

WINTER 2017

ReVista

HARVARD REVIEW OF LATIN AMERICA

DISPLACEMENTS



Not a Matter of Statistics

The sweet pure tones of a violin emanated through my grade school auditorium. Ten-year-old Florika, a refugee after the 1956 Hungarian Revolution, was turning the warmth of once-living wood into a powerful source of communication. Florika spoke no English. The strains of the music she played—a classical piece whose name I do not remember—still linger with me. So does the anger I felt in my first awareness of displacement: how could our classmate, who could not even say “good morning” to us, evoke such beautiful and emotional sound? And why had such a talented young girl been thrust into another country where she did not know the language or culture? In the words of my ten-year-old reaction, it was simply mean.

Displacement is mean, I found out through my long experience with and in Latin America. As a teenager, I lived in a Dominican neighborhood on New York's Upper West Side. My neighbors were professionals in their homeland, but they were working as janitors and factory workers. They had fled the Trujillo dictatorship to start a new life in the United States. We exchanged English and Spanish lessons, and I got the better end of the deal because they were exhausted after their unaccustomed days of manual labor and switched to Spanish after the “obligatory” hour of practice.

Throughout my professional life as a journalist, I constantly encountered displaced people: Cubans in Union City, New Jersey, who taught me the word “luto” (mourning) as they expressed how they felt about their homeland; Chileans in Panamá fleeing from the Pinochet regime and crafting images of Mapuche women in copper (one of which still hangs in my Somerville kitchen); Salvadorans, Nicaraguans, Guatemalans escaping wars and repression. And then there was the little girl named Marilyn from Colombia's Pacific Coast, who attracted me with her friendly, curious gaze, in my Bogotá neighborhood. Her father was trying to find his way through the bureaucracy to enroll his daughter in a public school. Marilyn didn't like Bogotá. It was cold and you couldn't go fishing. Displacement is mean.

“Displacement” is the thematic emphasis this year for the David Rockefeller Center for Latin American Studies, and the reason we are doing this particular issue now. We decided to add an “s” to “displacement” because not all displacement is political. Although much of this issue focuses on the thousands of people in Colombia, Central and Mexico, displaced because of political and gang violence, displacement comes about from environmental abuses, land grabs, mining and energy projects, sexual orientation, domestic violence. The list of reasons for displacement goes on and on, and for reasons of space, we could only touch on some of these themes.

But the common thread of all these displacements is the incredible resilience of the men, women and children who are forced from home. They learn to forge their way in new communities in their homelands and beyond. They learn new languages and new trades. Some of them, like the displaced Chileans in Panamá, will learn to communicate their plight and longing through their homeland through the plastic arts. Others, like Florika of my elementary school days, will express themselves through music.

The numbers of displaced people worldwide are horrific—65.3 million people worldwide in 2015, according to the UN Refugee Agency—what Florika taught me with the strains of her violin is that displacement is not just a matter of statistics.

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Displaced

By *Stephen Ferry*

<http://stephenferry.com/>

Borders and the Displacements They Create are Human Artefacts

By JACQUELINE BHABHA

ALTHOUGH ONLY THREE PERCENT OF THE world's population are international migrants, mobility is an essential part of the human condition. From our earliest origins—approximately 200,000 years ago—human beings have moved across land and water, in larger numbers and across greater distances as the technical means enabling travel have permitted. Archeological and linguistic research attests to extensive, varied and intense migrations, originating out of the African continent and leading, over the ensuing centuries, to the hybrid, rich genetic

Other persecuted minorities—Roma and Jews most obviously—were the targets of periods of intense discrimination, but these did not always lead to exclusion from the territory. While some measures resulted in expulsion by powerful sovereign polities, others led to confinement within the territory, to ghettos encircled in particular areas within polities. Both these measures—exclusion and ghettoization—were, however, exceptions.

Indeed, until the early 20th century, population influxes were considered accretions to sovereign wealth and power, a

These regimes recognize that much human mobility has been driven by the search for opportunity—for new arable land and resources, or, when no “empty space” existed, for sites of conquest or possibilities of cooperation and cohabitation. But human mobility has also always been fueled by disaster—whether natural or man-made or both. People have been forced to embark on distress migration for their very survival, or to achieve more secure and rights-respecting conditions of life. This is the form of migration that we refer to as displacement—whether it is from one's depopulated rural village to a job-rich, domestic metropolitan center in Mexico, or whether it is from a war zone in the Middle East to a refugee camp in a neighboring state or other destination involving international border crossing.

Displacement implies some measure of compulsion to leave home, when staying put, overwhelmingly the preferred default option, is no longer viable. But the division between opportunity and disaster-driven migration is neither clear-cut nor permanent, though the widely used popular dichotomy between “chosen” economic migration and “forced” refugee flight implies otherwise. The equally pervasive distinction between legal and illegal migrants, widely considered ontological categories, is also difficult to sustain on careful scrutiny. Both of these categorical distinctions are products of particular legal regimes and their intersection with personal circumstances. And they are both amenable to change. People may start their journey in search of opportunity and become refugees *sur place*, on the spot (consider the case of Honduran migrant workers after the 2009 coup), or vice-versa (think of anti-Castro Cubans). Migrants may enter a state with a legal immigration status such as “student” or “visitor” and overstay or violate the terms of their visa, moving

Displacement implies some measure of compulsion to leave home, when staying put, overwhelmingly the preferred default option, is no longer viable.

intermingling that peoples the surface of the earth today.

When we think of migration control in today's world, the images that might come to mind are razor wire fences, armed border guards, infrared body scanning devices and walls set up by states to keep others out. Yet the states that we take as given today—the primary source of our contemporary global migration control regime—are invented constructs, arbitrary mappings of people onto place. No inherent, let alone “natural,” order justifies this framework, which is evidence of nativist fear rather than national legitimacy, weakness rather than strength.

Migration control, the policing of nation-state borders through exclusionary laws and policies, is—from the vantage point of global history—extremely recent. Until the end of the 19th century, only severely stigmatized groups—criminals and prostitutes in particular—were systematically excluded from sovereign territories.

welcome enhancement of domestic labor force and national entrepreneurial spirit. Much more egregious than limitations on and exclusions of human mobility, were their opposite: colonization by occupying and exploiting regions on the one hand, and forced importation of populations, most notably slaves and indentured laborers, on the other. This deep history highlights the arbitrary nature of current migration control regimes, and their implicit presumption that protecting national territory from “outsiders” or “others” or “illegals” is inevitable or inherently defensible.

Some state migration regimes are moving in a more inclusive direction, developing relatively open and positive measures toward human movement. A countervailing phenomenon to the entrenchment of the migration exclusion toolkit is the increasing spread of regional free movement regimes—first established in Europe but now also in evidence in West Africa and South America.



Indigenous people from the Wounaan tribe take shelter in a municipal stadium in Buenaventura after being threatened into leaving their ancestral territory by armed groups involved in Colombia's internal war, 2013.

from legal to illegal; conversely people may enter as undocumented migrants and benefit from a change in status such as an amnesty, the grant of a T visa as a survivor of trafficking, or an award of asylum status that renders them legal residents.

Where threats to survival are dramatic and imminent, human displacement takes the form of whole population exodus—the old, the young, the indigent and the sick accompanying able-bodied family leaders and breadwinners. We are sadly familiar with this phenomenon. After Syria, Colombia holds the record for the largest number of displaced persons in the world—approximately six million, equivalent to one out of every eight inhabitants. This scale of displacement has devastating consequences for the entire population, both those who are displaced and those who are not. It compounds the catastrophic impact of loss caused

by the very high death toll, estimated at 220,000.

The material consequences of massive displacement on Colombians are most apparent: impoverishment, family separation, lack of access to basic resources such as food, health care, adequate shelter and education for the displaced, and overcrowding, increased competition for jobs and infrastructure overload for the non-displaced. But at least as searing is the affective legacy. Brutalization of communities, of families, villages and neighborhoods, leaves members traumatized, liable to terrifying flashbacks, to insomnia and anguished nightmares, to post-traumatic stress disorder and, for children, to bedwetting, fractured concentration, anxiety attacks, attachment disorders and other mental health pathologies. These products of exposure to violent conflict and ensuing displacement may endure for a lifetime, even for

those only directly affected by war as very young children.

Because of the current dramatic humanitarian crisis halfway across the globe, in the Middle East, the Colombian displacement tragedy is sorely neglected. But the imperative of international attention is as urgent there as it is in Syria, a more recent conflict that bears much resemblance to past carnage in Colombia. Consider some of the similarities. Years of brutal conflict in Syria have generated the mass displacement of half the population of this highly sophisticated and relatively prosperous country of more than 24 million people. Those who have the means (whether their own or supplied by monied and diasporic relatives) buy forged visas and disguise the true purpose of their travel with elegant clothing, so that they are allowed to fly to safe destinations far from their homes, and then apply for asylum on arrival.

Those with less access to migration resources endure much harsher journeys—often multiple forms of internal displacement as a prelude to life-threatening international travel. Families pushing wheelchairs or gripping small children as they negotiate barbed wire at land borders, unstable dinghies in mid-sea or muddy mountain paths through policed territories have become some of the indelible images of the European recent refugee “crisis.”

Where social and political disintegration is more gradual, not the situation in Colombia or Syria, population displacements tend to be more piecemeal. Historically, young adults, most often males, have forged the path of exodus, in search of safety and means of survival—sometimes bringing family members to join them once they established themselves, sometimes relying on circular migration to maintain family ties, so long as mobility regimes permitted this. Eritrean, Afghan and Rohingya refugees are modern exemplars of this phenomenon. Sometimes, able-bodied males flee predatory enemy attacks, preparing to arm themselves and fight while their families act as buffers, absorbing the enemy onslaught as hostages, and enduring brutal physical and sexual violence. The infamous 1981 massacre at El Mozote during the Salvadoran civil war is a case in point.

Today, the opportunity for circular migration to complement temporary or changing personal mobility trajectories is largely the privilege of the wealthy and entitled. Corporate executives can move freely to and fro, as can wealthy students, trainees or visitors. Other populations are constrained by harsh migration control regimes which generate pressures towards permanent immigration or displacement, and militate against more flexible mobility arrangements. The situation in the United States is a clear case in point. Where once political, economic or environmental hardships precipitated selective and temporary mobility—for safety, for work, for opportunity—now militaristic border patrols and punitive immigration policies militate against

circularity. As a result, Mexican, Central and Latin American migrant workers who might have been inclined to move between their families back home and their jobs in el Norte stay put, even when the economic situation or family circumstances do not warrant this. Millions thus become displaced, many of them caught in a limbo of illegality and insecurity and denied the opportunity to make use of flexible migration strategies which they once might have had.

Legal entrapment of this nature leads communities to despair of lawful family reunification and to embark on hazardous, irregular forms of border crossing to end separation. Thousands of Central American unaccompanied minors, whether through the maneuverings of exploitative coyotes or the self-propelled risks of transport on “La Bestia,” the transcontinental train that thousands

have dangerously mounted to cross into the United States, have attempted to reunite with their undocumented parents in this way. The cumulative impact of drug wars, gang violence and state collapse in parts of Central and South America has exacerbated this pressure to embark on hazardous and forced emigration for very significant populations—inner city youth, family members left behind by breadwinners in the United States, displaced rural populations unable to see a survival strategy in gang-infested cities in Central America’s so-called Northern Triangle. Displacement has thus become the preferred survival option for a significant population of Latin Americans. In just over a decade, between 2000 and 2013, the size of the Central American population in the United States grew by over 56%, to a total of 3.2 million. The three tiny



The community awaits the mine. Mining and nature resource extraction often causes displacement.



One of three official pedestrian border crossings between Nogales, Sonora, and Nogales, Arizona.

countries of the Northern Triangle—El Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras—thus represent 7% of the total U.S. immigrant population. Even more dramatic is the recent escalation in the numbers of unaccompanied children from this region arriving in the United States. In the 15 months between April 2014 and July 2015, more than 70,000 unaccompanied children from the Northern Triangle were stopped by the U.S. Customs and Border Protection at the southern U.S. border—74% of all unaccompanied minors thus apprehended. Starker evidence of the intolerable living conditions for this most vulnerable of populations back home is hard to imagine.

Among the millions of contemporary displaced persons, international legal regimes envisage protection for a relatively small minority. This protection is reserved for those who cross an international border and who can demonstrate a “well founded fear of persecution,” thus qualifying as refugees under the regime established by the 1951 UN Convention

on the Status of Refugees (as amended). People who have not crossed an international border (those who are internally displaced, commonly known as IDPs) or those who, though displaced internationally, cannot demonstrate the requisite fear, are not generally entitled to international protection, though some regional legal systems afford a measure of protection (MERCOSUR, UNASUR and the Cartagena Declaration are examples in the Americas).

Special legal protections also apply to some demographic categories. Children in particular, defined in international law as persons under the age of 18, are entitled to have their best interests taken into account as a primary consideration in all matters affecting them—but only where the UN Convention on the Rights of the Child has been ratified by the relevant state. This is the case for the overwhelming majority of member states of the United Nations, including all Central and South American states. The United States, however, unlike every other north-

ern or developed immigration destination state, is an egregious exception. Accordingly, U.S. officials, whether customs and border control officers at the border or law enforcement officials within the United States itself, are not bound by the “best interests” principle. This explains why Central American children continue to be detained in secure facilities when they enter the United States without a legal status, even when they are not charged with any criminal wrongdoing.

The prospects for legal status or meaningful international protection are much dimmer for the remaining majority of the displaced. They include the non-refugee displaced population—those trapped inside dangerous war zones or urban, arms-ridden deserts within their country; those considered mere “economic migrants”; those fleeing persecution because of their politics or sexual orientation but unable to access competent legal representation to prove their case; or those displaced en masse following a natural disaster (such as the recent Hurricane Matthew follow-



Wounaan indigenous people take shelter in a municipal stadium in Buenaventura, Colombia.

ing the devastating 2010 earthquake in Haiti, Hurricane Mitch in Central America, the Chilean earthquake).

So much for legal access to protection. From the humanitarian perspective, the protection and assistance needs of these non-“refugee” populations are generally as great as the needs of populations holding legal refugee status. For the overwhelming majority of non-élite migrants, displacement may, at best, bring greater safety, some form of physical and psychological security and limited material assistance. This of course is the hope that motivates so many to risk so much: certain death in acute conflict is worse than the uncertain and risky prospect of survival.

However, all too often displacement brings with it new insecurities, vulnerabilities and traumas, compounding those already generated by the pressures to leave home. We know that displaced populations have urgent needs for a panoply of immediate resources—ranging from physical safety, to water and food, to emergency health care (physical and psychological), to information about their immediate kin. We also know that displaced populations have critical needs for legal and socio-economic protections, including access to legal identity and

documentary proof of nationality, access to survival benefits, access to nurture and protection in the case of particularly vulnerable populations including unaccompanied minors, disabled migrants, elderly, sick, pregnant or otherwise at-risk populations. Beyond the immediate rescue and entry phase, displaced populations need access to shelter, to a legal migration status, to family tracing, to the opportunity to engage in non-exploitative and legal work and, in the case of children, to education and routine health care, including vaccinations and for adolescents, sexual and reproductive health care.

Prevailing migration regimes militate against the provision of such essential rescue and protection measures in a wide variety of ways. Exclusion measures which intercept migrants before they reach state borders are one mechanism. Carrier liability and visa requirement provisions that limit access to legal migration opportunities (especially in conflict zones) and that penalize official carriers who transport inadequately documented passengers are another. Harsh border control enforcement, expedited removal and punitive detention are yet other, increasingly pervasive techniques that force displaced populations to resort

to dangerous and exploitative migration strategies in their quest for safety. And once access to safety is secured, restrictive immigration and work authorization policies, buttressed by opportunistic xenophobia and nativism, restrict opportunities for humane and just inclusion.

On September 19, 2016, the United Nations General Assembly, for the first time in its history, addressed the question of large-scale movements of people as an urgent global matter. Whereas EU member states had pressed for an exclusive focus on the European “refugee crisis,” the G77 group of states insisted on a more wide-ranging discussion. These momentous proceedings resulted in a consensus agreement to work towards the establishment of two new global compacts—one on refugees and one on migrants. This agreement creates an urgent opportunity for those concerned with the vastly unequal access to mobility and migration-related protection that the current status quo instantiates. It enables state and non-state stakeholders in international migration—including migrant and refugee communities themselves—to identify and press for minimum standards of shared responsibility. These standards might acknowledge both the self-interested, demographic imperatives of promoting human mobility again, as human society has done since its inception until the advent of twentieth century nationalism. They might also promote ethical obligations to avoid yet greater social, environmental and economic global inequality and the devastating conflicts and human displacements they generate by developing flexible, safe and lawful mobility options for that small minority of the globe’s population who needs or desires them.

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A Nation Reconfigured by Displacement

Colombia on the Edge of Peace **BY ANDRÉS SALCEDO FIDALGO AND MARÍA ANGÉLICA GARZÓN**



Detail of a window in an abandoned house in San José del Peñón, Bolívar.

IT WAS JANUARY 2004. AURORA WAS STANDING at the traffic light selling dish towels in the middle of a crowded Bogotá avenue. She was living with four of her eight children in the Galán neighborhood on the outskirts of the city. Persecution and flight had stamped her life indelibly. She was only fifteen years old when she fled the small farm where she had grown up on the edge of the Mira River on the Colombian Pacific coast. She had watched as an uncle was murdered because of a land dispute. In fear she hid in an aunt's house in the small city of Tumaco and later went to the larger city of Buenaventura. She met and married a man there and they both returned to her land on the edge of the river to cultivate rice. The guerrillas stole their cows and their rice crop and told them to leave the land. When Aurora's husband refused to leave, they killed him. Aurora went

back to Buenaventura, a city where the paramilitary forces had carried out "social cleansing" by killing young people. Threats and murders were constantly in the air. To protect her older children, she fled to Bogotá. She spent a few days at the Center for Attention to Migrants in the Bogotá Archdiocese, and then moved from neighborhood to neighborhood on the outskirts of the city.

Aurora found support in the city, but she also faced discrimination. Once the landlord of the house where she was renting a room locked her inside without a key to get out. She cried because she needed to pick up her children after school got out. She also felt humiliated when her photo appeared without her consent in a huge poster for the Solidarity Network that stated, "We have everything in common with displaced persons." Her anger at her situ-

ation lessened somewhat when she joined the local Pentecostal church. But she still dreamed of recovering her lands filled with cacao, fruit and plantains and hoping she could return home to build a house and give her children a decent life.

Aurora's story illustrates the efforts to survive of many Colombian men and women from the countryside who were expelled from their land and forced to flee to the cities and look for informal employment to feed their children. As an Afro-Colombian, Aurora had suffered violence since she was born and raised in a historically marginalized region in which guerrillas and paramilitary forces fought for control of the territory.

Forced recruitment, massacres and displacements have left a long trail in Colombian history. Between the 16th and 18th centuries, Afro-Colombians fled slavery and work in the mines to begin a new life in isolated areas along the rivers of the Pacific Coast jungles. The indigenous population escaped from forced labor to isolated areas in the Andes and in the Amazon and Orinoco basins. In the 52 civil wars during the 19th century, thousands of children and youth were forcibly recruited in the marketplaces to serve in different armies. A process of dispossession, racial mixing and migration began, leaving many to work as laborers on plantations and in cities while others migrated to colonization areas. Much of the land on the indigenous reservations was divided up and sold as empty lots at ridiculously low prices through concessions and grants of property rights to export agroindustries.

During the first half of the 20th century, Colombia—anchored in the clientelism of a sectarian two-party system—had a strong state presence in some areas and virtually no presence in others. This asymmetric and unequal nation-building process was reflected in the flourishing

economies in the country's central region compared to the 75 percent of the territory that was considered remote, backward and available to be colonized and absorbed by large estates. From the 1920s until the 1950s, peasants and indigenous groups mobilized to demand land. By the middle of the century, the failure of land reform and the resurgence of violence between the liberals and conservatives (1946-1957) caused another great exodus of peasants towards zones that were being colonized or toward the cities, provoking rapid urbanization.

Between 1960 and 1964, guerrilla movements concentrated in several iso-

lated zones, taking control over areas in which they replicated some of the state's functions such as collecting taxes and administering justice and security services. In 1987, armed drug traffickers rushed into the region, buying up 37 percent of the best land in guerrilla territory. They created paramilitary groups to exterminate all the members of leftist movements, including political figures, activists, union leaders and teachers. Towards the end of the 90s, they expelled the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC) guerrillas from several regions and, organized as the United Self-Defense Forces of Colombia, assumed the role of keepers of order.

After several failed peace attempts (1984, 1992), the guerrillas expanded their fronts in zones that were strategic to the country's economy, and by the end of the 90s, they had taken control of around 60 percent of Colombia's municipalities. The government of Álvaro Uribe Vélez (2002-2010) responded to this situation with a military crusade backed up by paramilitary actions to do away with the guerrillas. This resulted in local authorities losing control and enormous swaths of land given over for agroindustrial production and large-scale mining. The most egregious massacres and the greatest number of displacements took place between 2000 and 2002, when around 412,500 were forced from their homes.

Aurora's story illustrates the efforts to survive of many Colombian men and women from the countryside who were expelled from their land and forced to flee to the cities and look for informal employment to feed their children.

FROM ASSISTANCE PROGRAMS TO VICTIMS' RIGHTS

In the mid-90s, Colombia had become the scene of the largest humanitarian disaster in the global South. The Solidarity Network, initially created to attend the



Abandoned house in Mampujan, Bolívar.

poorest and most vulnerable population in the country, changed its focus and became the principal entity to provide emergency humanitarian aid, as well as psychological and social support and programs for the return of displaced persons to their communities. In the year 2000, Plan Colombia initiated 15 years of U.S. aid with close to nine billion dollars destined for the war on drugs, military support to regain state territorial control, the demobilization of paramilitary groups, and development projects.

The focus of the Plan changed after courts made several constitutional decisions in response to the pressure exerted by the displaced population who, occupying offices, parks and plazas, demanded more effective and timely help. A 2004 court decision (T-025) declared that the prolonged violation of the rights of the displaced population was unconstitutional, and two 2009 decisions (004 and 005) required protection for indigenous groups “at risk of disappearing,” taking into account that seven percent of the displaced population that year was indigenous and 17 percent Afro-Colombian. In 2009, a reparation policy was adopted through an administrative system that recognized the importance of accountability for damages caused by Colombia’s armed actors.

Displaced persons did not want to be seen by officials and neighbors as helpless victims from poor, backward, violent regions. Displacement was challenging, but it had strengthened them politically. The victims had testified to the violent acts that prompted their flight, but they also described the world of land, relations, work and experiences that had been torn from them. This was a way to regain a certain respectability in the midst of precariousness and to reclaim the right to live a dignified existence in a city where so many victims of the conflict scrambled to make a living.

REMAKING THE CITY

Bogotá had been a city the newcomers feared because of its enormity, because of the way people treat you and look down on

you, because of the prison-like conditions of the rooming houses and the humiliation of having lost everything and needing to rent a room, as happened to Aurora. For those new arrivals, the urban reality meant a rupture from their old ways; they had imagined the future in another form. They had to expend enormous effort to try to get a real job and to make their way through the bureaucratic formalities to get access to health, education and food in spite of being belittled in the process.

In the context of a vast and stratified world of urban contacts, many displaced persons have managed to find comfort and acceptance in emotional support groups, religious circles or political parties. They no longer focus on the barrage of threats from their places of origin. Shortly after their arrival, they usually make contact with people from their community of origin and slowly begin to build up lines of communication with those they left behind.

Some ethnic groups have found that their culture is more appreciated in Bogotá than in their provincial capitals. Old networks of distant relatives have been activated and new inter-ethnic networks established through indigenous organizations, which have gained recognition through the affirmation of cultural differences.

However, certain groups, like the Embera-Chamí from Colombia’s western jungles, continue to be affected by the violence and the asymmetry that shuts them off from society: women go barefoot as they did on their reservations; they weave and sell necklaces and bracelets on the sidewalks for the tourists in downtown Bogotá while their husbands peddle clothes in the bustling San Victorino market. They need to make enough money to rent a room by the day in rundown and marginal areas of downtown such as San Bernardo and La Favorita, where prostitution, petty trafficking and drug use are rampant.

The Afro-Colombians who settle on the periphery of Bogotá’s south have found their homes through organizations such as Afrodes and Process of Black Communities. They also participate in economic

circuits downtown through the sale of prepared food and fruit, as well as makeshift barbershops in the market plazas. Some of them reorganize and recreate their identity in the forms in which the urban society thinks of them to frame their livelihood in terms of jobs associated with music and the tropics. Afro-Colombian youth have managed to capitalize on that image, demonstrating certain abilities in rap or reggaeton, dance and the Afro world music in fashion on the peripheries of Colombian cities.

LOOKING AHEAD

In a country where much of the population has only known expropriation and expulsion, defense of the territory has become a priority for the indigenous and Afro-Colombian social movements of people who have exercised their right to decide their destiny on their own terms. The most recent displacements have sparked a process of social, demographic and political reconfiguration without precedent in which displaced persons have found a voice in ethnic, women’s and ecological movements that oppose the predatory and warlike mentality associated with the armed conflict. The enormous capacity of the victims to forgive was reflected in the October 2, 2016, plebiscite in which they supported the signing of the peace accords to end not decades, but centuries of abuse and arbitrary treatment, while religious groups and conservatives voted against it, preventing the change that is necessary for a reconfigured society.

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Embera indigenous people have been displaced to Catrú, Chocó, because of armed conflicts between National Liberation Army (ELN) guerrillas and the Gaitanist Self-Defense Organization, a neo-paramilitary group.

Learning about Hunger

Colombian Displacement and Food Insecurity **BY JULIETA LEMAITRE**

IT IS DIFFICULT FOR A MIDDLE-CLASS professor to think at length about displaced people's hunger. The fact itself is pretty straightforward: after displacement, people are hungry. But its implications for research are hazy—how should I react to the likelihood that the people I am interviewing are hungry? Is this relevant for my research on their use of law, or not? Buying food for them seems like

an appropriate response, especially ensuring interviews and workshops are always accompanied with an abundance of food. But what about the persistence of hunger?

Between 2010 and 2013 a group of graduate students and I interviewed more than a hundred internally displaced women, attempting to understand their uses of law. We also met them in dozens of participatory spaces set up by the Colombian

government and by NGOs, and worked with two distinct groups and three small NGOs in extended case studies. During this period of time I grew increasingly conscious of the presence of hunger, of the way it disappears for a few months only to creep back when family fortunes take a dip, of the way it presses against everyday life with an undeniable urgency, of the comprehension gap it creates between



poor women and middle-class researchers, public officials and NGO workers who have never been hungry.

It is hard to see everyday hunger when people don't seem emaciated. I first saw it in the work meetings that involve poor people and are generally called "workshops." Our work, the government's work and the NGO's work seemed to consistently involve workshops, and these workshops, food. Consistently I saw the women we worked with carefully take the leftovers home in the large white styrofoam boxes that are a staple of workshops with poor people across the country. How to think through the fact that these women are taking home the leftovers to feed their families? What could I say about the groups of small children that sometimes hover around the workshop, playing by themselves until it is time to approach the hot food in the styrofoam containers? How to think through the disciplined sharing of the spoon between a small boy and girl as their mother looks on, and waits?

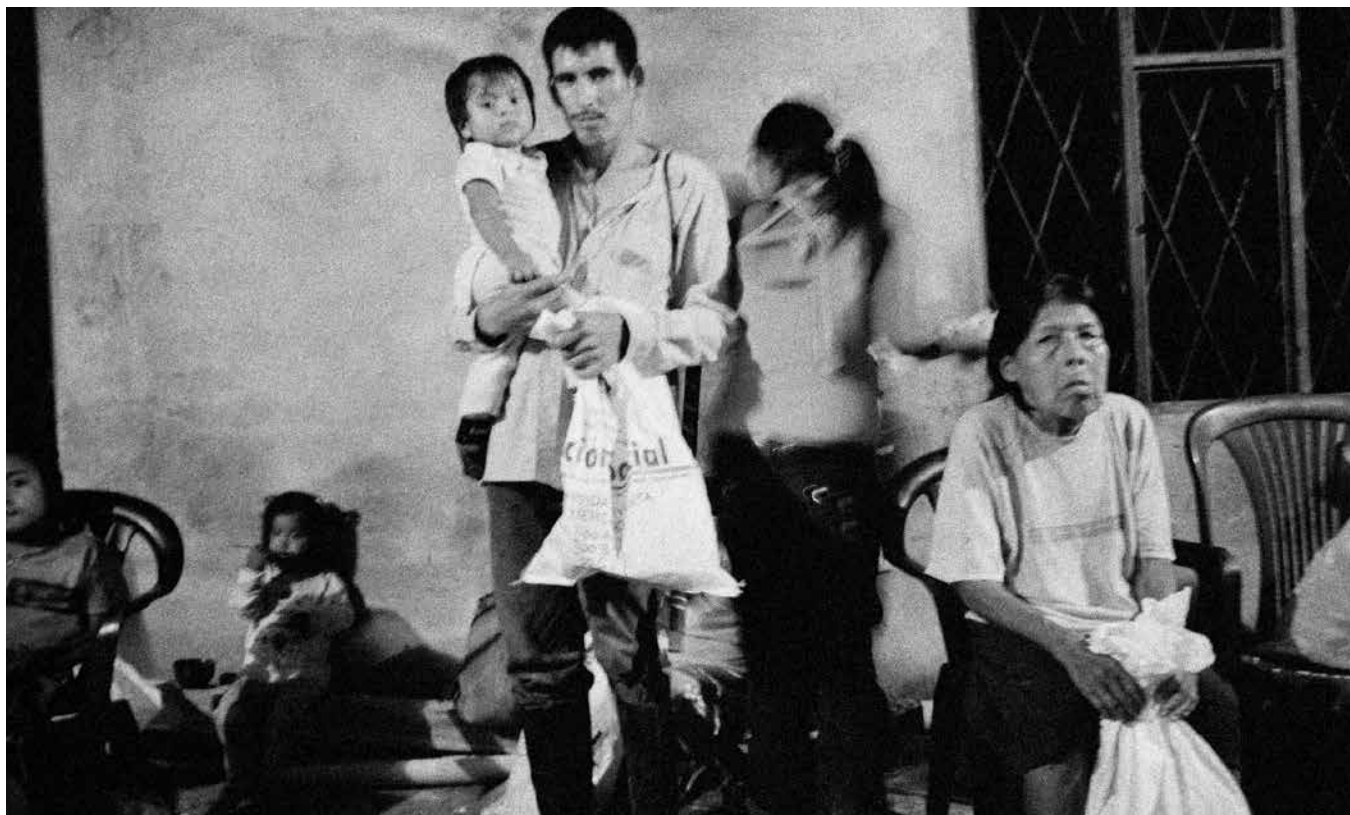
Hunger can be counted, however, and often is. Between 2010 and 2013 I led an in-depth study of displaced women's legal mobilization in Colombia. The research included several case studies, including one of the notable Liga de Mujeres Desplazadas (League of Displaced Women)

After the loss of loved ones, hunger haunts the memories of displacement, coupled with the memory of a past where food was plenty.

on the northern coast. With the Liga we did a collaborative household survey, using both general questions we could use to compare their situation to IDP (internally displaced persons) across Colombia, and specific questions the leadership was interested in, such as the levels of participation. The biggest surprise of the survey was widespread hunger. More than 70% answered yes to the three "hunger questions" included in IDP surveys in Colombia: have you or anyone in your family complained of being hungry in the last week? Have you or anyone in your family skipped a meal because there wasn't enough food to eat? Have you or anyone in your family eaten less than you would have wanted because you could not afford more food? Yes. Yes. Yes.

