The rains come often and hard, as in any rainforest area. When I visited Huepetuhe with the public health crew of doctors and nurses to test for tuberculosis and HIV/AIDS, the rain paused for fifteen minutes – long enough to take photos and a short video while the doctors at the Huepetuhe clinic loaded their broken refrigerator onto the bed of our truck. Without the ability to keep blood cold, they predicted that they would lose at least five men a week whose injuries stemmed from knife and broken glass bottle wounds and heavy machinery accidents.

I ask the doctors and nurse in the clinic what they think of Gregoria. The female nurses laugh. One responds, "Gregoria, García, probably Humala. Everyone is here for the gold," another adds, "Maybe it's better to have a woman in charge." The male doctor does not agree, but his concern is more with the refrigerator and when it will return.

In the rocky streets of Huepetuhe, the rain made the going slick and drove those who were not working their 24 hour shift in the mines that day, inside. We walked from brothel to brothel, carrying condoms, posters, virus and bacteria testing kits. We left at 3am and by noon had run over one hundred tests. Walking the streets with the health team, we dodged chickens and dogs, giving up on trying to avoid the puddles, and ate most of the candy we had brought to give people after the mild prick of the HIV/AIDS test.

[37] http://www.actualidadambiental.pe/?p=12266

"There's not much to eat here," one female nurse observed as we stood across from two of the clubs, *Las Traviesas* (The Naughty Girls) and *La Noika*.

Figure 38: The Streets of Huepetuhe, February 2012

Running low on our candy and with no prospects of a proper meal, we picked up the refrigerator from the clinic and drove back to the river. The riverbed, drained from the *chupaderas*, had become navigable by trucks, except for when it rained heavily. With nightfall came the promise of more rain and the challenge of finding someone safe to sleep. We decided to chance the crossing with the refrigerator aboard. Halfway across the channel, the skies ripped open with repeated peals of thunder and lightening. The water rose in a matter of seconds and we were floating downstream faster than we had driven across. Our driver said nothing while two of the female nurses screamed. I rolled up my window and as we all started to stand instead of sit in our seats. The river carried us downstream until the driver, wordless the entire time, breathed "Gracias a Dios." His hands, which had never left the wheel, now guided four tires forward on the rocky river-bottom. Without the extra-weight of the refrigerator, the driver said, breaking his silence after he gunned the engine up the riverbank on the other side, we wouldn't have made it. He would have to wait until the water level fell before returning. He fretted about the money lost and the dwindling days he had left to pay off the men who had loaned him the money to arrive in Madre de Dios.

Figure 39: Driver Carrying Bags to the Ferry Boat – Refrigerator Awaits Loading on Back of Truck

The specters of debt that hover over the gold mines in Madre de Dios are not gender-specific. Tales of male phantoms, the miners who died—buried alive—rise from the mercury and sun-bleached sand while female ghosts flit alongside the Interoceanic Road, where the rainforest is no longer. At the risk of falling into the Avatar mentality (Franklin 2011), whereby indigenous groups are frozen in the forest, fighting to keep there way of life and evil foreign companies come to destroy the land for profit, I highlight the "mines are like women" riddle. The male gold miners and environmental engineers who repeated this fixing hail primarily from the Andes, speak Quechua or Aymara as their first language, and don't necessarily uphold the "Andean Avatar" (Bebbington 2010) mentality tied to the "Rights of Mother Earth" philosophy outlined in the previous chapter. This critique, however, of falling into an "Avatar mentality" itself strikes me as an unfortunate collapse and trend in the social sciences, where it is an intervention to say that not all indigenous groups want to "stay in the forest," because this reinforces a nature/culture distinction rather than questioning it. It also ignores a growing resistance from indigenous groups from the Americas if not around the world. The ethnographic material, not what is theoretically "new" and edgy must guide my analysis. While I did meet individuals who identified as indigenous and who wanted to mine for gold and log for mahogany, they were scant few. The indigenous federation of Madre de Dios went so far as to show a screening of a 2011 documentary by Canadian filmmaker David Suzuki entitled *El Avatar Verdadero* (The Real Avatar), which documents Peruvian Amazonian indigenous communities struggles against logging and extraction companies. The figure of the Pishtaco inevitably emerges once again.

The Gold Queen's role as a female miner, devastating the landscape opens a productive discomfort – in these case, a kind of friction – with what the "ideal" Quechua woman is supposed to be and what Gregoria Casas is not. The attributes that relegate women to the bottom of the social hierarchy – no formal education, former domestic laborer, obese, no longer young and divorced – have become points of strength for La Goya who has harnessed her vast stores of gold to advance herself. Her success, while a sensational news story, presents a tantalizing riddle for the television and print media. The hook in the stories that circulate about her is how could this beastly woman have gained so much power? By all logical formulations of life and its hierarchies, Gregoria Huamanhuillca Casas Baca should have been forgotten, herself already buried underground.

~ When Mines are Like Women: A Second and Final Time

The connection between the figure of the Pishtaco sucking the life out of a person's body as well as that of the land is one that Juana Payaba declares over and over again. A Shipiba Indian, activist and president of her community Juana speaks about the "Pishtaco effect" in Madre de Dios. Since the paving of the Interoceanic Road, her community—*Tres Islas* or Three Islands has been overrun by miners and loggers, so much so that her community decided that if the state was not going to help them protect their land, then they might as well profit from it. *Tres Islas* built a toll on the unpaved illegal road that the loggers built and that wildcat gold miners then began to use to access the indigenous community's land, flush with streams of gold.

She charged one Peruvian sol for a motorcycle taxi and two soles for a car or truck—about 50 cents to a dollar. The loggers and miners took her to the regional court, accusing her of illegal activity, and they won. The police tore down the community building that functioned as a meeting hall, a school, and a community center that *Tres Islas* had built with the toll money.

Juana had decided to fight back, contacting the Social Action Commission, run through the Catholic Church, which then took her case to the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights. Juana's case became a hot commodity. She went to Washington, DC at the invitation of the Inter-American Commission to "defend" her case.

I asked how the conflict had ended. It hadn't—and it is only within this past week that she was acquitted of the charges that the illegal loggers and miners lodged against her. The Inter-American Commission has helped enormously, but when I last saw her, she said that her community's battles and the larger struggle to protect the Amazon from the "Pishtaco Effect" were not ones she thought could be won.

When I ask her about the "mines are like women" riddle. She shoots back that she has a response to this *muranqui* (riddle) in Shipibo. "Ask me what the difference is between a mine and woman," she demands. I ask. She responds: "Nothing… ask me why." Her answer is "because both fight back." She reminds me to look at how the mines claim so many lives. "It doesn't mean that the gold mining will end. The world economy would have to change. This is too big for just me. But even if we know that we won't win, we will still fight back."

Where Estrella had focused on women, asking: "what is a typical woman?" choosing to reframe the question, demonstrating her own power to animate the subject of the riddle as she chose, Juana had taken a different track to animate the landscape along with the women. Her response refigures the relationship between mines and women and offers provocative ways to animate petrified notions of difference in and among humans and nonhumans. She is an "animist theorist" in the best sense, according to Mel Chen's definition, because she "deploys and

reworks" orders of matter and mattering (Chen 2012: 13). Without saying anything, but by harnessing the animacy of gold, La Goya's material success demonstrates a reordering of the social hierarchy that continues to climb. La Goya's success contrasts sharply with women who work as mules for cocaine traffickers or in the gold mines.

When hearing riddles about women from men, women were placed into relations with nonhuman entities in ways that solidified already existing gender oppositions, racial categories, and social hierarchy. While riddles place seemingly disparate entities into modes of comparison, the lived consequences of making women into mines or into mules is an exploitative one. In the vein of "fighting back" like a gold mine, there are other examples of narrative genres that link women to rebellious landscapes and bodily transpecies relations and transformations.

Juana was the first person to tell me the story of Mama Coca, but it is a tale that Peruvians who have had the requisite primary education know well – Quechua speakers or not. It is a story that Juana likes, and it informed her response to the "mines are like women" riddle. The story of how Mama Coca came to be is also a story of repression, rebellion, and reshaping the physical as well as political landscape. It goes like this: A Quechua Princess, a ñusta falls prey to the "Barberos"—the bearded Spanish conquerors. One day she escapes and runs for days and nights without stopping until she can go no further. Her enraged "Barbero" finds her, rapes and kills her. In further punishment, he leaves her body unburied. To his surprise, her body transforms into the coca plant while he sleeps next to it. Mama Coca whispers to all those who know how to listen that she will not rest until she has poisoned all the Barberos in revenge for their murderous ways.

Juana's voice is one of the strongest ringing throughout Madre de Dios. She confides that she has received many death threats and isn't certain whether to take them seriously or not. "Women, powerful women, will always be seen as dangerous in some way," she shakes her head and puts her hand over mine, "but remember the riddle – my answer to it. Take some hope from it. Riddles can have more than just one answer."

I now turn to think about multiple answers – or none at all – when it comes to constructing national identity through feminized landscapes, plants, and other forms of exploitation in Peru's Intellectual Property Office. The unruly feminine "nature" in Doña Bárbara needed the male figure of rational Enlightenment order. Peru's top biopirated plants – Madre Maca, Madre Coca, and Madre Ayahuasca, clearly have female attributes. The well-educated men in Lima seek to regulate the traffic in plants and the market for them, plants that come from the disordered, backward countryside.

As Peru seeks to eradicate its coca plantations,[38] remaking its national image as a virile, strong country in the legacy of the Inca (always shown as a man), the government also wants to invite investment and tourism as the fertile ground to grow and nurture international partnerships and development. A Peru pregnant with possibilities cannot have Coca as its sacred centerfold plant; it relates too closely to cocaine and the Shining Path, to corruption and instability. Machu Picchu can sit comfortably with Maca, also an Andean medicinal botanical.

[38] President Ollanta Humala, with the financial support of the United States went after the *cocaleros* (Coca producers) after he came into office in July 2011.

~ Of Plants, IP, and People

"If you had to chose, would you want the "bad girl" image or the "good girl" image for your country?" Juan José Miranda Montero, President of Peru's National Institute for the Defense of Competition and Protection of Intellectual Property (*Instituto Nacional de Defensa de la Competencia y de la Protección de la Propriedad Intelectual – INDECOPI*) asks me. "Coca is the bad girl; Maca is the good girl."

This "good girl," even back in 2012, was a hot commodity that disappeared without Peru's benefiting from it. This was Miranda's main concern, but I wondered about the communities that grew what Whole Foods labels the "Incan Superfood." As Peru's most bio-pirated plant – only because Coca does not count because of its narcotic rather than medicinal use – Peru's IP office is searching for solutions to control the flow of Maca and benefit from its sale and development around the world. Maca's fame as a natural Viagra has continued to grow. At the close of 2014, Maca, in high demand, had been disappearing from storehouses and international demand had driven the price so high that those who harvested it could not longer afford it themselves.[39] The main culprits, Peruvians claim (and the New York Times prints) are Chinese buyers – or thieves – those who are breaking into storehouses and robbing Maca growers.

"The purpose of the Interoceanic Road is to facilitate economic exchange," Miranda says. "Honest economic exchange. We are looking for answers, but we don't have the man-power." Miranda Montero sits across from me at his small desk. Andrés Valladolid, Vice-President, sits next to the door in a small office. It's a two-man show. Valladolid investigates patent claims on the ground, brings his findings and interviews back to Lima, and runs workshops for researchers to defend against biopirating. Miranda Montero sorts through the bureaucracy, contacting companies known to be going after Maca, Coca, and Ayahuasca. "Maca is our most biopirated plant."

