

“GOD WILLING, I WILL DO SOMETHING ELSE”:
AFFECTIVE INTENSITIES IN CRUISE SHIP TOURISM
ENCOUNTERS IN PUERTO PLATA, DOMINICAN
REPUBLIC

SARAH YUSUF

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Abstract

Based on 7 months of fieldwork conducted in Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, this dissertation explores the affective intensities that emerge from an ever-changing, unstable tourism imaginary of a paradisiacal Puerto Plata, a frame into which Carnival Cruises sails. Located in the Bay of Maimón, just west of Puerto Plata, Amber Cove is the first cruise ship venture in the area since the last cruise ship sailed away in the 1980s, a venture meant to reinvent and reinvigorate the tourism industry in the province. Touted as an “incredible project” by tourism officials, this research traces the tensions, the frustrations, the disappointments and the hopes that overspill from the tourism encounters that unfold in this new project that promised so many things.

Drawing on Gordon’s (1997) notion of haunting, this research contributes a unique perspective to important work in tourism studies already examining the historical and contemporary socioeconomic and political consequences of the tourism industry. It is a way to explore the particularities of individual experience without disconnecting them from the political economy (ibid., xvii), throwing into stark relief the structures of power that reach across time and space to make themselves known, felt and sensed in the present. By informing this project using theoretical work on affect, I consider the things that “don’t add up” (Stewart 2008, 72), the things that provoke and compel, the “something more” (Stewart 1996, 5-6) that efforts to codify would “[strip] of the dense and deeply mortal flesh of life” (Pandian and McLean 2017, 4). In so doing, this dissertation addresses two questions: 1) How does the cruise ship tourism industry shape tourist-local interactions and the expectations, desires, confusions and disappointments on which these relationships are fashioned? 2) How do locals frame, understand and experience these new kinds of encounters given the shift from enclave resort tourism to cruise ship tourism?

By exploring how the cruise ship tourism industry animates and enlivens the tourism frame in Puerto Plata, my research contributes to our understanding of what tourism encounters in a cruise ship tourism context can look and feel like, moving beyond a representational or “critical” theory approach to the industry (Stewart 2008).

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Glossary

Affective Intensity: A nonconscious building up and unfolding of sensations that cannot be quantified and come before our inclination to register these sensations as an emotional state (Massumi 2002, 27).

Entanglement: A kind of “meshwork” (Lefebvre 1991, 117-118) whereby things fold, unfold, and continually come into being (Ingold 2008, 1807). Entanglements do not point to the relation between things, or to this particular referent or that, in search of definitive answers.

Now Time: Following Benjamin (1999), the “now” – rather than understood as a result of a progression of linear events – is conceptualized as moments of the past that are scattered across time. By realigning elements of the past in a constellation of “now” time, different elements of the past and present come crashing together in a time of immanent possibility, where the present time makes space for the recognition of the moment of the “now,” the production of time, one that is not separate from yet not strictly circumscribed by any existing experience (Benjamin 1969).

Otherwise: The ways arrangements, the normative structure of things, the representational, the already categorized and defined, become deranged and rearranged (Povinelli 2014), opening up onto different registers of experience – agitating, activating, animating sensations, feelings and possibilities – that threaten the “established tourism story line” (Little 2020, 4).

Sense: An overwhelming feeling that extends beyond our bodies, existing in a field of experience that doesn’t always add up (Protevi 2018, 325). Following what Raymond Williams (1977) refers to as a structure of feeling, “sense” is conceptualized here as a way to understand the feeling of “something that [is] absent” (Berger 1972, 10), something that is not as easily identifiable as the names given to them might suggest.

Tourism Frame: The stable, bounded, thoughtfully designed, coherent order of things in Puerto Plata’s tourism setting where things appear to be as they are narrated, feeding into the imaginary of Puerto Plata as a “nice and clean,” “modern,” “safe,” “paradisiacal” tourist destination. The “tourism frame” is used differently here than the “milieu” in that the “milieu” is conceptualized as activating new fields of experience, where experiences are never finite or contained by the object, subject, or the attempts of the tourism frame to restrain, tame, and order it (Manning 2016, 46).

Unworlding: The falling apart of the “routines, gestures, and surfaces of everyday life that don’t necessarily come together in a linear, cumulative fashion, but get associated and sensed ...” (Allison n.d.; Stewart 2012, 520). The “hard precarities of unworlding” turn our attention to how precarity arranges itself, not adding up to any one thing in particular, but as a kind of emergent phenomena that remains unmarked in its subtlety (Stewart 2012, 519).

Image 1: Satellite Image of Sites in Puerto Plata

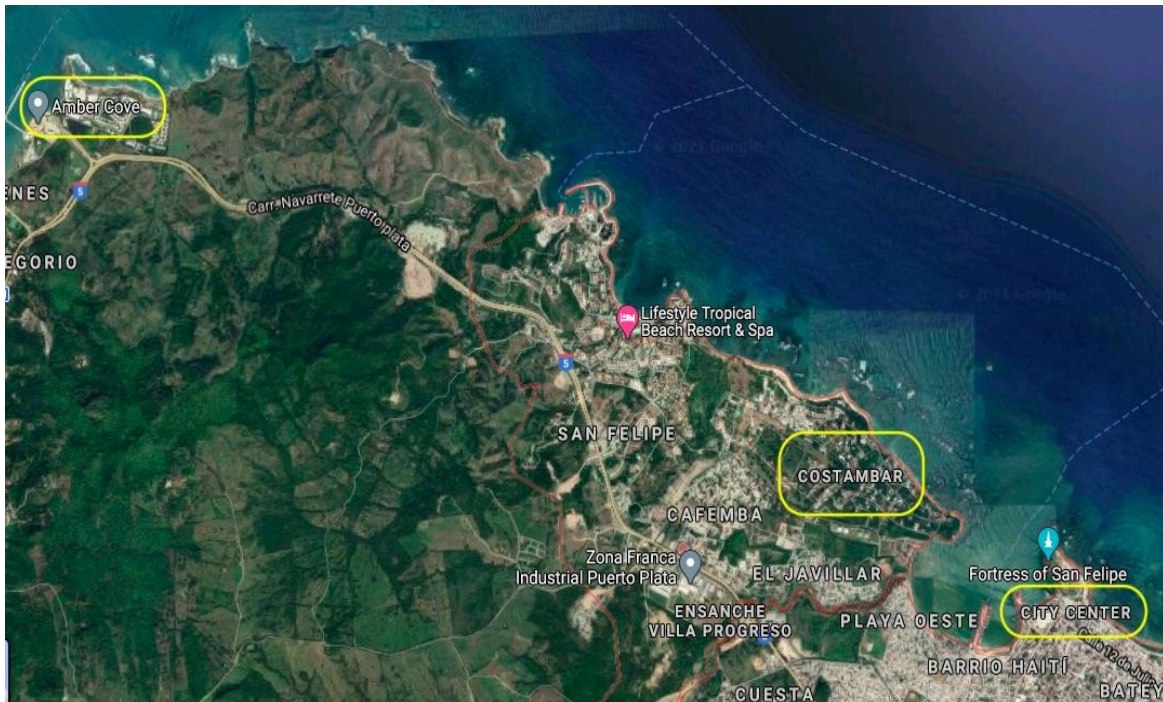


Image 2: Satellite Image of Amber Cove



Introduction

The Turbulences of a Caribbean Paradise

The tourism industry in Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic experiences the ebbs and flows resonant of the industry through the Caribbean: the turbulences, the disruptions, the hurricanes, the slow seasons, the narratives of progress and development perpetuated by both international and local agencies that never seem to amount to the promises. “Go home! Go home!” shouts a Dominican woman on the side of the road, demanding the busload of American voluntourists disembarked from Carnival’s *Adonia* just leave them alone. “Cruise ships are brainwashing,” Carlos tells me. He doesn’t trust Carnival’s intentions. How else can he explain why tourists never seem to stop by the jewelry store in which he works? The media perpetuates narratives of a “devasted Caribbean,” a largely untouched Puerto Plata gets lumped into “just another Caribbean island” unsafe to visit after Hurricane Maria unleashed her untempered wrath just off the northern shore, skimming the island of Hispaniola (Osborne et. al. 2017). “They promise many things.” Government officials and politicians have been promising infrastructural development in the form of a main highway for over a decade. The wait continues. A cluster of promises yet to be realized that sail away with every Carnival ship that docks and then departs, but hope gets kicked up in their wake.

The city of Puerto Plata, formally known as San Felipe de Puerto Plata and located within Puerto Plata province, is a hub of touristic activity that is more than just a “contact zone” (Little 2020, 20) of encounters between tourists and locals set against the backdrop of paradise. The tourism frame is a space in which hauntings, paranoia, conspiracy, frustration, anxiety, anticipation, excitement, mobility, friction, hope and despair become agitated by the tourism

encounter, emerging in the stories¹ told here. Not told in any particular order or in adherence to any kind of chronologically-linear logic, these stories are like nodes or knots (Haraway 2008, 4) that make engagements with the past, present and future, at times, difficult to discern or delineate. Like in the wake of a ship, or in the turbulent flow of the Atlantic after a hurricane, these narratives pick up the scatterings of a past that deposit previously unseen debris onto the shore, an entanglement of seaweed, sand, detritus and hermit crab shells. As the crabs shed their own exoskeletons, they seek refuge in the detritus that's been washed up onto the beaches of Puerto Plata, navigating their way between the broken beer bottles, the plastic containers, the unrecognizable eroded fragments of stuff and garbage caught up in the turbulence of the ocean. This refuse tells stories of beach parties and weekend lounging, high winds that empty overflowing garbage bins, a "don't care" attitude for which tourists blame the locals, and the locals blame each other. Until they're ready to trust their own shed and hardened shells again, the crabs burrow in what they can find, lingering for a moment, getting a feel for the fit, eventually deciding to remain within or discard of it. This research picks up on the ways things have become in "just this way" (Manning 2016, 212), following the "traces, fragments, fleeting moments, gaps, absences, submerged narratives, and displaced actors" (Blackman 2018, 26; Gordon 2008) that point to something more, something other than this through which power makes itself felt, a feeling that there is something more to say, a feeling of something "being unsettled or wanting to unsettle" (Blackman 2018, 27).

¹ Interviews and conversations were had with those who had something to say, whether anecdotally or as members of tourism agencies. Tour guides (those that were licensed and those that were not), expatriates, servers, *motoconcho* drivers, and salesmen are among those whose stories weave through these pages. Formal interviews are referenced here using footnotes to indicate the date they took place. More informal, casual conversations are integrated through the narrative of this dissertation as a way to weave others' verbal style through my own, allowing these stories to build up and stitch themselves together (Lepselter 2016, 18).

I find myself on a beach in Cabrera, Puerto Plata on a Saturday afternoon. The sky a piercing blue. Cloudless. The kind of sky that feels like it's playing tricks on you. A limitless sky devoid of referents. My eyes don't know where to land, so they digress to the sand. I feel myself falling into the endlessly clear sky and the smoothness of the sand, the crashing ocean waves and the palm trees that afford me shade every now and then as the fronds dance to the rhythms of the wind, until something catches my eye. Scatterings of shed hermit crab exoskeletons. I trace them as they extend beyond me, outward as far as I can see. I pick up a claw between two fingers. It's so white, it almost looks bleached, a kind of camouflage against the seemingly white sand that blinds under the beating Caribbean sun. I put it down and pick up another. In awe, I stare out at the thousands of bleached, white hermit crab shells that seem to blanket the entire strip of beach that lay under the limitless sky.