Portrait of an Awa Indian in a shelter after threats by armed men following a massacre in El Diviso, Nariño.





Embera indigenous people have been displaced from their communities.

In the field, however, women's description of displacement is heavy with tales of food and its absence.

It is harder to represent hunger in interpretive studies, especially this kind of hunger that isn't famine leading to death, but rather an uncomfortable presence. It is particularly hard to represent hunger in a study about displaced people in the framework of human rights violations and transitional justice. Hunger pales in comparison to the harrowing tales of catastrophic events that led to displacement, and these make everyday challenges of poverty seem pedestrian.

In the field, however, women's description of displacement is heavy with tales of food and its absence. As they fled the remote areas of the country where peasant women lived the war, they arrived to the poorest slums of midsize and large

cities only to discover that the poverty that awaited them was devastating in unexpected ways. After finding refuge, food becomes the most pressing and urgent concern. Loss of home was usually also loss of the homemaking utensils they had accumulated over a lifetime: beds, chairs, tables, blenders, sheets, towels. All must be rebuilt. The poorest of the poor have nothing; *"una mano adelante y otra atras"* was the way one woman described it, alluding to the feeling of arriving naked covering genitals with their bare hands. Others more fortunate arrive with some furniture, some linen, perhaps cash. All brought with them memories of a previous life where hunger was not a constant companion, and feeding children not an

impossible task. Ana Luz Ortega, a displaced woman in the Liga de Mujeres Desplazadas, described women's special responsibility to feed their children as "the heaviest burden":

We carry the heaviest burden when we arrive, because men get "aburridos" [bored] and leave or go look for work somewhere else but we have... (pause) we stay. We struggle, we wash, we iron, we stomp the earth. We do what it takes. Because (pause) even if it is living off trash we are here and we do our best because we have children here that every day say Mami (pause) I'm hungry (pause). We are strong because our children say "we are hungry" (pause). We find the way to bring them aguapanela [sweetened water], bread. But men, they can just say "where am I going to get food?" But we can't. With patience we find (food.) We don't eat, no, perhaps a bite and then no more, and say,

I will take food home because my daughter, my son is there, and... (I will bring it home) even if my own stomach is empty."

In the cash economy of the slums, there is a direct link between hunger and lack of income. In terms of income, according to the last survey of the displaced that reports a significant improvement, 63.8% of IDP still live below the poverty line and, not surprisingly 60.5% report severe food insecurity. Even those who have successfully accessed subsidies for simple houses, health-care and school, and microloans for entrepreneurship, are still income-poor, which translates into hunger. One very successful leader said it succinctly when I was admiring her Mocoa settlement: "you see us and we seem to be fine but you open the cupboard and there's nothing there."

Cash is scarce and mostly found through selling merchandise, often food, in the streets and from their homes, grueling work that involves their children's help and facing police violence. But formal jobs are not to be had. In addition to a general dearth of formal employment in Colombia, displaced people are generally perceived as unemployable for various reasons: the urban wage market has little if any use for adult and middle-aged peasants with rudimentary literacy skills, not to mention women with many dependents that need constant in-house care.

After the loss of loved ones, hunger haunts the memories of displacement, coupled with the memory of a past where food was plenty. Some women described with relish the food they used to eat, remembered the piles of rice, shaped them in the air with their hands, smacked their lips remembering the fried fish, the stewed chicken. Others listed their crops, described planting and harvesting with detailed recollections of the types of crops and seasons of harvest. They described sharing crops with neighbors in exchange for work, and exchanging crops and work in the collaborative work tradition known by indigenous people as *minga*. These stories always end with losing that land of plenty, and ensuing hunger. Ana Luz also described the feeling of not being able

to provide three meals for her children: "and that is there (emphasis) all the time. Knowing this is harming my daughters. Knowing they are at a stage where (pause) they need to eat well, they are in school. (long pause.)"

As different women described their community organizing, they sometimes reflected on the ways the words, gestures and modes of being were embedded in a collective ideal of the good life, where food occupied a central place. Displaced to Buenaventura, Luz Dary Santiesteban worked in two community organizations: in Madres por la Vida (Mothers for Life), she helped support families through mourning and finding loved ones lost to war and violence; in La Glorita, the other organization, she was part of a cooperative that farmed nearby land. Describing La Glorita she said with satisfaction:

When we think of another person's hunger, we are thinking as a community. That's why we have the food project at La Glorita. We are 23 women and only 5 men, we have a fish farm, chickens, egg-laying hens, plantain, Chinese potatoes. All that one could need, we have, and we still need some 5 or 6 more people to go and help work the farm.

The description of La Glorita was embedded in her idealized memory of the land they left when they were forcibly displaced:

You always long for your river, your land, your ocean. You know why? Because the land is our pantry. As is the river. And the ocean. Collective farming is more than survival (in Spanish: pancoger). It's where you give me the plantain and I give you the rice, you give me the fish I give you the bread. It's the minga of the good life that we lost.

Food is central to collective action among poor people, and as Luz Dary aptly phrases, thinking as a community is thinking of the other person's hunger; responding to it is part of a *minga* of the good life. In my current work I reflect

more on her description, and on IDP moral images of life after the war. *Minga* was used originally in the southern region of the Colombian Andes to denote collective work done either for the community, or for others in the community. Luz Dary's *minga* of the good life is not only a description of actual or idealized practices. It is also the articulation of an image of what life could be and, more pressingly, of what life *should* be. It is a mode of thinking through the aftermath of war in ethical terms as a period when it is possible to transition to a good life defined as a life of plenty and of collaboration.

By paying attention to hunger, I have given my work on displaced women a new direction. I am now convinced that the persistent tales of food were teaching me about the centrality of women's aspirations for a better life after displacement, changing the story I initially thought I would tell about displacement, and about engagement with courts and women's rights. I now believe that this idea of the good life represented in stories about food reflects the cultural reality of women's multiple responsibilities as mothers, and the way these responsibilities are confirmed by deeply held beliefs and shared moral values, grounding a sense of self. Their roles in the community neatly dovetail cultural responsibilities of women, which I define as the stewardship of life: feeding families, caring for the ill and the infirm, and keeping homes clean and safe, keeping children off the street, keeping boys out of gangs, and keeping girls out of pregnancy, leading them to secure adulthoods. These responsibilities are linked to the material and symbolic presence of sufficient food, an imperative that makes women's roles feasible and relates as well to cherished forms of community. At least this is what I am working on now, as I try to think through displaced peoples' hunger and its significance for reconstruction after the war.

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Voices from the Atrato River

Digital Media and Internally Displaced People in Colombia

BY ANDRÉS LOMBANA-BERMUDEZ

A TRADITIONAL PANGA BOAT WITH THIRTY passengers cruises the mighty waters of the Atrato River in the Pacific region of Colombia, doing a 142-mile route from Quibdó to Bojayá. In the stern of the boat, adult women and men protect themselves from the sun with big colorful umbrellas. Meanwhile, up front, a group of teenagers form a semicircle. Clapping, they make a beat for an improvised rap. One of the boys, standing in the middle, sings a politically conscious rhyme:

*No más violencia en el Chocó
aquí vivo yo
y yo sueño con esta tierra
algún día poderla progresar
y decir la verdad*

*No more violence in the Chocó
here I live
and I dream with this land
someday it will improve
and tell the truth.*

The Colombian department (state) of Chocó lies between the Andes mountain chain and the Pacific Ocean, with Panama on its northern border. Ignored for centuries by the government in Bogotá and rendered invisible by the mainstream media, the Chocó has become in the past two decades one of the main battlefields of an intense armed conflict. Paramilitaries and criminal groups, along with the the Colombian army and FARC and ELN guerrillas, have all engaged in bloody confrontations in this territory. A strategic location, with many rivers, Chocó serves as a corridor between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans. Illegal groups use this territory for trafficking drugs and arms, extracting natural resources such as gold and platinum, and cultivating coca crops. The local population, com-



Hiphop on the river.

posed mostly of Afro-Colombians (87%), has been affected by these incursions, suffering massacres, forced army recruitment, routine violence and displacement. Between 1985 and 2013, 279,507 people, almost half the population of the Chocó was internally displaced, creating a humanitarian crisis of massive proportions (Departamento de Prosperidad Social, 2013).

The Afro-Colombian youth, who were rapping on that panga boat, are recorded in one of the videos published online by *Memorias del Río Atrato*, a digital media project developed by local Chocoano communities with the support of Alfabetizaciones Digitales, an initiative from the Centro Nacional de Memoria Histórica in Colombia. Lucely Rivas Espinoza, a member of the project, created the video in 2014 using her mobile phone while she was participating in *Atratiando*, a non-violent protest commemorating the massacre of Bellavista, Bojayá. The mass violence occurred on May 2, 2002, during a combat between FARC guerrillas and paramilitaries. A cylinder-bomb shot by the guerrillas exploded in a church

sheltering adults and children, killing 119 civilians. After the massacre, more than 6,000 peasants from the mid-Atrato region abandoned their land to avoid the multiple forms of violence generated by the armed groups. Like the Afro-Colombian youth who sing in the video, many of the internally displaced persons from this region migrated to Quibdó, the capital of Chocó and the major urban center for the Chocoano internal diaspora.

AN EMERGING FORM OF CITIZEN MEDIA: THE PROJECT MEMORIAS DEL RÍO ATRATO

Eight grassroots social organizations and community councils (*Consejos Comunitarios*) from the mid-Atrato region have collaborated in *Memorias del Río Atrato* since the project started in 2013. Members of these organizations use digital media, particularly mobile phones with multimedia recording capabilities, to produce and circulate their own stories of resistance to violence, and their own creative expressions among wider audiences. “We want to show that our territory has been violated and

attacked in all its aspects,” Rivas told me. She added, “we want to show that our people have suffered and resisted to violence, as well as that we can live in a different and peaceful way.”

Rivas, a 33-year-old Afro-Colombian woman who migrated to Quibdó as a teenager after being displaced from Buchadó, has worked with COCOMACIA (Consejo Comunitario Mayor de la Asociación Campesina Integral del Atrato) for eight years. She works at the community radio station, and documents the activities of the organization while she travels across the mid-Atrato region attending meetings and events. As a member of COCOMACIA, Lucely actively participates in the *Memorias del Río Atrato* project, and has become one of the main administrators of the website, and a prolific videographer. She has participated in several workshops developed by Alfabetizaciones Digitales, received training in digital storytelling, and become a “virtual manager of memory.” That is, she is a producer of multimedia stories for the web and a contributor to the process of memory making.

The project *Memorias del Río Atrato* is an emerging form of citizen media. According to communication scholar Clemencia Rodríguez, citizen media empowers citizens to name the world in their own terms and allows them to articulate identities that are connected to local cultures and achievable utopias (*Fissures in the Mediascape*, 2001). The multiplicity of stories that members of *Memorias del Río Atrato* have told from their own perspective, using their own voices, provides an account of how displaced persons can use digital media to name their world, its problems, and hopes, and speak back to the center. The creation and circulation of these media texts is allowing displaced Chocoano communities to elaborate narratives about their territories and lived experiences, and to contribute to the making of memory of the Colombian armed conflict.

Although lack of access to the Internet and electricity has limited the participa-



Jhonier Palacios Paneso sings one of his compositions.



tion of many members of the mid-Atrato rural communities, youths and adults from the areas that have connectivity (Quibdó, Vigía del Fuerte, Bellavista) have been able to engage in the project. They have leveraged the digital tools they have at hand, and used them to tell stories. By producing photographs, texts, audios, and videos, and publishing them online on the community website, they have been able to create a space where marginalized Chocoano voices and identities become visible and heard.

The audiovisual record of the rap performance on the Atrato river, for instance, shows how displaced Afro-

Colombian youth act a collective Chocoano identity through hip hop culture, and are able to explicitly talk about their utopia of ending the war and about the political issues of their region. Surrounded by the tropical forest, cruising one of the wide serpentine curves of the river, and without any signs of modern civilization, we listen to the rising youth voices:

*Vamos a la paz
y que se acabe la guerra
no quiero mas muertes
pa la gente de mi tierra*

*Let's have peace
and end the war
I do not want more death
for the people of my land.*

Other media texts published on *Memorias del Río Atrato* have a more personal point of view and tell a more subjective experience. That is the case of “De mi Tierra No Me Quiero Ir” (“From My Land I Do Not Want to Go”), a video of a song that Lucely recorded on the river Munguidó, one of the 150 tributaries of the Atrato. In the video, Jhonier Palacios Paneso, an Afro-Colombian youth

displaced from the town of Tagachí, sings one of his compositions. The song narrates the drama of Jhonier's father, a peasant who abandoned his land in the countryside and moved to the city escaping the armed violence.

*Y si va por la calle le dicen: "allá va el
desplazao",
Y él no es culpable de todo lo que ha
pasao,
Si amor y su vida al campo se lo ha dedi-
cao.*

*And when he strolls the street they say:
"there goes the displaced"
And he is not guilty of everything that
happened to him
With love and life he has dedicated him-
self to the land.*

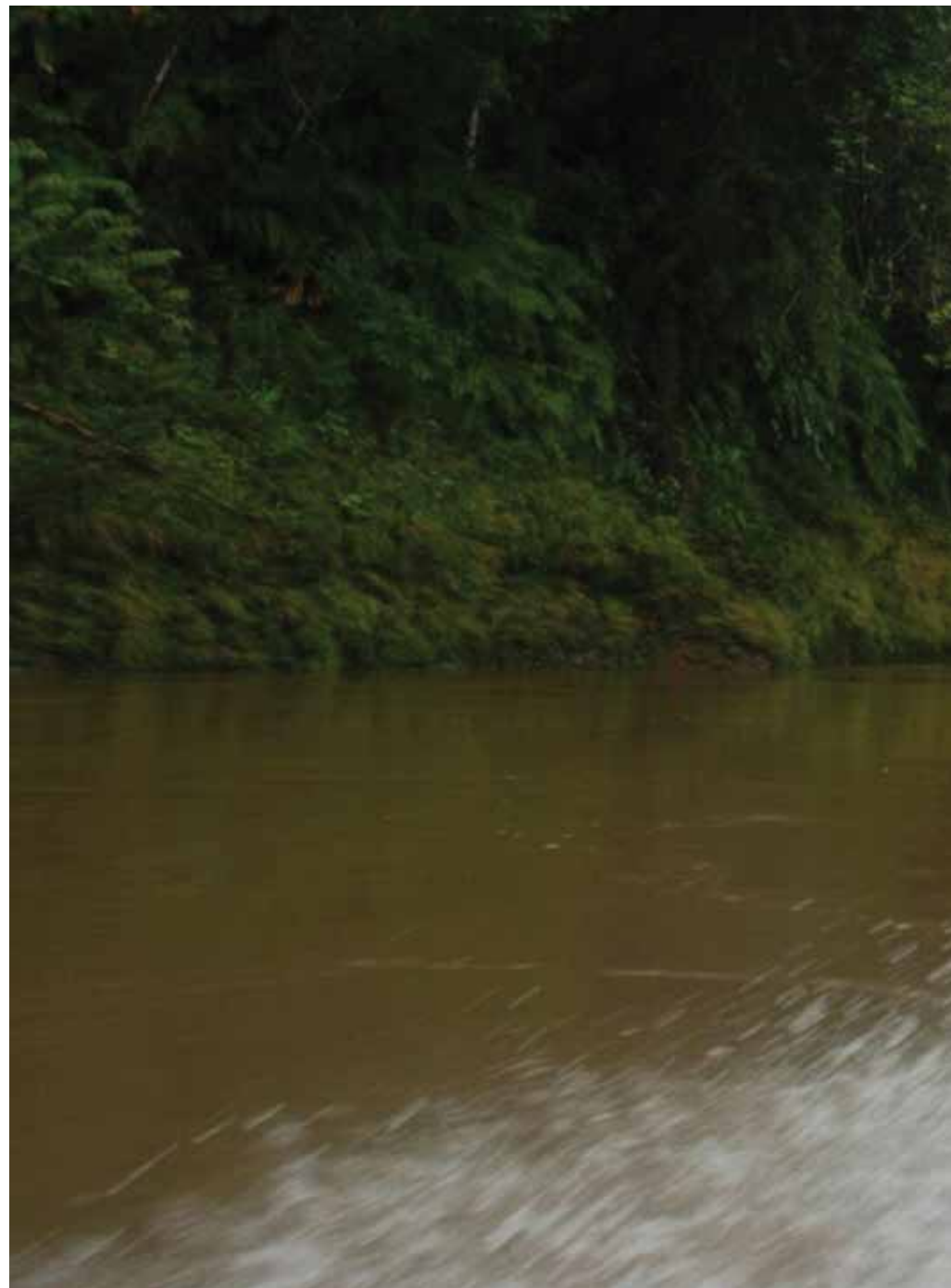
Jhonier's interpretation is full of emotion and reveals the resilience of displaced persons able to overcome violence. Following the rhythm of a chirimia, a popular Chocoano music genre, the song combines the nostalgia for peasant life with the feelings of a displaced person now in the city. After evoking local food such as bocachico, borojó and chontaduro, in the chorus lines Jhonier articulates the desire of displaced persons to stay in their native land.

*De mi tierra no me quiero ir,
De mi campo no me quiero ir,
Yo de mi campo no me quiero ir.*

*From my land I do not want to go
From my country I do not want to go
I, from my land, do not want to go.*

MAKING MEMORY, BUILDING PEACE

The project Memorias del Río Atrato has opened a communication space where internally displaced persons from the mid-Atrato region in central Chocó can speak up and become visible to national and global audiences. Because this population, like other victims of war in Colombia, has been made invisible



by mainstream narratives of the armed conflict, the media texts created and published by Memorias del Río Atrato are significant contributions to the construction of historical memory and to the collective understanding of the experience of displacement. "I think the website and the content we publish makes memory.

We have made memory with our videos and stories," said Lucely, while reflecting on the impact of the project.

In a country where internally forced displacement reached the shocking number of 6,360,000 persons in 2014 (Internal Displacement Monitoring Centre) and where the humanitarian crisis has



not been fully addressed by society or the state, these kinds of citizen media projects have the potential to promote sociocultural understanding and change. Making the narratives of the Chocoano internal diaspora visible can help to raise awareness, create empathy toward the victims of war, rebuild the social fabric,

and, ultimately, contribute to building peace.

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Members of the Project Memorias de Río Atrato travel along the river in a traditional panga boat, singing and improvising rap music to express their identity as displaced people from the Chocó region. The project is an emerging form of digital citizen media.

36 Hours (and More) in Cartagena, from the Outside

A PHOTOESSAY BY SAHARA BORJA

I ARRIVED IN COLOMBIA IN AUGUST 2014 ON a Fulbright grant to research *La Liga de Mujeres Desplazadas* (The League of Displaced Women), an organization formed in the late 90s in barrio El Pozón, Cartagena. In 2003, after formalizing their organization as a women's rights group with the help of a human rights lawyer from Bogotá and a U.S.-backed grant, its members began the collective construction of their homes—and future—in Turbaco, south of Cartagena. Slowly, *La Liga* built more than a hundred cinder block homes for themselves. All women, mostly single mothers and household heads, they were victims of internal and forced displacement because of the country's ongoing armed conflict, and had fled from all over the country seeking a new life. Over the course of about a year I met a number of original members of *La Liga* who still live in the homes they built, as well as several other women leaders who belong to other groups that meet, advocate, and fight for the advancement of women whose realities have been adversely shaped by the ongoing armed conflict in Colombia.

Some 220,000 people have lost their lives and countless more have been maimed, abducted, and sexually assaulted. Many have also been uprooted from their homes, the places on which their social and economic security—however humble—depends. The official number of displaced Colombians continues to rise towards the 6 million mark, although some sources say it has already surpassed that figure. Internal displacement, as it is euphemistically called, has overwhelmed large cities and small pueblos alike, and the government,

though aware of the situation, has found it difficult to find viable solutions. The crisis deserves international attention as much as during any other time over the half century of conflict.

Most of the women I met came from places where subsistence farming was key to a healthy, “rich” life: they would often tell me that once, they'd had everything they needed. Many of these women lived in areas overrun by armed groups (FARC, AUC/paramilitary, ELN, government armies, drug traffickers and sometimes even big business). As always, the victims are caught in the crosshairs of greed-fueled violence and struggles for economic dominance.

These portraits and scenes of daily life were taken while getting to know these courageous leaders and their families, in communities and barrios far away from the bustling tourist zone of Cartagena's “walled” and “romantic” colonial center. For these women, Cartagena is no vacation. Every day they must forge ahead, put food on the table, keep their children (and themselves) safe, and try to just “have a life”—against all odds. These women seek humanitarian aid from the government, which rarely arrives; they seek out access to schools, health centers and police protection in their communities—a bureaucratic and logistical nightmare—as well as access to affordable housing on the outskirts of Cartagena. If one doesn't register as a ‘victim’ in the system, one is not entitled to anything, and even so, humanitarian aid is never timely. It was only in 2011 that newly elected President Juan Manuel Santos acknowledged the existence of millions of people who had been internally displaced.





From top, clockwise: Neymar and Sebastian, two of Gavelys' grandsons, taking a bath out back in Membrillal, a community of cinderblock and wood houses built by displaced people; Luz Marina, displaced from Bojoyá, Chocó, in Refugio la Carolina in Cartagena; Yuris from Onofre, Sucre, in El Centro, Cartagena, waiting for a victim right's meeting to begin; A man walks around the dusty pueblo of El Salado, a town south of Cartagena that was the site of a horrific massacre at the hands of paramilitaries in February of 2,000. The town is still recovering.



I spent almost a year in various neighborhoods far outside of Cartagena's historical district: San José de los Campanos, Membrillal, Refugio La Carolina, Villa Estrella. Ample money is being spent on hotels and the tourism industry, while the needs of Cartagena residents continue to grow every day. The struggling working class, Afro-descendants, indigenous, the displaced and women are constantly swimming upstream without much infrastructure or help from government agencies or offices. Finding solutions to the very basic

needs of daily life can be overwhelming and often impossible. To paraphrase James Baldwin, it becomes very expensive to be poor.

When *The New York Times* published its "36 Hours In..." travel piece on Cartagena in September 2014, I noticed that all of the photographs and video were taken within the walled portion of El Centro and just across the street from the Clock Tower in Getsemaní on Calle Media Luna; the writer and photographer had had not gone beyond the "safe" area, and their time was dedicated

to shooting and writing about "linen clothes," ice cream, and gelato spots ("to-beat-the-heat").

In the shadow of luxury tourism, daily life does not improve for those who are often left outside of the conversation. While tourism rises, so does insecurity in the city. Most of the women I worked with arrived in Cartagena between the late 90s and early 2000s, forcibly driven out from their various respective pueblos around Colombia. Many of them are also survivors of sexual assault, domestic violence, or the killing of people close to



From far left, clockwise:

Gavelys, one of 23 siblings, originally from Atanque, Valledupar, and her grandson Neymar trying to nap after lunch. Gavelys now lives in Membrillal, about an hour and fifteen minutes south of Cartagena's El Centro. She is indigenous Kankuamo, and she continues to weave the traditional bags ("mochilas") of her community, which she sells on the streets of downtown Cartagena; the skeleton of a makeshift shelter stands on the outskirts of the bus terminal to Cartagena; children are half the members of each household in Refugio La Carolina, but there is still no school or medical center in the immediate area. Here, a neighborhood girl sits outside a friend's house.

them. All of these women live day-to-day; none have a regular, formal job. Some rely on partners or family members, some sell perfume, or wash or iron clothes. Many of these leaders could not do the organizing work they do and also keep a steady job. None plan on returning to where they are from, even though some have also been targeted in the city (as they reported to government entities in Cartagena) by other armed groups who seek dominance of urban areas like Cartagena. Three women I met have all been sent personal text messages by mem-

bers of ERPAC (*Ejercito Revolucionario Popular Anticomunista/Antisubversivo de Colombia*—paramilitary descendants) as far back as 2011 and as recently as 2015. The response time from the Office of Victims was four years, decidedly too slow.

The downtown colonial glory is not Cartagena, entirely, although tourism literature might have you think otherwise. The historic walls and military fortresses built at the water's edge to keep enemies at bay now seem to do the same for their own vulnerable inhabitants.

Sahara Borja studied photojournalism at the International Center of Photography. Photography has anchored her engagement in community work, including that as a teacher with the Josephine Herrick Project, a nonprofit based in New York City which uses photography to acclimate young adults on the autism spectrum to their surroundings. She has worked as an associate editor and contributing photo editor with a number of online outlets and recently returned from a Fulbright research grant working with internally displaced women on the outskirts of Cartagena.

A Communitarian Contestation

Displaced Persons and the Peace Community of San José de Apartadó

BY JUAN RICARDO APARICIO CUERVO



WE FINALLY MADE IT. IN FEBRUARY 2008, AFTER almost two days of long hours climbing the steep, muddy paths of the Serranía de Abibe mountain range, we got there at last. Together with almost a hundred people from national and international organizations, we had come to the Urabá region in the northwest corner of Colombia, historically known as “the best corner of South America” for its advantageous geographical position and abundant natural resources. Indeed, the desirability of this land made it the stage for an 18th-century imperial dispute, and to the present day the Urabá region continues to be associated with political and structural violence as an area on the periphery, far from the centers of power of the nation-state.

We unpacked and set up our tents in a clearing next to a small chapel hastily put together on February 21, 2005, in the place where the body of Luis Eduardo Guerra, one of the leaders of the Peace Community of San José de Apartadó (CPSJA), was discovered. He had been brutally assassinated, together with his common-law wife and 11-year-old son. These remains and the bodies of other people were found by a CP-SJA search party. Blood-stained machetes, which very well could have been used to carry out the horrible massacre, were lying on the ground. Soldiers from the 17th Military Brigade were at the site. Human rights activists and solidarity groups spread the news of the killings throughout the world.

Three years after the massacre, we returned to the exact spot where the killings had taken place. The small chapel was filled with photos of Luis Eduardo taken at the many international meetings he had attended. The photos, a small altar with candles and a Catholic cross, and some flags from PACE, an Italian anti-globalization non-governmental organization (NGO), were the only decorations in the chapel. Many of the people who gathered around the altar came from Italian and Spanish cities that had funded CPSJA and wanted to let their countries know about the Community’s desperate situation. Others were members of permanent monitoring organizations such as Peace Brigades International (PBI) and the Fellowship of Reconciliation (FOR). The German organization Chefs without Borders and some Germans who lived in Portugal rounded out the group. Father Javier Giraldo, a leading Colombian human rights activist, explained to the group what had led up to the massacre.

The Community, he told us, had long been under siege by all of Colombia’s armed actors, guerrillas, army and paramilitary groups. Father Giraldo recalled that, according to some survivors, the day Luis Eduardo was killed, the area was occupied by heavily armed men and there was a tense feeling in the air. Just before an armed group was about to stop Luis Eduardo, who was walking with a group of peasants, he got a group member to run to inform their families about the presence of armed men in the area, and most of the others managed to escape to a nearby village. That day, the 21st of February, was the last time the peasants saw Luis Eduardo and his family. Hours later, the same armed men arrived at the village. In an interview a few days before his murder, Luis Eduardo had predicted, “Today we are talking, tomorrow we could be dead.”

I'd visited CPSJA over the years, but I'd never ventured far into the Serranía. The 2008 expedition was not only to commemorate the massacre but to accompany ten displaced families finally returning to their abandoned homes. About ten years earlier, they escaped the fighting there and settled in San José de Apartadó. With their return, which CPSJA had been working on for almost six months, they proclaimed they did not intend to remain among the more than three million internally displaced Colombians who had been fleeing their homes since 1985.

Five years later, on February 8, 2013, in this very same place, on my fifth pilgrimage toward the hamlet of Mulatos in the Serranía de Abibe, I found a sign that read: "Welcome to the village of Peace Luis Eduardo Guerra. A Neutral Zone." This time I found a cleared pasture land with several wooden buildings, including some houses, a school, a community kitchen and a library, where CPSJA housed publications about its history and development. It was such a contrast from my previous trip, in which the lone chapel stood surrounded by a forest that was beginning to be cut down, but still invaded the houses that had been abandoned in 2000. This place of devastation and death was returning to life. The altar commemorating the deaths seemed to be a central axis from which new life projects were being started, projects that had been interrupted by the violence. Nevertheless, while we were talking with some of the local peasants in information sessions after the ceremony celebrating the return of the displaced families, strange new groups began to appear in the zone. And there were new threats—even today when Colombia is celebrating the ceasefire between the government and guerilla groups. The reports of paramilitary threats against the Peace Community and its leaders still continue.

This lived experience and many more I have seen in my close work with the CPSJA, together with the vast phenomenon of displaced Colombians, have inspired my research agenda in recent years. I wanted to understand how two very different but related developments



Opposite page: This is a depiction of the massacre at la Unión by local artist Brígida Gonzales. The Spanish wording says, "We are never going to forget."

Above: The Altar in Resbalosa, a site of commemoration for the massacre there.



Below: A sign displays the village's internal rules and regulations and emphasizes its commitment to non-violence.

had been able to come to fruition: the approval of the 1997 Law 387, which created a normative and legal framework to protect internally displaced Colombians, and the creation of the CPSJA on March 23, 1997. My aim was to grasp the specific context of a situation, a point in time and place, which contained the multiple and complex conditions that made these two events possible. The first event, the law and the treatment of displaced people, exists within the wider context of human rights, humanitarianism and the rights of refugees that have led to the founding of the Red Cross in the 19th century, the Nuremberg Trials in the 20th century and the creation of institutions such as the UN High Commission for Refugees

(ACNUR) after World War II. The second case, the emergence of CPSJA, is connected to a long tradition of peasant groups in Colombia, struggling to obtain their territories and autonomy, influenced by radical religious strategies and development projects as well as wide networks of international solidarity.

Thanks to the confluence of diverse factors, on March 23, 1997, some 400 displaced families gathered together in the school in San José de Apartadó to form a "peace community" that defended the right of the civilian population to opt out of "a war that belongs to others." The families signed a declaration that spelled out the rules of conduct for people joining the community. In a rebellious and antagonis-



A welcome sign to the peace village

tic spirit, the community rejected the government's paternalistic right to administer and regulate these marginal populations; they said no to central control exercised through various initiatives in contemporary Colombia, such as passing laws, establishing parks and memory commissions, making plans for land consolidation, and efforts to transform the victim into a useful and productive subject. But in rejecting these well-meaning government initiatives the community members also rejected leaving their homes to later find themselves displaced and wandering in the labyrinths of humanitarian bureaucracy in the big cities. They stressed the classic distinction between combatants and non-combatants, so fundamental to modern legal rights in war zones, and they also determined the kind of economic, political and social organization that would govern life in the CPSJA. In other words, they articulated a hybrid conception of humanitarian law and the moral worlds of the peasant.

Today, in San José(cito) or Little San José, located less than a mile from San José de Apartadó, the place where the Peace Community moved to after the 2005 massacre when it rejected the presence of a police station in the town, large, highly visible posters inform visitors that they are about to enter "private property." These posters also proclaim some of the founding principles of the Peace Community of San José de Apartadó, including the group's ban on giving any information to any armed actors. The signs also inform about collective work groups and communitarian days, and define the settlement as a "non-combatant peasant population."

