**We begin our discussion of this year’s resolution in Juarez Mexico where predatory NAFTA trade policies have created the perfect conditions for the exploitation and rape of young women. Unfortunately, the gross profits created by Maquila’s in Mexico has caused the United States to ignore this violence in effect permitting and authorizing its continuation. The fact that the victims of our free trade model are women and are brown only makes them more disposable, this is LAURA BARBERÁN REINARES in 2010** (["Globalized Philomels: State Patriarchy, Transnational Capital, and the Femicides on the US-Mexican Border in Roberto Bolaño’s 2666" South Atlantic Review: The Journal of the Modern Language Association 75.4 (Fall 2010): 51-72.](http://www.academia.edu/908781/_Globalized_Philomels_State_Patriarchy_Transnational_Capital_and_the_Femicides_on_the_US-Mexican_Border_in_Roberto_Bolanos_2666_South_Atlantic_Review_The_Journal_of_the_Modern_Language_Association_75.4_Fall_2010_51-72)**)**

“The U.S.-Mexican border es una herida abierta [is an open wound] Where the Third World grates against the First and bleeds”- Gloria Anzaldúa the semantics of neoliberalism and subaltern Women’s rape American readers may remember the dreadful case of a female jogger raped in Central Park in 1989; if only vaguely, you may perhaps recall that the incident prompted Donald Trump to take out “a full-page ad in ourNew York newspapers demanding that New York ‘Bring Back the Death Penalty, Bring Back Our Police’” (Crenshaw 184-5). Miraculously, the victim survived the brutal attack, but her case outraged the community and was widely reported and assiduously followed—now there is even a Wikipedia entry under “Central Park Jogger case” explaining the nuances of the horror that this white, Yale-educated woman, who at the time worked in investment banking, endured. Without minimizing the completely undeserved violation this woman suffered, I am curious about the reaction—more specifically, whose reaction—this case generated, especially considering that there were 3,254 other cases of rape reported in New York that year, “twenty-eight” during that fateful week alone (185): Many of these rapes were as horrific as the rape in Central Park,yet all were virtually ignored by the media. Some were gang rapes, and in a case that prosecutors described as ‘one of the most brutal in recent years,’ a woman was raped, sodomized,and thrown fifty feet off the top of a four-story building in Brooklyn. Witnesses testified that the victim “screamed as she plunged down the air shaft. . . . She suffered fractures of both ankles and legs, her pelvis was shattered and she suffered yinternal injuries. This rape survivor, like most of the other forgotten victims that week, was a woman of color [and, if I may add, of a different social class]. (185)Explaining why the Central Park jogger spiraled into a media spectacle and prompted the intervention of a New York-based real estate mogul would be stating the obvious. The reason all the other cases generated little or no attention seems, admittedly, embarrassing. The above case, though utterly unfortunate, suggests a clear difference between victims of sexual violence who receive attention and action and those ignored because of their worthlessness in terms of class and race within the current neoliberal model. The insignificance of the abject presence of subaltern third-world is paradoxical in light of the fact that they have now been turned into a key component for the global economic engine to run smoothly—an engine that, as suggested in Gloria Anzaldúa’s metaphor, is being lubricated with subaltern women’s (literal) blood. Readers may then be outraged to learn about the shockingly high rates of rape and murder of women that have occurred since 1993 on the US-Mexican border, one year after the signing of the North Atlantic Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). This treaty facilitated the installation of “maquiladoras”--assembly plants for transnational corporations (80% of them American-owned) that mushroomed in the new export processing zones (EPZs). As a consequence, widespread migration to the border,especially female, skyrocketed. Taking “signs for wonders,” many saw these maquiladoras as a capitalist-God-sent blessing, feeling that they  would bring a much needed boost to the Mexican economy. In fact,during their stay in Ciudad Juárez--the largest border city, literally within walking distance of El Paso, Texas--these plants allowed the municipality to boast the lowest unemployment rate of all Mexico (and, later, less glamorously, the highest incidence of domestic violence in the country). Like sweatshops, maquiladoras offered women the possibility of economic independence--at an appallingly exploitative price, of course,but some independence nonetheless. Looking for these new jobs,migrants from poor states such as Chiapas, Guerrero, Oaxaca, Tabasco,and even poor countries like Guatemala, flooded Ciudad Juárez, forcing the city to accommodate the demands of a rapid population explosion. Ironically, part of the NAFTA agreement stipulated that the foreign assembly plants would be exempt from taxation in the host country, so the costs of social services and infrastructure generated by the influx of these migrant workers could never be met by the city’s already meager budget. As a result, the city’s slums grew exponentially, while basic services such as electricity, sewage, transportation, and public safety for these areas lagged behind, creating a breeding ground for the atrocious crimes for which Ciudad Juárez became notorious: the femicides. Mexico, a country that during his stay in 1938 struck André Breton as the most “surreal” in the world, becomes the stage for gendered sexual terror in Bolaño’s narrative. Profoundly intrigued by the horror of the crimes and the impunity with which the perpetrators of the femicides operated, Bolaño began steady correspondence with Sergio González Rodriguez, one of the Mexican journalists covering the murders in Ciudad Juárez with courageous rigor. The result was 2666 (published posthumously in 2004), Bolaño’s monumental last novel in which the writer sheds a tenebrous light on the way in which transnational capital,patriarchy, and the state have enabled the vicious deaths of subaltern“disposable” women. Here, the structural economic situation, with the majority of the population living in dire poverty and forced to migrate to the dangerous US-Mexican border in a quest for survival, combines with patriarchy and widespread impunity in a lethal concoction. Basing his writing in the real crimes, Bolaño finds a rather unusual way of linking neoliberalism and patriarchy with sexual violence against subaltern women, yet there lies one of the strongest lures of his novel: through impassive repetition of the horror, the author showcases an extreme example of an economic system that privileges profits over lives, while the narrative opens up the spectrum of feminist interrogation as these femicides seem lost in a theoretical limbo. To this day, no responsible party has been found for the Juárez femicides and, as time passes and contexts change--if it wasn’t for novels like the one under analysis--these women may very well end up lost in oblivion. After all, like New York’s “unimportant” rape victims, they are poor and they are dark.