Overwhelmed by the image of an incredible paradise, the air thick with humidity and the salt water of the Atlantic, I had trudged through thousands of these exoskeletons on my journey to where I now sit on the sand, my beach towel offering a comfortable space between myself and the paradise I had come to enjoy. This dissertation stops to pick up these exoskeletons, holds them between two fingers and traces the "otherwise" (Povinelli 2011) of the cruise ship tourism industry that has shed them, entanglements of anticipation, disappointments, unrealized hopes, frustrations and dreams caught up in the tourism encounter that could just as easily be stepped over, trudged through, a beach towel comfortably smothering the otherwise to narrate a representational account of life within this tourism frame. The disruptions to the tourism imaginary of this Caribbean paradise are traced in the stories told here, which agitate the chronologically-linear logic of working, living, relaxing, enjoying, and being within a tourism imaginary of paradise. The seemingly ordinary happenings of the everyday in the cruise ship

tourism industry in Puerto Plata make visible the sometimes barely visible or dismissed forces that effervesce in the creation of this place as a paradisiacal Caribbean tourist destination. This dissertation is written in such a way that explores other temporal registers beyond the linear – which tends to only capture the world in terms of the past, present and future, depicting and quantifying the past, encoding it with dates, and then looking back on it as a marker of progress. By agitating this chronologically-linear logic to explore the “now” time (Benjamin 1969), this research opens up onto the immanent possibilities of the everyday that evade capture long enough to reveal different shades of life being lived, of experience in the making, of life brimming, where “force has not yet been turned to form” (Manning 2016, 15). Chronologies of history are not taken for granted here, or dismissed entirely, but are rather used as signposts or indicators that give the things that happen in Puerto Plata’s tourism industry life and make them eventful; to fill out the stories told here, instead of connecting these stories back to some kind of historical referent or “truth.”

Puerto Plata’s investment in the tourism industry extends back to as early as the 1960s, just after the brutal dictatorship and assassination of Rafael Trujillo. For decades, Dominicans have been listening to the promises, the projections, the idealisms, of the international community and local officials who have pinned all hope of development and *progreso* on tourism. The dictatorship, although not heavily steeped in the industry at that time, created a perfect storm of eventual dependence on an industry prone to volatility, instability, unpredictability, sickness, disease and exclusion, all of which are most recently encapsulated in the unfolding of the Covid-19 pandemic. It also, according to some Dominican scholars (Zaglul 2011; Guzmán 2016), implanted a sense of paranoia, distrust and conspiratorial thinking that can be seen effervescing in the stories here, a lingering trauma that once saw the imprisonment,

torture and murder of dissidents and the “racially inferior,” the surveillance of the citizenry, and the supplanting of God’s will with the face and will of the dictator. The cruise ship tourism frame is a space in which these hauntings make themselves felt, culminating as a sense of precarity, distrust and frustration that manages to comfort itself in moments of hope that things can and will get better.

In the wake of the dictatorship, the former cruise industry that dissolved in the 1980s, the struggling exclusive all-inclusive resort model, the surveillance and disruption of movement by tourism “security,” the Carnival ships that sail away at the end of an 8 hour call, hope emerges and gasps for breath at the surface, getting churned up in the turbulence of the precarity, frustration, disappointment, paranoia and anxiety that circulates the tourism industry. This dissertation fills a gap in the tourism literature on tourist encounters, tracing the “now” time (Benjamin 1969) of the cruise industry in Puerto Plata through the scatterings of a past. This does not deny chronologically dated events in history or seek the truth of history, but rather writes alongside these signposts of historical context to fill out the stories that have emerged through this research, the stuff of the everyday that get taken up and made eventful by those whose stories fill these pages. Like the calm ripples of the Atlantic in the morning, the forceful undercurrents of the afternoon, the sea foam that effervesces to the surface, the seaweed stranded on the shores of the beach, methodically raked away by resort employees at dawn before the tourists wake, the stories here trace the potentialities of the contingent, the otherwise overlooked happenings that are nevertheless entangled in the cruise ship tourism frame in Puerto Plata – the American voluntourists who try to make sense of the poverty, the government corruption that can be sensed, but never quite caught; the development projects that act as arresting images in their visibility, inspiring hope and anticipation that something is happening, even if no one knows

quite what; the events of a dictatorial past that fold into the cruise ship industry of the now, interweaving to create a kind of charged atmosphere, where salesmen feel watched, they keep their voices low, Haitian tour guides who operate “unofficially” risk imprisonment, their “official” Dominican counterparts tip off the tourism police; the Carnival ships that dock in Amber Cove feel like faceless sources of power and influence that act as timekeeper and time-maker, and in their absence, a pressing weight; the wait is daunting, thick with anticipation, and hopeful. As a kind of otherwise, these stories exist beyond the normative tourist-host encounter which perpetuates the tourism imaginary of Puerto Plata as a kind of Caribbean paradise. This imaginary is perpetually unstable, constantly at the whim of the international market, reframing, re-promoting, and re-marketing itself as a tourist destination.

The Ministry of Tourism’s rebranding attempts in 2019 are evidence of this as the country launched its #RealDR campaign in response to the international anxiety, fear, and conspiracy of American tourist deaths in the country. Heart attack. Septic shock. Pneumonia. These were read aloud by former Tourism Minister Francisco Javier García on June 23, 2019 as some of the causes of death of those 10 Americans who died unexpectedly while vacationing in the Dominican Republic that year. Despite the minister arguing this number should not be cause for concern, given over two million American tourists visit the Dominican Republic every year, the FBI stepped in, sending a small team to assist local investigators (Romero and Bogel-Burroughs 2019).

Refashioning and repositioning their marketing angle, the campaign “showcas[es] the beauty and unparalleled experience of vacationing in [the] Dominican Republic through the eyes and words of travelers,” a kind of unscripted, uncensored campaign aimed to regain the “trust” of travelers to “reinforce [the] Dominican Republic’s reputation as a safe and paradisiacal

destination” (Global News Wire 2019). Similarly, the “Smiles” campaign launched in 2018 was the Dominican Republic Ministry of Tourism’s (MITUR) attempt to market “its most valued resource,” beyond “the natural beauty of its white sand beaches, crystal blue waters and incredible weather year-round,” showcasing “the warm and hospitable people of the country” (Dominican Republic Ministry of Tourism 2018). Promoting itself in 2018 as a country in which a smile is contagious, “happiness” is packaged and sold as “not just a feeling ... but a way of life,” where visitors are invited to “catch the feeling” (ibid.). Today, MITUR’s official website features a banner boasting that the “Dominican Republic Has it All,” a catch-all phrase capturing the “events,” “adventure,” “nature,” “culture,” and “leisure” Puerto Plata has to offer and searchable via the links on the website.

“The Birthplace of Tourism in the Dominican Republic”: Puerto Plata

Government interest in developing Puerto Plata as a tourist destination to promote national growth and development began in the late 1960s, a late start compared to neighbouring Caribbean islands (Freitag 1994, 538). Puerto Plata dabbled in tourism as early as the 1940s when Cuban and Spanish cruise ships would stopover, the small ships that berthed there greeted by the souvenir shops, small restaurants and other tourism related operations that capitalized on their arrivals. By the 1970s, Puerto Plata had a flourishing cruise ship industry, and by the 1980s, there were six transatlantic cruise lines that called in Puerto Plata regularly (Roessingh et. al. 2008, 27). However – as rumour would have it, and as many of my participants told me – this cruise endeavour was short lived, when after only about 10 years in operation, in-fighting for access to tourists in a competitive market created a seemingly hostile environment, with cruise

lines becoming hesitant to stopover in Puerto Plata altogether. Carnival's Amber Cove emerged over 30 years later as a kind of ghost of the past, but one that made itself known in its sheer size and grandeur, the rattling chains of its presence reverberating through the social memory of what was lost and what had been regained, the excitement and anticipation of the port's newness entwining with the history of what came before it, producing a hopeful "something-to-be-done" (Gordon 1997, xvii) quality to redeem the industry that was lost and to reinvigorate the stagnating resort industry that waterlogged the northern coast, leaving little room to breathe.

As "the birthplace of tourism in the Dominican Republic," tourists have long imagined Puerto Plata, much like the rest of the Caribbean, as a paradise destination, marked by sun, sandy white beaches, and beautiful green-blue seas (Dominican Republic Ministry of Tourism, n.d.). This imaginary has been used to brand, market, and sell "paradise" in order to attract tourists (Sheller 2004, 23). Much of the tourism development that Puerto Plata has witnessed since the 1960s has been in the form of the all-inclusive resort model, where the development of enclaves of resorts was seen as more feasible and more quickly achievable than the infrastructural development of an entire island (Freitag 1994, 541). Sun, sand, and sea were exploited as natural resources to beckon international tourists as concrete barriers, gates and armed guards ensured a very active and purposeful division between the tourists on the inside and the surrounding community on the outside (Roessingh et. al. 2008, 27).

In the 1990s when multinational resort owners introduced the all-inclusive resort model, tourists had little reason to venture off-resort at all, creating a bubble (Cohen 1974) in which local entrepreneurs had difficulty accessing. In the 2000s, however, the all-inclusive resort model had little room to grow, calling for a tourism development plan that would diversify Puerto Plata so as to regain its competitive edge. The sun, sand and sea model had lost its novelty,

characterized by a style of travel leisure that is no longer unique to the Caribbean (Pattullo 2005). As Papsen (1979) suggests, growth of international tourism in an area is not to suggest the longevity of its success but should rather be interpreted in terms of the faddish tastes of tourists. Puerto Plata as a tourist destination is now one of the oldest in the Dominican Republic, and as a result of its aging infrastructure, the province is currently confronting inter-provincial competition for tourists with neighbouring provinces. The province of La Altagracia at the east of the island is a more recently established destination spot in comparison to Puerto Plata, which is located in the north. The former boasts pristine, white sandy beaches and luxury hotels surrounded by palm trees, the latter of which some expatriates in Puerto Plata contend were sent in from Puerto Plata, an attempt by Punta Cana of La Altagracia to generate the sense of paradise they believed to be inherent to Puerto Plata. Compared to the more polluted beaches and older infrastructure of Puerto Plata, Punta Cana of La Altagracia has become a preferred stopover travel destination for tourists. In order to remain competitive, the Dominican Republic Ministry of Tourism has resorted to heavily discounting vacation packages (Padilla and McElroy 2005, 357), but has also experienced a multitude of resort closures as a result of this competition.

Puerto Plata as a “more than beaches and hotels” destination – as was described by one of my participants – is a more recent promotional effort that is continuously being worked and reworked. More recently, promotional campaigns emerging out of the Dominican Republic’s MITUR attempt to instead capture the curiosity of the “adventurous” traveler interested in Puerto Plata’s “eco-tourism” opportunities and rich culture. Some of these opportunities include the newly built amphitheater, which hosts concerts and other artistic events, the *Casa de la Cultura*, a Victorian era building rebuilt in the early 1900s and which now hosts art exhibits and lectures, as well as the *Bartolo Colón* Stadium, where tourists can “watch and join the area’s youth

practicing all day and chasing their dream of becoming the next MLB sensation” (Dominican Republic Ministry of Tourism n.d.). Arriving in Amber Cove, Carnival Cruise passengers are told they have an opportunity to experience “the real Puerto Plata” through the many “approved” and “trusted” tour operators affiliated with Carnival. On these excursions, visitors are told they can venture beyond the port walls to learn more about the country’s coffee, cacao and rum production, explore the countryside and visit a “traditional” home and school, and enjoy the rich culture of Puerto Plata through its museums, all of which showcase Puerto Plata’s diversity, and is resonant in MITUR’s slogan, “Dominican Republic Has It All.”

