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What Comes Between Coca and Cocaine:
Transformation and Haunting in the Peruvian Amazon

By

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Sydney Meredith Silverstein

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An abstract of
A dissertation submitted to the Faculty of the
James T. Laney School of Graduate Studies of Emory University
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Abstract

What Comes Between Coca and Cocaine:
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In March of 2015, the Peruvian government declared a state of emergency in two borderland provinces in the department of Loreto. The area had grown deeply enmeshed in the cultivation of illicit coca and the manufacture of raw cocaine paste (*pasta básica de cocaína,* or pbc), making it a new hotspot in the global cocaine economy. The state of emergency justified increased military presence and coordinated drug interdiction and coca eradication efforts.

Loreto's forested acreage and riverine arteries have long served as a site of coca paste transit and exchange. But the region's expansion to a space of production created new sorts of social and economic relations. I turn an eye to some of these relations—specifically among rural coca-growing communities, the national drug control commission, and urban coca paste users—to ethnographically explore the expansion of coca in Loreto. I study how efforts to curtail the spread of coca paste production and consumption are challenged by both material and affective attachments to il/licit coca. These attachments, I argue, come to haunt projects of eradication and transformation. A collaborative, multimedia ethnographic practice helped me better understand il/licit spaces, as well as to see the spectral presence of coca even in its material absence.

Through an ethnographic exploration of coca in Loreto, I build on three bodies of research. First, I add to a growing anthropology of 'the margins'. I show how Loreto's seeming marginality to Peru's center of economic and political power created conditions of possibility for its emergence as the center of a lucrative global industry, while simultaneously hampering economic alternatives. Second, I add a novel perspective to burgeoning scholarship on illicit economies. By simultaneous ethnographic study of illicit coca production and consumption in the same geographic area, I demonstrate that similar forces reproduce social and economic dependencies on coca. Finally, I contribute to studies in visual and multimodal anthropology. Through a mixed-methods study that includes collaborative film, drawings, and collage, I show how a multimodal research practices can enrich and expand ways of knowing about off-limits and il/licit social spaces.

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For Luzmila

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Introduction

Arrival Story

It didn't always seem like this story would be a ghost story, although maybe the coffins should have given it away. The first one was strapped to the top of the boat, but I didn't realize it was there until the motor broke three hours into the trip, and I wandered out onto the prow to get some air. We were traveling downriver to the province Ramón Castilla, capital of Peru's lowland Amazonian coca boom. The boat was filled with people and stuffed with cargo, and I was squeezed in alongside my team of two from the research institute. We left the port called ENAPU at 5:30 AM, traveling in a *rápido*, one of the motorboats that shuttled passengers between Iquitos and Peru's border with Brazil and Colombia. I had traveled to Leticia the year before on one such boat, and despite warnings from friends that the passage would be nauseating or bumpy, I had found the trip anticlimactic, my disappointment owing not to lack of comfort but to the monotony of the scenery: brown water and flat jungle riverbanks, with the occasional settlement providing the only sparks of human color.

When we left the port the boat's engine had made a suspicious sound. I had not thought much of it, my mind on the trip ahead. But a few hours later the engine sputtered, then stopped, leaving us to drift in the late morning sun in the center of the Amazon River. It was hot inside the boat, seats crammed in like those on a budget airline straining to milk the profit potential of paying human cargo. The boat, run by an agency called *Golfinho*[1], was equipped to hold 60 souls, although small children and crew members were seated on laps and in the aisle. The air quickly became thick, and despite the fierceness of the sun the tiny open deck of the prow was the only option for release from the stagnant conditions inside the boat. As I began to climb the stairs leading up to the prow, a pair of legs appeared, followed by the torso of a man. Once he had landed from the roof onto the narrow deck, he stretched his arms and squinted into the sun.

[1] The Portuguese word for "dolphin". One of the two rival companies was called "Flipper," and the other TransTur.

My initial estimates of the boat's human cargo had failed to account for two additional persons, for they were not located in the passenger section of the vessel. One was in a coffin and the other, the hopping man, had been crouched next to the deceased, whose boxy encasement was tethered to the top of the boat. The living man was an employee of the boat line who had been assigned to "accompany" the corpse (*acompañar el cadaver*). From an old t-shirt, he had concocted a sort of makeshift turban, which shielded his head and neck from the sun. He was dressed in pants and long sleeves to protect the rest of his body. Despite the breeze whipped up by the boat traveling downriver at full speed, the sun was harsh, and skin needed to be covered. Now that the boat had stopped, there was little danger of the ropes that held the coffin to the top of the ship would come loose. So, this man, the guard, joined me on the prow, both of us stretching our legs and surveying the vast expanse of jungle riverbank that stretched out on either side.

We arrived to Caballococha at 11:30 PM, an 18-hour journey that should have taken no more than eight. The motor turned out not to be broken, but merely to have a piece of plastic jammed inside. It was eventually fixed, and we were on our way after nearly four humid hours drifting at the pace of the current downriver. But the motor was not the only issue we ran into.

We traveled along as the sun went down, stopping after dark at the village of Chimbote, the last major police checkpoint before arriving at the border. The police, agents from the antidrug branch known as DIRANDRO, had boarded the boat, brusquely checking IDs and opening packages in a somewhat superficial display of authority. Finding nothing of interest (it was late, and they generally saved their spectacles for daylight), we were sent on our way in the darkness of a starless Amazonian night. About an hour after leaving Chimbote, I grew drowsy, and leaned my head against the window. I intermittently chatted with my friend Cecilia, who was seated to my right. Our calm was quickly shattered as the boat came to an abrupt stop, ramming into something in the middle of the river. There was a loud banging outside, and Cecilia ducked

down, in one motion drawing my shoulders towards my lap with one arm and covering her own head with the other.

As we peered towards the front of the boat, we feared a robbery. At the time, pirates were active on the river, a corridor for the trafficking of both drugs and money. Both the slow-moving large cargo ships (*lanchas*) and *rápidos* traveling along this stretch of river were frequently held up. But luck was on our side; we had merely collided with a sandbar. The possible source of the loud thumping quickly registered with the crew members, just as one of the passengers shouted "*¡el cadaver!*".

But the coffin and its guard had remained secure throughout the collision. The thumping was a child's bicycle, more loosely tethered than the deceased, slipping down the prow of the boat and into the river. Surely the lost bicycle would disappoint a boy or girl in one of the river communities where such technology was hard to come by, but it was not the worst loss of cargo possible in that situation. The corpse, to everyone's relief, remained securely tied to the top of the boat. After much rocking, shaking, and maneuvering, the crew managed to free the boat from its sandy trap. We were on our way again, advancing warily along with the current until we finally reached the port of Caballococha.

Quiet had fallen over most of the passengers after the collision, but as we advanced into the darkness, people began to speak in hushed tones of our double bad luck. Many attributed it to the cadaver, the body of an Israelite[2] woman whose appendix had ruptured in San Isidro two days earlier. The ailing women had been picked up by one of the Golfinho boats traveling upriver, in hopes of getting her towards the departmental capital, Iquitos, where should could

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[2] Sometimes referred to as Ataucusis, the group known as the Israelites are members of a religious cult led by the deceased Ezequiel Ataucusi, a self-proclaimed prophet who led a breakoff group from the Seventh Day Adventist Church, forming the Asociación Evangélica de la Misión Israelita del Nuevo Pacto Universal (AEMINPU) in 1968. Ataucusi encouraged his followers to settle remote parts of Amazonia and convert jungle lands into farming communities. He received government support for his efforts, largely seen as aiding an effort to "colonize" Peru's borderlands with Peruvians. Aside from his religious group, Ataucusi also formed a political party, the *Frente Popular Agrícola del Perú*, or FREPAP, members of which now hold some political offices in lowland Peru. See Ossio 2014 for a more complete history of Ezequiel Ataucusi, AEMINPU and FREPAP).

receive proper medical attention. By the time she boarded the boat, she had gone into septic shock, and the boat had not reached the hospital in Iquitos in time to save her. So, the body was returning home to her community for burial. It seemed appropriate, then, that she would vex our journey, her own frustrations at the inefficiency of river travel transformed into a hex of the living.

The title "rápido" promised speed, but its pledge fell short, both for the Israelite woman and for the passengers that she haunted on her return trip the following day. That promise—*I can get you there and I can do it in good time*—initially tasted of potential but left the bitter flavor of disappointment on the tongue. This flavor, which lingered as we disembarked the rápido, cast a shadow over our trip. It felt like a reminder of a common lesson in that part of Amazonia: the allure of progress and its failure to deliver. This was the messages of the Israelite woman, this was how she haunted.

The Matter of Ghosts

This haunting was visceral. Not only was it felt; it generated a new analytic. While this spectral encounter came early in my fieldwork, the experience of haunting grew into a cohesive analytic for drawing together the months of research to come. In the context of my broader project, the ghost of the Israelite woman thus did the work of an *arrivant*—that specter which arrives to tell of the future—guiding me in constructing a narrative. She did this by troubling binaries—fast and slow, backwards and modern, leaving and returning, living and dead. As Zora Neale Hurston noted while collecting folklore in the rural South, "ghosts hate new things" (1981: 21). Perhaps this was why this rápido was slowed to a crawl, its promises of speed and modern comfort thrown back into a seemingly endless hover in the middle of the river, at the mercy of the blazing sun. Regardless of her motivation, this ghost compelled me to think more deeply about the specters that trouble movements and transformations in contemporary Amazonia.

As expert binary smashers, haunts may be experienced, but never quite apprehended, felt but not reliably observed. Haunts, then, entangle researchers in the tricky dialectic of honoring experience without quite ever recording a concrete observation. How might this dialectic experience inform empirical research? More specifically, how might it be understood within the broader context of an anthropological practice, and explorations of the unity-in-diversity of the human experience?

While ghost stories richly populate the domain of folklore, they are analyzed as a form of myth or cultural text. Indeed, haunting tales are important for what they tell us about the histories and anxieties of a particular group (Bergland 2000; Goldstein et al. 2007). But this sort of focus relies on narrative more than experience. How might we reconcile haunting as direct experience? Might an experience of haunting do the work of an arrivant, telling of future usefulness of ghosts in weaving together empirical findings?

Ghost stories are largely seen as the domain of children and the superstitious, leftovers from a less civilized state of consciousness (Freud 1919). Some ghosts are said to be dissatisfied with their place on the wrong side of history, and can be put to rest, like King Hamlet, with an act of reckoning. They haunt to get their side of the story heard, troubling the present in order to be able to rest in the future. Often the fodder of psychoanalytic analysis, ghosts are used as a portal to the subconscious, our buried fears or angsts. They are good to think with in terms of repressed memories transformed into current anxieties. But they are useful outside of the individual and the psychoanalytic. Ghosts can also show us things about collective experiences of history.

Not all ghosts haunt with a complaint about a specific act of injustice. Ghosts and the notion of haunting can be invoked to describe the traces of broader injustices of institutions such as slavery and colonialism that linger in specific places (Cameron 2008; Goldman and Saul 2006; Gunew 2013). Like burial grounds transformed into shopping malls, landscapes obscure certain histories. Knowledge of these hidden histories, in turn, produces a haunting effect in

individuals. Haunted experiences of place are not felt universally but are almost always experienced by those that relate to obfuscated narratives of history. In the haunted landscape, troubled experiences of time shape encounters with place (Bell 1997).

Ghosts also trouble people's neat experiences of modernity. As anthropologist Andrew Johnson describes in the case of haunted Thai suburbanites, ghosts remind the upwardly mobile about the acts of violence and repression upon which their privileged class status is built (Johnson 2013). These are not ghosts that can be put to rest with an act of retribution. Rather, there are satisfied in creating stasis in the trajectory of others, troubling a notion of progress or forward motion for others whose recent luck has been better. These ghosts, as Johnson notes, "represent a lack of mobility—they block "correct" motion, such as rebirth or progress" (2013: 308). In this sense, ghosts worry our constructions of time, troubling our attempts to neatly divide past, present, and future, or even employ these concepts in our notions of temporality.

Sociologist Avery Gordon (2008[1997]) understands these sorts of temporal entanglements as method for understanding invisible relationships that haunted people experience in the present. Gordon takes up the more intimate accounts of women—a patient turned collaborator of Jung and Freud, a character in an Argentine novella, and Toni Morrison's protagonist in Beloved—to show how these three women's direct experiences of ghosts can help us to understand how everyday social relations are also haunted. Ghosts are a lens for understanding the very real and material ways that historical visions of the future, or alternate futures, shape the constellation of feelings (frustration, rage, exclusion, disappointment, nostalgia, hope) that we experience in the present. In the social-scientific rational urge to relegate these ghosts to the realm of fantasy, we neglect their very real impact on social experience. Gordon argues for a sociology that honors the role of haunting in social imaginaries.

If we acknowledge individual as well as collective experiences of ghosts, how might we theorize them? Jaques Derrida has said that "[a] traditional scholar does not believe in ghosts-nor in all that could be called the virtual space of spectrality" (1994: 12). Yet, Derrida argues, the past

lurks around us, it is a part of us, it affects us. Even if we do not believe we may experience. Derrida coined the term 'hauntology' to address the spectral presence of the ideas of Marx. Despite broad assertions of the triumphs of capitalism, Marx haunts in the spaces of continued capitalist crisis. For Derrida, then, hauntology is the haunting of a historicized present by ghosts whose palpability resists being rationalized away (Harper 2009).

Following Derrida, ghosts and specters are useful analytics for smashing binaries and paradigms with which we understand both history and the contemporary. There are relics of each nesting within one another, the present haunted by the past and its ghostly vision of future utopia. Ghosts trouble temporal binaries. But they also remind us of visions of an alternate future, visions fashioned in the past by persons dreaming of what is now the present moment (Benjamin 1968). These visions haunt, asking for a space of expression so that our collective imaginings of the future might include alternate possibilities.

Seated in that rápido, it was hard to dismiss ghosts as fodder for superstitious minds. I felt the presence a specter; she produced a palpable, material affect, both for me and for others in the unintended community of unfortunate boat passengers. She reminded us of our desires to reach our destinations in efficient time, and our collective cynicism of the rápido to live up to its name. She was the hopes of countless Amazonians promised a better life through development and the efficiency of technology, and the staleness of waiting for undelivered promises (cf. Ferguson 1995). She produced this effect and thus was real.

Ghosts are hard to pin down. By their very definition, they defy material stability, existing in a liminal space, appearing in the living world but not quite of it. For this reason, it is also hard to have fixed feelings towards them. When they show up, it is easier to feel haunted; they can make you believe. But with a little distance, they seem silly, a figment of the imagination, the product of the particular sorts of anxiety that arises from interrupted sleep or the anonymous noises produced in the wee hours of night. It is a relief to rationalize them, box them up as superstition, believe that their power is only a product of your own weakness or

paranoia. You can choose to not see them, you can opt out of believing. But, of course, the very nature of ghosts is also that they do not follow directions. Sometimes, even despite the most confident daylight rationalizations, they come back.

October 2015

I noticed the second coffin a few months later, as I waited on a muddy slope for my rápido to arrive from Leticia. It was the end of the dry season, and the river had receded far from the port, leaving a perilous and muddy incline down from the main plaza to the dock. The amphibious space created unique challenges for the drunks that hung around the edges of the docks, snatching cargo as it came off the boats and scurrying it uphill in exchange for a few *nuevo soles*[3]. Weighed down by packages, their feet would sink deep into the earth, their compromised sense of balance worsening with every inch descended in the exposed river bottom.

This day—the last Saturday in October—the boat was late in its trip upriver from the border. Anxious to get a window seat, I had arrived early, and found an overturned canoe jammed in the mud. I placed my bags on the hull so that they would not get soiled by the mud that rose halfway up my rubber boots and leaned my frame against the cargo to keep it from sliding down the inclined surface.

Leaning back into my knapsack, I noticed the coffin. It was a few yards away, resting above the mud on a pair of pallets and wrapped securely in plastic. A short, bow-legged man lingered a few feet away from it, speaking into a cell phone as if it was a walkie-talkie. He was an employee of one of the transport companies and carried a folder full of papers. Normally two rápidos—one from Golfinho and one from a rival company—arrived every morning to pick up passengers from the port. I considered the odds: 50% in my favor.

[3] Peruvian currency, worth about .3 US dollars during my fieldwork.

Figure 1: Loading (October 2015)

But I wouldn’t be telling this story if the coffin was not loaded into my ship, or, rather, atop it, lashed to the roof with plastic rope. Once it was secured, the manila folder containing its paperwork tucked into the rear pocket of the seat in front of me, where the employees sat. The corpse was accompanied by rumors—a jilted lover, an episode of drug-related violence. But no one was sure. The one thing I was sure of was that I was traveling for the second time in three months in a speedboat with an occupied coffin strapped to the top. Could you have resisted looking at those papers?

A man, 62 years old, resident of Caballococha, cause of death: heart attack. No drama as far as I could read from the report, and I was relieved. Our trip upriver back to Iquitos was not haunted by sputtering engines, sand bar collision, river pirates, or any other sort of misfortune other than a rather tasteless *arroz con pollo* served on a paper plate at 10:30 AM as lunch. We arrived in the early afternoon. Still dizzy from the 10-hour journey upriver, I claimed my

belongings from the pack of suitcases lashed to near the coffin. Trudging up the hill, I noticed a hearse parked at the gates of the port, a family standing somberly alongside it.

From the port, I got in a mototaxi and headed home to my apartment on the sixth block of *calle* Loreto. At the time, I was renting a room from Lita Mendoza on the block where she lived in side-by-side houses with her mother and three younger sisters: Eliana, Giovanna, and Rocio. As I stepped out of the mototaxi and hauled my bags to the door, I was greeted by a pack of 10-year-olds anxiously awaiting my return. The kids, children and grandchildren of the Mendoza sisters, had conscripted their American neighbor to help them with party planning nearly a month before. Tonight was the big night. I had scarcely gotten my bags stored in my room before we were off to purchase the final decorations and refreshments and hang the cobwebs and plastic bats throughout Lita's restaurant, which she had lent us for the party. It was, of course, Halloween, and I was dressed as a witch, with a black and silver wig and pointed hat. At the party, I served as the emcee for the crowd of children. They played games, danced to Michael Jackson's *Thriller* and recent hits by Bruno Mars, and stormed the with admirable ferality.

I was tempted to read deeper into the significance of my cadaveric company in the rápido on this most haunted of days. But it really just was a day like any other, the undead celebrated at a comfortable distance by my youthful companions, who enthusiastically chewed wax vampire teeth and sucked on sugary skeleton candy reaped from the remnants of the piñata. The potential power of ghosts and haunting started to feel exaggerated. Just as I started to be drawn into that world, believing in the vexing power of an Israelite women who had not made it to the hospital in time, I was drawn back into the more comfortable framework of ghosts as fodder for a capitalist holiday. Halloween decorations and a children's party purged some of the uneasiness from my gut. Coffins strapped to boats didn't always mean haunting, life and death happen and the world cycles on, broken engines are bad luck and sandbars are common at the end of the dry season. It was easy to explain these things away, most of the time at least. But

every time I boarded a boat, I always checked for cadaveric company, the expectation of haunting never fully exorcised from my being.

Figure 2: Halloween Party

Structured Liminality and the Production of Haunting

It is fitting that these trips in rápido were the spaces and times that haunting crystalized into my lived experience. These trips connected rural and urban Loreto, the sub sites in my field work. They prompted my reflection on local experiences of time, space, and movement, as well as connections between the sites on either end. Specifically, the trips were times that I considered the links between coca production and consumption, and the social and economic practices that came together around each of them.

I chose to study seemingly discrete ends of a commodity chain precisely because of this seeming discreteness. In other worlds, I wanted to trouble the boundary between coca paste

production and consumption, generally understood to be problems of the Third and First worlds, respectively. What insights might be gained from studying them together? What sorts of conditions produce and reproduce economic and social dependencies on illicit coca within the same geopolitical space?

Between 2013 and 2016, I spent just over 20 months in Loreto conducting field research. My research explored the recent rise of coca production in the area, and its impacts on local economies and social groups. Specifically, I conducted fieldwork among rural coca farmers in the province of Ramón Castilla, and coca paste drug users in the department's capital city of Iquitos. In both instances, I worked with groups in the process of reconciling the illicit nature of their activities through participation in some type of reform program. These programs—a government-run alternative development program and a church run rehabilitation program—were intended to transform economic and social practices into something within formal structures of legality, and broader social constructions of licitness. In both instances, I observed the way that these programs failed to tidily accomplish their goals of transformation.

The intended work of these programs recalls Victor Turner's notion of the ritual process, which provides a model for transformation of status (Turner 1995[1969]). In this case, the transition was intended to be from illicit and informal social and economic practices to licit and formal ones. In Ramón Castilla, the work of the program, a state-run development initiative headed by the anti-drug branch DEVIDA, instructed coca farmers how to plant alternative cash crops and commercially market fariña (manioc flour). A transition from coca to these new crops and products would incorporate them into the formal, licit economy. In Iquitos, a rehabilitation program instructed drug users how to free themselves from the holds of addiction through a program of moral and corporeal disciplining. Completion of the program would enable addicts to re-integrate into formal employment opportunities and licit social activities. Yet while the programs drew boundaries between licit and illicit practices, they failed to acknowledge, or fully integrate, the possibilities of alternate boundaries that shaped how coca and coca paste were

experienced by the farmers and drug users intimately tied to it. Why was it so important for these parallel understandings of boundaries to be recognized?

Drawing on the work of Van Gennep (2011[1960]), Turner outlines three discrete phases that undergird processes of transformation. The initiates, or those preparing for transformation, are first removed from common social space. This separation contains both temporal and spatial dimensions. While the separation is physical, it is also a removal from the norms, rules, and hierarchies that comprise social structures. Once removed, they enter a liminal phase, in which social relations among initiates and their guides reaches what Turner calls *communitas*, a form of egalitarianism wrought from abandoning of formal structures—such as status and property—and an inversion of power relationships (Turner 1995[1969]: 96-97).

In this model, it is the middle, or liminal, phase, in which the work of transformation is done. Its success is dependent on the anti-structural nature of the relationships within this space. In order to be rebirthed into a new status or form, conventional structures must be upended, that which seems against norms and formalities given a space to be realized and performed. In this way, these exceptions are acknowledged as possibilities, acted on, and thus exorcised. But what happens when the upending of norms is not actualized in this crucial, liminal passage? What happens when alternate possibilities of relationships of status and power are never given a space to be realized? In the following chapters, I explore these questions ethnographically.

Detailed inquiry into illicit social worlds is often threatening—who wants this information and why? But this unease highlights an important dimension of the social experience of boundaries: how do broader political constructions of licit-ness or legitimacy impact the ways that people experience these categories a local or intimate level? Materials and practices deemed illegal or illegitimate do not necessarily produce experiences that are harmful, polluting, or negative. These categories have no set referent, nor do they refer to a concrete quality inherent to a relationship or practice. However, political construction of legality or legitimacy will surely impact experience. These categories shape the calculation of risk or sense of danger, the

awareness of the judgements of others, the times and spaces within which things can be realized. In other words, while the value judgements of broader polities do not speak to an inherent or embodied truth about the nature of something, they nevertheless impact lived experience of it.

Anthropology, then, is well-suited to the task of exploring how quasi-legal and quasi-licit things, be they materials or practices, are experienced by individuals. Close attention to the everyday, or the ways that people encounter, experience, and represent il/legal and il/licit materials and practices fills in the grey, or liminal spaces left when political categories render things black and white. I turn my attention to the grey areas between 'licit' coca and 'illicit' cocaine to explore what comes between them—people, networks, and histories that bridge the legal and illegal, licit and illicit, producer and consumer, giver and taker-away. I focus on spaces of transformation—a coca crop substitution program and a drug rehabilitation center—to inquire into the process by which the illicit might be transformed to the licit, and the things that get in the way, or come in between, a tidy transformation. Inquiring into the nature of boundary production between the licit and illicit, I ask: *How and why are boundaries between licit and illicit created? If there are multiple boundaries, whose understanding is privileged, and what effects does this produce for those with alternate understandings?*

In Peru, coca is a material that evades stable positioning within a single, shared moral framework, and in Loreto this is not exception. Yet unlike the Andean region, where chewing coca is fiercely defended as a form of cultural patrimony, Loreto's shifting relationship with coca has less to do with a defense of indigenous culture and more to do with sentiments of regional identity that have produced the 'exceptionality' of the region. As Santos-Granero and Barclay (2015[2002]) have argued, the case for Loreto's marginality with regard to the Peruvian state can be contrasted with the special privileges experienced by the region with regard to national economic policy. To this end, I explore what sort of exceptions promoted the expansion of the coca(ine) economy in Loreto, and how have these exceptions in turn impacted local sentiments towards and legal judgements of coca and its derivatives.

Woven throughout this ethnography is my own place during research, living in a rented room amidst a large, close-knit, and boisterous Loretano family. Their histories of entanglement with the coca(ine) economy provided a key point of comparison with the contemporary situations in which my fieldwork had immersed me. A family whose members include a former drug trafficker, an agronomist working in alternative development programs, an occasional coca picker (*raspachín*), and a boat-owner who unknowingly transported kilos of pbc, they embodied the numerous contradictions inherent in the social worlds of loretano coca.

To contextualize these stories, I now turn to a brief background on coca's expansion in Loreto, followed by a situation of the chapter's that follow within key bodies of anthropological literature. I show how Amazonia—and particularly non-indigenous Amazonia—has occupied a marginal space in both the national imaginaries of Peru and the scholarly imaginaries of anthropology. I thus situate Loreto's seemingly peculiar emergence as a center of international economic activity within broader studies of 'the margins'. I draw on studies of other seemingly marginal spaces in Peru to demonstrate how the exceptionality of marginal spaces creates new conditions of possibility. In this case, both Loreto's marginal and exceptional status in relation to national politics helped it to emerge as a center of global movements of people, ideas, and money. By simultaneously focusing on the role of illicit coca production in rural Loreto and coca paste consumption in urban Iquitos, I add a novel perspective to a burgeoning scholarship on illicit economies by studying discrete links on an illicit commodity chain within a single geographic area. When these spaces became difficult to access, I drew on a collaborative and multimedia research practice to indirectly access both material and ephemeral aspects of social spaces defined by illicit coca. Thus, I also contribute to studies in visual and multimodal anthropology by exploring, through collaborative films, drawings, and collages, how a multimodal practice might enrich knowledge of off-limits spaces.

Background

In March of 2015, the Peruvian government declared a state of emergency in Putumayo and Ramón Castilla, borderland provinces in Peru's political department of Loreto (La Republica 2015). This "state of emergency" justified increased military and police presence, and a series of incursions into both private and communally-held lands to seek out and destroy coca fields and coca paste production operations. The justification for this declaration was increasing evidence that the region had grown deeply enmeshed in the cultivation of illicit coca and the manufacture of raw cocaine paste (*pasta básica de cocaína,* or pbc). This "state of emergency" is just one in growing number of legal and political mechanisms for creating means of exception to the everyday rule of law in the contemporary War on Drugs. During the rise of fascism in Europe, Walter Benjamin understood states of emergency to be the warning bells sounding the decline of democracy and the rise of fascism (Benjamin 1968). In the contemporary context, under the guise of fighting drugs and terror, states of legal exception have led to what Michael Taussig has called the "paramilitarization of everyday life" (2018: 147), whereby fear and violence are naturalized as a technique of governance within a narco-state. While Taussig is referring to life in the Colombian countryside, the same could be said for the United States, where, as Michelle Alexander has documented, paramilitary SWAT teams invade on a whim in the racially-skewed policing of drug sales in urban America (Alexander 2010).

Since the early 2000s, aerial evidence of coca plantations in Loreto had caught the attention of antinarcotics police, but in recent years, there were growing signs that Loreto had been converted into the new hotspot in the international cocaine trade. Loreto's role in this trade, however, was not a recent development. Its forested acreage and riverine arteries had long served as a key site of transit and exchange ever since the inception of the global trade in illicit cocaine. But its new role as a site of production extended the impacts of this industry into new social worlds, shifting the nature of relationships that came together around illicit coca and its derivatives as they circulated through both urban and rural Loreto. I turn an eye to some of these

relationships to ethnographically explore the social worlds produced from this economy, and more broadly, the nature of social relations that come together around il/licit economies in Peru's Amazonian region.

Studying the social worlds of coca in Loreto brought me to explore relationships between diverse groups of actors: indigenous farmers, federal development workers, retired drug traffickers, small-time drug dealers, recovering addicts, and itinerant laborers. This cross-section is important for what it can say about crafting an ethnographic portrait of contemporary Amazonia, a secondary objective of this study. While long a site of anthropological inquiry into the cultures of indigenous people, Amazonia is a region whose demographics reflect decades of migrations and circulations of people whose movements follow a succession of economic booms or promises. The recent expansion of Loreto's coca economy has produced not only a new crop of farmers and chemists, but also transportation companies, shell companies, and hospitality services that accommodate the influx of cash linked to illicit coca production and pbc fabrication.

In Loreto, the social worlds of coca cross multiple boundaries between in/formality, il/licitness and il/legality. As a dutiful anthropologist, I needed to inquire into the constructions of these categories. However, at times I also needed to respect these boundaries, regardless of their shifting and constructed nature. Pursuing my research questions often led me to actors embroiled in extra-legal activity. To respect both their safety and mine, I employed a mixture of prudence and creativity in my research practice. To understand the social worlds of illicit coca from the perspective of actors inside of them, I drew on a mix of research practices including collaborative and multimedia ethnography. I did this to make space for my informants to show or tell their stories without the pressure of responding to specific questions that might implicate them in illegal activity. This mix of practices included collaborative mapmaking, photo elicitation, drawing and collaborative filmmaking. Discussion of these practices, elaborated mostly in Chapters Four and Five, frames the third objective of this study: to demonstrate the new ways of

knowing possible through collaborative and multimedia research practices in anthropology. These three parallel lines of inquiry—into an ethnography of 'marginal' Amazonia, the social worlds of illicit economies, and the potentials of collaborative and multimedia anthropology—animate this dissertation, which at its broadest explores how people experience multiple and simultaneous constructions of il/licitness. In the pages that follow, I situate the dissertation within the three literatures that it builds on. From here I move to a series of encounters that provide the connective tissue between field sites and fields of inquiry. I close with a brief outline of chapters and a short ghost story.

Beyond Indigenous: Hybrid Cultural Forms in the Peruvian Amazon

Loreto is a political department in Peru's northeast corner, the country's largest but most sparsely populated department. It has few roads, its main transportation arteries being the Amazon River and its many tributaries, which splinter off like increasingly narrow veins carrying water, people, and goods through the dense acres of rainforest that cover the region. Loreto's geography—characterized by floodplains and shifting, amphibious configurations of land and water—has long been a frustration for projects of economic integration with the rest of Peru. But like many seemingly 'marginal' regions elsewhere in the world, the conditions that produced challenges to national economic integration strengthened both local and transnational economic relationships (cf. Das & Poole 2004; Nugent 1996).

In Loreto, cocaine has boosted local economies through its links to transnational networks of transport and trade. In this dissertation, I explore the local impacts of Loreto's expanded role in the cocaine economy through its emerging position as a coca-producing region. Specifically, I focus on the impacts of Loreto's expanding role in the illegal coca trade on indigenous coca farmers in rural Loreto and on drug use in the departmental capital of Iquitos. In doing so, I work at bridging a gap in drug scholarship that commonly bifurcates realms of production and consumption. To my knowledge, this dissertation is the first scholarly work that addresses the linkages between the production and consumption ends of the cocaine commodity

chain within Peru. I follow linkages and connections between Loreto's emergent rural coca enclave and its capital city—Iquitos—where flows of people, goods, and money linked to coca almost inevitably pass through. In recent years, Iquitos in particular has seen an increase in the popularity of both the micro-commercialization and use of illicit, coca derivative drugs, particularly pbc[4].

In the following chapters, I tack back and forth between Iquitos and a cluster of coca-growing communities near Peru's border with Brazil and Colombia. I use the case of illicit coca's impacts on local social relations to create an ethnographic portrait of contemporary Loreto, and the diverse textures of cultural experience encompassed within its rural and urban worlds. Contemporary Loretano cultures fuse elements particular to Amazonia with those brought in from the succession of global economies that have entangled the region, most often drawing on rural labor and urban commerce (Chibnik 1994; García 2006, San Román 2015[1975], Santos-Granero & Barclay 2015[2002]). But even the earliest of colonial encounters laid the framework for Amazonia's role in global imaginaries, with promises of gold and other riches circulating with the ships that traveled back and forth across the Atlantic. Early extractive economies ensured that the area encompassed by present-day Loreto has drawn both labor migrants and visionaries to mix with indigenous peoples, producing rich hybrid local cultures.

In focusing on coca, I address the rural culture of coca production and the urban markets for the distribution and use of coca-based drugs, focusing on the links that intertwine these two seemingly discrete areas of social life. Addressing a trend in Amazonian ethnography to favor the indigenous, I seek to broaden the canon of anthropological research in the Peruvian Amazon by incorporation not only indigenous and mestizo perspectives, but the relations between the two. My contribution to this canon is guided by the following question: *what exceptional factors worked to produce Loreto's hybrid regional cultures, and how are they distinct from the rest of*

[4]Coca-derivative drugs in Iquitos generally clumped under the common title of pasta básica de cocaína, or pbc, although the drugs sold throughout Iquitos are actually an adulterated form of pbc, cut with various chemicals and fillers. There is a rich local lexicon for these drugs, including *pasta, queso*, *chicho, tiros, la cocoa, talco,* etc.

Peru? This simultaneously works to fill a gap in Peruvian anthropology, a canon that has tended to emphasize the Andean over Amazonian, and, when addressing Amazonia, favored the indigenous over non. Indeed, while Loreto's central role in numerous global economies challenges it's title of 'marginal' region, ethnographies of the Peruvian Amazon, and particularly ones not focused on indigenous groups, are indeed marginal to the canon of anthropological research in Peru.

In Peru, the Andean region has long dominated the field of anthropological inquiry. Alberto Flores Galindo's seminal essays, compiled in *Buscando un Inca* (1987), demonstrate the power of the Inca imaginary in Peruvian social movements, as repressed social groups connect to a mythologized pre-Columbian heritage to assert a millenarian vision for the future. Playing on the work of Flores Galindo (1987) and Trouillot (1991), anthropologist Shane Greene argues that this obsession with a particular notion of Peru's pre-Columbian past has created an "Inca slot" (Greene 2006) into which the object of anthropological inquiry has been largely confined. The marginalization of Amazonia and Amazonians in the Peruvian imaginary produced national conceptions of the Amazon region as some terra nullius, seemingly populated with savages whose culture, or lack thereof, made no significant contribution to national identity.

It was largely the work of Stefano Varese (1968), translated to English in 2002, that brought to light the plight of Amazonian peoples in contemporary Peru, making a case for their unique historical experience as colonial and post-colonial subjects. Varese's pioneering work on exploitation and resistance among Amazonian peoples generated new interest in Amazonians and their particular plight in postcolonial Peru. Brown and Fernándes historical work (1991) on the Asháninka uprising of the 1960s further contextualized histories largely excluded by the canon of Peruvian anthropology. More contemporary ethnographies of indigenous groups (Brown 1986; Greene 2006; 2008; Santos-Granero 1998; Smith 2005), as well as scholarship on broader issues of the relationship between indigenous groups, the Peruvian state, and the global

economy (Chirif & García Hierro 2007, Gow 1991; Santos-Granero & Barclay 1998; Smith et al. 2003) has strengthened the representation of Amazonians within Peruvian anthropology.

Ethnographies that focus on mestizo cultural forms in Amazonia are less common. In the 1970s, Marlene Dobkin del Río conducted research with Ayahuasca shamans in Belén, the floating district (nicknamed Venecia) of Iquitos. In her monograph, *Visionary Vine* (1972), Dobkin del Ríos demonstrates how mestizo shamans use mixed practices, drawing from indigenous Amazonia and the coastal regions, to do their work. Her case study also hints at forms of medical pluralism practiced in a region such as Iquitos, where rural and indigenous healing practices are hybridized with biomedical care in the urban centers. Despite its structure as a brief and somewhat anecdotal account of ayahuasca use, Dobkin del Ríos' book is important for the connections it draws between rural and urban, demonstrating how, in Iquitos, these realms are always in contact, circulating people, medicines, and ideas. Chibnik (1994) also studied links between rural and urban Loreto. He did so through an investigation of the economic practices of floodplain farmers in the region surrounding Iquitos, highlighting the particular challenges of getting by in a region whose season fluctuation of viable land and transportation created a precarious economic situation. Importantly, Chibnik noted the struggles of riverine people seeking to sell to larger regional and national markets, and the challenges in creating efficient infrastructure connecting country and city. This relation between rural rainforest and urban jungle is the focus of Jorge Gasché's two-volume *Sociedad Bosquesina* (2012), perhaps the most thorough study of contemporary social forms in Loreto today. Gasché demonstrates the ways in which indigenous social forms are adapted and maladapted to urban contexts, and the challenges of sustaining indigenous cultural practices within the modern city. Gasché's emphasis, however, remains on the transfiguration of indigenous culture to the urban and peri-urban context of Iquitos and its surrounding environs. But while the presence of indigenous heritage is an unmistakable part of Loretano culture, an ethnographic portrait of contemporary Loreto must not always prioritize the transformation of indigeneity.

Even today, local popular understandings of anthropology still center indigeneity as an object of inquiry. An event I attended in September of 2016, hosted by the anthropology department of the local university in Iquitos (the only anthropology department any university in Peru's entire Amazon region), was telling: assembled as key speakers were three senior scholars, all from Europe or Lima, who took turns speaking of their research on myth, symbolism, and cultural transformation in indigenous groups. Yet the audience reflected a newer face of Amazonian anthropology: indigenous and mestizo students of anthropology conducting research projects on urban legends, unlicensed street vendors, and the politics of sanitation in urban shantytowns. While not yet well-represented in the academic literature, there is a growing body of scholarship concerned with the particular contemporary social and political dynamics of the Peruvian Amazon—its unique cultural hybrids and social problems produced from the regions particular political economy. This includes recent work by Kawa et al. (2017) on an urban relocation project in Iquitos, Pérez (2017) on the struggles of queer activists in Tarapoto, and Goldstein (2015) and Ulmer (2015) on gold mining in Madre de Diós. I situate this dissertation within this new and promising field that explores the intersections of Amazonian culture and ecology with global political economy.

Ambiguous Economies

Loreto's particular social and cultural composition includes numerous indigenous groups speaking 27 languages (MINEDU 2013). Loreto's diversity comes not only from its indigenous populations and descendants, but also the descendants of European, North African and Chinese merchants, internal migrants from Peru's Andean and coastal region, and a mix of scholars and tourists from other corners of the world. This diversity is a product of a series of economic booms and busts that transformed the region from a forested hinterland sparsely populated with indigenous groups[5] to a crossroads for transnational movements of goods, people, and money.

[5] It is nearly impossible to estimate the density of indigenous groups in present-day Loreto in the centuries before colonial encounters, although it is estimated the initial European encounters with indigenous Amazonians were already modified by the scourge of diseases that traveled inland through trade relationships, drastically diminishing

The rubber boom, or *época del caucho*, produced much of this transnational movement, as the vulcanization of rubber prompted the frenzied extraction of sap from rubber trees across Amazonia (Barham and Coomes 1996; Stanfield 1998; Weinstein 1983).

The rubber industry was given glorified for the flows of money it brought into Amazonia, spurring infrastructural development and creating an ambiance of cosmopolitan urbanism in Iquitos. However, the industry soon became sullied by the inhuman and illegal labor practices that undergirded it. The accounts of Roger Casement brought human rights violations against indigenous laborers to international attention (Hardenburg & Casement 1912). As Taussig (1987) has argued, rubber capitalists constructed an image of a savage other in order to justify the brutal forms of exploitation that facilitated the rubber economy. But a fierce opposition campaign was mounted by rubber baron Cesar Arana, claiming that his labor practices were actually civilizing, and that his industry was bringing development and progress to a backwards corner of the jungle. Casement's fight to prosecute labor practices of Arana and colleagues drew on newly formed international discourses of human rights to challenge locally-accepted forms of debt peonage and slave labor (Goodman 2009). But in what Chaumeil (2009) has dubbed a "war of images," representations of these same brutal practices were sanctioned by others as evidence of the "civilizing" work of capitalist development. Contested narratives of legitimacy produced from rubber-era struggles over political rights would continue to haunt economic development in Loreto.