Miranda Montero had greeted me in English when first I arrived, telling me that he had lived in Tulsa, Oklahoma for four years, working for an oil company. The Peruvian government had sponsored his degree in agronomy and engineering. He asks if I know Tulsa. I do not.

He tells me that the "Sooners," a powerful family, owns all the major businesses in Tulsa. He asks me if I can guess why. I shake my head.

"Because the Sooners cheated. You know the proclamation of 1908?"

"For land?" I ask.

"Yes, it was a land grab issued by the government. It was supposed to be a race. A gun goes off and everyone races to stake out land. But the Sooners cheated. They snuck out in the middle of the night and staked their land. They raced like everyone else the next day, but their flags were already up. Now they own everything, football stadium, gas stations, clinics, everything."

I ask him if there is a resonance with stealing land, bio-pirating, the United States and Brazil. He nods that there is and explains frankly that he comes from the ruling elite, but that he

[39] In December of 2014, the New York Times published a feature on Maca. Maca harvests in the Andes have been disappearing and its popularity in China has driven up the price exponentially. http://www.nytimes.com/2014/12/07/world/americas/in-peru-maca-spawns-larceny-and-luxury.html?hp&action=click&pgtype=Homepage&module=mini-moth&_r=0 (last accessed 5/7/15).

sees the Sooners like the Peruvian families who owned land before the agrarian reform that began in 1969. He says his family lost their land under the dictatorship. He needed to get a job.

From interests in land and oil, he began to specialize in a different kind of natural capital – genetic resources. He espouses the idea that when it comes to the nation and indigenous communities that "everything regarding the richness of our genetic resources belongs to the nation but the knowledge belongs to the people. It's been theirs for centuries. These are their only assets." This sounds unfortunately close to Alan García's politics of development. I ask him how the cultural knowledge "intangible resources" in UNECSCO speak will bring about material benefits or land ownership for communities who seek that.

Valladolid, who has been listening to the half-English, half-Spanish conversation chimes in and says that it is again a question of man-power and enforcement. "Maca is Peru's top bio-pirated plant. No question about that," he says. Miranda Montero nods. "But how do we enforce that? I know of four companies that have taken Maca out of the country."

Biopiracy is the term for outright stealing of a plant or animal specimen, even if it is genetic material. Bioprospecting, a more euphemistic term, ultimately means that governments will allow for regulated theft. Cori Hayden writes that in the context of bioprospecting, "scientific knowledge is not simply capitalized; it is politicized in the very particular sense of being inscribed with specific kinds of accountabilities, social relations and potential property claims, and interests" (Hayden 2003: 9). For Peru and the two-man show that is INDECOPI, the accountability for roving biopirates remains quite low. The potential property claims need not be made for this reason. But the interest in Maca is very high.

I ask Valladolid and Miranda how they know that four companies traffic in Maca. Both men explain that they have a system in place, much like the one in Brazil, but that unlike Brazil, Peru simply doesn't have the funds to capture and expel bio-pirates. In the past few years, Brazilian patent lawyers, biologist, and law enforcement have worked together to catch bio-pirates.[40] Most often bio-traffickers of Maca are caught at the airport, but Peru's response differs from that of Brazil's.

"Look, we've got a bicycle. They [the biopirates], wealthy companies, countries, they have tanks. The best way of losing the war is fighting a war with a bicycle and thinking you are in a tank. We need the help of everyone. We can't police our borders and our genetic resources by ourselves, so we invite investment," Miranda Montero says. The best defense is to collaborate. Without the powerful economy and growing power that Brazil has, particularly because of its economic ties with China. Both men hope that inviting investment will lead to less biopiracy. In the meantime, they focus on trying to organize the market.

Valladolid adds, "José Miranda focuses on the business aspect. "We have to do our part for businesses to come here. Resources need to be accessible." Both men then spoke together in a way that a close partnership with no other employees facilitates.

Miranda takes my research as an example, "Look, the road to success… figuratively speaking, and like the actual *Interoceánica* that you are studying, it is for the world to use our products, but we want an honest transaction." Valladolid nods and says that they have to send the

---

[40] http://www.scidev.net/global/biodiversity/news/brazil-gets-tough-on-biopirates.html# http://www.reuters.com/article/2010/12/22/us-brazil-biopiracy-idUSTRE6BL37820101222 http://sites.duke.edu/amazonbiopiracy/policy-issues/ (all sources last accessed May 1, 2015).

message that Peru wants to do business. It's the problem with the market, disorder and corruption in Peru.

While some biopirates may choose the urban market over the rainforest tangle of vines (Hayden 2003), the fantasies of wealth in the Amazon, whether for the next cure for cancer or for the gold itself, continue to attract fortune-hunters. Still a place of magic and mystery, the Amazon as an image keeps its entangled relations of an Edenic ideal – for woman, for man, for nation.

Candace Slater's *Entangled Edens* (2002) charts the contradictory claims for what the Amazon is or could be. From "green hell" to a land of enchantment, "a second Eden," a region envisaged as close to God, or far from it, as full or wonder and possibility, or as a death space of signification (Taussig 1991), the image of the Amazon rainforest and its human and nonhuman inhabitants have shouldered contradictory subject positions. As endangered and dangerous (Raffles 2002), the fecundity of the Amazon as trope has led to proliferating ideas about who and what is human.

Gondim Neide writes in *The Invention of Amazonia* (*A invenção da Amazônia,* 1994) of the way in which the European imagination took hold of Amazonia and flew with the visions of a land that was both paradise and inferno, where animals, plants, and people (but particularly women) existed in unbelievable forms. He puts the advent of the imagining and inventing Amazonia also at the time of colonial encounter and the advent of travel writing. Candace Slater and Hugh Raffles also examine this literary creation of "the Amazon." The shifting terrain of what the Amazon rainforest represents and exemplifies about human nature speaks to the continuing, if not increasing traffic in what constitutes nature and what constitutes culture.

In this traffic of ideas of nature and culture, of inventing the Amazon, the intellectual property (IP) gods raise their heads, with or without the fangs to bite in Peru. The country's tack has been to keep with the market and ride the wave of biopiracy in the most profitable way possible. "If we can't fight it, we try to gain what we can," Miranda says. Maca is something that the government can focus upon without meeting the kind of international outcry, at least from the United States, that it does with Coca.

Marilyn Strathern notes that for intellectual property initiatives, there appears to be, on the surface, a new kind of symmetry between cultural knowledge and technology. "Cultural identity is something to which everyone can lay claim; when cultures are given a homeland and become identified with particular territories or countries, then cultural difference may work to exclusionary or asymmetric effect" (Strathern 1999: 129). She specifically investigates biodiversity protection, criticizing while also fruitfully employing actor network theory (ANT). ANT's tether is in the division between technology and society studies. "Its insistence on treating human and nonhuman entities alike has endorsed the democratic potential of that programme. Humanity should never have been constructed in opposition to extensions of itself, an axiom which Bruno Latour has extended to all kinds of societies and circumstances: a parliament of brothers follows the parliament of things" (Strathern 1999: 180). Yet, Strathern writes, something of the human/nonhuman divide continues to haunt social relations. The need to call for a unified humanity and to treat all humans alike, demonstrates to Strathern that if here is a need to call for it, it must not be happening.

IP and Western notions of the person and property rests on divisions between people and things. It then calls for putting them into relationships in new ways. For Strathern's Melanesians (as an ideal, according to Alfred Gell), or for that matter, Eduardo Viveiros de Castro's

characterization of Amerindian multiperspectival naturalism, the difference between humans and nonhumans does not fall along such clearly delineated contours of the human, animal, plant, mineral, and machine bodies. Melanesians "imagine one another in terms of the food which sustains them or the wealth by which they can be measured…. it is what these imaginings compel people to do with their 'things' which marks them out" (Ibid). The notion of symmetry between people is not assumed for the Papua New Guinean Highlander that Strathern describes and thus does not lend itself so easily to IP categories of definition and regulation. "So while Papua New Guinea Highlanders personify the natural world in the same breath as they reify one another, they do not necessarily presume that these are symmetrical processes" (Ibid). Strathern is not just pointing to different ways of seeing and ordering the world, of "seeing oneself" in the landscape or "telling oneself about oneself" (Strathern1992: 1), she is also talking about how the search for an analogical logic in anthropology has often rested on structuralist thinking that the nature/culture divide is a fundamentally universal one (Strathern 1999: 33).

~ Minerals, Maca, *Mulas* and *Mujeres*

In conclusion, if Mama Maca were really considered a person to the Peruvian government, presumably it would be harder to traffic her out of the country. This is assuming that patent law actually has law enforcement, which it does not in Peru, but does in Brazil. The high value trade in minerals like gold and mercury is not an ironic overturning of animacy hierarchies that undergird the strict divisions between nature and culture, female and male, human and nonhuman overturn. That gold and "good girl" Maca have more worth than the sex-trafficked women and women who work as "mules" for cocaine trafficking, is not surprising. That "bad girl" Coca needs to be controlled too, but with more force, is because she is literally worth her weight in gold.

The various ways of animating the landscape, of animacy hierarchies (Chen 2012) and the gendering of such hierarchies becomes most clear in the riddles and stories told about women, mines, plants, and gold. These are also ways to de-animate the landscape, women, plants, and gold. The fixity allows for ownership even as the need to circulate goods demands movement. Intellectual property law and the market economy, as Strathern has noted, puts different elements into relation and exchange for profit. There is a violence in making "traditional knowledge" and "genetic resources" commensurable for profit, particularly for communities who do not see a separation between the self and the land. It is all animate and mixed together. The promise of the riddle of drawing placing disparate entities into relation and allowing for a playful reordering of life forms, tugs at the lines that draw difference and make different entities. If language plays such a crucial role in shaping the world humans see and express, then perhaps the multiplicity of answers and possibilities that come from riddling can animate how humans value life-forms across difference.

To Have Done Nothing

No that is not it
nothing that I have done
nothing
I have done

is made up of
nothing
and the dipthong

ae

together with
the first person
singular
indicative

of the auxiliary
verb
to have

everything
I have done
is the same

infinity of
combinations

involving the
moral
physical
and religious

codes

for everything
and nothing
are synonymous
when

energy *in vacuo*
has the power
of confusion

which only to
have done nothing
can make perfect

Conclusion
To Have Done Something

The poem "To Have Done Nothing" by William Carlos Williams comes to my mind as I seek to draw conclusions and highlight my analytical interventions. What does it mean to have done something with words, where the very act of writing *does* something? How do photographs that I have chosen to accompany further emphasize the impact of the inscriptional doing? What are the effects, if any at all? A textual intervention like a poem or story can replay old themes, but an anthropological intervention must say and do something new; it cannot have done nothing at all. This is not to say that anthropological practice must prescribe how to live or confirm a particular view of human nature. Rather, that while the open-minded anthropologist will disavow firm conclusions (Clifford 1988, 2013; Stevenson 2014; Stewart 1996, 2007; Raffles 2002) one still has to *do* something that makes a novel theoretical intervention. To avoid being read as having done nothing, one must torque the direction of how other social theorists have previously thought about a particular topic.

My intervention into and of "traffic" as an analytic has built upon Anna Tsing's "friction" (2005). Tsing's questions about why global capitalism is so messy, who "speaks for nature", and what kinds of social justice have currency in the 21st century, are ones that I also share. Friction, for Tsing is a way to stitch different moments of encounter, from the activity of one woman spontaneously listing endangered wildlife in the rainforest of the Meratus Mountains, to nature lovers in the Indonesian capital, to loggers and oil-prospectors and to offer the possibility of "a mobilization for the environment as justice" because then it "becomes a challenge rather than a reason to give up" (Tsing 2005: 268). So friction is not about slowing down or stopping, but it is a provocation to reflect on how one defines mobility, various cultural forms and agency.