Located in the Bay of Maimón, just west of Puerto Plata city, Amber Cove is the first cruise ship venture in the area since the last ship sailed away in the 1980s, a venture meant to reinvent and reinvigorate the tourism industry in Puerto Plata province, particularly in the city centre of San Felipe de Puerto Plata. An \$85 million port paid for and operated by Carnival Cruise Corporation, it is decorated throughout with a colonial and Victorian era backdrop that mirrors the architecture of the newly renovated *Plaza Independencia* in Puerto Plata city and the colonial historical district in the country’s capital, Santo Domingo (Kalosh 2015). Touting this new endeavour as a great opportunity for the city, former tourism director of the Dominican Republic Francisco Javier has said, “The construction of the cruise port at Amber Cove has been an incredible project for our entire country,” adding that “the new port will also give cruise passengers an opportunity to see another part of the Dominican Republic, our Amber Coast, which hasn’t been available as part of cruise itineraries in nearly 30 years. This is a very exciting development” (ibid.).

In my prior visits to Puerto Plata, in and around 2013, resort workers whom I had met on my previous travels were looking forward to the opportunities cruise ship tourism would bring

them. Many dreamed of working aboard a Carnival ship, maybe travelling the world, some hoped to open their own businesses, imagining the central plaza swarming with a buzz of activity, disembarked tourists free to wander and roam, an opportunity to engage with tourists in an un-surveilled, unmitigated kind of way, a kind of encounter they were prevented from exploring in their work in the resort industry.



Figure 1: The early days of construction of Amber Cove Cruise Terminal. Photo by author, 2015

The Landscape of Cruise Ship Tourism Literature

Scholarly interest in cruise ship tourism began to emerge as early as the mid 1980s, when anthropologist George M. Foster and his wife took a cruise in the South Pacific that would eventually inspire his article in the *Annals of Tourism Research* where he would detail with intrigue the “short-lived society” of passengers, but the equally intriguing length of tenure for the cruise ship workers (Foster 1986). Foster was most surprised by the apparent lack of interest in

cruise ship tourism as a viable research pursuit, particularly noting that “cruising and the cruise industry is a major frontier for tourism research” (1986, 217). More recent cruise ship tourism research has expanded on the points of interest he raises in his pioneering article, which ultimately draw attention to the intentional segregation practices between tourist and worker (particularly when off-work), ethnic-based labour recruitment and practices, and the circumvention of labour laws, taxes and maritime regulations.

“Following the tourists” (MacCannell 1976) has inspired research that explores “the diverse way in which globalizing forces are responded to in specific localities” (Crick 1994, 6), such as the “deterritorializing” (Davies 2013; McFarlane 2009) effect of cruise ships, where a destination can become increasingly disconnected from its history, and increasingly influenced by external market-driven forces (Zukin 1992). Cruise ships are often conceptualized as kinds of “floating theme parks,” (Showker and Sehlinger 1998, 222) or “floating resorts” (Wood 2000, 350), where the ship itself is the destination, like man-made islands that attempt to replace the “real thing.” In this way, cruise ships have often been conceptualized as extending out into ports of call themselves, exercising their economic power to pressure governments to amend laws so as to afford them greater exploitation of cruise ship workers (Klein 2002, Terry 2014), and modifying ports and the natural landscape into a kind of “fantascape” that mirrors the expectations or imaginary of passengers, detaching these spaces from their complicated realities and reproducing a kind of enclave development that has long been characteristic of the Caribbean region (Wood 2000, 360). For Sheridan and Teal (2006, 315), cruise ships are “isolated from the world,” yet this distance from any particular destination affords operators the opportunity to create a vacation experience they know their tourists want. For instance, in Ensenada, Baja California, Mexico, this has translated into “the tourist precinct,” an extension of

the ship executed by tourism business owners and the local municipality who undoubtedly recognize that “while the cruise product is dependent upon local places, it is not dependent upon any one specific location,” making these destinations highly interchangeable (ibid., 321). Rankin and Collins (2017, 231) go as far as to argue that cruise ship industry practices speak to its unboundedness, as the ship is a “connected and always de-territorializing assemblage,” not an enclosed entity, but one that can extend, connect and attach to every space with which it comes into contact. Similarly, Sheller (2009, 189) demonstrates the ways in which cruise ships reorganize conceptualizations of sovereignty and place in the Caribbean, noting that Caribbean islands are essentially “a series of places in motion ... stitched together by ... the to and fro of cruise ships.”

This deterritorialization of cruise ships has been explored particularly in terms of the paradoxical nature of the cruise ship tourism industry, whereby deregulation, deterritorialization and labour stratification contribute to the profitability of the industry. For instance, in order to evade accountability for environmental degradation, the provision of livable wages for cruise ship staff, and national labour laws, cruise liners such as Carnival Cruise Lines and Royal Caribbean Cruises employ a Flags of Convenience (FOC) system (Terry 2009, 5). The purpose of FOCs is so that ship owners from maritime powers can fly the flags of relatively poor countries who charge fewer fees for registering a ship with that country (Wood 2006, 400), and in order to circumvent labour laws, taxes, and maritime regulations that may be located within the home country (Wood 2000, 351). These FOCs are open registries that allow ship owners to sidestep responsibility for ensuring compliance is met for local as well as international regulations. The responsibility for observing such protocols are offloaded onto their “flag states,” whose regulations are often met with a lax attitude in terms of enforcement.

Labour laws protecting the rights of cruise ship workers are virtually non-existent in these contexts, and even where they do exist, the laws protecting these workers are often easily altered. For instance, when cruise liners realized that Panamanian law secured at least one day off a week for workers, they successfully lobbied for immunity from this regulation (Artini 2011, 351). The cruise ship industry can be defined as one with very few regulations whereby labour and capital seem to move freely across international borders and into international waters, which help to optimize profits for the industry. An example of the significance of Flags of Convenience to the profitability of the cruise ship industry is evidenced in *Selling the Sea*, a book written by former Carnival Corporation President Bob Dickinson, who states:

Many countries, including the United States, Norway, and Britain, have strict regulations concerning unionized labor which severely constrain the ability of a ship to staff with an optimal crew mix, and almost invariably create a higher labor cost than a free-market environment. So-called “flag-of-convenience” countries do not have these constraints ... Of course, ships registered in these flag-of-convenience nations pay lower wages and taxes on an aggregate basis than those registered in the United States ... But that makes it possible for them to offer cruises at a much lower cost than if their ships were registered in countries with restrictive hiring policies. And that’s one reason why American-headquartered cruise lines such as Royal Caribbean and Carnival choose not to operate under American flags (Dickinson and Vladimir 1997, 66-67).

The implications of the cruise ship industry beyond the boundedness of the vessel on international waters is further explored in scholarship concerned with the transformation of landscapes and ecosystems. For instance, Amy Diedrich (2010) discusses debates around Belize’s future as an ecotourism destination with cruise ship tourism more and more often entering the tourism discussion, creating tensions in the industry that call for attention to the potential implications, both environmentally and socio-economically. In her analysis, she discusses the unpublicized signing of a contract by the Belizean government to begin plans to build a \$50 million US Carnival Cruise Line port in Port Loyola, a contract which was

eventually leaked to the public in 2004 and which also sparked huge pushback from the ecotourism and stopover tourism sectors (ibid., 234). She similarly approaches the “cruise tourist” as Erik Cohen defines the “mass tourist,” whereby they are “the least adventurous and remain largely confined to his ‘environmental bubble’ throughout his trip. The itinerary of his trip is fixed in advance, and all the stops are well prepared and guided; he makes almost no decisions for himself and stays almost exclusively in the microenvironment of his home country” (Cohen 1972, 167).

Although the cruise ship could be conceptualized as a kind of “environmental bubble” (Jaakson 2004), a type of enclave resort (Weaver 2005), or its ports of call as “a world shaped so as to be largely an extension of the ship” (Sheridan and Teal 2006), the ecological threats posed by cruise travel is argued as being less contained. For instance, Johnson (2002) highlights the ecological destruction to marine ecosystems as a result of anchor damage, the illegal disposal of waste and other pollutants, as well as the dredging that accompanies the construction of these ports. Large cruise ships dispose of more than three times more carbon emissions than planes, trains and ferries combined produce in one week (Klein 2007). In response, cruise lines have often opted to deflect responsibility by adopting marketing strategies to afford tourists a chance at “last chance tourism” to endangered environments, such as Antarctica, the Great Barrier Reef, Tuvalu and Alaska. These “Eden before Man” voyages are essentially marketed as opportunities for tourists to explore endangered destinations before they disappear, as cruise providers ironically destroy what they profess to appreciate (Rankin and Collins 2017, 231; Tomaselli 2012). Patricia Rice’s (2007, 9) article similarly explores the ecological implications of cruise ship arrivals to the Galapagos, “islands that have been isolated for millions of years.” She asks, “[h]ow afraid should the scientific world be of mass tourism?” and “[w]hat would tell me that

allowing cruise ships to visit the Galapagos was a good or bad idea?” (ibid., 9-10) as she “follows the tourists” (MacCannell 1976) to uncover the ecological impacts of cruise ship tourism. She describes herself as “on guard for any visible impact the passengers may have had on the islands” (Rice 2007, 9). She describes her “off trail” explorations and coming across “several cigarette butts” and “graffiti at the Visitor’s Center,” the “swarms of foreign insects,” the “[considerable] ... trash left behind when the cruise ship left ... [and] even more human feet eroding fragile land” (ibid., 10), lamenting that “[w]e who care about animal and plant life hope the conservationists win this battle” (ibid., 11).

Although these conversations around socioeconomic disparities, labour exploitation, and environmental degradation are important conversations to be had, this dissertation will contribute to the cruise ship tourism scholarship by also recognizing how the industry – the cruise ships themselves as mobile objects, as well as the industry as an image of development, hope, and prosperity – generates something new, the kinds of affective intensities that existing cruise ship tourism literature has had the tendency to address as a kind of “placeholder concept” (Little 2020, 20), focusing instead on the industry’s “visible impacts” (Rice 2007, 9). The significance of these impacts should not be dismissed, and I have written this dissertation so as to address these impacts while also highlighting how the industry, and the tourism imaginary within which it is embedded, is constantly in motion, becoming and transforming, forces gathering, colliding, and intensifying as ships sail back and forth, kicking up new encounters, dreams, hopes, disappointments, and anxieties in their wake. To address this, the stories told here engage with a kind of “otherwise” (Povinelli 2011) of often unarticulated experiences that emerge during moments of tourism encounter within the paradisiacal Caribbean tourism imaginary, moments that need not be forceful, but are forces nonetheless, moments of affective intensity (Little 2014,

234). This departure from the classical approach of tourism studies to describe and classify will contribute to a broader understanding of the “not yet” (Spinoza 1959) in the cruise ship tourism experience, tracing the emergent, generative otherwise that unfolds as locals, tourists, expats, tourism workers and others encounter the cruise ship tourism frame on a daily basis.