Since the rubber era, local economic systems that have relied on informal labor and quasi-licit labor practices to sustain lucrative industries such as hardwoods, animal pelts and,

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the size of most Amazonian indigenous populations. Archaeologist Betty Meggers once claimed that Amazonia was a "counterfeit paradise" (1971) whose soils were too poor to support any large-scale societies. Because of this, argued Meggers, Amazonian social groups were stymied in their development due to the poor agricultural resources available to them. This claim was fiercely contested by scholars such as Anna Roosevelt (1991), who argue that the archaeological record shows evidence of great social complexity among Amazonian groups. More recent research using remote sensing technology, by archaeologists such as Heckenberger suggests that Amazonia was much more densely populated than once imagined, but the nature of building materials and rate of decay in humid, tropical Amazonia prevented the preservation of any sort of monumental architecture, such as one would find in Cuzco or Andean cities that flourished in pre-Colombian times (Mann 2005).

most recently, coca. Poor educational opportunities—Loreto consistently ranks poorly in national scholastic achievement indicators (MINEDU 2017)—and lack of formal sector employment has long produced a vast informal labor sector. These informal laborers are often willing to work in questionably legal projects of forest extraction and, most recently, coca production. Profits from these industries, in turn, has fueled urban development in Iquitos. During the rubber era, this included the construction of elegant buildings, street lights and an urban railroad (Huamaní 2014). During the petroleum/coca boom of the 1980s, Loreto boasted multiple luxury hotels and a more extensive cable TV network than the nation's capital.

While public services such as electricity, water, roads, and secondary schools are lacking in much of the department, Loreto's role as a center in global economies has driven other forms of infrastructural and commercial expansion (Santos-Granero & Barclay 2015[2002]). Economic development in Loreto has arisen part and parcel from in/formal and il/licit economic practices (Rumrill 2004), making local economies prime example of what Carolyn Nordstrom (2007) has described as il/licit – things whose nature can be considered both of the embedded terms, the slash asserting their relatedness. Il/licit coca is only the latest in a long history of ambiguous economies. The entangled categories of Loretano coca are an example of the numerous ways in which rigid classificatory schemes fail to capture the ways in which values are produced through everyday practices, rather than following political mandate. For instance, profits from illicit coca and licit petroleum came together to fund several boom periods in construction and shipping throughout Loreto. Through the 'washing' of drug money through the construction of hotels, ships, and nightclubs, for instance, the value of illicit profits are transformed into formal, licit economic enterprises sanctioned by the same legal practices that classify Loretano coca as illegal. What purposes, then, do the binaries between licit and illicit serve? Are they derived from empirical reality, or are they simply a means of creating more legible categories that facilitate the work of governance (Scott 1998) or even development (Escobar 1991)?

Keith Hart (1973) infamously coined the term "informal economy" to describe the economic practices of urban vendors in Ghana whose work fell outside of the bureaucratic structures of state and private employment (Weber 1946). As Hart has described in this original piece and in numerous works following it, the realm of the informal never exists in a wholly discrete sphere from the formal. Their relationship, rather, exists as a dialectic, with elements of each side sustaining the other (Hart 2008). Urban Ghanaians, like social groups throughout the globe, rely on a mix of formal and informal economic practices to reproduce daily life. Since Hart's pivotal work, scholars have continued to ethnographically explore the informal sector, and its entangled, and at times problematic, relationship with state bureaucracies. Exploring the tensions inherent in the binaries drawn between that which is considered "formal" and "informal" by the legal sanction of national governments is a rich arena for anthropological exploration. While on a discursive level, these categories come into being in attempts to order the world, in everyday lived experience, people's experience of formal/informal sectors, il/licit economies and il/legal practices are much more complex than a simple binary division might suggest.

In Peru, most scholarship on the formal and informal sector leads to the work of economist Hernando de Soto, whose treatise on Peru's informal sector as driver of underdevelopment gained worldwide attention. In *El Otro Sendero* (*The Other Path*) (1986), de Soto argues that changing social demographics wrought from massive urban to rural migration in the second half of the 20th Century produced a giant and unwieldy informal sector in Lima. As peasants streamed in from the countryside without the education or networks necessary to gain formal employment, existing urban bureaucratic systems were not equipped to handle them, their housing, education, and employment needs. In response, these migrants established informal settlements (*pueblos jóvenes*), enrolled children in local schools, and found work in taxis, restaurants, private homes, and markets. The vibrant economic systems sustained by these migrants, de Soto argues, are the key to reversing Peru's economic struggles. By titling and

helping formalize businesses, these informal businesses will then become obligated to contribute to national economic growth, and individuals will begin to accumulate the capital (through property and access to loans) necessary for social mobility.

De Soto's argument is that formal integration is desirable, and ultimately a goal that has not been realized, or even imagined, due to Peru's antiquated and crippling bureaucracy. But, as Daniella Gandolfo points out in her ethnography of one of Lima's formalization offices (2013), the forms of inclusion and bureaucratization espoused by de Soto were not necessarily desirable outcomes for working class Limeños. Frustrated and wary of the techniques and requirements of formal bureaucracy, many felt more comfortable, and saw better ends for themselves, in the "informal" sector. The social and economic practices, means of support and regulation developed among themselves were preferable to that which was decried by agents of the state to be "legitimate". Indeed, the boundaries between formal and informal, licit and illicit, legitimate and illegitmate are never objectively clear. Rather, they are produced and reproduced in everyday interactions, and find meaning through daily life more than legal decree (Nugent 1996).

Gandolfo's work argues informality is locally constructed as licit economic activity, despite deemed illicit by agents of the state. Rich in local meaning, the shifting social categories of licit and illicit reveal numerous and fluctuating boundaries among social groups (Barth 1998[1969]). Yet as Thomas and Galemba (2013) have argued, while illegality may be acknowledged as a construct, it nevertheless has a profound impact on individual lives, structuring the way that people experience their unfolding relationships with people and things deemed out of place in the social (licit) and political (legal) realms of legitimacy (Abraham & Van Schendel 2005). In this dissertation, I demonstrate how the tensions in the dialectical relationships between formal and informal, licit and illicit, legal and illegal, impact the diverse actors inside the social worlds of Loretano coca. I build on a growing body of anthropological literature that ethnographically explores the grey spaces of social and economic practices that straddle the licit and illicit, formal and informal, legal and illegal (Galemba 2017; Jusionyte 2013;

Little et. al 2015; Polson 2013). As I will argue, it is the entangled nature of the in/formal, il/licit and il/legal categories—as designated by both national and international law—that complicates reform projects aimed at the subjects of Loreto's coca industry, and particularly the processes of transformation aimed at moving the informal to formal, the illicit to licit, and the illegal to legal.

In this dissertation, I follow the lead of Thomas and Galemba to interrogate the objectivity and stability of such categories as they relate to social and economic practices in Loreto, recognizing that such practices do not "inherently belonging to one of these categories, but as "legalized" or "illegalized" within specific contexts of power and politics" (Thomas & Galemba 2013: 212). As I will demonstrate, however, many of the social practices that come together around the production, circulation, exchange, and even consumption of illicit coca invokes local value systems that understand these practices to be meaningful and legitimate, despite broader framings of illegitimacy and illegality.

Building on this growing body of scholarship, I take up the question of how the unstable nature of these categories impact reform programs directed at the elimination of coca and its derivatives in both rural and urban Loreto. As local value systems—produced and reproduced among the social worlds of rural coca growers and urban drug users—legitimate certain practices involving loretano coca, I explore how these local values challenge the efforts of reform programs working within a parallel framework of legitimacy. When relegated to the realm of the illicit and undesirable, I argue, the meaningfulness of these relations and practices comes to produce a haunting effect. Drawing off ethnographic work with rural coca growing region and an urban drug rehabilitation center, I explore how the shifting status of coca and its derivatives complicates reform programs. In this matter, I build on anthropological scholarship on il/licit economies through an exploration of reform, and the ways in which these shifting and porous constructions of value impact the experiences of individuals seeking, or being forced to, transition away from entanglement with Loretano coca.

Ways of Knowing Il/licit Social Worlds

Techniques of engagement were crucial to my ability to conduct fieldwork in the il/legal and il/licit social spaces of loretano coca. I was often reluctant to enter, or ask detailed questions about, spaces of illicit production or consumption of coca and its derivatives. Over the course of my 20+ months of fieldwork in Loreto, I conducted fieldwork among coca-growing communities, itinerant labors who occasionally worked in coca, former drug traffickers, drug users and recovering addicts living in a rehab center (see tables 1 & 2 at the close of this chapter). Yet despite the rich profiles of the diverse social lives of loretano coca that this work afforded me, there were some spaces I respectfully could not enter: the clandestine coca fields and the accompanying *pozos*, the *huecos*[6] that sprang up in the empty stalls in the market down the street from my apartment each evening when the vendors went home for the day. To access these off-limits spaces, then, I looked to alternative, virtual forms of entry—multimedia collaborations including drawings, collages, and re-enactment films. These methods, in turn, generated their own theories.

Anthropology has long excelled in capturing both the descriptive and symbolic content of 'events' as experienced by social groups and cultures (Geertz 1973; Sahlins 1985[2013]). More difficult, however, are questions of how to apprehend the experience of the individual actors, relaying anthropologies of the particular (Abu-Lughod 1991) rather than the cultural type. This often results in a dissonance between reflexive fieldwork experience and disciplinary constraints in writing, challenges in translating what is felt to that which can be explained (MacDougall 1998). But film and related visual research practices offer more expansive means of expression and representation, rich for understanding of both the embodied (cf. Csordas 1990; Jackson 1996) and imagined (Appadurai 1990; Gaonkar 2002) dimensions of human experience. Multimedia texts are also a different form of engagement with an audience, who is drawn into

[6] Lit. "hole" – local term for drug den.

the work of interpretation in a more expansive way. While text often do the work of explanation, films and other visual forms require a distinct form of engagement and interpretive work[7].

Detailed largely in chapters Four and Five, I highlight the methods used in my research to build on a third area of scholarship: visual anthropology. While visual anthropology is generally recognized to be a sub-field of cultural anthropology, its relationship to the broader discipline is ambiguously defined. For some, visual anthropology is anthropological work with visual forms of cultural production: aboriginal artwork (Myers 2002), vernacular images (Pinney 1997), colonial photo archives (Poole 1997), and political folk art (González 2011), for instance. Yet for others, the visual in visual anthropology is indicative of a mode of engagement, the active use of a camera, paintbrush, or similar technique as a means of inquiry (Grimshaw 2005; Grimshaw & Ravetz 2015a; MacDougall 1998; Ditzler and Silverstein 2016). An active and improvisational corporeal practice, visual anthropology in this sense is attuned to the production of situated knowledges (Haraway 1991) in constantly recalibrated spaces of creative co-production. As Strohm (2012) has noted, artistic collaboration has pedagogical potential, offering a diaologic and collaborative means of coming to know together. When controlling the politics of representation no longer become the exclusive domain of the anthropologist, what other forms of telling are given space? In the case of my own research, creative co-production created space for emic perspectives on illicit social worlds, spaces I, the ethnographer, could not materially access, and could never feel authorized to tell about with any great confidence. But films, collages, and drawings become polyphonic spaces within this dissertation, with which my analysis is constantly in conversation.

The ongoing debates about the validity of visual anthropology as a sub-discipline of cultural anthropology, or of anything worthy of interest to the discipline of anthropology broadly speaking (see Hockings, et al. 2014 and Piault et al. 2015 for the most recent iteration), are

[7] Films, of course, can employ explanatory techniques (voice-overs, talking heads, interviews), but here I am referring to anthropological film work that does not rely on the same explanatory devices that scholarly texts in anthropology often fall back on.

testament to an intra-disciplinary uneasiness as to whether visual anthropology can 'do' anything that textual anthropology cannot do. If the debates were simply about when and why it was appropriate to include visual materials in anthropological research, then they would not have continued for this long. Clearly, most anthropologists bring along cameras, video recorders, even the occasional sketchpad with them in the field, and have integrated both still and moving images into both ethnographic research agendas and published materials. But there are a few persistent and stubborn figures, such as David MacDougall, who continue to argue that there is something *more* to visual anthropology than the integration of media with ethnographic engagement and production, or the analysis of visual forms or media as cultural texts. MacDougall's argument is that what visual anthropology is really about, or what makes it worth distinguishing from visual studies or existing forms of cultural-anthropological enquiry, is that is has the potential to generate new ways of knowing (MacDougall 1998).

My contribution to this scholarship builds on practices of making, and what sorts of new things these practices can show us about human experiences. Here it is helpful to consider Ingold's discussions of *making with* (2011; 2013) as a form of anthropological praxis. Ingold advocates for a reorientation towards anthropology with an emphasis on learning as a vital experience that unfolds through an ongoing exploration of materials and relationships. In my own research, collaborative multimedia methodologies became my way of knowing about social spaces I could not safely access. These practices taught me about the content of these spaces, as well as sensory experiences of them. But most importantly, making practices also highlighted the affective bonds that animated these places as social spaces.

Through case studies using a mix of multimedia practices including imagework (Edgar 1999) with children in coca-growing communities (Chapter Four), and a collaborative re-enactment film (Edwards 2001) made with members of a drug rehab center (Chapter Five), I build on arguments that visual anthropology produces its own theory through dynamic and reciprocal engagement between anthropologist and subject. I expand on the current debates on

the place of visual anthropology within the broader field of anthropology through case studies that demonstrate how visual anthropology as a situated research praxis generates new ways of knowing about the social and emotional lives of research subjects.

Working with and through still images, and collaboratively producing moving ones, a particular optic emerged to unite what at times seemed like disparate elements of research. This optic spoke to the everyday struggles of my research subjects—both former coca growers and recovering drug users—as they attempted to remake their lives without coca and its derivatives. Like a ghost who reveals her identity by failing to appear in a mirror's reflection, image work made apparent the spectral nature of connection between my field sites—rural spaces of production and urban sites of consumption. Spinning ethereal webs of connection between the social worlds that I traversed in Loreto was the experience of haunting – the lingering presence of something that sticks around longer than it is supposed to – not entirely visible or tactical but nonetheless made material through experience.

Arrivant/Things to Come

The chapters in this dissertation are set in urban and rural Loreto. By alternating settings, I hope to illuminate some of the connections between the regions, and the relationships to coca(ine) that form the connective tissue in my analysis of them.

In **Chapter One**, I situate my dissertation within time and space. I begin with Loreto's recent history, focusing on exceptional factors that contextualize why illicit coca—the focus of my project—became such a prominent part of Loretano society and economy in recent years. I make a case for some of the historical and geographical circumstances that make Loreto exceptional. I focus on the ways that Loreto has distinguished itself from the rest of Peru, and how these distinctions have helped Loreto, and particularly the capital city of Iquitos, mobilize to receive exceptional treatment in national economic policies. Following this brief history of Loreto's exceptionality, I move in closer to the family and kin network in which I became embedded during the course of my fieldwork. This family, an extensive network residing in

Loreto since the rubber era, became my portal for understanding how the currents of Loreto's history and constellations of political and economic shifts were understood in a more intimate manner. In addition, this family served as my introduction to the historical importance of coca in the loretano economy, and its continued, contested role as both menace and opportunity. With family members who had worked as traffickers, *raspachines*, alternative development specialists, and substance abuse counselors, I found a compressed version of coca's numerous and shifting roles within loretano economy and society.

Chapter Two, *Contested Fields*, moves us from Loreto's epicenter of political and economic life eastward towards the national boundary with Brazil and Colombia. Set in the province of Ramón Castilla, this chapter traces the expansion of the illicit coca economy in the region. Coca cultivation has flourished in this lowland province, particularly among Ticuna indigenous communities near the provincial capital of Caballococha. Coca has simultaneously brought prosperity and insecurity to this border region, embroiling indigenous communities in new conflicts and relations with state forces. This chapter examines a set of contradictions surrounding state-sponsored eradication and alternative development programs responding to the recent coca boom. Specifically, it explores how conflicted notions of tradition and modernity are employed in projects of governance. I expose two of the primary contradictions in the Peruvians state's claims that coca represents a threat to Amazonian indigenous livelihoods by asking: *how coca is simultaneously perceived as a threat and a promise?* And, *who has the right to make this distinction?*

Chapter Three, *Regulated Reciprocity*, is also set in and around Caballococha, but this time explores the frictions of coca cultivation, eradication, and crop substitution from the perspective of the state-sponsored alternative development programs run by a governmental agency called DEVIDA. This chapter takes up the concept and set of practices known as reciprocity and attempts to tease out the manners by which development programs fall short of their goals when they are unable to sufficiently honor the prescriptions of reciprocal relationships. In contrast, I

describe the relative successes of other outsiders—namely Colombian coca farmers—who were able to successfully implement their own forms of development projects and integrate themselves into community relations. This chapter asks: *how do local experiences of time, framed by the particulars of place, shape social and economic relations between social groups? Specifically, how do these odds impact both the moral and economic aims of development projects? How do spatiotemporal imbalances shape expectations of the future?*

Chapter Four is a bridge between the rural and urban sub-field sites where I conducted research. It is an attempt to link country and city, producer and consumer, future visions and ephemeral past, using a mix of words and images, dreams and memories, sounds and feelings. Through both narratives and audiovisual materials, I explore the ways by which coca comes to haunt specific actors—from child coca-pickers to an addict in recovery. By haunting, I refer to the apparitional nature of coca in drawings, maps, and stories, never quite appearing as the direct focus of representation, but ubiquitously hovering, ghostlike, around the perimeter. I follow traces that move between seemingly discrete social spheres to show a common structural underpinning between them: the promise of the future, as imagined in the past, haunting the experience of the present. It asks, *how might we use the materiality of sensory experiences to understand ephemeral connections, and the permeable nature of boundaries?*

Chapter Five, *A Second Chance*, explores how recovering pbc addicts reconcile past relationships. While Chapters Two and Three address groups of people learning to 'get by' without the economic bolstering of coca production, the subjects of Chapter Five are a group attempting to get by without coca consumption. Integral to this process is the men's participation in the rehab program, where a new set of codes and practices are substituted for those of the streets and the drug dens (*huecos*) where they once dwelled. Yet memories—of the sensations of pbc but perhaps more importantly of the affective and social bonds that constructed the social world of the hueco—are woven into present experience. This chapter follows the group as they attempt to address these memories through the performance of a

quasi-fictional re-enactment in the form of a collaborative film project. In this chapter, I ask: *how do the rigid boundaries drawn by the rehab center impact the relationships between addicts and their past?* And, *how do processes of making reveal more expansive ways of knowing about the affective dimension of relations among people, and between people and things?*

Barco Fantasma

While the rápidos are the fastest way to move between Iquitos and rural Loreto they are, for most loretanos, prohibitively expensive. For long journeys along major rivers, the primary mode of transportation is the *lancha* – a mixed cargo and passenger boat and icon of Amazonian transport. Resting in a hammock strung up along the ship's upper levels, passengers enjoy the view of the river and the surrounding rainforest, observing the small canoes that shuttle bananas, sacks of manioc, and the occasional family from the banks of the river to the side of the ship where, without ever stopping either vessel, the contents of the canoe are hoisted on board.

In recent years, a few lanchas have been converted into Eco-tourist cruise ships. They take North American and European tourists down the Amazon to view wildlife and spend a few nights at a lodge in a pristine corner of forest still unmarred by the ugly traces of capitalist expansion that mark much of the well-traveled route between Iquitos and the triple-border. These days, the eco-cruise ships are the closest approximation of luxury travel on the river. Despite the charms of their views, the common lancha affords passengers little more than a space to tie up a hammock, a Tupperware full of watery rice and some chicken parts, and a passenger to bathroom ratio of approximately 50:1.

But the breeze coming off the river tempers the Amazonian sun and makes travel pleasant, masking unpleasant smells and foiling bloodthirsty mosquitos. The unhurried pace of the lancha forces the outsider to adjust to the rhythm of life in the selva, its unpredictable timetable and allowances for the whims of nature to reset the schedule. When bad storms whip

up on the river, lanchas slow to a crawl. If the storm is at night, they must proceed with extreme caution, the opacity of the skies and the turbulence of the river creating optimal conditions for a collision. Canvas flaps are rolled down to protect the passengers from the assaulting rains, which pellet against these flimsy barriers with acoustic ferocity.

It was during one such storm that Eliana, sitting on a plastic cooler that held our stash of beer and Inca cola, told me about the *barco fantasma* (ghost ship). Many loretanos alleged to have seen such a ship, which appears on the river at night in the dark and distant spaces between ports. The story goes like this: on the horizon, one sees the lights of a ship approaching. As the ship grows closer, it becomes clear that it is not any old transportation workhorse, but rather a lancha from Amazonia's *belle epoque*, when rubber wealth inspired the importation of luxuries and decadent lifestyles of conspicuous consumption. Illuminated from the inside by lights and music, aboard the ship a party rages, with passengers dressed in the fineries of a bygone era—ladies in elaborate hats and men in white pinstriped suits dancing furiously to music. But before the ship gets close enough to make out any faces, it begins sinking into the darkness of the river until it is engulfed entirely, gone without a trace.

The barco fantastma is a part of the canon of loretano folklore. Along with the Runa Mula, the Yacumama, and the Tunchi, it takes its place among phantoms of forest and river. Yet unlike its counterparts, shape shifting dolphins and sylvan tricksters, the ghost ship is less mythical creature than lingering memory. It mythologizes the ghosts of opulence and grandeur swallowed by the immense and unpredictable river.

Blanketed by darkness and rain, the surrounding forest whispers promises of clandestine riches—once gold, then rubber, now cocaine. The boat carrying cosmopolitan party-goers feasting and dancing disappears into an abyss of dark waters. Surrounded by these ghosts, we watch the bugs swarm furiously around the lone lightbulb suspended from a wire above us.

Introduction Postscript: Some Notes on Research and Methods

This dissertation is based on approximately 20 months of fieldwork conducted between May 2013 and November 2016. This included two (North American) summers (2013 & 2014) and an extended period of research over the 17 months between July 2015 and November 2016. During my fieldwork I resided in the city of Iquitos but made numerous visits to surrounding peri-urban and rural areas. In addition to my research within the city, I conducted four formal and two more casual research trips to the coca-growing region of Ramón Castilla. In the following pages I will provide a brief explanation of this multi-sited fieldwork, and the diverse methods employed in the different sites.

Preliminary Fieldwork

During my first round of preliminary fieldwork, in May and June of 2013, I worked as a research assistant on an environmental and public health research project. This project, called Proyecto Dengue, is an ongoing collaboration between researchers at Emory University, the national university in Iquitos (Universidad Nacional de la Amazonia Peruana, or UNAP), and the Naval Research Center (NAMRU) in Iquitos. During my work with the project, I accompanied a team of biologists as they visited the ports and other transportation hubs throughout the city, checking for specimens and larvae from Aedes aegypti, the mosquito that carries the dengue virus. My job was to interview workers—primarily crewmembers, taxi, and bus drivers—about their travel routes. I learned the major transportation routes in an out of Iquitos, what did (and did not) travel on the boats and got a sense of the cultures of the ports. Knowledge of both the ships and the ports—congregation spots for both addicts and itinerant laborers—would later prove tremendously helpful in contextualizing conversations and interviews about the movement of pbc in and around Iquitos.

While dengue was not relevant to my research interests, this project also proved crucial in supporting my understanding of transportation infrastructure in both the city of Iquitos and

the department of Loreto, and the role of ships and ports in local cultures. Perhaps most importantly, this time spent in the ports, aboard ships and talking to crew members, was a lesson in local understanding of time and space, and the diverse forms of social life that played out in relation to the calendars of the rivers. Transport time, accessibility, the sorts of work obtainable, and the availability of transportation are some key examples of the ways that rivers shape social life in Loreto.

When I returned for a second preliminary visit in 2014, and later during my extended fieldwork stay in 2015 and 2016, the rivers and the nature of connectivity continued to play an important role in my study into Loreto's emergence as a cocaine enclave. My time in the ports encouraged me to focus on the sorts on connections and transformations forged in both rural and urban social life by this expanding industry. As my project developed, I began to focus more acutely on the nature of connections, and particularly the way coca-paste production and consumption, and the social and economic practices associated with these processes, were interconnected. To the best of my knowledge, there is no study that explores the linkages between coca paste production and consumption within a single area. In doing so, I hope to highlight some of the structural similarities that help to reproduce both economic and social dependencies on illicit coca.

Rural Fieldwork: Ramón Castilla

My emphasis on the relationships and connections between coca paste production and consumption in the Department of Loreto necessitated fieldwork that was both mixed-method and multi-sited. The illicit nature of both coca-paste production and consumption meant that it was not possible to investigate either phenomenon directly. Rural fieldwork in the coca-paste producing zone of Ramón Castilla was facilitated through my affiliation as a research assistant with the Instituto de Investigaciones de la Amazonía Peruana (IIAP). During my time in Iquitos, I worked as a volunteer and researcher with the division of SOCIODIVERSIDAD, which was carrying out long-term research on the management of forest resources and local techniques of

plant weaving during the time of my fieldwork. I assisted a team from IIAP with the collection of household surveys (see table 1) and helped to design participatory mapping, photography, and handicraft activities within the community. While these surveys and participatory activities centered around community management of forest resources, stories and images of coca often appeared. I frequently draw from this work in my writing about the predicament of Ticuna communities in Ramón Castilla that have recently become embroiled in illicit coca and coca-paste production. These trips also helped me to develop closer relationships with Ticuna families who I was able to talk with more intimately about the role of coca in shaping social and economic life in their communities.

I took three trips to Ramón Castilla with a team from IIAP, and during each of those trips I assisted with data collection for IIAP in addition to carrying out research more directly relevant to my own project. In addition, I collaborated with Ticuna community members and the SOCIODIVERSIDAD research team from IIAP in the production of two participatory films about the cultural usage of forest products. The first film documented ceramic production and the second documented the ritual bathing of children in the juice of the huito (*Genipa americana*) fruit. In both cases, the team from IIAP trained youth from the communities in camera use, and I edited the raw footage into finished films, which were screened in and distributed to the communities. One film, *Moxẽüchi Taoxi* (2015), is publicly available on IIAP's website (www.iiap.org.pe) and on YouTube (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kL6rmnhZ3YU).

Type	Location	Collaborator	Time/Frequency
Semi-Structured Interviews	Ramón Castilla		10
Household Surveys	Ramón Castilla	IIAP	42 Households (2 communities)
Participatory Mapping, and Photography	Ramón Castilla	IIAP	Three workshops in two communities; ~50 participants
Structured Interviews/Testimonials w/Alternative Development Project Participants	Ramón Castilla	DEVIDA	18
Interviews w/Alternative Development workers	Ramón Castilla	DEVIDA	23 brief; 5 in-depth

Table 1: Rural Fieldwork in Ramón Castilla

I maintained a formal affiliation with IIAP for the duration of my fieldwork. I also worked as a volunteer for DEVIDA, Peru's national drug control commission. I volunteered in both their drug use prevention and their coca-crop substitution alternative development branches. I initially proposed to volunteer with DEVIDA's alternative development projects in the coca and coca-paste producing regions of Ramón Castilla. However, administrative turnover within the organization and the alleged loss of my proposal and application materials somewhere in Lima greatly delayed my approval for accompanying the team as part of their rural projects. While after nearly a year I was finally granted permission to volunteer with the alternative development projects, I spent the interim period sporadically volunteering with the commission's local outreach program that focused on anti-drug intervention in the schools.

While this outreach work did not amount to much in terms of my actual research findings, it reinforced the sense of disconnect that I had initially perceived between DEVIDA's interventions in the realms of drug production (via interdiction and alternative development) and consumption (education and public anti-drug campaigns). To put it another way: DEVIDA was unique in that it was an organization that, like my research, holistically addressed the phenomenon of coca, from production to consumption, within Loreto. However, while these axes of intervention operated out of the same office and answered to the same national leadership (which changed over the course of my fieldwork with the end of Ollanta Humala's term in office and the ascent of Pedro Pablo Kuchinski (PPK) to the presidency in July of 2016), they were rarely, if ever, in conversation with one another. The realm of alternative development was largely the domain of agronomists, while psychologists dominated the prevention and public outreach campaigns.

In many ways, these divisions within DEVIDA mirror the division of drug studies between those that focus on the macro-processes of political economy and the more atomistic and individualized focus on drug use and abuse. Studies of the production side have long explored the political and economic forces that encourage drug crop production and shape trade

networks (Gootenberg 2008, McSweeney et al. 2017, Paley 2014), drawing in global conflicts and alliances to understand the production of drug crop enclaves. Studies of drug use and abuse, however, narrow this lens to focus on the figure of the addict, whose body is targeted for intervention through what Elizabeth F.S. Roberts has aptly observed to be the "particulate logic of public health" (Roberts 2017).

While work by scholars such as Bourgois and Schonberg (2009), García (2010) and O'Neill (2015) connects political economic processes with the phenomenon of addiction among particular groups and particular times and places, there is rarely a conversation about the parallel sorts of political and economic processes that spur drug production and consumption in particular times and places. Since the expansion of the illicit coca industry coincides with the expansion of the micro-commercialization, use, and abuse of pbc within Loreto, I found it strange that even within an organization such as DEVIDA, which was intended to address both sets of concerns, kept these agendas parallel, rather than focusing on their connections. In my own work both within and outside of DEVIDA, I sought to connect, rather than separate, these two lines of investigation.

Nearly one year into my fieldwork I was granted permission to observe the work of DEVIDA's regional office in Caballococha. Caballococha, located approximately 325 km down the Amazon River from Iquitos, is the closest city to Peru's national boundary with Brazil and Colombia. It is also the provincial capital of Ramón Castilla, and the headquarters of the Loreto branch's alternative development programs. In exchange for observing the work of the teams, I lent my services as a videographer as the group gathered interviews in preparation for year-end evaluations. I was asked to interview all members of the Caballococha team (see table 1) about their work experiences and about challenges in both project implementation and internal office dynamics. These interviews gave me rich insights into the particular challenges of working in Ramón Castilla, and I draw on them particularly in Chapter Three of this dissertation. In addition, I worked with a team from DEVIDA to collect testimonials from participants in the

cacao growing and manioc flour (fariña) processing projects that formed the core of the alternative development agenda in Ramón Castilla. Eighteen participants were interviewed, representing five of the eight communities where alternative development projects were underway. I draw on these interviews in both Chapters Two and Three. Recognizing that these interviews were conducted in the presence of DEVIDA, however, my analysis of the material is triangulated with more casual conversations with participants in the markets and in other social settings, as well as interviews with other Ticuna farmers who I developed a relationship with during my work with IIAP.

Urban fieldwork: Iquitos

During my second (North American) summer of preliminary fieldwork, I took up residence with a wonderful Loretano family. While extended family members lived throughout the city, the core of the family clustered on the 700 block of the *calle* Loreto, where they lived in adjacent houses connected to the family's primary business: a *bodega* (corner store) that sold sundries as well as beer and locally-made *trago* (infused cane liquor). During the evening hours, the bodega was converted into a bar, one of the most well-known and beloved in the city. While the bar's formal name was BarBodega MonteCarlo, everyone knew it as "el Palo Alto". Unlike the bars that lined the city's *malecón* (boardwalk) along the Itaya River, which primarily catered to tourists, Palo Alto was near the central campus of the UNAP and was a favorite with university students as well as a group of musicians that gathered in the late afternoon for a *peña* (jam session) of *criolla* music.

I was pulled into tending bar during my second summer of preliminary fieldwork, when a group of family members traveled to Lima. These bar shifts continued throughout my longer fieldwork, where I was a stable fill-in at both the bodega (by day) and bar (by night) when the regular family members that worked these shifts were ill or traveling. These bartending shifts were an early introduction to the worlds of coca-paste consumption, as I came to know a group of regulars who posted up smoking in a mototaxi a few blocks away, and periodically came into

the bar to buy bottles of trago to soothe their throats. Later, when I began volunteering at the rehab center, one of the residents admitted to being a part of this group, and remembered having seen me behind the bar during my first summer working as a fill-in.

Type	Location	Collaborator	Time/Frequency
Semi-Structured Interviews/Oral Histories	Iquitos		9 in-depth, various others over 17 months of fieldwork
Semi-structured Interviews w. non-habitual drug users	Iquitos (Belén & Punchana Districts)		35
Art Workshops & Collaborative Film	Iquitos (Talita Kumi)		Two (parallel) workshops conducted over 6 months
In-Depth Interviews w. Recovering Addicts	Iquitos (Talita Kumi)		10
Ethnographic Documentary	Iquitos	Claudio Rengifo	Shot over five months
Semi-Structured Interviews w. Seasonal Laborers	Iquitos		6

Table 2: Urban fieldwork in Iquitos

Living with this family, who not only owned this bar-bodega, but whose members included former drug traffickers, an agronomist currently working in alternative development, and an underemployed individual who had worked various times picking illicit coca, was foundational to my understanding of coca's transformation in the region in relation to historical shifts in Loreto's economy. While much of my research required institutional intermediaries (IIAP, DEVIDA, Talita Kumi (rehab center), my integration into this family formed the basis for my more intimate understandings of local politics and social dynamics. It is almost a cliché for an anthropologist to become adopted by a family, but in the complex and constantly moving urban setting, the grounding family life prevented the potentially atomistic experience of a solo ethnographer in a foreign and urban setting. Further, I recorded oral histories and interviewed a number of family members as well as members of their extended social network about the historical role of coca and cocaine trafficking in Loreto, and the current tensions produced by the expansion of this industry and resultant migration from elsewhere in Peru.

My work at the corner bar made visible a shadow world of pbc sales and consumption. Gaining entrance to this world, however, was a far more complicated manner. Social scientists

have long been both intrigued by and challenged with understanding the social worlds of drug addicts. In his pioneering ethnography *Ripping and Running*, Mike Agar (1973) addresses the many challenges in studies of drug users, noting that the legal and ethical complications have prevented rich ethnographic studies of the life of an addict. Noting that, at the time of writing, there existed no formal ethnographies of addicts that sought to understand what life was like *for them*, Agar enlists recovering addicts to reconstruct scripts that narrate typical activities and events, such as getting money, scoring dope, and getting high. From these performances, he produces transcriptions, which he mines for "data" about the true social lives of heroin addicts, favoring replicability and the language of science to validate the data he has gathered.

Since Agar, anthropologists have developed further creative means of understanding the social worlds of addicts, giving increased emphasis to drug use as lived experience and the networks of support and kinship that undergird the habit of drug use. Alisse Waterson (1993), for instance, draws on secondary data on the participation of opioid users in a broad swath of the New York City economy to demonstrate the way that drug users are deeply intertwined into broader political and economic networks that reproduce their economic and physical dependencies on illegal drugs. Angela García (2010) spends over a year working in a drug rehabilitation center in New Mexico's Espanola Valley, becoming attuned not only to the cycles of detox and relapse that characterize heroin use, but also the deep historical networks of kin and support that are often overshadowed by the glaring physical and legal woes of addiction. Philippe Bourgois and Jeff Schonberg (2008) engage collaborative photo-ethnography to study of heroin use among the Edgewater homeless of San Francisco, using their cameras as a means of integrating themselves into the social worlds of addicts.

The ethnographer's task, then, is finding creative ways of knowing illicit social worlds without exposing herself or the groups of study to unnecessary risk—legal or lethal. Initially, I conducted survey-type interviews (see Table 2) with non-habitual drug users using techniques of snowball sampling that began with a few acquaintances that I made through the bar that casually

used drugs. I conducted these initial surveys to gain a perspective on the sorts of drugs circulating in Iquitos, the various local slang terms, and the common social situations in which people used drugs. These interviews sketched the contours of drug culture in Iquitos and gave me an initial orientation from which I could pursue more in-depth ethnographic exploration.

In order to better understand the social worlds of pbc in Iquitos, and search for linkages between these worlds and those of pbc manufacture in rural Loreto, I opted to volunteer with a rehab center. This world would allow me close contact with recovering addicts and help me to contextualize the tangential relationships with users that I formed through my work at the bar. Indeed, as I spent more time at the center, I was able to draw on the multiple overlaps between the social spaces that surrounded my domicile and the stories of the residents living at the rehab center. Further, I was able to triangulate these accounts with additional stories from both the recovering addicts and the extended kin and social networks of my *iquiteño* family about their respective roles in the production, fabrication, and trafficking of illicit coca and pbc.

I worked as a volunteer at the rehab center, called Talita Kumi, for a period of nine months. For six of these months, I taught art workshops at two branches of the center – the intake house (*acogida*) and the center's more rustic grounds on the outskirts of the city, known as *comunidad*. These workshops focused on visual, autobiographical exercises that I designed as a compliment to the therapies the groups were receiving. Unexpectedly, these workshops culminated in a collaboration between myself and the center's residents on a re-enactment film, whose making and message I detail in Chapter Five of this dissertation. Once my art workshops were over, I continued as an occasional volunteer, but shifted my focus at the center to conducting more in-depth, semi-structured interviews with residents and support staff (see Table 2). Over the course of this time, I developed a close relationship with one recovering addict, and began to collaborate with him on a documentary film that followed his preparations to "graduate" from rehab and re-enter the mainstream. My work with Claudio Rengifo guided my understanding of the social worlds of pbc and became one of my most important fieldwork

relationships. I continue working on editing the documentary about Claudio's experience leaving the rehab center.

Between my time in the extended social worlds of my city block and the rehab center I began to notice that one linkage between the realms of pbc production and consumption was labor. The overlapping worlds of pbc production, sales, and use became key in my understanding of the parallel manners by which economic crisis produced and reproduced illicit coca as a viable income option. To compliment my findings from urban recovering addicts and rural pbc producers, I also conducted a small number of interviews with itinerant laborers (*independientes*) living in Iquitos who had seasonally traveled to Ramón Castilla to pick (*raspar*) coca (*ser raspachín*) or produce pbc (*pisar coca*) in the adjacent pozos. While small in number, these interviews were integral to my understanding of how the unstable labor market, worsened by the crisis produced by the bottoming out of petroleum prices in 2014, helped secure the viability of illicit coca as an income generator for un- and under-employed Loretanos.

Chapter One:
Jungle Cosmopolitan:
A Brief History of Loretano Exceptionalism

I have always felt that Loreto is an exceptional place. A juxtaposition of sights, sounds, and textures, it blends ecologies of the rainforest with those of the urban jungle. In a single day I have been humbled by the immenseness of the river at night as felt from the tiny perch of a canoe, only to disembark in a port, shower, change my clothes, and once again feel small in the crowd of *el Pardo*, an open-air discotheque with a live cumbia band stirring a thousand bodies into motion.

Most anthropologists see exceptionality in their respective research sites. They are places that attract us and lure us in with questions that seem worth exploring. They keep us around with their charms, the constellation of sensations that we grow to miss once we are gone. A Loretano would refer to this as *su encanto*, or that which enchants us. In Loreto, I was enchanted by ports and river travel, the nighttime culture of the front stoop (*vereda*), and the colorful chaos of the markets, palm fruits and prehistoric fish piled in the blazing sun. A place becomes something extra, beyond the ordinary, once we stick around long enough, and pay attention with enough detail, to allow the charms of place to emerge and make their mark on us.

But exceptionality is beyond personal experience. It has much to do with the way places defy tidy narratives, disrupt national images or global imaginaries, the way Loreto did for my understandings of Peru and the Amazon Rainforest. There are many elements far beyond my personal experience that make Loreto an exceptional place. These are the elements that distinguish the Amazon region from the rest of Peru, and Loreto from other parts of Amazonia. It is to these factors of exceptionality that I now turn, in order to situate the stories that animate the chapters that follow.