A rustic gate and these posters clearly separate CPSJA from "the outside world" and constitute a "different space." From the hallways of some of the houses in San José(cito) closest to the highway that leads to San José, one can see curious folk looking at the posters and the flags, the white jeeps and the two tall blond volunteers who live just inside the gates. Some armed actors suspect that the separation is for the purpose of concealing something, maybe arms or even soldiers from one side or another. Various government commissions have refused to enter the settlement without armed bodyguards because they fear what might happen there.

Without a doubt, the development projects initiated as a result of the approval of Law 387, together with the humanitarian aid offered to the displaced populations, contrast jarringly with the attitude of people who return to their communities on their own and the "communitarian economies" set up through work groups, communitarian days and the collective benefits of the CPSJA. The tension between the offers of help and preference for self-help brings up several questions. How can we evaluate the CPSJA's refusal to have people flee to cities and wait in line for humanitarian kits? How do we assess the fact that some peasants in "the best corner of South America" have set up a space of their own through creative connections and widespread networks that support the existence of a "non-combatant peasant community" in the midst of an armed conflict? What should we think about the community's unwillingness to form part of the "administrative consensus" of a probable post-conflict scenario in Colombia?

I'd say that it was fitting that precisely here, in the "best corner of South America," a complex arrangement arose in stark contrast to the treatment of internally displaced people under the 1997 Law 387. That is, the experience of San José de Apartadó gives us an example of a complex and multidimensional variety of solutions that go beyond the framework established by "a good government" and "state responsibility" that controls,

directs and designs a great portion of the humanitarian and human rights operations in Colombia. The CPSJA, although it continues to interact with the state bureaucracy, is generating alternatives to serve "the suffering stranger," in accordance with the Geneva Convention, liberation theology and the traditional peasant struggle in Colombia. In a complex environment filled with friction and tensions, the Community has been able to construct an autonomous space, always threatened, that confronts the desires of the state and the (para)states to either massacre, displace or help the population. At the same time, through great effort, the Community is building "a communitarian economy" with the benefits fairly distributed among its people. The CPSJA is bravely affirming a space of difference derived from a particular conception of what it means to be "human," a difference that springs from the way people relate to one another, a way in which the dead like Luis Eduardo Guerra do not disappear from their lives after burial, but continue to participate in daily life and with great models for mobilization.

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This article contains fragments previously published in Juan Ricardo Aparicio's 2012 Rumores, residuos y Estado en 'la mejor esquina de Sudamérica': una cartografía de lo humanitario en Colombia, and the author's 2015 article "El Retorno a Mulatos y la Comunidad de Paz de San José de Apartadó." Antípoda, No. 21, pp. 73-95.

La Espina A Self-built Medellín Neighborhood and Its Lessons

BY JOTA SAMPER AND TAMERA MARKO

THE TWO OF US, LEADING AN EMERSON

College international program, had just finished three weeks of round-the-clock work making a short documentary film with community members in Manantiales de Paz—Springs of Peace—a neighborhood founded by displaced persons in Medellín, Colombia. That's when Claudia called. She was distraught. She had *una espina*, a thorn, in her heart, she said. Very soon we were to learn why this seemingly small feeling would prompt community leaders to bring our years of work together to a halt. And do so in the name of local and global peace process.

Finishing up a summer session with Emerson College students to make the film, we were ready to present it to community residents and leaders for their final input. These leaders had founded Manantiales de Paz seven years ago, built the first homes and roads and sewage and household water channels with their own hands. They invited us and the students to document their neighborhood. They wanted to show residents and outsiders why and how a group of 14 families, originally displaced by violence from their hometowns across Colombia, founded this neighborhood. And explain what they need now to survive a sprawling urban growth and become an official (legal) part of the urban infrastructure around them. Located near the top ridge of the Andes Mountains between the cities of Medellín and Bello, Manantiales de Paz is now home to more than 3,000 residents.

Manantiales de Paz is an example of a larger condition of displacement in Colombia, a country with more than six million internally displaced people. Internal displacement means they were forced by violence to flee their hometowns, often with nothing more than what they could carry in their arms. For many that means clothes, a few supplies and photos in a satchel on their back and their children in their arms. Manantiales de Paz, where



Manantiales de Paz—Springs of Peace—was founded by displaced people in Medellín.

more than 80 percent of its population had been forced from their homes, now has a neighborhood center, a field for soccer and other sports; it also has a church, library, computer lab and community center that doubles as a soup kitchen and classroom.

Claudia's *espina* started after a potential donor spontaneously gave her a personal amount of cash. She was being accused of embezzlement and was calling us to help restore her good standing with the community. That past week, we had brought two prospective donors to the community kitchen, a brick room inside a maze of narrow mud-floor corridors where Claudia and other community leaders are struggling to feed children and elders. Community members explained to the donors their role in founding this informal settlement and how they continue living there after more than six successive evictions by police and local government agencies. They told the donors that the "paz" [peace] in the name of the settlement is meant to send a message: while violence forced them to begin building homes there as "squatters," they are not at war, and even though in the beginning government forces razed their homes several times, they had nowhere else to go and so continued to rebuild there, and in the process, to raise white flags in peace.

Claudia wanted the two of us to explain to the rest of the community the context in which she had acquired funds to fix her house. While we were in shock being in this uncomfortable position of somehow contributing to a situation in which a community member would be inaccurately accused of embezzlement, we understood very clearly what was happening here. We, for years have been training our students on how to deal with the issue of donations to our community members, to make sure they do not create frictions between them. Our potential donor in his visit through the settlement had become emotionally attached to Claudia, a mother of three who lives in a flimsy shack in which torrential rains routinely cause her walls and roof to collapse. Claudia, years earlier, had led a group of women to found

and maintain another building, the community kitchen (non-funded at the time). She had secured a new space and was looking for resources to make the kitchen work again, meaning funding for food. Our potential donor had suddenly opened his wallet during our tour and asked Tamera, whom everyone knows as Tam, to translate for him; he wanted to give her that money to support her personal housing so she could continue her community work. This caused much gossip and accusations of embezzlement—and also for some community members who did not know us well to look at us, as film directors, urban planners and story tellers, with distrust.

So Claudia called for a community leader meeting to clear the air. The thorn had taken root in her heart and that of other community leaders. As Don Antonio, the community-elected president of the Neighborhood Association and founding member of Manantiales de Paz, later put it: "We have to remove this *espina* and do so lovingly. Otherwise, the thorns will take over our garden. Thorns will replace the flowers, that is *nuestra paz* we have worked so hard to build over the last seven years."



The process of removing "*la espina*."

THE MEETING

At daybreak on Monday, we began our journey up the mountain from Medellín to Manantiales de Paz: 40 minutes in two metro lines, then a metrocable (like an enclosed ski lift structure) a few thousand

feet up the Andes and then a 40-minute walk through other neighborhoods that had begun as informal settlements decades before, until we reach the end of the paved roads and thus the city limits and walk in mud to then climb a set of slippery steps the community members had built the height of a ten-story building. We arrived at Manantiales' official neighborhood public space, the central plaza. We walked through the labyrinth that leads to the *comedor* and found two other community members with Claudia, her eyes swollen and very red. It took more than two hours for all to arrive. The room was very tense. However, with each member who arrived, there were hugs, kisses and small talk. Don Antonio, a tall robust black man from Chocó on the Pacific coast, entered with a beautiful smile. He took his time saying hello to each of us, and then finally, sat at the table. He looked at the cookies we had brought, a small food item we always contributed to each of our meetings. Don Antonio ate one of them and made a facial expression as if they were made of heaven. The chatter became more intense as more people arrived. Finally, we began.

Silence filled the room. Claudia again in tears explained her case, mainly the story of how she received the donation and that she was very sorry. Each person gave his or her point of view regarding the donation and its subsequent use, and so did we. The somber mood began to give way—rapidly—as other members felt happy they were heard by everyone involved. We then moved to discussing how to resolve the conflict. They agreed that if someone gives one of them money for his or her own use, that this is acceptable and ethical. In the end, they expressed they were happy that Claudia had money to use for her house and that we had brought someone who would have donated something to a member of the community.

But other *espinas* remained. Another community leader, Ena, from Urabá, the banana growing region of Colombia, had worked with Claudia in the community kitchen. She runs a restaurant on the porch just outside her wood shack house, which is where the donor's gift took place.

Ena could not attend our first meeting because of a doctor's appointment. So the community leaders agreed we needed to meet again as a group to listen to Ena and then to collectively decide on a policy for money given by donors.



THE SECOND MEETING

We made the same 90-minute journey up the mountain to Manantiales de Paz early in the morning for the second meeting. The mood in the community kitchen, where the meeting was held, seemed tense. Small talk. Tearful red eyes among some. We waited. And waited.

Our students, heavy with camera equipment and suspense, were waiting outside in the plaza, kicking around a soccer ball with the children or sitting and waiting. Only the elders were allowed at this meeting. We were given word that the last founding community leader was still in the shower. So Tam asked if anyone knew any songs and would like to sing to pass the time. Were there any songs that made them happy? Songs of peace? Songs of pain? The room erupted in song. The group all began to clap and sing and stomp feet and laugh. A few women began shaking their hips in dance. The last community member arrived through the narrow door and burst into full-bellied serenade. He had dressed very carefully for this meeting, from newly dyed hair to shined black shoes. He sang four songs and when everyone had eaten a cookie and was smiling (though a few still had red eyes), Don Antonio opened the meeting.

This time, we listened to Ena discuss her *espina*. She sobbed about children not having enough to eat and how that broke

her heart. She cried as she said she just was confused about how the money Claudia received on her porch was being used. She thought it should have gone to the children's food and not Claudia's house. She agreed a private donation should be used for private use. But she was reluctant to believe that that particular donation was to be used as such. Everyone around the room spoke again about their interpretation of the funds. Once agreement about the funds was reached, another set of grievances emerged between the two women. This time it was about the fact that one had spoken badly about the other and the hurt feelings and distrust this had borne. The community leaders listened intently. Once the storm of words and tears between the two women began to subside, Don Antonio leaned forward, repeated slowly the policy regarding private donations that they had collectively decided. "Do I understand this correctly?" he asked. All nodded slowly, *si señor, yes*. Then he proposed a metaphor. He held up one hand and asked us, "How can one hand possibly clap?" Then he put his two hands gently together, almost as if in prayer, and began to slowly clap and said: "Together, we can bring happiness to the other. We have to join our hands. We have to be united in our community. If distrust comes between us, the community founders and leaders, if we as elders in our community do not model peace, our peace will be broken. We will break."

Tam then asked them, to close the meeting by telling the story about how they put up white flags outside their first *ranchitos*, makeshift shacks of wood pieces and plastic to show the government, police and military they were there in peace and to please not destroy their homes. Jota, one of the other project co-directors, had provided a few dollars in advance of the meeting for sheets of white paper. Each member at the table, including us as film directors, made white flags and wrote messages of love and peace on them.

Tam asked if they would like us to suspend filming until the process was finished. They all discussed it a moment and decided that no, we should continue our

film project. So, under the glaring tropical afternoon sun, hours since we entered the building under the cool blanket of fog, we told the waiting students they could resume their work. They began by coming into the community kitchen and filming us making white flags.

WHAT DOES LA ESPINA AS A PEACE PROCESS TEACH US?

This story of negotiating a misunderstanding among community members was a privileged opportunity to learn firsthand the way this group of men and women engage in conflict among themselves. They trusted us, outsiders with cameras, to witness and deeply engage in the intimate and private leadership process of maintaining peace under sometimes abject poverty and relentlessly consistent marginalized living conditions. Storms collapse their roofs, send rivers of contaminated sludge flowing through their homes, making the steep climb in and out of their neighborhood a toxic and dangerous drama of slipping and sliding through the wet earth. To maintain peace, they collectively repair each other's homes from storm-induced landslides as seriously as



they collectively remove an emotional *espina* and the ensuing misunderstandings and gossip. This negotiation helped us, as filmmakers and urban planners, to understand how Manantiales de Paz, as a group of people and as a neighborhood, has been able to survive in the context of three critical conditions that are negotiated by residents in informal communities throughout Colombia and the world.

(1) Displacement and informal settlements

Desplazados are forced to find housing through informal channels which puts them again at high risk. Displaced by war, these population groups seek to rebuild their lives in places that do not suffer armed conflict. They usually try to move where they have local connections or potential for employment. Major cities often offer these social networks and employment. The large population of displaced people present problems for cities with increasingly scarce urban resources, thus creating tension between community settlement residents and government actors and the general population in the formal city. This tension tends to increase as the population of the informal settlement increases.

(2) The challenges of self-governance.

Founding an informal settlement is an exercise of collective action to acquire land and subsequent self-governance. Communities that succeed in this collective action are defenseless and resourceless from the official state. Yet, the *desplazados'* organizational capacity is fundamental to stand against state and private actors who have legal rights over the territories that these communities occupy. This capacity is further challenged as their population grows, its needs diversify and problem-solving decisions become harder to make and enact.

(3) Living amidst violence

One emerging actor now challenging the supremacy of the founding governance group are armed groups, first in the form of local gangs and later organized crime franchises. Thus, the larger danger for these communities comes from within. Gangs, a product of the diversification of organizations, present the greatest challenges for the development of these communities. In the absence of an effective state, which in most cases opposes the *desplazados'* claim on the land, even razing their homes to the ground over and over again, community members must find their own ways to



Discussing conflicts.

Desplazados are forced to find housing through informal channels which puts them again at high risk.

negotiate and deal with these armed actors that challenge the rule of the state.

Manantiales de Paz is dealing with all of these conditions. This *espina* story, as simple as it sounds, taught us many profound things about the hope and resilience of this community not just as an idea, but as a sophisticated strategic process that navigates peace across diverse geographical, cultural, racial and gendered identities among community residents. Doing all this through tears, singing, stories, hugs and even systemic hunger is a kind of miracle. But it is a strategic skilled miracle that community leaders in Manantiales de Paz repeat every day and have done so for the last seven years.

In a context of a national effort for a peace agreement that would open a window to the end of the suffering of millions of displaced populations in Colombia, this particular moment taught us that those who have lost the most and continue to suffer the most can teach us the most on how Colombia can achieve and sustain peace.

This was the first time that we had been working in the same community

with the same leaders for three years in a row and thus understood more deeply the problems caused by our very presence, even (or especially) when contributing through donations of money, time and film, to the self-defined needs of the community. This was the deepest trust we had experienced between us and the community members. We realized that it is not only our final product (film, urban plan, a community center, a grant proposal) that is an alternative peace-making force. Our *process* must also be an alternative peace-making force. Because by telling the story we become part of the story and its outcome. Only now that we have learned about thorns (*espinas*) and how the leaders in Manantiales de Paz remove them, is it possible to truly revise this film into a story the community leaders will identify as what they desire and need. Only now can we as filmmakers and urban planners more deeply understand the nuances of the everyday peace process enough to attempt a narrative bridge between here and there, that is from Manantiales de Paz to local and outside audiences.

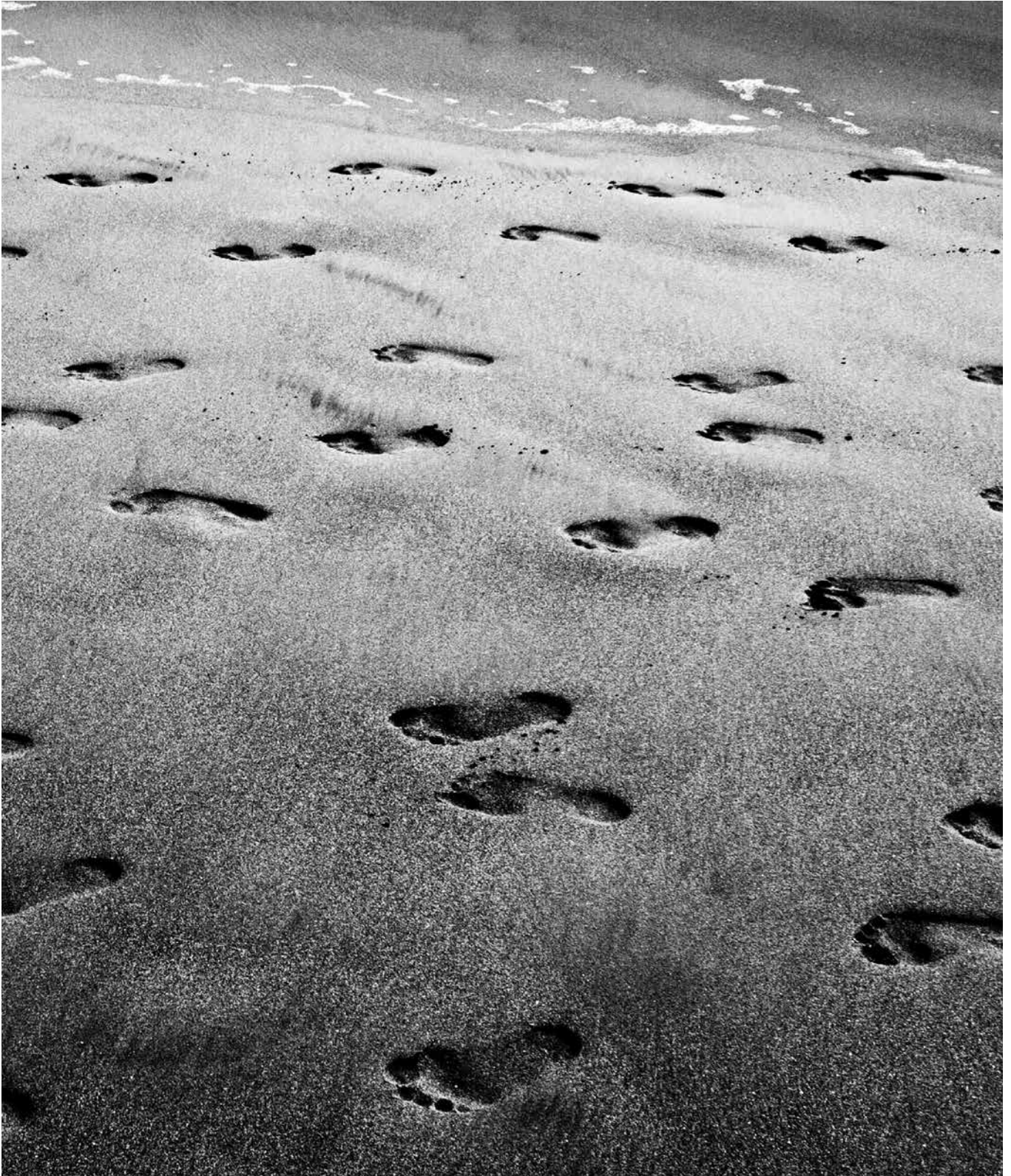
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Together with communications designer and documentary filmmaker Ryan Catalani, they founded and co-direct a nonprofit that collaborates with artists, researchers, educators and community members throughout the Americas to document and circulate solutions to environmental and humanitarian crises. The documentary video, academic articles and photographs about Manantiales de Paz can be found on their website:

<http://www.mobilitymovilidad.org>

FORCED FROM HOME



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A Search for Food Sovereignty

Seeding Post-Conflict Landscapes **BY KARL S. ZIMMERER**



Seed networks have enabled the return to home in Peru's post-conflict landscapes.

DISPLACED PERSONS IN POST-CONFLICT SOCIETIES throughout Central and South America have been finding an unusual source of support: seed networks of food-growers who seek to strengthen agricultural projects and urban gardens.

These seed networks have operated successfully to strengthen independent food production, known as food sovereignty, in other parts of the world. For example, the 15th Garden, a Syrian-European network, supports the seed networks to provide food in war-torn Syria. The seeds can be regrown in the future, both amid the current conflict and eventually in the post-conflict phase. Food-growers then can continue to obtain the needed seeds through their own cultivation as well as personal exchanges and local markets. Displaced Syrians are also active in the 15th Garden seed networks. Rwanda, Sierra Leone, and Liberia offer other well-known examples where vigorous networks have been integral to the seeding of post-conflict landscapes.

The role of robust farmer-managed seed networks is similarly vital to Latin American countries though generally less

acknowledged as an integral part of post-conflict recovery. My GeoSyntheSES lab group (<http://zimmerergeosyntheses.psu.edu/>) is studying and supporting these seed networks through collaborations with Bioversity International and other agencies on our field-based research projects in Nicaragua, Peru, Colombia and Mexico. Recently one of the lab's post-docs, Steve Vanek, compiled the latest census data to gauge the share of seed coming from farmer-managed sources, referred to as the informal seed sector. In the countries where we're working, our findings show it is robust in various post-conflict and conflict regions, with the informal seed sector supplying slightly less than one half to upwards of three-quarters of the farmers.

Smallholder farmers, those with the most restricted land areas in each country, are the most reliant on the informal seed sector. According to our new estimates, more than 90 percent of this land-poor group today depends on the use of informally sourced seed. Region-wide, the smallholder population numbers as many as 50 million families in Latin

America and includes many indigenous and peasant families. Given its widespread importance, how has the informal seed sector operated in post-conflict contexts in Latin America as well as amid active political and military violence?

Nicaragua and Peru offer useful illustrations of the post-conflict seeding of fields and gardens. Seeds have played a pivotal role in the winding path of agrarian development and recent changes following the Nicaraguan peace accords in the early 1990s. The country's informal seed system, which is estimated to supply 83 percent of food-growers, has been reinvigorated through the strong cooperative and fair trade movements. Farmer-managed seed and food sovereignty are also part of Nicaragua's current goal of social inclusion in sustainable agrarian development. The accessibility of its informal seed sector is integral to programs supporting poorer women smallholders who farm in marginal growing sites across rural and urban fringe areas.

The seeding of post-conflict landscapes in Peru began amid the weakening Shining Path insurgency in the mid- and late 1990s. During its early stage immediately after 1980, the Shining Path insurgency is said to have been sympathetic to the needs of poor peasant and indigenous farmers in the countryside. Within a few years, however, the heightened conflicts of these farmers with the increasingly violent insurgents and the abuses of Peru's government security forces led to a precipitous and protracted agrarian decline.

At least 250,000 persons were displaced from their homes in Peru, many of them farmers. The majority relocated to the shantytowns of major cities in the Andes and on the Pacific coast, with some eventually returning to rural areas and villages. Food-growers procured new seed in various ways. The informal sector (currently estimated at almost half



Choosing bean seed in a post-conflict landscape.

of all Peruvian farmers) figured prominently amongst the seed sources for the displaced populations. The sources were both local as well as long-distance since procurement through social networks and local markets can take place at distances of 30 to 60 miles or more from the recipients' homes. The seeding of post-conflict landscapes occurred also in Peru's shantytowns, since small fields and gardens abound in these extensive urban fringes.

Colombia offers one of the largest prospects for seeding post-conflict landscapes in Latin America. Many of the nearly seven million persons displaced by violence in Colombia are from rural and peri-urban areas where food-growing was a prominent activity. The most extensive mass displacement events that occurred in 2014 were located in such places in

Nariño (Tumaco), Valle del Cauca, Cauca, Norte de Santander and Chocó. A majority of these displaced persons in Colombia undertake some food-growing and would like to be able to expand and make more consistent these activities. To do so will rely heavily on seed from local markets and their social networks.

The informal seed sector is already active in Colombia in sites of displacement distinguished by the weaker presence of civil society, government institutions and infrastructure. International and national non-profit organizations, such as the Red de Semillas Libres (Network of Free Seeds), are seeking to address the burgeoning need for locally available, affordable, and well-suited seeds for food-growing. They anticipate this need will increase severalfold in Colombia if poorer citizens are to be success-

ful in returning to their lands following potential peace accords. Such efforts also underscore the hotly contested question of the future viability of Colombia's still dynamic informal seed sector that is currently used countrywide by 54 percent of all farmers. Proponents worry how well it will fare amid unfolding new trade legislation and land grabs. Seed aid experts such as Shawn McGuire at the UN's Food and Agriculture Organization also point out that poorly designed post-conflict agricultural assistance can actually weaken the existing informal, farmer-managed systems.

The informal seed sector of Mexico is estimated to serve 45 percent of the country's farmers. This percentage underscores its dynamism in the country's current conflict landscapes that are being assessed by GeoSyntheSES lab



Choosing seed more securely in remote places.

member Gabriel Tamariz. Poorer persons in central and western Mexico rely heavily on these local seed sources, as the previous infrastructure in rural areas and in small towns and cities has eroded as a consequence of violence.

Resilience of the informal seed sector has served as a much-needed resource to Mexico's small-scale food-growers. It was already crucial in the 1990s when international trade agreements resulted in economic shocks across the Mexican countryside and to the agricultural sector in particular. Flooding of the international and national markets with inexpensive maize led many smallholders to concentrate on local markets, a process that has been termed re-localization.

Migration from small towns and vil-

lages throughout Mexico has reinforced this re-localization strategy. Additional income helps to enable continued small-scale farming and local seed use. At the same time, the role of local seed has also been elevated in other ways. The Zapatista movement strongly backs the saving and exchange of seed in Chiapas landscapes as part of everyday food sovereignty practices.

"I have great faith in a seed. Convince me that you have a seed there, and I am prepared to expect wonders," wrote Henry David Thoreau in his essay "The Dispersions of Seeds." Good-quality, accessible, farmer-managed seed is needed to strengthen food-producing capacity and civil society in post-conflict landscapes as well as in spaces of ongoing conflicts.

These seeds are well-matched to the portfolio of existing foodways and livelihood capacities, and they contribute to the regeneration of the biodiversity of crops.

The vibrancy of local seed systems, powerful food preferences and agrobiodiversity resilience raise hopes about the chance of strengthening food supplies during periods of turbulent conflicts and improving food sovereignty in post-conflict landscapes. Nor are these hopes confined to local communities or even to national boundaries. International networks and institutions are vitally important, both in promoting farmer-managed seed and in addressing conflict and post-conflict situations.

As Thoreau noted, convincing is needed about the viability of seed. Seed aid can provide a stop-gap measure under dire circumstances, but on the heels of this immediate relief should come the strengthening of the informal seed sector. Farmer seed networks and local seed markets need to be recognized as pillars of food-growing whether amid persistent conflicts or post-conflict development. They require supportive policies and programs such as seed vouchers, fairs for exchanges, and scientific and technical collaborations. The seeding of post-conflict landscapes is integral to the social and ecological sustainability of both food-growing and human rights in these geographic spaces.

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Colombia's Other Displacements

Mining and Energy Projects **BY AVIVA CHOMSKY**

OF COURSE, I KNEW ABOUT COLOMBIA'S SAD statistics on displacement, with the highest numbers in Latin America and vying with those of war-torn countries like Sudan and now Syria. I also knew that most of those displaced in Colombia were victims of the decades-long armed conflict and its hyper-militarization—and increasing U.S. involvement—in the 1990s and 2000s. My first personal experience of a displaced community was in Tabaco, an Afro-Colombian village of about 700 people near the Venezuelan border on the northern coast of Colombia. I had heard about Tabaco earlier, but I learned a lot more in 2006, when José Julio Pérez, a leader of the displaced villagers, came to Salem. He wanted to see for himself the power plant that burned coal from the mine that had destroyed his village. Tabaco's story was different from many of Colombia's war stories—though not unrelated.

The armed conflict that displaces people in Colombia is in many ways a struggle over land. Peasant communities have stood in the way of ranchers, and in the way of local and U.S. investors seeking to build plantation economies based on production of bananas and oil-producing African palm. In a parallel, illegal economy, drug traffickers have sought to control lands used to grow the coca leaf used to produce cocaine. But as we can see in the case of Tabaco, it's not only the illegal economy or the armed conflict that displaces people.

Coal is Colombia's second-largest export (after oil), and one that has developed rapidly in recent decades. Most of Colombia's coal is located in the north, and is mined by major multinationals based in the United States, Canada, and Europe. The technique used is open-pit or strip mining, meaning that to get at the coal under the ground, huge territories have to be blasted and dug up with



Bulldozers prepare the terrain for the mine.

Despite laws that look progressive on paper, the rights of indigenous and Afro-Colombian communities to have a voice in their own futures continue to be subordinated to the “rights” of multinationals to make a profit—and the “right” of first world consumers to cheap energy.

massive machinery—and the rural populations living in these territories have to be removed.

Tabaco is only one of dozens of rural villages in the coal mining region that have been displaced, are in the process of displacement, or are severely affected by the industry and have been forced to leave their territory even without being officially or violently displaced. Official displacement follows a Colombian legal procedure called “expropriation” by which the government approves or even participates in the removal of people and

the destruction of villages in the interest of economic development projects. It's a little bit like eminent domain laws in the United States, which allow the government to infringe on private property rights in order to build roads or other public projects. Except that in Colombia, the state removes people by force, and the beneficiaries are foreign-owned multinationals and consumers in the United States, Canada and Europe, whose access to unlimited cheap energy depends upon multinationals' ability to displace communities like Tabaco. In fact, when

state and company security forces arrived in Tabaco to drag the remaining residents from their homes and bulldoze the village on August 9, 2001, two Massachusetts power plants, in Salem and Brayton Point, were major importers of Colombian coal. Today Tabaco has been swallowed by the coal mine, and its inhabitants scattered in marginal, informal neighborhoods on the outskirts of local towns.

Most of those forcibly displaced in Colombia are Afro-Colombian and indigenous peoples. The colonies and independent countries of the Americas were built upon the displacement of their ancestors. For centuries governments have violated the sovereignty and land rights of indigenous peoples. Finally after World War II international organizations began to address these violations, and created a body of international law requiring states to recognize at least certain minimal rights for populations belonging to the “fourth world”—indigenous and other ethnic minority populations that have been historically exterminated, exploited, marginalized, and excluded from the process of state formation.

The centerpiece of this international law lies in two different agencies: the International Labour Organization (ILO) and the United Nations (UN). The ILO, formed in the aftermath of World War I, turned its attention to Indigenous populations as it sought to protect the rights of native workers in Europe’s colonies. With decolonization after World War II, legal scholar Luis Rodríguez-Piñero explains, the ILO understood “the persistent existence of indigenous peoples within postcolonial states as a ‘problem’ inherited from colonialism” and in 1957 passed ILO Convention 107, “Convention Concerning the Protection and Integration of Indigenous and Other Tribal and Semi-Tribal Populations in Independent Countries.” As its title suggests, ILO 107 incorporated a paternalistic perspective inherited from colonialism, viewing the “integration” of indigenous peoples as its goal and calling upon governments to create policies for their “social, economic

and cultural development.” For several decades, ILO 107 remained the only significant international law concerning indigenous peoples.

As indigenous peoples and organizations pressed for self-determination, sovereignty, autonomy, and for their right to determine their own priorities and futures beyond assimilation, they challenged the notion of “development” imposed on them from outside. Indigenous demands for a voice in the kinds of development projects they wanted were incorporated into a new ILO Convention, ILO 169, the Indigenous and Tribal Peoples

Tabaco is only one of dozens of rural villages in the coal mining region that have been displaced, are in the process of displacement, or are severely affected by the industry and have been forced to leave their territory even without being officially or violently displaced.

Convention of 1989.

ILO 169 acknowledged the right of indigenous peoples to “decide their own priorities for the process of development as it affects their lives, beliefs, institutions and spiritual well-being and the lands they occupy or otherwise use, and to exercise control, to the extent possible, over their own economic, social and cultural development. In addition, they shall participate in the formulation, implementation and evaluation of plans and programmes for national and regional development which may affect them directly.” Thus ILO 169 emphasized the right of Indigenous peoples to set their own development goals.