Haunting, Conspiracy and the Precarity of Unworlding

The following chapters trace a sense of haunting, a kind of uncertainty, precarity, and unknowingness. This kind of sensing escapes our capacity to represent or encode a situation, an experience, an event. It is an overwhelming feeling that extends beyond our bodies, that exists in a field of experience that just doesn't seem to add up (Protevi 2018, 325). These senses often manifest in various ways as tourism workers navigate their disappointments, frustrations, anxieties, and hopes which emerge from and are fashioned upon the cruise ship tourism industry in Puerto Plata. Carlos speaks to me in hushed tones as he disparages Carnival and the false narratives he believes the conglomerate broadcasts to tourists aboard the ship. “Cruise ships are brainwashing,” he tells me. He can't be sure. He's not allowed to venture past the shop in which he works inside Amber Cove. But he has a feeling. The tourism industry he and his colleagues are swept up in is fast-paced. The heat weighs on the central plaza, heavy under the summer sun; the pace is frenetic, for some. Others are caught up in a more languid rhythm, interrupted, disrupted, and intercepted by CESTUR – the tourism security police – who circulate the tourist zone, keeping a watchful eye on “unsafe” encounters between local Dominicans and disembarked Carnival tourists. These rhythms of movement, stories, encounters, sensations and feelings are like “affective peaks” that agitate, punctuate, and cut through the everyday,

“common sense,” or normal, throwing us off balance, if even in barely perceptible ways (Knudsen and Stage 2018, 8). To trace these affective forces, this dissertation focuses on the gestures and movements of affected bodies, the “intense building of assemblages,” such as actions, tendencies, images and texts (ibid., 9), and the liveliness that emerges from stories, statements, or fleeting thoughts in an event-time that opens the present onto futures of immanent possibility (Blackman 2018, 28).

This dissertation traces the stories that emerge from the unstable and ever-changing tourism imaginary of a paradisiacal Caribbean frame into which Carnival Cruises sails. For locals onshore who work in the cruise tourism industry, encounters within this tourism frame generate a sense of haunting, of uncanny surveillance, of weighty mobilities immanent in the grind of the slow season, and of hope that regulates the uncertainty, a kind of hope that effervesces from the tourism frame but also trembles in the face of hurricanes, global pandemics, policing, politics, racism, and seemingly arbitrary disruptions of movement. These kinds of agitations and shocks to the day to day emerge from these stories, each unique and shaded in a slightly different way, like the indistinguishable colours of a Puerto Plata sunset, one colour bleeding into the next; some colours impossible to describe, there is no telling where one ends and another begins. Locating a sense of paranoia, distrust, conspiracy, yet enduring hope in the stories told here finds resonance in the Trujillo dictatorship of the 1930s. This dissertation turns to the “now” time (Benjamin 1969) – the opening of the present onto futures of immanent possibility, of nonlinear eventful flare – returning to the “past” not to find resemblance, but to trace the “what else,” the not-yet, a kind of “becoming-active [that] does not ignore inheritance” (Manning 2016, 217), but that creates new relational fields, modes of becoming, and with them, ways of knowing that are not yet encoded in measurable time (James 1996, 161). Each event is

affected by the ways other events have unfolded, have come to confluence, past tonalities folding into the present. This dissertation turns to the dictatorship as a kind of cut that activates “the conditions for a seriality in the making” (Manning 2016, 135). Instead of circumscribing events off from their potential by having an accounting of an event take the place of the agitations, the forces, the things that unfold beyond the ordering of the experience (ibid., 207), this dissertation traces the threads of now time that are more than just a recounting of the past or one’s experiences of the past. These threads are a time of abundance, openness, and immanent possibility, which sidestep the tendency to privilege a subject-centred study that attempts to cordon off an individual from a field of relations or an event (ibid., 193).

The regime, which lasted from 1930 until Trujillo’s assassination in 1961, oversaw and ordered the murder of political dissidents, the Haitian massacre and genocide of 1937, the alignment of God and Trujillo as one will and deity, and the surveillance of the citizenry in the form of spies and his “secret police force,” highlighting the ways in which stories, conspiracies, paranoias, racist tropes, and colonial and post-colonial paradigms within the tourism frame emerge to “conjure up the appearances of something that [is] absent” (Berger 1972, 10). Despite the regime having ended in the mid 20th century, these stories speak to its resonance, its lingering presence. This project weaves through the scatterings of the regime through the contemporary experiences of the tourism industry in Puerto Plata, highlighting how this sense of paranoia and conspiracy linger, angling the ways in which tourism workers experience, perceive, understand and tell stories of Carnival’s presence in Puerto Plata. This approach moves beyond the classical tourist-host dynamic and encounter (Nuñez 1989, 271), conjuring up, instead, those experiences that may not seem to be associated with life and work in the tourism industry at all. This creates a space in the tourism literature where these entanglements (Hodder 2012; Ingold 2008) can

emerge, where the forces of the tourism encounter generate intensities, where people and their surroundings interact in ways that can never quite be captured, always in a state of becoming, of not yet (Spinoza 1959), of transformation.

The excitement and anticipation of Amber Cove's inauguration was palpable as resort workers and those who saw potential in this new endeavour began to imagine a different kind of future. Their hopes were further bolstered by the narratives perpetuated by Ministry of Tourism officials such as Francisco Javier and Carnival Corp. itself. The latter projected 250,000 passengers within the first year of operations, estimating the creation of approximately 430 "local jobs" (Dominican Republic Ministry of Tourism, n.d.), conjuring up a sense that given the numbers of tourists expected to arrive in the first year of operations, how could everyone *not* get rich overnight? The ways in which these realities are grappled with by tour guides, expatriates, waitresses, souvenir salesmen, and those who lived and worked in Puerto Plata and just had something to say, are layered within this dissertation, kicking up the debris of anticipation, disappointments, unrealized hopes, frustrations and dreams that are entangled within the tourism imaginary of Puerto Plata as a Caribbean tourist destination, effervescing in the stories that speak to a kind of unworlding (Stewart 2012) – it is a sense that things are not what they could be and are always becoming, a perpetual kind of otherwise that gives the tourism frame its allure, that keeps them coming back, keeps them waiting, hoping, and willing. This dissertation unravels these layers to expose the otherwise of cruise ship tourism in Puerto Plata by addressing: How does the cruise ship tourism industry shape tourist-local interactions and the expectations, desires, confusions and disappointments on which these relationships are fashioned? How do locals frame, understand and experience these new kinds of encounters given the shift from enclave resort tourism to cruise ship tourism?

A Haunted Paradise

The production of tourism destinations in the Caribbean as pristine, sandy, tropical paradises through various development projects and promotional techniques is widely documented in the tourism literature (Freitag 1994; Padilla and McElroy 2005; Pattullo 2005; Roessingh et. al. 2008). As well, the implications of tourism development projects on “host” communities, in terms of ecological disruption, socioeconomic implications, and encounters with visitors, has also been well-explored (Smith 1989; Urry 1990, 1999; Wood 2000, 2004; Clancy 2008; Terry 2009). Tourism literature that pursues this channel of thought tends to disparage tourism and the dependence it creates in developing nations. This mode of thought approaches tourism from a position of moral superiority, critiquing the ways in which tourism ventures have failed, who they have failed, and why (Betances and Spalding Jr. 1995; Padilla and McElroy 2005; Gregory 2007; Padilla 2007). While these explorations are valuable in better understanding the context and historicities from which these phenomena emerge and play out in particular tourism frames, such scholarship relies on the dominant narratives and dualisms that emerged during the genesis of tourism studies as an area of inquiry (see Smith 1989).

Instead of following this scholarship in an attempt to illustrate how cruise ship tourism in Puerto Plata has adversely (or not) affected the local community, this dissertation will eschew the tendency to track this dialectic logic and will instead explore how the stories and experiences of my participants contribute to “the adding to, not the adding up” of the cruise ship tourism experience in Puerto Plata (Little 2014, 11). This work takes on and writes through a non-representational theory approach (Vannini 2012; D’Hauteserre 2015; Ness 2016; Tucker and Shelton 2018) as opposed to one in which dialectical relationships and chronological accounts

guide an exploration of tourism phenomena (Urry 1990; Rojek and Urry 1997; Gregory 2007; Salazar 2010; Scott and Selwyn 2010; Frohlick 2016). The latter, in effect, constrains the ways in which we can trace, think through, and write about stories that move, that leave us hanging; the kinds of stories that don't trace back to any single referent in particular, but are instead always becoming, folding and unfolding to generate intensities that are unconscious and unstructured (Crouch and Desforges 2003, 9). Exploring these accounts and experiences in this way veers away from the pre-established, and still largely adhered to, comforts of writing within a tourism framework – the host-guest dualisms (Dowling 2006), the encounters that remain bound to transactional relationships (Simoni 2016), which leave wanting the ways in which the push and pull of forces within the tourism frame create a kind of “otherwise” (Povinelli 2011, 6-11).

This project draws on Gordon's (1997) use of haunting to conjure up the kinds of sensations, experiences, nightmares, dreams, and anxieties attached to the cruise ship tourism industry in Puerto Plata. As Little (2014, 15) notes, “[c]onjuring inspires new ways of telling stories beyond the strictures of the master narratives of modern economic rationality, progress, and growth or of its critique,” leaving space for unworldings to emerge – when the “routines, gestures, and surfaces of everyday life don't necessarily come together in a linear, cumulative fashion, but get associated, sensed, and fall apart, as with the ‘hard precarity of unworlding’” (Allison n.d.; Stewart 2012, 520), throwing together past horrors, present misgivings, and future hopes. The attempt here is not to supersede or discount the significance and implications of a multibillion dollar a year industry on tourist destinations such as Puerto Plata where the lived realities of those such as tourism workers are precarious. A popular tourist destination since the 1980s, Puerto Plata has experienced a multitude of struggles, shifts, adjustments, and sacrifices

since the province first began pursuing tourism development. As such, attention must be paid to these experiences and their various configurations.

“Haunting,” however, is used here as a way to speak through the ways in which power makes itself felt, makes itself known, aside from, but in conjunction with, the more representational manifestations of precarity in the tourism industry found in much of the tourism literature. Despite abusive systems of power being relegated as a thing of the past, Gordon (1997, xvi) invites us to imagine haunting as different from exploitation, trauma, or oppression, and to think through this concept instead as “an animated state in which a repressed or unresolved social violence is making itself known, sometimes directly, sometimes obliquely.” Unlike trauma or a sense of oppression, haunting, Gordon argues, produces a “something-to-be-done” quality, reminding us that the past is not where we left it; it surrounds us, bubbling up in unexpected ways, making itself known in the rattling of ghostly chains, a brush on the back of the neck, a nightmare, a weighty presence that generates a sense of being watched. As such, exploring the stories and experiences told here through haunting adds to, and does not detract from, the importance of recognizing historical and contemporary socioeconomic and political consequences of the tourism industry. It is a way to explore subjective experience without disconnecting them from the political economy (ibid., xvii), but doing so in a way that “conjure[s] up the appearances of something that [is] absent” (Berger 1972, 10), throwing into stark relief the structures of power that reach across time and space to make themselves known in the present.

As I sit across from Carlos in the *heladería* in *Plaza Independencia*, he leans in and whispers that “cruise ships are brainwashing”; Melvin tells me how tour guides have conspired to throw him in jail because “[they] are the real tour guides”; I have heard of voluntourists

smothering small countryside towns with “help” because they know the Dominican government is “corrupt”; I have seen pothole-ridden roads yet to be paved, the anticipation for something to be done about it builds, the image of construction equipment agitates, excites. These stories kick up the scattering of things that have yet to be assigned any kind of real meaning or representation in the world. This invites us to imagine these kinds of disjointed, disconnected disruptions to master narratives as an accumulation of stories that “point to a forgotten something,” never a “one-to-one kind of symbol” but rather an angling of our position so as to catch a glimmer of what that “something” could be (Lepselter 2016, 18). In the same way the stories and encounters in this dissertation are told and written about through a sense of haunting, Lepselter writes of the uncanny – uncanny stories, histories, happenings, coincidences, encounters, and experiences – which does not always get articulated in succinct, coherent, sequential or encoded ways, arguing that if lucid, logical stories of historical trauma “[made] it up for air,” they would no longer have the power to haunt (ibid., 19). The uncanny here resembles the unarticulated half-thoughts, the “unspoken originals” (ibid.) that are not suspended above the everyday, but are instead entangled within it, emerging from the stories and experiences that expose more than a kind of relational logic, but rather expose the “something more” (Stewart 1996, 5-6).