Traffic is about how people, along with these definitions of mobility, cultural forms, and ideas of what constitutes agency, circulate, gain traction or lose their hold altogether. I take a tripartite approach to traffic – as an event (illicit trade in women, plant-products, and gold or as transit), as a metaphor for movement, entanglement, collision and standstill, and as a conceptual framework to study not only the friction of opposing people and ideologies, but the stoppages, the moments of stillness, of slowing down, where nothing moves. Global capitalism may not be a well-oiled machine, but it is a forceful one. While there occur moments of fortuitous friction, resulting in unexpected rearrangements of power, global trade can cause stoppages, crashes, and unfortunate solidification of the status quo.

Taking up traffic as an analytic provides a way to think about the crashes, collisions, cessation, as well as multiple directions of moving people, things, and ideas traveling at different speeds. In the first chapter, the traffic of people and the things they carry with them – alpacas, llamas, quinoa, rice, frozen chicken, and potatoes also signals a movement in ideas about ways to live and act in the world. The Quechua moral code embodied in a daily greeting: "Don't Lie, Don't Steal, Don't be Lazy, Don't be Servile" travels from the mountains to the rainforest along the Interoceanic Road with the traffic (in this case, transit) of people and things. Cultural forms of ethical conduct then apply to understand the loss of human lives in the gold mines, where the Pachamama demands reciprocity for mercury-mined gold. This is a particular perspective on "Nature" as "Mother Earth" that opens up the analytical terrain to examine definitions of what constitutes nature and what constitutes culture and the subsequent ordering of life-forms.

As I mentioned in the introduction, when it comes to examining the physical and theoretical trajectories of women in the sex industry and sex trafficking, friction, in this context,

summons imagery that I wish to avoid. Traffic, on the other hand, extends the analytic of friction to think about feminist debates that revolve around prostitution, sex trafficking, and gender-based violence. In Chapter II, "Consent and Its Discontents," I interrogate how fundamental anthropological categories – nature and culture, male and female, human and nonhuman influence (Western) ideas about who represents a self-sovereign subject, capable of "freely giving consent." My examination of the radical feminist approach that equates female migration with sex trafficking and prostitution, all as forms of gender-based violence demonstrates how heavily this stance relies on Enlightenment ideas of subject-hood. On the other hand, sex work feminists focus so strongly on allowing women to choose and choose to enjoy working in the sex industry eliminates engaged discussion of kidnapping, coercion, and rape.

A "middle ground" feminism doesn't initially sound as catchy in the way "radical" or "sex-work" feminism do. However, a "middle ground" feminist stance recognizes the intersections of race, ethnicity, and class with gender and sexuality in the traffic of ideas of who and what is a consenting subject. It does not create a generalizing analytic whereby all women take on the label of victim, but it also recognizes the cases of extreme violation of consent, where women truly do not realize that, even where human trafficking and labor exploitation are common practices, they will encounter a more brutal reality than promised.

Definitions of race and ethnicity, not just of gender and sexuality, create the back-and-forth traffic between conceptions of "nature" and "culture." How and where race, ethnicity, class, gender, and sexuality intersect define how categories of "victim" or its other, a "*vadia*" or "*puta*" come into being. In both Portuguese and Spanish, "puta" circulated as a boundary object, limiting physical travel and social identities for women. "Estrella," a central figure in this ethnography, pointed out to me that where women seek to redefine themselves, in and outside of the sex industry, choosing one's "name" represents an important event. It is a way to define one's self as someone other than a "*puta.*" As a result, I asked the women (as well as the men) with whom I worked to choose their pseudonyms.

In Chapter III, I traced the traffic in women by following the personal narrative of "Estrella" and the circulation of the already gendered and racialized word, "*puta*." In conducting "a full-bodied analysis," as Gayle Rubin called upon feminist scholars to do, I argue that intersections with race, ethnicity, as well as class must necessarily come into the analysis when one considers not only how women travel, but also how words spoken about them circulate, creating the relational networks that produce communicable cartographies with subject positions of '*puta*,' '*vadia*', mother, and virgin.

The migration of people to Madre de Dios has brought about a problem of "*convivencia*" (of living together), according to law enforcement officials and long-standing residents. Ideas about where people belong and how they should not mix form part of a colonially inspired national narrative that continues to affect where people may, and may not, live. That people from the mountains, the coast, and the jungle should not mix because they have conflicting worldviews is the reason given for the rise in domestic violence that I discuss in Chapter IV. The expression of "spare the rod and spoil the child" (*la letra con sangre entra*) serves as a justification for State intervention into the gold mines and brothels. It also echoes with the figure of Don Frederico who wistfully remembers a time before the advent of human rights discourse when one could hit wives and children to instill order. My focus on collisions that occur between people, either in the context of domestic violence, during a police raid ("*batida,*" to whip, to stir things up) is part of the traffic in ideas nature and culture. Maria Magdalena, Don Frederico's

wife, embodies the themes of such conceptual and physical collisions. Known as "the last of the Iñapari" in Madre de Dios and in international academic circles, Maria Magdalena has no interest in sharing her life story on film or extensively on the page. The cultural capital that her husband seeks to market is one that presents her as the last of her tribe, a woman in the forest, "true" to nature.

This perception of the indigenous woman as pure, virginal, as in and of the forest leaves little room for other ways of being in the world. As Maria Magdalena prefers to fade away quietly, women like Shipiba leader Juana Payaba and *La Goya*, "the indigenous pishtaco," take a louder approach. Juana's redefinition of the riddle of why mines are like women animates the landscape and women as warriors, fighting back against exploitation. Her strident approach, apparent in her battle to oust informal gold miners and loggers from Shipibo community land, has earned her recognition as a strong voice in Madre de Dios. It has also earned her death threats and a reputation for being "a difficult Indian."

Gregoria Huamanhuillca Casas Baca, better known as *La Goya* or *La Reina de Oro* (The Gold Queen) pushes the boundaries of comfort and analysis. That she has become an "indigenous pishtaco," breaking with the traditional understanding of a white, foreign, male figure, demonstrates just how definitively her personage has troubled existing categories of gender and ethnicity. Her resistance to speak publicly makes her further unpalatable because she won't "name" herself or her fight. She has entered into the man's game of gold mining, "raping" the land, allegedly sacrificing women as "payment to the earth" (*pago a la tierra*), and she is winning.

The many ways that a riddle about the exploitation of the landscape, of gold mines in the rainforest and women (scripted as indigenous) can be answered, speaks to the possibilities of analyzing more than two entities at one time. This work reconfigures boundary making and boundary blurring in ongoing debates about (human) nature and culture. My discussion of riddles in conjunction with Mel Chen's "animacy hierarchies" yields how fruitful playing with language can be as well as the surprising mobility and multi-valences of heavy metals, of minerals like mercury that *do* something, acting on the world. Placing seemingly disparate people, animals, plants, minerals, and things into relations with one another – in the multiple speaks to the power of traffic as a metaphor, as an event, and as an analytic.

~ Mercurial Interventions

With traffic as my analytical intervention, animacy, and mercury on my mind, I wonder about what are the material effects, if any that follow from writing a monograph and staking a claim of intervention in social theory? My research colleagues and interlocutors challenged me with such questions during fieldwork. Professors at Amazonian universities wanted to know what my contribution would be – presentations, teaching classes, workshops, would I come back? They wanted to know tangible ramifications of my research.

My focus on thinking about textual and physical interventions comes from the abrupt way in which my fieldwork in Madre de Dios ended. The Peruvian government had issued a declaration that 98% of the gold miners in the rainforest mines were illegal, both in terms of land claims and in terms of their mercury usage. The government intervened in the protest that ensued.

The gold miners identified with mercury in several ways – the bottles of liquid mercury, imported from Spain, showed a fleet-footed muscular man. A symbol of virility, speed, and

strength, miners saw the male aspect in quicksilver needed to bring together the particles of gold in the soil. *Miércoles* is Wednesday, Mercury's day. Saying "*qué miércoles*" instead of "*qué mierda*" can be a way to politely express that something has gone to shit.

So it was that on "*Miércoles*" March 14, 2012, I awoke to the sound of explosions. For a moment, I thought that it was a strange kind of thunder. Then my cell phone buzzed with a text message.

> Police r bombing against attempts 2 take strategic spots around city.
> Día: 14, Marzo, 2012
> Hora: 3:51:01am

The text came from my friend, Daniel Rodriguez, a Spanish anthropologist who lived several kilometers away, just at the outskirts of town. I returned his text but received nothing more.

My phone, which moonlighted as a radio as well as a flashlight, told me that I had dwindling credit to make calls and texts. I lived several kilometers from the nearest store where I could buy talking minutes. It was too early for any shops to be open and I didn't know whether it was safe to go outside.

The explosions stopped fifteen minutes later. I turn on the phone radio but there was only white noise. The cadence of jungle insects returned and I fell back into a fitful sleep. At 6:57am, my cell phone buzzed again and this time I heard the whir of helicopters circling the air.

Stay inside." Daniel has written to me.

The gold miners had been gathering in the regional capital since March 5. Protests had remained relatively peaceful, with the mining federation of Madre de Dios attempting to negotiate directly with President Humala in Lima. Even the indigenous federation had joined the protest. The reasoning had been that even certain indigenous communities wanted the gold miners out, it was better to gain audience with the central government and have a voice in the land distribution process. But when Humala had refused to see them, gold miners had shut down the tiny airport, closed the Interoceanic Road and the "Bridge of Friendship" with Brazil. They stopped traffic, intending to keep gasoline trucks from entering the town, instead sending the combustibles (gas trucks) to fill up generators needed to power the *chupaderas* in the gold mines.

I stayed "inside" my forest compound that I shared with four other families, listening to the radio. The morning announcer runs quickly over the details of the protest. The mining strike that began on March 5th initially had legal sanction, but has spiraled out of control. The announcer claims that there are close to ten thousand gold miners now in Puerto Maldonado, along with female sex workers who march by their side. The gold miners are protesting the newest round of government sanctions that would make all but two mining operations not just informal, but also illegal. The new measures, if implemented, would put restrictions on the use and disposal of mercury and taxation on the gold coming out of the rainforest mines.

José Luis Aguirre, the regional president of Madre de Dios worries that more gold miners will continue to descend upon Puerto Maldonado. Aguirre, who had already received a slew of death threats for his committed stance to higher environmental protections and tighter controls on human trafficking, asked the central government to send more riot police. The 700 that had arrived are no match, he warned, for this many gold miners. Humala responded by authorizing the riot police to shoot real bullets instead of rubber.

The banks that ring the Plaza de Armas, the central square, sport the thickest throng of police.[41] The five banks of Puerto Maldonado had seemed excessive to me when I first arrived, outnumbering the bars and restaurants around the square. Yet as the months had passed, I had noticed that the long lines attested to the amount of gold and other forms of trade occurring in Madre de Dios. Every week, the armored Loomis trucks lumbered into town, watched over by armed guards. The money flew to Lima and Cusco, as the Interoceanic Road was considered too dangerous.

On the first day of the strike, homes and businesses keep their doors and windows tightly shut. I had attended the speeches made by mining leaders on the first day. As the days wore on and patience grew thin, miners had slashed tire of police vehicles, strategically placed large nails on the road, and burned tires as a warning to government leaders that the strike could lead to further damage. But then the protest had calmed as the miners waited for their elected leaders to return from Lima. The atmosphere in Puerto Maldonado turned festive. Shopkeepers reopened their doors. Cell phones sold out, restaurants ran out of food, and street vendors delighted in the small fortune they were making. "*Viva el Paro*" (Long Live the Strike), their signs read.