Furthermore, in Article 15, the Convention accorded indigenous peoples special rights with respect to natural resources. Governments are required to consult with native inhabitants prior to implementing extractive projects in their territories, and “the peoples concerned shall wherever possible participate in the benefits of such activities, and shall receive fair compensation for any damages which they may sustain as a result of such activities.”

The language used in the Convention, as in any law, is very important. ILO 169 states that Indigenous peoples can “decide” their priorities—but it does not say that states have to respect their decisions. It says that states must allow indigenous communities to “exercise control *to the extent possible*” over their development—but it allows states to decide what extent is, in fact, “possible.” It mandates that states allow indigenous peoples to “participate” in decisions about the use of resources in their territories, that states must “consult” with them before undertaking resource exploitation in their lands, and that “wherever possible” they should “participate in the benefits of such activities.” Thus ILO 169 still allows states the ultimate decision-making power over all resource extraction.

The United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples (UNDRIP) of 2007 used much stronger language. According to the UNDRIP, “Indigenous peoples have the right to determine and develop priorities and strategies for the development or use of their lands or territories and other resources.” Furthermore, “States shall consult and cooperate in good faith with the indigenous peoples concerned through their own representative institutions in order to obtain their *free and informed consent prior to the approval of any project affecting their lands or territories and other resources*, particularly in connection with the development, utilization or exploitation of mineral, water or other resources” (emphasis added). The last provision has been abbreviated to “free, prior, and informed consent” or FPIC—emphasizing that according to the UNDRIP, it’s the

Indigenous communities, not the state, that have the last word. If communities do not consent, the development projects must not be implemented.

Colombia, like most other Latin American countries, quickly ratified ILO Convention 169; Colombia went beyond other Latin American countries in incorporating its ideals in its 1991 Constitution, and by codifying its ratification in Law 21 of 1991 that made the convention's provisions law in Colombia. Furthermore, Colombia extended these provisions to Afro-Colombian communities like Tabaco. Colombia abstained in the 2007 UN vote on the UNDRIP, but declared its support in 2009. The United States, in contrast, has not ratified ILO 169 and was one of only four countries—the others being Canada, Australia, and New Zealand—that voted against the UNDRIP.

Although the UNDRIP contains much stronger language in favor of Indigenous rights than does ILO 169, it shares with ILO 169 an assumption that the exploitation of mineral resources is carried out by governments, with a general aim of the public good. Thus governments should engage in dialogue with Indigenous communities in order to incorporate their needs and perspectives as they develop these projects.

Most mining projects, though, in Colombia and elsewhere in the world, are developed by foreign multinationals, not by governments. National “development” goals take a back seat to corporate profit and maximizing shareholder value. Moreover, many of these projects—like the coal mines in Colombia—operate in remote regions with little state presence to begin with. As they have for over a century, multinationals establish company towns and take on many state roles—but they privilege their own private, rather than any public, interest. When states do invest in these areas, it is often to fulfill company needs. Since the 19th century, Latin American states have built roads and railroads, for example, to service export economies that primarily benefit landed elites and foreign investors.



Village girls await the mine.

ILO 169 and the UNDRIP assume that states will carry out prior consultations with indigenous communities to work together to mutually agree upon development goals and projects. Instead, in northern Colombia as in many other mining regions, multinationals draw up their own projects, then carry out pro forma “consultations” that degenerate into haggling over details about displacement, rather than productive discussions about what kind of economic development Indigenous communities want. In the case of Tabaco in 2001—which preceded the adoption of the UNDRIP, but should have been bound by the terms of ILO 169 and Colombia’s 1991 Constitution—no prior consultation took place. Now, under pressure from local communities, international organizations and the Colombian government, the mining company has begun to carry out what it calls “prior consultations”—but which consist primarily of informing communities of its expansion plans, and “negotiating” the logistical details of their displacement. If communities refuse to come to agreement with the company and voluntarily displace themselves, the riot squads and the bulldozers are brought in, as they were in Tabaco on August 9, 2001, and again in the small village of Roche on February 24, 2016.

Despite laws that look progressive on paper, the rights of indigenous and Afro-Colombian communities to have a voice in their own futures continue to be subordinated to the “rights” of multinationals to make a profit—and the “right” of first world consumers to cheap energy.

Displaced Tabaco resident Samuel Arregocés, who has continued to lead the community’s still-unsuccessful fight for relocation, recently pleaded for international support. “We are communities that have been suffering for thirty years from the impact of what they call ‘development,’ but which for us are thirty years of suffering, thirty years of pain, and thirty years of uprooting from our communities.” The peace accords signed by the Colombian government and the FARC in the summer of 2016 may bring an end to the armed conflict, but the struggle over land in Colombia, and over who will benefit from economic development, is far from over.

Aviva Chomsky is Professor of History and Coordinator of Latin American Studies at Salem State University. Her recent books include Undocumented: How Immigration Became Illegal and Linked Labor Histories: New England, Colombia, and the Making of a Global Working Class.

Indigenous Displacement in Southern Chile

Building Bridges of Peace Through Education Exchange

BY DANIEL CANO AND CRISTÓBAL MADERO



During the final celebration of Kuykuitin, teachers distribute native trees to the hosts Mapuche families and the principals of the schools.

IN THE DAWN OF JANUARY 4, 2013, Werner Luchsinger, 75, and his wife Vivianne Mackay, 69, a couple who farmed in the Araucanía region of southern Chile, were burned alive inside their home. Mapuche communal landowners had set the house afire in an attempt to threaten the couple and force them to abandon their property. The arson attack marked a turning point in the so-called “Chilean-Mapuche conflict.” The protests of the Mapuche indigenous people displaced from their ancestral lands—a struggle the indigenous people call anti-colonial and anti-capitalist—were now radicalizing. That same night, the Chilean intelligence service arrested the alleged arsonist, Celestino Córdoba, the spiritual leader of the Mapuche community. Young indig-

enous activists faced escalating persecution by the police; the most well known are the murders of Alex Lemún on November 12, 2002, and Matías Catrileo on January 3, 2008.

The conflict between the Mapuche people and the Chilean state goes back to the 19th century with the so-called “Pacification—Occupation—of the Araucanía” (1883) through which the Chilean Army conquered the Mapuche territory, seizing 90% of the indigenous territory and displacing the Mapuches to reservations. After the military defeat, the Mapuches were left with only about a million acres out of the more than 12 million acres of their land. This forced displacement condemned the Mapuche people to live in poverty and socially on the margins.

To the present day in the Araucanía region, the Mapuche have the highest rates of poverty, unemployment, domestic violence and illiteracy in Chile. The territories that were taken away from them now belong to lumber companies that have made huge profits for decades, and those profits do nothing to ease the economic and social conditions of the displaced Mapuche people. On the contrary, the activities of these lumber companies have caused irreparable damages to the local ecosystem, aggravating even more the marginality of the region's indigenous families. At the same time, agricultural colonizers who benefited from the Mapuche's loss of territory by taking over large swaths of farmland have contributed to the radicalization of the century-long conflict.

In his 2015 end-of-mission statement Philip Alston, then-UN Special Rapporteur on extreme poverty and human rights, declared that indigenous rights are the “Achilles’ heel of Chile’s human rights record in 21st century” (<http://panorama.ridh.org/onu-los-derechos-de-los-indigenas-son-el-talon-de-aquiles-de-chile/>). This situation has led to almost daily armed conflict between Mapuche activists and the special police forces. The “Luchsinger case,” nevertheless, stands out because the way in which the elderly couple perished touched an emotional nerve in the Chilean society, especially because the couple had close ties to elite circles in Santiago.

It was in this context that we (Cristóbal and Daniel), Chilean doctoral students living in San Francisco and Washington DC, decided to enter a UC Berkeley “Big Idea” competition to create a project that would focus on reconciliation in a country divided in regards to its indigenous population. We imagined a program

that would mitigate violence and eventually resolve the Chilean-Mapuche conflict through the fields of education, history and media. We were both convinced that the scarcity and poor quality of information in the media concerning the violence in the Araucanía were one of the principle causes of the conflict, especially because some owners of communications media also owned lumber firms in Mapuche territory. We firmly believed that the Chilean society should begin to educate itself interculturally to reach an understanding of the historical roots of the armed struggle of the indigenous people displaced by lumber companies and large farming estates.

The project brings a group of history teachers from elite private schools to experience Mapuche communities in conflict with the Chilean state. That is, it takes the teachers to a heavily militarized zone stigmatized by the violent “terrorist” acts of some Mapuche groups. The idea is to bring together two worlds totally unknown to each other and whose perceptions and opinions have been fed by the distorted images constructed by the media. Our hypothesis is simple. When people meet face-to-face, eat together and look into each other’s eyes, they listen with respect as they exchange their life stories. Prejudices and fear begin to dissolve, opening up a space for the creation of more fraternal relations that can lead to the reconstruction of the social fabric damaged by years of violence. This is how our *Kuykuitin* project began—named after a word in the Mapuche language that means “building bridges.”

We chose Tirúa as the place to begin the project. The coastal zone of Araucanía is heavily populated by displaced Mapuche communities and is considered a focal point of “indigenous terrorism.” We both were quite familiar with the area. As a Chilean Jesuit, Cristóbal had an institutional link with the territory where the Jesuits were active and directed aid programs for the Mapuche communities. Daniel had first come to the area more than ten years ago as a student volunteer in the Jesuit cooperation pro-

grams. Thus, Tirúa was a community we knew and that knew us. This shared history helped make people more willing to open their doors and accept these visiting teachers from Santiago. Nevertheless, the process of acceptance was long and complex. As victims of territorial displacement, state repression, stigma and discrimination, the Mapuche communities of Tirúa were quite wary about sharing their personal and community histories with the visitors. There were more than enough reasons for the understandable defensiveness and extreme caution. Community leaders, school directors, municipal officials and Mapuche family members with whom we collaborated would comment, “People always come from outside to study us and do their research, but they don’t give anything in return” or “If you come here to learn from us, what are we going to learn from you?” However, once we all sat down at the same table, we expressed our concerns and our desire to work together to construct ways in which Mapuche and non-indigenous Chileans could better understand each other. Stereotypes and prejudices began to disappear and expressions of lack of confidence were replaced by others of

mutual interest such as “good, and now that we have welcomed you here in our communities in Tirúa, when are you going to invite us to your schools there in Santiago?” or “I’m not going to go to Santiago even if you force me to because it’s very dangerous there and people get attacked in the street.” And during our conversation, at that very instant, military helicopters flew over us looking for Mapuche activists hiding in the forests of Tirúa and the surrounding area. Nervous laughter broke out among the attendees.

After eating breakfast with their indigenous host families every morning, the teachers from Santiago would set off on foot or in a school wagon to the rural Mapuche schools to learn about the way in which Chilean history and Mapuche culture were taught in that context of violence. One of the teachers recalls that “the first day we arrived at the school in Tirúa we were quite surprised. Used to controlling and planning efficiently in our schools in the capital, we had to adapt and surrender to the new reality of the rural Mapuche school. We felt cultural barriers and resistance by both the teachers and the traditional rural educators. They were full of prejudice against



The door of the local school.



Teachers from Santiago interact with the Mapuche community.

Community leaders, school directors, municipal officials and Mapuche family members with whom we collaborated would comment, “People always come from outside to study us and do their research, but they don’t give anything in return” or “If you come here to learn from us, what are we going to learn from you?”

us, but that prejudice dissipated as the days went on. However, they ended up opening up their classes to us with the realization that we were not there to evaluate or to experiment. We just wanted to share as equals.”

In the afternoon, activities took place outside the schools. One of the teachers observed that getting to know different people from the community was an enriching experience. She recounted an intercultural event with traditional educators and Mapuche officials from the

Center of Family Health; Mayor Adolfo Millabur (the first Mapuche mayor) and town officials. The group also met with the director of the Mapuche Museum of Cañete, Juanita Paillalef, the Mapuche poet Leonel Lienlaf, Jesuit priests and indigenous weavers from the Relmu Witral, Tirúa’s women’s handicrafts cooperative. “All of them and their distinct visions, together with those of our family hosts, gave us a broad understanding of the complexity of the so-called Mapuche conflict that our country is experiencing

today,” the teacher observed. “The experience also helped us to understand the importance of our role as educators and our responsibility in changing the biased attitude of many of our students towards the Mapuche people.”

At the end of the exchange, the teachers got together to evaluate the project and to discuss future possibilities for similar programs like this one. One of the teachers commented, “It was very worthwhile to share and reflect every day on the week’s experiences. None of us could be indifferent to this immersion. It has left a profound mark. It is important for professors to get out of the classroom, to have experiences beyond book learning. Several weeks have gone by since we came back and we have shared the experience with our schools—school officials, colleagues and students—and we feel very optimistic about the idea of being a bridge for peace. We feel the responsibility of supporting these communities that we have got to know personally in some way or other. To support them from the stance of admiration and respect that we feel for their necessities, experiences and community life values.”

Two additional projects are underway in an exchange between Santiago schools and those of Tirúa. But it is now indigenous school communities who “visit” their counterparts in Santiago with the goal of constructing bridges of peace between Chilean society and displaced Mapuche communities.

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Flight, Exile and Identity

An Overview of Peru's Displaced Thousands **BY IVAN RAMÍREZ ZAPATA**

THE NEWSPAPERS WONDERED WHERE the thousands had come from. How we had done it. And the radio asked as well, and the television sent cameras, and little by little we told our story. But not all of it. We saved much for ourselves, like the words of the songs we sang, or the content of our prayers. One day, the government decided to count us, but it didn't take long before someone decided the task was impossible, and so new maps were drawn, and on the empty space that had existed on the northeastern edge of the city, the

cartographers now wrote The Thousands. And we liked the name because numbers are all we ever had.

—"The Thousands," Daniel Alarcón

Teresa lives in Ate, a working-class district in Lima. Until 1984, she resided in a rural community in the department of Ayacucho. That year, the terrorist organization Shining Path killed her father-in-law, one of the community's wealthiest cattle farmers, right before her eyes. After that, she was constantly anxious and stressed, a

condition that still affects her health. She feels that people like her have not received much compensation for their suffering, adding, "I go here and there with my testimony, but what have we achieved? I haven't achieved anything."

Teresa is one of the thousands of people displaced by Peru's internal armed conflict from 1980 to 2000, a conflict involving the subversive organizations Shining Path and the Revolutionary Movement Túpac Amaru, the Armed Forces and Police, and peasant and Amazonian self-defense units.



A group of displaced people going to a neighborhood twenty minutes away must pass through land strewn with garbage.



Displaced people attend a congressional hearing on internal displacement in 2012.

The Peruvian Truth and Reconciliation Commission (CVR), which began its work in June 2001, estimated 70,000 dead, 40,000 orphans, and more than 20,000 widows as a result of the internal conflict.

Some 430,000 to 600,000 people were thought to have been displaced from their homes during that period. Displacement caused the greatest impact from the war in terms of numbers, but it also was one of the least visible. Thus, it is difficult to place it on the postwar agenda and use it to characterize people's identities—"displaced persons" instead of "internal migrants."

THE INVISIBILITY OF DISPLACEMENT

It took Teresa quite a while to think of herself as displaced. She recounts that "It wasn't until the gentlemen from reparations, from the NGOs, came to talk that

Given that civil society puts emphasis on prosecuting human rights abuses, and displacement cannot be prosecuted, the result is that displacement is seldom at the top of the agenda of human rights groups.

I realized that we were displaced people." Since 2005, Peru has had a national policy of reparations for those who suffered damage and abuses during the armed conflict. This led to institutionalization that, among other things, has adopted the language of human rights and has set up a formal scheme of determining who was affected by the civil conflict—including victims of displacement. Like Teresa, many people "have learned" they were displaced

through contacts with some organization and the discourse of reparations based on human rights and the kind of harm people suffered.

Kevin, a community leader of displaced people in Puno, has a similar story. He began to identify as a displaced person when he encountered the word "displaced" in the 1993 law that created the Program of Support for Repopulation (PAR). He realized that the new regulations provided support

for people like him. In fact, displacement was one of the themes related to the conflict that initially received official attention. During the decade of the 90s, to talk about displacement was, for the most part, to talk about “return.” That is, state policy was to try to get displaced people back to their communities of origin in the context of a general strategy of pacification and reconstruction. About half of the country’s internally displaced people did return to their communities, but it is estimated that only 21,000 returned with the help of PAR. After about ten years, PAR was consolidated into the Ministry of Women and Vulnerable Populations (MIMP) with fewer resources and reduced capacity.

These bureaucratic contexts are fundamental for mobilizing around the issue of displacement and closely related to the work of the institutions that define and regulate the concept of internally displaced persons, establishing a series of protocols to identify and provide service to them. In the quote at the beginning of this text, the narrative voice assumes the identity of someone who fled because of the war, though not as “displaced,” but more concretely as one of “the thousands,” whose massiveness is an observable characteristic. Because an individual is part of a floating population that doesn’t belong to any state or civil entity that might offer some type of assistance, the word “displaced” is meaningless outside the official contexts. Thus, many displaced people go on with their lives without assimilating their experience in these terms.

Related to this invisibility is the difficulty of gathering statistics about displaced peoples. As Marc Vincent points out in the book *Caught Between Borders* (2001), one of the obstacles in counting displaced persons has to do with the “unseen displaced persons,” that is, those who have not entered into contact with humanitarian or rescue institutions—which usually obtain the first information about displacement. These displaced people mingle with the urban population or simply prefer to remain anonymous. Thus, the National Registry of Displaced Persons, set up in 2006 under MIMP responsibility, has

some 60,000 people registered to date, a figure much smaller than the 430,000 to 600,000 estimated displaced persons, and remains small even if we don’t count the 215,000 to 300,000 displaced persons who may have returned to their home communities. It is quite likely that part of the discrepancy can be attributed to unseen displaced persons who have not had contact with the discourses of reparations or human rights.

DISPLACED PERSONS AND VICTIMS

This invisibility has a particularly crucial subjective aspect within Peru’s post-conflict context.

“The difference is that they are displaced and I am a victim; I am the one who was affected; my parents were killed. Displaced people have not lost anything; they have left their things behind; they have left in fear. I, on the other hand, have lost everything. [They killed] my parents; they burned down my house, everything. So I am a victim,” says Julia. She arrived in Lima in the early 80s after surviving an attack by the Shining Path against her village in Ayacucho. Julia considers herself both a victim and a displaced person. The conjunction “and” is important. Many others displaced by the conflict did not lose close family members. According to Julia, the mere fact of being displaced does not make one a victim.

This distinction is not in accordance with the main discourse of attention and reparation for those affected by the armed conflict, which considers displaced people “direct victims,” a condition equal to those who have suffered torture or rape or whose family members had been killed or disappeared. That is, while the official discourse sees all of these categories as “direct victims,” people in their daily reality do not see it the same way.

It is not only Julia who explicitly makes a distinction of this type. Such feelings do not come out of a vacuum. In Peru, as in many other countries, it has been difficult to fit displacement in the same category as victimization. The CVR final report is an example of this. Volume VI of the report

has a long section about internal displacement. The section mentions that displacement comes about “as a direct reaction to specific violations of basic rights,” such as “murders, torture, cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment, violence against women, kidnappings, arbitrary detentions, expropriations and destruction of property.” This phrasing suggests that displacement in and of itself is not a particular violation of a right, at least not in the sense of the other enumerated crimes.

The CVR report also points out that normally “the causes of displacement cannot be attributed to a specific event,” which distinguishes it from other forms of abuse. Indeed, in cases such as torture, rape or forced disappearance, there has to be an aggressor who performs a concrete act of violence against a body. These concrete actions can even later be judged in court. It is not possible, on the other hand, to prosecute cases of displacement in Peru (a few countries do permit this; Peru does not). Thus, victims have more channels than displaced people through which to seek justice.

Moreover, this complexity corresponds to what happens in civil society. Given that civil society puts emphasis on prosecuting human rights abuses, and displacement cannot be prosecuted, the result is that displacement is seldom at the top of the agenda of human rights groups. The CVR and human rights groups pay less attention to displacement because it does not fall neatly within the traditional agenda of denunciations and protection of human rights, even though the CVR does categorize displaced people—at least technically—as “direct victims.” Thus, this agenda has successfully incorporated as “victims” people who suffered torture, rape, forced disappearance, among other crimes, but has been unable to do the same with displaced persons, at least to the same degree as these violations. In this way, the idea that separates victims from displaced persons is an unintentional result of the principal discourses about the conflict and postconflict in the framework of human rights and transitional justice.

Another complication lies in determin-

ing what the difference is between displaced persons and the rest of the population living in situations of poverty and vulnerability. The difference exists: displaced persons have experienced flight and survival in the context of armed violence. But that difference cannot be seen. In the mid-90s, a mission from the International Council of Voluntary Agencies warned that a dramatic corollary of displacement is poverty. Almost twenty years later, Mexican researcher Javier Lozano Martínez asked in his 2014 book *Desplazados por violencia en asentamientos humanos de Huanta y Lima, Perú* (Persons Displaced by Violence in Human Settlements in Huanta and Lima, Peru) how many of the poor people living in these cities were displaced people that no one had registered as such. That is, poverty is visible; displacement is not.

DISPLACEMENT AS AN EXPERIENCE

In the decade of 2000, especially after the CVR report, the emphasis on displacement shifted away from return to the com-

munities. To talk about displaced people now is to talk of those who did not return. Moreover, several official documents stress that the programs of reparations and attention are targeting the non-returnee displaced population. This focus is somewhat arbitrary, for reasons we do not have the space to discuss here. It's enough to say that at the level of international discussion, return does not constitute the end of the condition of being displaced.

What is certain about the condition of displacement is that it is a concrete experience of flight and exile that has a lasting, specific impact on subjectivity, regardless of the difficulty of identifying as a displaced person and figuring in official statistics. Displacement, in its most tragic form, means an interruption of life plans and an undesired loss of the world that made up one's previous life. Teófilo, a national leader of displaced people, recalls how after he was displaced, "I was really angry because I had left my crops; I had left my family; I had left my political work, everything." Yes, these things

can eventually be recuperated, but the time consumed and the effort spent in recuperating all that was lost because of injustice cannot even begin to be compensated. César, for example, a displaced resident in the district of Lurigancho-Chosica in Lima Province, cannot pardon the necessity of flight from his community, leaving behind his younger brothers and sisters. They all survived, but the years lost in separation stamped his memory with guilt and grief.

A popular saying affirms that the loss of a dear one can never be recovered. This pain is especially sharp for those who have lost family because of the armed conflict. Many of the people who were displaced did not lose family members, but it is worthwhile asking if there is also something in the nature of displacement that cannot be recovered. The testimonies in the previous paragraph suggest that is true, but the uniqueness of the experience of being displaced complicates the possibility of imagining this loss and expressing it.

The displacement of thousands of Peruvians is talked about little or not at all today. While in Colombia it is a theme of public relevance, in Peru it is only a footnote or a small chapter in the post-CVR agenda. Social scientists are also not interested in further investigations of this theme. Displaced people today are not neglected. The state has incorporated them in its formal code of laws. Whether this incorporation is satisfactory or not is a matter for another conversation, which must be held, but keeps being pushed aside. Thus, symbolic displacement has been added to geographic displacement: displaced from the community, academic debate and the public discourse.

Ivan Ramírez Zapata is an anthropologist at the Universidad Nacional Mayor de San Marcos and a member of the Study Workshop on Memory. He was part of the curatorial team that put together the permanent exhibit of the Place of Memory, Tolerance and Social Inclusion.



Two displaced community leaders on the road in Santa Cruz de Cajamarquilla.

CENTRAL AMERICA AND MEXICO



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¡CHINGA LA MIGRA! ☸

NO MAS
MUERTES!

Pain on the Border

Fieldnotes from a Migrant Aid Center in Nogales, Mexico **BY IEVA JUSIONYTE**

NOT A SINGLE SEAT IS LEFT IN THE HUMBLE dining hall decorated with murals of *campesinos* harvesting corn in the fields. Above rows of wooden tables ceiling fans spin frantically, failing to disperse hot summer air. Except when they raise their hands to ask for more “*agua*”—a muddy brownish drink of water with oatmeal—the men eat their breakfast quietly. There are women too, but they sit at a separate table in the back, where the image on the wall portrays Jesus and the Apostles at the Last Supper. Some are here with children. At least one is pregnant. Today’s meal consists of eggs with spinach, rice and beans. Visible through the gap under the tin roof covering this soup kitchen is a green sign with an arrow announcing FRONTERA USA.

This *comedor* was started by the Missionary Sisters of the Eucharist before it

field research for my new book about emergency responders along the U.S.-Mexico border; I volunteered as a paramedic with the Nogales Suburban Fire District and with the Tucson Samaritans. The Samaritans, appalled by the militarization of the border and the suffering of migrants it has caused, have been going out into the desert to look for those who may be hurt. They leave bottled water on popular trails in remote canyons. They roam the desert in SUVs carrying first-aid kits. They install crosses at death sites. They pick up the trash—empty cans and wrapping paper discarded by those forced to travel light. They collect socks and blankets for the shelters in Mexico. Taking turns with the volunteers from No More Deaths, another humanitarian organization committed to stopping the deaths and abuse of migrants in south-

they carry backpacks, their jeans and tennis shoes are better suited for a walk in a city park than a strenuous hike across the hostile terrain of the U.S.-Mexico borderlands, where everyone and everything conspires to kill trespassers: a blister or a sprained ankle could be a death sentence if the injured can’t walk fast to keep up with the group or if the guide decides to abandon them. More than 2,500 human remains have been found in southern Arizona since 2001. Dehydration and heat-stroke are common culprits. Nature here is incompatible with human life.

Many already know about the mortal dangers awaiting migrants in the desert. They also know about the cages mounted on the beds of the Border Patrol trucks, custom-made to be uncomfortable—during rough rides on unpaved roads the captives bang their heads into the roof. Transparent bags with their names and their meager belongings that some deportees have brought to the *comedor* are tokens of their encounter with *la migra*, a reminder of their time in detention. Between July 2014 and March 2015 more than one-third of the 7,500 migrants who participated in the survey at the *comedor* reported abuse or mistreatment by U.S. authorities, including inhumane detention conditions, verbal abuse, racial slurs, physical assaults. When they are apprehended and deported, migrants are frequently separated from immediate family members and travel companions. Left without anyone they can trust, they are more susceptible to attacks and robbery in Mexico.

Here at the *comedor*, the heat is already suffocating at nine o’clock in the morning. Sarah and I sit by the shelf with medical supplies. Tags on transparent plastic boxes identify the contents: “feet,” “wounds,” “pain,” “skin,” “allergies,” “blood pressure,” “diabetes,” “stomach,” “eyes,” “gauze,” “ointments.” Sarah is training

The government also deployed state-of-the-art technology to detect trespassing: from ground sensors to stadium-style lighting to integrated surveillance towers and drones.

became part of the Kino Border Initiative, a binational humanitarian effort named after a Jesuit who spent his life in the Sonoran Desert before a Mexico and a United States—and a boundary between them—even existed. Twice a day, with the help of volunteers, the nuns prepare hot meals to migrants who have been deported and separated from their families as well as those who are en route to *el norte*, fleeing violence, economic turmoil and natural disasters. The *comedor* is where the displaced meet. Last year alone the sisters served more than 42,000 meals.

The *comedor* is more than a soup kitchen. I first came to this aid center for migrants in June 2015. While doing

ern Arizona, they bring cell phones to the *comedor* so that migrants and deportees could call family members in the United States or in Latin America, free of charge. Samaritan nurses and doctors, mostly retired, provide medical aid to the sick and injured. That’s how I got involved. This was my first day.

Some of the people at the *comedor* have spent weeks or even months traveling north on foot, by bus and on top of notorious crowded freight trains—there are good reasons why they call them *la Bestia* (the beast). They came from central and southern Mexico, Honduras and other parts of Latin America. This is their last rest stop before they try to cross. Though



Protesters at a binational rally against border militarization organized by SOA Watch in Nogales, Sonora and Nogales, Arizona (October 8, 2016); rescuers from Nogales Fire Department helping a woman who fell off the border wall, fracturing her legs (May 18, 2015).

to be a nurse. She does not speak Spanish. Some deportees talk to us in English, but I conduct patient interviews with the rest in Spanish and translate. We clean infected wounds and advise how to treat blisters. We send most people away with a few doses of ibuprofen and over-the-counter cold remedies. It's as much as we can do, even though we know that pills,

cough drops, ointments and gauze only deal with signs and symptoms. Since we can't treat the political and economic conditions that have forced people to leave their home and put them in harm's way, we can only supply a temporary medical solution to cover up injuries of violent displacements.

A young man leans towards me and

talks in a hushed voice. He shows me a bottle with prescription medications. "I have HIV," he says. The pills are antiretrovirals. Since he does not have a local address in Nogales, the doctors at the hospital could only give him one month's supply. In Acapulco, Guerrero, where he is from, four *encapuchados* (men wearing masks) forced his father into a car and decapitated him. He is not going back. One of the volunteers is going to help him file for asylum.

A former military man from Central America complains of lingering pain in his feet. He jumped off the train when the *pandilleros*—gang members—tried to rob him and injured both legs. He never saw a doctor. He says he can manage the lingering pain with pills, and he is not giving up on his plan to cross the border. In the military, he tells us, he learned how to navigate the desert, how to use a compass. He is sure he can make it. We give him ibuprofen.

A young woman is two months pregnant. Three days ago she tried to climb the border fence separating Nogales, Sonora, from Nogales, Arizona, when she fell down. "It was just a meter and a half," she explains why she did not go to the hospital. But yesterday she started having a pain in her lower back. We encourage her to see a doctor. She asks for medication. We double-check the instructions: ibuprofen, which is all we have, is not recommended during the last trimester of pregnancy; consultation with a health professional is advised for use earlier in the pregnancy. But she doesn't want to hear about going to the hospital or seeing a doctor. "Take one or two every six hours. Don't take more than six in twenty-four hours," I explain, as Sarah pours a handful of red tablets into a small plastic box. I read and translate the warnings on the label, and she nods.

A young man just deported from the United States has a sore throat. But we are distracted by the bones in his forearm—they are dislocated and sticking out at the wrist. He tells us he broke his arm when he fell off the fence. He is from Monterrey but chose to cross in Arizona

and not in Texas, because of the cartels. The Border Patrol found him and he was flown by helicopter to Tucson, he says. He shows us a piece of paper with a prescription for ibuprofen from one of the hospitals up there. His family lives in Washington, D.C.

Another man complains of toothache. He lived in Phoenix for nearly thirty years until one day he was caught driving without a license, spent three months in detention, and was deported. "I have nothing in this country," he says about Mexico. His wife and children live in Arizona. He is waiting for a friend who expects to be deported to Nogales in the next few days. They will cross back together. He can't go through the desert, he explains, because of hypertension. But his buddy knows the way through Ciudad Juárez. I give him ibuprofen. "This will numb your teeth," Sarah says as she hands him a tube of Orajel.

A young Salvadoran is feeling dizzy. I invite him to sit down, wrap the cuff around his left arm and measure his blood pressure. He was in a hospital twenty days ago, where he received IV fluids. He shows us a prescription with the Red Cross logo which contains a list of medications for an intestinal infection. He says he had been walking for weeks and had nothing to eat for at least two days. We have no glucometer to check for hypoglycemia. We worry about electrolyte imbalances and anemia. One of the volunteers agrees to take him to the hospital. While he waits for the ride, he sips an electrolyte solution.