In the following pages, I situate my dissertation within Loreto's recent history, focusing on exceptional factors that contextualize why illicit coca—the focus of my project—became such a prominent part of Loretano society and economy in recent years. I begin with

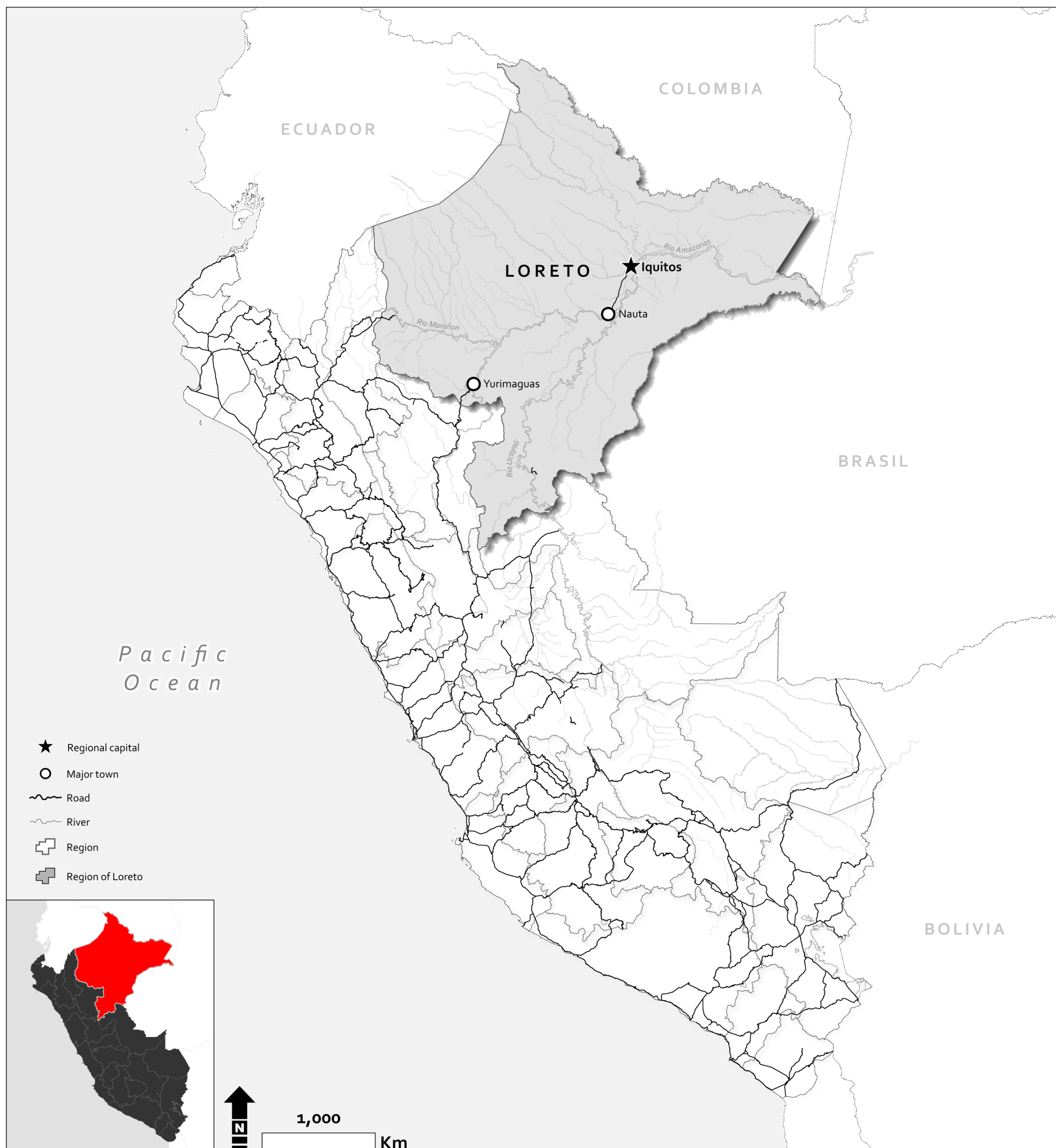

Figure 3: Peru and the Department of Loreto

a case for some of the historical and geographical circumstances that make Loreto exceptional. By invoking the term "exceptional," I speak to both meanings of the expression: exceptional as unusual and not typical, and exceptional as unusually good or outstanding. I focus on the ways that Loreto has distinguished itself from the rest of Peru, and how these distinctions have helped Loreto, and particularly the capital city of Iquitos, mobilize to receive exceptional treatment in national economic policies. In distinguishing Loreto from the rest of Peru, I do not mean to

suggest that "Peru" is a unit with a single, coherent narrative with which Loreto's history fits awkwardly. However, as José Carlos Mariátegui (1979[1944]) long ago suggested in his prescient essay on regionalism in Peru, the dichotomy of mountain and coastal regions, *sierra y costa*, dominates Peruvian history and politics.

At times, this particular lowland region seems utterly marginal to the rest of Peru, lacking much infrastructure, such as roads, schools, and hospitals that are the hallmarks of statecraft in other provinces. Yet with a slight shift of perspective, it can appear the most coddled or indulged of Peru's political departments, the beneficiary of incentives and exemptions withheld from other parts of the country. Loreto's ability to hold distinct bargaining power is largely a result of its exceptionally lucrative terrain, which has inspired a series of extractive economies, from rubber to petroleum. Drawing on this history, I ask how Loreto's 'exceptional' status with relation to the Peruvian state helped embed and perpetuate the coca(ine) industry amidst the diverse social actors that inhabit the department.

Following this brief history of Loreto's exceptionality, I move in closer to the family and kin network in which I became embedded during the course of my fieldwork. During my first summer of preliminary fieldwork, I had the good fortune to meet a woman, Eliana, generous enough to bring me into her family. This family, an extensive network residing in Loreto since the rubber era, became my portal for understanding how the currents of Loreto's history and constellations of political and economic shifts were understood in a more intimate manner. In addition, this family served as my introduction to the historical importance of coca in the loretano economy, and its continued, contested role as both menace and opportunity. With family members who had worked as traffickers, *raspachines*, alternative development specialists, and substance abuse counselors, I found a compressed version of coca's numerous and shifting roles within loretano economy and society.

Exceptional Extraction: The Rubber Boom and Dashed Promises of Fortune

> All along the river front in Iquitos are large warehouses filled with crude rubber collected from all forests along the Huallaga, the Ucayali, the Napo, the Javari, the Tigre and their countless tributaries…There are also dugouts of every size, manned by Indians of various tribes, some of them fantastically tattooed and garbed in the primitive costumes used in the wilderness… All is bustle and confusion—English, Germans, Spaniards, Chinese coolies, Morocco Jews, Indians of many tribes, all shouting and gesticulating at the same time and reproducing in diverse tongues all the confusion of Babel.
> H.J. Mozans, *Following the Conquistadores Along the Andes and Down the Amazon*, 1911.

> If you like your Florida Keys circa 1930, with Hemingway and the gunrunners, or if you are simply on the run from a bad divorce, the I.R.S. or felony charges, Iquitos is the place for you. You will find kindred spirits here, plus you can pick up some jungle Viagra (helpfully labeled Levanta Lázaro) and a toucan or pet squirrel monkey at the market for less than it costs to take a crosstown Manhattan taxi at rush hour. A seasoned traveler can dip in here for a few days and emerge with an unforgettable memory of civilization's jungle edge...
> Nina Burleigh, "Iquitos, Peru: Wet and Wild", *New York Times* Travel Section, 2013.

Since the earliest colonial encounters, Amazonia has remained shrouded in stories of hidden treasure (Slater 2002; Kawa 2016). Even when the plausibility of a lost city of gold was doubted, it was not long before Amazonia occupied a space in global imaginaries for other forms of latent riches. The expansion that began with the vulcanization of rubber near the end of the 19th Century kicked off a cycle of boom and bust economies in the region that is today known as Loreto, bringing people, goods, and dreams from all over the world to this dense stretch of Amazon jungle.

At the center of these economic booms is the city of Iquitos, established as an urban oasis in the middle of a dense jungle. Developed to accommodate the needs and tastes of international rubber capitalists, Iquitos continues to provide opportunities for the transformation of extractive capital accumulated first through rubber, and later through forest goods, petroleum, and cocaine. The richness of the forest resources works in both material and ephemeral domains. Quite literally, the nearby forest was the source of wealth, in the manner of natural resources, necessary to build the city's elaborate buildings and make the city the first in the country to boast of such luxuries as imported European ice creams, electric lighting, and cable TV. The promises of wealth also lured entrepreneurs, travelers, and visionaries to the city, creating a cosmopolitan culture in the midst of a vast and sparsely-populated forest.

In the early colonial period, European incursion into Peru's Amazonian region was limited. The most famous of these expeditions was the trip of Gonzalo Pizarro and Francisco de Orellana, the latter of whom was the first European to sail the length of the Amazon River. Beyond this, only a handful of hardy explorers traveled deep into what is today Loreto looking for lost cities of gold (Smith 1994) until the more systematic permeation by the Jesuits (San Román 2015[1975]; Villarejo 2006). It is difficult to estimate the size and concentration of the indigenous populations of Loreto, since they were widely dispersed, and already likely decimated by the epidemics spread by European contact in neighboring regions. Most information comes from the Jesuits, who recorded detailed accounts of the indigenous groups they encountered, including mighty nations of Omaguas, and Cocamas, the latter being part of large Tupí migrations from the north and east. Many of the contemporary indigenous inhabitants of Loreto, including Witoto, Bora, and Múrui people, were relocated during the rubber era, long displaced from their ancestral lands. Others, like the Mátses (Mayoruna), Ticuna, and Yagua appear in colonial accounts, but almost entirely through their limited participation in mission settlements or through their attacks on them. Groups such as the Napeanos and Masamaes, mentioned in early colonial accounts, have ceased to exist as discrete indigenous groups. The Iquito people, for whom the capital city is named, now number just over 500, and live between three registered indigenous communities in the province of Maynas (INEI 2009).

Around the area that is today Iquitos, the Jesuits began their program of reductions, clustering indigenous people into missions and implementing their program of civilization. And although the ultimate aim of the Jesuit reductions was the saving of souls, their philosophy of religious conversion was gradual, building on the practices of daily life to incorporate the forms of piety, prayer, education, personal care and labor that comprised what they considered to be a Christian life. When the Jesuits were expelled from the region in 1769, many of the indigenous peoples living in the reductions returned to their traditional settlements but retained many of the practices and habits they had acquired. This included an expanded emphasis on agriculture to

compliment traditional practices of hunting and fishing. Expanded agricultural practices, in turn, necessitated the use of tools available only through trade with merchants linked to larger cities and imported commercial goods such as hatchets and machetes, along with crockery, clothing, and liquor. A network of transient merchants (*regatones*) quickly filled in the spaces left by the Jesuits, delivering commercial goods to the far-flung corners of Amazonia. In both Peru and Brazil, these regatones were notoriously exploitative, taking advantage of the imbalance of knowledge of capitalist relations to set unfair rates of exchange and creating debts and dependencies throughout the region (San Román 2015[1975]). Peru's independence from Spain in 1821 prompted the exit of many of the remaining Franciscan missionaries from the Amazon region, extending the reach of commerce networks headed by the regatones. This framework laid and important base for the labor relations that would soon follow during the explosion of extractive economies, particularly rubber.

In 1851, Peru signed a treaty with Brazil that agreed to the opening of the Amazon River to fluvial navigation by both countries. This was largely to assure the Amazonian nations' autonomy over the region, as in recent years the United States had been interested in developing their own steamship line so as to facilitate access to Brazil's rubber (Santos-Granero & Barclay 2015[2002]). That agreement opened the Amazon and its tributaries to navigation by steamboats of both Peru and Brazil, and relieved both nations of import duties. Further, this treaty enabled the construction of a joint steamship line, which the two countries agreed to subsidize in its first five years of existence. Because of its location at the confluence of a number of important rivers, Iquitos was reconsidered as a potential space for Peru's nation-building attempts in its distant jungle regions.

An 1861 law designated Iquitos as the site of a future Military Maritime Department, and in 1862 construction began on a port and naval shipyard, a project funded largely by guano revenues. When construction began on the naval station, Iquitos had a population estimated at 862, 25 percent of which were internationals (ibid). The naval station was among the first

anchors of the Peruvian polity in its Amazonian frontier states, a region that had historically been the domain of missionaries. The naval station would anchor an ongoing strong military presence in Loreto, as a major preoccupation of national governance in the region remained border security (Chibnik 1994). Bases later built in Guepí, Caballococha, and Angamos would be transformed into transportation hubs when, later in the 20th Century, the air force (FAP) began subsidized flights between Lima, Iquitos, and these more remote Amazonian military outposts. But for the time, rivers remained the sole means of transport to the region, and Iquitos' new identity as an international port city established its importance in connecting the eastern parts of Peru with international markets across the Atlantic. As far east as Chachapoyas, on the eastern slopes of the Andes, economies looked eastward towards the ports of Brazil and trade with Europe (Nugent 1997: 24-25).

In the 1860s, construction began in London for the group of steamships, co-owned by Peru and Brazil, destined to navigate the Amazon waterways. These steamships represented efforts of the newly formed Peruvian republic to incorporate its Amazonian frontier territories into the national economy; the navigability of the river system and its eventual drainage into the Atlantic Ocean promised lucrative trade relationships with industrializing Europe. In 1863, the ships *Morona* and *Pastaza* successfully navigated the Amazon waterways upriver from the Atlantic Ocean port in Belen de Pará (in Brazil) to the port of Iquitos, and the city began a new era of international trade. This economy was only to accelerate a few years later, when the successful vulcanization of rubber inaugurated the boom economy that was to forever mark the history, economy, and social relations of Amazonia[8].

By 1897, the city which 50 years earlier boasted a population of 213, now counted 14,000 inhabitants (Villarejo 2006: 38), making it, for the first time, the largest city in Peru's Amazonian region. Immigration to the region was incentivized by various legal decrees, such as the

[8] See Barham & Coomes 1996, Dean 1987, Grandin 2009, Stanfield 1998, and Weinstein 1983, for more detailed histories of the Amazonian rubber boom and its impacts on local economies, cultures, and environments.

Immigration and Colonization Law (Ley de Inmigración y Colonización) of 1893, which offered Internationals subsized or free passage to the lowlands, five years of tax exemption, and the gifting of both lands and tools to prospective colonists (San Román 2015[1975]). Acts such as this encouraged foreign nationals to populate Amazonia, incentivizing a Europeanization meant to 'civilize' what was considered a savage hinterland.

Iquitos' new location at the center of a global trade in rubber not only grew the population, but also drastically altered its demographics. Early censuses revealed that as many British, French, German, and Chinese lived in Iquitos as did Peruvians (García 2006). The city transformed from a center for the civilizing of wayward Indians to an outpost of civilization for European traders weary from the oppressive jungle heat. As one traveler passing through Iquitos during the rubber boom remarked, "Iquitos was a pleasant little city, the streets of which needed paving badly, but were otherwise well aligned and tidy. There were numbers of foreigners there, including a small English colony made up of employés of the Booth Line and the representatives of a few commercial houses. It is difficult to realize how pleasant Englishmen can be when they live in those out-of-the-way places" (Savage-Landor 1913: 361). Yet another visitor added, "Iquitos, which is a place of recent foundation, is to-day something like Leadville, Colorado, was three decades ago. The difference is that in the American town in its palmy days everybody talked about silver, whereas in Iquitos the usual topic of conversation is rubber and the prevailing market price for this precious commodity. "We care nothing for politics or religion here," said a prominent business man to me; "the only thing we have any interest in is the English sovereign."" (Mozans 1911: 488).

At the end of the first decade of the new century, the success of plantation rubber in Southeast Asia exploded, and Peru's rubber boom came to a crashing halt. While in 1906 less than 1% of the world's rubber was grown on plantations, by 1914 plantation rubber production exceeded rubber production. By 1928, the amount of rubber grown on plantations was 20 times more than the amount of wild rubber collected & sold in international markets (Chibnik 1994:

40). The drastic reduction of the rubber industry in Amazonia devastated much of the region, the benefactors being indigenous groups no longer being actively rounded up for slave labor. Money, people, and goods that traveled in and out of the region at a breakneck speed now slowed to a trickle. Many of the migrants and immigrants to the region returned to their homes once the promise of rubber wealth had been extinguished. Many, however, remained in the region, establishing themselves along the banks of major rivers or relocating to cities such as Iquitos. Intermarriage between these settler colonists and indigenous people created the foundation for loretano *mestizaje*, with distinctive cultural and gastronomic practices and a cadence of Spanish different from mestizo cultures in Peru's coastal and highland regions.

In the rural areas, most of the once-profitable rubber estates, or *fundos*, fell to abandon. With the decline of profit in the wake of rubber, many of the barons or *patrones* of these large estates left for big cities or their home countries. Some workers stayed around, however, establishing settlements and communities around the sparse infrastructure already established by the fundo. Some of the fundos remained active, as the patrones switched from rubber to diverse forest materials—such as animal skins, meat, and plant resins—to sell in the cities or to roving traders, continuing forms of debt peonage with workers who received goods on credit in exchange for the promised delivery of forest goods, generally bought at an unfair price (Chibnik 1994). In the cities, there were more options for economic transformation and diversification. Many of the profitable rubber houses were converted into import-export businesses, controlling the flows of manufactured goods and foodstuffs into a region largely bereft of a manufacturing industry, and whose agricultural production had been reduced during the rubber boom.

While agriculture and even some forms of industry would later pick up, Loreto remained an essentially extractive economy for decades to come. A series of less-lucrative extractive industries, such as rosewood oil, *barbasco* (plant poison used in fishing), ornamental fish, and animal skins followed, drawing on the economic infrastructure of merchant import/export houses and regatones that traveled via river purchasing goods from individuals in riverine

communities. Less profitable than rubber, these export economies continued to rely on international trade, exporting jungle goods to markets elsewhere in the world. Loreto's economic orientation towards Atlantic markets kept it largely out of step with national economic circuits, reproducing local networks of patronage and power. A regional elite, made wealthy through their role in commerce related to rubber and other extractive industries, dominated local politics, and maintained discrete networks of power and patronage from the creole governing class that controlled Lima and the national government. *Antes el loretano miraba al este* (before the loretano looked east), was a refrain I heard commonly from older residents. The saying recognized a regional history more connected to Europe than to Lima and highlighted local pride in its cosmopolitan connections and ambivalence towards the central government.

In the wake of the rubber boom, the spread of the national political party APRA in 1930, and, later, Acción Popular (in the 1950s) began to integrate Loretanos into broader national political networks. Despite the presence of these national parties, however, local organizing, led by groups such as the largely-elite Chamber of Commerce, remained strong. Embittered by the disappearance of wealth with the end of the rubber boom, many Loretanos felt that the region had been cheated out of their share of the profit and felt betrayed that the boom had left few lasting results of the period of prosperity (Barham and Coomes 1996). Thus, local organizing congealed around a series of demands that were largely regionalist in nature, rather than the broader populist or class politics taken up by national-level political parties.

In addition to the desires of local elites and merchants to keep wealth within local networks of power, there were other elements that worked to produce Loretano ambivalence towards greater Peru. Indeed, institutional bodies other than the Peruvian government had long played a key role in the foundation of local infrastructures. As Shane Greene has noted, it was largely the work of Catholic and evangelical churches that brought education to rural Amazonia (2009). By 1940, there were only five schools in the vast region along the Amazon-Napo River axis (what, today, includes most of Loreto) (San Román 2015[1975]). After 1940, the number of

schools expanded significantly, but took long to extend into the rural interior. The lack of extension not only of state services and schools but also roads, hospitals, and other forms of infrastructure and social services, contributed to feelings of marginality in Loreto in relation to the Peruvian nation.

Loreto figured more prominently into the Peruvian governing imaginary during times of border skirmish. While these conflicts brought the region to national attention, resolutions often led to greater animosity between loretanos and the Peruvian government. In 1922, President Leguía negotiated territorial concessions with Colombia in order to ensure Colombian neutrality in future border skirmishes between Peru and Ecuador. These negotiations were held in secret by Leguía and his diplomatic entourage, and without the popular approval of the region. The negotiations led to the eventual ceding of the port and city of Leticia to Colombia in 1930, and act considered both a loss of territory and an act of treason against *el pueblo loretano*.

The loss of Leticia became the rallying cry for the regionalist movement led by a group called the Junta Patriótica, formed by loretano elites with the goal of taking back Leticia for the region. The group managed to recapture Leticia in September of 1932, capturing the Colombian flag and declaring it once again a part of Loreto. While this put a strain on diplomatic relations, the capture of Leticia was recognized by president Sánchez Cerro. But after his assassination in 1933, further negotiations in 1934 by the succeeding administration led to a treaty that formally recognized Leticia as part of Colombia, dealing a blow not only to the *Junta Patriótica*, who had struggled to regain control of the city in the name of the pueblo, but for much of Loreto, who saw the treaty as an act of treason against Peruvians to benefit diplomatic relations with Colombia (Santos-Granero & Barclay 2015[2002]: 394-395).

The conflict over Leticia was not the final territorial conflict that pitted local geographies against national ones. While the accords of 1934 effectively ended conflicts over Peru's borders with Colombia, conflict with Ecuador over the region surrounding the upper Napo River continued well into the century. During the decade of Fujimori rule, the president took

advantage of the extended powers enabled by his self-coup to grant concessions to transnational oil and mining corporations throughout Peru. Fujimori included the Amazon region in his plans for national development, but perhaps not in the manner long-desired by neglected Loretanos. Looking to generate capital for "unproductive" Amazonian lands, Fujimori was eager to title and sell off tracts of the rainforest in order to encourage petroleum and mineral exploration, along with other forms of extractive industry. Negotiations with Ecuador were finalized with the intent of securing stable borders in order to attract foreign investment. Loretanos who had served near the border and had been drawn into the years of conflict were deeply resentful over Fujimori's eventual deals with Ecuador, which symbolized, for some, another act of treason against Loretanos in the interest of the elite governing class in Lima.

But while infrastructural absence and territorial disputes manufactured ambivalence between loretanos and the central government in Lima, there were other political acts that created exceptional circumstances to stimulate loretano economies. During the first Belaunde presidency, beginning in 1963 and ending when he was unseated by the leftist military coup of Gen. Juan Velasco Alvarado in 1968, Belaunde outlined a mission summed up by the title of his book, *El Conquisto del Peru por los Peruanos* (Peru's Own Conquest) (1994[1959]). Belaunde, trained as an architect, believed in harnessing the productive potential of Peru's vast Amazon region, and initiated a series of infrastructural projects aimed at integrating the Amazonian region with the rest of the country (Dourojeanni 2017). For the *montaña* region, the most significant of these projects was the completion of the Carretera Marginal, the highway linking the cities along the Eastern slopes of the Andes with coastal Peru.

Belaunde was interested in the conversion of *selva alta*, the transitional forest region on the eastern slopes of the Andes, into a space of agricultural production. This would serve the dual purpose of transforming "unproductive" lands and populating a frontier region, as well as increasing agricultural productivity to feed coastal cities and rely less on imported goods. The construction of a road system and, most importantly, the Carretera Marginal, was also intended

to make new land accessible and economically viable for peasants displaced by the crumbling hacienda system. The Marginal reoriented shipping routes and facilitated trade through ports in Pucallpa, a growing city located to northeast of Lima on the banks of the Ucayali River, which was now connected to Lima by roadway. In 1963, Belaunde also created a military air transport system (Transportes Aéreos Nacionales de la Selva) (Dourojeanni 2017). To this day, the Peruvian air force (FAP) is the only consistent operator of flights between Iquitos and smaller outposts throughout Loreto[9]. During the dry season, when all but the largest of rivers are difficult to navigate by rápido, these flights serve as a vital means of rapid connection between Iquitos and provincial capitals.

Belaunde's intentions with the lowlands were distinct. In Loreto, which at the time included the large cities of Pucallpa and Iquitos[10], should be focused on increased industrial activity. Mills to process rice and hardwoods were installed in both cities, and smaller-scale industry such as cola bottling plants also sprung up inside of them. Incentive programs such as the Ley General de Promocion Industrial (Ley 13270) encouraged shifts from commerce to industry in these Amazonian cities (Santos-Granero and Barclay 2015: 287). The Belaunde government, like the military regimes of Velasco Alvarado (1968-1975) and Morales Bermudez (1975-1980) that followed it, believed in the necessity of integrating lowland Peru with the rest of the nation. But these successive regimes also recognized that the particular geographical circumstances of Loreto, and the challenges of transport and synchronization with the rest of Peru would require a series of incentives designed to stimulate both commerce and industry in the region.

[9] Additional commerical flights run sporadically, but regional air travel was reduced dramatically due to suspicion of involvment in drug trafficking, and the accidental shooting of a plane, killing a missionary and her infant daughter, that was assumed to be a drug transport plane.
[10] The department of Ucayali, including the city of Pucallpa, separated from Loreto in 1980.

Exceptional Circumstances: Free Trade & Security

In early 1964, the Belaunde government began a series of legal measures that would free Loreto's sectors of commerce and industry from paying taxes on their profits. Amended in 1965, the new decree relieved Loreto of income taxes for a period of fifteen years (Santos-Granero and Barclay 2015: 287), and also included the elimination of export duties. While this measure was intended to subsidize the costs of moving goods in and out of the region, it was quickly taken advantage of by opportunistic merchants who transformed Iquitos' central commerce zone along Jirón Próspero into a massive market for duty-free goods. So dramatic were the discounts in prices that, as Santos-Granero and Barclay ironically note, Iquitos became the primary market for wool, despite average temperatures that hover around 90 degrees (2015[2002]: 322).

In 1968, the commerce boom was stifled by the passage of Ley 16900, which reduced the tax exemptions by 50%. But importations went on the rise again in 1971, with the discovery of petroleum deposits in the department. The petroleum companies that won the initial round of concessions relied on imports to run their operations, thus spiking import-based commerce until 1976, when the petroleum rage died down. Additional spikes in the early 80s, when the 10% petroleum canon was funneled into Loreto, and again during the first Alan García presidency (1985-1990), when import duties were decreased in order to improve access to foodstuffs in rural areas throughout Peru (Santos-Granero and Barclay 2015: 306). But despite these brief spikes, commerce ceased to comprise a key component of Loreto's economy after the initial boom of the "free trade" special period during the first Belaunde government.

This special period drove the expansion of commerce in Loreto, drawing new migrants to the region and expanding the commercial and industrial sectors, albeit for a limited time. While this special period failed to help Loreto develop a lasting and stable industrial economy, it laid the groundwork for the expansion of the transport and service sector that would spring up shortly after the discovery of petroleum reserves in 1971. The petroleum industry became a powerful driver of the loretano economy, not only through the petroleum companies, but

through the import business, transportation, and hospitality industries that grew exponentially in response.

There was also extensive migration to the region for work in petroleum companies, particularly during the fever surrounding the initial discovery of petroleum in 1971. When the boom died down four years later, many of the migrants stayed and took up residence in Iquitos (San Román 2015: 212). Santos-Granero and Barclay estimate that 15,000 workers released by the companies after the initial boom remained in Iquitos, contributing to a drastic increase in population. Special investment incentives were also given to petroleum companies. 1976 Morales Bermudez signed (to the surprise of many) Decreto Ley 21678 (la Ley del Canon Petrolero), which granted Loreto 10% of crude production profit for a period of ten years.

Later, in 1984, Belaude passed a law (Ley 24300) dictating the division of the canon: 40% for regional development (through Cordelor), 40% for the municipalities, 12% for subsidized agricultural loans, 5% for the UNAP and 3% for IIAP (Santos-Granero and Barclay 2015: 386). While celebrated as a victory for Loretano social and political movements who had fought for the canon, the passage of this law was hotly contested at a national level for the precarious precedent that it set. By granting Loreto a right to a percentage of profits, the law created conditions of legal possibility for other groups to demand retributions for profits made on local resources. In other words, Ley 21678 gave departments, and not just nation-states, rights to the resources on their soils. In a federalist republic, this would make sense, but in centralist Peru this was truly exceptional.

The time in which petroleum took hold in the region is also significant in that it is the same period in which the global demand for illicit cocaine began driving Andean economies. As transportation companies developed to support the expanding petroleum industry, they masked parallel, and even overlapping, transport endeavors in the cocaine industry. As most urban loretanos who came of age during this prosperous era will tell you, money from petroleum and coca were indistinguishable. And if the wealth was indistinguishable, it is because the respective

owners were as well. The illicit quality of cocaine money in these early years was not accompanied by violent displays of power or turf wars. The conspicuous consumption of local traffickers materialized in jewelry and the occasional car, but never arms. Many of the most exorbitant nightlife and entertainment of the era was not geared to the narco per se, but to the employees of the petroleum companies. As the former head of the municipal tourism bureau explained to me, there was once even a plan to build a luxury gambling casino near the airport, so that traveling oil executives could stop in and enjoy some entertainment while visiting operations. During this era, international flights connected Iquitos' airport with Panama and Miami, suggesting travel routes favored by players in the drug trade, but always those with connections and investments in licit and formal economic activities. The free trade of the special period had lured many businesspeople into Loreto, and many stayed to take advantage of economic opportunities accompanying the booms in petroleum and coca. Thus, the exceptional nature of national economic policy in Loreto laid the groundwork for commercial activity that could absorb influxes of money from quasi-licit sources, including coca.

There is one other factor that, I argue, produced a sort of exceptionality in Loreto in recent decades that facilitated the expansion of the coca industry. This final factor is Loreto's exception from the political violence that plagued the rest of the nation for the two decades of internal armed conflict, 1980-2000. In the Andes and on the coast, an internal war raged between insurgent groups, most notably the Shining Path and Movimiento Revolucionario Tupac Amaru (MRTA), and state forces. An extensive body of literature (Degregori 1990; Gorriti 1990; Roncagliolo 2007; Theidon 2013) addresses the complexities of this war, which highlighted numerous social struggles generated from Peru's staggering inequality. But for the purposes of this dissertation, I mention these decades of conflict only to note that, in Loreto, they were scarcely felt. While MRTA and Shining Path made incursions into the province of Alto Amazonas, the only part of Loreto linked by road to the rest of Peru, conflict stayed out of Iquitos and the surrounding jungle.

In the *montaña* region just south and west of Loreto, and particularly in the Huallaga Valley, the conflict played out on a stage that also included a vast illicit cocaine industry, which Shining Path came to control in the late 1980s and early 1990s (see Kernaghan 2009 for a history of this). As the waning years of conflict coincided with the US War on Drugs, then-president Alberto Fujimori was able to wrangle financial and military support from the United States to combat Shining Path, citing their involvement in the drug trade. This is crucial, because Loreto, free from Shining Path control, became a sort of safe haven for traffickers seeking to escape the high-intensity conflict and surveillance of regions such as the Huallaga. Even though ecological conditions were not ideal for coca growing, traffickers had connections in Loreto, which had long served as a transport zone for pbc manufactured in the Huallaga traveling towards cocaine refineries in Colombia. Thus, Loreto, sheltered from the conflict and post-conflict tensions produced by Peru's internal war, became an appealing site for coca entrepreneurs to establish new operations. With transport routes long established and allies and willing workers in many loretano communities, an expanded cocaine industry found a well-primed base in the lowlands.

The shift to coca production began around the beginning of the 21st Century. While there is no exact date, members of Ticuna communities where I conducted fieldwork consistently reported this time as when they began growing coca. Declassified CIA maps show that coca fields showed up in aerial surveillance operations in 2006, meaning that they had been planted at least a few years earlier. This shift to include production marked a new era in Loreto's role in the cocaine economy, accompanied with new forms of representation as a legal and public health crisis. As I would learn over the course of my fieldwork, in conversation with both everyday loretantos and those formerly involved in the cocaine economy, this new incarnation of coca was framed in discrete moral terms, linked to organized crime, delinquency, and drug abuse. Coca's boom in the 1970s and 80s was discussed almost nostalgically, its profits intertwined from those of petroleum, its conspicuous consumption a source of regional pride. Nowadays, wealthy migrants were eyed with suspicion, opportunistic *serranos* (Andean migrants) who made

their money on drugs and never integrated socially or economically into the rest of Loretano society. In order to contextualize these narratives, I turn to the family that took me in over the course of my research.

Palo Alto

During my first summer of preliminary fieldwork in Iquitos, I came down with the respiratory infection that I would come to learn would consistently be part of the adjustment process to the city's frustratingly dust and smoke-filled air. To remedy my dry cough and swollen glands I walked the eight or so blocks from the room I rented from a pair of biologists to a bar called Palo Alto, that sold *macerados*, cane liquor (*cachaza*) infused with fruits, roots, and barks. Three blocks from the main campus of the Universidad Nacional de la Amazonia Peruana (UNAP), the bar was a longtime student hangout, where bottles of *macerado* could be purchased for less than three American dollars and shared among friends on the bar's small tables or outside spread over two wooden benches that sat on the sidewalk.

My friend Jhony brought me to the bar the week before and I sampled the bar's signature infusion – the fruit known regionally as *huito* (Genipa americana) – mixed with ginger and honey. When my throat began to close up a few days later I thought how nice some of that mixture sounded, and when dancing plans fell through one night I decided to treat myself to a bottle of *huitochado* to soothe my throat and make up for my lack of company on a Friday night. Inside the bar students had jammed together tables and the older drunks sat around the edges of the bar smoking Caribe cigarettes and half-interestedly watching the younger folk. 3G internet would arrive in Iquitos the following year, but during that stint of fieldwork smart phones placed far less a role than they ever would in the future, and conversations across the table were live and uninterrupted by glowing screens and the soft beeps of chat notifications.

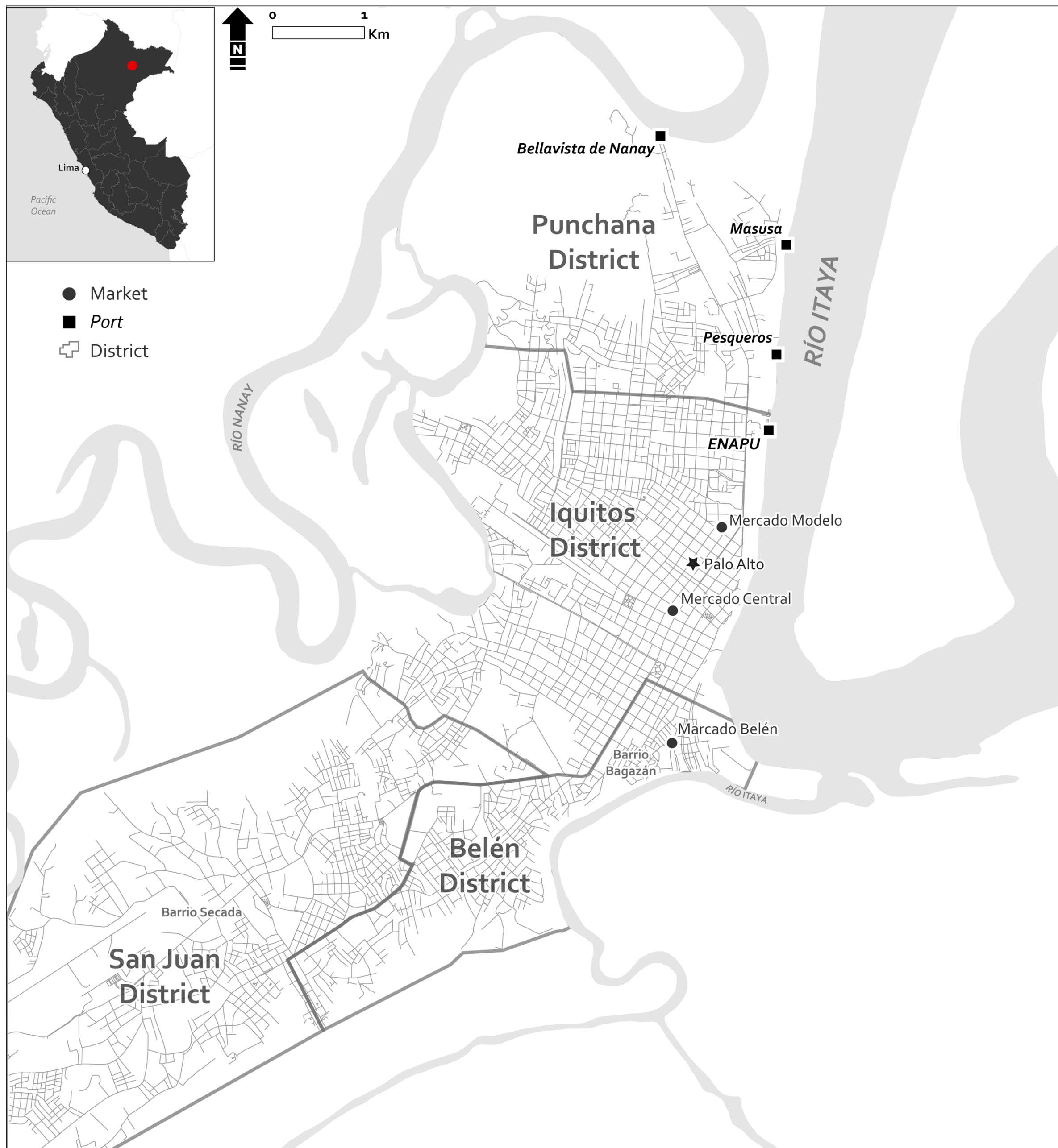

Figure 4: The City of Iquitos

Although I would later learn that he was a few months shy of 70, the man who was tending bar looked at least ten years younger. His neck, wrist, and fingers dripped with silver and steel jewelry his muscular arms covered in tattoos and sunspots. His face seemed to bear a permanent scowl as he moved swiftly in the narrow space behind the bar, filling repurposed plastic water bottles from the cloudy glass jugs of *macerados—huitochado, chuchuwasi, maracuyá, camu-camu, clavo huasca* and *menta*.

As I waited to be served, a woman appeared from a room adjacent to the bar and scanned the room. Noticing me waiting hesitantly behind a more aggressive crowd of regular drinkers, she asked what I wanted. Her eyes were lined with black liquid liner in a cat-eye style similar to the way my own makeup was applied that night, and her lips were painted a magenta that was flattering and not gaudy. She carried herself with confidence, the faintest trace of a knowing smirk playing permanently on her lips. She was the same height as the man who was tending bar and looked about fifteen years younger. I placed my order and as she filled the bottle she made conversation, asking me where I was from and how I had arrived in her corner of the city. She told me her name: Eliana, or Ely.

Figure 5: Behind the bar at Palo Alto

It was the third week of June and, noting that I was a lone *gringa* with few friends in the city, Eliana invited me to join her family in the preparations for the San Juan de Bautista festival, the region's biggest holiday. I returned the following week to help Eliana and her kin stuff rice, chicken, eggs, and olives into *bijao* leaves, tying them in a ball to represent the decapitated head of Saint John the Baptist (San Juan). In this manner, I began integration into the extended family that would welcome me for my return trip the following summer, and two years later for my extended fieldwork.

My gradual integration into the Mendoza/Mattos family provided a sense of community and personal security, as well as testing grounds for information, theories, and nuggets of gossip that I acquired over a long and varied process of data collection. While they could trace their roots to the neighboring department of San Martín, the family had lived in Iquitos since the twilight of the rubber boom, and they were the source of bountiful stories of old Iquitos, and the changes experienced by the city after linked economic booms in petroleum and cocaine beginning in the 1970s. From the vantage point of her bar-bodega, from when she watched her father sell imported European cheese to the space's current incarnation as a university hangout, Magnolia, the family matriarch, had borne witness to sea changes in the city's cultures, economy, and politics, not to mention geography. While she despised formal interviews (almost as much as photos), if I waited around the lunch table long enough for her to decide to take a break from her post at the bar and sit down for a meal, I would be rewarded with stories of malarial canoe trips, forest spirits, and the shamans that formed the medical system in the years when doctors served only the super-rich and outsiders.

Magnolia woke up at dawn to receive the bread delivery, and held court in her bodega, pausing only to allow María, the cook, to cover while she ate lunch. In the late afternoon she was often replaced for a few hours by one of her daughters or grandchildren so that she could attend activities with her church group. And in the evenings, Magnolia rested, and care of the bar-

bodega was entrusted to *don* Segundo, the husband of her second-eldest daughter, Eliana. As I grew close to Eliana, and she told me the story of her romance with Segundo, I began to think more about patterns of migration to Loreto, the sorts of economic pulls and pushes that drew families and entrepreneurs to the region, and the relevance this would have in understanding my research questions.

In Iquitos, my research focused on local histories of the cocaine boom, and the current rise of coca paste sales and use within the city. Since the late 1970s, Iquitos served as a major handoff zone for coca paste produced near coca fields on the eastern slopes of the Andes. In and around the city, it would change hands, buried in carefully marked spots along the riverbanks awaiting pickup from the Colombians who would move the packets to their refining labs and process it into powder cocaine, in preparation for shipment to the United States and Europe. In those early days, there were some cartels, but you could still work as an independent operator (*independiente*). As I would learn only a few weeks after meeting him, Don Segundo was once a trafficker of this sort. Operating a series of speed boats, he ran coca paste between Tingo María and the border. He attributed his success to his intimate knowledge of the river tributaries learned over decades working as a *maderero* (lumber harvester).

Although he was born in the department of La Libertad, on grounds of the Casa Grande sugar plantation, Segundo had moved to Iquitos as a teenager. His uncle, Juan Manuel, had opened a jewelry store called Oro Arte, selling Brazilian gold obtained at a discount rate from his connections across the border. Juan Manuel needed employees he could trust to sell his gold and gems, so he put word out to the family that he would take in any nephews willing to move to the jungle and work in his shop. Segundo, the third child of Juan Manuel's sister Luisa, was the first to arrive in 1960. While he spent some time in the city working for his uncle, he eventually left to work with his father in the surrounding forests extracting hardwoods. Shortly after him came Lucho, Segundo's first cousin, and a notorious ladies man who attracted attention with his hazel eyes and imported car.

Figure 6: Segundo outside the bar

Segundo and Lucho would eventually take up with two sisters, Eliana and Lita. Eliana was my closest friend in Iquitos, and the person who brought me into the Mendoza family, the center of my social world during preliminary fieldwork trips during the (North American) summers of 2013 & 2014, and later for my longer fieldwork, from June 2015-November 2016. Lita, who had two children by Lucho, was the eldest sister in the family, and lived next door to Eliana. During my long stint of fieldwork, I rented a room from Lita, although I shared my meals with the extended family, who came together for the principal meal in the kitchen of "mamita" Maggy, the proprietor of the bodega.

The table in Maggy's kitchen was always crowded at lunchtime, as Maggy's four daughters: Lita, Eliana, Giovanna, and Rocio, gathered to eat along with their respective partners and families. Eliana and Rocio were married to the fathers of their children, and Giovanna was divorced from hers, although he lived around the corner and was a frequent visitor. Lita and Lucho had never married, although they had two children. Lucho had become estranged from

Lita for a time but had begun to reappear around the time I began fieldwork. Segundo married Eliana in 1980, and her loyalty to him during his eight years in prison cemented their matrimonial commitment. The stories of Segundo, Eliana, Lita, Lucho, and their friends began to paint a picture for me of Iquitos in the early days of the cocaine boom, highlighting the contrasts with the current manifestations of the trade which I was learning about through other parts of my fieldwork.