Figure 40: Viva El Paro

[41] Banco de Crédito Peru BCP), Banco de la Nación, Banco Bilbao Vizcaya Argentina (BBVA) Continental, Caja Municipal Cusco, and Interbank.

Figure 41: Viva El Paro Minero
Street vendors selling ice cream in the Plaza de Armas

During this carnival week of waiting, sex workers initially were thrilled with the business. But then, the lines outside of brothels continued to grow. Las Peladitas, best know for its quick service, had to close. The women either left town or hid with friends because they were afraid of what would happen if they couldn't keep up with business.

I took advantage of the lull and went to the indigenous federation to better understand their reactions to what ultimately proved to be a failed attempt to gain an audience with President Humala. The political response is similar to that of the media; callers on the radio have slammed the indigenous communities for betraying their culture and killing "Mother Earth."

Alicia Fernández Pérez greets me inside the federation's offices. A young political activist, Alicia is a rising star in Madre de Dios. Her calm in politically or even physically fraught situations has earned her the respect of local government officials. From the Yine-Machiguenga community of Puerto Luz, Alicia's contact with the illegal gold miners is extensive.

The gold mining in indigenous communities wasn't new, Alicia said, flashing a large smile. "It's a supplement to our other activities. When we aren't hunting or fishing, when it's not time to collect Brazil nuts (*castañas*), or when it's not time for harvest, we can mine for gold." The difference, Alicia explained, was that it was never on a large scale.

That indigenous communities had engaged in mining before the gold rush occurred, also employing mercury, was something that environmental NGOs did their best to gloss. Alicia, who

had been a proponent of joining the gold miners in protest, did not shy away from explaining exactly why it should be under the purview of the indigenous federation to decide what its communities could or could not do. She wanted self-determination, that was why she had marched in protest, calling through her bullhorn:

> ¡*No hay solución, la lucha continua! ¡No hay solución, la lucha continua*!
> There is no solution, the struggle continues! There is no solution, the struggle continues!
> ¡*Sólo, escucha, una sóla lucha! ¡Sólo, escucha, una sóla lucha!*
>
> Only one, listen, one single fight! Only one, listen, one single fight!

She chuckles when I ask her if aligning with the miners in "*una sóla lucha*" ("in the same struggle") could be political suicide. Shaking her head, she explains: "No, we need to be heard by any means." It is a difficult space to inhabit, this mythic space of pristine nature, constructed and maintained by others.

She asked me where I thought indigenous communities should go if they couldn't live on their land when companies like Hunt Oil can have whatever is below the surface? The additionally infuriating element is that if they continued to try to kick Hunt Oil and the many speculative natural resource interests out, like the gold miners, then they will also receive death threats like Juana Payaba. Former President of the indigenous federation has had to go into hiding because he has made so many enemies in his attempts to fight off Hunt Oil. The enemies that he has made are not just at the oil company, but also within his own Harakmbut community and the federation.

~ March 14, 2012

On *Miércoles*, March 14, the day began with explosions and only got worse. I called my friend Ana, a missionary who ran a refuge for trafficked women and children with her husband. Ana picked up immediately. In the background I heard bullets. "You hear them?" Ana asked me. The "*disparos*" (bullets) seemed to be coming in bursts. There was no traffic on the street, she said. It was better if I did not come over.

Boni, a moto-taxi driver who lived in town, came over to stay safe. He said that he had been blocked in for hours with his motorcycle. He found one of the yellow shirts emblazoned with the Huepetuhe Mining Organization words and put it on to pass as one of the protestors.

Another text from Daniel arrived.

> "1 dead, 28 injrd,"
> Enviado: 11:37:51 am

A woman calls into the show to say that the miners are "like animals," but worse. They are "*basura*" (trash). Animals respect the environment. The miners are not from the jungle. How would they feel if Amazonian people went to Machu Picchu and ripped out all the sacred objects? The miners had to respect the Amazonian earth. Another male caller spoke with a tone hardened with controlled anger: "We are infuriated, infuriated! The people of Madre de Dios are a peaceful people. The people from the mountains destroy and disrespect and disrupt." The radio

announcer, perhaps exhausted from more than six hours of being on the air, began to respond to everything saying, "*Perfecto, Perfecto,*" regardless of what a caller said.

At precisely 3:25pm, Daniel wrote to say that the police had shot and killed Jorge Payaba's nephew, Antonio. Two army planes had been sent to enforce curfew. At the end of the day, three men, including Antonio, a Shibipo Indian married to a Harakmbut woman, lay dead. The indigenous federation speculated whether Antonio had been a target because he had helped to bridge the two ethnic communities, often at odds with each other over environmental issues that were also economic.

That night I finally made contact my family and advisor. A travel insurance specialist contacted me. A former CIA agent who had contracts with Peruvian secret service "extracted" me from Madre de Dios. From their perspective, I must be someone important. I must be a spy. Which meant I must have valuable information about the indigenous protestors that I knew. Waiting until I could leave, a situation that ultimately amounted to house arrest as my former CIA agent, "José" would not let me go until I arrived in Lima, I had some time to think. I packed my little fieldwork computer into the hidden back pocket of my backpack. I backed up on my data on my travel hard-drives and stuffed the bag that I knew would be searched with newspapers and Xeroxed copies of environmental NGOs assessments of the Interoceanic Road.

The Peruvian army had retaken the jungle airport and José and I walked straight to the plane. His bag bypassed the metal detectors. Mine did not and took a while to come back. I excused myself to go to the washroom and watched as José opened my bag with newspapers and inspected it. I hugged my backpack to my body and waited for the last possible moment to leave the bathroom and board the plane.

I left behind people who had cared for me and trusted me, who now thought that I must be a spy. While not an uncommon occurrence for an anthropologist, it is still an unpleasant one. Beyond that, the amount of concern for a *gringa* when three men lay dead increased my feelings of irritation at global power structures and connections, based on a color scale.

I return to the question with which I began in my introduction: "What constitutes an intervention—theoretical, humanitarian, or political?" I add the question, following from William Carlos Williams poem of what does it mean to do something, or to do nothing – with words and through action? I ask these questions in thinking through the intervention that resulted in my "extraction," in examining the Interoceanic Road, which has wrought incredible socio-economic and environmental impacts, ones that may ultimately prove irreparable." The slow realization that humans can, in fact, change, create or grow "nature" – sometimes but not always "life itself" not just in a laboratory, but also in the forest, has lagged behind the viscerally negative impacts of "progress." Roads prove to be important to examine not only because they are emblematic of infrastructure projects, but also because they enable others. Without roads, heavy machinery to build dams or to extract natural gas, oil or mineral wealth, cannot occur. Can one physically deconstruct (the effects of such) a road, or can it only be done metaphorically?

The Peruvian government's military intervention shut down Puerto Maldonado, imposed a curfew that if broken, could mean getting shot. With a limited mobility, sex-workers who had not fled the city, communicated with one another – and with me – via cell phone. The networks of information and support became hyphenated and coded. The last phone text that I received from Estrella before leaving Peru asked:

Cómo vas a contar mi historia?
How will you tell my story?

Te vas volver? Ser madrina a mi hijo?
You will come back? Be the godmother to my son?

This dissertation is, in part, a response to Estrella's first question and to the traffic in ideas about what makes for an ethnographic accounting and a theoretical intervention on the traffic in women, plants and gold along the Interoceanic Road.

Bibliography

1. Acosta, Alberto. 2010. *El Buen Vivir en el camino del post-desarrollo. Una lectura desde la Constitution de Montecristi*, Quito, Friedrich-Ebert-Stiftung, Policy Paper 9.
2. Agamben, Giorgio. 2004. *The Open*. Kevin Attell, trans. Stanford: Stanford University Press.
3. _____. 2009. *The Doctrine of all Things: On Method*. Luca D'Isanto with Kevin Attell, trans. New York: Zone Books.
4. Agrawal, Arun. 1995. Dismantling the Divide Between Indigenous and Scientific Knowledge. *Development and Change* 26(3): 413-419.
5. Aguirre, Carlos. 1993. Agentes de su propia libertad: los esclavos de Lima y la desintegración de la esclavitud, 1820–1854, Fondo Editorial del Pontificia Universidad Católica del Perú, Lima
6. Agustín, Laura. 2007. *Sex at the Margins: Migration, Labour Markets, and the Rescue Industry*. London: Zed Books.
7. Alvarez, Sonia, Arturo Arias, and Charles R. Hale. 2011. "Re-visioning Latin American Studies." *Cultural Anthropology* 26(2): 225–246.
8. Alvarez, S. E. 1999. Advocating feminism: The Latin American Feminist NGO 'Boom.' *International Feminist Journal of Politics*, *1*(2), 181–209.
9. Alvarez, S. E, Jay Friedman, E., Beckman, E., Blackwell, M., Stoltz Chinchilla, N., Lebon, N. Navarro, M., & Ríos Tobar, M. 2003. Encountering Latin American and Caribbean Feminisms. *Signs, 28*(2), 537–579.
10. Appadurai, Arjun. 1986. The Social Life of Things: Commodities in Social Perspective. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
11. Aparicio, Juan, and Mario Blaser. 2008. The Lettered City and the Insurrection of Subjugated Knowledges in Latin America. *Anthropological Quarterly* 81(1):59–94.
12. Apuriña, Francisco. 2015. Nos Caminhos da BR-364: Povo Huni Kui e a Terra Indígena Colônia 27. Curitiba: Editora Prismas Ltda.
13. Aristotle. *De Anima*. 2002. David Hamlyn, trans. New York: Oxford University Press.
14. Aristotle. *Metaphysics*. 1953. David Ross, trans. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
15. Arguedas, José María. 1970. *Todas Las Sangres*. Buenos Aires: Editorial Losada.
16. Armstrong, David. 1983. "The Clinical Gaze" from *Political Anatomy of the Body*: Medical Knowledge in Britain in the Twentieth Century. Cambridge and New York: Cambridge University Press.
17. Asad, Talal, 2006. *Suicide Bombing*. Columbia University Press, New York.
18. Bairros, Luiza. 2000. Lembrando Lelia Gonzalez. In: *O livro da saúde das mulheres negras – nossos passos vêm de longe*, Jurema Werneck, Maisa Mendonça, and Evelyn C. White Criola (eds), 42/57. Rio de Janeiro: Pallas.
19. _____ . 1991 Mulher negra: o reforço da subordinação. In: *Desigualidade racial no Brasil contemporâneo,* Peggy Lovell and Alícia M. Bercovich (eds.), 177-194. Belo Horizonte: MGSP Editores.
20. Barletti, José. 2004. "Sexualidad en la Amazonía: la construcción del imaginario social". In *Salud reproductiva en la Amazonía: perspectivas desde la cultura el género y la comunicación*, Elias, E. and Neira, E. (eds). Iquitos: Minga-Perú.
21. Barreira, César. 2004. *Questão de Segurança: Políticas Governtais e Práticas Sociais*. Rio de Janeiro: Relume Dumará.