Affective Resonances

To accomplish this kind of exploration of the “otherwise” (Povinelli 2011, 6-11), this “something more” (Stewart 1996, 5-6), this “feeling that anything can happen” (Frohlick and Zamora 2020, 276) in the cruise ship tourism industry in Puerto Plata, this dissertation “[brings] forth ghosted bodies and the traumatized remains of erased histories” (Clough and Halley 2007,

3), tracing a “nonlinear complexity” whereby encounters and conversations have not yet already been encoded with some category, sign, or representation (Massumi 2002, 25). According to Massumi (ibid.), these complexities are of a “never-to-be-conscious automatic remainder,” a kind of unconscious intensity that distinguishes itself from that of emotion, which can be identified as feelings that emerge discursively, as pre-assigned, already encoded representations. As a kind of web of relations, Spinoza’s (1959, 87) frequently cited quotation where he asserts that “[n]o one has yet determined what the body can do” aptly traces affect as escaping distinctions, firm representation and categorization, as well as offering a resemblance between the power to affect and the power to be affected, but leaving open the arrangements these could take. Instead, the “not yet” of understanding the body and “its force relations” is ongoing, where it is this very “not yet” knowing of affect, something that can never be captured but instead drives an intensity toward other encounters, that can be imagined as folding into the multitude of iterations that can be considered theories of affect (Gregg and Seigworth 2010, 3).

Gregg and Seigworth (2010, 6) suggest that the moment in which an interest in affect and theories of affect began to circulate more widely was in 1995 after the publication of Eve Sedgwick and Adam Frank’s “Shame in the Cybernetic Fold” and Brian Massumi’s “The Autonomy of Affect,” where conversations around the centrality of cognition and considerations around the significance of structuralism and poststructuralism, combined with that of expression and stylistics, showcased affect as both “force and form.” This position on the turn to affect is a contentious one, such as Clough and Halley’s (2007) suggestion that anthropologists of emotion in the 1970s and 1980s demonstrated the capacity for emotions to “stick,” whereby anthropologists to follow demonstrated the ways in which feelings and sensations could be only traced, evading capture, ever-changing and constantly in motion.

In response to the idea that affect emerged as a “timely research topic,” Anu Koivunen notes the long history of interest in affect in feminist criticism, and “the conceptual links between woman, body and emotion ... [as] a recurrent issue” (Koivunen 2001, 1). Although the debate over the distinction between emotion and affect is a tempting endeavour, scholars such as Sara Ahmed (2014, 6) challenge these distinctions, suggesting instead a less polarized approach to the study of both affect and emotion, suggesting that the distinction between sensation and emotion is merely an analytic one which is “premised on the reification of a concept.” She challenges the idea that affect and emotion are distinct and defined against each other, making clear she did not choose emotion or affect deliberately, but rather found her work emerging through existing work on emotion (ibid., 226). For her, emotions help in exposing how we are affected in one way or another, but also, how those experiences come to be “agreed as shared perceptions” (ibid.). Challenging this intellectual separation between affect and emotion, Ahmed (ibid., 210) suggests the usefulness in thinking of the word “separate” as a verb instead of as a noun, as “separate elements when they are not separate, even if they are separable.” She provides a useful example of the act of separating the yolk of an egg from the egg white as analogous to the act of separating affect from emotion; the two parts can be separated, because they are in fact not already separate. However, we do in fact sometimes separate elements because doing so gives us the opportunity to do things we might not otherwise be able to do. I have similarly approached this dissertation in this way – encountering, drawing out, waiting in, surrounded by, and folding through various affective intensities, emotions, sensations and feelings. I trace the ways in which these things “stick” together as I approach them from various angles, having found that the stories and experiences shared in these chapters were “in conversation with other work on”

affect, while also acknowledging emotion as “a matter of how we come into contact with objects and others (ibid., 226).

This dissertation, however, is not only informed by theories of affect, but attempts to engage in a mode of writing affect; an effort that seeks to push through the summarizations and sterile descriptions where the intention is to reproduce a world reflected onto a page. The fieldwork experience folds into the writing, as “writing itself is an affect-laden process: driven by interest and desire, subject to frustration and misery as well as productive joy and excitement” (Gibbs 2015, 223). This work is not only informed by affective intensities but is inspired by them through the descriptions that “make demands on visceral imaginaries and the sensoria” (Stewart 2017, 197), a kind of engagement with the *mezzo*, which explores the middle of things, things that linger and vibrate (Stengers et. al. 2009), like the always-between-things kind of quality of a rhizome (Deleuze and Guattari 2004, 25). Affect can be studied beyond the more obvious political gatherings, the uproars, the visual cues and triggers that let us know *something* is happening, something worth tracing. But it is within the “interstices – in the gaps, creaks, and crevices not entirely smothered by the bombastic politics at play” where forms of sociality shimmer (Navaro 2017, 211). The stories and experiences below are told in such a way so as to trace these interstices as best as possible, stopping short, tracing back, disappearing and lingering in ways that are meant to think twice about “the quick jump to representational thinking and evaluative critique long enough” to follow “some of the intensity and texture that makes them habitable and animate” (Stewart 2007, 5). Informing this research through affect helps the stories and experiences told here expose the kinds of power relations that manifest in ways that become knowable through affect itself, where “ordinary affects” (ibid.) of everyday life shimmer in unique ways, depending on the angle from which one approaches them.

In tourism studies, affect has been taken up in ways so as to trace the interstices of a “tropical dreamworld” (Little 2020, 56), the affective forces that become almost tangible, emanating from the possibilities, the potentialities, of tourism as a panacea for socioeconomic inequality (Frohlick and Zamora 2020, 270). These possibilities emerge as “a feeling of hope for a better future ... under conditions of economic precarity and social malaise,” moments of encounter becoming a kind of trajectory that “merges not only the subjectivity of those who travel through a milieu, but also with the subjectivity of the milieu itself, insofar as it is reflected in those who travel through it” (Deleuze 1997, 61). The potentialities of “a future” that tourism could afford becomes embodied through “the development life” (Vandegrift 2009), the transformation of an area to accommodate tourists whereby people are displaced, service industries proliferate, and local residents are replaced by development projects aimed at feeding into tourism. These tourism spaces are immanent, rife with “a palpable register of senses of something happening and of the possibility that something ‘else’ will happen” (Gregg and Seigworth 2010, 9).

These affective registers of possibility, hope, of “something else” (ibid.) create a kind of energy, a force that pushes folks along. Emergent futures become entangled within “a feeling that anything can happen” (Frohlick and Zamora 2020, 276). In a precarious global industry that can introduce, perpetuate, and claim to solve structural inequalities, hunger is a kind of intensity that “[emanates] from these disparities through the bodies and body capacities of North American/European tourists and [locals]” (ibid.), a kind of affective force that vibrates, tingling with anticipation, hope, promise and possibility. Tourists are hungry for that “tropical dreamworld” (Frohlick and Zamora 2020, 262; Little 2020, 56), locals are hungry to just “make

life work out.”² The tourism milieus in which encounters between tourists and locals can occur are never certain, never actually pre-arranged, predictable, or foreseeable. These uncertainties kick up the sense that “something” could happen, the kinds of immanent forces of tourism that are implicated in the “eventfulness” of tourist encounters within a “a milieu of contact sensations,” generating emergent events that fold through and emanate out of affective and affecting bodies (Little 2020, 64).

Scholars such as Kempadoo (2004) have traced the historical underpinnings of the economic dependencies and the making of tourist paradises that mark many Caribbean travel destinations, including the Dominican Republic (Itzigsohn 2000; Brennan 2004; Pattullo 2005; Gregory 2007; León 2007; Cabezas 2011). These systems of power continue to exist as social relations implicated within the fabric of the tourism industry. However, following Stewart’s (2007, 1) call for anthropology to adopt approaches of viscera, sense and sensation, the terms, representations and categorizations that have traditionally been used to explore these systems, such as “dependency,” “neoliberalism,” “globalization,” as well as dualisms of “host” and “guest,” “do not in themselves begin to describe the situation we find ourselves in” (ibid.). As such, tourism scholars engaging with affect have begun to explore affective forces of tourism economies that trace these asymmetrical systems of power in all their “eventfulness” (Little 2020, 64), diverting away from the tendency to follow the same encodings, representations and categorizations that make for a kind of quick identification and analysis by *naming* exactly what it is that might be “the problem.” Instead, tourism studies scholars have begun to engage with the ongoing potentialities of *becoming* and *emergence* entangled in social phenomena and

² In conversation with José Natalio Redondo in Chapter 3, pages 166-167, he similarly addresses Frohlick and Zamora’s (2020, 262) point of always, in some way or another, being able to find food, whether that looks like “going to a neighbor’s house, or hustling, to find ways to eat ... there was always someone to feed you something to be found.”

landscapes that effervesce and unfold in unpredictable ways and that have typically been conceptually constrained by fixed dialectal systems of knowing (Saldanha 2007; Crouch 2010; Maksymowicz 2018). Failing to engage in the “eventfulness,” these approaches to fieldwork can feel “stripped of the dense and deeply mortal flesh of life” (Pandian and McLean 2017, 4), constraining and constricting the potentialities to sit in a moment of perplexity, to feel content with discontent, comfortable in discomfort, where affective registers of palpable sensations of *something* swirl, circulate, pulsate.

The Tourism Imaginary: “Dominican Republic Has It All”

In Puerto Plata, the tourism frame is set against a background of not only paradise, but of “adventure” and rich “culture,” features that tourism officials, politicians, and local Puertoplateños argue set Puerto Plata apart from its competitor to the east in Punta Cana, which they claim is “all jungle,” having seen its first resort as early as 1978 “when a group of American investors ... took the risk of investing in a 30 square miles [sic] of undeveloped jungle with no access roads at all [sic]” (DominicanRepublic.com, n.d.). Today, Punta Cana has grown to become one of the most popular tourist destinations in the Dominican Republic (ibid., n.d.). “Are you willing to become Eve or Adam in this Eden?” a promotional website for travel to Punta Cana asks (ibid., n.d.). “Go ahead, open your eyes and take a walk through paradise ... the foam of the turquoise waters rests on the sand of the beach, a sand so white that it is difficult to believe that it is authentic” (ibid., n.d.).

In its incubation period in the 1980s, Puerto Plata was promoted as a tropical paradise of Caribbean sun, sandy white beaches, and a pristinely shimmering sea. Today, adjusting to

changing tourist preferences, imaginaries, as well as needing to stand apart from a saturated and no longer unique all-inclusive resort model, Puerto Plata is promoted as offering “so much more,” now providing tourists with “ecotourism” and “adventure” experiences. José Natalio, former President of Cluster and current President of Ashonorte³, suggests he and his colleagues have been working to teach producers (such as excursion companies, retail stores, and restaurants) how to create a tourist product, which should aim to satiate whatever tourists’ desires are at the time.