Security build-up on the border began in 1994, when the U.S. Border Patrol adopted a policing strategy they called "prevention through deterrence." In towns adjacent to the international boundary, such as Nogales, El Paso and Tijuana, the height of the fence and the number of agents dramatically increased. The government also deployed state-of-the-art technology to detect trespassing: from ground sensors to stadium-style lighting to integrated surveillance towers and drones. Despite continuing protests in local communities, all roads leading away



Migrants eating hot meals at the *comedor* in Nogales, Sonora.

from the border have permanent checkpoints, where federal agents inspect vehicles for "illegal aliens" and illicit drugs. Instead of stopping unauthorized migration this strategy created a funnel effect, as migrants began crossing far from hyper-policed urban areas. In the desert, where the reach of the law (and cell phone signals) is weak or absent, they have been subject to assaults and extortion by criminals and left at the mercy of deadly temperatures. Those who make it across—after three, four, five days of walking in the desert—can be so severely dehydrated that their kidneys and other organs shut off.

No wonder that such security measures made travelling back and forth too risky. Undocumented seasonal workers, who used to come to the United States to find temporary employment in agriculture, construction industry or domestic services and then return home, were trapped. Afraid that they would not be able to cross again, they stayed and saved money to pay the coyotes to bring their spouses and children across the border. Compared to previous decades, many migrants traveling through Mexico on their way to the United States today are women and children. Some of them are off to *el norte* to join their husbands and fathers, who had already found a niche in the undocumented workforce. But not everyone has time to prepare for the perilous journey. Those in a hurry, most of

them young, are fleeing gangs that have instilled fear and unleashed violence destroying their communities. The *hondureños*, their urban styles setting them apart from the rural folks in the *comedor*, are on the run for their lives. A small group of them is getting ready to cross later today.

Two men approach Sarah and me as we are sorting the medical supplies before we leave:

"Can you give us some pill that would help us walk?" one asks.

"There is no magic pill," I tell them. I explain that they have to drink water, that headaches are caused by dehydration and that drinking enough water will prevent them. I also instruct the men to drink clean water because the water from the cattle tanks will make them sick. They listen, even though we all know that it is impossible to carry out my advice. To survive in the Sonoran Desert an average person needs to drink more than a gallon of water a day—that's more than migrants can carry for a trip that takes at least three times longer.

I give them several tablets of ibuprofen for minor aches and pains. As I glance at the nearly empty bottle in my hand, I am relieved that no more patients are waiting to see us.

By now most of the migrants have left. Many are on their way to the offices of the local Grupo Beta, a government service dedicated to assisting migrants in Mexico; there, they can take a shower and get help finding shelter. We will probably not see them again when we return to the *comedor* next week—others will take their seats at the long tables, eat a warm meal, call their relatives, swallow some pills to cope with pain and be on their way out. Recycling displaced lives.

Ieva Jusionyte is Assistant Professor of Anthropology and Social Studies at Harvard University. She is working on a book titled *Threshold: Emergency and Rescue on the U.S.-Mexico Border*. Field research for her project was funded by the National Science Foundation and the Wenner-Gren Foundation.

Displacement on the Border

The Tale of Guadalupe

A PHOTOESSAY BY LORNE MATALON

GUADALUPE, CHIHUAHUA — A SHADOWY MIX OF actors preparing for the start of oil and gas production has spurred large-scale land displacement here, allege hundreds of current and former residents of the Valley of Juárez. The case has spawned mass applications for political asylum in the United States. The Valley of Juárez hugs the United States-Mexico border southeast of Ciudad Juárez, Chihuahua and El Paso, Texas. Though the area is known principally for agriculture, Mexico's state-owned energy agency Pemex has drilled exploratory wells in the region, and pipelines, a major highway and other infrastructure to support energy production are either planned or under construction. Several valley towns are now near empty, including Guadalupe, where the Mexican army now patrols a practically abandoned town.

The story is unfolding as the city of Juárez actively promotes tourism, celebrating crime rates that have declined since the zenith of a drug war in 2010 and accomplishments such as hosting Pope Francis in February 2016. In a bilateral nod to the valley's economic promise, a state-of-the-art border crossing linking Guadalupe with Tornillo, Texas, was inaugurated by Mexican President Enrique Peña Nieto and U.S. Secretary of Homeland Security Jeh Johnson in 2016.

Real estate in this sepia-toned, hard-scrabble slice of the borderlands has become valuable. The valley is littered with stories about terrorized people fleeing. Guadalupe is eight miles by curving road from the U.S. border across from Tornillo, Texas, but a world away in terms of security. According to the Mexican census, nearly 10,000 people lived here

in 2005. By 2010, that figure had fallen to approximately 6,500. Guadalupe's mayor, who declined to be interviewed for this story, claimed in local media that approximately 1,000 residents remain in 2016.

Physical evidence in Guadalupe suggests that someone doesn't want people here. Charred or completely burnt houses and shuttered stores line the streets. Pockmarked and shattered windows are everywhere. Very few people are out walking or driving.

"The government sends people here to pressure landowners to get out of here, to say, 'Go away, we don't want you here,'" said one resident of Guadalupe who, like others here, asked not to be identified for fear of retribution. Chihuahua's government denied that allegation.

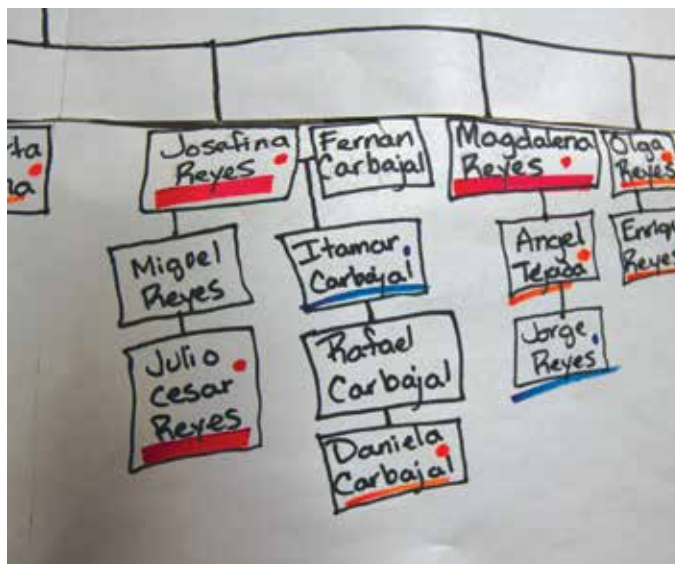
Analysts suggest buyers are arriving because the area shares geological characteristics with the Permian Basin of Texas and New Mexico, the highest-producing oil field in the United States. "Obviously this land is being re-consolidated in the hands of a few," said Tony Payan, director of Rice University's Mexico Center in Houston. "Many of these politicians will have interests in the shale development in the future and will likely get ahold of that land no matter what."

The government's narrative is that Mexican soldiers were sent here to root out organized crime in a prime smuggling corridor to the United States and that the violence is generated by competing cartels. But residents said they believe soldiers are working with organized crime, charging that no activity, legal or otherwise, takes place without tacit government sanction. "This valley is a lawless place," another man stated. "It's the





From far left, clockwise: A burned home in Guadalupe, Chihuahua. Homes and businesses that lie in the path of proposed infrastructure development in the Valley of Juárez have been targets of arson; shattered glass marks the entrance to an abandoned dance hall in Guadalupe, Chihuahua.



Miguel Murgia's wife was taken from a family gathering in Guadalupe four years ago. Murgia theorizes criminals were after his nephew who was related to a human rights activist. Both Murgia's wife and nephew are unaccounted for. He is in the United States while his application for asylum is considered.

A family chart of the Josefina Reyes Salazar family. Josefina Reyes, a human rights activist, was murdered near Ciudad Juárez in 2010. Red under a name means a Reyes relative has been murdered. Blue indicates an asylum seeker; When former Chihuahua Governor César Duarte visited in 2015, the mayor ordered that vandalized homes on the main street be painted festive colors. One man said the paint is a metaphor for a smokescreen meant to cover up what residents allege has happened here.

sad truth.” And when landowners leave and default on property taxes, the state can legally seize their land. After that, the government can legally sell the land to private interests.

Mexican authorities cited in media reports say at least three hundred people have been killed in Guadalupe since 2008—mayors, police, city councilors, business owners and human rights activists. People are learning hard lessons about real estate.

“You know the rule. Location, location, location,” said Julián Cardona, a Mexican photographer based in Ciudad Juárez. He described a slow-motion depopulation that’s taken place over the course of several years. “Every time there was a killing, every time there was a burning house, residents said the soldiers were a block away,” Cardona recalled. “The soldiers didn’t stop the killers or the people burning the houses.” Others recount soldiers searching homes, purportedly for weapons, followed by the arrival of masked gunmen who then kill or terrorize members of the household.

Pipeline companies in Texas are historically granted the right of eminent domain, the legal right to seize private land because the transport of energy is deemed to be in the public interest. “In the United States, it’s a lawful eminent domain. In Mexico it’s outright violence,” said El Paso lawyer Carlos Spector. He represents approximately 600 former residents of Guadalupe now seeking asylum in the United States.

“Investors are getting very aggressive,” said Spector. “All they have to do is get a list from the mayor of a small town, who is under their control, as to who hasn’t paid the taxes. And if they can match up who hasn’t paid the taxes to where the gas and the freeway is coming, then you go after that property. It’s very, very scientific.”

People who remain in Guadalupe say former neighbors who have fled are frantically trying to sell their now-abandoned land through middlemen for cents on the dollar because they’re too frightened to even contemplate coming back.

FEAR IN THE JUÁREZ VALLEY: A CASE STUDY

Martín Huéramo, a former city councilor in Guadalupe now seeking asylum in the United States, told me in El Paso that he had received several threats.

Huéramo had opposed the mayor’s resolution that would allow the local government—rather than the state or federal government—to expropriate land to sell to energy speculators. The week after Huéramo was granted permission to enter the United States pending his asylum application, two women on the city council were killed. They had opposed the same resolution.

The year before, he told me two of his brothers-in-law were murdered. “Families in the Valley of Juárez have lost loved ones,” he said. “It’s a message saying they have to leave.”

Residents say the murder of human rights activist Josefina Reyes Salazar in 2010 made the valley feel even more dangerous. She was shot to death by a masked gunman soon after she claimed the military was involved in the killing of her son. Reyes Salazar’s brother, sister and a sister-in-law were murdered the next year. In total, six members of the family have been killed.

Gabriela Carballo, an art gallery administrator from Ciudad Juárez, compared opposition to pipelines in Guadalupe to the opposition by some Texas landowners and ranchers to the Trans Pecos Pipeline that will ferry natural gas from Texas into Mexico.

“As a Mexican I can say that we care as much about the environment as any one of these people that are fighting the Trans Pecos Pipeline,” said Carballo. But she said it’s difficult to take a stand under the actual or perceived threat of retribution. “If we speak out against it, we run the risk of our really extremely corrupt government murdering us,” she said.

There’s no way to verify such a claim. And Mexican officials are quick to refute them. “Violence is minimal right now and no one’s been affected by plans for pipelines,” said Arturo Llamas, a regulator of pipelines and energy infrastructure

in Chihuahua. Llamas, who is also the state’s liaison with Mexico’s federal energy agencies, said energy development in northern Chihuahua represented a boon for valley residents that will ultimately translate into lower electricity and gas-line costs.

“It will help the entire country, not just Chihuahua,” he said. He claimed to be focused on the valley. “It’s our responsibility to be sure laws are obeyed and that everything that must be done is done properly,” he said. He said he wanted anyone with a complaint to contact his office in Chihuahua City. But few people alleging harm are likely to approach a government they don’t trust.

“I think they [the residents] are now realizing the value of their land,” said Cardona, the Mexican photographer. “Violence is linked to displacement of their families.”

Cardona recalled a visit on June 24, 2015, when former Chihuahua Governor César Duarte made a brief stop in Guadalupe. “The governor visited Guadalupe and the mayor ordered the empty buildings and houses along the main avenue painted in bright colors; glowing yellow, green, blue, pink. The fact the houses were painted in bright colors is like a smokescreen of what’s really going on,” Cardona said.

As for Martín Huéramo, the former Guadalupe city councilor seeking asylum, he said he would have no issue with energy production or pipelines if they did not involve, in his words, people being forced out. He doesn’t believe government claims that laws are being adhered to.

Then unexpectedly, he said he believed one of the government’s claims. “The government says violence is down in the Valley of Juárez,” he said. “I believe it because there are no more people left to kill.”

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Fighting Displacement

The Popular Garifuna Hospital in Honduras

BY SUYAPA PORTILLO, PRISCILLA COBIAN, SONA PATEL AND LUTHER CASTILLO HARRY

THE LONELY ROAD LEADING TO THE COMMUNITY of Ciriboya, in the municipality of Iriona, Colón, is one of the poorly maintained routes of more than 45 neglected Garifuna communities throughout the northern coast of Honduras. Dirt paths with deep potholes lead to dwellings that lack electricity and potable water. The region's poor infrastructure is a consequence of historical exclusion and institutional discrimination against the Garifuna people. However, on the outskirts of Ciriboya, a bustling yellow two-story building—the Popular Garifuna Hospital—is a place of hope, change and safety for Garifuna communities that are under constant threat of displacement from their land: developers seek to build tourist destinations; agribusiness seeks to expand the African palm plantations; and young people keep leaving by constant (im)migration to nearby cities and the United States to find work, access to education and adequate healthcare. Limited access to healthcare has left the community members plagued by common preventable illnesses.

The Garifuna people are an Afro-indigenous community residing on the circum-Caribbean of Central America. They originally arrived in Honduras in 1797 after being deported by the British from the island of St. Vincent to quell their revolt on the island. Once in Roatan, Honduras, the Garifuna settled in small villages throughout the north coast, such as coastal Ciriboya, where they still maintain their language, cultural practices and spiritual beliefs. Ciriboya is a small hamlet nestled between rivers and the Caribbean Sea in the easternmost part of Colón, where most community members live off the sea by fishing and off the land, by cultivating plaintains and manioc (a tuber used to make cassave bread, a staple of Garifuna diet).



Scenes from the Popular Garifuna Hospital.

The Popular Garifuna Hospital was built *by* the community *for* the community. The Garifuna community, and especially its women leaders, have worked tirelessly to address the medical needs of people in various villages. Their efforts range from finding solutions to the limited access to healthcare in the poorest communities of northern Honduras, to creating the blueprints of the hospital, to mixing cement, laying brick and finding sufficient funding to serve every patient that comes through the doors for free, and in a culturally appropriate manner. Many of the hospital's doctors are Garifuna themselves, trained at Cuba's Latin American Medical School (ELAM). Stories of community members shed light on their healthcare system, the role of poverty in limiting access to healthcare, and the importance of the Popular Garifuna Hospital and the Garifuna doctors.

The first class of Garifuna doctors to

graduate from the ELAM collaborated with the local *patronatos* (elected officials in local towns), OFRANEH (an organization focused on the protection of ancestral lands) and women's collectives such as the Single Mothers Association and the Auxiliary Nurses Association. Strong women leaders, including Miriam Miranda of OFRANEH, Digna Bernárdez Sambula and Mirna Ruiz, and many community members worked on the development of a healthcare plan for the communities, creating a foundation, Luagu Hatuadi Waduheñu (For the health of our people). The foundation prioritized finding solutions to inadequate healthcare for the region's Afro-indigenous and indigenous communities and in 2007, with community input and women's leadership, managed to secure 120 scholarships to study at the ELAM. These were for all Hondurans, but also benefited Garifuna students. The foundation was essential to the effort to

build the hospital and staff it permanently with Garifuna and indigenous doctors and Garifuna-speaking staff. The Honduran Autonomous University (UNAH) had only graduated one Garifuna doctor since 1847; the Cuban program made all the difference.

Women are at the core of the Garifuna cosmovision. Their leadership in the community and within the family structure is critical to the wellbeing of the community. From the mid-20th century and onwards, Garifuna communities have been challenged by a long-standing emigration of male workers from the region in search of work and education, which has upset the social cultural balance and division of labor in the community. As Garifuna men move in a constant cycle of internal and international displacement, women and children stay behind.

The Single Mothers Association, formed to assist its members in vocational training and finding work, was fundamental to the construction of the hospital. Digna Bernárdez Sambula, an auxiliary nurse and self-taught midwife who is the president of the health volunteers and the Single Mothers Association in Ciriboya, remembers that the community turned out *en masse* to a meeting with Dr. Luther Castillo and other Garifuna ELAM students in a local church to form an executive board for the hospital project “with the strength of the community.” Evangelista López Calderón, the current *patronato* president member, observed, “because the hospital was built by the community, I joined and learned how to mix cement, and since we were all involved in the creation of the hospital we consider it ours.” This level of participation by the local community has generated collective pride and sense of ownership as well as a collective commitment to sustain the project. But women’s participation was critical. Dr. Suyapa Castillo, an ELAM graduate now working in Honduras, explains, “the Garifuna woman is fundamental; for example, if you come with a mission [or] objective and need the community to participate, the leader has to be, [is going to be] a woman.” Garifuna

communities from all over Honduras and the diaspora in the United States have contributed to keeping the hospital open and operational, a testament to Garifuna unity and transnationality, but also to women’s networks.

CHALLENGES TO HEALTHCARE IN NORTHEAST HONDURAS

In the easternmost villages, Garifuna people, especially women, children and the elderly, face huge barriers in gaining healthcare access. Dr. Suyapa Castillo tells of her own family experience, “I [have] always wanted to be a doctor. Because I’ve always [noticed the] necessity [of the] people. When I was little, when someone was sick my brother [and family members] had to go to Sangrelaya because it was the only health center that was nearby. Sometimes we would walk and other times we would ask a neighbors to lend us a horse to ride.” Previously, they had relied on traditional medicine and healing methods, passed down through generations, to treat their illnesses. Or they faced culturally incompetent care. The Honduran Ministry of Health does not provide well-funded clinics with a culturally aware staff. The poor are forced to travel very far to access public hospitals and facilities. Transportation is limited between the villages, and the nearest city, with one bus running out and another coming in, is a 13-hour bus ride from Ciriboya. Bernárdez Sambula also remembers that before the hospital was built, Garifuna people were forced to travel many hours by foot or horseback to see a doctor. Many community members report experiencing discrimination in treatment by non-Garifuna medical staff in public hospitals, who did not want to touch them because they were black. The other option, of visiting a doctor, was expensive. Community members went only when absolutely necessary, which meant people sought healthcare when they were walking a fine line between life and death.

The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention list perinatal conditions as one of the top causes of death in Honduras. Crucial prenatal care and ultra-

sound tests were not readily available to women in rural areas. According to local midwives like Bernárdez Sambula, most Garifuna women also prefer home births with traditional midwives, but if a birth was going to be complicated, the midwife would understandably advise going to nearest hospital because of the risk of death to both mother and child. When complications arose during childbirth, women would have to be taken there by hammock, sometimes up to 14 hours away.

The lack of state investment in the infrastructure as well as racism and anti-bilingualism in schools has led many Garifuna community members to migrate to larger cities and then to the United States. Most jobs are on African palm plantations, which require few workers and provide poor welfare for workers and their families, as they are not unionized, nor does the business give back to the local communities. Migration is often blamed for increases in HIV/AIDS rates, often associating Garifuna communities with the disease. Although both popular media and some scientific papers report a high level of HIV/AIDS for which there is often NGO funding, no scientific longitudinal study exists to determine its prevalence. At the same time the Garifuna community has a larger prevalence of upper respiratory illnesses related to cooking in smoky wooden stoves, as well as back problems from carrying large loads with firewood and vegetables from the fields. Water-borne illnesses such as diarrhea are common because of the lack of potable water. Preventable diseases have been overlooked, unfunded and often untreated.

AN ALTERNATIVE MODEL

The Popular Garifuna Hospital represents an alternative model of free preventative primary care by addressing preventable diseases at no cost to the patient: diabetes, high blood pressure, high cholesterol, diarrhea, respiratory illnesses and diseases related to poor water systems. This alternative model of healthcare is inspired by Cuba’s model of health-

care yet tailored to the specificity of Garifuna communities and the region. Now, local Garifuna and Cuban doctors who understand the community engage with its members to implement solutions and creative ways to access clean water and purify it by boiling it. The doctors follow up with home visits.

The Popular Garifuna Hospital also provides a safe place for women to give birth. With an observation room and ob-gyn consult, the hospital is key in bridging the gap between medical concerns and access to culturally appropriate healthcare. Women are able to receive prenatal care, including ultrasounds and other screenings, as well as postpartum care and care for their newborn. The hospital also provides healthcare, dental care and medication at no cost to the community members, and this year a new surgical unit was opened to provide free surgery.

Census-taking provides doctors with information about family members' medical histories and health needs, including information about living conditions, nutritional challenges and water availability for each household. ELAM Garifuna medical students participate in these census brigades during their breaks, and Cuban doctors rotating in the hospital and other communities keep up the census work during the school year. In this way, community members receive medical follow-up without the elderly or infirm having to walk very far to the hospital. One doctor explained how she and her colleagues undertook the process of completing the census: "We plan out who is going to visit whom, and since not everything is nearby, we plan who is close to whom, so that we can do the visits, and whom we need to visit [follow up on]. We check how many hypertensives there are, how many kids are nearby that I need to visit. I plan the census accordingly so that I can also do my family visits."

This healthcare model is also culturally appropriate, since doctors observe and respect traditional Garifuna medicine and spiritual practices. One Cuban doctor commented, "the dentist and I both have master's degrees in traditional medicine



Scenes from the Popular Garifuna Hospital.

and we use it a lot. Sometimes we have the problem of not knowing what the herb is called here but if I show it to them [or they show it to me], that breaks the barrier. Here they use traditional medicine a lot, and for years they have cured themselves with this natural medicine."

The Popular Garifuna Hospital differs from other Honduran hospitals, despite its economic hardships and lack of funding, because its staff is attentive to cultural norms. Its workers take into account community needs and provide screenings that address patients' behavior and nutrition, respecting cultural practices, saving lives, one household at a time, on a year-round basis.

WOMEN IN THE COMMUNITY

In Ciriboya and the nearby community of Iriona Viejo, women run social welfare as much as they run the planting of manioc and plantains for daily sustenance. Many did not have formal schooling beyond a primary education due to the lack of funds. Access to any education in the medical sciences or any other field was nearly impossible for members of an earlier generation unless they moved to the big cities of La Ceiba or Trujillo. Bernárdez Sambula, for example, had to abandon her nursing school studies for lack of money and the need to raise her children and take care of her ailing mother. Although she could not finish nursing school, the training enabled her to serve the community and to become the president of the regional Auxiliary Nurses Association. When she had the opportunity



to support the initiative to build the hospital, she committed to it, helping both in the physical labor of building it and as president of the *patronato*.

Since the 2009 *coup d'état* in Honduras, when the building was besieged by the military, the hospital has been under threat. The political situation since then has affected healthcare throughout the nation; most affected are the indigenous people, Afrodescendants, and rural communities. To none of them has the current conservative government committed any resources or increased access.

In the face of great hardships and callous neglect, as well as the ever-present danger of losing their lands to African palm growers or eco-tourism developers, Garifuna people, led by powerful women, recognize that working and organizing together can change their reality. The work of the hospital suggests that the solutions to fighting displacement can and must come from within the community, and that nation states have to work with community input and consent.

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Protecting Central American Families

Harvard Immigration and Refugee Clinic **BY MAGGIE MORGAN AND DEBRAH ANKER**

ALL MARIBEL HAD WANTED WAS TO WORK IN a beauty salon in her home country of Honduras, maybe one day doing well enough to open a salon of her own. Hair and nails, or maybe just nails since manicures are her specialty. Maribel (not her real name; all names in this article have been changed to protect confidentiality) dreamt of using the money to put her five-year-old daughter in a good school, and finally move into a two-bedroom apartment of their own, far from the cramped room they shared in the two-room shack in the slums of Tegucigalpa.

But the beauty shop she was working in had to close abruptly after gang members threatened to come shoot up the place with the owner inside. The owner's crime had been to refuse to pay a "war tax" to gang members who controlled her neighborhood. Now forced to look for work, Maribel was assaulted by gang members at gunpoint on her way to job interviews. She went to the police but they just ignored her, not even going through the motions of making a report. Maribel, fearing for her life, felt she had no choice but to flee Honduras with her young daughter.

Several years later, sitting almost 4,000 miles away in a legal office, on a gray day in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Maribel related her story to her attorney in preparation for her asylum hearing. She is one of many tens of thousands of Central American women and children who have fled to the United States since 2014, seeking safety from the unrelenting gang and gender-related violence roiling their home countries. Our attorneys and law students at the Harvard Immigration and Refugee Clinic (HIRC) represent Maribel and many clients with similar stories from this region.

HIRC, one of the first immigration and refugee clinics in the United States, has represented hundreds of immigrants



Celebrating an asylum victory at the Harvard Immigration and Refugee Clinic.

since its founding in 1984 by Deborah Anker, Nancy Kelly and John Willshire Carrera. In the 1980s, our clinic began representing many Central American asylum seekers who at that time were fleeing civil conflicts in El Salvador and Nicaragua. Now most of our Central American clients are from El Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras, small countries tucked into what is known as the "Northern Triangle." Asylum seekers from these countries alone now represent the majority of the clinic's total caseload.

Much of the recent violence is inflicted by the region's most powerful gangs, particularly MS-13 and Mara 18. Femicide by gangs has skyrocketed in recent years, according to news reports. Maribel's home country of Honduras currently has the world's highest murder rate. El Salvador is right on its heels, at number two (along with the world's highest rate of femicide). The large gangs control significant territory within and across borders and co-opt law enforcement through bribery and the threat of violence.

Domestic violence is another intractable problem with a staggering rate across the Northern Triangle region. Many women find that cultures of machismo and police indifference to violence against women make it safer to flee the country than risk retaliation by abusers for seeking government protection.

There is little that Northern Triangle residents can do to protect themselves from such pervasive violence within their countries. When our client, Lilian, a devout evangelical Christian, decided to preach to youth about the need to resist the gangs, MS-13 responded by threatening to kill her and her son. There was no use in even contacting the police because everyone knew the police were in the pockets of those same gang members.

Another client, Dilia, a young mother from El Salvador, went to the police after her brother was murdered by MS-13 gang members. The police did not follow up. A few days later, a man rode by on a motorcycle and told her he was going to kill her son because she "defied" the gang. He was not scared of the police but rather angry that she went against the gang's authority.

His language reflected a reality we see often in our gang-related cases: that calling the police to report a crime, an action that may strike some as unremarkable, can be perceived as a significant act of political resistance by the gangs of the Northern Triangle, one that earns the informant a *de facto* death sentence. The payments that Maribel's employer risked her life in opposing are labeled "war taxes" not by accident.

Our clients do not make their decisions to leave lightly. The journey from the Northern Triangle to the United States is dangerous, particularly for women. Up to 80 percent of women are sexually assaulted at some point of their

journey, according to human rights organizations. Cartels routinely kidnap and hold migrants for ransom; we represent a 21-year-old Salvadoran woman who, when fleeing abuse in El Salvador at age 17, was held for three days at gunpoint by gang members of Los Zetas in Mexico as a relative frantically tried to gather the \$2,000 necessary to release her.

And for children traveling without their parents, the perils are magnified. In 2014, international newspapers widely disseminated images of children clinging to the tops of freight trains christened with ominous names like *La Bestia* (“The Beast”), *el tren de la muerte* (“Death Train”) and *el tren de los desconocidos* (“The Train of the Unknowns”). Many of our clients get tears in their eyes even just remembering the trip across the border.

When Central American women and children reach the United States (they typically turn themselves over to border officials), they are often placed into holding cells known as *hieleras* (“iceboxes”), notorious for their extremely cold temperatures. Though these facilities are intended to be used for stays of a few hours, some of our clients have reported being there for as long as a few days, mothers and their children often forced to sleep on concrete floors or benches because cells don’t have beds.

Most urgent for recent arrivals is the need to avoid immediate deportation. Immigrants apprehended at the border have fewer due process rights than those already living in the United States. Individuals at the border who express a fear of returning to their home countries have the right to an interview to determine whether they have a “credible fear” of return. If they receive a positive decision, applicants can stay in the country while they apply for asylum or other relief. If not, they can be deported within days. Some are deported before they have a chance to present their stories to immigration officials. One estimate states that up to 50 percent of Central Americans deported in recent years may have had valid asylum claims.

In this early stage of immigration proceedings, legal representation is absolutely critical but dangerously scarce along the U.S./Mexico border. Since 2014, HIRC has collaborated with a number of non-profit organizations on legal and advocacy projects to help address this legal gap. We have saved individuals from imminent deportation by successfully requesting re-interviews of detainees when we learned that their credible fear interviews were improperly done or failed to reveal information vital to a potential asylum claim. HIRC attorneys Sabi Ardanian, Phil Torrey, Maggie Morgan, Nancy Kelly and John Willshire have all taken teams of law students to represent families held in detention centers in South Texas or to provide humanitarian relief to migrants attempting to cross hostile desert. Clinic staff have also written amicus briefs and expert affidavits to support federal litigation on behalf of Central American asylum applicants seeking full access to due process of law within detention facilities.

But the heart and soul of the Clinic’s mission is working with Boston-area asylum seekers. HIRC has two offices in the metropolitan area: one at Greater Boston Legal Services in Boston and the other on the campus of Harvard Law School in Cambridge. At both sites, HIRC’s clinical instructors supervise dozens of law students each year. Students spend hundreds of hours preparing asylum cases, which involve interviewing clients in detail about their lives, drafting legal affidavits and briefs, and preparing to advocate on their behalf before immigration judges and asylum officers.

In recent years (and for many years prior), HIRC students have successfully represented numerous Central American asylum seekers, including clients like Maribel, Delia and Lilian. Without decades-long advocacy by dedicated lawyers and activists at HIRC and elsewhere, these wins would not have been possible. HIRC’s John Willshire Carrera and Nancy Kelly have helped advance the rights of Northern Triangle asylum seekers through their years of commu-

nity-based advocacy in Massachusetts and several victories in appellate courts on behalf of Central American children and indigenous Guatemalans targeted by brutal state-sanctioned violence.

HIRC has played a longstanding role in the expansion of protections for asylum seekers fleeing gender-based violence, a major source of harm for many of our Northern Triangle clients. In the mid 1990s, HIRC worked with the U.S. government to issue historic gender asylum guidelines, which helped pave the way for greater protection from U.S. immigration tribunals for women fleeing gendered harms such as rape and domestic violence.

At the same time that HIRC advocated for regulatory and legislative recognition of gender-based asylum, we also worked to push the law forward through “bottom-up” advocacy. This advocacy has often taken the form of direct representation of women fleeing gendered violence, one case at a time. From the 1980s onward, HIRC successfully brought dozens of gender-related asylum claims before local asylum offices and immigration courts, years before higher courts had recognized the legitimacy of such claims. Decades of grassroots advocacy from organizations across the country paid off over time, particularly in 2014, when the Board of Immigration Appeals—an administrative tribunal which decides appeals from the lower immigration courts—finally recognized domestic violence as a basis for asylum in the precedential case, *Matter of A-R-C-G*. HIRC contributed an amicus brief for the case and continues to push for other legal precedent helpful to advancing gender protections within asylum law.