Many of the contrasts between the cocaine trade of the late 70s and early 80s and that of today were contrasts of scale. Not so much of product but of enterprise. In the early days, Segundo owned three speedboats, or *yates* (yachts), as he called them. The packets of coca paste always traveled in his boat, the middle one, with the front and back boats steered by his friends or cousins, serving as lookout for police and pirates. With this formula, Segundo was able to evade capture on numerous occasions, although once, in an act of desperation, he hacked a hole in his boat with an axe and sunk it, swimming to shore and awaiting one of his lookout ships to rescue him after the horizon had been cleared of antinarcotics agents.

But eventually Segundo's luck ran out and he was captured and sent to prison for eight years. This was 1982, and when he got out the landscape of the traffic had changed dramatically. *Independientes* could longer run their routes using speed and cunning. The cartels had grown more powerful, and much of the production in the Huallaga was controlled by what remained of the Shining Path (see Kernaghan 2009). It was a far more complex landscape of trafficking, and although Segundo tried to re-insert himself into it, a brush with death led him to renounce the trade for good. He returned to Iquitos, where he opened a carpentry studio, using the skills he had learned as a woodsman (*maderero*) and mastered in prison to make custom furniture for the city's restaurants and wealthy families.

But by the time I moved in next door to Segundo, there was little money for custom-made hardwood furniture, and he often spent his days in a wire rocking chair on our shared patio, sucking on a *curichi de aguaje* and regaling me with tales of his youth. In 2014, the global

drop in petroleum prices sunk the region into an economic depression, and thousands of contract and seasonal workers whose labor supported the petroleum industry found themselves either un- or under-employed. And while the cocaine trade continued to proceed at a healthy pace, production and trade routes had shifted. Years of conflict between the Shining Path, military forces, and drug cartels had weakened the Huallaga as a zone of production. Many 'refugee' pbc manufacturers had left the Huallaga, settling closer to Peru's triple border with Brazil in Colombia. Traditionally the soil and climate in this lowland region was not suited for the variety of coca ideal for producing cocaine. But over time, agronomists and farmers working for the cartels had bred varieties that could thrive in the conditions endemic to the easternmost corner of Peru: tropical heat and rain, riverine infrastructure, social and economic marginalization from Lima. The challenging material conditions of commercial agriculture in the region were countered by the political advantages of such a far-flung corner of a nation state, far from the prying eyes of the antinarcotics police DIRANDRO and other meddlesome forces that conspired to stymie the cocaine trade elsewhere in the country. Thus, coca and coca paste had increasingly come to be produced closer to the border with Colombia, and while Iquitos continued to be a prime location for the laundering of cocaine money, it no longer served as the center along the old trade routes that moved Huallaga coca paste north and east into Colombia.

While living in Iquitos, I collected stories of the cocaine trade from the old-timers, such as Segundo and Lucho, now a safe distance from the illicit industry and the risk of incrimination. I also listened to their opinions on the current state of economic affairs in the city, and their (frequent) complaints that commerce—both the licit and illicit variety—had been ruined by outsiders. Central to their complaints were Andean migrants (*serranos*) who had come east to Loreto to take advantage of cheap land and commercial opportunities. These *serranos*, according to Segundo, Lucho, and others in the extended kin network that gathered on the city block where I lived, were only interested in making money, and had ruined the city with their greed and lack of culture. The polluting influence of outsiders, and particularly an alien merchant class,

is a familiar tale in Peru (see Nugent 1996). But in the case of Iquitos, it was anchored in a special sort of irony, since the complaints came not from the original inhabitants, but from a prior generation of migrants grumpy about the upheaval of the social order that kept them in comfortable control of the economic order of the city. No one who lived in Iquitos was really 'from' Iquitos after all—the city was not even founded on the grounds of an indigenous settlement or Catholic mission (García 2006). It was a city that bloomed from the global trade in rubber, and its inhabitants were all migrants drawn or dragged into its web for economic reasons[11].

Despite these rather shaky claims to authentic loretano identity, divisions exist between loretanos who can recall the era prior to the dual booms in petroleum and coca brought new waves of migrants to the region. As I have argued, the sorts of exceptional policies that facilitated the economic expansion linked to these industries are part of a larger history of exceptionalism tied to the region's particular relationship with the Peruvian nation-state and with global economic networks. Simultaneously marginal and central, Loreto has long excelled in connections to global flows, but has struggled to be integrated into national networks. The efforts at remedying the latter, such as the special period of tax exemption, may have spurred commercial activity, but failed to fully integrate the region economically and socially with the rest of Peru. As I will demonstrate in Chapters Two and Three, the perpetual awkwardness of economic connections between Loreto and the rest of Peru has created fertile grounds for the industry of illicit coca, which actually benefits from these shortcomings in connection.

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[11] At the time of the city's formation, there were indigenous groups living near to what is today Iquitos, but settlements were scattered, and more concentrated settlements of groups such as the Bora, Ocaíana, and Orejón where located along tributaries of the Amazon. Today there are many people of indigenous descent living in Iquitos, most of whom migrated for work or education, but their presence in the city itself is no more historical than coastal migrants such as Segundo and Lucho.

Chapter 2
Contested Fields:
Coca as Threat, Coca as Promise

Introduction

Ramiro began by thanking me for my visit. We were seated at a battered picnic table inside of the *local comunal* (community building), which served simultaneously as municipal office and event space. The building stood in the main plaza of Cushillococha, a Ticuna indigenous community of just over 1600 people located near Peru's border with Brazil and Colombia. There was no electricity, and the generators that powered the lights and stereo system were reserved for evening use. But even on this slightly overcast day the sunlight filtering through the doorway was enough to illuminate Ramiro's face, on which I had trained my DSLR camera.

Ramiro was dressed for a day of agricultural labor. He wore a stained soccer jersey and shorts, rubber boots with a machete stuck in the top, and a baseball cap bearing the logo of a regional political party known for their diligent work distributing apparel to prospective voters. It was not yet seven AM, but we had arrived early to catch Ramiro and others before they left to work in their *chacras*—cleared fields in the surrounding forest where crops like manioc, corn, papaya and, more recently, cacao, were grown. I had come to Cushillococha to film with a team from DEVIDA[12], the Peruvian state institution that managed alternative development programs in coca-growing regions. The programs followed on the heels of state-sponsored eradication campaigns carried out by a military unit called CORAH[13] that began in the region in 2014.

That day we were filming testimonials of participants in the cacao and *fariña* (manioc flour) projects. The projects trained farmers to grow alternative cash crops in place of coca, providing them with both technical training and agricultural inputs. Sometimes, the DEVIDA team also participated in community improvement projects. Repairing a bridge or helping with

[12] DEVIDA, the National Commission for Development and Life without Drugs, is a public institution in charge of designing and conducting the "National Strategy to Combat Drugs" (cultivation, trafficking and consumption) and is also the corresponding agency for international anti-drug efforts in Peru.
[13] CORAH, or the *Proyecto Especial de Control y Reducción de Cultivos Ilegales en el Alto Huallaga*, is a military unit, administered by Peru's Ministry of the Interior, that focuses on coca eradication. It was originally formed to work eradicating coca plantations in the Huallaga Valley but has arrived in other parts of Peru following the spread of coca. See Poole & Renique's (1992) chapter on "Coca Capitalism" for a discussion of the origins of CORAH and its relationship to US-backed counter-narcotics operations.

materials in the renovation of a community building, they performed official acts of benevolence in a region largely unincorporated and out-of-step with the rest of Peru. These acts were a scramble to win the hearts and minds of disenfranchised citizens whose decades-long involvement in a Colombian-controlled, vertically integrated coca(ine) industry was largely a consequence of their marginalization by the Peruvian nation-state.

As it neared the end of the program's first year, the team prepared for an evaluation. An occasional volunteer in DEVIDA's regional office, I was enlisted to help the communications team in soliciting testimonials from participating members. Ramiro was the first person we had arranged to film, and I was curious to hear his story. Might his testimonial reflect the same cynicism toward alternative development programs that I had heard in Mishkiyacu[14], a neighboring Ticuna community? Or would he feel pressured to perform a position of gratitude in front of the camera, knowing that he was reliant on DEVIDA for the agricultural inputs necessary to successfully cultivate his plot of cacao?

Ramiro opened his monologue with a series of 'thank you's in the circuitous rhythm of a Ticuna way of telling stories adapted to Spanish. After these opening remarks, he moved to talking about the agricultural projects implemented by DEVIDA. He thanked the team that was working in his community, and specifically the agronomists Dudú and Hernan for the work that they did to help him, and other farmers begin planting cacao in the fields where they once grew coca. He continued:

> *I'm happy with them because they bring us good news and good work…but they should give us more training because some of us don't understand what is a licit thing and what is an illicit thing and I would like for someone who knows those sorts of things to come and teach us. I want someone from Lima to come and explain to us those things. There are many people…many don't know…and what I want to say is that they don't understand what is an illicit thing and what is a licit thing. They don't yet understand this…so what I want is for someone to come who knows the reality of those things. Someone who can train us and the rest of the community[15]…* (recording, September 30, 2016).

[14] Not it's real name.

[15] Me alegro con ellos porque nos traen buena notica, buen trabajo, pero que nos haiga capacitación porque algunos no entienden que es cosa licito que es cosa ilícito quiero que alguien venga que sabe bien para que nos enseñe. Que nos vienen a visitar de lima para explicarnos esas cosas. Hay muchas personas…algunos no saben…lo que yo quiero

Over the course of his ten-minute testimonial, Ramiro repeated his concerns regarding confusion over licit and illicit things no fewer than four times. Was the confusion over the distinction itself, or the logic underlying it? Why might he request that "someone from Lima," the nation's capital and source of legal decrees, come to explain this distinction?

Confusion over coca's il/licitness[16] is understandable in Peru, where the production and consumption of coca leaf can be legal—but only when properly sanctioned. While coca is recognized as one Peru's earliest and most important cultigens (Martin 1970; Plowman 1981, 1986)—an integral part of Andean and Amazonian social fabrics—it is also the raw material for cocaine. Since the inception of the illicit cocaine trade, Peru has remained among the top suppliers of coca leaves for the manufacture of raw cocaine paste (*pasta básica de cocaína*, or pbc). Currently, commercial coca may be grown legally in Peru, but only when it is registered through ENACO (Empresa Nacional de la Coca), the state company that holds a monopoly on the sanctioning of production and sale of licit coca.

Depending on the context in which one finds it, Peruvian coca can be valorized as a symbol of indigeneity or stigmatized for its role in the global drug trade. It is not surprising, then, that Ramiro might request clarification of "what is a licit thing and what is an illicit thing". Coca's mutable status in Peru reflects an example of the frictions that emerge as national scales of governance confront local constructions of legitimacy (Abraham & Van Schendel 2005, Gootenberg 2005; Nugent 1997).

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decir es mira ellos no entienden que es cosa ilícito y que cosa es licito. Ellos no entienden todavía…eso lo que yo quiero que venga una persona que conoce la realidad de eso. Para que nos dan algunos capacitaciones a todos los demás de la comunidad.

[16] Following Carolyn Nordstrom (2007), I use il/licit to acknowledge the porous boundary between licit and illicit, legal and illegal.

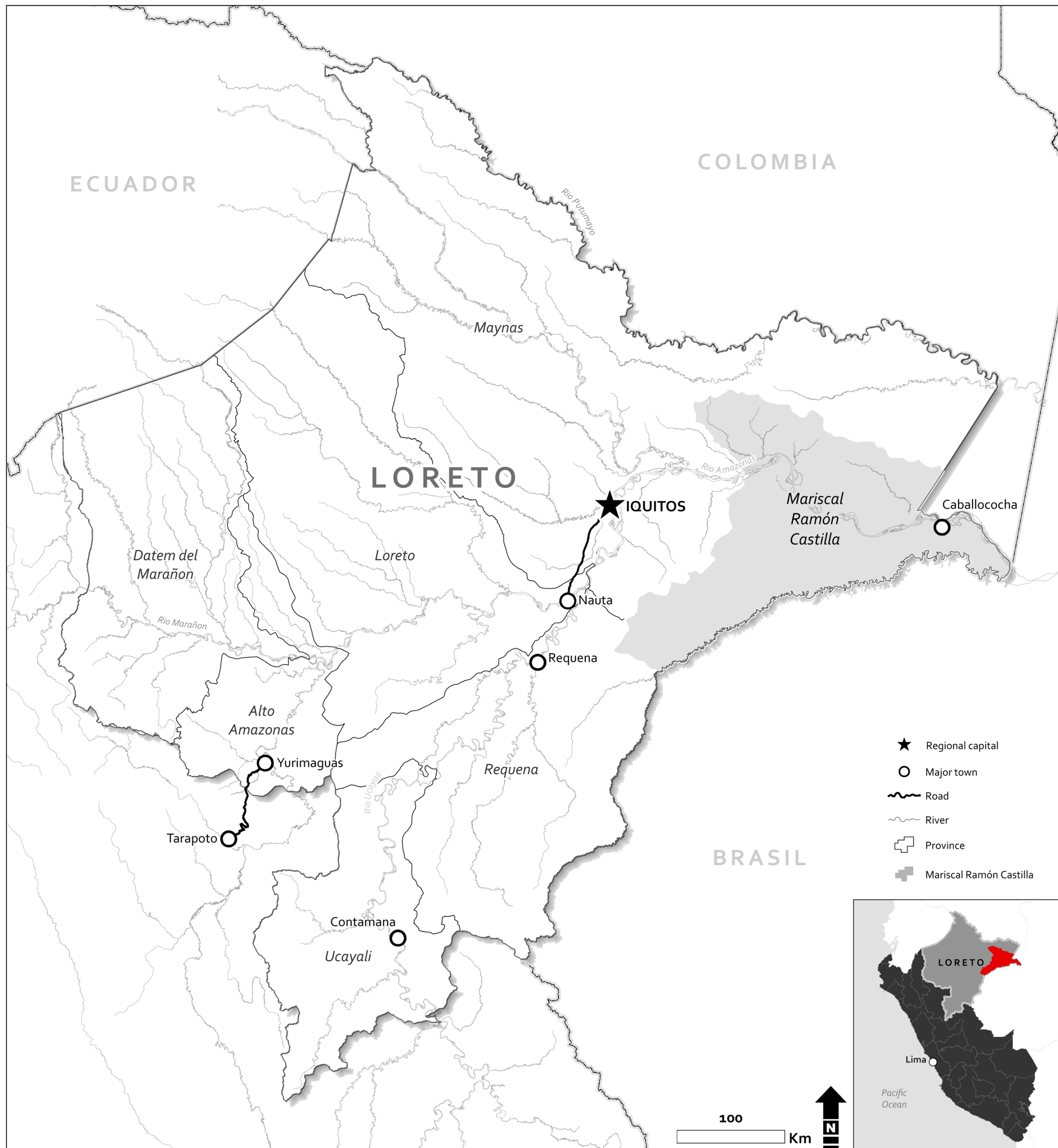

Figure 7: Loreto and the Province of Ramón Castilla

In Peru's lowland border region, the rise of coca production brought newfound prosperity to Ticuna communities, such as Ramiro's, that had long experienced feelings of abandonment and neglect from the central government. This prosperity empowered them to participate in new forms of economic practices, and fueled efforts at infrastructural improvement at both the household and community level. At the same time, coca embroiled Ticuna communities into complex networks of exchange and dependency with outside middlemen (primarily Colombian)

who controlled coca-paste producing operations. While profitable, these economic relationships left Ticuna people economically vulnerable in the wake of eradication,[17] and entangled them in conflict between state forces and traffickers, and between state forces and their own communities. Alternative development projects, then, were not only about economic rebuilding, but about improving relations with the central government.

While the DEVIDA team in Cushillococha operated out of the regional headquarters in the departmental capital of Iquitos, DEVIDA was a state agency that bore the insignia of the Peruvian state and represented practices and ideologies of governance emanating from Lima—the nation's political and economic center. Alternative development projects were the work of an affective state (Krupa & Nugent 2015), for as representatives of the agency made clear both in conversations with me and in promotional and educational materials, their programs were not simply about economic alternatives, but about concern over the plight of indigenous people, whose traditional lifeways were being destroyed by their participation in the coca(ine) economy. Felipe, an agricultural engineer working with CORAH's base near Cushillococha emphasized to me, "The indigenous people are losing their identity in coca. They once lived in harmony with nature!"

It was challenging for me to follow the logic of alternative development programs that claimed to be interested in the preservation of indigenous lifeways though the promotion of commercial monocrop agriculture (cf. Lyons 2016). But regardless of my ambivalent feelings about program motives, it was evident that agents of the state such as Felipe mobilized concepts of "tradition" and "indigeneity" to define the boundaries of the licit in ways that secured their authority and right to govern in this borderland region.

Ethnographic work in borderlands by scholars such as Galemba (2017), Jusionyte (2013) and Little et al. (2015) has shown that national governments—in turn influenced by international

[17] See Ramírez (2008) and Grisaffi (2010) for parallel situations in Colombia and Bolivia, respectively.

political pressure—must craft narratives of concern to justify increased presence and policing in border regions. Yet such narratives are often at odds with local concerns over what must be defended or secured. While law in theory extends to the margins, in practice a parallel set of codes and norms are necessary to uphold daily life in regions where state law does little to regulate or secure social, political, and economic interactions (Das & Poole 2004; Heyman and Smart 1999; Nugent 1997). Ramiro's testimonial offers an opportunity to consider how state legitimacy is questioned in a borderland region where illicit coca thrives. By requesting "someone from Lima," Ramiro 'invokes the state' (Krupa & Nugent 2015) to show up and justify its dismantling of the lucrative industry of coca cultivation before replacing it with 'licit' economic alternatives. These alternatives were accompanied by a moralistic narrative that placed the state as having concern for and seeking to protect the wellbeing of indigenous communities. As I will demonstrate, however, this narrative was deeply contradictory.

In this chapter, I interrogate two of the primary contradictions in the Peruvians state's claims that coca represents a threat to Amazonian indigenous livelihoods. First, I show how the state's claim that coca is "out of place" in Amazonia is founded on shaky ground. Although coca's history in Peru has linked it with narratives of indigenous pride and cultural patrimony in the Andes, this has overshadowed and obscured its long history in the Amazonian lowlands. The second contradiction emerges as state agents claim to protect Amazonian indigenous lifeways, despite local examples that demonstrate that coca offers possibilities for indigenous prosperity. Drawing from ethnographic fieldwork in two Ticuna communities—Mishkiyacu and Cushillococha—I demonstrate how coca is simultaneously perceived as a threat and a promise to indigenous futures.

The Values of Coca in Peru

The notion that coca has the capacity to destroy indigenous lifeways in Peru is surprising, since coca leaves have been a key material upon which claims of cultural patrimony and the reproduction of indigenous tradition have been built (cf. Gootenberg 2008; Grisaffi 2010;

Henman 1990). As Peruvian anthropologist Enrique Mayer has noted, "coca use is a powerful symbol of social identity that clearly separates those who are with the Indians and those who are not…Attacks on coca use thus constitute an attempt to undermine the very basis of Andean culture and the internal solidarity of the oppressed group" (2002: 183). Indeed, coca has complex cultural, political, and economic histories in Peru, well documented in the ethnographic literature for its role in both pre-Columbian (Murra 1986, Plowman 1986) and postcolonial (Allen 1988, Gagliano 1994) Andean societies. In the Andes and in parts of Amazonia, chewing coca leaves or imbibing *mambe*[18] is a form of sociality, a relief from the hard, physical burdens of agricultural labor, and a catalyst for debate, discussion, and storytelling. In some parts of Peru and Bolivia, coca cultivation and consumption continue in a manner similar to pre-Columbian times. In Peru, it is at times even visibly promoted as part of Andean cultural patrimony through institutions such as the Coca Museum in Cuzco, and native plant exhibitions in archaeological sites in Lima's posh Miraflores neighborhood.

But coca has long been a contentious substance. During the early colonial period, Europeans viewed coca chewing as a marker of Andean backwardness and idolatry, even accusing coca plantations to be a symbol of the Inca nobility's exploitation of peasant subjects (Gagliano 1994). However, when the mining boom took off and it was noticed that indigenous laborers could work longer and harder if they had coca leaves to chew, European distaste for coca quickly disappeared, and the coca trade was reinvigorated as new fields were planted to supply miners and related laborers with this crucial animator of labor (Léons and Sanabria 1997). This was an early indication of the mutable nature of the boundaries drawn around both coca leaves and coca-chewing subjects.

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[18] Mambe is a form of pulverized coca, blended with other toasted and pulverized plants, popular among indigenous Amazonian groups such as Múrui, Huitoto, Bora, and Kogi. It is most popular in Colombia, where it is documented in extensive ethnographic literature. In Peru, indigenous coca use is generally associated with Andean peoples. In fact, nearly everyone working in Loreto's DEVIDA office was unaware of mambe's presence in Loreto, and I tried my best to share scholarly articles about these practices so that the agents of Peru's drug control commission would not mistake mambe coca for an illegal drug.

With the isolation of the cocaine alkaloid in 1850, however, coca leaves became popularized in new global networks of consumers, enjoying popularity in the form of medicines, beverages, and tonics. The global popularization of coca and its derivatives lasted until the anti-drug hysterias that swept the United States in the postwar years led to the beginning of global stigmatization and prohibitions of both the coca leaf and its derivatives[19]. Cocaine was formally declared illegal in Peru by 1950, and the United States strongly pressured Peru to ban coca leaf entirely. The United Nations Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs of 1961 created global prohibitions on powder cocaine (UNODC (1961)1988). In response, Peru has fought to protect the leaf's status as something more than from the raw material for cocaine, and a vital part of its cultural patrimony.

To protect coca producers and consumers, ENACO was formed to regulate and authorize production and commercialization of the leaf for traditional use, bracketing off 'legitimate' coca from that grown for the drug market. Thus, coca's legal status in Peru is contingent on a speculative vision of its future – whether it will end up in the hands of a peasant who will chew its leaves or steep them in a tea, or whether it is bound for the pit, or *pozo*, where it will be macerated to make the raw material for cocaine. Temporality figures strongly into coca's positioning within both national and global imaginaries (cf. Kernaghan 2013). Thus, the logic of coca's early association with the "backwardness" of indigenous people became transformed in new and interesting ways when indigenous Ticuna communities began growing illicit coca. In the case of these Amazonian commercial coca growers, coca became a corrupting technology of modernity, and disrupting the narrative of a pacific and harmonious relationships with both agricultural and coca plants incorporated in national imaginings of both indigeneity and coca. According to this narrative coca propelled Ticuna into the future, rather than tied them to the past. And this, for many, was threatening. Why might this be so?

[19] See Paul Gootenberg's *Andean Cocaine* for an extensive treatment of coca's history in Peru

Figure 8: Window Display, Miraflores (T-shirt reads "coca leaf is not a drug")

In Peru, coca is seen as quintessentially Andean good, pictured in historical photographs, popular artwork, and even tourist propaganda in the hands of an Andean peasant dressed in *traje* (traditional dress). It is absent, however, from visualizations of indigenous Amazonia, which typically feature cultural materials such as feathered headdresses or blow guns (Conklin 1997; Espinosa 2011), with ayahuasca as archetypal drug food. And while it is true that the vast majority of coca is consumed by Andeans – both those living in Andean communities and migrants to the coast – coca has its own history in the lowlands. There, a variety of the leaf (coca var. *Ipadu*) has long been used to make *mambe*—a form of pulverized *ipadu* coca used by

indigenous groups such as the Witoto, Bora, and Múrui[20]. That Amazonian coca is not part of national imaginings of coca and indigeneity is not surprising, since, as Shane Greene (2006) observes, Peru has long relied on an "Inca slot" to place its popular imaginings of indigeneity. The failure to know coca's particular history among Amazonian peoples was evidence of a broader lack of recognition for unique cultural patrimonies of discrete Amazonian groups. Rather, they were lumped together, "lesser subjects of multicultural difference when compared to the always, already noble Andean" (Greene 2007: 468).

While coca does not figure into a traditional Ticuna apothecary, Ticuna people were exposed to coca and practices of *mambe* through their continued contact with other indigenous groups such as the Witoto and Múrui, particularly in the wake of regional migrations set in motion by successive disruptions of extractive economies, beginning with the rubber boom at the close of the 19th Century. Yet regardless of an extensive ethnographic literature documents the cultural history of Amazonian coca. (Echeverri 1997; Gasche 2012; Hugh-Jones 1995), I was assured by multiple agents of CORAH and DEVIDA that all coca grown in this part of Peru was grown for cocaine. But there is local awareness of broader possibilities for coca. When Rámiro requests clarification on "what is a licit thing and what is an illicit thing," he does so with the knowledge that other nearby indigenous groups grow and process coca for reasons legitimated by their cultural tradition. As an indigenous Peruvian, might he be able to claim coca as part of a national cultural patrimony? If state law or policy says otherwise, how are these decisions legitimated?

Coca as Threat or Promise?

In the case of Ticuna coca growers, the moral framing of CORAH and DEVIDA was premised on discrete imaginings of indigeneity that claimed to know and understand the

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[20] In lowland Amazonia, indigenous groups such as the Huitoto-Múrui, Bora and Ocaína also consume coca, in both everyday social and also ritual settings. Rather than chew the leaf with an alkaloid-activator (which in the highlands is known as *llipta*), coca in lowland Amazonia is consumed in a distinct form, known as *mambe*. In order to prepare mambe, coca leaves are gently toasted over a fire, then are ground into a fine powder. This powder is mixed with ash from the *yarumo* (Cecropia peltata) plant, activating the alkaloid naturally present in the leaf.

materials and practices appropriate for Amazonian indigenous cultural reproduction. While coca money helped many Ticuna people remain in their communities and reproduce agricultural lifeways, economic relationships and consumer practices linking them to global industries was viewed by state agents as damaging to their cultural identity. Similar to what Jessica Cattelino (2010) has documented in the case of Seminole gambling, newfound prosperity creates a double bind for indigenous peoples, calling into question what makes them 'recognizably' indigenous (cf. Povinelli 2002) while enabling self-generated forms of cultural reproduction and cultural elasticity in the wake of broader social and economic changes. For Ticuna communities, coca had been their 'gateway drug' to lucrative commercial agriculture, and DEVIDA's programs sought to replace this income source with something that would keep them closer to 'tradition'. With cacao's well-publicized success in the neighboring Department of San Martín (Cabieses 2010), it was heralded as the best alternative to coca.

Coca as Threat? Interventions in Cushillococha

Ramiro was the head of the local cacao-grower's association, called "*La Semilla Buena*" (The Good Seed). The name had been chosen by community members when the association was first founded, and it reflected the group's ability to align itself discursively with DEVIDA's mission. The cacao program was not only about agricultural production, but also a public performance of coca's rejection in favor of one of DEVIDA's alternative commercial crops or food products. In order to join the association, families had to sign a contract stating that they would no longer grow coca or allow any coca plants to grow on their land. In exchange, they were given training, as well as inputs such as fertilizer, seedlings, and pesticides to get their fields going.

Figure 9: Engineers from DEVIDA & comuneros from Cushillococha pose in front of newly remodeled bridge

DEVIDA programs were distinct from past economic endeavors in that they required participants to cultivate personal plots. The program assisting participants in obtaining a title. This was a shift from historical land stewardship practices, in which Ticuna communities held lands with a system of usufruct rights (Goulard 1994; López-Garcés 2000). Thus, participation in the DEVIDA program also meant a shift towards ownership practices of private property that challenged local understandings of collective ownership. But the argument of DEVIDA was that without land titles, communities would be vulnerable to the incursion of predatory coca growers, who would take their subsistence lands and turn them into monocrop coca fields, leaving them without the licit yet informal land rights that characterize typical Ticuna land stewardship practices. This apprehension about predatory land-grabs by aggressive migrant coca growers displaced from Peru's Huallaga Valley (van Dun 2016) formed part of the motivation for Ramiro and others to sign on with DEVIDA.

While some of the community remained unwilling to accept DEVIDA's terms of participation, many looked to the program as the lone source of hope to recover from the recent economic devastation caused by the coordinated destruction of their coca fields. Residents of Cushillococha were not alone. Much of the region—the eastern corner province of Ramón Castilla, part of the larger political department of Loreto—had been left in a difficult place in the wake of eradication, which had (literally) uprooted their livelihood. In the preceding decade, the region had become increasingly dependent on income from coca, including many subsistence-farming communities that abandoned their food crops in favor of coca. Post-eradication, this presented a problem. Newly-eradicated fields could not immediately produce food, and some of the younger generation had come of age without learning local cultivation practices.

These emergent problems are but the latest chapter in a broader history of local entanglement with the cocaine economy. Ticuna communities in this borderland province have long served as a transfer point in the global cocaine trade, as pasta básica arrived from producing areas in the Huallaga Valley, changing hands and moving towards cocaine refineries mostly located on the Colombian side of the border (Gootenberg 2012). The region, with its innumerable riverine transportation arteries, was an ideal space for the transit of illegal goods. State presence was thin, and rigorous monitoring of the rivers nearly impossible. But in the past fifteen years, and with the support of experienced growers, these same communities also began to grow coca. Around the time of the implementation of Plan Colombia – the US-backed antinarcotics mission to stop cocaine production at its source – coca growers in the Colombian Amazon began to shift some of their crops over to the Peruvian side of the border to avoid the aerial spraying and violent incursions into their fields by antinarcotics forces[21]. In addition to the

[21] See Ramírez 2008 for a thorough account of anti-coca operations in the Putumayo, and their effects on smallholder farmers. In the case discussed by Ramírez, peasant coca growers attempted to levy their position in between formal government and guerrilla organizations to advocate for greater rights as Colombians. The situation in Putumayo is deeply embedded in long-term conflict between factions vying for political control in Colombia. In Peru, this is somewhat similar to the case of the coca-growers unions in the Huallaga Valley, who attempted to legitimize and advocate for formal political voice after the decline of Sendero Luminoso (see Van Dun 2012). In Ramón Castilla, however, the case is quite distinct. Farmers in both Colombia's Putumayo and Peru's Huallaga

migration from Colombia, many growers also arrived from the montaña region of Peru (Van Dun 2016). In this densely forested and sparsely populated border region, it was relatively easy to install coca fields and the *pozos* necessary for processing.

This increasing entanglement with coca production amplified the local presence of state agents, which trained their attention on communities such as Cushillococha. Rather than apprehend goods-in-motion, the state could now rely on satellite images to identify where coca was being grown and target their presence and interventions accordingly. Until alternative development projects arrived, most of this new attention from agents of the Peruvian state was disciplinary: warnings, increased surveillance, and, ultimately, eradication campaigns. With the inauguration of the DEVIDA projects, however, efforts shifted from punitive to empowering. Or at least, that was the intention. For according to project narratives, state funds had been directed towards DEVIDA projects in communities such as Cushillococha not only out of concern for a thriving illegal industry, but also for the wellbeing of indigenous tradition.

The story that I heard frequently from employees of both DEVIDA and CORAH was that coca cultivation in lowland Amazonia is *not* part of an indigenous cultural tradition, but rather a *destroyer* of indigenous economies and lifeways. Yet to claim that, prior to coca, Ticuna people lived in harmony with nature was to ignore the past century and a half, beginning with the rubber boom of the late 19th Century, of globalizing processes that have shaped social and economic life in Amazonia (Santos-Granero and Barclay (2002)2016). But the sentiment that ran through their offices, where I volunteered intermittently for over a year, was that their alternative

Valley were rarely the historical inhabitants of the land. Rather, they were poor peasant farmers pushed to migrate in search of cheap and available lands to farm. In Ramón Castilla, the Ticuna communities growing coca maintain ancestral ties with the land and have farmed other crops there long before coca. Further, their coca-growing operations were set up by both Colombians and Huallaga migrants, not any sort of political organization. What unifies them is their Ticuna culture and language, not their identity as coca growers. Unlike growers in the Putumayo or Huallaga, they did not attempt to organize as coca growers to become faction in formal national or regional politics. Their political activity was tied to regional indigenous organizations (such as FECOTYBA) and the pan-Amazonian indigenous organization AIDESEP.

development programs were doing work to preserve and protect traditional lifeways in Ticuna communities.

As the agricultural engineer Dudú explained to me, planting coca caused Ticuna communities to become dependent on cash inputs, and fall victim to consumer vices, wasting their money on beer, motorcycles, and other flashy items imported from nearby Brazil and Colombia. In Cushillococha, where Dudú was in charge of the cacao project, he reported that there was not a household that did not have fields for cultivating manioc, but over time the temptation to grow coca had grown strong, and the community had all but abandoned subsistence agriculture. Unable to grow food, they were reliant on local markets, and rapidly lost local knowledge of agricultural production. Manioc production being integral to their identity as Ticuna, these shifts was destroying their culture, making them dependent on the easy money of coca to purchase store bought foods, beer, and flashy consumer goods. While the eradication had been a blow, Dudú argued that the recuperation of subsistence farming augmented with commercial coca and fariña production would ultimately be best for Ticuna peoples, as it would restore their self-sufficiency and preserve their culture.

But participants were wary about the potential success of DEVIDAs programs. Alberto, another member of the *Semilla Buena* co-op, expressed uncertainty about the future. "When the cacao comes, will there be someone to buy it? DEVIDA must assure us that someone will buy it." This uncertainty was not only felt on behalf of program participants. The DEVIDA team was similarly anxious, knowing that their success in the initial rounds of the program was dependent on trust for things they could not necessarily control. During a retreat meant to bolster team confidence after a particularly difficult cycle of work, Dudú rallied the team around him. "We're not just planting seeds," he began. "We're planting hope!" And it was true—the faith of program participants was tethered to a vision of successful economic integration into formal national markets that was at odds with historical failures at the same economic projects.

Indeed, the same conditions that challenged formal integration into national markets produced other possibilities for fluid integration into broader, informal global flows of goods.

Coca as Promise? Coca Futures in Mishkiyacu

Loreto, which includes the province of Ramón Castilla, is home to all of Peru's Ticuna communities[22]. It is Peru's largest and most sparsely populated department, much of it covered by the dense Amazonian rainforest. Located in the northeastern corner of the country, it shares borders with Ecuador and Colombia to the north and Brazil to the east. Loreto is separated from Lima, Peru's political and economic capital city, not only by culture and distance but also by a lack of transportation infrastructure. Aside from the province of Alto Amazonas, in the southwestern corner of Loreto, no part of the Department is linked to the rest of the country by road. Persons and goods must travel by air or by boat, making broad market access exceedingly difficult.

Roads have long been a symbol of the promises of national integration and regional development in Peru (Harvey and Knox 2012; Kernaghan 2009; Nugent 1996). But in Loreto, and particularly in Ramon Castilla, there are little more than rutted paths connecting villages. Other forms of formal infrastructure are similarly impoverished. It was not so much an absence of formal infrastructure that was notable, but rather the failure of state infrastructure projects to function. This was driven home to me while conducting ethnographic research in Mishkiyacu, a Ticuna community located along a small tributary of the Amazon River, around 2-3 hours by *peque-peque* (motor-powered canoe) from the provincial capital of Caballococha.

Mishkiyacu is a Ticuna community of approximately 362 inhabitants. The Ticuna are the ancestral inhabitants of this zone and are distributed between Colombia, Brazil and Peru. In Peru, the population is smaller, with a total of 6,982 people, although kin relations certainly extend across national boundaries. My entrance into Mishkiyacu came through my work with

[22] While all of Peru's Ticuna communities are located in Loreto, there are numerous Ticuna communities on the other side of the national border in both Brazil and Colombia. See López-Garcés (2000) for a study of the Ticuna nation across national boundaries.

IIAP, who was conducting a project about economic dependency on forest resources. As part of the team from IIAP, I helped to survey over 20% of households in Mishkiyacu on their economic practices. Some basic findings from these surveys will help to contextualize the economic impacts of coca in such a small-scale farming community.

In Mishkiyacu communities still depend on the capacity and condition of the forests, the farm and the rivers to satisfy 55% of household needs. This includes manioc and plantain production, as well as fishing, use of local timber and leaves for domestic construction, and the gathering of honey and medicinal plants. 45% of the family economy is satisfied by the products of the market, including canned goods, building materials, and household sundries such as soaps and kerosene. Cash income for market purchases is generated through day labor on nearby farms or in Caballococha, the sale of products from the farm and other minor but significant activities, such as the sale of handicrafts and products collected from the forest. In recent decades, however, coca sales dramatically expanded the income-generating capacities of Ticuna farmers, who were able to plant coca alongside subsistence crops such as manioc. Even when coca fields were eradicated, many adults and even children continued in wage labor picking and stomping coca in the fields hidden deeper in the forest. Families freely admitted to these activities in surveys, even though they were not explicitly asked.

In Mishkiyacu, there was neither running water nor electricity, although towers and cables were installed during a campaign year in the early 1990s. Despite the promise of these towers to deliver a stable source of power, electric current itself never arrived, leaving the structures to remind residents of state promises never delivered. As the towers demonstrate, while knowledge and resources were mobilized to build formal infrastructural projects (incidentally during a campaign year), there was no desire or motivation to make them function.

The lack of electricity was frustrating for many, largely because it dramatically limited nighttime activities for those who could not afford the gasoline to run a generator. The sun sets early in Amazonia, ending work in the fields and on the river, and the night time was an ideal

time for craft and school projects. Many women in Mishkiyacu complained to me that they would like to take up handicrafts for extra money, since this was an activity they could do in the evening once work in the home and fields was complete. Others said they would like to continue their schooling, completing work packets part of an alternative credential program for adults that had not completed secondary education. However, without proper lighting this was nearly impossible.

It was challenging for *mishkiyaqueños* to engage in activities outside of agriculture and fishing, since they lacked a consistently fast and efficient transportation artery to the provincial capital, and their community was lacking resources such as electricity and running water. So much of the day was consumed with reproducing the household and providing for one's basic needs. The magic of coca was that it could be grown alongside subsistence crops, planting hope for cash income while simultaneously reproducing subsistence in a familiar manner (cf. Grisaffi and Ledebur 2016). And until eradication, coca gave community members the possibility of adding a cash supplement to their subsistence income. Further, they did not have to travel far to sell their coca, the lack of roads or other efficient ways to bring goods to market was not an issue with coca harvests. Middlemen from Colombia and the historical coca-growing regions of Peru (particularly the Huallaga Valley) had planted their own coca fields deeper into the forest, and would purchase coca from *mishkiyaqueños* to add to their pozos.

In Mishkiyacu, harvests from coca fields brought a steady infusion of cash into the local economy up until 2014, when eradication began. After successive incursions from CORAH, all of the coca fields planted by community members were destroyed. Interestingly, the fields owned by outsiders—both Colombians and Andean migrants—remained intact. These fields were located deeper in the forest ("*el centro*"), and continued to be planted and harvested during my fieldwork[23]. Following eradication, residents of Mishkiyacu were resigned to work as

[23] While it is possible that these fields could have been missed by the aerial imaging that set the eradication agenda for CORAH, it is much more likely that these fields were protected by payoffs, or, as they were referred to by local

raspachines (coca pickers) in these remaining fields. While this form of day labor was not seen as particularly desirable, comuneros did not express resentment that coca remained. Rather, they lamented that they could no longer plant their own fields and were thus cut off from a more lucrative role in the coca economy. The loss of control over the means of production shifted the nature of their work in coca. It took away the autonomy that had made coca an appealing compliment to local lifestyles and supported the reproduction of the mixed economy (split between agriculture, fishing, and hunting) that characterized Ticuna economic practices.

Figure 10: Former coca field planted with manioc, Mishkiyacu

Had their onetime ability to earn large profits planting coca fields changed horizons of expectation? At the close of my fieldwork in late 2016, Mishkiyacu had yet to be included in one of DEVIDA's alternative development projects. When I spoke to program officials, they told me that Mishkiyacu was not considered "at risk" of returning to coca as much as some of the

people, *cupos*, which would translate directly into quotas, or, the designated percentage of harvest profits paid to the authorities to peacefully continue operations.

neighboring communities. Unlike neighboring Cushillococha, which enjoyed swift road access to the provincial capital of Caballococha and its commercial markets, Mishkiyacu had continued to produce subsistence crops while growing coca. Their entanglement with the coca economy was not deemed as damning as it was to other Ticuna communities, where development projects took on both a material and moral objective. The same moral narrative would not have worked as well in Mishkiyacu, where coca had, in some ways, even facilitated the reproduction of Ticuna cultural and economic practices.

I gained some insight from *Doña* Amelia, one of the oldest residents of Mishkiyacu, early on in my fieldwork. Nearly 80, she was hardly the image of a drug-cultivator, although she sold the harvests from her coca fields, when she still had them, to a hazel-eyed Colombian middleman named Josue who lived nearby. "S*eñorita*," she began, "these days we're poor; there's not even anything here…it's sad! There's not any coca left; they've taken it all. And now the plantains, when are they going to grow? All the people here in Mishkiyacu, they're sad…they're thinking…it's sad that no one has any money anymore" (interview, September 18, 2015)[24].

While comuneros such as Amelia continued to farm manioc, plantain, papaya, and other tropical fruits, the floods had taken longer to recede that year, delaying the planting cycle. Coca was special in that it proved largely immune to the price fluctuations, and tremendous lack of transportation, storage and processing infrastructures endemic to most of Loreto. For families in Mishkiyacu, money earned from coca was most often used to cover practical expenses: corrugated roofs for their homes, or the fees required to maintain their children in the secondary school in Caballococha. I mention these two examples because within each one is embedded contradictions inherent in the persecution of coca in Loreto, or in the attempts at 'protecting' Ticuna communities from the corrupting forces of coca.