22. Barry, K. 1995. *The Prostitution of Sexuality: The Global Exploitation of Women*. New York: New York University Press.
23. Bauman, Richard and Charles Briggs. 2003. *Voices of modernity: Language ideologies and the politics of inequality*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
24. Bazzano, Ariana. 2013. Gênero, crime e preconceito: um panorama histórico das normativas internacais de combate ao crime de tráfico de pessoas. *Interseções 15*(2), 417–445.
25. Bebbington, Anthony and Leonith Hinojosa, Denise Humphreys Bebbington, Maria Luisa Burneo, and Ximena Warnaars."Contention and Ambiguity: Mining and the Possibilities of Development" *BWPI Working Paper*: 57. Brooks World Poverty Institute
26. Bebbinton, Anthony. 2009. The New Extraction: Rewriting the Political Ecology of the Andes? *NACLA Report*: 12-40, September/October.
27. Bebbington, Andrew and Denise Humphries Bebbington. 2010. "An Andean Avatar: Post-neoliberal and neoliberal strategies for promoting extractive industries.*" BWPI Working Paper:* 117. Brooks World Poverty Institute.
28. Belaunde, Luisa Elvira. 2005. El recuerdo de Luna Género, sangre y memoria entre los pueblos amazónicos. Lima: UNMSM Fondo editorial CC.SS.
29. Bell, Shannon. 1994. *Reading, Writing, and Rewriting the Prostitute Body*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.
30. Bento, Maria Aparecida Silva. 1995. A mulher negra no mercado de trabalho. *Estudos Feministas* 95, 479–488.
31. Bernstein, Elizabeth. "The Meaning of Purchase: Desire, demand and the commerce of sex." *Ethnography* 2(3): 389-420.
32. Berti, Aldo F. and Thomas J. Cryan 2006. Three Principles: Building a Future in Peru and Latin America. Lima: Fondo Editorial Universidad Nacional Mayor de San Marcos.
33. Biehl. João. 2005. *Vita: Life in a Zone of Social Abandonment*. Berkeley, University of California Press.
34. Breilh, Jaime. 2003. *Epidemiología Crítica: Cienca emancipadora e interculturidad*. Buenos Aires: Lugar Editorial.
35. Bowker, Geoffrey and Susan Leigh Star. 1999. *Sorting Things Out: Classification and Its Consequences*. Cambridge: MIT Press.
36. Bragin, Naomi. 2015. "From Oakland Turfs to Harlem's Shake: Hood Dance on You-Tube and Viral Antiblackness." In *The Oxford Handbook of Screen Dance Studies.* Douglas Rosenberg (ed). Oxford: Oxford University Press.
37. Briggs, Charles. 2007. Mediating infanticide: Theorizing relations between narrative and violence. *Cultural Anthropology* 22(3): 315-356.
38. Briggs, Charles L. 2008. *Poéticas de Vida en Espacios de Muerte: Génerco, Poder y el Estado en el Cotidienidad de Warao*. Quito: Ediciones Abya-Yala.
39. Briggs, Charles L. 1996. The politics of discursive authority in research on the "invention of tradition." *Cultural Anthropology* 11(4): 435-69.
40. Briggs, Charles L. and Clara Mantini-Briggs. 2003. *Stories in the Time of Cholera*: *Racial Profiling during a Medical Nightmare*. University of California Press.
41. Burdick, John. Looking for God in Brazil: The Progressive Catholic Church in Urban Brazil's Religious Arena. Berkeley: University of California Press.

42. Butler, Judith. 2004. *Bodies that Matter: On the Discursive Limits of "Sex."* New York: Routledge Press.
43. _____. 1997. *Excitable Speech*, *A Politics of the Performative*. New York: Routledge.
44. Cabezas, Almudena. 2007. Redes de mujeres e integración: ¿Nuevos espacios regionales latinoamericanos? In *Género, Mujeres y Saberes en América Latina: entre el movimiento social, la academia y el Estado*. Bogotá: Universidad Nacional de Colombia, pp. 259–286.
45. Caldeira, Teresa. 2000. *City of Walls. Crime, Segregation, and Citizenship in São Paulo*. Berkeley, University of California Press.
46. Caldwell, Kia Lilly. 2007. *Negras in Brazil: Re-envisioning Black Women, Citizenship, and the Politics of Identity*. New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press.
47. Campbell, Jeremy M. 2012. "Brazil's Deferred Highway: Mobility, Development, and Anticipating the State in Amazonia." *Boletin De Anthropologia* 27 (44): 102-126.
48. Canclini, Néstor García. 1995. Una Modernización que atrasa: las contradicciones socioculturales en América Latina. *Journal of Latin American Anthropology* 1(1): 2-19.
49. Canessa, Andrew. 2008. "El sexo y el ciudadano: barbies y reinas de belleza en la era de Evo Morales." In *Raza, etnicidad y sexualidades: ciudadanía y multiculturalismo en América Latina*, Peter Wade (ed). Bogotá: Universidad Nacional de Colombia.
50. Cañizares, Jorge. 1998. "Entre el ocio y la feminización tropical: Ciencia, élites y Estado-nación en Latinoamérica, siglo XIX". *Asclepio* 2:11-31
51. Carastathis, Anna. 2013. Identity Categories as Potential Coalitions. *Signs, 38*(4), 941–965.
52. Carneiro, Sueli. 2011. *Racismo, Sexismo, e Desigualidade no Brasil. São Paulo: Selo Negro Edições*.
53. _____. 2003. Mulheres em movimento. *Estudos Avançados*, 17, 49, 117–132.
54. _____. 2001. Enegrecer o Feminismo: a situação da mulher negra na América Latina a Partir de uma perspectiva de gênero. Article presented at the International Seminar on Racism, Xenophobia, and Gender, organized by Lola Press in Durban, South Africa, August 27-28, 2001. Published in Spanish in *LOLA* (16).
55. _____. 1985. *Mulher negra*. São Paolo: Nobel.
56. Carneiro da Cunha, Manuela. 1992. "Introdução a uma história indígena" in *História de los índios no Brasil*. São Paulo: Compahnhia das Letras.
57. Caruth, Cathy. 1996. *Unclaimed Experience: Trauma, Narrative, and History*. Baltimore and London: Johns Hopkins University Press.
58. CATW. (2011). Projects and Campaigns: Measures to Combat Trafficking in Human Beings. Coalition Against Trafficking in Women. Retrieved from http://www.catwinternational.org/ProjectsCampaigns/Projects
59. Céspedes, David Choquehuanca. 2010. "Hacia la reconstrucción del Vivir Bien", in: *America Latina en movimento* 452.
60. Chauí, Marilena. 2001. *Brasil: Mito fundador e sociedade autoritária*. São Paulo: Fundação Pereseu Abramo.
61. Chen, Mel. 2012. *Animacies: Biopolitics, Racial Mattering, and Queer Affect*. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.
62. Cho, Sumi; Crenshaw, Kimberlé Williams & McCall, Leslie. 2013. Toward a Field of Intersectionality Studies: Theory, Applications, and Praxis. *Signs 38*(4), 785–810.

63. Clearly, David. 2001. Toward an Environmental History of the Amazon: From Prehistory to the Nineteenth Century. *Latin American Research Review* 36(2): 65-96.
64. Clifford, James. 2013. *Returns: Becoming Indigenous in the Twenty-First Century*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.
65. _____. 1992. *Person and Myth: Maurice Leenhardt in the Melanesian World*. Durham: Duke University Press.
66. _____. 1997. *Routes*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.
67. Coetzee, J.M. The Lives of Animals. 2001. Princeton: Princeton University Press.
68. Coronil, Fernando. 1997. *The Magical State: Nature, Money, and Modernity in Venezuela*. Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press.
69. Cornejo Polar, Antonio. 1995. "Condición migrante y representatividad social: el caso de Arguedas", en *Amor y Fuego: José María Arguedas 25 años después*, Maruja Martínez y Nelson Manrique (Editores). Lima: Desco, Cepes, Sur, 1995.
70. Cortés, Dolores. 2006. *El concepto de la trata de personas y su lugar en la agenda migratoria: El caso de los países andinos.* Organización Internacional para las Migraciones. Retrieved from http://www.oimperu.org/oim_site/documentos/concepto%20trataDC.pdf
71. Crain, Mary M. 1996. "Ecuadorian Andes: Native Women's Self-Fashioning in the Urban Marketplace" in Machos, Mistresses, and Madonas: Contesting the Power of Latin American Gender Imagery. London: New Left Books.
72. Crandon-Malamud, Libbet. 1991. *From the Fat of Our Souls: Social Change, Political Process, and Medical Pluralism in Bolivia*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
73. Crenshaw, K. 1989. Demarginalizing the Intersection of Race and Sex: A Black Feminist Critique of Antidiscrimination Doctrine, Feminist Theory, and Antiracist Politics. *The University of Chicago Legal Forum*, *139*, 139–167.
74. _____ 1993. Mapping the Margins: Intersectionality, Identity Politics, and Violence Against Women of Color. *Stanford Law Review, 43*, pp. 1241–1299.
75. Curry, Tommy. 2011. Shut Your Mouth When You're Talking to Me: Silencing the Idealist School of Critical Race Theory through a Culturalogical Turn in Jurisprudence. *Georgetown Law Journal of Modern Race Perspectives* 3(1): 1-36.
76. Cusicanqui, Silvia Rivero. 1993. Anthropology and Society in the Andes. *Critique of Anthropology*. 31 (1): 77-96.
77. Das, Veena. "Anthropological Knowledge and Collective Violence." *Anthropology Today*, 1995, 1(3): 4-6.
78. _____ "The Act of Witnessing and the Speech of Victims." *Anthropology Today*, 1997, 3(4): 11-13.
79. _____ "The Act of Witnessing: Violence, Poisonous Knowledge, and Subjectivity." In *Violence and Subjectivity*. Veena Das, Arthur Kleinman, Mamphela Ramphele, and Pamela Reynolds, eds. Pp 205-225. Berkeley: University of California Press.
80. de Beauvoir, Simone. 1989 [1952]. *The Second Sex*. Transl. H.M. Parshley. New York: Vintage Books.
81. de Guereño. M. (2009). *El comercio*. Retrieved from http://www.elcomercio.es/gijon/20090615/internacional/leyes-selva-20090615.html
82. De La Cadena, Marisol. 2010. Indigenous Cosmopolitics in the Andes: Conceptual Reflections beyond "Politics". Cultural Anthropology 25(2): 334-370.

83. _____. 2000. *Indigenous Mestizos: The Politics of Race and Culture in Cuzco Peru*. Durham: Duke University Press.
84. de Lima Costa, Claudia., & Alvarez, Sonia. E. 2014. Dislocating the Sign: Toward a Translocal Feminist Politics of Translation. *Signs 39*(3): 557–563.
85. de Sousa Santos, Boaventura, Gomes, Conceição., & Duarte, Madelena. 2009. Tráfico sexual de mulheres: Representações sobre ilegalidade e vitimação. *Revista Crítcia de Ciências Socias 87*: 69–94.
86. Desyllas, Moshoula. C. 2007. A Critique of the Global Trafficking Discourse and U.S. Policy. *Journal of Sociology & Social Welfare 24*(4): 57–79.
87. Derrida, Jacques. 1981. *Disseminations*. Barbara Johnson, trans. New York: Athlone Press.
88. Descola, Philippe. 2005. *Par-delà nature et culture*. Paris: Éditions Gallimard.
89. _____2013. *The Ecology of Others*. Chicago: Prickly Paradigm Press.
90. Ditmore, Melissa. 2005. "Trafficking in Lives—How Ideology Shapes Policy." In Kamala Kempadoo, Jyoti Sanghera, & Batana Pattanaik (eds.), *Trafficking and Prostitution Reconsidered: New Perspectives on Migration, Sex Work and Human Rights* (pp. 107–27). Boulder: Paradigm.
91. Kempadoo, Kamala. 2004. *Sexing the Caribbean: Gender, Race, and Sexual Labor*. New York and London: Routledge.
92. _____. 2015. The Modern-day White (Wo)Man's Burden: Trends in Anti-trafficking and Anti-slavery Campaigns" *Journal of Human Trafficking*.
93. Doezema, Jo. 2010. *Sex Slaves and Discourse Masters: The Construction of Trafficking*. London: Zed.
94. Domínguez, E., Icaza, R., Quintero, C., López, S., & Stenman, A. (2010). Women Workers in the Maquiladoras and the Debate on Global Labor Standards. *Feminist Economics, 16*(4), 185–209.
95. Douglas, Mary. 1966. *Purity and Danger: An Analysis of Concepts of Pollution and Taboo*. London: Routledge.
96. Dourojeanni, M.J. 2006. *Estudio de caso sobre la carretera interoceánica en la Amazonía sur del Perú*. Lima: Servigah'eirl.
97. Dundes, Alan. 1965. The Study of Folklore. Berkeley: University of California Press.
98. Eisenburg, Joseph; Cevallos, William; Ponce, Karina et al. 2006. Environmental change and infectious disease: How new roads affect the transmission of diarrheal pathogens in rural Ecuador. *PNAS* 103(51): 19460–19465.
99. Edu, Ugo. 2015. "Beauty and the Black: An Economy of Race, Sexuality, and Reproduction." Doctoral exit talk given at the University of California, San Francisco.
100. Fanon, Franz. 1967 [1952]. *Black Skin, White Masks*. New York: Grove Press.
101. Fausto-Sterling, Anne. 2000. *Sexing the Body: Gender Politics and the Construction of Sexuality*. New York: Basic Books.
102. Foucault, Michel. 1990 [1978]. *The History of Sexuality: An Introduction,* vol 1. Translated by Robert Hurley. New York: Vintage.
103. _____. 1994 [1973]. *The Birth of the Clinic: An Archaeology of Medical Perception.* Translated by Alan Sheridan. London: Tavistock.
104. _____. 1970 [1964]. Preface. *The Order of Things: An Archaeology of the Human Sciences.* New York: Vintage.