Many of our Central American clients who arrived in the United States in the summer of 2014 or soon after have now been granted asylum. Some have even received green cards, while others are eager to apply soon. There have certainly been hardships along the way. Many abuse survivors suffer symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder or depression, which can be exacerbated by the need to

repeatedly recount their trauma histories when preparing their cases. Hours recounting painful details of past harm often cause clients like Maribel to suffer severe headaches or insomnia during the course of preparation.

But the asylum process can be empowering as well. HIRC is fortunate to have social worker Liala Buoniconti on staff to ensure that clients are linked up to social services, including therapy if they are in need. After receiving access to these resources, many clients gradually start to feel a stronger sense of safety. Often clients begin to feel much more confident in coming out of the shadows and becoming active in their communities. It is truly amazing to watch clients who just a few years ago felt isolated, depressed and even suicidal, take charge of their lives by enrolling in English classes or degree programs, or devoting their free time to help other abuse survivors come forward to tell their stories or locating resources to help them cope.

The recent presidential election in the United States has rattled the immigrant community in Boston as it has elsewhere across the country. Some clients who are parents worry that they will be deported with their children back to countries in which their lives are in imminent danger by gangs. Children complain of stomach aches triggered by nightmares that they and their families will be dragged from their homes. In this time of widespread fear and uncertainty, we at HIRC and across the immigrant rights community believe it is more important than ever to continue our zealous advocacy to protect and advance the hard-won rights of women and families to be safe from gang and gender violence.

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Residents of El Verano, Tamazula, Durango, who had to leave their homes after being attacked by the Mexican Navy during the search for drug lord Joaquín 'El Chapo' Guzmán, 2015.

Urban Spaces of Internal Displacement in Mexico

Reproducing Inequalities

BY FELIPE HERNÁNDEZ AND IRIT KATZ

WHEN NEWS CAME THAT THE DRUG DEALER JOAQUÍN GUZMÁN, EL CHAPO, HAD ESCAPED from a Mexican prison in July 2015, memories about cocaine cartels and urban gangs creating havoc in Colombia came quickly to mind. The tunnel that El Chapo used to escape, the exceptional conditions of his prison cell and the very capacity to coordinate an escape while in the custody of the Mexican authorities, were reminiscent of La Catedral, the prison where Colombian drug dealer Pablo Escobar spent a little more than a year before he escaped in 1992. Such events often inspire movies and telenovelas because they spark the imagination of the public; they also tend to fade quickly, disappearing under other exciting news. The impact that the drug business has on the communities displaced by its criminal violence and on the physical and social fabric of cities, however, is largely overlooked.

The perfect climatic conditions and lush terrain of the mountainous region of Sierra Madre in Sinaloa, Mexico, have made it an ideal site for opium poppy and marijuana production. This is where El Chapo's Sinaloa cartel has flourished together with the ongoing violence of its drug industry, leading to counter-violent tactics of government forces and to the mass exodus of the ones trying to avoid it. Since the start of the Mexican Drug War in 2006, tens of thousands of people have been affected and displaced by violence. According to Mexican government statistics, 47,000 people were killed as a result of this intense violence, while other estimates put the figure at 100,000 in 2015. Displacement of civilians was also a significant result of the drug war in Mexico; according to the Internal Displacement Monitoring Centre (IDMC), 123,000 people were internally displaced in



A rented room located in a house at the El Mirador neighborhood of the Sinaloan state capital, Culiacán, shared by two displaced families.

2010, a number that has increased steadily, reaching 287,400 in 2015 (see Internal Displacement Monitoring Centre, <http://www.internal-displacement.org/database/country/?iso3=MEX>, accessed November 10, 2016). In environments with much criminal violence, people are made to move for multiple reasons—direct physical threats, deterioration in the quality of life and shrinking livelihoods. Overall, the number of people leaving violent municipalities in Mexico is four to five times higher than that of those leaving non-violent municipalities with similar socioeconomic conditions.

Drug cartel violence in Mexico created a *de facto* humanitarian crisis; this is a non-international armed conflict that meets most of the criteria of the International Humanitarian Law even though its armed forces are not motivated by an ideology or a political agenda. Yet neither the Mexican government nor the international humanitarian agencies have fully acknowledged this crisis of mass displacement. No mechanisms exist to support the forcibly displaced populations, who

According to Mexican government statistics, 47,000 people were killed as a result of this intense violence, while other estimates put the figure at 100,000 in 2015.

are left to manage on their own in new environments in which they are exposed to new difficulties, risks and threats.

Many reports on displacement in Mexico and other parts of Latin America focus on a wide range of socioeconomic issues. For example, displaced poor rural communities tend to suffer more drastically than the urban population; the rural poor often lose the land that provides their sustenance. Once displaced, they find it difficult to find work—especially those who end up squatting on the outskirts of cities. These are important issues, yet while forced displacement is also fundamentally a spatial issue, questions about the spaces related to this displacement are left untended. Where, and in what conditions,

do Internally Displaced People (IDP) live? What is the socio-political meaning of these new spaces of displacement?

GLOBAL SPACES OF DISPLACEMENT

More than 65 million displaced people worldwide find refuge in various types of spaces such as camps and urban areas. Whether displaced globally or internally, some of the forcibly displaced people live in refugee camps, where their basic needs are provided by governments, humanitarian agencies or non-profit organizations. These camps, meant to provide care and control, too often become spaces of neglect and violence, where people's lives are suspended in a state of enduring temporariness for years and sometimes for gen-

erations. However, as the world becomes urbanized, we increasingly see the urbanization of refuge; currently more than sixty percent of the world's displaced people live in cities, many of them in informal urban settlements.

While internally displaced people in Latin American cities form an integral part of the broader global politics and practices of urban informality and its ever-changing relationships, the urban spaces which they occupy and use also have specific characteristics and meaning in which old and new local, national and continental politics of race and violence become inseparable.

URBAN SPACES OF DISPLACEMENT IN MEXICO

Recent studies in Mexico and other Latin American nations show that the settlements formed by internally displaced people, in and on the outskirts of cities such as Culiacán, the capital of Sinaloa state, have a greater tendency to become insecure, and often violent. These settlements are occupied by people from different rural origins, who often do not know one another and resent living in conditions of deprivation alongside the urban poor, who are city-savvy. Unable to get and retain formal jobs, feeling unsupported by the state, and under threat from urban residents, displaced groups form ethno-regional alliances for self-protection. Thus, mutually defensive groups regard each other with suspicion and distrust, which causes urban public spaces to be perceived as dangerous and, therefore, uninhabitable. Violence breeds more violence just in the same way that the various forms of social exclusion that are at stake in these conditions exacerbate segregation.

The effects of internal displacement in Mexico and Latin America and its never-ending cycles of violence have brought important questions to the political agenda. The question of racism has re-emerged, along with debates about marginalization as a systemic condition of inequity that allows the perpetuation of a system of political control and eco-

nomie exploitation. The fact that statistically most displaced people in Mexico (indeed, in other countries in Central and South America too), the rural poor, are indigenous, mixed-race or Afro-descendants is striking evidence that there exist sustained modes of systemic marginalization. Similarly, discussions about colonialism, which had been largely avoided by Latin American intellectuals, now occupy centre stage in academic debates, revealing the colonial origin of contemporary patterns of racial exclusion.

Racial exclusionary patterns reappear in the geographies of racial distribution in most Latin American cities. Since the foundation of cities in the 16th and 17th centuries, black and indigenous populations have occupied different geographical positions from the colonizer's centrality. That is why the conditions of exclusion and marginality that we see today in most Latin American cities are magnified expressions of a pattern of urban growth initiated by the Spanish and Portuguese with their segregationist approach to urban planning during the colonial period. It is no coincidence that these two socio-ethnic groups, black and indigenous populations, remain poor, under-represented and excluded from the dominant economic system, and they are the main victims of drugs, guerrilla and paramilitary conflicts throughout Latin America. As such, these are the population groups which are mostly displaced and their consequential urban resettlement patterns sustain the colonial ones.

The urban spaces of displacement in Latin American cities are therefore not merely the backdrop to the lives of the internally displaced people. Rather, their conditions of insecurity, uncertain economic and legal status in their new location, as well as the inability, or unwillingness, of the authorities to deal with the problem, reflect a situation of fundamental inequality and neglect which is deeply embedded in the colonial origins of politics in Latin America, including spatial politics. By reproducing the old patterns of race-based discriminatory divisions in

cities, these new urban spaces of internal displacement form contested sites of political struggles which are grounded at the very core of their societies. The city itself indeed does offer a sanctuary to the internally displaced; however, the urban forms of welcoming clearly tend to be highly conditional and repeat segregating patterns which limit opportunities and maintain violent relations.

Where, and in what conditions, internally displaced people live is not a question that can be answered simply by summarising statistics or by looking at the provision of basic services such as schools, medical support and adequate housing in the settlements they occupy. Nor is it simply a matter of poverty alleviation through income generating initiatives. The underlying social and political issues are more complex and surpass the superficiality of this kind of simplistic approach. Can internally displaced people occupy other areas of the city? Can they receive increased humanitarian support? Can internally displaced people attain greater political representation? Space refers to a physical (geographical) as well as an intangible (socio-political) position, both of which influence the conditions of life for everyone in the city. The new urban environments of those displaced by violence seem to continue the cycle of violence and reproduce it in other spaces and forms, rather than offering support, assistance and comfort for the ones escaping it.

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EXPLORING THE ARTS



Mary Schneider Enriquez [Sculpture and Displacement](#) • Luca Istodor [Ana Tijoux's Radical Crossing of Borders](#)
Azriel Bibliowicz [The Octopus, the Spider and the Braying Burros](#) • Paolo Ibarra [\(Dis\) locations of Violence in Latin American Films](#) • Sergio Delgado Moya [Displacement Here, Displacement Now](#)

Sculpture and Displacement

Doris Salcedo, *The Materiality of Mourning* BY MARY SCHNEIDER ENRIQUEZ

WHEN I BEGAN WORKING ON THE HARVARD Art Museums exhibition “Doris Salcedo: The Materiality of Mourning” five years ago, I could not have anticipated that the opening would come just after the unexpected defeat of Colombia’s historic peace referendum, which set off political tumult and soul-wrenching in Colombia and the United States. The following week, right before the exhibit, President Juan Manuel Santos was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. In response to these events, Salcedo organized a public act with more than 10,000 volunteers in the Plaza de Bolívar in Bogotá. They covered the sprawling plaza with 7,000 meters of white fabric, made up of 1,900 pieces, each bearing the name of a victim of the civil war, hand-sewn together by volunteers in an act of mourning and peace. Salcedo arrived in Cambridge just days after completing this extraordinary communal gesture with Colombians of all ages and backgrounds. She was emotionally and physically exhausted, but determined to install the exhibit in the days before the divisive U.S. elections. As it turned out, this exhibition opened at a moment in which it pointedly spoke to issues simmering within the current socio-political landscape of the United States and elsewhere in the world. Political violence, civil unrest and the far-reaching repercussions of societal ruptures inform the work Salcedo painstakingly creates.

This exhibition of Salcedo’s sculptures presents in spare, quiet but hauntingly powerful installations, a means for us to mourn and contemplate, to address and come to terms with human loss and the unsettling uncertainties of our homes, society and world when people choose to divide on issues central to the nation’s ideals. Ultimately, Salcedo’s practice—the impossible challenges she sets for herself by creating sculptures of temporal materials such as rose petals sewn into a room-



**Art can help us
acknowledge and learn
from the injustice
that has occurred and
is occurring in this
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sized tapestry, or by fusing one unlikely material with another, such as wooden furniture filled with cement—is about defying expectations by creating the possible against all odds and by finding the enduring human spirit within the bleak. We mourn, we remember, we continue to believe. And above all, we endeavor to create and realize what must be.

The importance of Doris Salcedo’s work lies not only in her remarkable skills as a sculptor, but also in the socio-political themes that she addresses and in the challenges that she poses to materiality and to the viewer, whom she dares to study her evocative works deeply and thoughtfully. At the time of this writing, the continuing crisis of civil violence; the widespread displacement of thousands of people fleeing conflict; the persistent attacks targeting public places such as schools, parks, and theaters; and the alienation and economic disparity dividing communities around the world has lent further poignancy to Salcedo’s project. Art will not solve these problems; however, it can make a statement and create a space where, as Salcedo herself remarked in an April 23, 2013, talk at the Harvard Art Museums, it “can inscribe in our life a different kind of passage, that is from suffering to signifying loss.” Art can help us acknowledge and learn from the injustice that has occurred and is occurring in this world—work that must be done if we are to move forward for the sake of humankind.

In addition to my respect for her commitment to tackling some of the most pressing sociopolitical concerns of our time, the weight of which she comes to understand personally through extensive interviews with the victims, my keen interest in Salcedo’s work stems from her ability to create pieces of remarkable aesthetic complexity that address these issues with quiet but forceful physicality. She stretches the capacities of materials, constructing a materiality that is difficult to comprehend and at times seems impossible: the sutured rose petals that don’t wither, the cement-filled furniture,

ABOVE, DORIS SALCEDO. PHOTO BY DAVID HEALD; © GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, NY; COURTESY OF ALEXANDER AND BONIN, NEW YORK. OPPOSITE PAGE, HARVARD ART MUSEUMS; © PRESIDENT AND FELLOWS OF HARVARD COLLEGE.



Clockwise from far left: Figure 2, Installation view of untitled chair work; installation view of *A Flor de Piel* (detail); installation view of *Disre-membered IV*. All are installations in the exhibit *Doris Salcedo: The Materiality of Mourning*, on display November 4, 2016-April 9, 2017 at the Harvard Art Museums. © Doris Salcedo.

the crumpled steel chairs—these pieces unnerve and compel the viewer to confront the immensity of the injustice that has transpired. There is nothing easy or readily accessible about her sculpture. They are difficult works, but from early on, I was certain that Salcedo's project matters immensely, because she pushes the medium, she pushes the art of handwork, she pushes the accepted definition of the space that a sculpture should or even could inhabit, and she pushes the means by which a powerful socio-political statement can be expressed.

Salcedo also reimagines the way in which we mark remembrance. Her sculptures are not memorials—static, heroic monuments situated in a public site; articulated in the traditional materials of stone, marble or steel; impervious to climate. Instead, she takes materials that are recognizable as part of the everyday, touched by human hands or feet, such as furniture and cement, but transforms them in such a way that the resulting visual effect inspires one to pause, remember, and mourn the absence of those taken from this life. She creates objects and installations that are at once familiar and hauntingly changed. Rather than build a statue of a leader, martyr or victim whom we acknowledge as a specific participant in the violence, she creates a sculpture that conjures associations and provides a space for contemplating what and who was lost.

Salcedo's memorial is a work mourning; it is sculpture that, as the artist said in her April 2013 talk at the Harvard Art Museums, "attempts to give back the sense, meaning, and form that violence took away from its victims, the unmourned dead of the past." Consequently, her works spark differing thoughts, associations, and emotions in each viewer, turning the traditional idea of the memorial on its head. Usually no individual names are given nor specific histories cited (Salcedo's newest work, *Palimpsest*, is an exception, as it presents the names of victims that appear, disappear and then reappear). Her titles often reference historical or literary sources rather than contemporary events; but her works unequivocally address the need



Fig 1. Installation view of two untitled works.

Her titles often reference historical or literary sources rather than contemporary events; but her works unequivocally address the need to mark the societal loss wrought by violence.

to mark the societal loss wrought by violence. It is up to the viewer to take the time to look closely, confront, and ponder what she has created. In Salcedo's words, "I hope that my work can cross through history to make present the extreme experiences that lay forgotten in the past."

Monumentality is conveyed in Salcedo's work not only through the large scale of many of her sculptures and public installations (see Fig. 1), but in the enormous effort of the labor she undertakes to make her art by hand and in the materiality that results (Fig. 2). While many contemporary artists employ fragile and/or everyday materials in their work, Salcedo has chosen to focus on materials both unexpected and especially complicated to manipulate, form, and preserve in perpetuity. From her early use of cement, wood, and stainless steel with inclusions of fabric and hairs, to her decision in recent years to construct works with soil and grass or thousands of sutured rose petals, to her latest challenge—the mutability of water—she has tested the possibilities of materials. Time and again she creates a materiality that defies expectations. Her most recent works, including those presented in the Harvard Art Museums' special exhibition, experiment with the physical lifespan and visual qualities of organic

materials, and demonstrate Salcedo's ability to transfer this materiality from the immense solid presence seen in her furniture works, to the vivid yet hauntingly evocative rose petal shroud, to the ethereal, specter-like needle shirts that seem to float over the wall. Her desire to make visible those lost to civil violence fuels her choice of material challenges. Salcedo speaks about her work "Palimpsest" in the book *Doris Salcedo*, edited by Julie Rodrigues Widholm and Madeleine Grynsztejn (Chicago: University of Chicago Press; Museum of Contemporary Art, 2015, p. 217).

She tells us "An aesthetic view of death reveals an ethical view of life," and adds, "and it is for this reason that there is nothing more human than mourning."

A version of this essay was first published in Mary Schneider Enriquez, Doris Salcedo: The Materiality of Mourning (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Art Museums, 2016), 137-140. © President and Fellows of Harvard College. The exhibition Doris Salcedo: The Materiality of Mourning is on view at the Harvard Art Museums through April 9, 2017.

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ANA TIJOUX

Ana Tijoux's Radical Crossing of Borders

Interpreting Displacement and Transnational Justice **BY LUCA ISTODOR**

THIS SUMMER, I WAS AN INTERN IN SANTIAGO'S Museum of Memory and Human Rights, the museum dedicated to the victims of Pinochet's dictatorship. Since I was in Chile, I decided to take my chances and try to contact Ana Tijoux, the world-famous French-Chilean contemporary musician—an acquaintance had given me her manager's e-mail. He responded quickly. She only had a few days in Chile before leaving on a tour in Europe: "we're trying to avoid the Chilean winter and head to the European summer." Thus my only chance to see her was at a rehearsal she had before her last concert in Santiago. A few days later, I was told to come to Juegos Diana—a popular indoor amusement park in Santiago. As her manager walked with me to a small room in the back with a few vaguely unsettling old-fashioned children's games and rides in faded colors, I could hear jazz music increasingly louder. I didn't give it much thought at first, because I knew Tijoux always sang rap, but when I got to the

practice room, I found her in front of a full-scale jazz band.

You could barely hear her usually very powerful vocals as they were covered by the sound of saxophones, trumpets, guitars and basses. I was genuinely surprised. I knew her musical expressions were diverse, but I had never heard her take her songs to an entirely different genre. When I came in, they were playing Tijoux's autobiographical "1977." After hearing it a few times, as they perfected their synchronization, I reexamined my reaction. As they went on to one of her most recent songs, "Somos Sur," I realized that in the context of Tijoux's work and life, what I was hearing should be far from surprising. Indeed, every jazz song I heard and sang along to, every jazz instrument and every variation from the originals I otherwise knew by heart made complete sense. Ana Tijoux does not follow the borders imposed by genres, just as she doesn't follow the borders between countries and cultures.

Displacement seems to be at the core of Ana Tijoux's crossing of borders and genres. The Chilean singer manages to use displacement as an opportunity rather than a burden. Her parents were in exile in France since the start of Pinochet's dictatorship in 1973. Tijoux was born there in 1977, although she says she never completely fit in. The most interesting effect of her upbringing in France, as she recalls, was her intercultural exchange with different immigrants in the country. "They were Algerians, Canadians, Moroccans who were in the same situation as me: I'm French, but I don't look French," she states in an article in the Chilean newspaper *La Tercera*.

In interviews, she often rejects France and says she wouldn't want her children to live in such a "decadent" country, yet she praises her upbringing for putting her in contact with Africans and their cultures in France. During her childhood, hip-hop played an essential role in coping with this constant feeling of not be-

“When someone asks me what district I represent?/ I tell them that I truly do not understand/ The feeling of being tied to a neighbourhood.”

longing: music became a land “for those who felt landless.” Tijoux believes in hip-hop’s power to make the displaced feel restored. It is thus displacement which brought her to hip-hop in the first place and made her music truly transnational. It is enough to look at some of her latest albums to notice collaborations with singers from all around the world. From the Uruguayan Jorge Drexler in “Sacar la Voz” to the British Palestinian Shadia Mansour for “Somos Sur,” the influence of her childhood becomes evident.

The dictatorship ended in 1990 and Tijoux was able to go to Chile, her parent’s homeland, and, in a way, her own. By the time she turned twenty, she became the only female rapper in the hip-hop group Makiza. Apart from hip-hop, what connected the group was that all of its members had grown up in different countries: Gastón Gabarro had grown up in Canada, Seo2 was raised in Switzerland and Dj Squat had spent a lot of time in Africa. As a group, they would sing social protest songs, often against Pinochet and his dictatorship.

One of their most famous pieces, “La Rosa de los Vientos,” (the Rose of the Winds) speaks particularly about displacement. The intense feelings of being torn between two places on earth, not belonging to the place where you were born: all these are present in the song’s lyrics: “If you knew what it means/ to be divided, not to know what your land is”; “Sometimes I wish I had wings like a bird/ fly in time where Lautaro [one of the leaders of the indigenous Mapuche resistance against the Spanish coloniz-

ers] was/ And forgetting, for some time, that half/ Of my family is very far away.” While proudly urging people to remember their origins, the song clearly has a transnational sense inspired by displacement itself—a sense of a unity of countries and cultures beyond traditional concepts of borders: “When someone asks me what district I represent?/ I tell them that I truly do not understand/ The feeling of being tied to a neighbourhood.” “Rosa de los Vientos” and Tijoux’s Makiza period seems nothing more than the logical continuation of her childhood: a loud affirmation of her origins, of the impact of displacement and of a transnational identity.

After leaving Makiza, it wasn’t just national borders that Tijoux crossed; it was also jobs, aspirations and musical genres. For a while, she went back to France. She worked as a secretary in an advertising agency, a high-school inspector, a nanny. She then wanted to spend time in China, yet finally decided to go back to Chile, where she released her first solo album, *Kaos*—a mixture of pop and rap. Her next two albums, *1977* and *La Bala*, seem to focus more on her own process of growth as a person (*1977*) and on Chilean problems (songs like “Shock” and “Desclasificado” talk about education and the socio-political situation in Chile).

These two albums seem gradual steps towards the more large-scale, global issues she addresses in her latest album, *Vengo*, released in 2014. “Antipatriarca” could serve as an international feminist anthem. For its video, Tijoux asked all the people she knew in feminist and women’s organizations around the world to send videos of themselves dancing and singing her song. The result is both a celebration of diversity in women’s voices and a call for justice. Its lyrics “Not submissive, not obedient/ A strong insurgent woman/ Independent and valiant/ Breaking the chains of indifference” represent the worldwide struggle for women’s liberation.

On the same album, the song “Somos Sur” encourages the countries of the Southern Hemisphere to unite against

oppression: “Dream big so that the empire falls/ [...] Africa and Latin America are not for auction.” In this song, Ana Tijoux and Shadia Mansour call for all colonized countries to fight against their colonizers, in the most active and immediate way possible: “This is not utopia, this is a joyful dancing rebellion.” And breaking the borders seems the only way to succeed in this collective struggle. This song is perhaps an epitome of her biography and work. It includes her parents’ desire to escape the authority of the dictatorship; her childhood connection she values so much with the African immigrants in France; a symbolic connection between Latin America and Africa; her going back and forth from Chile to France and thus experiencing both Europe and Latin America; the feeling of displacement and the empowerment of rap which connected the members of Makiza; her transnational social justice work against all types of oppression.

When viewed in the proper context, the fact that Tijoux was singing jazz that day in Santiago shouldn’t be a surprise. Her music is about crossing borders and genres. Whether she sings rap, jazz or pop, her music is about uniting people to fight against oppression. It goes from solving national Chilean problems to worldwide women’s liberation. In this sense, Ana managed to turn her experience with displacement from alienation to a constructive deeper, global understanding of the world, its issues and its people. And whether next time it is in Juegos Diana or another old amusement park in a city on a different continent, I know that if I see her rehearse or sing in concert again, her constantly evolving music might be different, yet it will address the same essential, transnational issues.

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The Octopus, the Spider and the Braying Burros

Bogotá and Displacement **BY AZRIEL BIBLIOWICZ**

COLOMBIA HAS LONG BEEN A COUNTRY OF CIVIL wars. From the 1810 cry of independence to the early 20th century, the country had suffered a series of armed conflicts between traditional political parties.

The 19th century ended with the Thousand Days War, which left its mark on the beginning of the 20th century. Now, in the first decades of the 21st century, we have not been able to end the 20th-century wars. We live as in the Middle Ages, when cities had become shelters from the wars.

In 2003, the National Museum of Colombia organized an exhibition called “Times of Peace,” a somewhat ironic title since the exhibit focused on the country’s various armed conflicts. Perhaps it got its name from featuring several peace treaties signed between 1902 and 1994.

The exhibit included objects and photos from the Thousand Days War and from the 1928 banana massacre, which Gabriel García Márquez described in a painful, unforgettable way in *A Hundred Years of Solitude*. Other unhappy episodes continued to mark Colombian history—the assassination of popular leader Jorge Eliécer Gaitán on April 9, 1948, and the subsequent looting of Bogotá, leading to the period in the 1950s, known as *La Violencia*, in which liberal and conservative guerrillas battled each other in the countryside. That period gave rise to the communist guerrillas of the 1960s, fueled in turn by the cold war; to the creation of peasant self-defense groups as a response to the communist guerrillas; then came the paramilitary groups, product of the Army’s dirty war, and the war against drugs—in which the United States also participated—then we suffered kidnapping as a form of financing the various armed actors and, finally, the culture of hitmen and widespread delinquency.



Jorge Eliécer Gaitán greets the crowd in Bogotá, Colombia.

All these forms of violence constantly spawned displacement from the countryside to the city. In a span of fifty years, between 1936 and 1986, Colombia changed from being predominantly rural to urban. More than 70 percent of the population ended up in the cities—today calculated at 75 percent.

In the prologue of my book of short

stories, *Sobre la Faz del Abismo*, I compare the country’s violence to the biblical legends of the Old Testament. It seems that a person living in Colombia is exposed to a primal reality similar to many of the problems encountered in the Hebrew Bible. We confront crude, primitive, and contradictory circumstances—rough, inconceivable and incredible. The

violence in all its forms imposes itself with an extraordinary force that is difficult to ignore and at times to understand. It's no coincidence that recent Colombian literature has focused on the theme of violence and armed conflicts. Violence is an undeniable circumstance that imprisons us. But the big question we writers are always asking ourselves is how to treat the reality of violence in a literary manner.

In 2001, several anthologies were published dealing with violence and displacement, including *Lugares Ajenos: relatos del desplazamiento* and the anthology edited by Peter Schultze Kraft, *La Horrible Noche: relatos de violencia y la guerra en Colombia*. These and other works by artists and writers show how the conflict has been played out on the body of the peasant. Without a doubt, the violence seeks to stamp its contempt for life on the body of the Other, this Other that the society relegates and transforms into invisibility.

When I began to research Bogotá's history for a novel I was writing about the city, a coincidence caught my attention: from 1936 onward, two migratory waves transformed the capital, one from abroad and the other from within the country.

Jewish migration into the city—although never more than 5,000 people—had an significant impact on the city's commerce and development. My own family, like so many who came from Eastern Europe, began their migration fleeing from pogroms and the advent of World War II.

But 1936 also marked the violence in the center of the country and the beginning of forced displacement of peasants to the city, as an outcome of the land reform law of the Alfonso López Pumarejo government.

While studying the different waves of newcomers to Bogotá, I found that 1936 was a turning point, and that even if great differences existed between these two experiences of rootlessness, they also had a lot in common. Both migrations confronted racism, classism, contempt, mistakes, confusions and perplexities that underlay



Putting out the fires.

these displacements. Classism and contempt for indigenous people, on the one hand, and anti-Semitic xenophobia, on the other, were two sides of the same coin and came from both the liberal and conservative parties.

Between 1886 and 1930, Colombia had been governed by a conservative hegemony made up by a landowning class totally disconnected from the reality of the peasants. This elite considered the future of Europe to be German and Italian facism. The conservative party, supported by the Catholic Church, spearheaded the opposition to the land law, the first agrarian reform in the 20th century. It accused the López Pumarejo government of being Bolshevik and wanting to eliminate private property.

The land law (Law 200) declared that property ought to fulfill a social function. The reform gave the nation power to expropriate abandoned land that had been fallow for more than ten years. It also asserted that the peasant could become the owner of the land if he had worked it for thirty consecutive years and could show he had made improvements.

Social researchers liken the situation of the Colombian peasants in the 30s to "the curse of Tantalus," a Greek myth in which the son of Zeus was punished by standing in a pool of water surrounded by fruit, but without ever being able to reach the fruit or drink the water, suffering from hunger and thirst; the Colombian peasant lived surrounded by coffee, but was not allowed to cultivate it for himself or reap the benefits of ownership. During

the 30s, the landowners, in exchange for the work of the peasant and his family, rented them a small lot for basic sustenance crops such as yucca, beans and corn, but the peasants were not permitted to grow coffee, since that crop was considered land improvement.

During this decade, the theme of land ownership became critical, above all in the center of the country. The land law was an affront to the conservatives, who forced the peasants to abandon the countryside. It is important to point out here that many of the peasants were of indigenous heritage. Because of this, in my novel *El Rumor del Astracán*, one of the most painful scene occurs when Ruth, the Jewish immigrant and the novel's protagonist, says to Alicia, a displaced migrant and coworker, that because they are both displaced, "she trusts her because being poor one understands many things. Their condition makes everything equal." Alicia replies, "My señora Ruth, excuse me, but you perhaps do not have money right now, but, believe me, you are not going to be poor your entire life. But we do not get ahead no matter how hard we work. You get rich. We remain an Indian."

Racism, lack of social mobility and contempt for the indigenous have always characterized Colombia. A detailed and important study by Carl Henrik Langebaek, *Los Herederos del Pasado: indígenas y pensamiento criollo en Colombia y Venezuela*, analyzes and develops the complex and contradictory relationship with indigenous people from independence on. It's important to note that the vernacular maintains these contemptuous attitudes. To call someone an Indian is considered an insult in Colombia.

It was not until reading Franz Fanon that I ended up understanding that all racism is one. In his words: "It was my philosophy professor, a native of the Antilles, who recalled the fact to me one day: 'Whenever you hear anyone abuse the Jews, pay attention, because he is talking about you.' And I found that he was universally right—by which I meant that I was answerable in my body and in my heart for what was done to my brother" (*Black*

Skin, White Masks New York: Grove, 1952).

When I wrote *El Rumor del Astracán*, I faced the challenge of how to show how anti-Semitism, as well as the discrimination against blacks and indigenous in the 30s, formed an integral part of the Colombian reality and reflected official policies. It was not a coincidence that the Colombian government shut its doors to immigration and particularly to Jews. We know today that more than 25,000 Jews asked for visas to immigrate to Colombia and were refused. Many of them died later in the Nazi extermination camps.

In the novel, I used a historically based but imagined anecdote to explain how the Foreign Affairs Ministry shut the doors to immigration. The story recounts the arrival of some British subjects to the Cartagena port. The British government had previously requested visas for them. The Colombian government, thinking they were Englishmen with white skin, approved the visas. Rumors began to circulate in Cartagena that Lord Mountbatten's nephew was among the passengers, but that for reasons of protocol, the government wanted to protect his identity. The rumors flew and more than one family was offended that they had not been invited to a supposed welcome banquet. When the boat arrived, it "was greeted by a band and a fleet of national warships. First 'God save the King' was played and then the [Colombian national anthem] ...the mayor with the keys to the city was the first to climb the stairs."