Coca and Development: Some Contradictions

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[24] Ahora señorita,..[somos] muy pobres, ni nada ahí….triste!...ya no hay nada de coca ahorita… todito le han sacado. Y ahora…y ahora el plátano, ¿cuándo va a crecer? Toda la gente está triste ahí, en Mishkiyacu, están pensando… triste que nadie consigue plata ahora.

Many of the residents of Mishkiyacu saved money from their coca harvests to cover the expenses of sending their children to secondary school. While Mishkiyacu is home to a bilingual primary school, where students learn in both Spanish and Ticuna, students wishing to continue their studies must do so in Caballococha. When the river is high, it takes over two hours by boat to get there, and even longer during the dry season. Since this commute is not possible for reasons of time and money (including gas to fuel the motors of the boats), the school offers dormitories for rural students, where they can stay during the week in order to complete their studies. Although families are not charged for the dormitories, they must pay a fee to cover meals for their children25.

Secondary schooling is purportedly a right of Peruvian citizenship, but the form available to the residents of Mishkiyacu is one that incurs great cost, both economic and affective. Sending children to live in the nearby city puts financial pressure on a family with little or no means of stable cash income. Furthermore, the removal of an older child from a rural, agricultural community is not just a question of the costs incurred by boarding school. Children and adolescents are also economic assets. They are responsible for work in the fields, hunting, and fishing, not to mention working in and around the house, fetching water from the well, cleaning, and caring for younger siblings. It should not be surprising, then, that without a steady cash income, many are hesitant to send their children into Caballococha to finish their schooling.

This hesitancy, however, is not a reflection of disdain for higher education. The community had long been advocating to get some form of secondary school within the community, and by the end of my fieldwork, had succeeded in implementing a continuing education program for adults. It was clear to many comuneros that in order for Mishkiyacu to thrive as a bilingual, agricultural community, they would need both the human and financial resources to navigate through social, economic, and political transitions. Studies were not at odds

[25] Some food may be provided by the federal aid program Qali Warma, which provides food for primary school children throughout Peru, as well as some secondary schools in rural Amazonia.

with tradition, particularly when they did not remove people from the community itself. Indeed, by studying, mishkiyaqueños create possibilities for integrating themselves into broader social, political, and economic networks accessible to those with an education beyond primary school. This did not indicate a desire to abandon or 'modernize', but rather to create possibilities for comuneros to help Mishkiyacu evolve and better respond to changing social, economic, and political conditions. As Jessica Cattelino (2009) has aptly describe in the case of Seminole gambling, an industry largely viewed 'at odds' with popular notions of indigeneity was in many ways helping to reproduce indigenous culture, a flexible and not static entity.

While coca money was indeed squandered on beer and motorcycles, consumption practices were not monolithic, but rather reflected diverse future imaginaries that Ticuna people projected for themselves and their communities. Sometimes, these investments were made in the home. One of the most popular revisions made on individual households was the replacement of the traditional thatched-palm house coverings with corrugated aluminum roofing. While the aluminum roofs are more durable and more effective in keeping out rain over the long-term, they also make living spaces decidedly less comfortable. Under the powerful Amazonian sun, they absorb heat and stifle the circulation of air. Many families who updated their homes with metal roofing also moved their kitchen to a separate dwelling covered by palm thatch. I understood why after enduring a meal in one Mishkiyacu home that had yet to relocate their kitchen, where the suffocating, smoky heat of a smoldering cooking fire sat trapped under a metal roof. My eyes began to tear up and I lost my appetite, politely clearing my plate before rushing outside to the open air despite the scorching midday sun.

Yet the transition to metal roofing involved a complex set of motives, ones driven not only by cost or practicality, but by image. Metal roofing became a marker of distinction and modernity in Mishkiyacu as in most indigenous and rural communities in Loreto, driven by images of 'proper' housing reinforced by regional political parties. In recent years, a social program known as "*Techo Digno*" (Dignified Roof) had emerged as the trademark initiative of the

regional government. The program, which essentially gifted aluminum roofs in poor rural communities, had the aim of providing all of Loreto with a "dignified" roof of aluminum.

Figure 11: Making masato (manioc beer) in an open-air kitchen, Mishkiyacu

With the implementation of *Techno Digno*, the aluminum roofs became a common sight in rural Amazonia. Their prevalence cannot only be credited to their practicality or availability but also to the discourse that accompanied them (Martín-Brañas et al. 2015). By naming the social program "*Techo Digno*," the political party in charge was implying that that traditional thatched roofs were the opposite of dignified: backwards, shameful, lacking dignity. Even those families that did not receive a "dignified" roof from the program were now framed within a discourse of dignity that placed them in a marginal position.

In this manner, the decision to abandon palm roofs for aluminum ones was influenced by state programs (such as *Techo Digno*) that framed traditional Amazonian knowledge and technologies as inferior. Contradictory to the claims made by state agencies such as CORAH and

DEVIDA, who claim that in fighting coca, they are defending traditional knowledge and agricultural technologies, parallel projects of governance frame indigenous practices as backwards and lacking dignity, tradition becoming the stigmatized flip side of modernity. And it is herein that the contradiction emerges. When it is convenient, the state projects itself as the defender of traditional practices against 'undignified' forms of modernity aligned with coca profits. Yet, as evidenced by the *Techno Digno* program, parallel programs of governance are just as eager to move indigenous communities out of their 'backwards' and 'undignified' conditions and into a more conventional form of modernity complete with aluminum roofing and political endorsements painted on the sides of their houses. While the agents of the state employed by DEVIDA operated under a drastically different agenda than the regional political players that peddled modern aluminum roofing in exchange for votes, in the eyes of community members, they formed parts of a larger project of governance intent on creating boundaries drawn from external conceptions of the place of tradition and modernity within Ticuna communities.

Conclusions

In October of 2015, shortly after returning from my first trip to Ramón Castilla, I attended a workshop in Iquitos with members of OEPIAP, the local federation of indigenous university students. Hosted by the research institute where I was affiliated for the duration of my research, the workshop was designed for OEPIAP members to brainstorm and articulate visions for community development that they would like to work on upon completion of their studies. Members of Awajún, Wampis, Cocama, Kandozi, Kichwa, Shawi, Ticuna, and Matsés communities were present. With my trusty collection of cameras and audio recorders, I was solicited, as I would be by DEVIDA the following year, to help document the event.

Workshop participants were asked about potential obstacles to the successful implementation of development projects in their communities. At one point, the event facilitator asked about the threat of drug trafficking and coca growing. Upon hearing this prompt, Ronal, the lone Ticuna participant, raised his hand to speak. "Threat?" he began. "I don't see any threat,

and if you are speaking about drug trafficking as a threat, how can that be if the state never does anything. I made it here to the city to study without any support from the state. And now they've ruined everything and now there's nothing left and now we're not going to see anything of what you call 'development'."[26]

Ronal was from Cushillococha, the only Ticuna community with the resources to send students to study in Iquitos. And these resources were undoubtedly the result of years of successful coca harvests. Like Ramiro, who begged clarification on the boundaries drawn by state agents (both military and development workers) between licit and illicit things, Ronal similarly critiqued official versions of development, or an official, 'licit' version of it. Why couldn't coca be recognized as a form of development if it helped families improve buildings or send their children to school? What's more, state-led development 'alternatives' to coca—in the form of USAID-backed initiatives by the branch of Peruvian government aimed at drug control—were premised on a hope for the future, but a spotty history of follow-through.

These questions and critiques were certainly well-founded, and even more difficult to resolve. Despite its propensity for economic success, coca is also part of an industry that is brutally violent and destructive. It ruins lives, shatters families, and causes intensive environmental destruction. But for the Ticuna farmers who plant coca alongside their fields of manioc, plantain, and corn, the violent world of drug trafficking is often quite distant from their everyday reality. Coca was a form of income that creates pathways towards community development, through the construction of new buildings, and opportunities to send their children to study not only in secondary schools, but also in the university.

While DEVIDA's programs were well-intentioned and administered by a local team dedicated to improving the economic prospects of local farmers, they faced a Sisyphean task. Their projects offered alternative cash crops to coca, but they failed to systematically address the

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[26] "¿cómo va ser amenaza? si el estado nunca ha dado nada y yo he llegado a estudiar en la ciudad sin ningún apoyo del estado; y el estado ha malogrado todo y ya no hay nada [de coca] y ya no va a ver nada del desarrollo.

infrastructural problems that had long prevented the region from effective economic integration with the rest of Peru. DEVIDA's cacao program remained part of an initiative of national governance whose discourse of care for the wellbeing of indigenous communities betrayed a broader ignorance of everyday struggles in this border region. To say, as CORAH agent Felipe did, that coca is ruining the lives of the indigenous people "who once lived in harmony with nature" reflects a patronizing and infantilizing discourse used only when it is convenient for the purposes of governance. As I have illustrated with the case of the *Techo Digno* program, how the state conceives of 'dignity' in development is deeply contradictory. When the state offers indigenous families corrugated roofs, they are being "assisted out of poverty." However, when they buy the roofs themselves with money made from coca leaf, their cultural lifeways are said to be under threat.

Indigenous people involved with coca production are well aware of these contradictions, and frequently level their own critiques against such discursive manipulations. The critiques offered by people like Ramiro and Ronal help to reveal the underlying tensions behind coca's depictions as both a threat and a promise to indigenous people in Peru. For them, the question is not so much what an illicit or threatening this *is*, but rather, who has the right to decide.

Chapter Three
Regulated Reciprocity:
Spatiotemporal Unevenness and the Challenges of Alternative Development

Dudú the agronomist had a dilemma. He normally didn't agree to this kind of support—money to buy soda and cookies for an event unrelated to their work in the community. But there they were, the mayor and a *dirigente*[27], and they had come all this way into town to buy the stuff. It wouldn't hurt to chip in—the relationship between them had been warming and this could only help. But there was no way he could ask the office in Lima for a reimbursement. It would have to come out of his own pocket, his and anyone else on his team with a few *soles* to spare. This particular week it would be a tough question to ask. Everyone who worked on contract, nearly 75% of the team, had been waiting for three weeks to receive their pay. Paperwork had gotten stalled in DEVIDA's central offices in Lima, and there was no way to speed things up. The staff was starting to get restless, some even borrowing money from a local *prestamista* (private moneylender) to pay rent. He doubted they would be willing to chip in; money was tight for almost everyone.

He asked if I'd be willing to contribute. 20 soles was all they would need to have enough for what the mayor and the dirigente were requesting. Normally confident, I sensed his posture change when he made the request, hands stuffed in his pockets and a long lead up to the question. We were drinking beers in the small courtyard of Hospedaje Sofy, a small but comfortable hotel in Caballococha. The rooms were equipped with a mini-fridge stocked with beer, soda, and Baré. We were busy cleaning out the supplies. Dudú sat in one of the plastic woven rocking chairs ubiquitous to Amazonian households, and Giovanni, also an agronomist and Dudú's second in command, was sprawled on a bench. They brought up the problem of the donation as a conversation between the two of them, but I sensed that they had thought of asking me before. It wasn't very much money, but the question had broader implications. I was quick to respond: they could count on my contribution.

[27] Elected community leader.

My 20 soles would be exchanged for a case of soda, handed over to two men, the mayor and the dirigente, who would ferry it away first down the Amazon and then down a small tributary. After four hours of travel (they had traveled with a decent-sized motor) they would reach home—a Ticuna community near Peru's border with Brazil. There the refreshments would be served at a party celebrating the anniversary of the municipality.

But the significance of my donation meant less for what it purchased than the relationship that it cemented. For this request for collaboration was also a gesture of acceptance. Favors could be asked of me, I could bear witness to needs and vulnerabilities. The shift was immediate. Giovanni asked if there was any more beer in my fridge. I handed him a can of Cristal and he cracked it open, taking a long swig before telling of an Israeli agriculture company that analyzed soil samples and created a customized agricultural program based off the analysis and GPS data. He wanted to send a sample of the local soil, confident that the Israelis would have new insights on how to make their cacao program succeed. Dudú passed around a pack of cigarettes. I was in familiar company.

The 20 soles I contributed towards refreshments for a party in a community that I had never visited did not buy my friendship with the agronomists Dudú and Giovanni, just as it did not earn me any respect with the mayor and dirigente. Rather, the *invitation* to participate in a form of collaboration that wove me in to forms of reciprocity—exchanges of money but also favors, secrets, and cans of beer from the least-empty mini-fridge. That the time frame on these exchanges remained open was an acknowledgement of social proximity (Sahlins 1972)—implicit was a sense of trust that, on each side, parties would do their part to maintain this relationship. The next day, Dudú would lend me a screwdriver to fix the microphone mount for my camera, and later Giovanni would hold my infant son while I recorded an interview. They were all small favors, but with each one a greater sense of trust and familiarity accumulated among us.

None of this is groundbreaking; to enter into a relationship is a calibration of trust and exchange. Entrustment, as Parker Shipton puts it, is at the heart of many social bonds (2007).

For an ethnographer, it is teeth cutting, the beginning of a long and winding path towards what one hopes will lead to an intimate understanding of relationships among people and things. But ultimately this story isn't about my friendship with Dudú or Giovanni, or the increasing affection I would later feel for their team of agronomists, who were working to implement a cacao project in a series of former coca-growing communities in a remote corner of lowland Amazonia. It is about relations of reciprocity, and the challenges of trying to manage mismatched terms of exchange.

I began with an exchange between the agronomists and myself because it sets up a model for how many successful forms of reciprocity are launched. The exchange, as Marcel Mauss has famously noted, is not always about the material goods traded back and forth, but about laying the foundations for "a more general and enduring contract"(Mauss 1990[1950]: 5). But I also use it as a point of contrast for the challenges faced by Dudú, Giovanni, and their colleagues installing their cacao programs in the region—a province called Ramón Castilla that, in recent decades, had become deeply entrenched in the cocaine economy. While instated as a form of gift to the communities—a development program framed in the discourse of a benevolent central government—the premises of the cacao program failed to take into account the nature of reciprocation, and the factors of time, space, and uneven experiences of both, that constrain the capacities of parties on both sides of the exchange to maintain the relation.

As this chapter's title suggests, I question whether reciprocity can be regulated, and what happens when groups or institutions external to the direct transaction attempt to establish the terms of the contract, producing a bureaucratic chromotope of expectation (c.f. Bear 2016). I ask: How do local experiences of time, framed by the particulars of place, shape social and economic relations with groups working under discrete spatiotemporal frameworks? Specifically, how do these odds impact both the moral and economic aims of development projects? How do imbalances of ability and expectation created by space and time shape expectations of the future?

To explore these questions, I begin with an account of DEVIDA's cacao project in Ramón Castilla, and an inquiry into how the daily practices of both farming and project work intersect with notions of the future. Just as understandings and experiences of time frame exchanges between DEVIDA and coca farmers, these same relations are also shaped by space. Specifically, they are shaped by experiences of proximity—both in terms of accessibility and social distance. To explore the role of space, I contrast the ways by which agronomists working for DEVIDA and middlemen managing coca-growing operations entered into the social worlds of Ticuna farmers. I conclude by exploring how DEVIDA's initial success was encumbered by the top-down bureaucratic processes and politics in which their daily practices—as both technicians and advisors-- were embedded.

Time: Planting Hope

When Dudú asked me for money, he opened up a channel of reciprocity between us. Anthropologist and agronomist, North American and Peruvian, we were both specialists with interests in a set of political and economic problems in the agricultural communities surrounding Hospedaje Sofy, where we sat drinking beers that humid October evening. While it might never be called glamorous, Sofy was one of the nicer hotels in Caballococha, built to accommodate the increasing flow of government and military personal traveling to the provincial capital. In recent years, a surge in illicit coca cultivation had increased traffic of money, people and goods to this once-sleepy border city. While recent sweeps by CORAH, the military branch in charge of illicit crop eradication, had dampened some of the prosperity, it had also opened up the region to a new swell of development projects aimed at providing alternatives to farmers left without a livelihood in the wake of eradication. Dudú and Giovanni were the agronomists in charge of one such project. Their project was run by DEVIDA, the Peruvian state institution tasked with drug abuse prevention, drug trafficking interdiction, and the dismantling of drug crop production via alternative development projects (DEVIDA 2015).

Like Dudú and Giovanni, I too was interested in what was going on in the former coca-growing communities. But rather than tasked with the implementation of a project, I was curious about the politics of such programs, how they negotiated the blurred boundaries between legitimate and illegitimate coca production. Earlier that year, I had conducted research in two nearby indigenous communities impacted by the booms and busts in coca and gained insight into local critiques of development projects. This time, I returned to Caballococha to try and understand things from the other side. I had offered my services as photographer and videographer to the local team from DEVIDA, who were gathering testimonials from communities where they had implemented cacao-cultivation projects in the past year. In this manner, I initiated my own relationship of reciprocity, weaving myself into a web of relations nuanced by differences in skills, resources, and degrees of accountability.

Eight communities (four Ticuna, four mestizo) were selected by DEVIDA to implement the first round of alternative development programs. While I visited and conducted some interviews in two of the mestizo communities doing videographer work for DEVIDA, I did not develop any close relationships in them. My understanding of DEVIDA's work in Ramón Castilla came from interviews in two of the Ticuna communities working with DEVIDA, and through my more long-term work in the Ticuna community of Mishkiyacu, connected by extensive kin networks to the participating communties. While I met Márcia, who I mention later in the paper, on a two-day boat ride from Iquitos to Caballococha, I came to know women like Luzmila, who had a cacao plot through the DEVIDA project, when she visited Mishkiyacu. Ticuna from other communities, including the ones involved in DEVIDA projects, came to Mishkiyacu for organizing workshops leading up to the annual inter-community festivals in 2015 and 2016. Thus, in the pages that follow, my impressions of the DEVIDA project are shaped by my long-term worth with their team of agronomists and técnicos, interviews conducted while working with DEVIDA, and stories and gossip *about* DEVIDA that I was privy to during my prior and ongoing fieldwork in Mishkiyacu.

Reactions to DEVIDA's presence in the communities was mixed. In the wake of eradication, many comuneros had continued to work in coca, picking plots that had avoided destruction that lay deeper in the forest. Those who continued to work in coca, albeit clandestinely, were less enthused about the presence of DEVIDA, whom they viewed to be doing police work along with their more visible mission of development. However, there were many who were eager to become involved in DEVIDA's programs. In the first round of installments of cacao parcels in 2015, the group was limited to 257 families divided among the eight communities (DEVIDA 2016). This left some families out of the first installment. The program's plan built in room for expansion, however, and families left out of the initial round could be included in the *fariña* (manioc flour) commercialization project or could wait until the following year to get their plots of cacao[28]. The fariña, while ultimately less profitable then cacao, offered more immediate returns, since manioc was widely grown in the communities already and the DEVIDA program focused more on speeding up and improving manioc processing so that it could be sold as fariña, a food staple, in local markets. The cacao plants, on the other hand, would take at least three years before they bore fruit, and were notoriously vulnerable to pests.

While alternative development programs in all eight communities initially chosen for DEVIDA's project were challenging to implement, three of these communities were particularly challenging to reach in terms both temporal and spatial. During the rainy season, when the water was high, you could travel on small tributaries. But during the dry season months beginning in August and lasting through early November, access to the community was both difficult and expensive. With the tributary largely dried to mud in several sections, one would have to be

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[28] While DEVIDA projects in San Martín had grown to include cacao-processing operations, and even artisanal chocolate shops, such as the Mishki Cacao cooperative in Chazuta, the early phase of DEVIDA's project in Ramón Castilla was focused on cacao production, which in turn would be bought wholesale. The eventual harvest of cacao was far enough into the future that the details of these transactions had yet to be worked out, but Dudú, the agronomist in charge of the cacao project, assured me that the demand for cacao was strong enough that they were not worried about finding buyers. For more immediate commercial integration, DEVIDA ran the fariña (manioc flour) commercialization project, which worked with community members, mostly women, to produce quantities of quality fariña which they could then market in Caballococha and markets near the triple border with Brazil and Colombia, where demand was high.

willing to drag a canoe when it could not pass. The alternative was a roundabout route traveling down the Amazon to the international border shared with Brazil, then navigating upriver on a different tributary. This latter option, while logistically possible even when the river was low, was cripplingly expensive, since gasoline would be required to power the boat both up and down river. And in the wake of 18 months of successive coca eradication efforts on behalf of the Peruvian state, cash flow had slowed to a trickle in the region[29].

Long cut off from the resources and infrastructure of the state, these communities were understandably suspicious of programs claiming to integrate them into national market economies. How could products arrive to market in time when the river dried up? How could they transport goods to market when they could not even transport themselves? And who would buy goods in this far corner of Amazonia, where all goods were more expensive due to the high markups incurred in transportation? These were pressing questions for the program participants, who agreed to accept the seedlings of cacao in return for the promise to stop growing coca. But their acceptance of the cacao program entered them into a form of contract predicted on a particular vision of the future, things that would and would not transpire over the passage of time. Included in the contract was not only seeds, but inputs and technological expertise, regular visits from extension agents and agricultural technicians (*técnicos*) working for DEVIDA, and workshops. The support and reinforcement from DEVIDA was important, since it would be years before the plots yielded profitable harvest.

[29] Long before these communities had begun to grow their own coca, they had served as a staging ground for transactions between PBC traffickers arriving from the transitional forests to the east and the Colombian middlemen that would then move the product north and west to the labs where it would be refined into powder cocaine. This had been going on since the early 1980s, "the days of Pablo Escobar!" as many would tell me. But as coca cultivation also took root in the region, and the conflicts between state forces, coca growers, and insurgent groups in the east went on the wane, the focus of state anti-coca efforts shifted east towards this border region. Illicit coca had become deeply entrenched in the region (see, for instance, Inforegión 2014). But eventually CORAH was successful in entering and eradicating various hectares of the community's coca, leaving fields uprooted and comuneros bitter and resentful. In response, the community was chosen to participate in DEVIDA's alternative development program, in hopes that a successful implementation of licit commodity agriculture would win over the hearts and minds of the people and decrease their temptation to return to growing illicit coca.

The time necessary to raise cacao in the lowlands was substantial. It was a form of commodity agriculture that demanded long days and constant monitoring, not to mention knowledge of the nutrient needs and pest threats of a crop unfamiliar to local communities. But, unlike the manioc and plantains traditionally grown in the region, cacao promised cash returns. For communities more accustomed to mixed economic practices—agriculture, fishing, and hunting—this form of intensive, single crop commodity agriculture was challenging. Of course, coca was demanding too, but the returns were fast and numerous, cash earned quickly and easily enough to make up for a few fishing or hunting days lost. But cacao, which would take three years before it could produce fruit that could be sold, left many more questions dangling. As Antonio, one of the farmers in DEVIDA's cacao project in Cushillococha, put it, "sometimes I feel some resentment towards them [the agronomists]. You need income to support the family, to send the kids to study, to cover their expenses. Here I have my *yuca*, my *platano*, enough to live one, but that's it" (interview, September 2016). For farmers such as Antonio, the support in terms of material inputs and expertise were welcome, but did not directly address the need for cash in the present moment, a need that had easily been filled by money from coca harvests until the eradication sweeps of the previous year.

The work of DEVIDA was not only to install plots of cacao but also to assuage these fears, creating schemes and plans for market integration and a future in which locals could make a living growing and selling cacao. Thus, as Dudú reminded his team during a meeting, *no solo estamos sembrando cacao; estamos sembrando sueños* (we are not only planting cacao; we are planting dreams). While the DEVIDA team was comprised primarily of agronomists and agricultural extension agents (*extensionistas*) they were tasked with the emotional work of making participants believe in future outcomes.

The terms set by the exchange, then, were awkward ones. DEVIDA gave material gifts (seedlings, fertilizer, trainings and expert advice) and brokered contracts with promises for future returns. In exchange, the communities chosen to participate in the programs had to do their part

to ensure that the futures promised turned out as such. They were to follow the instructions of the team from DEVIDA, who demonstrated how to cultivate cacao, in order to ensure a successful harvest. This success was measured by a set of indicators: hectares of coca no longer visible from aerial photographs, hectares of cacao cultivated through DEVIDA's program. These measures were based in a concept of success easily communicated across space and scale, creating reports legible to the federal and international agencies that funded DEVIDA's projects (Nacimiento 2016). But as Sally Engle Merry has noted, while indicators are meant to give the impression of an objective truth, they obfuscate their political and theoretical origins (Merry 2011). The indicators were intended to show progress towards a plan of the reduction of coca cultivation and the establishment of alternative crop plots, particularly cacao. But these same indicators failed to show that the eradicated lands were those cultivated by Ticuna farmers, largely ignoring the public secret of the large plots deeper in the forest, managed by Colombians and migrants form the Huallaga Valley. The indicators were necessary to sustain the work of DEVIDA, and for DEVIDA to continue receiving money from USAID, its principal international benefactor. However, these indicators did not say much about a palpable reduction of the presence of illicit coca in the region. It was just deeper in the forest and managed by experienced hands savvy enough to take the necessary measures to avoid persecution and eradication.

DEVIDA's project was not only an applied one but also a moral one, aiming to shift economic aspirations to one within a broader construction of licitness and legitimacy. But acreage (of coca lost and cacao gained) did little to measure shifting perceptions of the legitimacy of either agricultural project for the cultivators themselves. And with profit from harvests looming years into the future, installed hectares of cacao could hardly serve as equivalents for the sort of profit security that coca plots once offered to the project participants. After over three decades of entrenchment in the region, those that managed coca operations did not have to rely on promises. Years of returns had proven that working coca would consistently produce

impressive economic rewards, without drastically altering their agricultural lifeways. Yet, as the recent waves of eradication had demonstrated, this was not without risk. This source of livelihood could be snatched away. So, despite their bitterness towards the sorts of government agencies that had taken away their coca, many comuneros accepted the terms of DEVIDA's contract, and signed up to participate in the initial round of cacao programs. Their initial leap of faith may have come out of desperation, but it was not forced upon them. The spots in the cacao programs were limited and they were easily filled. The terms of the contract did not seem so terrible in theory, but in the everyday way that exchanges reproduce social bonds, they proved harder to sustain.

Space: Awkward Adaptations

For the team of agronomists, agricultural technicians (*técnicos*), engineers, and extension agents (*extensionistas*) assembled to open the Caballococha office of DEVIDA, the mix of agricultural and social work necessary to successfully implement their program required time and commitment. To create good faith in the program, participants were told of the "miracle of San Martín" – stories of former coca growing communities in the neighboring political department who had abandoned coca in favor of licit cacao, and were now enjoying a newfound security and prosperity by selling cacao to artisanal chocolate makers, based in Peru but with international distribution (Cabieses 2010). The case of San Martín, DEVIDA's crowning achievement, had achieved notoriety on an international level. Their story even appeared on a chocolate bar unassumingly purchased by my husband, tale of redemption via cacao making powerful narrative fodder for the bar's cardboard wrapper.

In order to build trust and rapport with future leaders of the cacao cooperatives, DEVIDA flew them to visit their cacao projects elsewhere in Amazonía, in such places as Chazuta, where a women's chocolate cooperative was gaining worldwide recognition for their

product[30]. The trip was important for a number of reasons. Not only did it demonstrate the success of DEVIDA cacao projects elsewhere in Amazonian Peru, but it also worked to make Ticuna feel more integrated into national networks and identities of farmers and producers, broadening the horizon of their imaginaries. This would prove important in creating buy-in with farmers, since it was often hard for local farmers to believe promises of integration when few, if any, had traveled beyond the region. José, a dirigente from one of the participating communities, made a point of mentioning the trip to me when he visited DEVIDA's office in Caballococha. I was filming his testimonial about the cacao program, and when I asked him what aspect of the project was going well, he immediately responded by telling me about the visit to the neighboring *montaña* region of Huánuco, a region that has historically dominated Peru's production of illicit coca. He began: "I had the opportunity…to take a trip with DEVIDA. We went to Huánuco—to Tingo María—to see they experience they had growing cacao in that region. And when I came back from that trip, I held a meeting with the community—where there is trust among us. And after that, 43 more families signed up to participate in the project" (Interview, September 28, 2015).

But while this trip instilled a vision in leaders selected for travel, there was more everyday work to be done supporting the community in their efforts to get the plots of cacao going. In the case of San Martín, there was no shortage of extension agents that could visit the sites a few times a week, traveling back and forth from their homes or office on motorcycles provided to them by DEVIDA. But in Ramón Castilla, no such thing was possible. Indeed, it was not only transportation infrastructure, but also temporalities of agriculture and transport that

[30] I had visited this cooperative as a tourist in 2011, before beginning this research project, and had been impressed by the quality of their chocolate and their inventive work with a local plant known as *macambo* (or majambo in some communities) which they used to make a version of white chocolate. I made return visit to Chazuta and Mishki Cacao in 2016 as part of this research project and was impressed by the development of the women's operations over the past five years. They had expanded beyond chocolate bars to truffles and sauces, were featured at numerous food and craft festivals, including Mistura, Peru's largest gastronomy festival, held annually in Lima. On the wall of their small workshop, which served as factory, retail store, and tasting room, the women of the cooperative were featured in a photo of Hilary Clinton. When I visited it was September of 2016, and I remember remarking to the women how great it was that they were featured in a photo with the woman I was confident would be the next president of the United States.

distinguished the region from San Martín. And it was in this transference of models—that of San Martín onto rural Loreto—that the difficulties became manifest.

Shortly after a state of emergency was declared in the province of Ramón Castilla, DEVIDA scrambled to open a local office in Caballococha in order to have a base to implement their alternative development projects, as well as the drug abuse prevention campaigns that were their hallmark visible propaganda[31]. The Caballococha office was under the jurisdiction of the regional office in the departmental capital of Iquitos, but it was challenging for the two offices to share resources. The most reliable form of transportation between the two cities was an express boat (*rápido*), which on the best of days would take eight hours traveling downriver from Iquitos and ten hours returning home. The national air force (FAP) offered two weekly flights, but these were subject to cancellation due to inclement weather and poor visibility, making them a far-from ideal option when work was urgent. And this was just the transportation of people—goods and equipment posed a whole other set of problems. Most of these arrived by riverboat (*lancha*) a cheap yet slow form of cargo transport, which was the only way that large items (motorcycles, agricultural inputs & machinery, etc…) could be transported. While locals were accustomed to the region's riverine infrastructure, it often proved challenging to translate its particular sets of needs and delays to people elsewhere. In the case of DEVIDA, the regional offices faced the challenging task of translation, explaining and justifying the fluvial system to bureaucrats unfamiliar with this (often informal) way of moving goods and persons around lowland Amazonia.

The challenges were not only in justifying modes of travel, but also in recognizing the necessary materials to establish a regional program. For example, when DEVIDA opened its office in Caballococha, they were given four motorcycles. The motorcycles were the sorts of off-road dirt bikes particularly effective for reaching communities elsewhere in Amazonia. They were

[31] In addition to DEVIDA's alternative development work, they carried out a parallel project addressing drug abuse prevention, which included a highly visible campaign of billboards and mototaxi awnings with a series of anti-drug slogans, such as "Life is better without drugs" (*La Vida es Mejor sin Drogas*).

supplied for the extension agents and técnicos, who would be traveling to the communities on a regular basis to help install and later monitor the cacao projects. Cars are largely absent in this part of Amazonia, and motorcycles are much more efficient for traveling the rutted dirt paths that connect communities. However, the motorcycles proved useless for reaching those communities connected to Caballococha by river and not by road. River transport, indeed, created a host of issues that not only made the San Martín model of cacao project challenging to implement, but also created tensions between the local office of DEVIDA and the central office in Lima.

If you have never spent time in lowland Amazonia, it is hard to imagine how much money is necessary for outsiders to move about by river with the speed that one would move by road. You must find someone with a boat willing to transport you and wait for your return, essentially renting a driver for a day. And then there is the fuel for the boat, which you spend more on when travelling upriver. When DEVIDA bought motorcycles for its offices in San Martín, the issue of transportation was largely taken care of. Most everyone who lives in Amazonia knows how to drive a motorcycle and the fuel costs are generally predictable. But when it became clear that the motorcycles were insufficient for accessing the communities were DEVIDA would be implementing their projects in Ramón Castilla, a host of other complications arose. You could buy a boat, of course, but the sorts of embodied knowledge of a *motorista* was not a skill—like driving a motorcycle—possessed by just anybody. You could buy a boat but then you would need a driver, but there was no position written in the program's budget for a fluvial chauffeur. And as I would come to learn, it was remarkably challenging to customize DEVIDA's plan of operations. The success of the cacao projects in San Martín led the agency to assume that the San Martín program could be used as a model transposed to any other area of the country where coca was being grown. This may have worked in other regions of transitional forest, where communities were linked by roads—albeit rutted ones—with the

rest of the nation. But in lowland Amazonia, where culture and infrastructure were dictated so much by the rivers, this model was an awkward fit.

I bring up the issue of transportation because, as I mentioned earlier, the success of the cacao programs would depend not only on the crop, but also on the faith of the people in the communities. DEVIDA would need to plant, to paraphrase Dudú, both seeds and hope. But the latter was a complicated endeavor. DEVIDA was an agency of the same central government that sent forth the eradication squads, (literally) uprooting the livelihoods in the communities where they now sought to install cacao. How could they build trust and faith? One of the most important factors was consistency—the regular appearance of the agronomists to hold capacity-building workshops, help set up the plots of cacao and build facilities for processing manioc (for commercialization as fariña), offer tips and support for the avoidance of pests, irrigation methods, etc. But without reliable transportation, this was challenging. When the office first opened in Caballococha, it was during the rainy season, when water levels were high, and communities were easily reachable by boats and fluvial taxis were in steady supply. The teams were able to make consistent trips to the hard-to-reach communities, where they began the trainings necessary to capacitate farmers interested in trying their hand at cacao. They taught workshops and delivered many of the inputs necessary to get the program up and running. But seven months in, when some of the tributaries dried up and it was nearly impossible to reach those communities, the visits from the DEVIDA team became infrequent. Without the support of these trained experts, comuneros did not always know how to manage the cacao plots, or utilize the materials given to them by the teams. Their faith in the program began to wane.

Without the frequent visits from DEVIDA, or the support for the cacao projects, it was hard to dedicate the time necessary to cacao, particularly when there were coca fields deeper in the forest, and work was available picking coca or stomping leaves. This point was driven home when a colleague from the research institute visited one of the cacao pilot communities at the beginning of the rainy season, when the waters had begun to rise after a long period of

inaccessibility. In the community building he spotted a pile of the sprayer backpacks used to administer pesticides to crops. The backpacks, he was informed, were a gift from DEVIDA, intended for the maturing cacao trees. But since it had been so long since DEVIDA has showed up, and they were unsure the correct way of using them in the cacao fields, they were using them to spray their coca.

So the materials gifted by the development agency intended to wean a community off of coca were actually being used to sustain their coca crops. Beyond its irony, this situation is helpful in understanding the awkwardness, in this situation, of trying to regulate reciprocity. Gifts were considered in their material form, but DEVIDA the institution (distinct from the extensionistas themselves) failed to consider that their usage was tethered to the presence of their agents, and the factors it would take to facilitate their access to the community to a degree that would actually enable the comuneros to use the sprayers to propagate cacao, and not coca plants.

The community had received the gift of the sprayer backpacks and cacao seedlings but had not complied with the conditions imposed by the givers: that they cease to work in coca and instead focus on licit crops such as cacao. Why did the community members choose not to make good on this contract? Were they acting as a form of resistance, or out of practicality? Perhaps it is because the contract set up by the agronomists from DEVIDA left too much to chance. It gave gifts of material inputs and set the conditions of the return gift. The materials were to be reciprocated in the form of self-discipline. To put it another way, the return gift would be that the communities police themselves to stay away from coca. But without the regular visits from the DEVIDA agronomists, what was the satisfaction in this? Absent from daily life, the comuneros were denied the satisfaction of return gifting.

In the following section, I turn to the community of Mishkiyacu, a Ticuna coca-growing community where I conducted ethnographic research, to contrast the struggles of the DEVIDA agronomists with the success of a very different sort of outsider agricultural project: illicit coca.

While Mishkiyacu had been hit by the eradication sweeps, they were not selected for participation in the initial round of DEVIDA's cacao program. During my initial visits, in the wake of the eradication sweeps, they were not growing coca, but continued to harvest for those had fields deeper in the forest and were unaffected by the eradication[32]. But when I returned ten months later, it was clear that coca was back.

Unencumbered by even sporadic visits from DEVIDA, this community had quietly returned to planting coca fields with the support of a few 'expert' outsiders, many who lived in the community. Mostly Colombian, I consider these men as a sort of informal extension agent, managing coca production and offering expert advice incurred in decades of involvement in the industry. Through their spatial proximity and more thorough integration in the community, I will argue, they attained greater success with their agricultural project. For they not only monitored the installation of coca fields but were also present for the everyday events—parties, soccer matches, births, and deaths—upon which the exchanges of goods and favors secure social contracts and thus the trust necessary for the successful implementation of projects. While they may have desired certain outcomes or behaviors (successful harvests of coca fields that would be sold to them and used to make their pbc, for example), there were a multitude of ways in which smaller exchanges, the lending of supplies or a helping hand loading a canoe, were transacted on a daily basis, weaving this desired future into the grain of daily relations. In contrast to DEVIDA, who gave with the stipulation of picturesque visions of the future and little in the means of daily needs, this sort of future became entangled with the needs and desires of the Ticuna farmers, their exchanges creating a sort of joint imaginary that facilitated their capacities to work together.

Informal Extension Agents

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[32] These coca field managers, or *parceleros*, were generally Colombians or migrants from the historical coca growing regions in the transitional forest to the west of Loreto. Their ability to avoid eradication may have been due to the location of their plots deeper in the forest, but likely was also because they had the funds available to pay off the agents of DIRANDRO (national anti-drug police) that designated the areas to be targeted by CORAH.

When I stayed in Mishkiyacu I was graciously put up in the home of Yolanda and her husband Alfredo, who held the prestigious position of professor at the community's bilingual elementary school. Teachers were among the few salaried residents of Mishkiyacu, and the couple lived comfortably, albeit humbly, in a tidy home that sat on the community's main plaza. During my first two visits, the home's cooking hearth was lodged in a separate structure behind the main living space, and shared with Yolanda's mother, Dominga, who lived next door with her younger daughter and infant grandson. They also shared a bathroom—a small elevated outhouse some yards behind the main structures and accessible by a plank bridge leading from the kitchen. Yolanda's house was a single large room that contained a double-burner used for the preparation of rice and quick meals when gas was available, a large table where the family ate meals and where, at night, Alfredo would prepare for class the next day or help children with homework. The front of the house was divided between a small covered porch and an enclosed structure that served as one of two community bodegas, selling bags of rice, tins of sardines and milk, warm sodas, candies, and assorted dry goods, all bought at the market in Caballococha and resold for a small markup. The bodega stayed open in the evenings, illuminated by a small candle, and while there was generally no one stationed inside to operate the store, a small knock or yell brought some member of the family scurrying to the front to attend to business.

In the evenings, the bodega was not the only thing that brought visitors to the house. For during my early visits, Alfredo and Yolanda were one of the few couples to own a generator, which they used in the evenings to power up a flat-screen television and watch DVDs. When the sun went down, the motor was turned on, and the blue lights from the television flickered in the premature Amazonian darkness that set into to Mishkiyacu, which remained without electricity despite the installation of electric towers some decades ago, every night between six and seven. This was the signal for many comuneros, and particularly children, to gather in the main living space of the home and watch the evening's DVD selection- Thai martial arts movies, taped Peruvian variety shows, Mel Gibson's *Apocalypto*, etc.

When I returned to visit Mishkiyacu ten months after my initial visits, the house had expanded. The single large multipurpose room had now become divided into two bedrooms and a common space and was connected by a short plank to a new construction in the back, parallel with what was once the common kitchen behind Dominga's house. This new structure was a rather expansive kitchen and dining area, with a door leading to a separate bathroom at the very back. The new back kitchen was complete with a large dining table, hearth for cooking over fire and a stove for cooking with gas. The stove was not a new purchase—it had been around the previous year—but was only in use when there was gas. *Balóns* of gas cost 60 soles and had to be brought in by canoe from Caballococha, and thus were a luxury, particularly in the dry season when this trip was longer and more treacherous. We always arrived with gas, to use to prepare our own food and also as part of what we paid to Yoli and Alfredo in exchange for staying at their house.

This time when we arrived to find the house expanded we also found that gas, for once, was not in short supply. As we tied up our hammocks in the house, we were confronted with the smell of gas, and soon discovered the source of this rather unsettling odor. Underneath a green tarp in the corner of the new room that abutted the original structure were no fewer than ten drums of gasoline. As proprietors of the bodega, Alfredo and Yolanda occasionally bought goods in bulk in Caballococha for resale in the community. Yet gas for cooking was distributed via *balones*, which could easily be hooked up to a cooking stove. And this was far too large a supply to meet the needs of the few households in Mishkiyacu that owned a stove or could afford to cook with gas.