Moments of tourism encounter – with tourists, objects, ideas, discourses, memories, dreams – unfold in a space that has been fashioned around tourism, an industry that has grabbed on to the international tourism imaginary of the laid-back, relaxed, tropical Caribbean paradise of Puerto Plata. The framing of Puerto Plata as a culturally rich and unique travel destination, one that boasts “adventure” opportunities on account of its natural resources, emerges from government narratives and media advertisements promoted by the Dominican Ministry of Tourism. The promotion of Puerto Plata as a travel destination that boasts “adventure,” unspoilt culture, and the modernization infrastructure guaranteed to make guests feel comfortable and safe indexes the very disruptions, shocks, vibrations, and collisions that they are meant to soften. This imaginary is at constant risk of crumbling as it fashions itself as a vibrant, seductive, alluring Caribbean getaway, attempting to keep at bay the niggling disappointments, the frustrations, the anxieties that push up against the margins of a paradise that always feels unfinished. Like the yearly hurricanes that threaten the very infrastructure that prop up this imaginary, there is a haunting sense that at any moment it could all crumble, but there is also a

³ These tourism agencies were established to promote tourism in Puerto Plata as well as respond to the region’s declining tourist arrivals in the early 2000s. Cluster and Ashonorte are discussed in more detail on pages 166, 184-187.

sense that it could all be something other than this, a kind of refashioning of and hope for the future (Scott 1999).

The concept of the “imaginary” did not originally emerge from anthropology but from the fields of psychoanalysis, philosophy, and social theory. For instance, for Castoriadis (1987), the social imaginary was one that represented the ethos of a group, unifying the core beliefs and ideas of a society, but most importantly, signifying a bounded society with shared fundamental ideas, an approach to the discipline that has long been dismissed by anthropologists. In contrast, Anderson’s (1983, 65) concept of “imagined communities” did not bound groups, creating clear divisions between where one group ends and another begins, but understood the imagined community nevertheless as a kind of framework for “a new consciousness.” Deviating from the tendency to conceive of the imaginary as a kind of invention creation, Lacan (2001) follows a tradition truer of a Marxian or Freudian one, approaching the imaginary as a kind of illusion or fantasy motivated by psychological need.

As an invisible phenomenon, a kind of “shared mental life” (Strauss 2006, 322), imaginaries are implicated within the processes of the tourism encounter, materializing in the moments of impact that churn up their effects (Leite 2014, 262). The task of exploring tourism imaginaries in tourism contexts, then, would seem to be an inherently sociocultural anthropological endeavour, one that requires a holistic approach and attention to the vibrancy of the human experience (ibid., 265). This dissertation follows the trajectory in tourism scholarship to explore tourism imaginaries not so much in a way so as to expose it, identifying systems of power and inequalities that these spaces produce and reproduce, but to instead trace the “tourism imaginary in the making” (Little 2014, 226). Exploring tourism imaginaries in this way follows a kind of “emergent imaginary” (ibid., 238), sidestepping tendencies to capture and represent.

Instead, this research traces the “unfolding [moments] in which countless things are being actively generated as fugitive, shifting, indiscriminate, unsteady, and unfinished” (Stewart 2007, 1-2). This dissertation traces the “clutter of travel” (Little 2014, 226), the clutter that gathers in the tourism frame of Puerto Plata, a space where the scatterings of souvenirs, ambitions, memories, seductions, hopes, dreams, nightmares, anxieties and disappointments collect within a tourism imaginary of a Caribbean paradise that tries to hold its shape despite them.

By approaching the tourism imaginary in this way, this dissertation explores the contingencies and textures of otherwise that emerge within the tourism frame, blasting apart, yet dwelling within, a tourism imaginary of Puerto Plata as a paradisiacal Caribbean getaway, where the smiles are contagious and the way of life refreshingly simplistic. The tourism imaginary in Puerto Plata is constantly in a state of becoming, producing and reproducing ideas about what tourism in Puerto Plata looks, feels, smells, tastes, and sounds like. Encounters within this frame resemble affective charges that work and rework these imaginaries, generating intensities, memories, stories, sensations, and feelings that bubble up in the stories and experiences told here, giving that which was assumed to be in the past “a continual motion of relation, contingency, and emergent potential” (Little 2014, 227).

The Tourism Encounter as Methodology

Hosts and Guests (1989) is a seminal work in the Anthropology of Tourism in that it lays the groundwork upon which tourism scholars will begin to build on and refashion the concept of “encounters” in tourism research. The common thread that ties the various contributions together in this publication is the idea of differential impacts of tourism (tourists) on destination cultures

(hosts) with a concern around how these shifts, changes and impacts are perceived and experienced by “host” communities. Similarly, there is a tendency to conceptualize interactions between hosts and guests in a sort of here/there, home/away dialectical opposition whereby guests are perceived as on a kind of “pilgrimage” (Graburn 1989, 21-36) and hosts at the periphery are subjected to the inequalities of tourism as “imperialism” (Nash 1989, 37-52). This approach to tourism encounters has had the tendency of prioritizing the marginality of hosts and the impact of these encounters on cultural change. Nuñez (1986, 265-275) echoes MacCannell’s examination of Erving Goffman’s “dramaturgical” studies, suggesting that tourists and hosts are “almost always on stage” when they meet in face-to-face encounters, having prepared for whichever role they might be embodying in that interaction. Neither questions about what it means to be a tourist nor the impacts of tourism itself contains the whole truth, just as there is no single anthropological theory of tourism (Lett 1989, 278). For these early approaches to tourism studies, the tourist-host encounter was in large part studied as a face-to-face encounter, albeit mediated through the images and assumptions about the other (Pi-Sunyer 1989, 189). In fact, Nuñez, in the last chapter of *Hosts and Guests*, goes as far as to suggest that “the nature of the interaction between hosts and tourists ... is almost always an instrumental one, rarely colored by affective ties, and almost always marked by degrees of social distance and stereotyping that would not exist amongst neighbors, peers, or fellow countrymen” (Nuñez 1989, 271).

Although the social, political, economic and cultural impacts of the tourist encounter in this way continue to be an important area of study, the methodology taken here extends beyond simply the “good” or the “bad” of tourism encounters, or the signs and symbols of the space of encounter that can be “read” or interpreted by the tourist, local, or anthropologist alike (MacCannell 1989, Urry 1990). While the tourist gaze (Urry 1990, 1999) was a useful place to

start to explore tourist interpretations and experiences of the tourism encounter, this approach continued to rely on the interpretation of contextualized signs, overlooking the nuances that take place in the process of “making sense” (Crouch et. al. 2001, 264) of a space that has nothing “given” about it (Clifford 1997, 54). For instance, Veijola and Jokinen (1994) suggest that vacations often involve more than this, pointing to the movements and experiences of the body beyond the gaze or the interpretations of what we “see” in arguing for a more comprehensive understanding of the body in these contexts. Similarly, Tim Edensor’s (1998) analysis of “performance” in the tourism encounter draws attention to how the body is implicated within a touristic space, such as through the channels that direct and produce certain kinds of movements and the kinds of power involved in “directing” this movement.

Building upon, yet also deviating from, Bruner’s call to imagine the tourist encounter as a kind of “touristic border zone” (Bruner 2005, 18) that witnesses a coproduction of cultural imaginary between locals and tourists, this dissertation conceives of the “eventfulness” of tourist encounters (Little 2014). These encounters – beyond a kind of cultural coproduction – are immanent, generating affective intensities that get fashioned and refashioned through unexpected, unpredictable and sometimes unintentional interactions (Little 2020, 64). This dissertation then imagines the tourism encounter as one of becoming (Little 2010, 3-5) or “in process” (Coleman and Crang 2002), approaching encounters instead as fluid, unsteady, and surprising, problematizing the tendency to conceive of encounters as existing only within pre-existing categories and conceptualizations of power, as within the “official structures and well-worn paths” (Graburn 2016, ix; Simoni 2016) that often mark much of the tourism scholarship on encounters. This opens up a space to explore the kinds of interactions that “lie beyond the conscious and the structured (Crouch & Desforges 2003, 9), whereby sensation, mood and affect

can be used to inform analyses of tourism encounters while sidestepping the tendency to ascribe linear narratives of representation (Girman 2012) and an “overwhelming static thinking” that “closes something off as finished” without an exploration of “the-not-yet-become” (Bloch 1986, 6). I approach unfinishedness in this dissertation as an interweaving of assemblages of an “intensity [that] would seem to be associated with non-linear processes: resonance and feedback that momentarily suspend the linear progress of the narrative present from past to future” (Massumi 2002, 25-26). These intensities conjured up in a moment of encounter can produce an electrifying “spark of hope” that, too, connects the past to the future in a moment of “now” time (Benjamin 1969), picking up on the scattered moments of the past that have gathered in the present. By blasting apart elements of the past whereby time is perceived to be linear, continuous, and ever-forward, those elements of the past get picked up, take on new meanings in the present and generate new futures for the past, exposing a space within which a different kind of future can emerge.

This dissertation is written in such a way so as to conjure up the feeling of the historical. This is not a feeling of measured time, like assigning the smell of leaves to October, where one might think, “Oh, here we are again – it’s October” (Manning 2016, 65), or assigning encounters in the cruise ship tourism industry an explicit kind of resemblance to the dictatorship of the past. Time is experienced as duration, each event influenced by others, coming together to coalesce, piling, imbricating, and continuing to affect one another. This kind of non-sensuous perception, whereby past inflections are folded into present events (Whitehead 1978), does not mean that the past fits into what unfolds in the present. Instead, it means that the inflections of the past contribute to how the current event unfolds (Manning 2016, 133). It is not “back-traceable” to something that could be easily defined and coded as in “the past” fully formed (ibid. 134). What

Nietzsche refers to as the eternal return of the same is not a return to what “it is,” but rather of “what else.” What returns is not metric time, but the feeling of time, the feeling of something else unfolding (ibid. 213).

The effects of cruise ships in Puerto Plata are part of this “serial process,” ecological in nature instead of directional, like weather patterns, where their beginnings and ends are at times difficult to discern (ibid. 84), their effects distributed. The cruise ships in Puerto Plata are part of a metamorphosis, they are not a metaphor of the past. They are a part of what Deleuze and Guattari (1986, 18) would refer to as “collective assemblages of enunciation,” which are experienced intensely, but not necessarily reduced to a single referent in time or space. The spaces in which these events unfold are conceptualized as part of this processual force; a relational milieu, a field of experience that is constantly in motion, that opens up possibilities for different kinds of encounters and fold into it the surrounding environment. These spaces are not conceptualized as particular sites as such, but areas or environments that “include even as [they] create,” that are a part of the tourism ecology that is in a continuous state of becoming, a kind of “world in the making” (Manning 2016, 132).

This dissertation turns to the dictatorship not as a single point in time that resembles the present, for, as Manning (2016, 135) suggests, “persistence is never persistence of the same.” Instead, the dictatorship is weaved through this dissertation to highlight the conditions for the becoming of continuity, tracing otherwise imperceptible – or easily dismissed – stories of life and the cruise ship tourism industry in Puerto Plata. The dictatorship is understood here as an historical event that is not bounded by the externally situated individuals who may have experienced it first-hand. Rather, the dictatorship emerges in this dissertation to demonstrate its potential beyond the event itself; its resonances, the forces that are being recharacterized at a

particular moment in time. Like the hurricane season in Puerto Plata that comes and goes every year and with varying degrees of intensity, the beginnings and ends of these weather patterns difficult to ascertain, the events that emerge from the dictatorship activate generative forces that resonate across time, with an individual not needing to have been there to feel its distributed effects. It is “infinitely multiciplitous” (ibid., 65), a processual force, part of a larger ecology in which the cruise ship tourism industry is a part.