A few minutes later he furiously ran down the stairs, shouting, "The British subjects are Jamaicans. The boat is full of Jamaicans! The British subjects are a bunch of Negroes."

The mayor did not let the passengers get off the boat and sent them back home. Because of that event, immigration to the country was closed off, and resident visas prohibited until further notice.

This imaginary incident allowed me to demonstrate that immigration restrictions in the 30s were not just aimed at the Jews. Without a doubt, at that historic moment they needed all the human soli-

arity possible, but the xenophobic policy of the government considered all those of African and Asian origin to be abject and loathsome degenerates, and evidently the Jews, no matter their country of origin.

However, Colombia has been seen as a country that may wink at the rules—they are acknowledged, but not necessarily implemented. So the Jews and foreigners who arrived in the country and managed to enter, even with falsified documents, were never deported. Contraband has always been part of the reality of the country; the only thing that changes is the product.

From the 1930s on, discrimination and classism in Bogotá have defined the city. In those years, the population not only was differentiated by skin color, but by clothing. Those who wore a three-piece suit and leather shoes were of the doctor class, and those who used wool ponchos or shawls and walked barefoot or in espadrilles were *ruanetas*, indigenous people or peasants. When the Jews arrived, they extended a type of credit that made it possible for the most humble and insolvent to dress like "doctors." As former president Alberto Lleras Camargo explained in an article, this transformation of the credit habits of the city caused what he called "a humble revolution, a change in the face of a nation of peasants into something better, less picturesque, more uniform, but also more egalitarian." People could no longer be distinguished by what they were wearing.

Bogotá of the 30s was a cold, isolated, rainy, closed-off and provincial city with a poor population fleeing from the violence. The displaced people—whether peasants or Jews—ended up in crowded rooming houses. It is not a coincidence that among the well-known literary works of that period were those of José Antonio Osorio Lizarazo, one of the first writers to describe urban life in Colombia in his novel *La Casa de Vecindad*, which portrayed the squalid conditions of these rooming houses. This awful reality was later portrayed in a 1994 prize-winning movie, *La Estrategia del Caracol*, directed by Sergio Cabrera.

With the April 9, 1948, assassination of Jorge Eliecer Gaitán, the city was consumed in total chaos; the stores and commercial establishments along Seventh and Eighth Avenues were looted; more than 140 buildings were burned down and the streetcar tracks torn up. And the Bogotá elite began to ask, "Where did these people come from?"

The answer was in the overcrowded rooming houses. Displaced people had been living for years piled up in the back of stores and in subhuman conditions—in rage and despair that exploded in 1948. As Fabio Zambrano Patoja recounts in *La Historia de Bogotá del Siglo XX*, between 1936 and 1948, Bogotá doubled its population, from 350,000 inhabitants to more than 700,000. Moreover, in 1958, ten years after the April 9 magnicide, Bogotá tripled its urban area. And the population would double more or less every ten years. Thus in 1958 more than a million people lived in Bogotá, and in 1968 the city had around 4.5 million. The city expanded in a disorderly manner like an octopus with many tentacles.

In 1951, architect Le Corbusier was invited to draw up a city plan. But his projects coincided with the military dictatorship of General Rojas Pinilla, who turned his back on any proposals for regulating the growth of the city. Instead, Rojas Pinilla approved the creation of a special



A destroyed church in Bogotá.

district and annexed a series of municipalities, casting aside any plan for territorial order. The integration of Usme, Bosa, Fontibón, Engativa, Suba and Usaquén resulted in the urbanization of thousands of acres of farms that once cultivated wheat, barley and other products. In the face of the number of displaced peoples who continued to arrive in Bogotá from the countryside in the 50s because of the violence, the need for housing sparked speculation with the land which, in turn, got in the way of organized planning. The farms were divided up and sold as lots without much state control. Moreover, Fenalco (the National Merchants Federation) and the Association of Urbanizers and Parcel-Makers fomented this urban chaos. In the following decades, the landowners of the plains surrounding Bogotá found a new form of wealth, and many of their farms were “planted” with bricks instead of crops.

And even though the state was not responsible for this division of land and out-of-control growth, it did play a role in the stratification of the city to foment evident and marked class differences. The south was officially chosen as a place for the working class and the north for the wealthy. After April 9, when downtown was perceived as dangerous, the Bogotá elite began to flee “from the horrible riffraff—*guacherna*.” The phrase brings out the prejudices in the language of the city. *Guache* means “man” in the Chibcha indigenous language, and *guaricha* means woman. However, in the dictionary of Colombian terms, *guache* appears as a shifty man and *guaricha* as a prostitute. Without a doubt, a classist and segregationist attitude dominated the environment, feeding the repudiation of the displaced population.

To understand the tentacular expansion the city was suffering, it is important to point out the role played by the bus companies in this process. On April 9, streetcars were burnt and rails dug up, which I doubt was mere coincidence, as the private bus companies had already begun to compete for control of transportation. After the *Bogotazo* of 1948,

they controlled urban transportation. In the 50s, a series of bus routes proliferated toward the south and west. Farms like the huge Vuelta del Alto were bought by developers to construct working-class neighborhoods. The Ontario Bernal y Hermanos farm owners dried up a lake and urbanized the land clandestinely and illegally, turning it into the working-class neighborhood El Carmen, which was legalized finally forty years later. The clandestine developers depended on bus lines to open paths and to take residents to their jobs throughout the city.

With the swelling population of displaced rural people and lack of housing, some developers simply turned over lots without sewage, drinking water or light, and people built their own houses. Many families could not rent rooms in rooming houses because they had too many children, but if they found steady work, they could buy a lot on credit. These displaced rural people felt they had to have a bit of land to plant their gardens and did not want to continue to pay rent, in spite of the complete absence of social and municipal services on the plots. Those who bought lots dreamed of constructing two floors to rent one out and guarantee an income.

In many cases, the new plots were outside Bogotá jurisdiction. A close relationship existed between the bus companies and the clandestine property developers, many of whom became city councilmen and promised to get basic services for the area in exchange for votes.

Only in 1974, twenty years after this erratic sort of settlement began, did minimum regulations for urbanization and services get established. However, the fact that the rules had been written didn't mean there was a will to carry them out. It is not mere chance that 51% of the city will end up being a product of these spontaneous and informal urbanizations.

Colombia is now said to have the ominous number of six and a half million displaced people, the second in the world in displacement after Syria. Among Colombia's displaced people, 87% come from the countryside, and it is said for-

ced *descampesinación* is taking place: peasants can't be peasants if they have no land, and twenty million acres had been taken by force out of productive agricultural use.

One of the consequences of forced displacement has been the theft of land from peasants and the concentration of large landholdings. Nowadays 0.4 % of landowners own 46% of Colombia's rural land.

In 2009, between forty and fifty families arrived in Bogotá daily, some 203 persons, of whom 70% were displaced. In 2014, about 13 million Colombians lived in poverty and eight million in extreme poverty. Reduction of inequality remains stagnant.

The sprawling growth of the city also required construction materials such as gravel, clay, sand and stone, and in the city's south, brickworks sprang up, employing many child workers. The movie *Los Chircales*, made between 1965 and 1972 by Jorge Silva and Martha Rodríguez, was one of the first documentaries to denounce this exploitation of child labor.

The mountains surrounding the city were also exploited by serving as quarries. And in many cases this was done in a clandestine and illegal manner, leaving an open scar in the city's southwest sector. Slowly, the city's wetlands began to disappear. Bogotá originally had more than a million acres of wetlands or lakes, now they are down to 1,616 acres, and still continuing to dry up from blatant misuse. The city has paid an enormous environmental cost, and the resulting gullies permeate the southern areas.

Illegal squatters continue to invade the southern mountain slopes of Bogotá, where part of the displaced population and other poor people have settled. The illegal invasions are very complex, because the poverty-stricken include displaced people, the needy, beggars and bandits. Land invasions and the variety of shady business by different groups of dispossessed in some cases reminds us of Bertolt Brecht's “The Three Penny Opera.”

Claims resulting from land invasions



The people took to the streets, looting, ransacking and setting fires after the 1948 murder of populist leader Jorge Eliécer Gaitán. Streetcars were a special target, with attacks instigated by bus companies.

However, the story of the rapid growth of Bogotá does not begin in 1948, but in 1936, when rural Colombians fled partisan violence to find refuge in the big city.

people continue and cause all types of social problems as they surround the city with belts of misery.

are accumulating in the courts, which are so slow that they can take up to 12 years and thus have ended up legalizing many occupants. Mayors in each locality must initiate the processes of restitution for these lands, showing that the state is the owner of the property and certifying that it is for public use, but this happens quite seldom. The invasions and the increasing number of displaced

Because of the lack of social services and the needs of the people, the “spiders” and the “braying donkey fleet” have begun to thrive. The donkey fleet is a procession of burros, one after another transporting water to the huts of the recently arrived squatters. Every three weeks, the burros carry water-filled plastic jugs originally used for cooking oil to the makeshift neighborhoods for modest prices.

Over time, the “spiders” begin their work—connections made from hoses that take water illegally from the aqueduct. Neighbors organize to make the connection with plumbers they’ve dubbed “engineers.” To be sure, older neighboring communities complain, and the illegal connections lead to confrontations with the police. In 1970, it was calculated that the amount of water stolen by clandestine urbanizations and squatters was 20% of all the water provided by the Bogotá Aqueduct and Sewage Company.

In the beginning, the invaders lighted their shacks with candles which, on more than one occasion, caused a fire. That let up when another kind of “spiders” showed up to make illegal connections to electric lighting through makeshift cables and wires to electrical posts.

The number of people displaced by the violence just kept growing. The indifference of the political class and the weakness of the state left them to get by as best they could to resolve their problems. All this fomented Bogotá’s inequality and class segregation. The war, combined with the lack of a policy for integral rural reform and the permanent opposition of the landholding class, has created runaway urban growth and poverty.

Sadly, the “spiders” and the “braying donkey fleet” will continue their rounds providing the newcomers and the displaced people the basic necessities of life. And as we said in the beginning, even more sadly, the wars of the 20th century in Colombia have not come to an end in these first decades of the 21st. If this violence doesn’t stop, forced displacement will continue to spiral out of control.

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(Dis) locations of Violence in Latin American Film

Displacement and Visual Representations **BY PAOLA IBARRA**

TRANSITIONING BACK TO COLD IN BOSTON invites me to a weekend of movies on Netflix. A curiosity self-justified, as research interest cascades into shameless binge watching of two seasons of *Narcos*, followed by a re-watch of *El Patrón del Mal*. “Because you watched *Narcos*,” Netflix points me to *La Reina de Sur*, *El Cartel de los Sapos* and *El Capo*. Inevitably, I find myself going back to other violence-related films such as *Blow* (Ted Demme, 2001), *Traffic* (Steven Soderbergh, 2000) and *Sicario* (Denis Villeneuve, 2015). No matter the format—television series, telenovelas, movies—these productions somehow reduce and somewhat glorify specific characters and episodes of Latin America’s recent history of crime and violence. They all share a common thematic focus: the region’s problematic relationship with the drug trade. But this is only part of a bigger picture—both of violence and its representation in the visual arts.

Since the 1960s and 70s, displacement and violence in Latin America have been represented widely in cinema, video art, and—later on—in television series. Film in particular is a fitting form to portray violence since there is, in a way, a double rupture in the expression of violence through film. Violence as such, is not experienced in a structured manner—it implies a break in the sense of personal or collective narrative. Similarly, the dislocations between text, images and sound are inherent to film as a medium. For instance, when a character faces the camera in a close-up, there are several ruptured elements: his visual field (whom or what is he seeing?), the imageless voices and sounds around him, and so on. The spectator is, at the same time, in the position facing the character on the screen, sharing the auditory ex-



Cuban artist Ana Mendieta, *Sweating Blood*, 1973. Stills from super-8mm film transferred to high-definition digital media, color, silent, Running time: 3:18 minutes.

perience of that character on close-up, and missing visual access beyond the frame. Thus, the relation between story and spectator is, in many ways, a mediated and incomplete experience. In addition, the narrative elements, images and sounds are continuously re-shuffled from one scene to the next—despite the perception of continuity, in film, essential discontinuity exists even at the sole level of images. These ruptures push the spectator’s gaze and overall experience in different directions—just like the concrete fact of displacement.

The work of Cuban artist Ana Mendieta with her multidisciplinary art (as per her own dodging of categorization), moving between performance, sculpture, photography and film, carried this sense of displacement even further. She

engages the body—her own body: as actual presence, or as shadow or silhouette—with blood, fire, water, and earth. Mendieta’s work is deeply personal and, at the same time, a definite expression of what Howard Oransky describes as “a larger collective experience, which included the dislocations characteristic of the modern era: personal, cultural and political displacement” (*Covered in Time and History: The Films of Ana Mendieta*, University of California Press, 2015). Her exile from Cuba as an adolescent, and a shared human condition of instability (product of mortality and our constant facing of time) are equally expressed both in material (i.e. physical) and temporal terms.

But in Mendieta’s films, the connection with time goes a step further.

While they retain the evocative tone of her photographic work (evocative of violence, displacement, time lost, the body, nature), in film, the subtle pace adds to a heavy silence, heightening a sense of imminence, of a violence that doesn't explicitly materialize. In *Sweating Blood* (1973), the camera captures a motionless close-up of Mendieta's face, her eyes closed. Slowly, blood starts flowing from the top of her head, down her face. The face remains still, while the blood puddles up. Another film, *Blood Writing* (1974), shows Mendieta with her back to the camera facing an exterior white wall. Slowly, with blood taken from a container, she spells out with her hand the words "SHE GOT LOVE" on the surface. Her shadow remains on the wall after she leaves the scene. *Mirage* (1974), in contrast, sets a complex mix of elements and sense of narrative: a landscape, a mirror, the image in the mirror of a nude pregnant woman, and an almost accidental—although very much intended—over-the-shoulder shot, presumably of the artist. The motionless pregnant woman's image builds tension, intensified by the subtle movement of grass surrounding the mirror. After a pause, she brings out a tool and cuts her belly open. Out of the womb, come handfuls of feathers, repeatedly. In all these works, stillness fades gradually, confronted by dislocating elements. Violence is presented, although not present.

In feature films—to distinguish from experimental films in the visual arts, such as Mendieta's—through the 1960s and 70s, filmmakers mainly from Latin America, Africa and Asia developed an independent movement with its own aesthetics, production methods, and political voice: a "Third Cinema." Highly influenced by Italian neo-realism, but also by other experimental trends such as cinema *vérité* and the French New Wave, this movement meant a break with Hollywood and other commercial and mainstream traditions, including the European art film. New technologies allowed for a revolutionary (i.e. political and experimental) cinema that

exposed the historic and prevalent conditions of the colonized: collective and national experiences of poverty, inequality, displacement, violence and other forms of oppression. Some films from Latin America of this period include: *Memories of Underdevelopment* (Tomas Gutierrez Alea, 1968), *Black God White Devil* (Glauber Rocha, 1964), *The Hour of the Furnaces* (Fernando Solanas and Octavio Getina, 1968), and *Barren Lives* (Nelson Pereira Dos Santos, 1963). Third Cinema led not only to making films, but also film theory and criticism in texts such as Glauber Rocha's *Aesthetics of Hunger* (1965) and *Toward a Third Cinema* (1969) by Fernando Solanas and Octavio Getino. Rocha, in *Aesthetics of Hunger*, brings up the European nostalgia for primitivism in Latin American art: "... while Latin America laments its general misery, the foreign observer cultivates a taste for that misery, not as a tragic *symptom*, but merely as a formal element in his field of interest." Displacement is crucial as theme and as form, not only in the films, but also in the theoretical framework that connects these works beyond their national and regional bonds.

Later Latin American films are also highly aesthetically complex, political, and crucial in a discussion about violence and displacement. For instance, Patricio Guzmán's masterpiece *The Battle of Chile* (Chile, France, 1975) and Luis Puenzo's *The Official Story* (Argentina, 1985) are key representations of the region's history of dictatorships, forced disappearances and other forms

of oppression. But contemporary films from the 21st century deal with matters of violence and displacement in a less explicit, but not less compelling and committed manner.

THE OTHER: THE HEADLESS WOMAN

Lucrecia Martel's *The Headless Woman* (Argentina, 2009) is a story of a road accident and its psychological aftermath: events misremembered, guilt, complicity, and, in terms of style, bodies half shown or seen in passing, repeated gestures and haunting sounds.

The story is minimal: Veronica, a middle-class woman, is distracted by her ringing cell phone and runs over something (or someone?) on the road. This is the same road from the opening sequence, where three kids—the class gap apparent—were carelessly running and playing with a dog. At first paralyzed, while a cheerful song plays on the radio, she puts her sunglasses back on, fixes her hair and turns on the engine. As she drives away, the camera moves to a long shot of the road and what, at a distance, looks like a dead dog. The film has been running for only six minutes. The rest relates to Veronica's mental swings between denial (confusion, avoidance, attempts at normalcy) and guilt (self-doubt, emphatic confessions). But the details insist and accumulate: hand prints on the car window, phones ringing, Veronica's hair, the wrecked car, the hospital, the hotel where she spent the night, and the kids from the first scene—minus one. What is relevant? Moreover,



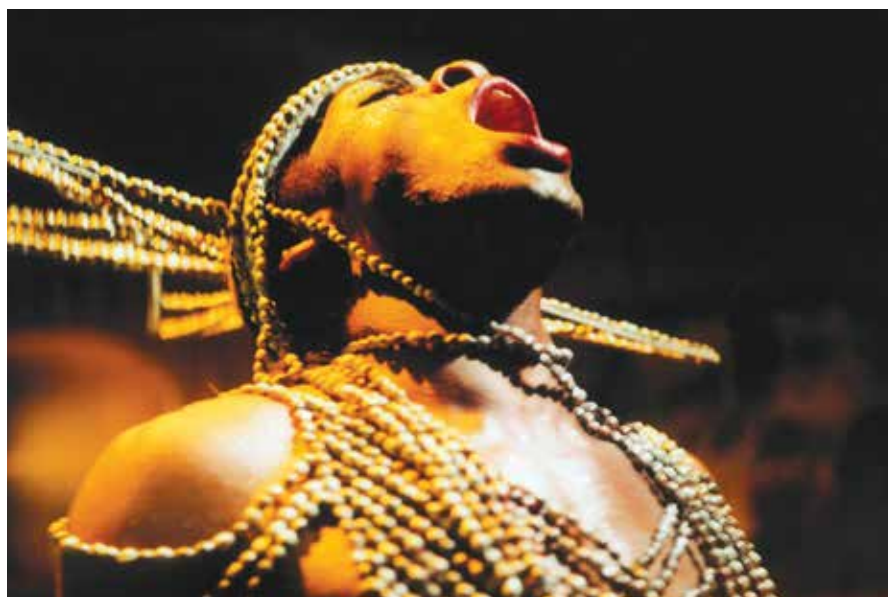
An image from the movie *La Mujer Sin Cabeza* (HEADLESS WOMAN).

in the end, the status quo is restored, precisely, in the details. Traces from the hospital and the hotel are gone, the car is fixed, the missing child is replaced, and Veronica's hair goes back to dark.

The accident is startling and the notion of the dead child (regardless of whether he was hit or he drowned) is disturbing, but nothing graphically violent really happens. The most palpable violence in Martel's story is class related. Not only in the premise that the poor are replaceable and their absence solved by "handling" traces, but also in trivial interactions at home, with vendors, and so on. In a casual conversation at the swimming pool, the women mention not getting their heads in the water, in case it's contaminated—a seemingly banal statement, but full of meaning. Additionally, Martel formally creates a disorienting atmosphere through sound, camera movements and odd framing. For instance, in the opening scene, the road is shot from a tilted perspective, the curves half hidden, while the kids' bodies move in and out of frame, stressing their vulnerability. Also, disassociation is enhanced as Veronica moves out of frame when she gets out of the car after the accident. Sounds such as the phone, a ball hitting a fence and the turning wheels of the car wrecked in the accident are brought back to insist and make us aware of the existence of the other, even if we (that is, Veronica and the spectator) have to suspect having killed someone. The normalizing elements leave no space for normalcy.

SPECTACLE AND MARGINS: TONY MANERO AND MADAM SATÃ

Pablo Larraín's *Tony Manero* (Chile, 2008) and Karim Ainouz's *Madam Satã* (Brazil, 2002) are stories in which displacement is explored through identity: characters split between marginal life and a spectacle *persona*. But, despite sharing the focus on individual experience and identity, the search of *Tony Manero*'s protagonist for the "other" (that is, imitating the American cinema icon) differs from the complex and multiple ex-



Top and 3rd photos *Madam Satã*. 2nd photo, from *The Embrace of the Serpent*. Opposite page from *El Patrón del Mal*.

periencing of "self" in *Madam Satã*.

Raúl Peralta is a fictional character, an impersonator of *Saturday Night Fever*'s protagonist, Tony Manero. Set in 1978, in the midst of Pinochet's dictatorship in Chile, Larraín's film is not explicit about historic events, but is doubtless political, a fog which constantly permeates the atmosphere. Raúl's cultural identity appropriation symbolizes a form of involuntary complicity with the United States and, thus, with the oppressive regime. Resistance, on the other hand, arises from secondary characters' clandestine propaganda handling, as well as scattered allusions to a context of scarcity, crime and secret police. Acts of violence in this film are plentiful, some graphic, some merely allusions: a few murders and thefts, plus random events such as Raúl's feeding an old lady's cat after killing the woman, defecating on a

competitor's dancing suit, or in several sloppy sexual encounters.

Madame Satã, on the other hand, is based on a real character from Brazilian popular culture, João Francisco dos Santos (1900-1976), a drag performer who became known as Madame Satã—inspired by a 1930s film by Cecil B. DeMille. So this movie, as well, is the representation of a representation. Besides his stage persona, João Francisco is an outlaw, street fighter, unpredictable (sometimes madly laughing, then enraged) friend and father, elegant man and gay lover. In Rio de Janeiro's underworld of the 1930s, issues of race, class, sexuality and crime come together in this extremely dynamic film that switches times, formats (documentary and fiction), settings, and various compelling characters. Dislocation is revealed through contrast: the fights and explo-

sive reactions, the ecstatic body movements, and the frustrated attempts at being loved, accepted and even paid for work. The stunning body that wins several carnival competitions is also, as per the authorities verdict, the vehicle of “repulsive and criminal acts, an individual harmful to society.”

Equally powerful, these two films also have different aesthetic approaches. *Tony Manero* conveys a calculated dark and unpleasant atmosphere. The heavy pace, raw acting, oppressive settings, and unattractive bodies are met, formally, by the instability of a handheld camera and gloominess of the film’s grainy shots. In contrast, in *Madame Satã* rage and violence clash with the film’s overall beauty. High-contrast photography, frenzied movement and meticulous compositions deliver a lively and alluring mood. Ainouz makes the body a focal point: mainly the protagonist’s body that moves, sweats, glitters, fights, seduces, and physically changes between macho, thug, beaten-up murderer, and beautiful queen; but also others, among them the very effeminate Taboo, or João’s handsome lover, Renatinho.

OTHER DIRECTIONS: COLONIZATION, MIGRATION, AND MODERN LIFE

Portrayals of displacement and violence in Latin American film are frequent. A few additional works about colonization, migration and modern life struggles follow, to open a larger discussion in the future.

The Embrace of the Serpent (Colombia, 2016) is Ciro Guerra’s beautiful black and white movie, with quasi-ethnographic imagery. Two journeys—separate in time, but connected through the characters—explore commercial and cultural exploitation in the Amazon, with the last Cohiuano tribe survivor and a European white explorer moving across the territory in search of the *yakruna*, a sacred plant. The central themes are colonization, plus relations between colonized and colonizer, and migration. The movie puts at conflict the beauty of

the land and cinematography, with the horror brought by exploitation not only of the territory and its indigenous tribes, but also of indigenous boys and tribes abused by white religion-linked figures. Questions about self and other are also raised in Lucia Puenzo’s *The Fish Child*, only from the point of view of modern class domination. The colonized figure, in this case, is a lower class Paraguayan immigrant in a love relationship with

business, or a wedding turned into a hell of knives and mad sex. Asides from the explicit consequences, violence is expressed in humorous and styled scenes of repressed tension turned, finally, into brutality. The episodic format of the film formally enhances the atmosphere of daily, fleeting rage.

Displacement has many faces—violence, migration, oppression, among others—and so does its representation,



the daughter of her Argentine upper-class employers. Migration from Argentina to Paraguay grants the two a blank slate to escape the police, but also to come together as a gender and class defiant couple. Also, this movie touches on issues of sexual abuse and, more briefly, human trafficking.

Finally, Damian Szifron explores the dislocations and stress of everyday life, in *Wild Tales* (Argentina, 2014). Using a very different register, this dark comedy consists of six short films about characters pushed to the limit by highly relatable situations: love and work relations gone bad, financial ruin, road rage, bureaucratic abuse, high class impunity, and a wedding. These encounters end up in outrage and depression levels that lead to over-the-top reactions such as a deliberate plane crash, bloody fights and a deadly car explosion, detonation of explosives in front of a car-towing

especially in a medium as complex in its aesthetic possibilities as film. Unlike mainstream representations of acts of violence and other forms of abuse and repression, displacement in some of the works discussed here is hinted at or indirectly explored. The aesthetic limits of these films are pushed in different directions—some more visceral, some extremely calculated. In addition to the narrative content, atmosphere and imminence take the place of graphic presentation. Thus, displacements are not only thematic, but also an aesthetic that becomes particularly powerful in the choice of medium.

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Displacement Here, Displacement Now

“EL HAMBRE DE MI CORAZÓN” BY [SERGIO DELGADO MOYA](#)

IN THE AMERICAS, AND IN LATIN AMERICAN AND African-American poetic traditions in particular, there exists a practice of subverting notions of landscape as beauty in favor of more nuanced, historically informed, politically incisive renditions of the natural environment. Chilean poets and artists have been at the forefront of this politicized understanding of landscape, re-inscribing it in ways that make apparent the traces of conflict, violence and displacement so often erased from the more idealized, more pastoral renditions of nature. Few artists

and writers have grappled more forcefully with this layered notion of landscape than Raúl Zurita, the acclaimed Chilean poet and last year's Robert F. Kennedy Visiting Professor at Harvard.

Earlier this year, as spring turned to summer, I began to plan an exhibition of Zurita's monumental poetry in collaboration with Marcela Ramos, program manager for ARTS@DRCLAS, and in conversation with the poet himself. It was he who suggested the evocative title of the exhibition: *El Hambre de Corazón* [Hun-

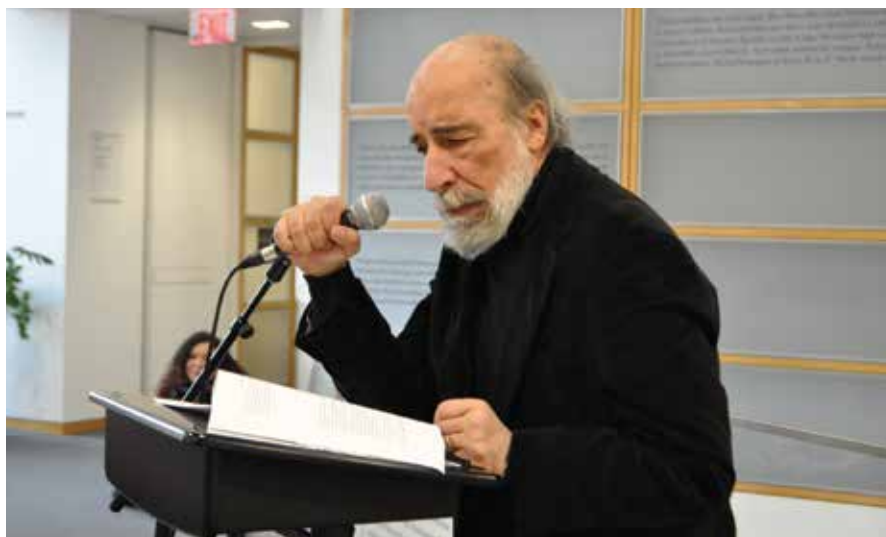
ger of the Heart]. The exhibition, which opened in September, will remain on view until next spring. The poems selected for it are representative of Raúl Zurita's larger body of work: poetry that broaches themes of pain, death, redemption and hope. His acts of writing poetry in landscapes across the Americas—from the skies of New York (*La vida nueva*) to the desert of Atacama in Chile (*Ni pena ni miedo*)—are the departure point for this exhibition. In walls and nooks scattered through the offices of Harvard's David Rockefeller Center for

Latin American Studies (DRCLAS), we showcase the work of one of the most resonant voices in poetry from the Americas, temporarily placing it in the heart of a dynamic center of scholarship in a style and proportion that plays on the monumentality of Zurita's landscape poems.

This layered notion of landscape is present from his very first works, epigrammatic and somberly visual poems printed on plaster slates resembling tombstones. These and other poems by Zurita use beautifully terse language to give voice to the experience of political oppression: voice to the people, the communities, and the natural environments that have succumbed to state violence. The poems featured in the exhibition, while evocative of displacement and forced disappearance during the military dictatorship in Chile, are written in a voice resonant enough to conjure other instances of state oppression, both past and present, distant and close to home.

The centerpiece of the exhibition is the wall of glass panels that rises from the entrance of the building where DRCLAS is located. This wall is visible from every floor in the building, and it anchors the atrium common to all three floors. A selection of poems from Zurita's *Canto a su amor desaparecido* (1985), his grim tribute to the missing victims of state violence, is arranged strategically on the glass panels of this wall. The brief poems reproduced on these panels mimic file cards in their language and in their brevity. In print, on paper, they are graphically arranged so as to resemble niches. The rectangular shape of the glass panels in the exhibition echoes this resemblance, and once the poems were placed on them the wall took on the aspect of a monument or a columbarium, reproducing in real-life scale the architectural motif that organizes the layout of the poems in their original, printed-page platform.

"Peces," included in the exhibition, is one of Zurita's earliest poems first published in the critically celebrated single issue of the magazine *Manuscritos*. It was originally published as a photograph of a plaster slate where the poem itself was printed. For the exhibition, we commissioned a reproduc-



Raúl Zurita reading from his poetry.

tion of this slate, rendered in a mix of plaster and cement to make it more durable. The poem is notable for its use of the blank spaces on the writing surface—in "Peces," voids on the writing surface become meaningful elements of the signifying whole. Evocative of concrete poetry, masterful in its economy of verbal resources, "Peces" conveys the politically dense notion of landscape that would become a hallmark of Zurita's general oeuvre. It is reproduced in this exhibition for the first time since its original publication in 1975.

Since the early 1980s, Zurita has been at the center of public poetry projects extraordinary in their ambition and reach. Each of these projects has aspired to turn three distinct features of the natural landscape—the sky, the desert, sea cliffs—into actual writing surfaces, surfaces where poetry can be written and read on a monumental scale. Video documentation and a large-scale photographic reproduction of one of these projects provide visitors to the exhibition with a glance of what each of these projects looks like, a feeling of the kind of intervention each makes in the landscapes on which they were inscribed.