Really there was no need for even this level of speculation. There were other things that signaled that coca was back. Cases of empty beer bottles stored under a house, three new bodegas, and young men who bore the marks of outsiders (curly hair, green eyes, Colombian lilts in their Spanish). I had thought as much when I got off the boat in Caballococha. It was Sunday night but Sargento el Sabroso, the restaurant that overlooked the port, was booming with disco

music and the sound of drunken shouting. Money was circulating through the region in a way that suggested the resurgence of this particularly lucrative crop. While the jump in price generally occurred as raw coca paste left Peru's borders to cocaine refineries across the border, to urban markets for pbc in Brazil and Argentina, and to cocaine distributors in Brazil, Europe, and North America, even the lowliest raspachín had more cash on hand during harvest time.

Coca was back, but I knew that Alfredo and Yolanda did not have a plot. A teacher, Alfredo was always busy. When he was not teaching or preparing lessons he could be found tending to his bodega or tutoring students. There was no time for him to tend a field. And Yolanda, aside from having a new baby, was enrolled in the new continuing education program, and met with a group of other adults in the community schoolhouse in the afternoons to complete the lessons and worksheets necessary to gain a high school equivalency degree. Dominga had once cultivated coca, but recently her youngest daughter had run off with a lover, leaving her infant son in Dominga's care. She too had no time for coca.

The drums of gas stored in Alfredo and Yoli's house would be used to fill up the maceration pits (*pozos*) where coca leaves would be poured to extract their valuable alkaloid and processed into raw cocaine paste. But if they were not growing their own coca, why were they storing the drums of gasoline? I casually asked Yoli whose they were. *Unos colombianos*, she said dismissively, scrunching up her nose. Do they pay you to store them? I asked. No, she said, it was a favor, *pero huele feo, di?* (it smells bad, no?).

Why would Yoli be willing to store strong-smelling gas drums for the Colombians? Doing favors for Colombian drug overseers perhaps conjures up images of intimidation and pressure, threats and armed enforcement of will for many a reader. But in Mishkiyacu, such forceful techniques were neither necessary nor appropriate. The Colombians had long been asking favors and granting them as well. In fact, their extended presence in Mishkiyacu, and integration into multiple social and kin networks, secured their capacity to ask such favors, and the confidence that the favor would be reciprocated in the future.

As I have discussed earlier, one of the major challenges faced by the team of agronomists and extension agents employed by DEVIDA was their access to the communities, and their ability to consistently offer support for their projects. The inconsistency bred mistrust, which in turn prevented them from being invited in to enter into more complex social networks in the communities. They came, they gave, they left, but the expectation for return favors was denied to the comuneros with whom they worked. This skewed their relationship as experts and program managers—if support was inconsistent, comuneros were eager to take what they could get, knowing that follow-up was never guaranteed. What was different in the case of the Colombians?

Phenotypically and culturally distinct, what integrated the Colombians into the social fabric of Mishkiyacu, affording them success with their agricultural endeavors? How did they come to be integrated, their favors tolerated, their projects trusted? Largely their success came through their efforts at long-term social integration. While some passed through temporarily, overseeing a harvest or the processing of leaves into PBC, many had set up more permanent residence in the community. They could contribute to celebrations and funerals, supply soccer balls and team members for the twilight soccer matches anticipated after a long day in the fields, were simply around for the small and unanticipated events of daily life that, when shared, build the sort of familiarity that breeds trust. Simply visiting communities, DEVIDA's team could not share in these daily realities. They could not be called in to examine a problematic pest attacking a plant or help set traps for pesky animals that preyed on one's chickens. Their advice, while expert and helpful for the successful cultivation of cacao, was only available when they were, and the timing of their visits could never coordinate perfectly with the needs of the farmers they sought to support. To truly support the cacao farmers, they too would need to take up residence, become part of the dailyness and ritual exchanges that form the basis of trust and support.

But it should not be forgotten that there was much at stake for the Colombians, and that this trust was essential, in ways it would never be for DEVIDA, for the success of their

operation. They *needed* that trust, for they too were vulnerable. The illicit nature of their agricultural operation made the social bonds they created in communities an integral part of their operation. Thus, while many were willing contributors to events such as soccer matches and funerals, still others had married into the community, and established households in Mishkiyacu with Ticuna women.

For the Colombians, intermarriage helped establish trust and loyalty. It would be much more complicated to inform on someone who had become kin. And if these men fulfilled their obligations as fathers and providers, there would be even more motivation to protect them and their operations from the incursions of prying state agents from institutions such as CORAH. One Colombian man had even allowed his home to be converted into an "espacio lúdico", or play space, after an initiative from the ministry of education came through Mishkiyacu sponsoring the creation of household play and learning spaces in rural communities. I learned of this one evening when strolling through the village and caught site of a colorful sign designating the space as such through the open doorway of one of the Colombian-Ticuna households. Said Colombian, a heavyset man with curly hair, was seated on the floor in front of a TV that noisily played a cartoon video of "Old MacDonald's Farm" (*El Granjero MacDonald*). Various village children were clustered around the TV, staring happily at the animated animals singing their songs.

Nighttime cartoons were one of many examples by which it became apparent that the Colombians had done well integrating into Ticuna communities where they staged broader coca-growing operations. While DEVIDA could sponsor large soccer matches among villages, and even provide refreshments, the Colombians were around for the pickup games that everyone looked forward to after a long day of work. They could place bets, buy warm soda from Alfredo and Yolanda's bodega, and be seen winning and losing. They could be both trusted and resented, for they were integrated into daily life, and the range of quotidian activities and practices and create and re-create social worlds and culture. DEVIDA, as emissaries from a public institution

bound by their own restrictions as employees, struggled to integrate themselves into community life, and gain the trust of comuneros. And when they started to succeed, they were pulled back, conscribed by the regulating forces of bureaucracy that mediated between them and a central office who neither understood the local infrastructural particularities nor seemed truly invested in the building of trust necessary to make their projects succeed.

Spatiotemporal Imbalance: DEVIDA in Lima and Caballococha

At they neared the end of the second year of operations, the Caballococha office of DEVIDA understood well the challenges they faced in implementing the San Martín model of commodity agriculture program in a setting with distinct social, infrastructural, and environmental conditions. And to the best of their ability, they had improvised and customized their operations to fit local conditions. Some of the time, this required formal communication with the central office in Lima, and the creation of new positions and plans of operation, tasks that were accomplished with tedious amounts of bureaucratic hassle. One of the most pressing issues was that of the *extensionistas*, whose job it was to provide constant support, advice, and troubleshooting to the cacao farmers. In San Martín, one extensionista could visit multiple communities in a week or even two in a single day. Using the dirt bikes issued to them by DEVIDA, they could travel between communities and plots of land and check in on whomever had needs or problems on a given day. But in the eight communities participating in the Ramón Castilla program, this sort of mobility was impossible. With luck, during the rainy season, you could make it to most of the communities there and back in a day, although most of the time this was impractical as it hardly allowed for enough time to visit all the plots of cacao. And this required the renting of a boat and motorist and included the high price of fuel. Costly and tedious, but possible, it became almost prohibitively expensive and exhausting for a single agent to visit multiple communities in a week. Unlike the San Martín extensionistas, who could zip around on their motorcycles, the team working in Ramón Castilla was without their own

transport and had to front the money for fuel and wait weeks and even months for reimbursement from Lima.

In the dry season, this set of problems became even more complicated, when three of the communities became nearly unreachable by boat. Arriving involved a complicated mix of water travel, canoe dragging, and trudging through the jungle. They were trips made by comuneros when supplies were necessary, but the sort of mobility possible during the rainy season had dried up along with the tributaries. Thus, Dudú and Giovanni had to request additional extensionistas to work in the office, with one agent covering 2-3 communities. This was a contrast to the San Martín program, where a single agent could cover four times as many hectares of cacao. While it was clear to all working in the Ramón Castilla office why it would be impossible for a single agent to cover as much ground as the same agent could in San Martín, it was difficult to impress this point on the central office in Lima. They begrudgingly authorized the hiring of two additional extensionistas but became increasingly stringent in their monitoring of transport expenses and never seemed to lose their suspicion of the customizations necessary to get the cacao program going in Ramón Castilla.

But even the smaller ratio of extensionista to community did not solve the local office's problems, since during the dry season it simply was not possible to visit half of the communities with the frequency necessary to provide appropriate monitoring and support to the farmers. So again, the local office had to customize their plan of operations so that the agents supervising the three least accessible communities would make extended visits, living four weeks in the field and then returning to Caballococha to file paperwork and restock supplies. While this solved some of the transportation issues, it created a whole new set of challenges for the extensionistas. As Kevin, one of the agents told me, part of their training was to prepare for all sorts of fieldwork, thus while challenging, he felt equipped for the trials of living in the communities where he was working. He even felt prepared for what he endured in a community called Jerusalén, where all the water for bathing and washing came from a single pool where rainwater collected. Kevin

recalled going two days without water as they waited for rain to fill the pool. But it was also an educational experience, creating empathy and a deeper understanding of the realities in the communities where they worked. However, while there were challenges in the field, the greatest annoyance came when they returned. In bureaucratic terms, these field stays, with no precedent in other DEVIDA programs, created mountains of new paperwork—expense reports, funding requests, reimbursements—that the exhausted agents had to wade through during their breaks in the city.

But aside from these bureaucratic hassles, the extended field stays did much to advance DEVIDA's projects in these initially suspicious communities. The extensionistas were able to provide the day-to-day support necessary to get the plots of cacao going, and were slowly able, through their daily presence in the cacao fields by day, and the impromptu soccer fields at sunset, to gain the trust of the comuneros.

I came to understand this through my friend Márcia, a bilingual teacher in San Andrés, the small Ticuna community that had used the pesticide backpacks to spray their coca. She had come to visit me at Hospedaje Sofy with Luzmila, a comuneros and cacao grower. It was dry season and the trip into Caballococha was difficult and lengthy. During the rainy season they could make it in an hour, but when the quebrada dried to mud in spots it could take up to four hours, getting out of the canoe and dragging it through the mud when necessary. Marcia's husband lived in town, and she tried to return on weekends to see him and to buy supplies to take back with her to the village.

While Luzmila resided in San Andrés, I had met her numerous times in Mishkiyacu, and had often admired her handiwork weaving shicras, purses made from chambira palm fiber. The women showed up at my door, with three of Luzmila's kids in tow, after a long and harrowing journey from their community. Twice their canoe had nearly capsized in the spots where the river was fuller, and when it narrowed too much for the boat to fit, their legs got stuck in the knee-deep mud trying to pull it through. They told me that they had arrived with Santos, one of

the extensionistas from the DEVIDA team, and that he had helped them out by being a man willing to accompany them on the journey into Caballococha, a journey that would have been unacceptable for them to make as unaccompanied women. Marcia, the village teacher, was not targeted as a coca grower and thus did not have a plot of cacao in DEVIDA's program. But Luzmila had been among the first to sign up for the cacao project, and while the cacao project was geared mainly towards men, Luzmila largely filled in for her husband, who was an alcoholic and rarely tended to his plot. Santos knew of her plight and had helped her in her fields. Knowing that he would be eager for a chance to return to Caballococha for a weekend, the two women had approached him with the offer to take him into town in exchange for his help as chaperone and hand to push their canoe.

Figure 12: Luzmila, and her cacao plot

It was the particularly tedious nature of their journey that seemed to cement their friendship. I was curious to hear the two women's' thoughts on DEVIDA and the cacao project

but they preferred to talk about Santos, who they now viewed as an ally. As Luzmila laid out her woven bags on my hotel bed, Marcia explained. "You see," she began, "now he understands how we have to live. He has waited with us for the water to come and fill the pool, he has pushed our boat through the mud. He knows what our life is now. Now he understands."

While it was never part of the original plan of operations to send emissaries to live in the communities where their cacao projects were being implemented, it was clear that this customization of the program was beneficial. Not only could Santos, Kevin, and their colleagues understand the daily struggles of existence—the anxieties of isolation, pushing canoes through mud, waiting days for water—but they could also participate in the reciprocal exchanges of everyday life. While they could not understand the palpable anxiety about the future experienced by cacao farmers, they could experience the palpable stresses of everyday life, a bodily experience of time and space as experienced in the communities. Favors asked and received, soccer matches played, bodegas patronized, hands lent to push boats, these were all the sorts of daily things that made an outsider—Colombian or emissary of the state—come to be trusted. And the shifts necessary to jump into a new and unfamiliar set of economic practices, be they related to coca or cacao, requires trust.

But trust is not only about confidence in another individual, but about forms of social contract among political bodies. Both sides needed to be able to give, and also to receive, to show generosity and to show vulnerability. In the case of Santos, this began to happen, the longer he lived in Marcia and Luzmila's community and the more he could lean on them. But the issue was not between the community and Santos, but rather the political body that Santos represented. For while the community could give and Santos could receive both goods and services, the contract also included DEVIDA, a political body operating on imbalanced spatiotemporal understandings. And in Lima, where decisions where made and plans of operations were approved or rejected, there was a contract, but no freedom of reciprocity, with the communities in Ramón Castilla that DEVIDA proposed to help.

Five weeks after I returned from my final trip to Ramón Castilla, I received word that the budget for the coming year had finally been released, and that the Caballococha office would not be allowed to continue with its current size of staff. Dudú, who was based in Iquitos, would keep his job, as would Giovanni, but the majority of agronomists and tecnicos would be released. A bare minimum of extensionistas would be kept on, but they would have to manage multiple communities, and would not be able to continue the extended field stays. It simply did not make sense, on a practical or economic level, to the office in Lima. The amount of staff necessary to supervise such a small number of hectares could not be justified.

Of course, these were the very concerns that worried the comuneros in the first place, and that made them suspicious of development programs in licit commodity agriculture. Their geopolitical positioning had made them an ideal spot for the cultivation of coca, but licit crops? Forget it. If they had little motivation before to reciprocate the gifts of DEVIDA with the sorts of conduct desired by the agency, why now would they even pause before returning to coca?

With their bare-bones team, the Caballococha office continued offering support to the farmers who had signed on to participate in their cacao program. Those farmers continued to receive fertilizer, technical advice, and trainings. But they lost the ability to enter into the sorts of exchanges that can integrate outside figures and outside knowledge into a community. For this, DEVIDA could stand to take some advice from the Colombians, who clearly understood the importance of reciprocity in the success of joint economic ventures.

Conclusions

I began this chapter by claiming that by asking me for 20 soles, the agronomists Dudú and Giovanni were inviting me into a more intimate dimension of their social world and offering me a place in the reciprocal network of exchanges that sustained it. Yet I will also argue that the request for the soda and cookies, on behalf of the mayor and *dirigente* from the Ticuna community, had less significance. Why might this be so? Why did my invitation for collaboration inaugurate important social bonds while the invitation posed to Dudú have no such effect?

One reason is the incongruity of political bodies on either end of the exchange. When the mayor and dirigente asked for a donation, the money could not be given on behalf of DEVIDA, the state organization for whom the agronomists worked. These sorts of gifts were deemed unacceptable from an institutional perspective. What DEVIDA would give, and what they would accept in return, did not take into consideration the range of needs and desires that animate social and political life in the communities where they were working. Exchange must always occur with a set of moral prescriptions related to the anti-coca and pro-licit commodity agriculture that was their mission. For DEVIDA, as an institution, this seemed simple enough, since what they sought to do was substitute one crop for another in order to transform illicit livelihoods to licit ones. Yet what they failed to consider was that there was far less a separation between the economic and social spheres of life, and that by attempting to implement a commodity cacao program modeled on external examples of commercial success, they would also meddle in the social bonds that wove the fabric of social and political life in these communities.

I have suggested that present concerns of geography (space) and imaginaries (time) are key in understanding the challenges in constructing the sorts of social contracts idealized in formal development projects. Imbalances in spatiotemporal experience and understanding were not only present between DEVIDA agents and Ticuna farmers, but between the local office of DEVIDA and the headquarters in Lima. These disparities haunted the development projects, since as farmers and local DEVIDA agents began to synchronize understandings, creating a shared vision of the future, this reciprocal work was inhibited by larger forces disinterested in local and intimate relationships. While both parties sowed dreams along with their cacao seedlings, these dreams were haunted by knowledge of local realities, and the ways that local experiences of time and space had long constrained synchronization with spatiotemporal expectations on a national level.

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Chapter Four:
Horizons/Hauntings

Preface

The following chapter is a bridge. It links rural and urban, producer and consumer, future visions and ephemeral past. It connects words with images, dreams with memories, sounds with feelings.

Its format is distinct from other chapters in this dissertation. It has few citations and does not attempt to build on an existing literature. The critical work it does is in regards to relationships; an attempt to speak to the elusive yet vital relational aspect of fieldwork, points of connection between persons and things, senses and materials, concrete and ethereal (cf. Stewart 2007). Following Berger (1972), I also include sequences of images meant to be read critically with the same care one would use with text, but with attention to the different sorts of things that images can show us. In juxtaposing the images in this chapter, ask the reader to think about the ways in which both the past and the future are imagined, and the manners by which unresolved elements of the past come to trouble the future. While the text contains some interpretive work that suggests things about the relationships presented, I leave some things open-ended. My intention in doing so is to suggest ways in which specters from discrete social spheres haunt others (cf.Taussig 2004).

During fieldwork, I found myself between two seemingly separate social spaces, joined by their relations to illicit coca. The first such space was a series of rural coca growing communities in the province of Ramón Castilla, near Peru's triple border with Brazil and Colombia. The second was the departmental capital of Iquitos, and particularly the urban *hueco* (drug den, lit. 'hole'). Rarely put in scholarly conversation, these two worlds simultaneously occupy the geopolitical space known as Loreto, yet run on wildly different notions of time, space, and sociality. Yet they are profoundly linked. What is grown in one feeds the other. Money traded in one pays the other. In this manner, they are constantly interacting. Things—

such as persons, money, and squares of folded paper, known locally as a *kete*[33], containing raw cocaine paste—are in constant circulation between the two.

But beyond these material exchanges, there are more ephemeral points of connection. Coca is woven into memories and dreams, fears and visions, repentances and aspirations. The following chapter engages with how these forms are represented and encountered by actors entangled in both the production and consumption of il/licit coca: coca growers, coca pickers, and coca-paste users. While this dissertation more broadly addresses processes of transformation—largely from the illicit to the licit—here I focus on some more intimate expressions of the manners by which unresolved elements in these processes shape future outcomes and horizons of potential.

Caminos al Futuro

In the previous chapter, I argued that the work of DEVIDA is not only to cultivate cacao but also to cultivate a particular vision of the future. This is a future predicated on successful transformation of economic practices into the 'licit'; an economic transformation necessarily accompanied by social and moral ones as well. The transformation towards formal commodity agriculture is also about accepting and adapting new framings of legitimacy, which in turn shapes how futures are, or should be, imagined.

In the following chapter, I begin by turning to some ways in which the future is imagined by some of the youngest members of coca-growing communities. Children, many of whom still work as *raspachines* (coca pickers) for the outsiders with *parceles* (coca fields) deeper in the forest, are not targets of DEVIDA's alternative development programs, although they likely are present during their instructional lectures on licit economic practices. And just as they once helped their families in the coca fields, they will now spend time helping their families tend to the cacao plants promised to provide a licit source of income in the wake of eradication. But even after

[33] *Kete* was an abbreviation of *paquete*, or packet, and during the time of my fieldwork had an average going rate of one Nuevo sol, approximately 30 cents.

eradication, coca, just like DEVIDA agronomists, CORAH agents, and Colombian agricultural entrepreneurs, figures into children's daily existence. People and things compost into the future visions that sprout from the soil of experiences.

What follows are images of drawings made by children in the community that I call Mishkiyacu. The drawings were part of an exercise called "*caminos al futuro*," meant to entertain the children while the adults participated in workshops led by the research institute on the documentation local knowledge of palm fiber textiles (Martín Brañas, et al. 2017). In the exercise, the children were given a large piece of paper on which was drawn a meandering line, with notches marked in five-year increments: 2015, 2020, 2025, 2030. Around each notch, the artists were to represent a vision of what they saw in their futures, with one side of the path reserved for goals and aspirations and the other side reserved for challenge and obstacles. How does one decide how represent the future?

The work of imagining the future is memory work. To assemble a vision on the horizon requires synthesis and analysis of the past, the images, materials, elements, emotions, and relations paraded through the annals of memory combined and recombined to make something new. Imagination is selective, but vulnerable. It draws morsels of things both anticipated and feared to linger on the horizon. A vision of the future projects both desire and apprehension. What follows are some examples of how desire and apprehension, aspiration and fear, come to be represented together.

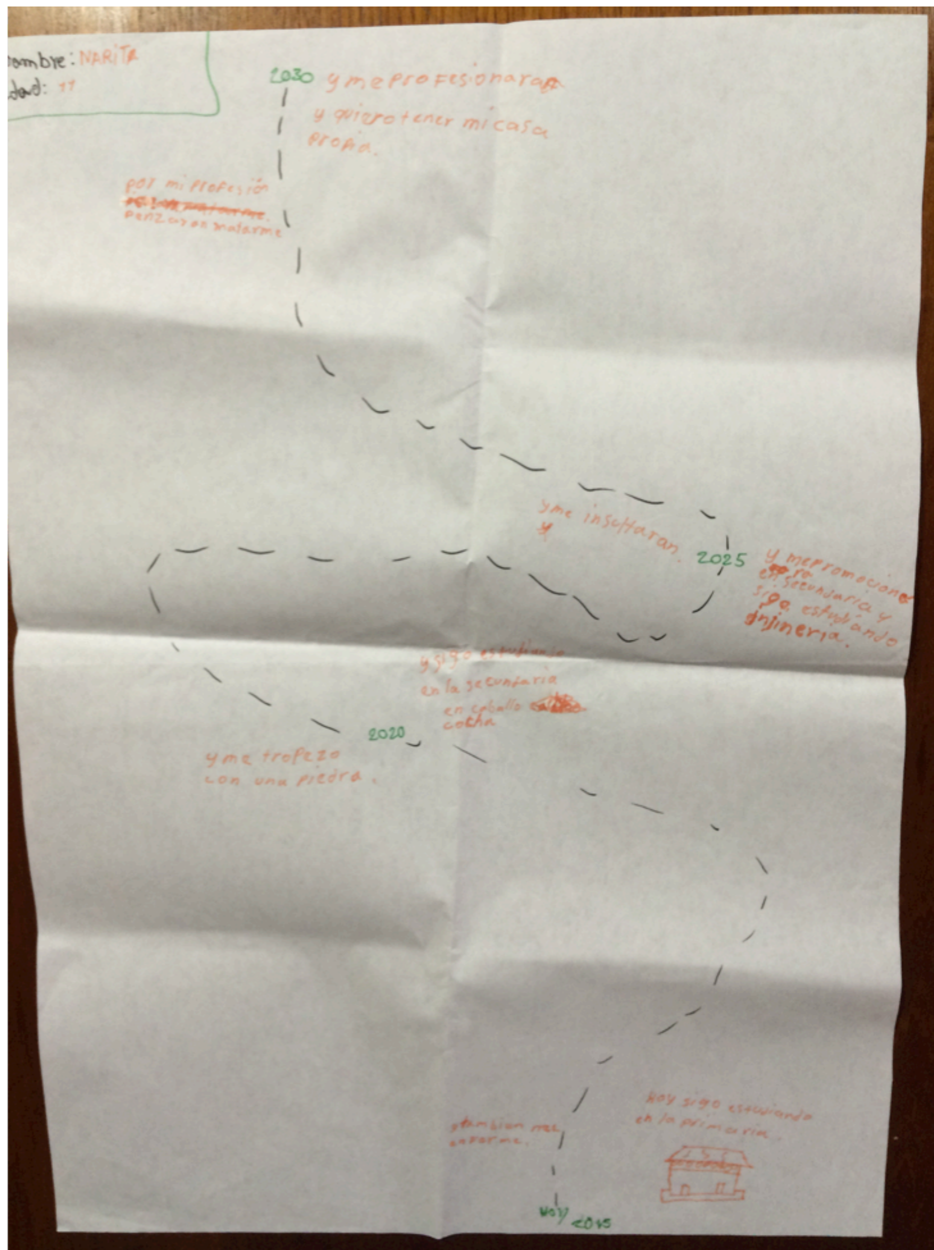

Figure 13: María charts her dreams and fears

2025: "*estudiaré enfermería*" (I will study nursing).

2030: "*por mi profesión pensaran matarme*" (for my career they will think of killing me).

Why would an aspiring nurse worry that people would think to kill her for her profession? Envy? Was envy a notion woven into her imaginary from some other profession? When coca came, did she learn that money begets envy, and envy violence?

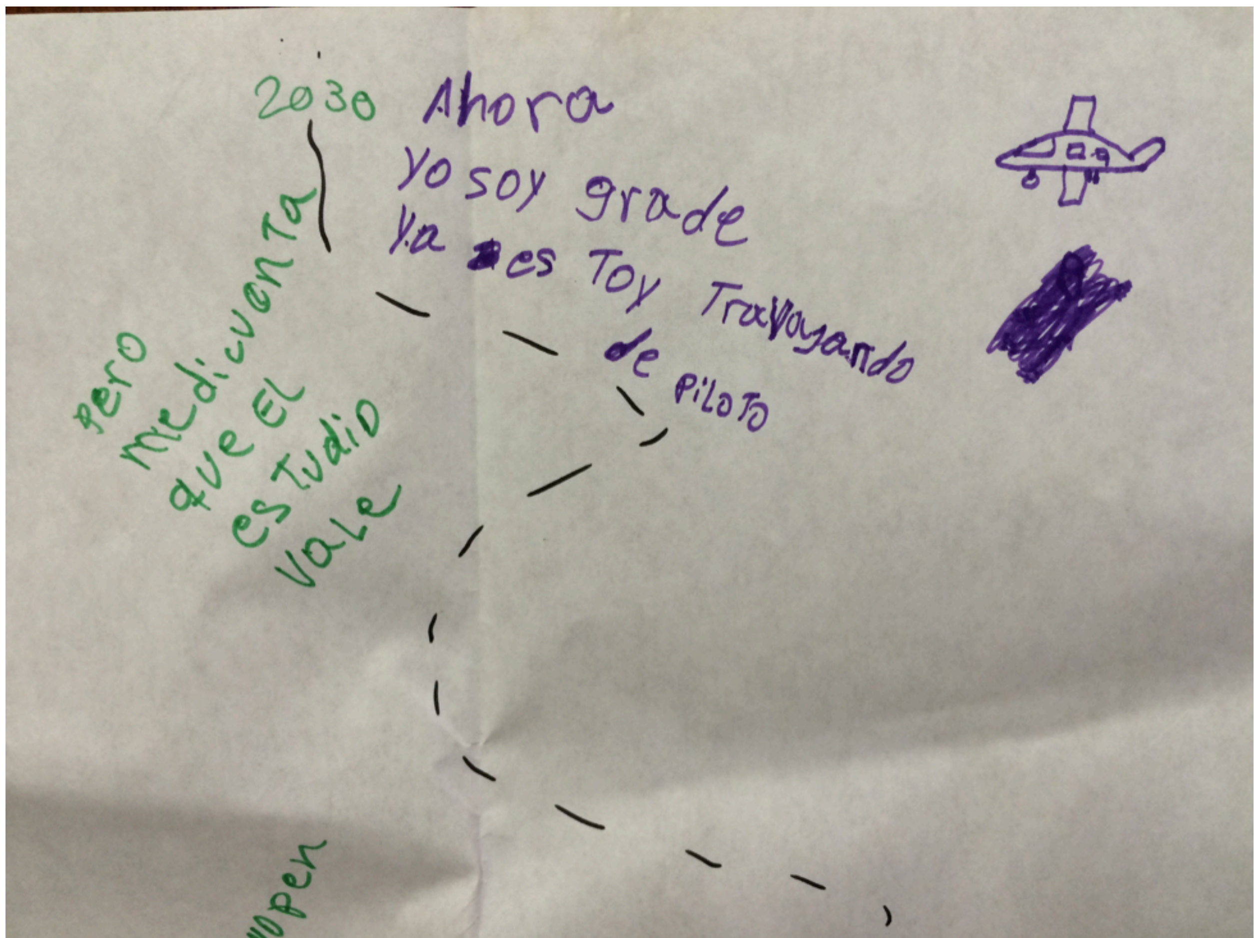

Figure 14: Linder dreams of flight

"2015: sigo estudiando busco mi carrera; 2020; seguiré estudiando; 2025: sigo buscando mi carrera para ser un piloto; pero yo pensaba que el estudio es más que todo; 2030: ahora soy grande ya estoy trabajando de piloto; pero me di cuenta que el estudio vale".

(2015: I keep studying I search for my career; 2020; I will continue studying; 2025: I keep pursuing my profession of being a pilot; but I thought that studies would be more; 2030: now I am grown and I am already working as a pilot; but I realize that school is important")

A brief aeronautical history: The walking path that runs from the main plaza towards the trail that most *comuneros* take to their plots (always of manioc, corn, papaya, once of coca) used to be a landing strip. Around 500 meters long, it provided space for small transport planes to pick up bricks of *pasta básica* arriving from the Huallaga Valley and moving them north towards the refining labs in Colombia. This was in the 80s and 90s, before the DEA paid any attention to the comings and goings of planes in the region.

Today different Colombians use the path. These Colombians live in Mishkiyacu, having partnered with Ticuna women after they arrived to install plots of coca in the forest surrounding the community. These days, traffic by propeller plane has all but disappeared after the police were sanctioned to shoot planes out of the sky that they believed to be carrying cocaine. The only planes that pass with any regularity belong to the military, which operates a small airport in Caballococha.

The landing strips of yore now serve other purposes. During the day, the Colombians that live in Mishkiyacu mainly use the path to walk from their homes to the water well. The path extends south from the plaza and ends where the forest begins again. The houses at the end of the path have all been built by Colombians, who are less interesting in the goings on in the community's main plaza.

One of these houses towards the end is the shuttered house the plays loud music during weeks that there is a harvest. This house looks different from the other houses in the community. It is completely shut, divides between public and private squarely drawn. In the rest of the houses, outside air and noises and smells move in and out through the gaps in the walls, so necessary in the stifling heat of Amazonia. But this house has screens and window shutters, the only evidence of life from the inside being the thump of the bass on the stereo and the occasional shout. This house does not look like a home.

In this tiny community, where there are no cars or even motorcycles, everyone knows what pilots are. They are not the kind that man commercial airlines, the sorts that appear in movies. They are known through through local legend, narrations of the former life of the landing strip, stories to explain the decaying plane parts you can still come across in the forest. In Mishkiyacu, pilots take their place along with the other 'known' careers, the only other ones to appear in the drawings: nurse, teacher, farmer, fisherman.

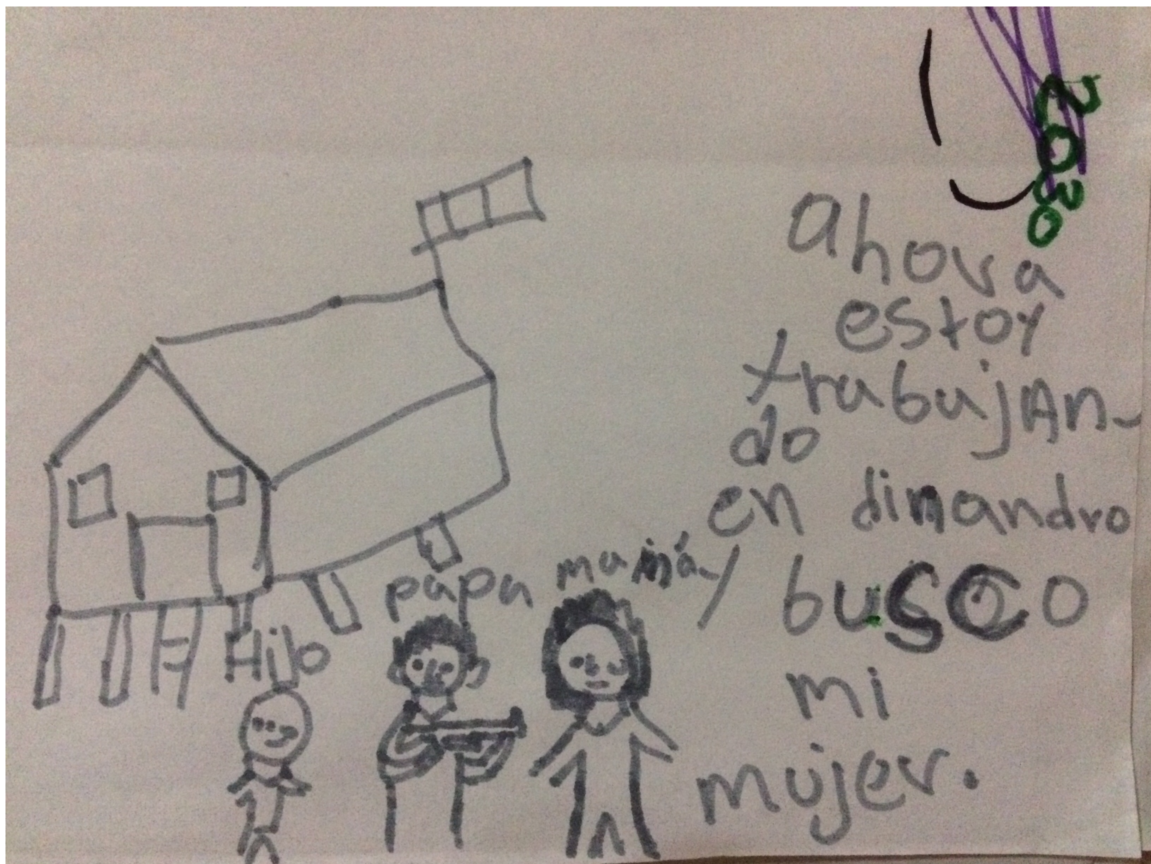

Figure 15: Jhordi carries a gun

2015: *sigo estudiando* (I continue studying)

2020: *voy a seguir estudiando y trabajando en mi chacra* (I will keep studying and working in my farm plot)

2025: *sigo buscando mi carrera para ser un DIRANDRO*[34] *para que mi mamá sea feliz* (I keep working towards my profession of being a DIRANDRO so that my mother will be happy)

2030*: ahora que estoy trabajando en DIRANDRO, busco mi mujer* (now that I have work with DIRANDRO, I look for a wife).

Jhordi was Mario's son and I was surprised to see that he wanted to be a DIRANDRO. I had visited Mario's plot of yuca and seen coca plants growing up along the sides. Preparing the masa from fermented yuca that he would toast into fariña, Mario talked to me about coca, eradication, and the Colombians that maintained the *pozos* deeper in the forest and employed Jhordi and many of his classmates to pick coca and stomp leaves and kerosene. When I asked

[34] DIRANDRO, the Dirección Antidrogas de la Policia Nacional, is the antidrug department of Peru's National Police.

Mario if any of his kids stilled worked as raspachines he said no, but when I asked why he said because they didn't want to; they made them work too hard ("no quieren; les hacen trabajar duro"). It was not because he had forbidden it. The kids had helped him with his coca plot but had avoided the toil of working for the Colombians, despite the decent wages offered.

Initially it seemed contradictory for Jhordi, occasional coca-picker, to dream himself into being a DIRANDRO ten years into the future. But as I learned and re-learned over the course of my fieldwork, these feelings tended to offer greater insight into the sorts of boundary-making practices that haunted my own intellectual project, rather than any sort of profound understanding of the situation as experienced by children in Mishkiyacu.

As Jhordi learned from the Colombians and his father, who had once been contracted to grow parcels of coca alongside his manioc, growing coca brought in good money. But so did destroying it. DIRANDO, like CORAH, paid well, offered power and status, and provided a uniform complete with weapons and boots. The Witoto and Múrui growing coca in the Putumayo faced a more complicated situation. Supporting the eradication would have meant a death sentence for their other coca plants, coca var. *ipadu*, the ones they toasted and ground to a powder to make their *mambe*. But in Ticuna communities, while families learned to keep the plants on hand for stomachaches and colic, they were not traditional consumers of coca—neither *chacchado* or *mambeado*. With no deeply historical, affective, or spiritual endearment to the cultivation of coca plants, should it really make a difference if one was getting paid making them grow or ripping them up? Why not both?

Coca Fields: A Palimpsest

Figure 16: Landing strip

Figure 17: Mario's persistent plants

Figure 18: Dominga prepares to plant again

Figure 19: DIRANDRO comes ashore

Figure 20: Waiting for the Rain

Interloper

They day I left for my third trip to Mishkiyacu, I prepared to meet Mario and his wife Fátima at the port in Caballococha. From the port, they would ferry me in their peque-peque two hours down a small river tributary to the community. This journey would inevitably take longer, with gasoline and food purchases being negotiated, friends and kinfolk coming and going in the port, and the inevitable balancing and rearranging of cargo as we finally prepared to motor off. Keeping this in mind, I woke up extra early in order to buy myself breakfast and some last-minute supplies in the market. Leaving my bags packed by the door of my hotel room, I headed across the plaza, the strains of the military band playing *El Condor Pasa* forming the soundtrack to my walk.

While the market had been going on for some time, the sun had just now broken through the haze of early morning and absorbed the last of the chill from the air. I was empty-handed, having arrived too early to encounter the women from Cushillococha who sell manioc

pancakes. The streets were quiet, but the silence was broken by the rattling of the metal grating that covered a bakery storefront being wheeled up, smells of baked bread released onto the street. In this bucolic frame I noticed a figure shuffling towards me, gait uneven but animated. He was looking down, but I felt a jolt of familiarity when I saw him. When he briefly raised his head I realized that it was Máximo.

Máximo, quiet, pale, and jaundiced, sat through three weeks of my art workshops before escaping from the rehab center where he had voluntarily interned himself and where I had voluntarily taught art workshops and conducted research over the past nine months. While I had not seen Máximo in some time, I remembered him easily. On the first day of the workshop, he told me that he was from Ramón Castilla; the only one in the group to come from the rural, coca-growing region from which I recently returned.

He was the quietest of the group, and seemingly the least savvy. He stared puzzled at the watercolor pencils and magazines set before him to make drawings or collages per the week's assignment. When I asked the group to pair off and interview one another, Máximo's partner came to me and asked for help. It was clear that Máximo did not know how to record the interview responses, or read ones written for him. He had hardly been to school and had worked harvesting coca since he was eight years old. His education had been in the right time to pluck leaves and the proper ratios of plant and chemical to dump into the *pozo*[35].

The day the group was assigned to make collages of the environments they lived in before entering rehab, Máximo looked especially lost. The rest of the group was busy assembling city blocks replete with corner stores, weapons, and liquor bottles. Máximo seemed confused or maybe uninspired. I sat down next to him and he told me he came to Iquitos from the *chacra* only three months ago, and immediately entered the center. He had the demeanor of someone from the *ribera*, a little less slick and confident than his peers. Around him, the others recorded

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[35] Maceration pit (lit. pool) used to transform coca leaves into raw cocaine paste.

representations of the urban sounds of motorcycle engines and the smells of rotting trash piled up on the street corner, sounds and smells magnified by the impact of the merciless Amazonian sun stripped of the forested canopy that knows how to mitigate it.

He told me he came from Ramón Castilla, but not from any town really. He'd lived in the chacra as long as he can remember but the closest town (*centro poblado*) was Santa Rosa, the Peruvian end of the triple border. I asked him to recall smells, sounds, sights, tastes, textures. As he began remembering, he started to draw.

I made my way around the room, chatting with the other guys. They cut up magazines, pausing to read celebrity gossip or linger over pages with bikini-clad girls as they sought out images, representing their sensory memories, to paste on paper. I made my way back to Máximo, who did not seem interested in magazines. He sat on the ground, quietly assembling a scene with pencil. The paper was filled with aguaje palms and the curving snake of a river; in the corner there was a *tambo* with some figures beside it. I couldn't tell what they were, so I asked him. Those are the pozos, he explained, set beside the coca field. As a child, he worked as a raspachín, filling sacks with coca leaves. When he was nine someone gave him a taste of pbc, and he had used off and on ever since.

When we wrapped up for the day, I packed up the half-finished drawings and collages and took them home with me. The next week I returned and Máximo was gone. He ran off when we went across the street to clean the church, one of the others tells me. I distributed the half-finished drawings and collages. The rest of the group got back to work assembling their city blocks on paper, filled with magazine cutouts of girls and motorcycles, drawings of buildings, colored strips of sky. I kept Máximo's drawing, pale like his sallow complexion.

While I looked for him amongst the gaunt figures guarding parked motorcycles or sleeping on the street in the few merciful swathes of shade, I thought I would never see him again. So, eight months and 100 kilometers later, outside of the market in Caballococha, I was surprised to come across him ambling energetically towards me in the early morning hours.