105. _____. 1984. "Des espaces autres." Dits et écrits (conférence au Cercle d'études architecturales, 14 mars 1967) in *Architecture, Mouvement, Continuité*, n°5, octobre 1984, pp. 46-49.
106. Franklin, Sarah. 2000. "Life Itself: Global Nature and the Genetic Imaginary." In *Global Nature, Global Culture*. Ed. Sarah Franklin, Celia Lury, and Jackie Stacey. London: Sage Publications.
107. _____. 2011. "Nature and Ethics" Discussant Paper on the Avatar Effect, American Association of Anthropologists Annual Meeting. Montreal, Canada.
108. French, Jan Hoffman. 2011. The Power of Definition: Brazil's Contribution to Universal Concepts of Indigeneity. *Indiana Journal of Global Legal Studies* (18) 1: 241-261
109. _____. 2004. Mestizaje and Law Making in Indigenous Identity Formation in Northeastern Brazil: "After the Conflict Came the History." American Anthropologist 106 (4): 663-674.
110. Freyre, Gilberto. 1959. *New World in the Tropics*. New York: Vintage Books.
111. Galeano, Eduardo. 1973. The Open Veins of Latin America, trans. Cedric Belfrage. New York: Monthly Review Press.
112. Flores Galindo, Alberto. 1988. *Buscando un Inca*. Lima: Editorial Horizonte.
113. Gallegos, Rómulo. 1991. *Canaima*. Edicion critica de Charles Minguet. Mexico: Colección Archivos.
114. _____. 1959 [1929] *Dona Bárbara, Obras Completas* 1: 493-799 (Madrid: Aguilar, S.A.).
115. Garcia, Maria Elena. 2005. *Making Indigenous Citizens*. Stanford: Stanford University Press.
116. Garcia, Maria Elena and José Antonio Lucero. 2011. Authenticating Indians and Movements: Interrogating Indigenous Authenticity, Social Movements, and Fieldwork in Contemporary Peru. In *Histories of Race and Racism: The Andes and MesoAmerica from Colonial Times to the Present*. Laura Gotkowitz, ed. Durham: Duke University Press.
117. Gieryn, Thomas F. 2006. City as Truth-Spot: Laboratories and Field-Sites in Urban Studies. Social Studies of Science 36(1): 5–38.
118. Ginsburg, Faye and Rayna Rapp. 1995. *Conceiving the New World Order: The Global Politics of Reproduction*. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press.
119. *Global Sex Workers: Rights, Resistance, and Rebellion*. Eds. Kamala Kempadoo and Jo Doezema. 1999. New York: Routledge Books.
120. Goldstein, Donna M. 2003. *Laughter Out of Place: Race, Class, and Sexuality in a Rio Shantytown*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
121. Gómez-Barris, Macarena. *Where Memory Dwells: Culture and State Violence in Chile*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
122. Gondim, Neide. 1994. *A invenção da Amazônia*. São Paulo: Marco Zero.
123. Gonzalez, Lélia. 1983. Racismo e sexismo na cultural brasileira. In: *Movimentos sociais urbanos, minorias étnicas e outros estudos*. P. F. Carlos Benedito da Silva, Carlos Vogt, Maurizio Gnerre, Bernardo Sorj, and Anthony Seeger, (eds). Brasilia: ANPOCS.
124. Gonzalez, Lélia and Carlos Hasenbalg. 1982. *O lugar de negro*. Rio de Janeiro: Editora Marco Zero.
125. Georges, Richard and Alan Dundes. 1963. "Toward a Stuctural Definition of the Riddle. Journal of American Folklore 76 (300): 111-118.

126. Gow, David. 2008. *Countering Development: Indigenous Modernity and the Moral Imagination*. Durham: Duke University Press.
127. Greene, Shane. 2010. Entre lo Indio, Lo Negro y lo INcaico: La Jerarquía Espacial de la Diferencia en el Perú Multicultural. *Tabula Rasa* 13: 111-146.
128. Guattari, Félix and Suely Rolnick. 2008. *Molecular Revolution in Brazil*. Los Angeles: Semiotext(e).
129. Gupta, Akhil. 2012. *Red Tape: Bureaucracy, Structural Violence, and Poverty in India.* Durham: Duke University Press.
130. Gudynas, Eduardo. 2011. "Buen Vivir: Germinando Alternativas al desarrollo", in: *America Latina en movimento* 462.
131. Hacking, Ian. 2000. *The Taming of Chance*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
132. Hale, Charles. 2006a. "Rethinking Indigenous Politics in the Era of the "Indio Permitido." *NACLA Report on the Americas* 16-21.
133. _____. 2006b. "Activist research v. cultural critique: Indigenous land rights and the contradictions of politically engaged anthropology." *Cultural Anthropology* 21(1): 96-120.
134. _____. 2002. Does Multiculturalism Menace?: Governance, Cultural Rights and the Politics of Identity in Guatemala, Journal of Latin American Studies 34(3): 485-524.
135. Haraway, Donna J. 1989. *Primate Visions: Gender, Race, and Nature in the World of Modern Science*. New York: Routledge.
136. _____ 1989. "Situated Knowledges: The Science Question in Feminism," *Feminist Studies* (14)3: 575-600.
137. _____ 2004. *Simians, Cyborgs, and Women: The Reinvention of Nature*. New York. Routledge.
138. Hautzinger, Sarah J. 2007. *Violence in the City of Women: Police and Batterers in Bahia, Brazil*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
139. Hayden, Cori. 2003. *When Nature Goes Public, The Making and Unmaking of Bioprospecting in Mexico*. Princeton, N.J., and Oxford: Princeton University Press
140. Hobsbaum Eric and Terence Ranger, eds. 1983. Introduction. *The Invention of Tradition*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
141. Hochstetler, Kathryn and Margaret Keck. 2007. *Greening Brazil: Environmental Activism in State and Society*. Durham: Duke University Press.
142. Hochstetler, K. (2013). South-South Trade and the Environment: A Brazilian Case Study. *Global Environmental Politics, 13*(1), 30–48.
143. Holston, James. 2008. *Insurgent Citizenship: Disjunctions of Democracy and Modernity in Brazil*. Princeton: Princeton University Press.
144. hooks, bell. 1981. *Ain't I A Woman: Black Women and Feminism*. Boston: South End Press.
145. Instituto Nacional de Estadística e Informatica (INEI). "Estado de la Población Peruana 2013." 2013. P. 31. Retrieved from http://www1.inei.gob.pe/media/MenuRecursivo/publicaciones_digitales /Est/Lib1095/libro.pdf
146. Jackson, Jean. 1995. Preserving Indian Culture: Shaman Schools and Ethno-Education in the Vaupés, Colombia. *Cultural Anthropology* 10(3): 302-29.
147. Jeffreys, Sheila. 2006. "The Traffic in Women: Human Rights Violation or Migration for Work?" In *Migrant Women and Work*, ed. Anuja Agrawal, London: Sage.
148. Kapur, Ratna. 2005. "Cross-Border Movements and the Law: Renegotiating the

Boundaries of Difference." In Kempadoo 2005b, 25–42.
149. Kaw, Eugenia. Medicalization of Racial Features: Asian American Women and Cosmetic Surgery *Medical Anthropology Quarterly*, 1993, 7(1): 74-89.
150. Kelly, Patty. 2008. *Lydia's Open Door: Inside Mexico's Most Modern Brothel*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
151. Kempadoo, Kamala. 2005. Introduction: From Moral Panic to Global Justice: Changing Perspectives on Trafficking. In Kamala Kempadoo, Jyoti Sanghera, & Badana Pattanaik (eds.) *Trafficking and Prostitution Reconsidered: New Perspectives on Migration, Sex Work, and Human Rights* (pp. vii-xxxiv). Boulder: Paradigm.
152. _____. 1998. Introduction: Globalizing Sex-Workers Rights. In Kamala. Kempdoo, & Jo Doezema, (eds), *Global Sex Workers: Rights, Resistance, and Redefinition*, pp. 1–29. New York: Routledge.
153. Kirk, Robin. 1993. *Grabado en Piedra: Las mujeres de Sendero Luminoso*. Lima: Instituto de Estudios Peruanos.
154. Kotiswaran, Prabha. 2011. *Dangerous Sex, Invisible Labor: Sex Work and the Law in India*. Princeton: Princeton University.
155. Lakoff, Robin. 1973. Language and Woman's Place. *Language in Society* (2)1: 45-80.
156. _____. 2004. Language and Woman's Place. In: *Language and Woman's Place: Text and Commentaries*, Robin Lakoff and Mary Bucholtz (eds). Oxford: Oxford University Press.
157. Latour, Bruno. 1999. *Pandora's Hope: Essays on the Reality of Science Studies*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.
158. _____. 1993. We Have Never Been Modern. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.
159. Law, John & Marianne Lien. 2013. "Slippery: Field Notes in Empirical Ontology," *Social Studies of Science* 43 (3): 363-378.
160. Lévi-Strauss, Claude. 1969. *The Elementary Structures of Kinship*. Transl. James Harle Bell, John Ruchard von Sturmer, and Rodney Needham, ed. Boston: Beacon Press.
161. _____ 1966. *The Savage Mind* trans. George Weidenfeld and Nicolson Ltd Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.
162. _____ 1955. *Tristes Tropiques* trans. Jonathan Cape. New York: Penguin Books.
163. Limoncelli, Stephanie A. 2010. The Politics of Trafficking: The First International *Movement to Combat the Sexual Exploitation of Women*. Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press.
164. Linnekin, Jocelyn. 1992. "On the theory and politics of cultural construction in the Pacific." *Oceania* 62: 249-63.
165. Loureiro, Jesus Paes. 1995. *Cultura Amazônica: Um poetica do imagainário*. Belém: CEJUP.
166. Luchessi, L. 2007. 'Narraciones del Delito: Pánico y Control Social', Diálogos de la Comunicación, 75: 1–8.
167. Luft, S. (2005) Jornalismo, Medio Ambiente e Amazonia: Os Desmatamentos nos Jornais. São Paulo: Annablume.
168. Lugo, J. 2008. The Media in Latin America. Milton Keynes: Open University Press.