For the first of these projects in 1982, five planes flew in formation over the skies of Queens, New York, spelling out in white smoke the words of Zurita's verses. In 1981, a year before the writing in the skies took place, Zurita and others members of the

Colectivo Acciones de Arte (C.A.D.A.) used light airplanes to drop thousands of leaflets over the city of Santiago (*¡Ay sudamérica! 400.000 textos sobre Santiago*), part of a series of cunningly defiant interventions in public space completed during the years of dictatorship in Chile.

Rigorous in its brevity, Zurita's writing in the Atacama Desert boils down to a single verse, a micro-poem at once succinct and monumental. It reads *ni pena ni miedo*, "no shame no fear," and strikes a defiant tone at a time of reckoning, in the years following the end of military dictatorship in Chile. In 1993, each of the words in this poem was bulldozed into the ground of the desert, over a length of about three kilometers. It is legible from above, from the sky, and can be viewed on Google Earth.

The last of Zurita's monumental poetry projects, titled *Verás*, is yet to be realized. It consists of the projection of verses from a ship onto the walls of sea cliffs along the north coast of Chile. The projection is conceived to begin right before dusk, in such a way that the words projected onto the sea cliffs become brighter and clearer as the darkness of the night sets in. At dawn, these words made of light vanish gradually, erased completely by the light of the rising sun. For the exhibition, we used video documentation of sea cliffs surveyed by Zurita as possible sites for *Verás* and projected it partially on the ceiling of a conference



room, in deference to the room's functionality as an everyday working space and as a gesture that places the moving images of sea and sea water upwards, in the space where we usually look for the sky.

On Thursday, October 27, 2016, in the atrium where his poems are on view, Zurita read fragments of his *Canto a su amor desaparecido* to an audience of students, faculty, staff members and members of our community. As a way of activating the insistent, historical substance of Zurita's poetry, a group of faculty and students performed a reading and a dance choreography based on a series of poems that, inspired by Zurita's works, also seek to intervene a landscape, though one much closer to the geopolitical crossroads of our nation: the U.S.-Mexico border. These poems, titled the "Desert Survival Series" and written by the U.S.-based poet and scholar Amy Sara Carroll, are included in the Transborder Immigrant Tool, a design project conceived around the idea of distributing inexpensive, GPS-enabled cell phones among migrants planning to walk across the desert that straddles the United States and Mexico. The phones come loaded with poems, a key feature of their design. They are also outfitted with locative

software that can guide migrants to water posts, rescue sites, and other resources critical for survival in the trek across the desert. As mapped by the "Desert Survival Series" poems, the Sonoran desert is restaged, or rather, re-screened, from appearing as the entryway of furtive migrants to being the site of ghastly, excruciating deaths numbering in the thousands.

The double reading of poetry on October 27, staged on site at the exhibition, revealed—if only for a moment—the desert in particular and landscapes at large in all their terrible contradiction: as places of magnificent beauty and scenes of countless deaths, sites of unspeakable violence. For a moment, nourished by the words of the greatest living poet in the Americas, those of us present at the reading felt moved and strong, bolstered enough to witness together as one and the same thing all the beauty and all the pain of the environments that surround us. For a moment, it felt as if we had the power to resist the erasure of pain and violence that sustains the most necessary of illusions: the dream of living in a land of liberty, the dream of being in a free world. It was a moment to be cherished, especially here, especially now, in times when the work of remembrance, when the work

of resisting the "privilege of unknowing," is most called for.

In a world so relentlessly defined by utilitarian reasoning, by expedient thinking, by prose language and by vicious speech, poetry is decisively out of place. Displacement, though, is what accounts for poetry's extraordinary capacity for meaning. Relieved of the duties of routine communication, released from the onerous burden of serving as utilitarian vehicle of messages, poetry is free to soar and rove, revealing sublime sights (sights of tremendous beauty, sights of great terror) seldom, if ever, accessible to prosaic language. Raúl Zurita taps into this freedom in poetic language, this liberty from the constraints of language that is only useful. He does so to reveal landscapes of affect and love so violently effaced from the historical record makes his poetry all the more compelling.

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Black Lives Matter in Brazil Too

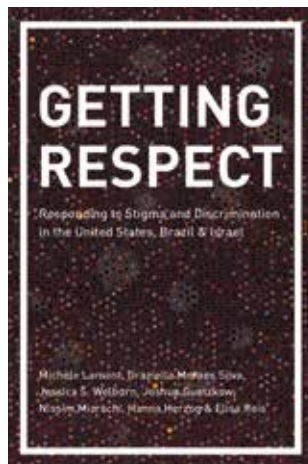
A REVIEW BY EDWARD TELLES

Getting Respect: Responding to Stigma and Discrimination in the United States, Brazil and Israel

by Michèle Lamont, Graziella Moraes Silva, Jessica S. Wellburn, Nissim Mizrahi, Hanna Herzog and Elisa Reis. 2016. Princeton University Press

When I first arrived in Brazil in the 1980s, I quickly learned that race in Brazil was not important there. The country that once had by far the largest slave population in the Americas—several times more than the United States—was considered a “racial democracy.” It was an exceptional country where race mattered little or not at all, especially when compared to the United States. To prove it, a Brazilian colleague pointed me to its extensive race mixture, which he claimed I could observe in everyday interactions at nearby bars, and by the presence of a large mixed race population, presumably revealing much racial intermarriage. For analysts of Brazilian society at the time, class determined one’s status in life. Since little social mobility existed in Brazil, they claimed that blacks remained poor because their recent ancestors were poor slaves.

Indeed, in 1949, UNESCO commissioned a study of Brazil’s exemplary model of race relations, seen then as an antidote to segregation in the United States, apartheid



in South Africa and especially the horrors of genocide in Nazi Germany. Much to UNESCO’s surprise, some Brazilian scholars, including Florestan Fernandes, showed that racial prejudice was alive and well in Brazilian society. However, he also concluded that racial prejudice was transitory as class was the deep underlying structure that gave it life. Unfortunately, that influential scholar moved on from his studies of race. For several decades until the end of the millennium, Brazilians would continue to defend their racial democracy, although a couple of social scientists had challenged its central tenets with hard data, and a small black movement denounced racial democracy as nothing more than a fig leaf covering a deep-seated and pernicious racism.

Since then, I have witnessed a profound change in the status of race

in Brazil. There is now a consensus that racism is prevalent, talk about race and racism is no longer silenced, and affirmative action is now mandated at all federal universities. Social science facts have shown us that racial democracy is indefensible, except perhaps as a goal. We have learned that race matters quite a bit. For example, we know that the average income of blacks and mixed-race Brazilians is roughly half of white income. Moreover, we now know that there has been much social mobility in Brazil since at least the 1960s, but whites have improved their status much more than nonwhites over the course of the 20th century. Much of Brazil’s upper-middle class, which is virtually all white, is only two or three generations away from poor immigrant ancestors.

On the other hand, Brazil’s steep racial inequality coexists with porous social boundaries. Social interactions between whites and blacks, measured as interracial marriage, friendships and residential integration, are greater than in the United States. That had been the (limited) evidence for racial democracy. Yet greater is still far from the level at which race does not matter. At the same time, the United States is no longer extremely segregated as it once was,

and indexes of average social interaction suggest that it is becoming more like Brazil (although racial inequality remains well below Brazil’s), making the comparison a slowly moving target. Despite some differences, race and racism continue to bedevil social relations in both countries.

Michelle Lamont and her collaborators go beyond the historical and survey-based analyses, which have characterized most Brazil-United States comparisons, to examine the personal experiences of racialized minorities in confronting racism. We get to hear what Brazilians themselves have to say about race. Certainly, there have been interview-based studies of race in Brazil and the United States, but this book’s comparative and systematic focus and a superb theoretical framing about how minorities experience racial exclusion make its contributions noteworthy. Some issues are completely new, such as how ordinary people understand and react to incidents of racial exclusion.

In particular, Lamont and fellow authors interview 150 African Brazilians in Rio de Janeiro, 160 African Americans in the New York area, and 137 members of three racialized groups in Israel about incidents of stigma (being assigned low status/“assault on worth”)

and discrimination (being deprived of resources) that they experienced. While discrimination has been much discussed in American sociology, we know much less about stigmatization in regards to race, even though both contribute to the process of racial inequality everywhere. The authors contend that North American analysts of race probably focus on discrimination because it denies the important American right of equal opportunity. At the same time, they often neglect stigmatization, which is generally protected by the First Amendment, although it is condemned in Brazilian and other legal traditions.

The importance of class thinking in producing racial inequality is prominent in the accounts of the Brazilian respondents. The common association between blackness and low status, the strong affirmation of equality and universalism and the strong rejection of cultural differences between Brazilians of different color leads to the common sense that incidents of discrimination, unless blatantly racist, are not due to race alone. Middle-class Brazilians tend to be more certain than working-class Brazilians that they have experienced racial discrimination or stigmatization, yet they sometimes employed class explanations in their accounts, as in assuming they were mistaken for poor people.

Stigmatization is particularly common in

Brazil. Middle-class African Brazilians, who are frequently the only ones in white spaces, often suffer from being stereotyped. Black women are frequently confused with maids, nannies and even prostitutes while men are feared as physical threats and associated with criminals. Brazilian respondents also commonly reported receiving poor service, which they sometimes contrasted with the positive treatment received by well-to-do blacks in the United States. Finally, several African Brazilians reported experiencing racial jokes or being insulted on racial grounds much more often than in the United States, even though the latter is considered a serious crime in Brazil. They often employed narratives of race mixture as making the Brazilians more tolerant and humane.

The authors also examine how these persons confronted their stigmatizers. The responses often sought to avoid confirming racial stereotypes; sometimes they used humor or they simply chose to ignore the incidents. How they responded to their abusers as well as the incidents themselves were clearly shaped by their respective national ideologies, institutions and the acceptable cultural repertoires available to them. The book's authors found confrontation to be most common in the United States, where there is a shared understanding of civil rights and a legal context that strongly discourages racist speech.

Silence was common in Brazil, where there is often an ambiguous understanding of calling out racial insults, even though the victim commonly understands the abuse and suffers nonetheless. That silence also reflects a hesitation to describe a situation as racial and is sometimes accompanied by a polite exchange to educate racists, which the authors call "peaceful confrontation." Although they tended to be critical of the racial democracy idea and were proud of being black, African Brazilians would often downplay racism, using class and race mixture narratives.

To strengthen their comparative conclusions, the authors also examined three racialized groups in Israel: Mizrahi Jews, Ethiopian Jews and Arab Palestinians. The Israeli case adds more layers of complexity to understanding racial exclusion and gives further leverage to the book's approach. The authors claim that Israel is often treated as an exception, something that was long touted for the Brazilian case. One could argue that the United States is the exception, but really all countries and cases are exceptions.

This book would have merits merely on the basis of the Brazil-United States comparison. Indeed, Lamont and the others, such as Brazilian co-authors Graziella Moraes Silva of the Graduate Institute Geneva and former head of the Sociology Department of the Federal University of Rio de Janeiro and the very

distinguished scholar Elisa Reis of the Federal University of Rio and the Brazilian Academy of Sciences, advance our understanding of race in Brazil, not to mention race generally. Whereas race studies in Brazil have been marginalized in its academia in recent decades, the fact that such distinguished Brazilian scholars have led the Brazilian team of this important international project shows just how important race studies have become in the Brazilian social sciences.

Today, racial inequality remains high and is likely to grow in the current recession, and incidents of racial discrimination continue to be all too common. On the other hand, affirmative action policies may begin to diversify the middle class. Most Brazilians are now conscious of racism and race is becoming mainstream in Brazilian academia. Although race is likely to long remain a central feature in Brazil's system of steep inequality, at least we have gone far in analyzing its causes and consequences. Brazil is clearly not a racial democracy, though that is a worthwhile goal.

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Latin American and Arab Revolutionaries

Hands Across the Ocean? [A REVIEW BY JOHN HUGHES](#)

Latin American Revolutionaries and the Arab World by Federico Vélaz (Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2016, 198 pp.)

The presence of an Arab diaspora in Latin America is reasonably well known. Step forward Shakira!

But relations between Latin America and the Arab World have not been well covered in the literature; let alone more specific relationships among revolutionaries. Step forward Federico Vélaz, also a Colombian, teaching at Zayed University, UAE.

In writing this book Vélaz is open about his objectives: to tell “...the story of a series of encounters between Latin American and Arab revolutionaries as part of the broader global history of the twentieth century and beyond.”

And “... to contribute to the debate regarding the ideological and political autonomy of those actors on the periphery of the international system by arguing that these actors have been far more independent in their actions and political convictions than we had previously assumed.”

Vélaz has undertaken some original research (as would be expected of a book drawing on a doctoral thesis at the Tufts University Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy). Even so, the author rightly gives



a summarized version of events such as the Cuban Missile Crisis to provide context to his main focus: the interaction of Latino and Arab revolutionaries.

Most space is given to storytelling. Vélaz writes well. And he also paints on a large canvas: the Cuban Revolution and Egypt; Algeria and Cuba; the Cuba-Nicaragua and Palestinian Movements of 1968-89; Venezuela and the Arab World. That's more than a fifty-year time span—from the Suez Canal crisis to the Arab Spring.

The storytelling is often illuminating. A colleague of Gamal Abdul Nasser recalls a number of meetings between Che Guevara and Nasser in the period from 1959 to 1965. Neither their first nor last meeting went well. Why? Because one was a convinced, somewhat romantic revolutionary and the other

a somewhat pragmatic leader who had gained his “revolutionary credentials” by nationalizing the Suez Canal. This difference came through in their last meeting.

In March 1965 Guevara explained to Nasser that he was going to the Congo to help the revolution: “I have revolutionary activities and organization and I think the situation is ripe in Africa.”

And the reply: “You astonish me...I don't want to interfere, but if you want to be another Tarzan, a white man coming among black men, leading them and protecting them...It can't be done.”

As Vélaz admits, Nasser was correct. The Cuban intervention turned out to be a complete failure.

At the same time, Vélaz shows that there was some substance to, for example, Cuban and Algerian cooperation. The Cubans sent military help to Algeria in 1963 while Algeria was embroiled in a border dispute with Morocco. In return, the Algerians acted as a conduit for Cuban arms being sent to Argentina and Venezuela during the 1960s.

The difficulty is that despite his best efforts, Vélaz can't show that there was a great deal of substance to the relationship between Latino and Arab revolutionaries. Yes, there was certainly much mutually supporting public rhetoric by leaders such as Fidel Castro and Hugo Chávez

on the one side, and Nasser and Ahmed Ben Bella on the other. But as I know from my own diplomatic experience, such words are more often pro forma than necessarily meaningful.

A case in point is Hugo Chávez. I knew Hugo Chávez fairly well during the early years of his presidency. He was an intelligent leader with that crucial ingredient called vision (whether you shared it or not). Chávez knew that a Venezuelan, Juan Pablo Pérez Alfonso, had been one of the founding fathers of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) in 1960. In 2000 Chávez travelled to the Middle East to meet all those heads of state whose countries were OPEC members. His motivation at the time, as he explained to me, was pragmatic. He wanted to hold only the second-ever OPEC Summit in Venezuela and raise the price of oil. It worked.

Subsequently, as Vélaz shows, Chávez used his success with that OPEC summit to build a deeper relationship with certain Arab leaders. But Chávez' initial foray into the Middle East was basically about oil and talking to all OPEC heads of state, revolutionaries and conservatives. In that context, were the rhetorical outpourings of the later years of the Chávez presidency in praise of certain radical Arab leaders as important to them

and him as raising the price of oil?

Underlying this assumption is the question that Vélez neither asks nor answers. Who are the revolutionaries? How has he chosen them? The book would have been better if he had spelled out how and why he chose these specific “revolutionaries,” some of whom were elected democratically and others not.

And what of the second

objective of the book?

Here, I admit to being somewhat perplexed. In my view it is rather jargon-ridden and unclear in its meaning. How does one prove that some states on the periphery (defined in Cold War terms) had more independence than “... we had previously assumed (undefined)”? In any case, it could not apply to Chávez, who came to power many years after the end of the Cold

War. Vélez correctly notes that during the Cold War Cuba had rather more freedom of maneuver than most Eastern European states in relation to the Soviet Union. Otherwise and fortunately, not much of the book is devoted to answering this rather woolly question.

Notwithstanding these points, Vélez has written a useful, readable book, looking at relationships that have

remained unexplored for a long time. In that sense, it is an addition to scholarship.

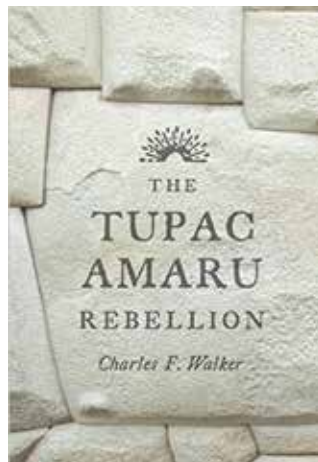
John Hughes is Visiting Professor in Practice and Board member of the London School of Economics' foreign policy think tank, LSE Ideas. Previously, he was a member of the British Diplomatic Service for 35 years including serving as Ambassador in Venezuela and in Argentina.

Tracing Latin America's Revolutionary Roots

A REVIEW BY JULIAN D. BISHOP

The Tupac Amaru Rebellion by Charles F. Walker (The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 2014)

On May 18, 1781, Spanish authorities in Cuzco executed José Gabriel Condorcanqui Noguera, also known as Tupac Amaru, in front of thousands of onlookers. Claiming to be the rightful heir to the last Inca emperor, Tupac Amaru I (1545-1572), José Gabriel called for the abolition of *la mita*, the labor draft, and other policies that oppressed the indigenous population of what was then the Viceroyalty of Peru. By invoking his royal Inca blood, Tupac Amaru galvanized indigenous support that would shake the Spanish colonial system to its core. However, to call this an indigenous uprising would be an oversimplification. Indigenous troops fought on both sides of the conflict, and its complexity reflected the infamous caste system of



colonial Spain.

Moreover, this conflict was not between believers and non-believers. Devout Christians led both sides of what became total war. In fact, Tupac Amaru acted in the name of King Charles III, always maintaining devotion to both the crown and church.

Charles F. Walker's *The Tupac Amaru Rebellion* is a captivating historical narrative derived from sources ranging from legal and

court documents to lovers' intimate correspondences. Walker presented the initial arguments of the book at the Harvard Andeanist workshop several years ago. Right away Walker made it clear that one can't hope to understand the rebellion without understanding Tupac Amaru himself and the many larger-than-life individuals involved, who include family members, business partners, political rivals and religious officials, all firmly fixed in the social system put in place by the Toledo Reforms roughly two centuries prior.

The book's introductory scene is indicative of Walker's understanding of the racial, religious, and political dynamics of the time. He shows Tupac Amaru with Antonio de Arriaga, the *corregidor* in charge of the labor draft, at the house of Carlos Rodríguez, the priest of Yanaoca and Tupac's childhood teacher. The

soon-to-be rebel leader was well educated, particularly in theology, and fluent in both Spanish and Quechua, the native vernacular. In that language Tupac Amaru invoked his Inca ancestry as he declared his grievances to people from the church steps of cities and villages.

Surprising to me as a student with a “Western” education and perspective, the book reveals how underrepresented the rebellion is in global history. The rebellion and its aftermath cost more than 100,000 lives and shaped political landscapes in Europe and the Americas. Walker gives the conflict a degree of analysis that reflects its magnitude.

Though many historians have tackled the subject of the Tupac Amaru rebellion, few offer as clear, nuanced and intricate an approach as Walker; he avoids the simplified messianic

explanation of Tupac Amaru as a god-king trying to usher in a new age of the Inca. This explanation captures the passionate reverence of natives for Tupac Amaru, along with the Inca belief in the cyclicity of time, but it overlooks many of the intricacies of the conflict. One is that indigenous fighters, both voluntary and coerced, constituted the majority of forces on both sides; another is that both parties blamed *mestizos* for many failures. Racial and social dynamics throughout the conflict were very fluid, adjusting to factors ranging from socioeconomics to geopolitics, from personal life to propaganda. Scapegoating and genocide are two terms that come to mind. Walker tackles the task of unraveling these knots, meticulously but excitingly taking the reader from person to person and place to place so as to provide the rich and invaluable context that marks his work.

Similarly, many have viewed the rebellion as an attempt to subvert the colonial system altogether. Walker is careful to note that this is not necessarily the case. Again, Tupac Amaru keeps his allegiance to the crown and church throughout the entire conflict as he seeks to abolish and adjust aspects of the colonial system, particularly *la mita*. Ultimately, however, Tupac Amaru sought to create a multi-racial and Christian community. He recognized the legitimacy of Spanish authority, but argued that the authorities became mired in greed and corruption, partially due to

their separation from the Iberian Peninsula. Though Walker occasionally settles for describing the conflict's many complexities as complexities rather than breaking them down, one must recognize the limits of source material and reliable documentation that he has overcome in the writing of this book.

One of the work's most striking attributes was its attention to logistics, especially military logistics. Detailed accounts of supply chains, troop movement and financing offer clues as to the conditions of the rebellion. One of Walker's most interesting depictions is that of Micaela Bastidas, the rebel leader's wife. Various accounts describe her as more terrifying and authoritative than her husband. While Tupac Amaru followed his forces for hundreds of miles, Bastidas remained at their home and headquarters in Tungasuca, overseeing payment, supplies and intelligence gathering. The work describes numerous sieges, particularly that of La Paz, that tested logistical prowess and grit. I was shocked by grim depictions of cadaver-filled streets and cannibalism.

Moreover, the work is full of personal stories, ranging from Juan Manuel Monsoco's (the Bishop of Cuzco's) excommunication of Tupac Amaru to love stories. One of Walker's most interesting analyses is that of divisions within the groups. After the royalists captured and executed Tupac Amaru, some of the most brutal stages of the rebellion followed. Those who took over the reins,

Diego Cristóbal, Mariano Tupac Amaru and Andrés Mendigure, were just 26, 18 and 17 years old respectively. Numerous royalist accounts noted their troops' problems with weather conditions and extreme topography. The suffering and violence caused divisions between soft-liners and hard-liners on both sides. One of the most interesting is the power struggle between the hard-liner *visitador* José Antonio de Areche and a more subdued viceroy, General del Valle.

Though the Spanish eventually repelled and subdued the rebellion then led by Tupac Katari, Walker notes that they failed to "white-wash" the memory of Tupac Amaru. He remains a prominent figure today, as both a legendary and revolutionary figure. Modern guerilla groups have invoked the rebel's name, such as the Túpac Amaru Revolutionary Movement in Peru and the Tupamaros in Uruguay. Even the prominent rapper, Tupac Shakur, was named after the last of the Inca.

Tupac Amaru is a figure that is often overlooked. The revolution he spurred was costlier and covered more ground than the contemporaneous American revolution. Pillaging and raping were not only commonplace but were described in letters as vital to the war effort. Micaela and Tupac recognized and lamented the burden that their forces placed on the local communities, yet they remained steadfast in their belief that they acted for God and Charles III.

Walker's *The Tupac Amaru Rebellion* is rich in detail and vivid in language. There is ample material from which to draw parallels to the region today. Colombia and FARC's recent peace agreement is a perfect example of a guerilla force that utilized comparable tactics to those demonstrated by Tupac Amaru and Tupac Katari especially. While guilty of drug-trafficking and violence, FARC also called for changes similar to those of the Tupac Amaru movement, such as the redistribution of land. Royalist hard-liners would demand harsher punishment, much like *visitador* Areche, while soft-liners such as Bishop Monsoco called for concessions and peacemaking. After much debate and deliberation, tentative treaties were signed in both cases.

Charles F. Walker's knowledge of the region is impressive, a product of rigorous research. The Tupac Amaru rebellion, though often marginalized, shaped much of Latin America's political landscape, and one would be pressed to find a better historical guide than Walker.

Julian D. Bishop is a current sophomore undergraduate student at Columbia University, studying economics, political science, Latin American studies, and sustainable development. A research assistant at Global Americans, a non-profit research organization in New York City, Bishop is particularly interested in renewable energy and Latin America. He can be reached at julian.bishop@columbia.edu.

Peace Education through Music

A REVIEW BY DANIELLE WILLIAMS

AS MY PLANE GLIDED DOWN toward the sea, I looked out from my seat at the beaming afternoon sun eclipsed by the rising Corcovado hill upon which stood the mighty Christ the Redeemer. Each time I had come to Rio de Janeiro, I smiled to see this statue diligently watching over the bustling city. As a composer, conductor, and music educator, I had first fallen in love with Brazil's enchanting musical styles, genres, and traditions in 2012 and returned to Rio twice to learn about Brazilian music education initiatives. I discovered that numerous organizations were providing free music education as a way to improve the lives of Brazilian youth, spur social change and transform the city's poorest communities.

As I grew in my identity as an educator and witnessed the beautiful work these musicians were doing in impoverished areas of Brazil, I felt a growing need for a new vocabulary to describe what they were teaching, discovering and demonstrating through music making. What is it we were aiming to do when we invite young musicians into these "safe spaces" we call the orchestra? What are our long-term goals and objectives when we put a violin into the hands of a child? How do we explain

our mission to educators outside our discipline?

When I became a student at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, I enrolled in a course called "Peace Education", the name of a pedagogical philosophy used around the world in communities recovering from violence or seeking to prevent it. The main objectives of this approach are to prevent atrocities and war from occurring, to bring about reconciliation and a transition back to normalcy following a conflict, and to integrate non-violent methods of social change into the school curriculum. Though I saw how peace education was integrated into science, math, history, or literature curriculum, there was something notably lacking: integration into the *arts*, specifically music. I quickly made connections between peace education and the music programs I had seen in Rio de Janeiro. I knew that these orchestras were incorporating peace education practices including teaching teamwork, critical thinking, conflict-resolution, democracy, and social justice.

In January 2016, I was delighted to receive my first DRCLAS grant, allowing me to research ways in which peace education principles are incorporated into Brazilian music education programs, particularly those situated in areas affected

by diverse forms of direct and structural violence. I conducted twenty interviews in Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo with fifteen Brazilian orchestras working with students age 6 to 18. My guiding research question was the following: How do Brazilian youth music programs implicitly and explicitly teach peace education principles?

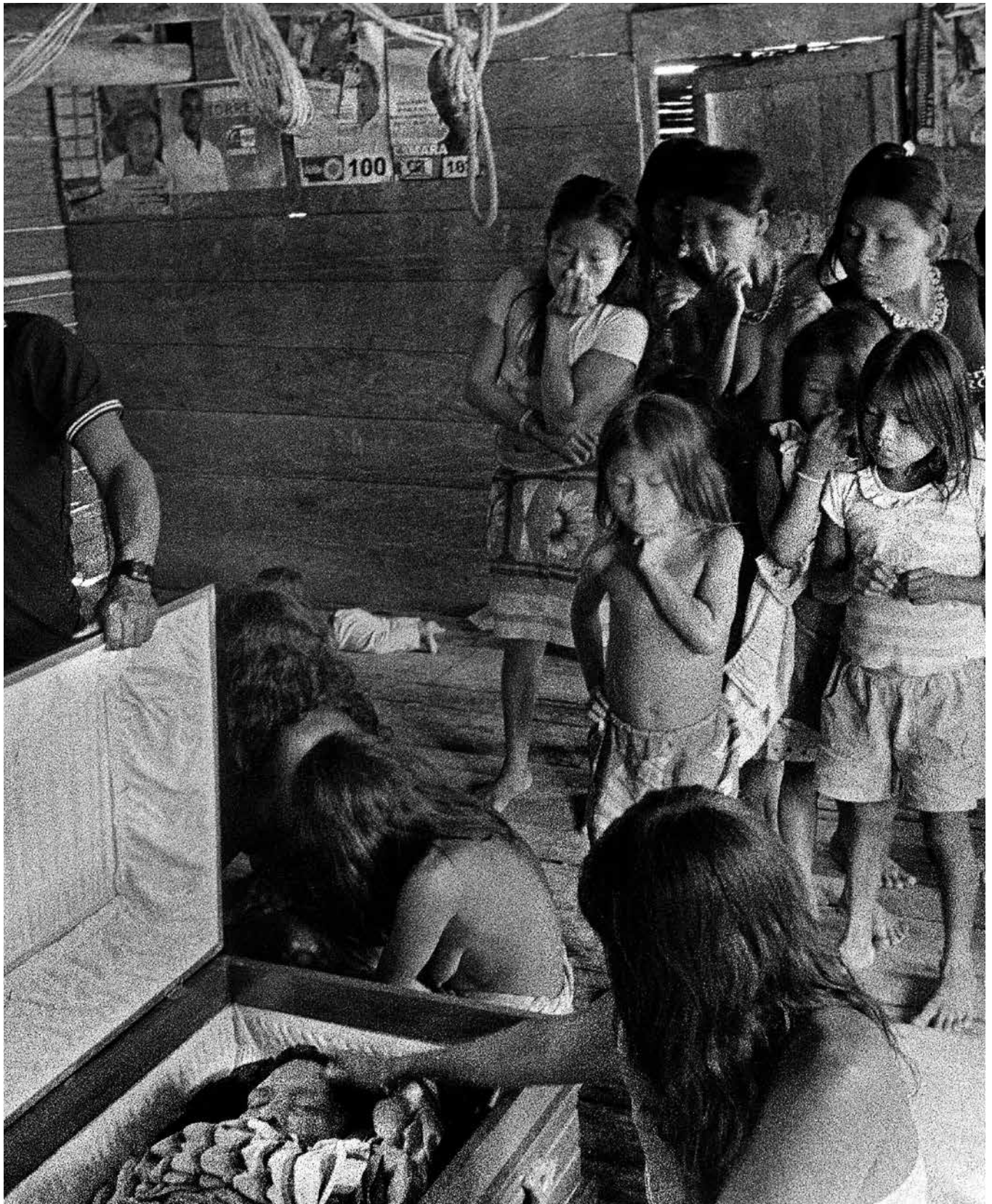
These interviews allowed me to see that there was a wide range of ways in which these music programs incorporated peace education principles. Some explicitly employed peace education in their curriculum, setting aside time to have group discussions with students about community challenges, violence, and ways that students can be agents of change. Teachers told me about their focus on student leadership, social justice, shared responsibility in the ensemble, citizenship, and personal skills like anger-management. Students were also improving in teamwork, creative thinking and responsibility, as well as other skills.

I was eager to see these ensembles in action. Thanks to a second DRCLAS grant, I was able to return this past June to work with five of the programs in Rio. There, I played side-by-side with the youth orchestras and observed ways in which

the teachers engaged their students in peace education competencies. I learned that the students often viewed their music space as a refuge and I witnessed young musicians interact with immense creativity, confidence and fellowship. Most evident, however, was the joy that both teachers and students expressed, knowing that they were using their music as a tool to effect change.

Danielle Williams is a multi-instrumentalist, composer, conductor, and educator who uses experiences she's had around the world to shape her music, inspire new projects, and fuel cross-cultural collaborations. Her passion to use music as a tool for social change has led Danielle to describe her role in the world as a "Musician for Peace." She graduated from the Arts in Education program at the Harvard Graduate School of Education in 2016. This project was funded by the David Rockefeller Center for Latin American Studies Summer Travel Grant. Email: Saw364@mail.harvard.edu
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To read the thesis describing this work and researching findings, visit www.DanielleWilliamsMusic.com.



LAST LOOK Embera indigenous mourners pay their last respects to a governor who died in Catrú in exile from his homeland.



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