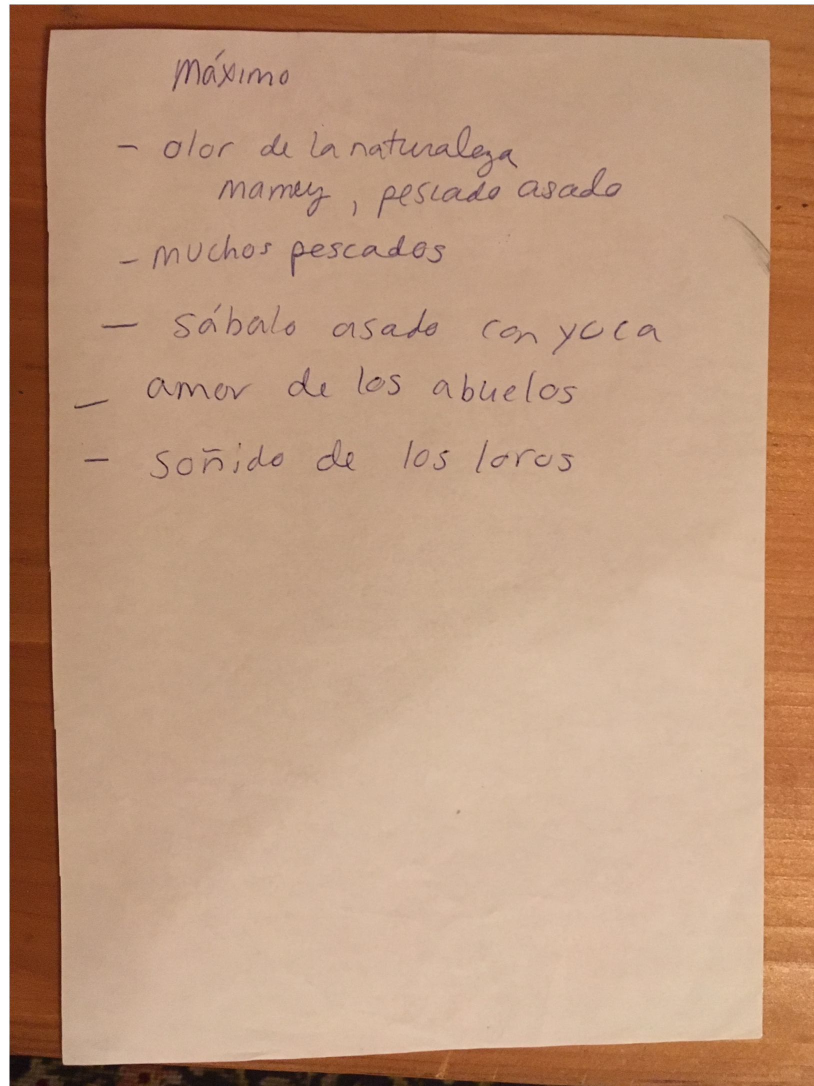

Figure 21: Máximo's sensory memories (as dictated to the author)

I had assumed him to be vulnerable. At the rehab center, he was thin and anemic-looking, with the timidly of someone who had only recently left the countryside. But that morning it was a different Máximo whose eyes met mine. Darting, animated, lively, he smiled and nodded in recognition when he saw me. We exchanged pleasantries, small talk. I told him that I had just finished up my workshop at the center. Unsure of what to do next, I gave him two soles to buy some breakfast and wished him luck before heading back to my hotel.

When I returned to Iquitos the next month Silvio picked me at the entrance to the port on the Itaya River where the rápidos let off passengers. Silvio had recently graduated to the third phase of rehab, and with this promotion came the privilege of work. From dawn until 5 PM, he

drove a mototaxi for one of the center's directors, who leased it to him for 20 soles a day. At 5 PM he had to be inside the center, where it was his responsibility to prepare dinner for the other residents of the third house before he could relax and watch TV before going to bed. He didn't make much money, but enough to buy credit for his phone and give something to his mother and sister, who supported him for so long when he was using.

I often called him when I needed rides. Our time in the mototaxi was a rare moment to talk outside of the more formal setting of the rehab center grounds. It was also a chance for me to learn the city as Silvio saw it, in transit to our from wherever work would take me on a given day. As we sped over dusty streets filled with massive ruts and potholes, the sights, smells, and sounds of the city would jog his memory. I was treated to stories and recollections, sharpened by the lenses of time and sobriety from which he now understood them. It was an unusual way to converse, his eyes fixed on the road and mine on the back of his head, but there are times when this positioning relieves some of the pressure of eye contact, and opens one up for confessionals, as anyone who has ever had a meaningful exchange with a taxi driver is likely to recall. Sometimes he looked directly into the rearview mirror and I looked back, an acknowledgement of our mutual presence in the conversation.

When Silvio picked me up from the port, I told him that I ran into Máximo at the market in Caballococha. I was excited to contribute to the gossip pool surrounding the whereabouts of those who had run away from the center. The two had not overlapped much—Silvio had already graduated to the second compound by the time Máxmo entered rehab. But he remembered him well enough—a quiet and sickly character that no one suspected would last long in the program. It was even harder for those who aren't from the city, jolted by the unfamiliar environment and rarely, if ever, receiving visitors.

I told him that Máximo looked better—healthier even or at least livelier—than when he was in the center. Alert, animated, it was almost as if he was a different person. *Ásu*, he

responded, *buena droga hay en la frontera*[36]. Recalling this, he told me about a friend of his who got a rock of pbc from Caballococha that lasted him for months, just scraping off little bits and mixing it with other stuff.

Night Whistles

It is Silvio that I credit the most for helping me understand the geography of pbc in Iquitos. Drugs that come from Ramón Castilla and the *frontera*[37], were run through a man with the nickname "Mamalancha" (big ship), who operated out of a storefront in the district of Bagazán. Drugs from the Huallaga Valley[38] were available for purchase in the neighborhood called Secada, where Silvio's sister lived. They were also sold also among the market stalls left empty when the vendors at Mercado Modelo went home for the night.

Bagazán was on a parallel with the ports where the big *lanchas* arrived from the east, creating a commercial cycle between the ships, the junkies in the port, the mototaxi drivers, and Mamalancha's drug sales operation a few kilometers away. But this was not Silvio's territory. While he was an occasional visitor to the Mercado Modelo, he mainly posted up in the plaza of Secada, or, as he jokingly called it, "*la perla seca*"[39]. Secada had a rough reputation, but Silvio always felt comfortable there. Or, rather, he was never afraid of being robbed. What scared him were the late, late hours when the plaza grew deserted and he was left with his imagination, the sounds and the shadows of the night. While not afraid of being assaulted, Silvio was deeply afraid of ghosts, many of whom he saw during his late-night roaming. Most nights he would sneak back into the safety of his sister's yard, getting high in a plastic wicker rocking chair that had long lost its woven cushion.

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[36] Damn! Well you can get good drugs by the border!

[37] Peru's triple-border with Brazil and Colombia

[38] The Huallaga Valley, along with the region known as VRAEM, have long been the leading producers of raw cocaine paste in Peru. It is only in recent decades that the border region of the province of Ramón Castilla has become a competitor in this illicit market.

[39] This literally translates to "the dry pearl," but is more figuratively a reference to a rough neighborhood in Lima known as "La Perla"

When he graduated to the third phase of the rehab program and was free to come and go during the day, he would take me to visit his sister and her new baby. From his sister's house we would walk to the plaza perla seca, where Silvio introduced me to the spots where he once posted up at night. He also showed me the yard in back of his sister's house where he would kill time until morning. He swore that there was a ghost in the yard, a benevolent spirit, but a spirit nonetheless. The sister could neither confirm nor deny this claim, since she had not make a habit of sitting there alone in the wee hours of morning. But Silvio had assured me that it was haunted, and spirit aside, it was clear that memories too had come to haunt the space.

The wee hours of the morning are prime for haunting. They are the setting for a wealth of Amazonian folktalkes—the *Runamula*, who punishes cheating women, the *barco fantasma*, which appears out of the mist that settles over the river in the hours before the sun comes out, or the *tunchi*, an Amazonian ghost known for its characteristic whistle, *fee-fee-fee feeeeee*. I heard about the tunchis at the lunch table, when Mamita Magui told stories from the days that Iquitos emptied out into "*selva virgin*" and ghost stories told by candlelight haunted young imaginations. Silvio, perhaps more attuned to ghosts than many, swore that there was a tunchi living at the compound of the rehab center. On the nights he slept alone guarding the office, he awoke to it pulling on his shoulder. The night harbored phantoms of all sorts, their coded cries and tugging more palpable to the initiated.

I had heard the whistles for months before it occurred to me to ask Silvio if he knew what they were. I slept lightly for the duration of my fieldwork. I often found myself awake during the quiet hours between when the hamburger stand downstairs closed and the early rays of dawn seeped through the large windows of my living room. I heard the whistles only during these times, what in Spanish one would call *la madrugada*, a time not adequately represented by any single word in English, but a time that carried a particular sort of transitory power, neither night nor morning, the liminal space between the late night and the early shift.

The whistles had a distinctive character. I sensed that they were codes but did not know what for. Sometimes, I got out of bed and went into the living room, peering out through the windows to the street below to see if any drunks lingered over a bottle of *trago* bought just as the bar on the corner was closing down. But the street was always empty. The whistles seemed to come from the vast schoolyard across the street—a compound that took up a square city block that by day filled my apartment with the joyful screams of toddlers during play hour. The Jardín Barcia Bonifatti was the oldest kindergarten in Iquitos, expanding later into a preschool that served children ages 2-5 in two shifts—morning and afternoon. By five PM all the children had gone home for the day and save the occasional teachers meeting the raucous compound grew dark and quiet until the children began to file in the next morning at 7 AM.

Eventually I would learn from Silvio and Miguel that, at night, the schoolyard was transformed into a different sort of recreational space. The shadowy corridor near the main entrance was a popular *hueco*, close enough to amble over from the Mercado Modelo. At night, Modelo was transformed from a meat and produce market to one of the three most popular spots for drug sales in the city. The stalls where vendors hawked their wares of manioc, papaya, and Amazonian fish were converted into makeshift benches for people to post up as they prepared their pipes and cigarettes of *mixto* (tobacco mixed with pbc). The schoolyard was around six blocks from the market (a trip I made regularly to buy groceries), far enough for users to amble over after purchasing and consume apart from the hustle and bustle of sales. Unlike the abandoned market stalls in the early morning hours, where wasted bodies would be draped in the deep stupor that followed a long binge of *trago* and pbc, the yard was not a spot where one would sleep. Respectful of the schoolchildren, the addicts restricted their usage to the quiet hours after the bars shut down and before the work and school days began.

The night whistles I heard coming from the schoolyard could be attributed to the crew that would amble over from the market and post up in the shadowy recesses until dawn began to break. And, as I had suspected, the whistles were indeed coded. As Miguel and Silvio explained

to me, particular sequences meant that someone had spotted a police car in the distance, or someone was arriving to buy ketes, or than an unlucky stranger was ripe to be robbed. They were a wordless language known among the social worlds of drug users in the city, their codes transferrable between neighborhoods or *huecos*, but a foreign tongue to the uninitiated. Despite these helpful clarifications of meaning, I could never manage to remember how to decipher them, and was left to wonder, in bed in my dark room, what sort of message was being transmitted.

I spent a lot of time talking with Silvio and Miguel, and the rest of the recovering addicts interned in the rehab center, about sounds. We also talked about the other senses—smell, touch, taste, sight. As part of one of my workshops, the one that had flustered Máximo, they had created collages, using colored pencils, cut up newspapers and magazines to recreate the environments from which they had come. In particular I asked them to try and represent each of the senses in their collages. They did this by juxtaposing cutouts and drawings of chicken grilling, a mother's perfume, empty bottles discarded in the street, smoke and grit thick enough in the air to sting your eyes. This exercise in representation was also an exercise in preparation. A motto that the center liked its internees to repeat was that they were prepared for everything (*preparado para todo*), and I wanted to extend this to the sorts of sensory cues that could bring up the past, recalling the feelings or desires associated with consumption.

Figure 22: A Violent Past

Figure 23: El Paraíso de Infierno

Figure 24: Fiesta Bar and Grill

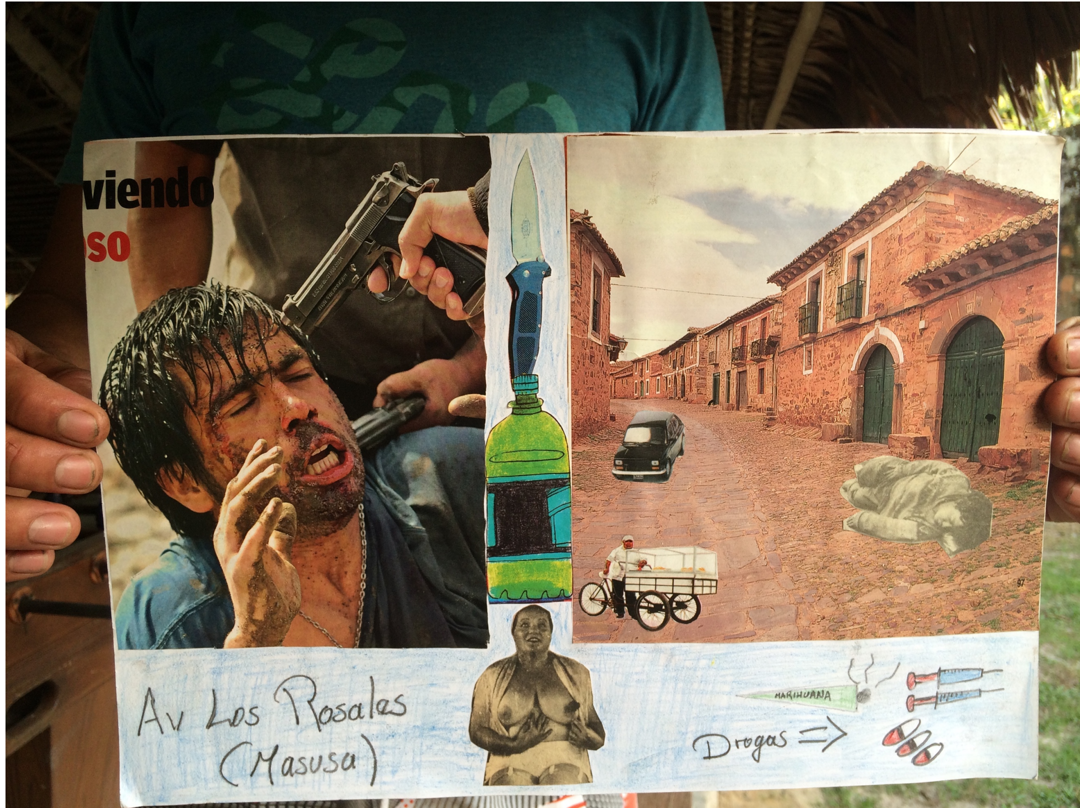

Figure 25: Memories of Los Rosales

The smell of a certain perfume reminded Miguel of his mother, whom he had left behind when he came from Pucallpa on a lancha, hoping to escape his destructive habit. For a few months, he was doing well, working at his uncle's ice factory. But eventually he slipped up and it wasn't long before he was sleeping in the port, helping to unload the lanchas in exchange for the few soles necessary to buy a few ketes.

Arturo remembered the tranquil ambiance inside his mototaxi when, in preparation for a nap, he would park it in an elusive patch of shade. Midday, tired from a long night driving and smoking ketes, he would find a spot to stop and sleep, first reading a newspaper, then using it to cover his face. I often saw such drivers sleeping on the street below my window, where a patch of shade beckoned like an oasis in the steaming concrete jungle. Years ago, Segundo had planted mango trees in the strip of dirt between the sidewalk and the street, and the shade provided by their now magisterial height drew drivers such as Arturo. Watching them from my window, the drivers slept so soundly, despite the squeals of children and the endless roar of motorcycle engines.

Cumbias brought back memories for Silvio. He remembered that Friday and Saturday nights in particular the plaza of Secada would be alive with music coming from a stereo system, the small crowd that assembled killing time until they scraped up enough money to buy beer at one of the outdoor *complejos* or animate their local party until dawn. Sober and living nearly 18 months at the rehab center, Silvio still felt that anticipatory feeling of excitement in his stomach when he heard some of those songs.

Getting by without pbc, or coca, was a lot more than a decision not to imbibe a substance. It was about a reorientation to the environment, and a reckoning with the senses in the present and in the past. To the latter point, what I mean to say is that the senses were always portals into memories, and those memories had to be evaluated for the sorts of reactions they might produce. Nostalgia could be safe sometimes, but it had to be accompanied by enough reserve to keep one from falling back into the abyss.

Epilogue

I heard the whistles again many months later, though they confused me at first. This time, I was lying on white sheets in a small bed in a hotel room in Manaus, fieldwork eight months behind me. Something had woken me up from the shallow sleep one sleeps in new countries; maybe it was the whistles themselves. They initially disoriented me, the darkness of the room and the weight of the air tricking me for a minute into thinking that I was in that other big Amazonian city where I once lived and where I learned about night whistles and the things they signaled. But when my eyes adjusted to the dark, I realized where I was. I was left to wonder why and how the whistles had followed me.

Lying in the dark, it wasn't long before I remembered the small park on the corner, just out the door and to the right of the hotel's exit. Earlier that day, I had noticed a small hollow underneath a breadfruit tree where a mattress was hidden from plain sight. There were some empty bottles, and a Styrofoam container of cat food. Manaus has *huecos* too, off course, although in Portuguese they must have a different name, and with no friends like Silvio in this new city, I was unsure of what to call them.

The next morning, I was doubtful, questioning the veracity of my sonic memories or the significance I attached to them. My awareness was connected to particular knowledge of a particular place that was not this one. But I heard them again the following night, and the night after. Always with a pattern, and always in that lonely time window that brings out a system of codes known only to initiates.

When I hear the whistles, I don't think as much about drugs as I do of Silvio, or what it feels like for them when he hears them, a different landscape of memories and sensations. These days we have not been in touch. He relapsed, then decided to get clean and entered a new rehab facility. He rarely has access to the internet, and only sends me messages on the day each month that he gets family visits. But I know that he doesn't sleep well either, haunted as he is by tunchis, memories brought out by their call, *fin fin fiiiinnnnn*.

Figure 26: La Perla Seca at Dusk

Figure 27: Detritus in the Plaza

Figure 28: The shaded oasis between my window and the kindergarten

Chapter Five
A Second Chance:
Corporeal Memory, Re-Enactment and Ways of Knowing

Perched atop the rusted shell of a mototaxi, Desmond takes a long pull off a rolled-up piece of newspaper. Although the filling is just paper, it is meant to stand in for *mixto* – a cigarette filled with a mix of tobacco and *pasta básica de cocaína*, or pbc. Mixtos are popular in the *huecos*, where they can be passed among friends, crumbs of *pasta* distributed throughout the tobacco.

Desmond exhales with a look of deep satisfaction, leaning back and allowing a blissful smile to creep over his face. Davíd salutes him with a small glass of rusty-colored liquid and takes a sip before receiving the cigarette. He takes a pull of his own and blows the smoke on the fire burning behind him in a blackened trash bin. The cigarette is then passed to Cristian, Luchito, and Silvio, seated on the curb below playing cards. In exchange for the *mixto*, Cristian refills David's cup from the glass cola bottle that he guards at his feet. Meant to look like *clavohuasca*[40], the bottle was filled with a brew of soy sauce and water that Cristian had prepared earlier in the day. But neither his face nor Davíd's betrays true salty nature of the bottle's filling. As they drain the glasses their facial expressions illustrate the pleasant sensation of a strong shot of *cachaça* as it warms a throat made raw from smoking. They are not so much acting as recalling, entering a sort of trance that allows their bodies to perform sensations remembered in their bodies.

Folded into a broader narrative, this scene contains additional information. The rusted-out frames of three Honda moto-taxis help locate this scene in Peru's urban Amazon, where cars are scarce but motor vehicles are in abundance. There is a profusion of these sorts of three-wheeled motorcycle taxis, passenger benches shaded by vinyl canopies adorned with Honda logos, roaring tigers, and hearts etched with a woman's name. The yellow smock worn by Silvio displays the logo of a local church parish named after San Martín de Porres, a Peruvian saint. Smocks such as these are worn commonly by the ambulant workers (often times drug addicts)

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[40] A popular local drink of cane liquor infused with a medicinal bark.

that cover parked motorcycles with pieces of cardboard to protect vinyl seats from the relentless tropical sun. Lingering outside of banks and busy storefronts, these workers provide this service in exchange for a *propina*, or small tip.

The men sit in a makeshift social club that comes together between the hulls the moto-taxis. This sort of improvised social space, created to hide the group's shared habit of drug use, is known as a *hueco*. The literal translation would be a "hole," which helps describe the way the space is figuratively subterranean in its disavowal of mainstream social and legal norms. Huecos appear throughout the city of Iquitos, the largest city in Peru's Amazonian region, and the new ground zero for Peru's illicit cocaine industry. Some of the addicts that cover motorcycles with cardboard to earn a *propina*—the same ones who will later gather in the hueco—have also worked picking coca. Such is the cycle of contingent labor in this corner of Amazonia—jobs here and there in the city unloading cargo ships and guarding motorcycles, and quasi-licit seasonal work in the forest, cutting trees, tending to oil palm plantations or, more recently, picking coca leaves and manufacturing pbc. In Iquitos, the most common drug is a variant of pbc, a diluted version, cut with an unpredictable mixture of chemical compounds. It is sold throughout the city, and always near the *huecos*, in small packages known as *ketes*.

Introduction

The scene I just described comes from a film called *Date Una Segunda Oportunidad en la Vida,* or, Give Yourself a Second Chance at Life (2016). I made the film in collaboration with the group of recovering drug addicts[41] living at a rehab center called Talita Kumi. The film is semi-fictional, a re-enactment of a collective culture loosely shared by the film's actors before they entered the rehab center. I was a volunteer at the center between January and October of 2016 and led art workshops for five of these months. It was through these workshops that I met

[41] It is part of the center's culture for residents to refer to themselves, and be referred to, as "recovering addicts" (*adictos en recuperación*). By using this terminology, I do not mean to diagnose or pathologize my interlocutors. I am borrowing the language they used to present themselves to me.

Silvio, Máximo, and other characters who have appeared earlier in this dissertation, as well as the actors in the scene that opened this chapter.

In addition to these personal connections, the workshops were also how I learned about the social geography of pbc in Iquitos. I learned to see and hear my own city block in new ways, attuned to the sensory maps that lingered in the consciousness of drug users. But if our conversations and two-dimensional art exercises were sensory lessons, it was from more kinetic work that I came to understand something more about the corporeal and affective domains of their social worlds, the embodied feelings and sentiments that animated relationships among people and between people and things. Most notable was the kinetic work of creating, staging and filming of *Date Una Segunda Oportunidad*. This process was an ongoing and dynamic performance of culture and relationships. For me, it was also a generator of new knowledges.

I began my workshops at Talita Kumi with simple exercises in drawing, painting, and collage. As we marked up our papers or cut and pasted magazines, we learned about one another. Residents shared stories about '*el mundo*'—what they called the broader social world of pbc in Iquitos. Most often, they talked about the places where they gathered to get high. Referred to as *huecos*, they were hidden corners of the city animated by particular materials, practices, and language. After some months, eager to enliven my understanding of their histories, residents requested that we transition to something more theatrical and corporeal. We agreed to make a film.

The film tells of the collective experiences of the actors—both on the streets and in rehab. It is a re-enactment of their lives as users and their decisions to transform their lives by entering a rehabilitation program. *They* created the content of the film—fashioning characters, casting themselves in roles, and constructing the narrative. The film became a way for them to share elements of a difficult history with a broader public, the collective nature of the story exempting them from individual culpability. Yet as Silvio later elaborated to me, second only to the narrative message of redemption was the importance of the *hueco* scenes. It was in the

spontaneous making of these scenes that actors validated—amongst themselves—their common knowledge of a shared social world, now forbidden for the nature of its practices.

Figure 29: Preparing to film a hueco scene

The scene that opens this chapter is drawn from one of the *hueco* scenes, and I concur with Silvio's assertion of their importance. Because it was through these particular scenes that I came to know something new about the social worlds of the actors, something apart from the content and narrative message of the film. In this manner, the staging of re-enactment, rather than the film itself, was what was so enlightening. Collaborative re-enactment, as a research practice, brought about more expansive ways of knowing. These were ways of knowing not just about, but also through, cultural practice (Ingold 2011). In the case of this film, process, rather than product, was essential for understanding a social world that my research subjects were both physically and temporally removed from yet continued to bear significance in their daily lives.

In the transitional space of the rehab center, residents were inculcated with values and habits intended to transform their social practices into ones upheld as legitimate in broader social

terms—ones that would allow them to integrate into licit social groups and formal economic practices after successful completion of the program. This transitional phase necessitated a clean break with the past. Feelings of attachment connected to "el mundo" were labeled as expressions of weakness towards the temptation of sin. As a form of discursive work, such transformations of memory and feeling may have been relatively straightforward. As a group, residents could denounce their past practices and affirm that their pleasure was really a manifestation of weakness. Yet discursive manifestations of these new morals did not always reflect complete conversion. In the following chapter, I explore the role of corporeal memories in processes of transformation, and ask how practices of performance, and specifically re-enactment, can bring to light a more expansive understanding of relationships within illicit social worlds.

I begin with an excerpt from the film *Date Una Segunda Oportunidad*, meant to set the stage for the discussion that follows. While removed from the film's narrative arc, this brief clip works as a portal into the social world—animated by affects and relations—that I came to know about through the making of this film. Scarcely over two minutes in length, I recommend that readers watch the clip more than once, taking time to sit with the different characters, objects, and relationships introduced in the scene. Because the clip is subtitled, I recommend at least a second viewing so as to spend less time distracted by the words and with more time to engage with the action. Following clip, I discuss the genre of re-enactment within anthropology, posing some critical questions about its potential as a research practice, and the forms of knowledge it may be capable of generating. I then move on to the case of my own work with the recovering addicts at Talita Kumi, the making of the film *Date Una Segunda Oportunidad*, and the dimensions of certain social worlds that I began to understand though the practices and processes of making.

Opening Scenes

Film can be accessed by clicking here

(I have also uploaded a file of this video clip to Emory Box in case the link does not work)

Re-Enactment

The preceding scene was set in the *hueco*, where the brothers Hector and Leyther go to pawn the goods they have just robbed to buy small packages—known as *ketes*—of pbc. The space was staged by residents in an alleyway between a shed and the perimeter fence of the residential compound. In this improvised *hueco,* the actors had taken care to elaborate the site with tiny folded squares of newspaper meant to represent the discarded wrappings of a *kete* of pbc, discarded plastic soda bottles, and fake cigarette butts, sham cigarettes of *mixto*, and bottles of soy sauce *clavohuasca*. The trash fire burned in the hollow between rusted out mototaxis was deemed an essential prop. In a hueco, the trash fire served two purposes: to cover the acrid smell of burning pbc and light the mixto cigarettes of group assembled around it.

The rich elaboration of this space came about during the second round of filming. We re-shot the entire piece after the first cut was deemed too unrealistic. The actors, their own harshest critics, wanted more ornate costumes and props. And really the entire construction of the piece—narrative, set, dialogue, objects—emerged from discussion among the actors. I filmed, offered staging suggestions, edited the footage. But my role of anthropologist was more akin to that of a midwife, facilitating the performance of culture rather than gathering, extracting, recording, or any of the other verbs more broadly associated with anthropological practice, or even participant observation.

My practice as a facilitator is crucial to the genre of re-enactment, which I put in critical conversation with the film *Date Una Segunda Oportunidad*. Re-enactment, a "performative reconstruction of social action outside normal or natural contexts and constitutive happenings" (Edwards 2001: 157) has long hovered between traditional academic and artistic work. In scholarly writing, it is most associated with the work of Collingwood (1994), who advances its potential for embodied forms of knowing history. In anthropology, re-enactment has been marginally present since the earliest days of ethnographic film but has recently enjoyed a resurgence of popularity. While it is hardly included in the mainstream toolkit of anthropology, I argue here that it offers potential for responding to calls for collaboration and more expansive

notions of practice heard frequently in talks on the future of the discipline (Grimshaw and Ravetz 2015; Sansi 2015; Strohm 2012; Wright and Schneider 2010).

Recently, Joshua Oppenheimer's re-enactment film *The Act of Killing* (2012) garnered much attention in both popular and academic circles for its treatment of political violence under the Suharto regime in Indonesia. In the film, both key events and the daily forms of torture and interrogation perpetuated by the anti-communist regime are staged and re-enacted. What is striking about Oppernheimer's film, however, are the central characters; the re-enactments are done under the guidance of characters such as Anwar Congo and Herman Koto, self-styled gangsters who themselves are onetime perpetuators of the violence. The film was both heralded and critiqued for its approach. Some claimed that it opened up space for discussion of hidden and repressed histories of violence while others arguing that it glorified and made a spectacle of violence (Cribb 2014). In anthropological circles, the film also received mixed reviews. It was co-awarded the RAI prize for best ethnographic film in 2014 and was featured, along with a discussion with its director, as the main event of the 2015 Society for Visual Anthropology Film and Media Festival. But it was also critiqued for its lack of contextualizing information and the seemingly staged moments of repentance at the film's conclusion (Hoskins and Lasmana 2015). Much of the debate and strong feeling brought on by Oppenheimer's film can be linked to the spectacular nature of the events and practices that are re-enacted. As the spectacle of violence is commodified through media forms such as film (Debord 2000), it raises questions about the nature of the work as a potential glorifier of stunningly violent forms (Larkins 2015). The spectacle, in the end, tends to overshadow the nuances of memory, and the more intimate and personal experiences of history.

Oppenheimer's film is testament to the power of re-enactment for engaging important debates around historical memory, and the complex web of emotions, desires, and regrets that undergird political violence. Like Jeremy Deller's performance piece, *The Battle of Orgreave* (2001), the re-staging of violent events demonstrates that these sorts of spectacular events are always

lived through individuals and the complicated position that they hold in relation to the broader historical and political circumstances that produced the conflict. Deller's re-enactment, made into a film by director Mike Figgis (2001), re-enacts a brutal conflict—in this case a confrontation between miners and police the miner's strike of 1984-5, using many of the same miners that participated in the original clash. The re-enactment thus becomes a form of "living memory" (Correia 2006), but which the consequences of history are explored as they reside in contemporary bodies. For the miners, it is never clear whether the re-enactment is more cathartic or painful—or a mix of both. For while a deeper sense of justice is brought to their story, they are living in a present vastly shaped by the Thatcher-era reforms that inspired the strike itself.

While both Oppenheimer and Deller's re-enactments address the more nuanced forms of historical memory that have carried over from these large-scale conflicts, they favor a particular historical narrative, one in which the 'big events' are re-enforced as the stuff of history. But in anthropology, we are not just concerned with the flashy, violent, or publicized. In our aims to know culture, fieldwork helps us to comprehend it as an assembly of daily practices, the sorts of exercises, processes, and relations that form the grain of lived experience. And here I argue that re-enactment as a research practice does well not only as a means of re-staging history and challenging historical narratives, but also of expanding our understanding of the everyday, the corporeal and relational elements of social life. While the work of Deller and Oppenheimer has generated recent buzz, re-enactment actually has a long history within anthropological film. In the following paragraphs, I give some examples of re-enactment that demonstrate its potential for critical work with both memory and the material and corporeal practices of culture.

The story of re-enactment in anthropology begins with the Cambridge Torres Strait expedition led by Alfred Cort Haddon. Haddon and his team were sent with a multitude of documentary equipment, including cameras and wax cylinder recording devices, in order to capture both the material and performative aspects of the Torres Strait culture. Largely a salvage

expedition, the culture of the Torres Strait islanders was broadly viewed to be on its way to extinction, largely due to the influence of missionaries and the harsh social and political transformations of colonialism. The films shot during the Cambridge Torres Strait expeditions were staged performances of cultural practices on the wane.

In these films, natives perform a series of costumed dances recently forbidden by missionaries. The groups reconstruct both the dress and the performances, and the films become a testament to both material and corporeal practice. While clearly a form of salvage ethnography, the Torres Strait films, as Elizabeth Edwards (2001) argues, do much more than capture forms of practice and material culture on their way to extinction. Rather, it is through the active practice of the re-enactment that a power balance is tipped, and the Torres Strait Islanders involved in Haddon's project are given a chance to re-construct and perform their version of culture.

While not understood as a re-enactment film, Robert Flaherty's Nanook of the North (1922) offers some interesting lessons on the potential of filmic re-enactment as a vehicle for the performance of culture. The film was shot on location and was initially hailed by popular audiences as portal into the artic lifeways of its lead characters. While not shot in a studio, scenes are staged, with Nanook and his wife Nyla reproducing, for the camera, bits of native life like fishing expeditions or the construction of an igloo. These performances of culture and the portrayl of Nanook as a prototypical Eskimo subject led to numerous scholarly critiques of the film. Rony, for instance, deems the film a "living taxidermy" (1996), whereby Nanook's identity is flattened to a sort of living museum exhibit denied any sense of personal agency, performing an essentialized version of his waning culture only for the benefit of his colonizers.

But recently Nanook has been reconsidered by Grimshaw (2014) as a collaborative exercise between Flaherty and his protagonist, allowing the subjects room for performance rather than subjecting them to a one-sided gaze. Grimshaw argues that Nanook is indeed performing for his audience, and that Flaherty's camera work, rather than voyeuristic, gives him

a stage to perform, creating a "cinema of attractions" to which the viewer is engaged by the performance of the central characters, rather than by a voyeuristic entrée into their lives. While it may remain challenging to read Nanook as a filmic documentary as we now understand the term, if we engage more closely with the film we might read into it a more expansive sense of agency in the central characters and understand the film as capable of speaking to something more interesting than arctic lifeways. As an active performance, it is able to tell about relationships, encounters between filmmakers and subjects, and the prerogatives of subjects given space to perform themselves.

More recently, Nomi Stone has noted a more subversive element of re-enactment in her study of Iraqi refugees hired to train US military forces in intercultural communication and intelligence gathering. In performances of grieving, repeated over and over again for a rotating cast of military personnel, Stone has observed what she calls a "laugh-scream", or a moment in which the performance of grief takes on an element of the carnivalesque and subverts the notion that Iraqi re-enactors can be employed as human technology. Stone's insights are crucial for what they demonstrate about the multiple contradictions embodied in the performance of emotion, which simultaneously generates affects of its own.

Johannes Sjöberg's *Transfiction* (2007) used a collaborative and transformational research ethos to conduct ethnographic fieldwork with Brasilian *travesti* sex workers. His resarch practice, and the film that emerged from it, used fiction as a means of sharing intimate and often painful realities of discrimination, abuse, and persecution experienced by the film's subjects. Sjöberg's work with his subjects was not scripted nor highly structured, but rather allowed room for them to direct the narrative of the films and select which personal and social issues they felt it was important to portray. The suspension of directorial control was crucial to Sjöberg's practice. As he notes, "Improvisation in ethnofictions is central to the ethnographic research since it enhances the protagonist's freedom to tell their own stories in their own way" (Sjöberg 2008: 236). In the case of my own research, like that of Sjöberg's, this was particularly salient as the

practices of making allowed me to participate in the reconstruction of a social space where under normal circumstances I would not be welcome.

I return to Haddon because the emphasis in the Torres Strait films, like the focus in my own work, is less on the re-construction of a particular historical moment than in the performance of culture, the everyday practices of life that happen in the vast spaces surrounding the spectacular events taken up by the likes of Deller and Oppenheimer. Rather than a reconstruction of a historical event, here re-enactment becomes a more expansive way of telling about the experience of a social world, and the sorts of textures and feelings that animate relations among people and people, and people and things. The film was a re-enactment of both cultural and material practices, but it was also a medium for conveying the corporeal aspects of memory, the way bodies once related to and through spaces. This forms a body of information distinct from that which I learned through interviews, conversations, stories, or even images. A kinetic and embodied form of knowing was conveyed through the performances of the actors, creating scenes and animating them with relations among bodies and between bodies and things. This embodied dimension is crucial to understanding the challenges faced by programs such as Talita Kumi, whose project is one of transformation. Transformation involves a reckoning with—and not just shunning of—the past. It necessitates a space to return to the past and imagine alternate futures—the impossible becoming possible even if only within the safe and bounded space of performance (Turner 1975). Without this form of reckoning, the past remains primed to haunt the future.

Work with Talita Kumi

Talita Kumi drew its name from a phrase in the Book of Mark that translates loosely to "get yourself up!" The program runs approximately 18 months and consists of three stages, which closely parallel the rites of passage outlined by van Gennep (2011[1960]) and elaborated on by Turner (1995[1969]): separation, liminality, and re-integration. In Talita Kumi, addicts left the streets and signed a contract to enter the program. While residents frequently abandoned the

program by "escaping" during yard chores or on the way to church, it was program policy not to chase after those trying to escape. Emphasis was placed on will (*voluntad*) and not coercion[42]. The program is run as part of a social service initiative headed by a local priest, who operates homes in the city for the elderly, the homeless, and the terminally ill.

During the first six months they stayed in a space known as *acogida*[43], living under lock and key in a house adjacent to the church. They are kept on a strict disciplinary schedule, waking at five to bathe and attend Catholic mass and group therapy sessions. Throughout the day they complete chores in both the residence and in the parish and retire to bed after an evening session of therapy and prayer.

Once approximately six months in acogida are completed, residents are moved to the second residential facility, known as *comunidad*. This facility is located on a large tract of land on the outskirts of the city, with fruit trees, a small duck pond, and a wide-open space for soccer matches. In the comunidad, the residents continue to follow a rigid schedule, waking at five for exercise, then breakfast, then a day full of chores and therapy sessions. In the evening there is an hour for television, and everyone is in bed by 9 PM. However, members are given more freedom to move around than they are in acogida. In addition to their therapies, they perform labor on the grounds of the ranch and for people in the vicinity, and once a week they all are given permission to walk down to a nearby lake to swim.

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[42] This emphasis on personal will contrasts sharply with a recent trend among drug rehabilitation centers elsewhere in Latin America that show a new trend of forced internments and even kidnappings to get addicts off the streets and into the "safe" space of recovery (García 2015, 2017; O'Neill 2014). As Angela García (2015) has observed, the terrifying practice of kidnapping and binding addicts with a blanket (*encobijado*) references the violent practices characteristic of contemporary Mexico. Corpses bound in blankets have become a signature offering of cartels. This practice of referencing, argues García, is a nod to the potential destinies of those who continue to use, surrendering to the will of popular violence. Once inside the treatment centers, known as anexos, the encobijados are inaugurated into new forms of violence, including severe corporeal regimes of discipline and anguish-ridden testimonials. These forms of violence, however, are understood to be the only form of communication that an addict can comprehend. In a society where both structural and political violence wrought from macro-political economic policies such as NAFTA and the War on Drugs (Paley 2014), the violent practices of rehabilitation characteristic of the anexos are a form of care, a last resort to save lives in a time and place where lives seemingly have little value.

[43]Acogida literally translates to "reception," but can also carry the context of a safe space, and protection or care for someone seeking shelter. Unlike the United States, rehabilitation programs are not part of drug sentencing in Peru. Anyone who enters Talita Kumi must do so willingly; according to the program's directors, the only requirement for entering the program, which is free of charge, is the desire to get clean.

Figure 30: The actors on set in comunidad

Removed from the hustle and bustle of the city, the six months in the comunidad closely resemble the communitas of the liminal phase as described by Turner. While the comunidad comes with its own set of rules as a living space, it creates a set of norms among the group members that are quite distinct from the social worlds of the city. While there is a supervisor (himself a recovering addict), the rest of the group rotates chores and takes turns leading prayers, cooking and serving food, and cleaning the space. Residents call one another "hermano" (brother), and if proper names are used they are always prefaced by this kin term (hermano Hector, hermano Silvio, etc.). It is a largely egalitarian space, and cut off from the sights, sounds, and smells of the city, it is a space in which residents might imagine new versions of themselves, free from drugs and the ties that bound them to the social worlds of the hueco.

When members enter the third phase of the program, known as *reincerción*, they leave the tranquility of the comunidad and return to the city. They live in a house in a neighborhood close to the church and attend therapy sessions at acogida. Most of the time they work, doing odd jobs

for members of the congregation, guarding motorcycles during mass, and driving one of the program's two *mototaxis* (motorcycle cabs). It is in this third and final stage of the program that members are expected to re-learn the norms of urban society: maintaining a job, interacting with institutions, and having contact with their former sites of consumption, and learning how to avoid them. Like the re-integration phase in Turner's model of the ritual process (ibid), reincerción aims to be the space where residents test the waters of their lives in the socially legitimate and economically licit spaces of the city.

My work with Talita Kumi was one component of my broader project exploring the expansion of the illicit coca industry in Loreto. As such, the project was a sort of multi-sited ethnography, though not necessarily in the terms laid out by Marcus (1995), who theorizes multi-sited work as tracing global connections. Rather, the field sites that comprised this project were regional links in the broader chain of cocaine production, chosen to explore the multiple local implications of this global industry. These sites included the social spaces of both traditional coca use and cultivation, as well as sites of illicit coca cultivation and illegal coca-derived drug (*pasta básica de cocaína*, or pbc) consumption both in the city and in the surrounding provinces.