169. MacKinnon, Catharine A. 1987. *Feminism Unmodified: Discourses on Life and Law*. Cambridge, Harvard University Press.
170. _____. 2006. *Are Women Human? And Other International Dialogues*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Selections.
171. Macas, Luis. 2010. "Sumak Kawsay: La vida en plenitude", in: *America Latina en Movimento* 452.
172. Mahmood, Saba. 2005. The Politics of Piety. Princeton: Princeton University Press.
173. Maligo, Pedro. 1998. *Land of Metaphorical Desires: The Representation of Amazonia in Brazilian Literature*. New York: Peter Lang.
174. Mann, Charles. 2005. *1491: New Revelations of the Americas Before Columbus*. New York: Random House.
175. Manz, Beatriz. 1994. *Paradise in Ashes: A Guatemalan Journey of Courage, Terror, and Hope*. Berkeley: University of Calfornia Press.
176. Marchand, Marianne H., & Sisson Runyan, Anne. 2011. *Gender and Global Restructuring: Sightings, sites and resistances*. New York: Routledge.
177. Martin, Emily. 2001. *The Woman in the Body: A Cultural Analysis of Reproduction*. Beacon Press.
178. Matsuda, Mari J., Lawrence, Charles R. III; Delgado, Richard; and Kimberlé Williams Crenshaw. 2011. *Words that Wound: Critical Race Theory, Assaultive Speech, and the First Amendment (New Perspective on Law, Culture, & Society*). Boulder, CO: Westview Press.
179. Mayer, Enrique. 1991. Peru In Deep Trouble: Mario Vargas Llosa's "Inquest in the Andes" Reexamined. *Cultural Anthropology* 6(4): 466–504.
180. Mead, Margaret. 2001. *Sex and Temperament in Three Societies*. New York: Harper Collins.
181. Mendoza, Elsa, Stephen Perz, and César Aguilar. 2007. "The 'Knowledge Train': A Model for Capacity Building for Participatory Governance in the South Western Amazon." *Development in Practice* 17(6): 791-799.
182. Menéndez EL. 1981. *Poder, estratificación y salud: Analysis de las condiciones sociales y económicas de la enfermedad en Yucatán.* Mexico, DF: La Casa Chata.
183. Merchant, Carolyn. 1980. *The Death of Nature: Women, Ecology, and the Scientific Revolution*. San Francisco: Harper Collins.
184. _____. 2006. "The Scientific Revolution and *The Death of Nature*." *Isis* 97: 513-533.
185. Mignolo, Walter D. 2000. *Local Histories/Global Designs, Coloniality, Subaltern Knowledges, and Border Thinking*. Princeton: Princeton University Press.
186. Miller, Alice M. 2004. "Sexuality, Violence Against Women, and Human Rights: Women Make Demands and Ladies Get Protection" *Health and Human Rights* 7(2): 17-47.
187. MINEM. 2009. Año de la Unión Nacional Frente a la Crisis Externa. Retrieved from http://www.minem.gob.pe/minem/archivos/file/Mineria/PUBLICACIONES/INFORMES/ informe_madre_dios.pdf
188. Mol, Annemarie and John Law. 1994. Regions, Networks and Fluids: Anaemia and Social Topology. *Social Studies of Science* 24: 641- 671.
189. Morra, Angélica. 2011. "La "chaprapa ardiente" y la hupersecualización de las mujeres amazónicas en el Perú: perspectivas de mujeres locales." *Sexualidad, Salud y*

Sociedad Revista Latino Americana 9: 29-60.
190. MTC. 2004. Mapa de Integración Vial Perú–Brasil. Retrieved from http://www.mtc.gob.pe/portal/especiales/Documentos/mapa_integracion.pdf
191. MTC. 2013. Ejes de Integración IIRSA en el Perú. Retrieved from http://www.mtc.gob.pe/estadisticas/files/mapas/transportes/infraestructura/00_infraestructura/ejes_iirsa_nacional.pdf.
192. Murphy, Annie. Brazil Aims to Clean Up Image Ahead of Games, April 18, 2011. http://www.npr.org/2011/04/18/135519259/brazil-aims-to-clean-up-image-ahead-of-games (last accessed 6/10/12).
193. Murray, Alison. 1998. "Debt-Bondage and Trafficking: Don't Believe the Hype." In *Global Sex Workers: Rights, Resistance, and Redefinition*, ed. Kamala Kempadoo and Jo Doezema, 51–64. New York: Routledge.
194. Murray, Laura. (Director) & Seigner, B. (Producer). 2011. *Um Beijo para Gabriela: A Kiss for Gabriela* [DVD]. Brazil: Rattapallax.
195. N'gom, M'bare; Choppy, Chelasea; Berstein, Emily and Dain Scheibel. 2011. Afro-Peruvians and the Official Culture Institutionalism: Recovering the Lost Voices. *Callaloo* 34(2): 286-506.
196. Nash, June. 1979. *We Eat the Mines and the Mines Eat Us: Dependency and Exploitation in Bolivian Tin Mines*. New York: Columbia University Press.
197. Nelson, Diane M. 2009. Reckoning: The Ends of War in Guatemala Durham and London: Duke University Press.
198. _____. 1999. *A Finger in the Wound: Body Politics in Quintecenntial Guatemala*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
199. Nietzsche, Friedrich. 1996. *On the Genealogy of Morals*. Douglas Smith, trans. Oxford: Oxford University Press.
200. _____ 2003. *Thus Spake Zarathustra: A Book for All and None*. Friedrich Wayne Thomas, trans. New York: Algora Press.
201. Niezen, Ronald. 2003. *The Origins of Indigenism, Human Rights and the Politics of Identity*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
202. Ong, Ong, Aiwa and Stephen J. Collier. 1995. *Global Assemblages: Technology, Politics, and Ethics as Anthropological*. London: Blackwell Publishing.
203. Ordóñez Vila, Montserrat (ed). 1987. La vorágine. Textos criticos. Bogota: Alianza Editorial.
204. Ortiz, Renato. 1985. *Cultura Popular: Românticos e Folcloristas*. São Paulo: Programa de Estudos Pós–graduados.
205. Ortner, Sherry. 1996. *Is Female to Male as Nature is to Culture*? In Sherry Ortner (ed.) *Making Gender: The Politics and Erotics of Culture,* pp. 21-42. Boston: Beacon Press.
206. Outshoorn, Joyce. 2005. *The Politics of Prostitution, Women's Movements, Democratic States, and the Globalization of Sex Commerce.* Cambridge: Cambridge University.
207. Pandolfo, Stefania. 1998. *Impasse of the Angels: Scenes from a Moroccan Space of Memory*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
208. Pantoja, Mariana Ciavatta. 2004. *Os Milton: cem anos da história nos seringais*. São Paulo: Fundação Joaquim Nabuco.
209. Peck, Jaime. 2010. *Constructions of Neoliberal Reason*. Oxford: Oxford University.

210. Pachas, Victor Hugo C. 2011. *Historia de una Incertidumbre: Hábitat, Conflicto, y Poder en la Minería Artesanal de Oro de Perú*. Lima: Earth First SAC.
211. Pendleton, E. 1997. Love for Sale: Queering Heterosexuality. In Jill Nagle (ed.). *Whores and Other Feminists*. New York: Routledge, pp. 73–82.
212. Perz, Stephen, Silvia Brilhante, Foster Brown, Marcellus Caldas, Santos Ikeda, Elsa Mendoza, Christine Overdevest, Vera Reis, Juan Fernando Reyes, Daniel Rojas, Marriane Schmink, Carlos Souza, and Robert Walker. 2008. Road Building, Land Use and Climate Change: Prospects for Environmental Governance in the Amazon. *Philosophical Transactions: Biological Sciences* 363(1498): 1889-1895.
213. Piscitelli, Adriana. 2012. Revisiting notions of sex trafficking and victims. *Vibrante, 9*(1), 275–310.
214. Porter, Theodore. 1995. Trust in Numbers: The Pursuit of Objectivity in Science and Public Life. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press.
215. Povinelli, Elizabeth A. 2002. *The Cunning of Recognition, Indigenous Alterities and the Making of Australian Multiculturalism*. Durham: Duke University Press.
216. Pratt, Mary-Louise. 2008. "Planetary Longings: Sitting in the Light of the Great Solar TV" in *World Writing: Poetics, Ethics, Globalization* edited by Mary Gallagher. Toronto: University of Toronto Press.
217. Pribilsky, Jason. 2013. Technoscience in Las Américas: STS Engagements in Latin American Anthropology. *The Journal of Latin American and Caribbean Anthropology* 18 (3):371-375.
218. Rangels, Alberto. 1914. *Inferno verde: Scenas e Scenarios do Amazonas*. Brasil: Typoghraphia Minerva.
219. Rao, Smriti & Presenti, Christina. 2012. Understanding Human Trafficking Origin: A Cross-Country Empirical Analysis. *Feminist Economics*, *18*(2), 231–263.
220. Ramos, Alcida Rita. 1997. The Indigenous Movement in Brazil: A Quarter Century of Ups and Downs. *Cultural Survival Quarterly* 21(2): 50-53.
221. _____. 2012. "The Politics of Perspectivism." *Annual Review of Anthropology* 41: 481–94.
222. Raffles, Hugh. 2007. Jews, Lice, and History. *Public Culture* 19(3): 521-566.
223. _____. 2002. *In Amazonia: A Natural History*. Princeton: Princeton University Press.
224. Redfield, Peter. 2000. *Space in the Tropics: From Convicts to Rockets in French Guiana*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
225. Reis, João. 2003. *Death is a Festival: Funeral Rites and Rebellion in Nineteenth Century Brazil*. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press.
226. Reiter (Rapp), Rayna, ed. 1975. *Toward an Anthropology of Women*. New York and London: Monthly Review Press.
227. Rivero, Ramiro Molina. 2006. *De Memorias e Identidades: Los Aymaras y Urus del*
228. *sur de Oruro*. La Paz: Instituto de Estudios Bolivianos
229. Rivera, Jose Eustasio. 1990. *La vorágine*. Edición critica de Montserrat Ordóñiez. Madrid: Ediciones Catedra.
230. Roberts, Dorothy. 1997. Killing the Black Body. New York: Vintage Books.
231. Rodriguez Pastor, Humberto. 2008. *Negritud. Afroperuanos: Resistencia y existencia*. Lima: Centro de Desarrollo Etnico.
232. Rofel, Lisa. 2007. *Desiring China: Experiments in Neoliberalism, Sexuality, and*