Tourism as an industry is ubiquitous in Puerto Plata, spilling out into the Atlantic like the ocean waves that coax the Carnival ships to shore. One need not be formally employed in the tourism industry – either as a waiter, a tour guide, a bus or taxi driver, to name a few – to feel the touristic buzz in the air. The tourism encounter is immanent, folding into the everyday lives of those whose stories fill these pages. This dissertation considers how encounters⁴ with and within the tourism frame set in motion the kinds of blasted scatterings of the past that gather in fragments, only to be picked up and imagined as different kinds of futures, as hopeful potentialities. I draw on “weak theory” as opposed to “strong” theory (Sedgwick 1997; Stewart 2008) in exploring the kinds of experiences shared by participants that add to rather than add up (Ivy 1995, 21; Stewart 2008). Weak theory follows the things it encounters instead of sticking to its own way of thinking, tracing those things that just don’t add up, tracking things and events as forces, as lively assemblages, to see what else they might do (Stewart 2008, 72). This sidesteps any attempts at getting the representation “right,” and instead asks where things might take us, and “what modes of knowing, relating, and attending to things are already somehow present in

⁴ I am cognizant in this dissertation of distinguishing between “tourist encounters” and that of “tourism encounters,” more generally. My intention is to maintain a space in the analysis of this research to be able to appreciate “tourism [as] a productive system that fuses discourse, materiality, and practice” (Franklin and Crang 2001, 17), which in the context of the cruise ship industry in Puerto Plata lends itself better to the use of the term “tourism encounter.”

them as a potential or resonance” (ibid., 73). In conducting fieldwork, I attempted to trace those moments where stories, bodies, things and atmospheres collided, generating that something that ended up slipping through my fingers as I moved quickly to write it all down, to imprint the moment in my memory. There are no “quick and easy” accounts that could trace the “dense and deeply mortal flesh of life” (Pandian and McLean 2017, 4). It is in this spirit that I attempt to tell the stories here in a way that resembles the very atmosphere of the moment in which it loomed above – a looming that gave a sense of something happening.

In the tourism frame in Puerto Plata, tourism encounters “[fuse] discourse, materiality, and practice” (Franklin and Crang 2001, 17). In these spaces, encounters are felt in a way that affects, lending not a rational explanation for the things participants believe to be true, but a sense that what they feel *could* be true. There is a sense that “something [is] building up” (Lepselter 2016, 2), and this sense is emergent in the arresting images that generate stories that attempt to make sense of it all, a singular, recognizable moment of impact, of shock, that generates affective intensities emergent in tourist encounters (Little 2014, 234). This dissertation is also inspired by what Massumi (2002, 13) refers to as “affirmative augmentation,” tracing these moments of energetically electrifying encounters that move beyond evaluation and rational conclusions by also considering the “appearances of something that [is] absent” (Berger 1972, 10), absences that produce just as much of an impact, a shock, a surge during moments of encounter in the tourism frame in Puerto Plata.

“Cruise ships are brainwashing,” I am told, as the arresting image of empty, tourist-less storefronts agitates a sense of paranoia and conspiracy. “They promise many things.” A cluster of political promises gather in the gaping holes in the roads that they promised would have been paved over by now. Further proof that the government is corrupt. “They say everything is

destroyed here.” The “American media” is said to circulate misinformation of devastation in Puerto Plata as Hurricane Maria slowly dissipates on the Atlantic. *Everything is fine here*, but Amber Cove sits empty. Carnival detours to other Caribbean islands, leaving Amber Cove and the “devastation” in Puerto Plata in its wake.

Locating the Field

For the duration of fieldwork, I spent most of my time in San Felipe de Puerto Plata, most commonly referred to by Dominicans, tourists, and travel providers alike as “Puerto Plata.” During this time, I observed, briefly chatted in passing, conducted interviews, dined with new friends and participants, passed the time in *Plaza Independencia*, or tagged along on the walking tours led by city guides of *Asociación de Guías Turísticos de Puerto Plata*. Before arriving to the field in May 2017, however, the areas in which I wanted to spend the most time were unclear. As Amber Cove had only recently begun operations in October 2015, I was unsure as to how the city would transform between the time of its inauguration and the point of my arrival. As such, I decided to “wait and see,” arriving to the field with the general sense that Maimón – the area in which Amber Cove sprawls along the shore – would be the focus of much of my attention and time. I was also hoping to obtain authorization or permission from someone who might hold the keys to the front gate of Amber Cove – so to speak – so I might get a look inside the first cruise ship port Puerto Plata had seen since the 1980s. I didn’t have an idea of how this might happen – as I had been forewarned this would not be easy – but I knew I wanted to get a better sense of the kinds of encounters taking place “in there,” to fill out the stories I had heard during my visit to Puerto Plata in 2013, stories that had shrouded Amber Cove under a cloud of uncertainty,

unknowingness, excitement and anticipation when rumours of its construction and the opportunities it would afford Puertoplateños folded into many conversations.

Before arriving to Puerto Plata, I found myself an apartment to rent in what turned out to be a largely expatriate community in Costambar, a small “gated community”⁵ situated about a 20-minute *motoconcho* ride west of the heart of Puerto Plata. The owner is an Italian man in his 30’s who travels back and forth from Italy to Puerto Plata where his Dominican wife continues to live and go to school. There were some Puertoplateños who resided in the complex, as well, who often owned shops at the front of the “gated community,” shops which often closed or adjusted their hours during the summer season when the majority of the residents of Costambar would go “back home to Canada or wherever they from,” as I would hear. Although located closer to Amber Cove itself,⁶ which was my intention in choosing this particular apartment, I quickly learned that being closer to the port was less important than being in the city centre itself. This proved to be especially true as I had encountered resistance from Carnival officials to my attempts to gain access into Amber Cove. It had been my intention to find an apartment closer to Amber Cove so as to make the commute there on a regular basis a quicker one. The resistance I encountered, however, told me I would have to look elsewhere for something that resembled a kind of “fieldsite.”⁷

5 According to the Asociación de Propietarios en Costambar website, “The APC employs over 10 Uniformed and Trained Security Guards to protect all residents of Costambar. Costambar Uniformed Security never sleeps! The APC maintains a uniformed security force that protects the project 24 hours a day and 365 days a year! The APC Security stops any *suspicious* looking characters, inspect cars or trucks that raise suspicion, and stop people that have ‘no business’ in Costambar” (APC n.d.; italics mine).

⁶ See page vi, Image 1, for Satellite Image of Sites in Puerto Plata.

⁷ I discuss the resistance I encountered in gaining access into Amber Cove on pages 145-146.

As I would drive past Amber Cove on the back of Mario's⁸ *motoconcho*, I often found it difficult to locate the entrance to the port. Hidden by a ramp and inconspicuous signage that read more like a highway sign than a sign indicating the entrance to the Amber Cove Cruise Centre – which, according to Carnival's page on "The Top 10 Things You Need to Know About Amber Cove," is "a pretty big deal, to boot" (Carnival Cruise Line n.d.) – the port was easy to miss. Already familiar with the hustle and bustle of *Plaza Independencia* and the quite obvious attempt to "clean up" the city centre with new restaurants, shops, and roads, Maimón felt more like a pass-through, a kind of transitory space that existed in order to get tourists from one place to another.⁹ With the *Damajagua* waterfalls to the west of the port and *Plaza Independencia* to the east, the small curbside *colmados* and bars of Maimón seemed to exist outside of the imaginary and purposeful arrangement of Puerto Plata as a kind of locus of "adventure," "culture" and "history."

The long road that led from the main highway to the front of the Amber Cove gates, which was also enclosed by a high wall, gave me the sense that accessing the port would not be as easy as I had initially imagined. There appeared to have been an effort to isolate the port, constructing it off the main road and (as I would learn later) creating a long road inside the port itself, which led from the front gates to the main pedestrian entrance. I would later read reviews on Trip Advisor, written by Amber Cove visitors, which complained of the distance guests needed to walk in order to get to the main entrance at the gates. The additional walk from the

⁸ Mario is a *motoconcho* driver I met in Costambar as I was trying to catch a ride into the city. From this point forward, Mario drove me into the city almost every day and would often pick me up to take me home, as well, if he was available or could hear his phone ring while speeding through the city. I discuss Mario in Chapter 3.

⁹ My exposure to Puerto Plata as a tourist destination came at a very early age. Yearly family vacations to the resort destination had me quite familiar yet curious about the ins and outs of the industry, which eventually sparked my interest in pursuing tourism research. *Plaza Independencia* looked quite different in my early travels to the city; however, it remains a kind of hub of touristic activity, drawing attention as the first real town in the Americas as well as its unique (restored) Victorian-era architectural esthetic.

front gates up to the main highway also meant Carnival tourists had to take a Carnival provided and approved taxi or excursions bus to leave the port itself.

Amber Cove is also constructed in such a way so as to restrict beach access for guests. Access to the beach is provided to Carnival visitors who paid an additional fee to enjoy Amber Cove's cabana experience, a man-made beach that has been constructed some distance away from the public beach on the opposite side of the port. Those who didn't want to remain inside the port could pay for a day pass at the neighbouring resort to enjoy a beach experience. The lengths to which Carnival Corp & plc has gone in order to thwart any potential for unauthorized encounters between tourists and the local community is evident in the very infrastructure of Amber Cove. Encircled by high walls, gates, CESTUR officers who once guarded the entrance, and no access to the public beaches on which the port sits, these measures work their way into the stories I heard in the tourism frame in Puerto Plata, contributing to a sense that something more was at play. This sense that something was at play emerged as a kind of paranoia or conspiracy talk that was immanent in the ways Carnival and its "security" mechanisms operated in Puerto Plata. Disparaging conversations about Carnival in which locals lamented the opportunities they were promised but had yet to realize were often spoken in hushed tones; encounters with CESTUR officers in the central plaza were often precarious negotiations punctuated by jokes, accusations, the exchange of pesos, brief stints in jail, and advocating tourists; empty souvenir shops served as arresting images (Little 2014, 234) that spoke to that something going on, that pointed to the brainwashing of tourists by "Carnival" who were rumoured to fuel perceptions of Puerto Plata as unsafe – a paradise so long as tourists remained within the parameters of Carnival approved shops and restaurants.

Encountering the Field

The week I arrived in Puerto Plata, I decided to seek out a Spanish tutor from the area to help me improve my (Dominican) Spanish, to nuance my grammar and guide me through the notoriously slang-heavy local vernacular. After looking into some of the schools in the area recommended by participants, I came across a Spanish tutor in a Google search. Living in Sosúa – an expatriate-heavy town and hub for tourists seeking a more “authentic” experience to the ubiquitous all-inclusive resorts of Puerto Plata – I wasn’t sure he’d be willing to make the half-hour trek west into Puerto Plata five days a week. To my surprise, I received an email response from Rafael within the hour. He suggested we have a preliminary meeting to discuss his expectations and what I hoped I would get out of his lessons.¹⁰ We were to meet in *Plaza Independencia* at the *heladería*, a small ice cream shop that featured a variety of “gelato,” but also Dominican-style coffee, beer, juice and lunch.

From the garden where we met for our lessons, Rafael would sit in front of me, his stack of Spanish books perched on the table between us. I recited numbers, phrases, stories, questions, and answers in Spanish over the chimes of the cathedral bells that rang out every 15 minutes and the hustle and bustle of the plaza that stood directly in front of the shop. I often saw hordes of tourists being ushered into the *heladería*, a CESTUR officer dressed in a white polo, black pants, shoes and hat stopping the one-way traffic so as to allow the tourists to disembark their tour bus and cross the street without having to wait. The tourists would wander inside, often stopping at

¹⁰ Given Rafael would need to commute into Puerto Plata almost every morning for our lessons, he informed me he would need a commitment of at least four-hour lessons per session to make his commute into the city worthwhile. Rafael would be (and did) commute into Puerto Plata in a *carro*, a relatively inexpensive, but time consuming, shared car, which meant unpredictability and an often uncomfortable ride. These *carros* often squeezed up to eight people into a single 5-seater car, depending on the size of the passengers.

the display of gelato at the front of the store, pointing to each flavour and asking the two waitresses at the counter what each flavour was. Some ask in one word where the restroom is – *baño*? Some ask in one word for a drink – *cerveza*? The latter of which many tour guides joke in their excursion spiels is all tourists really need to know.