**The role of the ballot for this debate then is who best performatively and methodologically challenges the structural violence that was caused by the creation of NAFTA and is perpetuated by US free trade and globalization policies today.**

**Somewhere is Juarez five hundred voices attempted to scream out...but they are gone...**

**What is there left to do when our spectacles of violence despite their visibility are ignored...**

**We have a strategy for letting the dead speak...consider the following object:**

**La lengua...the tongue...cut out...what were the last words it spoke? Did it have a last chance to tell its children it loves them? Did it kiss its lover? Did it whisper a prayer to an unresponsive God only moments before being rendered dumb? We search for a response...the tongue responds with rot. The stories it once told are now cemented for eternity in the very same flesh that once gave them life. Triumph, struggle, joy, and pain all an absence...the only thing that remains are the remains...the forensic evidence that confirms life once existed here...la lengua...and yet it remains ever silent. How do we measure such a silence? How can we atone for these sins when those who would stand up and testify have all been rendered silent...reduced to forensic evidence that only tells the story of their death...never the life that was stolen too soon. This silence, in truth, is beyond our ability to measure and yet stands watch over these multitudes like an unmarked tombstone over a mass grave.**

**While this silence leaves an unknowable absence it is not drained of all political force. By attending to silence we can begin see what our grand narratives leave out.**

**This tongue is from Cuidad Juarez...the murder capitol of the world...the city of lost girls...a place of resounding silence. Our strategy uncovers the lie of capital as a neutral good. It affords us with a moment of reflection where we realize that we have been lied to...deprived of the whole truth. The reality of this situation is that NAFTA and its policies that are designed to secure profit for America simultaneously authorize the mass death of individuals living inside of the crushing poverty they create. Our investigation is the best strategy to come to grips with this mournful silence and the policies that create it.**