Public Culture. Durham: Duke University.
233. Rojas, Roberta Dávila. 2008. La invisibilidad de la pbolación afroperuana. Quito: Programa Andino de Derechos Humanos PADH. http://www.uasb.edu.ec/UserFiles/369/File/PDF/CentrodeReferencia/Temasdeanalisis2/politicaspublicasyderechoshumanos/articulos/actualidad/rojas.pdf (last accessed 4/20/15).
234. Romero, Fernando. 1934. *Doce Novelas de la Selva. Precididas de un Ensayo Sobre el Oriente Peruano*. Lima: Ediciones Perú Actual.
235. Ross, Ellen and Rayna Rapp. 1997. Sex and Society: a research note from social history and anthropology. In Roger N. and Micaela di Leonardo Lancaster(ed.) *The Gender Sexuality Reader: Culture, History, Political Economy* Pp. 153-168. New York and London: Routledge.
236. Rubin, Gayle. 1975. The Traffic in Women: notes on the "political economy" of sex. In Rayna Reiter (Rapp)(ed.) *Toward an Anthropology of Women* Pp. 157-210. New York and London: Monthly Review Press.
237. _____. 2011. Deviations: *A Gayle Rubin Reader*. Duke: Duke University Press.
238. Sahlins, Marshall. 2005. "Hierarchy, Equality, and the Sublimation of Anarchy: The Western Illusion of Human Nature" from The Tanner Lecture on Human Values, delivered at The University of Michigan on November 4, 2005.
239. Santa Gadea, R. (Ed.). (2012). *Integración física sudamericana diez años después: impacto e implementación en el Perú.* Lima: Universidad del Pacífico: BID-INTAL: CEPEI.
240. Salazar Parreñas, Rhacel, Maria Cecilia Hwang, and Heather Ruth Lee. 2012. What Is Human Trafficking? A Review Essay. *Signs* 37(4): 1015-1029.
241. Salazar-Soler. 1991. "El Pishtaco entre campesinos y los mineros de Huancavelica" *Bulletin de l'Institute Français d'Etudes Andines* 20(1): 7-22.
242. Salazar, Salazar, J. F. and Cordova, A. 2008. 'Imperfect Media and the Poetics of Indigenous Video in Latin America', in P. Wilson and M. Stewart (eds). *Global Indigenous Media: Cultures, Poetics, and Politics*, pp: 39–57. Durham, NC: Duke University Press.
243. Scheper-Hughes, Nancy. 2007. The Tyranny of the Gift: Sacrificial Violence in Living Donor Transplants. *American Journal of Transplantation* 7(3): 507-511.
244. _____. 2005. The Ultimate Commodity. *Lancet* 366 (9494): 1349-1350.
245. Scheper-Hughes, Nancy and Margaret Lock. 1987. The Mindful Body: A Prolegomenon to Future Work in Medical Anthropology. Medical Anthropology Quarterly 1(1): 6-41.
246. Scheper-Hughes, Nancy. 1992. *Death Without Weeping: The Violence of Everyday Life in Brazil*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
247. Schiebinger, Londa. 2007. *Nature's Body: Gender in the Making of Modern Science*. New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press.
248. _____. 2004. Plants and Empire: Colonial Bioprospecting in the Atlantic World. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.
249. Sheller, Mimi and John Urry. 2006. The new mobilities paradigm. Environment and Planning A 38: 207-226.

250. Sifuentes, Mônica. Afro-Descendentes nas Universidades. Direito & Justiça. *Correio Braziliense*, 5
251. Silva, A. P., Blanchette, B., Madureira de Pinho, A.M., Pinheiro, B., & Leite, G. 2005. Prostitutas, "traficadas" e pânicos morais: uma análise da produção de fatos em pesquisas sobre o "tráfico de seres humanos." *Cadernos Pagu, 25*, 153-184.
252. Silverstein, Michael: 1976. "Hierarchy of Features and Ergativity." In R. M. W. Dixon (ed.), *Grammatical Categories in Australian Languages*. Australian Institute of Aboriginal Studies, Canberra, pp. 1 12-171.
253. Slater, Candace. 2001. *Entangled Edens: Visions of the Amazon*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
254. Smith, Christen. 2014. "Putting Prostitutes in Their Place: Black Women, Social Violence and the Brazilian Case of Sirlei Carvalho." *Latin American Perspectives* 194 (41): 107-123.
255. Smith, Linda Tuhiwai. 2006. *Decolonizing Methodologies. Research and Indigenous Peoples*. London and New York: Zed Books Ltd.
256. Soares-Filho, B.S. Nepstad, D.C., Curran L.M., Cerqueira, G. C., Garcia, R.A., Ramos, C. A. et al. 2006. Modelling conservation in the Amazon Basin. *Nature* 440: 520–523.
257. Sokolov, Y.M. 1950. *Russian Folklore*. Catherine Ruth Smith (trans). New York: Macmillan
258. Spivak, Gayatri. 1988. "Can the Subaltern Speak?" In *Marxism and the Interpretation of Culture,* C. Nelson, & L. Grossber, eds. (pp. 271-313). London: Macmillan.
259. Speed, Shannon. 2008. *Rights in Rebellion: Indigenous Struggle and Human Rights in Chiapas*. Stanford: Stanford University Press.
260. _____. 2013. "Women's Rights and Sovereignty/Autonomy: Negotiating Gender in Indigenous Justice Spaces." *Journal of Legal Anthropology*. 1(3): 360-393.
261. Sullivan, B. (2003). Trafficking in Women. *International Feminist Journal of Politics 5*(1), 67– 91.Stearn, William T. 1962. The Influence of Leyden on Botany in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. *The British Journal for the History of Science* 1(2): 137-158.
262. Starn, Orin. 1987. Rondas campesinas de Paimas-Piura. Lima: CIPCA-TAREA-Comite Central de Rondas Campesinas de Tune1 Seis
263. Stengers, Istabelle. 2003. "The Cosmopolitical Proposal." In *Making Things Public: Atmospheres of Democracy*. Bruno Latour and Peter Weibel (eds), pp. 994–1004. Cambridge, MA: MIT Press.
264. _____. 2005. "An Ecology of Practices." *Cultural Studies Review* 11(1): 183-196.
265. Stevenson, Lisa. 2014. *Life Beside Itself: Imagining Care in the Canadian Arctic*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
266. Stewart, Kathleen. 1996. *A Space on the Side of the Road: Cultural Poetics in an "Other" America*. Princeton: Princeton University Press.
267. _____. 2007. *Ordinary Affects*. Durham: Duke University Press.
268. Stoler, Laura Anne. Tense and Tender Ties: Intimacies of Empire in North American History and (Post) Colonial Studies. *Journal of American History* 88(3): 829-65.
269. Strathern, Marilyn. 1988. *The Gender of the Gift*. University of California Press.

270. _____. 1980. "No Nature, No Culture: The Hagen Case" in *Nature, Culture and Gender*. Carol P. McCormack and Marilyn Strathern, eds. New York: Cambridge University Press. (174-222).
271. _____. 1990. "Negative strategies in Melanesia", in *Localizing Strategies: Regional Traditions of Ethnographic Writing*, edited by Richard Fardon. Pp. 204-216. Edinburgh and Washington DC: Scottish Academic Press and Smithsonian.
272. Suarez, Mireya and Lourdes Bandeira. 2002. A politização da violência contra a mulher e o fortalecimento da cidadania. In: *Gênero, democracia e sociedade brasileira*, Maria Cristina A. Bruschini, Sandra G. Unbehaum Ridenti (eds), São Paulo: Fundação Carlos Chagas, pp: 295-320.
273. Sue, Christina A. and Tanya Golash-Boza. 2013. "More than 'A Hidden Race': The Complexities of Blackness in Mexico and Peru." *Latin American and Caribbean Ethnic Studies* 1-8.
274. Suziki, David and Roberto Verdecchia. 2011. *El Avatar verdadero* [DVD]. Peru.
275. Taylor, Archer. 1944. American Indian Riddles. *Journal of American Folklore* 57 (223): 1-15.
276. Taylor, Diana. 1997. *Disappearing Acts: Spectacles of Gender and Nationalism in Argentina's Dirty War*. Durham: Duke University Press.
277. Tate, Winifred. *Counting the Dead: The Culture and Politics of Human Rights Activism in Colombia*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
278. Taussig, Michael. 1980. *The Devil and Commodity Fetishism in South America*. Durham: University of North Carolina Press.
279. _____. 1997. *The Magic of the State*. New York: Routledge.
280. _____. 1991. *Shamanism, Colonialism, and the Wild Man*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
281. Thayer, M. (2010). *Making Transnational Feminism: Rural Women, NGO Activists, and Northern Donors*. New York: Routledge.
282. Theidon, Kimberly. 2013. *Intimate Enemies: Violence and Reconciliation in Peru*. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2013.
283. Ticktin, Miriam. 2006. Where ethics and politics meet: The violence of humanitarianism in France. *American Ethnologist* 33(1): 33-49.
284. _____. 2008. "Sexual Violence as the Language of Border Control: Where French Feminist and Anti-Immigrant Rhetoric Meet." *SIGNS: A journal of Women in Culture and Society* 33(4): 863-889.
285. Tsing, Anna Lownhaupt. 2005. *Friction: An Ethnography of Global Connection*. Princeton: Princeton University Press.
286. UNODC. (2012). *Global Report on Trafficking in Persons*. United Nations Office on Drugs and Crime. Retrieved May 2014, from http://www.unodc.org/documents/data-and-analysis/glotip/Trafficking_in_Persons_2012.web.pdf
287. Urry, John. 2000. *Sociology Beyond Societies: Mobilities for the twenty-first century*. London: Routledge.
288. Urteaga Crovetto, Particia. 2007. The social construction of ethnic groups and indigenous peoples in the Southeastern Peruvian Amazonia. *Anales* (Institute of Iberoamerican Studies, University of Gothenburg) 9-10:73-106
289. Velásquez Benítes, Orlando. 2003. *Cultura Afroperuana en la Costa Norte*.

Trujillo: Universidad Nacional de Trujillo.
290. Varese, Stefano. 1972. "Inter-ethnic Relations in the Selva of Peru." In *The Situation of the Indian in South America.* Walter Dostal, (ed.). Geneva: World Council of Churches.
291. Visweswaran, Kamala. 2010. Un/common Cultures: Racism and the Rearticulation of Cultural Difference. Durham and London: Duke University Press.
292. Vittor, L. 2009. *El mundo*. Retrieved from http://www.lacapitalmdp.com/noticias/El-Mundo/2009/06/16/112407.htm
293. Vittor, L. (2008). *Servindi.* Retrieved from http://servindi.org/actualidad/3305
294. Viveiros de Castro, Eduardo. 2004. Exchanging Perspectives: The Transformation of Objects into Subjects into Amerindian Cosmologies. *Common Knowledge* 10(3): 463-484.
295. Wagley, Charles. 1964. *Amazon Town: A Study of Man in the Tropics.* New York: Alfred Knopf.
296. Walsh, Catherine. 2010. Development as Buen Vivir: Institutional arrangements and (de)colonial entanglements. *Development* 53(1), (15–21).
297. Warren, Kay. 1998. *Indigenous Movements and Their Critics: Pan-Maya Activism in Guatemala*. Princeton: Princeton University Press.
298. Weismantel, Mary. 2001. *Cholas and Pishtacos: Stories of Race and Sex in the Andes*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
299. Whitmarsh, I. and D.S. Jones, eds. 2010. *What's the Use of Race?: Modern Governance and the Biology of Difference*. MIT Press: Cambridge, MA.
300. Whitmarsh, Ian. 2013. Troubling "Environments": Postgenomics, Bajan Wheezing, and Lévi-Strauss. *Medical Anthropology Quarterly* 27(4): 489-509.
301. _____. 2009. Medical Schismogenics: Compliance and "Culture" in Caribbean Biomedicine. *Anthropological Quarterly* 82(2): 447-475.
302. Wiegman, Robyn. 1995. *American Anatomies: Theorizing Race and Gender.* Durham, Duke University.
303. Williams, Erica L. 2014 : Sex work and exclusion in the tourist districts of Salvador, Brazil, *Gender, Place & Culture: A Journal of Feminist Geography* 21(4): 453-470.
304. Williams, Raymond. 1973. *The Country and the City*. New York: Oxford University Press.
305. Williams, William Carlos. The Use of Force (http://www.fti.uab.es/sgolden/docencia/force.htm).
306. _____. "To Have Done Nothing" in *William Carlos Williams: Selected Poems*. 1995. Ed. Charles Tomlinson. New York: New Directions Books.
307. Wittgenstein, Ludwig. 1958. *Philosophical Investigations*. G.E.M. Anscombe (trans). Oxford: Basil Blackwell.
308. Wray, Alberto, *Los derechos del la naturaleza*, Quito, 2008, en Cabezas & Wray, <http://cywlegal.com/inter.asp?s=3&ss=13&n=107>.