I bring up the rather fragmented nature of my sub-fieldsites because they presented a series of practical and ethical research dilemmas, the most obvious of which was how to gain an emic understanding of social spaces of illicit activity while simultaneously respecting my personal safety and the safety of my subjects. This led me to work at Talita Kumi, where I volunteered in various capacities over the course of sixteen successive months of fieldwork in attempt to understand the emergent culture of drug consumption in Iquitos. The rehab center as fieldsite was similar to what Liisa Malkki has described as conducting research in an 'accidental community of memory', a "biographical, microhistorical, unevenly emerging sense of accidental sharings of memory and transitory experience" (1997: 91). While addicts are not refugees, the rehabilitation center was, in some senses, a refuge from el mundo, and the webs of pbc sales and use in which the residents of TK were entangled. Further, this common predicament worked to

produce a shared culture within the center, as each resident grappled to configure past relationships with present obligations. The social fabric of the center was woven from threads of their experience as drug users in the city, and it was from their recollections that I hoped to understand more about the nature of that social world.

Figure 31: Art workshop in acogida

As part of my request to volunteer with the center, I proposed conducting a series of art workshops with residents in both acogida and comunidad that focused on themes of personal histories. These workshops were designed to complement the therapies that the group members received as part of their stay in the program, and also served as a way for me to understand their stories through visual, and not just oral, accounts. While my work with the residents of acogida stuck to the plan of 2-D art workshops that I originally proposed, I began to sense a potential for further development with the group at comunidad. Perhaps because the site was removed from the city, I too felt part of a liminal space. Inside of the gates of the compound, typical social rules were suspended, and we could speak with greater openness, sharing both feelings and personal histories. After six weeks into the workshops, the group communicated a desire to work with theater and film. We began with skits and improvisational exercises, but it quickly became evident that there was cohesiveness among group members that would make possible the

execution of a more elaborate work. I proposed the idea of a fictional film, and the group was immediately on board.

We spent two weeks brainstorming ideas for the story. My role in the narrative creation was supportive; the major points in the plot were all generated by the residents and drawn largely from their past experiences. The group did not use scripts—all dialogue was improvised—but as each scene was practiced, the dialogue was reviewed and critiqued by the group, and actors were encouraged to add slang phrases, physical gestures, or nicknames. Indeed, when we screened the film in the months to follow, audience members often commented on the 'naturalness' of the dialogue, "as if they weren't reading from scripts!" (field notes, Film Screening 20-August-2016). While the naturalness clearly sprung from the improvised nature of the dialogue, its success as an improvisation came from the fact that it was a re-enactment of familiar interactions. Indeed, shooting the film brought the actors back to a well-known territory of vocabularies and languages, both verbal and corporeal.

The Film

The film begins with two brothers, Hector and Leyther, who plan a robbery in order to score drug money. While their first robbery is successful, Hector is later shot and killed when the brothers unknowingly attempt to rob a plainclothes police officer. Distraught and living on the streets, Leyther is approached by a recovering addict and brought to the doorstep of a rehabilitation program. He decides to enter and take a shot at recovery. In the final scene, Hector's ghost visits Leyther as he sleeps in his cot at the rehab center and congratulates him on his choice to change his life.

The narrative unfolds over a course of ten scenes that follow Leyther from the streets to his new home in the rehab center. The first seven scenes are set among the social worlds of addicts while scenes eight through ten take place within the center. Perhaps tellingly, the scenes filmed inside the rehab center garnered much less discussion and were shot in considerably fewer takes than the scenes set on the street. I attribute this to the scripted codes of conduct that all

members of the program must follow from the moment they enter. Even after I had been volunteering at the center for six months, I was still greeted and bid farewell in military fashion, with the residents rising as a group to greet me in the following manner:

Member in charge: "*Brothers, permission to speak. On the count of three we will stand to greet sister Sydney. One, two, three:*"

Group (rising, says in unison): "*Good afternoon sister Sydney!"*

Me: *Good afternoon! Please sit now!*

Each time I left the center, the farewell was similarly scripted.

Member in charge: *Brothers, permission to speak. On the count of three we will say goodbye to sister Sydney. One, two three.*

Group (in unison): *Good afternoon sister Sydney! Te queremos mucho!*

There were prescribed manners to greet and bid farewell to guests, just as there were prescribed ways to begin therapy sessions, meals, and discussions. These codes of speech and conduct were intended not only to provide structure, but also to replace the codes of speech and conduct that addicts shared from their days on the streets. Thus, filming the scenes that took place inside the center was relatively easy; the script had already been crafted and practiced for months by the actors.

The first seven scenes of the film, however, are the scenes that I consider most important and generated the most interest, discussion, and revision among the actors. Unlike the scenes within the rehab center, the scenes from '*el mundo*' (how the recovering addicts referred to the local underworld of drug consumption) required the reconstruction of an illicit subculture that they had all participated in before having met in the center. In collectively reconstructing the culture of the street, they recalled a common set of slang terms, gestures, and behaviors that were familiar to all. Over the course of weeks that we practiced and shot the film, a shared set of practices and affects emerged among the actors, and wove itself into the material, symbolic, and emotional registers of the scenes. With great curiosity, I watched the once-militant group

members change their posture, manner of speaking, and physical interactions when they began dramatic reenactments of scenes from their former lives.

Figure 32: Screening first cut of film at acogida

After shooting the film and doing a preliminary edit, I was asked to screen the film for the directors of the program and the residents of acogida. While I was nervous about the message, or the extended portrayal of the characters in a hueco, the response of the directors surprised me. "It's not realistic enough," they told me. "The message is good, but the robberies don't look real enough, they don't have weapons, the hueco looks too clean, the addicts too put together, etc". The same thing happened when I brought the rough edit to the comunidad. "It's not realistic enough," was the general consensus, "We want to shoot it all over, but this time make it seem real!" Clearly oblivious to flaws in the film, I consented to a re-shoot, and collaborated with the group to ensure that we would have the necessary props on hand. As the only cast member not interned in a residential drug rehab facility, it was up to me to provide the cell phones, backpack, and jewelry for the robbery scenes.

Figure 33 & 34: Rehearsing

The day I arrived to shoot the second take of the film I was greeted at the gate by Mauro, the site supervisor, and himself a recovering addict. As we walked towards the group, he grew

excited telling me of the preparations that they had made for shooting. A small alley that formed between the perimeter fence and the storage shed had been transformed into a fairly authentic hueco. They had strewn around empty and broken bottles, newspaper "cigarettes", etc. among the frames of two old mototaxis that had been rusting in the shed. They had borrowed knives from the kitchen and had somehow procured a small toy pistol for the robbery scenes and were busy building a fire out of newspapers and leaves in a blackened kettle that lay abandoned on the edges of the property. To the best of their ability, they had also altered their physical appearance, wiping soot and dirt on exposed parts of their bodies. Part of the corporal regimen at Talita Kumi involved frequent head shavings and a dress code—clothes for manual labor, clothes for church, and clothes for outside visitors. I had grown accustomed to seeing them in the latter, but that day they met me in the worst of their work clothes, and many of them shed shoes and even shirts to more accurately replicate the sartorial norms of '*el mundo*'.

As we re-shot the film scene by scene, the group was highly attentive to details, and as we filmed those who watched from the sidelines often provided feedback and told us when we needed to re-shoot. The robbery scenes, for example, were re-shot three or four times due to feedback from group members watching from behind the camera. In one instance, the victim did not appear to be struggling; in another, the assailant performed the chokehold wrong. In a third instance, the assailants were critiqued for not searching and emptying *all* of the victim's pockets, since they all agreed that if you were going to bother to rob somebody, you had to make sure to grab everything. Bags of pbc, known as *ketes*, only cost one *nuevo sol* (approximately 30-40 cents on the US dollar at the time), and thus many seemingly invaluable items – from a baseball cap to a phone charger – could be traded in for a small quantity of drugs.

In one of the scenes, the two main characters sell a backpack and cellular phone that they rob from another man to the fictional drug dealer, "*el perro gordo*." (fat dog). The pair sells the backpack and phone, for which they are given a total of 50 soles. This, to me, seemed like an impressive haul—enough cash to buy 50 hits of the drug. But I was quickly corrected. As Silvio

later explained to me, "with fifty soles you don't get fifty soles worth of *ketes*. Oh no! You can spend a maximum of 40 on drugs, and the rest of it goes to other stuff. You need *trago* (liquor) to coat your throat if you're smoking all night long; you can't smoke without your *chavela* (mix of cane liquor and cola). And you also need money for cigarettes – how else are you going to smoke? If you don't have enough money for cigarettes you can use a soda can but ideally you have cigarettes." It was also against the rules to be selfish. If someone scored well in a robbery, it was customary to encourage everyone else in the hueco to join in the celebration by inviting (*inviter*) a kete.

In the process of these reenactments, I thus slowly became educated in the norms of the *hueco*—the sorts of characters and objects present, the slang terms and expressions that animated conversations and addressed the daily concerns within the space, and the codes and norms of sharing and support built among addicts. I was shown how they build trash fires to cover the smell of burning pbc, and that different whistles let out by the guard (*campana*) that signal that the police are approaching, or someone is ripe to be robbed. These were precisely the details that make ethnographic research worthwhile—the intimate knowledge of everyday practices, the vocabularies of quotidian social exchange. But in this case, the social world that I came to know was one largely off limits to me, at least in its everyday form. Even had I attempted participant observation in a *hueco*, my abstinence from its core tenet of membership—pbc consumption—would have distanced me from understanding, if not observing, the social experience within the space. As the workshops, and later filmmaking process unfolded, I gained a multisensory understanding of a seemingly forbidden social world, "the texture of an event, the ethos of lived experience" (Stoller 1992: 143), which led to unexpected insights about the experience of the group as subjects within the rehab center. After we wrapped up filming, what lingered most in my mind was not the details that I learned, but the sort of emotion conveyed in the performances, the affective nature of the memories re-enacted in the making of the film.

Corporeal Memories - *La calle sigo teniendo en mi*

"*El mismo cuerpo presiente*," Silviio explains to me, "your body senses it." He is telling me about a night last week when, while seated in the plaza of the RíoMar neighborhood, he sensed that two men speeding by on a motorcycle were eyeing his girlfriend's bag, preparing to rob her. His intuition proved correct when the men doubled around, slowing down at the bench where they were seated. He hopped up immediately, guarding the girl and the bag, and confronted the men, who sped away.

Silvio brought up the attempted robbery during a discussion we were having about the making of the film *Date una segunda oportunidad*. In the film, he plays multiple roles: addict in the hueco, plainclothes police officer, and rehab center director. But our discussion that day revolved around the hueco scenes. I was questioning him about what I perceived to have been a rallying among the group to stage and craft these scenes with accuracy and precision. Silvio confirmed my intuitions, launching into an explanation of how the embodied dimensions of '*el mundo'* never really leave a person. El mundo was how, within the rehab center, recovering addicts referred to the social worlds of the huecos and pbc consumption in Iquitos. Even after 18 months in a rehab center and two months clean on the outside, embodied knowledge and memories of el mundo helped him pick up on the feeling the men on the motorcycle had criminal intentions. This was also why it was easy for Silvio, along with the other men who participated in the film, to re-enact the culture of the hueco that they had denounced and left behind through their decision to enter the rehab center. Despite the abrupt shifts in sartorial, corporeal, and linguistic practices necessitated by the rules of the rehab center, memories were stored within the body, sensorial cues triggering familiar ways of sensing danger, assuming a defensive stance, leaning in tenderly towards a lit cigarette.

As Taniele Rui noted in her ethnography of crack users in two Brazilian cities (2014), ethnographies of drug users should not always rely on a psychological narrative of how individuals fall into use, but rather should strive to document social relations—among actors but also among actors and objects. There are distinct codes of action among drug users, and also

between users and law enforcement, users and public health workers, and users and their paraphernalia. The affective relations among users and their favorite pipes, for instance, may seem trivial to a generalizing argument about why people use drugs, but may contain a more fundamental truth about the realities of addicts and their addictions.

The care with which the residents prepared the props to animate the *hueco* scene demonstrated these sorts of affective relations between people and things. The actors relished in the careful preparations, filling empty glass soda bottles with a mixture of water and soy sauce to resemble a brownish regional cane liquor infusion known as *clavohuasca*, gingerly folding square of newspaper to create the *ketes*[44] of pbc, rolling and smoking "cigarettes" made of paper, and building a fire in a large soup kettle. The fire, they informed me, would serve two purposes: in the huecos*,* addicts build fires to cover the foul and bitter smell of pbc being smoked; despite Iquitos' constant sweltering heat, a small fire would always be burning inside of a *hueco*. And secondly, for the purposes of our film, it would fill the air with smoke, making our constructed *hueco* more haptic-ly akin to their past lived experience. The fierce attention to sensory details created an ambience quite similar to a *hueco*, finally living up to the stringent standards of the former addicts themselves.

After the second round of filming, the residents were satisfied with the realism of the scenes and after a few rounds of editing feedback, allowed me to begin hosting public screenings of the film. When the film was screened, it was always introduced by a staff member of the rehabilitation center and described as a film about the sad reality from which the program was saving their residents. Often, residents or graduates of the program were present in order to testify about the harsh realities they witnessed on the streets, and to affirm that rehabilitation was possible. Indeed, this sort of sentiment was the professed intention of the actors in creating their narrative: to show the world the sad and harsh reality of an addict and the path out of addiction

[44] PBC was sold and distributed in the form of little packets – *paquetes* or *ketes* – of the drug wrapped in newspaper.

via surrender to the program and its new code of norms and disciplinary practices that could right their track. By screening the film, a narrative vision of addicts' perception of their realities, I understood myself to partake in a politics of collaboration (Strohm 2012), a situated praxis of listening and telling along with my research subjects.

Figure 35: Flier for film screening

But there were implications to this collaboration that reached beyond the message delivered by the filmic product. A comment during a film screening forced me to think about some more thorny implications of this collaboration. During one screening in the parish room of the church that sponsored the program, a lively discussion ensued afterwards among parishioners. Much of the audience commented on the tragic nature of street life, and many expressed a desire to support the church's efforts with the rehab center. But reactions were not entirely uniform. At the time, a friend was visiting from the United States, and attended both the screening and discussion. Returning home in our motokar after the screening, she shared her

own reaction. "Well," she began, "they made the street life look pretty fun. Do you ever worry that it made them want to go back?" Taken aback, I initially rejected this suggestion, but was left to ruminate on her observation, and its implications for understanding my collaboration with the recovering addicts.

I brought my friend's comment up later in the week with Silvio, who had since graduated to the third phase ("reinsertion") of the program and was driving a mototaxi owned by one of the program's directors. I often called him when I needed transportation, as our rides gave me an excuse to continue conversations about both the film and his experience in the program. One afternoon as he ferried me to a meeting across town, I asked him if he thought the staging of the hueco scenes had tempted any of the residents to return to that life. He laughed, and replied quickly, "for Luchito it did! When we were filming I looked over at him, and he was smoking the fake pbc, but you can tell he was really feeling it—you can see it in his face!" I remember that Luchito had run away from the program a few weeks after we wrapped up filming, and I grew concerned, asking Claudio if he thought that the film was at fault. He told me not to worry. "We all saw it coming from a long way off—if it wasn't the film it would have been something else. He wasn't ready to change, he's too young (*chibolito*), he just wants to have fun. He was remembering that life all the time. You have to be able to deal with those feelings; you can't let them control you. That's what we learn in our therapies".

Luchito's acting in the film was indeed one imbued with emotion; reviewing my rushes I can see the performance of ecstasy as he takes a pull on his paper version of a pbc-laced cigarette. What is clearer is that Luchito's performance is not for the camera—he is living inside that space, transplanted into the sensory atmosphere of the hueco and the feelings that grounded his experience inside. Like the excesses in the Eisensteinian scenes deconstructed by Barthes (1977), something lurked in the space around the points in the narrative, animated by the collective performances on the stage of our hueco. While the film was intended to critique the lifestyle of the addict, the emotion-value of the world that emerged from the film was not quite

critical. Challenging to describe, it was easier to feel, and it was not until a series of rides in the back of Silvio's mototaxi that I began to make some sense of it.

Figure 36: Patrol Car in La Perla Seca

When I finished my art workshops with Talita Kumi, I began a new documentary project with Silvio, tracing his final weeks in the program and transition back into the world outside of rehab. Some afternoons I would ride around with him in his mototaxi and listen as the sites we passed along city blocks jogged his memory for experiences of his days as a user. As I learned from these rides, the city had a different social geography by day and by night. The bustling market stalls that sold produce, river fish, and meats by day were transformed into huecos at night. Passing by the entrance to the markets, Silvio recalled vendors that would always have a little job (*trabajito)*, hauling garbage or stacking crates at the end of the day. Along city blocks, the *lavaderos*, or wash stations for the cities thousands of mototaxis, were also frequented by addicts. In a customization of the "just in time" labor practices favored by contemporary globalized neoliberalism, the owners of the lavaderos never maintained stable employees but relied on the addicts that would appear when they were looking to earn a sol or two, the rate paid for washing.

By night, the city's parks and plazas were among the spaces most charged with memory. Smoking pbc keeps you from sleeping, so addicts often pass the evenings walking around, hopping from plaza to plaza, evading police or hoping to come across a friend willing to *invitar* (share) a hit. Certain plazas were favored for their lack of nighttime lighting, while others for their location near to a bodega that sold beer and *trago* all night long. I learned that the massive preschool across the street from my house, whose grounds took up a square city block, also became a hueco at night, due to its proximity to one of the markets and the various constructions in the recess yards which made neat hiding places for a quick smoke. I was amazed by how much of the city Silvio knew, and the corners of discrete neighborhoods where he knew who used, who sold, and who could be relied on for a handout in a desperate moment.

Seated in the back of Silvio's mototaxi, I listened to him narrate the geography of the city. He hinted at the ways in which transient spaces form a network for an addict. Ultimately, this network of social spaces replaces the home environment from which she or he had been cast out or had perhaps voluntarily abandoned. Regardless of the circumstances that led them to become addicted to pbc, most addicts with whom I worked saw their addiction was a source of shame, and the cause of alienation or expulsion from their homes. Thus, the parks and plazas, and even more so the huecos, became their intimate and familiar spaces. Complete with their own slang, set of codes and games and practices, the hueco became a site of cultural production. All that was required of membership was that one partakes in, and occasionally invites, a *kete*. This reinforced a sense of belonging, that worked in a dialectic format with the stigma of pbc use to produce a complicated subjectivity among recovering addicts.

Silvio confirmed these sentiments for me one afternoon when, as often happened, he stopped by my apartment for a glass of cold water to wash away the dusty film that settled in his mouth and throat after hours of driving his mototaxi around the city. He settled into a chair and commented that the heat felt particularly unbearable that day, signaling to me that he wanted to stay and chat for a while. I took the opportunity to ask him how he felt about the film and his

role in making it. He replied that he initially felt a mix of anxiety (*nervios*) and joy (*alegría*)—anxiety because he had never acted in front of a camera, but joy to be able to share with a broader audience what the reality of addicts really was like. I mentioned that I was impressed with how seamlessly they all fell into character and were able to draw on shared slang (*jerga*) and practices (*gestos*) when shooting the hueco scenes. Silvio nodded, and paused. "Maybe…" he began, and trailed off, searching for words. He began again. "I distanced myself from that life…but I still have the street in me"[45]. It was as if he was proud to narrate his tale of reform from a detached space of recovery, while simultaneously entangled in the affective bonds that had once drawn him in to the social world he now critiqued.

Conclusions

The embodied dimension of experience is crucial to understanding the challenges faced by programs such as Talita Kumi, whose project is one of transformation. The goal of rehab centers such as Talita Kumi is to prime residents for a future free of drugs. They do this by moral and corporeal work, addressing desires, experiences, and dependencies of the past. Most often, these past emotions and relationships are cast in a negative light, framed as a web of sin or expression of weakness. Through a transformation of body and character within the liminal space of the rehab center, addicts seeking recovery can learn to exist within a new framework of relationships that separate them from their past.

In the transitional space of the rehab center, residents were inculcated with values and habits intended to transform their social practices into ones upheld as legitimate in broader social terms—ones that would allow them to integrate into licit social groups and formal economic practices after successful completion of the program. This transitional phase necessitated a clean break with the past. Feelings of attachment connected to el mundo were labeled as expressions of weakness towards the temptation of sin. As a form of discursive work, such transformations

[45] *Quizás…yo me alejé de esa vida…pero la calle sigo teniendo en mi.*

of memory and feeling may have been relatively straightforward. As a group, residents could denounce their past practices and affirm that their pleasure was really a manifestation of weakness. Yet discursive manifestations of these new morals did not always reflect complete conversion.

The making of the film *Date Una Segunda Oportunidad* provided a rare opportunity to relive the culture of the hueco and acknowledge a shared set of practices and even intimate knowledges among the group. A more standard documentary form would have emphasized the abjection of a space such as a hueco—the destitution of its inhabitants, their glazed eyes and tattered clothes, the misery of sleeping on cement and the trauma of children with pipes in their hands. I was told on numerous occasions about such sufferings and I understand them to be undeniably difficult facets of drug users' lives. But the relationships between the addicts and their former lives were more complicated and contradictory.

The production of a re-enactment film created a narrative that told of life on the streets, and the painful decisions to leave that life and seek recovery at a rehab center. But outside of this narrative, the practices of re-enactment generate other stories that tell of the affects that undergird relations in the social spaces of drug use; relations that are condemned through the film's narrative. These stories lend insight to the emotional work of drug rehabilitation, and more specifically, the complex forms of reckoning that are necessary for, yet also frequently undermine, projects of transformation. These stories help us to consider the complex subjectivities of drug addicts reconciling with their past, while simultaneously provoking questions about the role of collaborative and multimedia practice in understanding the embodied experiences of off-limits social spaces.

Addicts, dealers, and others are linked through a common culture of materials, practices, and language, the staging of the film providing an opportunity for the actors to prove their belonging, and collectively recall a shared past, in this now-forbidden social space. In this sense,

the generation of knowledge comes more from the practices of making than the film itself, social dynamics of practice showing more than the narrative that emerges from the final product.

Shifting my field site from a zone of coca production (Ramón Castilla) to one of coca paste consumption (the city of Iquitos), I continue to work at connecting two parts of an economic chain largely seen as disconnected both socially and geographically. As I show in this dissertation, these words are actually deeply connected, not only by goods and money, but also by memories, fears, and dreams, and relationships between past and present as they impact processes of transformation. The people who use pbc in the city of Iquitos do not superficially have much in common with the Ticuna farmers that grow coca and produce pbc some kilometers down the Amazon River. Yet both experience cycles of being with and without coca, their circumstances constrained by a similar set of historical, geographical and economic constraints that often make making a living in contemporary Amazonia a challenging thing. Both are haunted by affects and relations of the past, deemed illicit or illegitimate in dominant social frameworks. These experiences of the past haunt expectations of the future, and trouble frameworks in which they are encouraged to transition into, finding a place within the formal and licit social order. In this chapter, I have argued that the practices of re-enactment and collaborative filmmaking were crucial to my understanding of the complex temporalities that produce subjectivities among recovering addicts. Indeed, it was largely through my reflection on the processes of making this film that I was able to reflect on some similar challenges faced by coca farmers in Ramón Castilla and engage more closely with the images produced as part of that fieldwork.

The case that I have just discussed suggests that it is by handing over creative control, allowing actors to craft a re-enactment of a historical form of daily life, that the less-obvious yet crucially important meanings emerge. These were the meanings of how the residents performed themselves as addicts, the affective ties between fingers and rolled cigarettes, the testing to see if each would respond to the improvisations of coded terms and gestures—tossed around in the

film's dialogue—that would prove that they all came from a shared social world. This work among actors became possible through creative practice, and the performance of embodied knowledge through the re-enactment of now-forbidden forms of daily life. Meaning came from the practices and processes of making more than the filmic product generated by it. In saying this, I do not wish to negate the importance of our film, which meant a lot of things to both the actors and anthropologist involved in its production. But these meanings were more affective, tied to the accomplishments of production and the value of sharing the work with others. What generated new ways of knowing, however, was not the film as a narrative sequence but a close consideration of relations between people and things. Removed from the burden of a moral story, meaning is allowed to exist through the materials of a form daily life, now relegated to memory.

While I am not qualified to provide suggestions on how to more efficiently or effectively run a drug rehabilitation program, my findings offer some suggestions to the nature of the challenges faced by the hermanos of Talita Kumi as they attempted to transform their status as addict to member of more formal and legitimate social and economic societies. Again, the model of Turner is useful in understanding how the personal journeys of the hermanos encounter tensions in the structure of the transformative process as prescribed by Talita Kumi. As I have discussed in the Introduction chapter, the crucial transformative work is done in the middle phase, the liminal stage in which norms and regulations are stripped away and alternate futures and possibilities are given space for expression. Talita Kumi's comunidad phase does break down key elements of the social hierarchy, with egalitarian status among residents in terms of food, labor, clothing, etc. However, while equality is privileged between residents, a new moral hierarchy is instilled in them. This moral hierarchy privileges more mainstream notions of the licit and legitimate and is quick to label relations and affects counter to this model as the work of the devil or the weakness of residents in the face of temptation.

When making the film *Date Una Segunda Oportunidad*, I came to understand ways in which these relations and affects were not easily relegated to the domain of the illicit and illegitimate. The powerful sense of belonging and culture production within a hueco created something for the recovering addicts that could not simply be exorcised with a declaration of its illegitimacy. These affects and relations, lingering close at hand and waiting to be triggered through a number of sensory cues, haunted the hermanos of Talita Kumi as they attempted to reintegrate with the version of licit and legitimate societies and economies espoused by the program. Like the tunchi that followed Silvio even as he sought formal employment, driving a mototaxi and saving money to go back to school, memories of an unresolved past shaped the possibilities for imagining the future.

Conclusions

Palimpsest Landscape

Like the detritus left when a hueco transforms for daytime—broken glass and cigarette butts reminding recovering addicts of the secret geography of the city at night—coca plants also do the work of haunting. They do so by sprouting up stubbornly in the fields where their predecessors were yanked out of the earth and then burned. Dudú the agronomist told me that he always felt conflicted when he saw the little coca plants growing up along the edges of the fields where DEVIDA staged their projects. He took a picture of these persistent plants on his cell phone and showed me the image on two separate occasions. He found them sprouted up around the edges of a flat, plowed field, in the middle of which was parked a large tractor. "Do you know what this field was?" he asked me. I shook my head. "It was one of Pablo Escobar's airports," he began, "he leveled the area for his planes to land and now it is flat, and we can use it to plant corn[46]".

Two separate times he showed me the image and both times he told me the same story: the persistent coca plants that he felt bad pulling up, and their presence on the edge of a DEVIDA-managed field made suitable for planting by the whims of Colombian drug traffickers some 30 years before. This was a palimpsest landscape ripe with contradictions. Ghost airplanes, resurrected coca plants, memories of abundance and dreams of future order and efficiency congealed into the material of the tractor, parked in the middle of this haunted field.

The field was fertile with memories. You just had to know how to look for them or be willing to see them. The coca plants were a reminder of more fortunate times, of easy money made from harvests that came three times a year. The absence of coca was felt in hollowed out general stores once stocked with warm cans of soda, cases of beer, packets of powder to make instant *chicha morada*. It was felt in the shadows of the kids that showed up at harvest time,

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[46] While DEVIDA's primary projects were installing plots of cacao and facilities for the processing and commercialization of fariña, they sometimes also worked with farmers to utilize all potentially productive lands to plant more common crops such as corn and cow peas. While not very profitable, these crops could provide some more immediate income than the cacao.

laborers from the Colombian side of the Atacuari river, making a daily wage picking coca for the men with lots deeper in the forest, savvy enough to avoid the police raids or, more likely, able to pay them off.

Dudú resumed his story. "They love their plants," he told me, referring to the Ticuna farmers hovering in the background of the picture. *Aman a sus plantas*. And why not? With proper care, they grew strong and resistant, far less vulnerable to plagues and fungi than cacao. Three times a year they brought money with their harvest, and here they were again, returned from the dead, resurrected from a scorched field, offering themselves up again without ever having been conjured by planting hands. Wouldn't you love them too? Resisting structural prohibitions, they gained a cult-like power through their persistence, their ability to persevere and trouble the agricultural models espoused by Dudú and his team.

Old Haunts, Revisited

I would like to revisit the experience of haunting. While this dissertation is not about the undead or the supernatural, or the presence of such figures in the rich folklore of Amazonia, haunting is at the core of its ethnography. Here, the importance of haunting is more experiential, a sensation of the uncanny that formed a connective tissue between my seemingly disparate field sites in both rural and urban Loreto. My early, ghostly experience on the rápido spoke to a sense of impatience, a failed expectation of something more or something better. Tellingly, these are the same sorts of feelings that produce the desperation necessary to accept a proposal to grow illicit coca alongside your manioc or your plantains. They are the same sorts of feelings that produce the feasibility of selling cheap bags of adulterated coca paste, or the lure to smoke it, or both.

My ghostly experience became a lesson in empathy. The ghost of the Israelite woman did the work of an arrivant, showing me tools of analysis and ways of thinking through experience that might—or should—help me in the future. That this experience came while stranded in the middle of the mighty Amazon river, somewhere between urban Iquitos and rural Ramón Castilla,

in plain view of a coffin whose occupant had once sought salvation in the promises of modern medicine, was not insignificant. This dialectic experience of speed and inertia, presence and absence, past and future, helped to articulate common threads in the social reproduction of dependency in the realms of coca production and consumption. This materialized through projects of transformation or attempts to undo these dependencies. Here, haunting came again to figure in my analysis, as past experiences with coca came to haunt transformative projects, such as alternative development or drug rehabilitation. While these projects promised a better life without coca and its derivatives, discursive work could only do so much to block out memories of social and economic life enriched by coca. Memories viscerally haunted projects of transformation. Despite, or perhaps because of agencies—such as alternative development programs and drug rehabilitation centers—that seek to exorcise the presence of coca from the social and economic lives of Loretanos, revenants persistently remind of the ways that coca could also be good, bringing prosperity, belonging, even bliss. Indeed, the specter here works as both revenant and arrivant, connecting past, present, and future and simultaneously smashing divisions between them.

The spectral experience of coca throughout Loreto is necessary for thinking through ways in which the illicit cocaine economy, and the War on Drugs more broadly, might be considered in a holistic manner. Within the social sciences, there is generally a divide between studies of drug and drug crop production. While there exists a rich literature on illicit coca production (Gootenberg 2008, Ramírez 2011, Young 2004), this literature sits apart from studies of the consumption of coca-derivative drugs both in the US (Bourgois and Schonberg 2009, Reinarman and Levine 1997) and even Latin America (Rui 2014). However, it is precisely within the analytic strengths of the social sciences, and anthropology in particular, that we can find common factors that create and re-create both social and economic dependencies on illicit drugs.

Through the ethnographic vignettes that populate this dissertation, I have tried to illustrate the ways in which strikingly similar forces of social reproduction impact people

entangled in both the production and consumption of illicit coca and coca-derivative drugs. This is due, in many ways, to Loreto's dialectic experience of marginality and exceptionality in regard to national politics. While Loreto lacks in many forms of infrastructural and social services that challenge access to formal labor markets, it's forested acreage and riverine arteries have created a strong foundation for generations of quasi-licit economic industries, through which most loretanos are in some way entangled. Coca, however, is unique in that it has drawn international attention and funding directed at its eradication. Thus, while remaining one of the most financially viable opportunities, coca has simultaneously become the most precarious, as Loreto has emerged as a center in global interdiction and development efforts. The international attention—in the form of money, policing, and development initiatives—focused on Loreto has greatly altered social dynamics in the region, forging new relationships and dependencies that have illicit coca at the center. Yet despite the well intent and resources of programs such as DEVIDA, they do little to change the sorts of conditions that made growing illicit coca, or selling and smoking ketes of pbc, an appealing option. Thus, both alternative development and drug rehabilitation programs face a horizon of uncertainty as they attempt to craft subjects oriented towards licit and formal labor opportunities that are precarious at best. By recognizing the parallels between the social and economic realities of coca farmers in rural Ramón Castilla and coca paste sellers and users in urban Iquitos, we can try to think past the narratives that construct these as discrete crises. Indeed, the same lack of access to formal labor opportunities impacts both rural and urban Loretanos. Whether this lack of access is due to geographic isolation, inadequate preparation due to under-resourced or nonexistent public education systems, or crashes in global petroleum prices, it still produces subjects willing to take risks in the industries of illicit coca. The same sorts of structural factors that push people to enter illicit coca production push their urban counterparts to engage in the micro-commercialization and consumption of pbc. Similarly, social and economic solidarities produced from common experiences in the illicit social worlds of coca can come to haunt those who attempt to leave

them. Programs that focus on the transformation of subjects often struggle to honor the complexity of subjectivities produced by connections to illicit social worlds. Transformations may happen, but they are neither concrete nor permanent. They are vulnerable to triggers—both material and immaterial—embedded in the landscape. Haunted subjects are primed to recognize haunted spaces.

Although a few of them had worked seasonally picking coca up the Napo or in one of the communities near Caballococha, most recovering addicts were more familiar with coca in an uglier and more processed form, tiny rocks of pbc folded up into tiny ketes. The geographical distance that separated the coca fields of Ramón Castilla from the huecos of Iquitos where pbc was sold was not great, but these packets—somewhere in between coca and cocaine—were the product of a series of transformations both social and material. These transformations, in turn, drove much of an economy in a time of deep recession. The circulation and sale of ketes became superimposed over the declining opportunities for formal labor in Iquitos, particularly after the global drop in petroleum prices drastically altered the local economic landscape.

Drug users in Iquitos could easily accept the rationale that pbc was not good for them. The physical consequences of long-term drug use were notable, and all of the hermanos living at Talita Kumi had seen friends and acquaintances die from health conditions brought on by prolonged drug consumption. No who entered the program was proud of being an addict, and most were deeply ashamed of the strains it put on relations with family and friends. In daily therapies, it was easy to renounce “el mundo” and the relationships and practices associated with it. But outside of the protective space of the rehab center, both social and economic pressures became more palpable. What was easy to endorse with the mouth was more challenging to accept with the rest of the body. Memories lingered in and through the senses, and sensation could provoke feelings at odds with verbal proclamations. Despite professed rejection, a more complex set of feelings loitered nearby. Clean breaks are rarely so clean as they are professed to be, and despite the discursive directions taken by both former coca farmers and recovering

addicts, coca seeped its way back into their lives. Sensory triggers embedded in local landscapes often brought back memories of affects and relations that complicated clean breaks with the illicit world of the hueco, and its proximity of the hueco to everyday social spaces made it easy to fall back (*recaer*) into old ways.

Rethinking Transformations

In the preceding chapters, I brought together the experiences of coca farmers attempting to enter into the licit economy of commercial agriculture with those of recovering drug addicts preparing to re-enter the formal structures of urban society. In doing so, I attempted to find a common language for exploring the social worlds of drug production and drug consumption. These are worlds which, within the scholarly literature, are often maintained as discrete and spatially removed, with drug consumption seen as a phenomenon of the hyper-consumer societies of North America and Europe, and drug crop production the realm of peon farmers in the global south. Ethnographic research within Peru's political department of Loreto, however, already problematizes this binary. Here, pbc production and pbc production co-exist within geographic areas and bodies. The practices of drug production and consumption come together within single bodies—like Máximo's—trained to pick and stomp coca and acculturated to smoke it's chemically-altered derivative. In the case of Loreto, what is commonly imagined as a marginal department can be re-envisioned as a nexus. It is, in many ways, ground zero for the war on drugs, the beginning of drug production and the expanding horizon of consumption. I concur with the position of many scholar of the margins that show—through both historical and ethnographic evidence—that locating a center and, by relation, a periphery, is really just about privileging certain movements over others. By simply focusing on coca, we see that Loreto is indeed central to global movements of money (both illicit drug money and funding for both interdiction and development projects), ideas (about, for instance, drugs and drug prohibitions) and people.

In the preceding chapters, I explored the processes of reconciling the illicit nature of their activities through participation in reform programs. These programs were intended to transform economic and social practices into something within formal structures of legality, and broader social constructions of licitness. In both instances, I observed the way that these programs—both DEVIDA and Talita Kumi—failed to tidily accomplish their goals of transformation.

I attribute much of this failure to the cornerstone of the project: transformations from illicit to licit. The issue is that these categories do not refer to a fixed set of practices or relations, they are constructed on local levels, as well as on scales of the national and global (vis a vis state or international laws and policies). But the notion of "illicit" has no set referent, nor does it refer to a concrete quality inherent to a relationship or practice; it is a judgement put forth by a group upon the practices or relations of another group, who may or may not share those values.

In the programs of DEVIDA and Talita Kumi, some issues arose in the process of transformation. The transitional phase does not honor the process of transition by recognizing the power of that which exists outside of formality and licitness. Rather, it takes advantage of the liminals' powerlessness to inculcate them with a new set of norms, preparing them for reintegration into a new, formal identity without fully dealing with the complex web of emotions and attachments that animated the past. Un-exorcised, the past haunts the re-integrated, who are never really reborn, just masked in formal structures.

How might reform programs such as DEVIDA and Talita Kumi shift the practices of their program to create more meaningful experiences of communitas within their transformational projects? One idea is to focus less on the inculcation of a stark set of value judgements about illicit and illegitimate social and economic practices, and instead dedicate more efforts to acknowledging the meaningful nature of these practices, and the sorts of conditions and realities that produced them. For instance, in Chapter Two, I discussed how Rámiro, a leader in one of DEVIDA's cacao cooperatives, asks for someone "from Lima" to come and clarify

what is a licit thing and what is an illicit thing. But perhaps what could complement this clarification is an affirmation of the conditions and circumstances that produced such an easy adaptation of illicit coca production to communities such as Cushillococha.

This sort of affirmation would acknowledge that arguments about the "underdevelopment" of such communities is not a result of a lack of ecological capacity (poor soils, too much sun). After all, illicit coca operations were able to invest in agronomical study in order to develop strains of the plant suitable for growing in these seemingly adverse conditions. It would also acknowledge that economic issues were not a result of a lack of willing labor, and that Ticuna farmers had been eager to participate in commercial agriculture projects so long as they quickly saw returns. In Loreto, stereotypes about of the "lazy Indian" unwilling to work more than a few hours a day on his plots, thus preventing any sort of capital accumulation or advancement in economic terms. However, this limited rationing of time is actually due to the mixed practices of riverine communities, which alternate between crop production, fishing, and hunting in order to sustain their households (Chibnik 1994). The sacrifice of time normally spent fishing and hunting necessary for agricultural production is only feasible and sustainable if there is an immediate cash return on what is cultivated, that in turn gives families access to foodstuffs available larger markets. For communities such as Cushillococha, connected to the provincial capital by a short road, this could be feasible. But for communities such as San Andrés and Mishkiyacu, shifting water levels make market access (for both buying and selling) challenging and costly for many months out of the year.

An affirmation of the 'licitness' of illicit coca in Ticuna communities could do important social and affective work, a sort of work that, I argue, would also work to enrich the reciprocal relations evolving between farmers and development workers. If there could be a liminal space in which the validity of state law could be demolished, and the alternate conceptions of legitimacy given room to breathe and be affirmed, perhaps farmers would feel less of a sting as a

program that professed to make them licit reproduced feelings of anxiety and despondency about the future.

In the transformative space of a rehabilitation center such as Talita Kumi, structures are already in place to facilitate the preparation for recovering addicts to come to see themselves in new ways and imagine new futures as part of licit social and economic spheres. The making of the film *Date Una Segunda Oportunidad*, however, revealed ways in which the rites of transformation prescribed by the rehab center repressed forms of affective engagements and relationships that continued to have meaning for the hermanos. By repressing these relations and practices, or relegating them to the domains of the weak, the illicit, and the illegitimate, the viscerally real experience of these feelings is lodged deeper within individual bodies and remains vulnerable to conjuring.

While the program instructs recovering addicts to be "prepared for everything" (*preparado para todo*), I argue that the form of preparation espoused is too dependent on the adaptation of a strict moral program that relegates real feelings and emotions to the domain of illegitimacy. While discursively these practices of classification may be feasible, bodies do not always follow these leads. A more holistic form of preparation, I would argue, would be one that acknowledges the feelings surrounding the affects and relations of the hueco as legitimate. The sense of belonging, the social ties, the participation in forms of cultural production are, perhaps, just as dependency-forming as the contents of the kete. To put in simpler terms, drug use is often just as much about social dependency as it is about chemical dependency.

My research with Talita Kumi offers some suggestions about the therapeutic value of art and creative collaboration, not only within the parameters of a rehab center, but as part and parcel of the reintegration into formal social and economic spheres as well. Having a space to express and represent relationships that, no matter how stigmatized or damaging, nevertheless remain powerful in their meaning, may be one way to make recovery a state that does not teeter so delicately on the precipice of falling back into old ways. By accessing these ways and

relationships through the meaning of art, perhaps they can become gradually less like phantoms, and more like familiar memories no longer threatening, their haunting capacities banished through the acknowledgement of their presence.

A structured liminal period—one where norms are dictated rather than upended, does not allow for satisfactory reckoning with the past, and a smooth transition to the future. When you attempt to structure the anti-structure, the power of the ritual process is diminished. Instead, the past lingers around, hinting at alternate possibilities, expectations never realized. This unresolved past created a haunted present.

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