**Spivak ’99** (GayatriChakravorty, Columbia, Can The Subaltern Speak?,Jcook.)

Pierre Macherey provides the following formula for the interpretation of ideology: '’What is important in a work is what it does not say. This is not the same as The careless notation 'what it refuses to say,' although that would in itself be interesting: a method might be built on it, with the task of measuring silences, whether acknowledged or unacknowledged. But rather this, what the work cannot say is important, because there the elaboration of the utterance is carried out, in a sort of journey to silence."47 Macherey's ideas can be developed in directions he would be unlikely to follow. Even as he writes, ostensibly, of the literariness of the literature of European provenance, he articulates a method applicable to the social text of imperialism, somewhat against the grain of his own argument. Although the notion "what it refuses to say" might be careless for a literary work, something like a collective ideological refusal can be diagnosed for the codifying legal practice of imperialism. This would open the field for a political economic and multidisciplinary ideological reinscription of the terrain. Because this is a "worlding of the world" on a second level of abstraction, a concept of refusal becomes plausible here. The archival, historiographic, disciplinary-critical, and, inevitably, interventionist work involved here is indeed a task of "measuring silences." This can be a description of "investigating, identifying, and measuring ... the deviation" from an ideal that is irreducibly differential. . When we come to the concomitant question of the consciousness of the subaltern the notion of what the work cannot say becomes important. In the semioses of the social text, elaborations of insurgency stand in the place of "the utterance." The sender-"the peasant"-is marked only as a pointer to an irretrievable consciousness. As for the receiver, we must ask who is "the real receiver" of an "insurgency?" The histonan, transforming "insurgency" into "text for knowledge," is only one "receiver" of any collectively intended social act. With no possibility of nostalgia for that lost origin, the historian must suspend (as far as possible) the clamor of his or her own consciousness (or consciousness-effect, as operated by dI~cIphn~ry training), so that the elaboration of the insurgency, packaged with an insurgent-consciousness, does not freeze into an object of investigation, or, worse yet, a model for imitation. "The subject" implied by the texts of insurgency can only serve as a counterpossibility for the narrative sanctions granted to the colonial subject in the dominant groups. The postcolonial intellectuals learn that their privilege is their loss. In this they are a paradigm of the intellectuals. It is well known that the notion of the feminine (rather than the¶ subaltern of imperialism) has been used in a similar way within deconstructive¶ criticism and within certain varieties of feminist criticism.48 In the former case, a figure of "woman" is at issue, one whos~ minir:n~l predication as indeterminate is already available to the phallocentnc tradItl<:m. Subaltern historiography raises questions of method that would prevent It from using such a ruse. For the "figure" of woman, the relationship betweer: woman and silence can be plotted by women themselves; race and class dIfferences are subsumed under that charge. Subaltern historiography must confront the impossibility of such gestures. The narrow epistemi.c violence o.f imperialism gives us an imperfect allegory of the general VIOlence that IS the possibility of an episteme.49 • Within the effaced itinerary of the subaltern subject, the track of sexual difference is doubly effaced. The question is not of female participation in insurgency, or the ground rules of the sexual division of.labor, for both of which there is "evidence." It is, rather, that, both as object of colonialist historiography and as subject. of insurg~ncy, the ideological co.nstruction of gender keeps the male dommant. If, in the context of colonial production, the subaltern has no history and cannot speak, the subaltern as female is even more deeply in shadow.

**Unfortunately, the shadow only grows. female activists are being blamed and silenced by the machinery of capital on both sides of the border. It is this project of silencing to which we attend. While our voices may not fill the silence they do remind us that it exists and allow us to in our own small way hold our governments on both sides of the border accountable for their crimes. We align ourselves in solidarity with all women who have been or will be silenced in the space of global capital.**

**Morales and Bejarano 2008** (Cristina and Cynthia. Border Sexual Conquest: A Framework for Gendered and Racial Sexual Violence. Collected in: Globalization in America edited by Angela Hattery, David Embrick, and Earl Smith)

Juarez has been described as the “murder capital of the world for women and girls.” With this reputation comes a backlash against women’s rights groups and activist mothers by entrepreneurs in the city who claim that these groups have stigmatized the city with this emblematic frame of reference. Mexican activist women have also been portrayed in more recent years as liars or exaggerators who have embellished the exact number of murdered women in Juarez. Detractors have used arguments akin to the malinche critique claiming that activist women continue to proclaim the murders of women so as to draw attention to a city that is struggling to reclaim its dignity. Ironically, the same women working to end violence against “Other” women at the northern Mexican border. Their acts of defiance and their struggle to preserve the memory of the murdered women are considered treacherous. In a conceptual sense, like the women workers and murdered women of Juarez, activist women and mothers are depicted as malinches who betray the city’s newfound image as a haven for tourism and modernity. Regardless of their activism, the “for sale” sign that globalization has latched itself onto shines as a beacon of border vices., TNCs, and industry to abuse, exploit rape, and murder the women left in charge of lifting the city from poverty and its universally recognized mark as the “murder capital of the world.” Even the local magazine Industry, published in El Paso, stated in an article titled “The Oasis Principle” that “this region [El Paso/Juarez] is far more complex than carelessly developed stories about drug trafficking or the excessive exposes about the murders in Juarez” (Sandoval 2006,57). Although there are several unsolved cases of feminicide victims from Juarez, “local officials and business leaders have increasingly grumbled about the so-called ‘myth’ or ‘black legend’ of femicide that is allegedly giving Cuidad Juarez a bad name on the world stage” (Frontera NorteSur 2007). In effect, critics of these women, including local business leaders and local authorities, define women’s activism as a form of female treaachery to the city of Juarez. These arguments have come full circle: not only are women exploited and killed, but they are now also blamed for their own violent victimization. The colonizer has again successfully colonized the “Other.” The process of erasure in order to transform and resurrect the city, its image and reputation, and economy now lies on expunging the discourse of feminicides and the memories of these horrific deaths. Intimidation tactics and death threats have not swayed these women from their activism. In fact, the next strategy to be employed by critics of these activists seems to be silencing the very icons that represent the murders.

**In that sense we will finish with a reminder. These are adobe bricks made from a field where the scattered parts of several Women’s bodies were found in Juarez. This is another absence...the grave. This is the space of the dead and a place of memory. There are no names...no dates of birth and death...and yet once again the dead speak. Isn’t it time we start to listen?**

**Bray in 2007** (Scott, R., En piel ajena: The work of Teresa Margolles, Law Text Culture, 11(1), 2007. Available at:<http://ro.uow.edu.au/ltc/vol11/iss1/2>)

Teresa Margolles travelled to Juárez in 2005 and began work around the border. She rented a van and drove to the crime scenes of a number of murders, where she spent time at the site, often many nights. At these crime scenes she collected the earth; with the earth she produced 500 stones (see Figure 14), which she has since exhibited in Switzerland and the US in rows on the gallery floor (see Figure 15). Her aim with this work is to challenge the murders and commemorate the murdered. They bear an unsettling forensic weight — they are of the space of the dead — yet are so bureaucratically useless: symbols of the juridical failure of women in this borderland. Entirely hand made, these ‘individual deputies’ are headstones without a grave.25 They are works of mourning that can be carried globally and displayed internationally. Of the crime scene, they seem to stand in for the dead, but lacking names, epitaphs, they are sadder, both more silent and articulate than any other grave space. Headstones, graves, tombs, crypts, are supposed to mark the end, or the should-be end, to mourning. These works suggest otherwise. They have been exhibited with a video loop of a car-journey along the roads that women have to take between work and home, entitled *Lote Bravo, Lomas de Poleo, Anapra y Cerro de Cristo Negro 2005*, and a card with facts about Juárez and the murders (see Figure 16). The juxtaposition of these pieces, of sight and visual motion, of silence*,* text and wordlessness, provides a minimalist posthumous biography, a writing which is never enough because it is made in the gap of loss.