**Figure 2: CESTUR officer having stopped traffic to direct tourists across the street.
Photo by author, 2017.**

“How often do you want to meet? For how long?” Rafael had asked me in our introductory meeting. I wanted to learn as much as I could as quickly as I could, because it was my intention to conduct interviews in Spanish when possible and if necessary.¹¹ I filled Rafael in on my purpose in Puerto Plata, and so he enthusiastically promised to dedicate as much time and as many resources as necessary to get me to where I needed to be. “People on the street won’t

¹¹ In addition to having been introduced to a few participants through the local tourism hub “The Hangout” (discussed in detail on pages 49, 114, 117, 118), I was also introduced to a Tourism Management student from Santiago who was introduced to me as a young man who might be interested in providing translation services, should I need them. After having introduced myself to “Julio” via WhatsApp in July, he often accompanied me on formal interviews to fill any gaps in the conversation and ensure both myself and my participant were communicating as effectively as possible.

correct you if you don't speak correctly, that's why I'm here," he tells me. He also expressed his relief to have a client who took his lessons so seriously, telling me he was "excited" to have a student who wanted to learn more than *baño*, *cerveza*, or "how to tell a girl she is sexy," he says, chuckling at the number of young men he says reach out to him so they can learn enough conversational Spanish to get by – or get lucky – in a local *discoteca*.

I spent five to six days a week, 4 to 5 hours a day, for two months with Rafael until he left the country for a couple of months to visit his girlfriend in Romania. During those two months, I spent almost every day in that *heladería*, I witnessed the comings and goings of Carnival tourists who wandered throughout *Plaza Independencia*, the blowing whistles of the CESTUR who circulated the neighbourhood and directed traffic, the 80-seater tour buses that squeezed down the single-lane, one-way streets, stopping in front of the plaza and leaving just enough space for other traffic to squeeze by, the *motoconchos* that gathered on the northeast corner of the plaza in the shade, rarely approached by tourists, and rarely approaching tourists in turn. I see Iván – an official city tour guide in Puerto Plata – walk past the window, often followed by two or more tourists trailing behind him, trying to keep up with his pace. After our lessons, the sun was high, usually about 12:30 or 1:00pm in the afternoon. Saying goodbye to Rafael and exchanging our customary *tenga un buen día*, I would walk out of the *heladería* and into the bustling square, sometimes catching the attention of a CESTUR officer who would stop traffic until I had crossed the street. Now a familiar face, Melvin no longer stops me to ask if I'd like a "looky, looky" at the souvenir shop he runs with his cousin, in addition to the painting store he owns himself, and instead greets me with a "Sarita!" and a hug, asking me how my day has been and usually commenting on the heat.

I often end up at the “Chocolate Bakery and Café” after my lessons, which sits across the street on the east side of *Plaza Independencia*. I usually sit on the balcony that overlooks the plaza, trying my best to apply my most recent lesson to the homework Rafael had assigned, and often practicing what I had learned on the waitresses at the café who I would grow to become quite close and who spent an admirable amount of time humouring me as I struggled through the grammar and tenses, often taking these moments to practice their English, as well. From up here, I have a better vantage point from which to observe the comings and goings, the honking, the shouting, the flight of pigeons gathered around the plaza gazebo only to be chased away by a curious toddler, cathedral bells ringing, groups of tourists encircling guides in white polos holding “Carnival: Museums, Arts & Fort San Felipe” signs so their groups don’t get lost in the chaos, often calling out “over here, over here!”

Although Amber Cove is located about a 15-minute drive west of *Plaza Independencia*, sometimes longer, depending on the state of the construction on the highway that day, this is the nucleus of much of the activity that takes place when Carnival calls in Puerto Plata. Sometimes up to four Carnival tour buses carrying tourists of various excursions line up along the north side of the plaza, waiting for the various excursions to wrap up so they can hurriedly return the tourists to the port. Maimón, the area in which Amber Cove is actually located, has received little attention in the Ministry of Tourism’s infrastructural development efforts in preparation for the arrival of Carnival, the ministry instead focusing much of its attention on the reinvigoration and restoration of the city’s central plaza. As such, tourists don’t often leave Amber Cove on their own, instead venturing outside of the port in a Carnival contracted taxi or on a tour bus, most of which end up in *Plaza Independencia* at some point or another on the itinerary. Within the first

couple of weeks of having arrived, my Spanish lessons with Rafael drawing me into the city centre almost every day, I knew this was where I needed to be.



Figure 3: Carnival tour guide in the white polo gathering his excursion group after having just disembarked the tour bus. There is an *Asociación de Guías Turísticos de Puerto Plata* guide in an orange shirt and tan pants visible in the background speaking with a tourist. Photo by author, 2017.



Figure 4: Carnival tour buses line up in front of *Plaza Independencia*, with disembarked tourists exploring the square. The tourist frequented *Heladería Mariposa* can be seen in the background. Photo by author, 2017.

My observations of the hustle and bustle of *Plaza Independencia* gave me an indication of some of the major players in the cruise industry from a more normative, tourist encounter kind of approach, witnessing the kinds of interactions, encounters and actors that seemed to play a role in facilitating this structured tourist experience of the city. I also became familiar with those who worked in and around the area, and they began to recognize me as well, often stopping to greet me or asking for more details on my frequent visits to *Plaza Independencia*. This often opened the conversation as to why I was in Puerto Plata and what I was hoping to learn. Because I had conducted my master's fieldwork in Puerto Plata in 2013, I had contacts who once worked in the resort industry but who now worked "for" Carnival – either officially through contracts, or "unofficially" as unregistered tour guides or salesmen who were operating within the spaces Carnival tourists circulated. These contacts proved especially helpful to me as I was able to get in touch with other excursions tour guides, city guides, local artists, waitresses and salesmen, all of whom were engaged in the cruise ship tourism industry in some way or another, and often had experience working in Puerto Plata's resort tourism industry, as well. While the purpose of this research is not to compare and contrast the two industries, their experiences in both industries provided rich stories that conjured up affective intensities of hopes, dreams, disappointments and anticipations, which often entangled themselves in how tourism was framed and sold to not only visitors, but to Dominicans, as well.

After happening upon The Hangout¹² – a local tourism hub started and operated by expatriates in Puerto Plata – in a rather touristic Google search of "things to do in Puerto Plata," I was introduced to John, an expatriate from Winnipeg who had lived in Isabel de Torres, the mountainous backdrop of Puerto Plata, for the past 15 years. John's collaboration and connection

¹² The Hangout is discussed in more detail on pages 49, 114, 117, 118.

with the Ministry of Tourism, and his general presence and participation in the tourism industry, helped to grant me access to participants that may otherwise have been unavailable to me. His colleagues were also expatriates who had lived in Puerto Plata for over a decade and they eventually introduced me to their friends and acquaintances who often worked in the industry as taxi drivers and tour guides. José Natalio Redondo, former President of Cluster and current President of Ashonorte, is discussed at length in Chapter 3 and provided unique and detailed insight into the struggles, changes, adjustments, future, and narrative of tourism in Puerto Plata.

The gated community in which I lived also proved to be helpful in that there were “sidewalks” or roads that were large enough so as to allow me to walk while cars could bypass. I often found myself walking around the community and meeting people along the way, an opportunity that the bustling city centre and sidewalk-less roads did not afford me. On my walks, I often encountered Dominican residents from other parts of the country or local beachgoers from the Puerto Plata area,¹³ and we’d engage in conversations about the ways in which the city had changed, what they had heard, the rumours, what their “tourism management” studies at the local university had to say about all this, and what they hoped tourism would afford Puerto Plata in the future.

Spending as much time as I did in *Plaza Independencia*, I often participated in the walking tours of the *Asociación de Guías Turísticos de Puerto Plata*. Given these tours were free and on-foot, disembarked Carnival tourists welcomed my request to join them on Iván’s tours to the San Felipe Fort, the cathedral, and the Amber Museum. While I often chatted with tourists along the way, these encounters tended to be brief, with the strength of the beating sun, the humidity that clung to our bodies, weighing us down as we navigated through the busy

¹³ APC’s website notes that “by Dominican Law,” Dominicans must be allowed into Costambar to access the beach (APC, n.d.).

intersections, over gaping holes in the sidewalks and the pathways that suddenly ended, pulling our attention to the intensity of the atmosphere around us, a kind of overwhelming of the sensoria. *Motoconcho* drivers gathered in the shade that eventually relieved the northeast intersection of the plaza. Depending on the time of day, I could find them on one corner or another, chasing the shade as the sun made its rounds. Often catching a *motoconcho* from this group if Mario was unavailable, I became familiar with those who parked on this corner almost every day. Not many tourists take *motoconchos*, they tell me. It's dangerous work and tourists have been warned against taking them. They're OK with this. They'd rather not risk it. *Eres valiosa*,¹⁴ they tell me. Whenever I hop on, they drive slowly, coming to a complete stop at every stop sign and refraining from running red lights at intersections, a common occurrence if there is an opportunity to proceed, or if they know you well enough to know you won't judge them for it (as a foreigner.)

Frequenting the cafés, ice cream shops, souvenir stores, and restaurants in the area, I also came to know the waiters and waitresses, as well as the restaurant managers, some of whom I formally interviewed and some of whom I engaged with often in a kind of casual chat, sometimes offering up a seat to them at my table and they would join me during their break. During these frequent dining trips, I also came across expatriates at tables next to mine who would strike up a conversation with me, my solitude at a table probably drawing more attention to myself than I care to admit. Some expatriates were living in San Felipe de Puerto Plata, others lived in Sosúa or Cabarete, both towns about a half-hour drive from the city centre. These conversations often consisted of comparisons between Puerto Plata and Punta Cana,¹⁵ emphases

¹⁴ I discuss this idea of "being valuable" in Chapter 2, pg. 27.

¹⁵ Known for its luxury beach resorts, sandy white beaches and turquoise waters, Punta Cana straddles the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea at the east end of the island.

always on Puerto Plata's culture, the history and things to do that you just can't experience in the jungle of Punta Cana.

During my time in Puerto Plata, I conducted 26 semi-structured interviews with 24 participants, a couple of participants having been interviewed more than once if the opportunity arose or there was interest in another formal conversation over a voice recorder. Altogether, this project conducted interviews with 5 expatriates (from both the United States and Canada), 3 *Asociación de Guías Turísticos de Puerto Plata*, 1 "informal" tour guide (an unregistered guide), 2 waitresses, 1 waiter, 1 restaurant manager, 1 museum guide, 2 jewelry salesmen, 2 excursion guides, 1 member of Cluster and Ashonorte, 3 *motoconcho* drivers, and 2 taxi drivers. The majority of my participants in this study were men, and I often found it difficult during my research to locate women visibly working in the public,¹⁶ open space of *Plaza Independencia*. Many worked as waitresses, shops clerks, or museum guides and I would often find myself lucky to have brief conversations with some as they worked.

Inquiring into this discrepancy, John pointed out to me that "the tourism industry isn't easy, and a lot of women are now going to school for better jobs, like business, banking, law. Things are changing here." In their study of women's employment in the Dominican tourism industry and the ways in which this participation has challenged or reinforced gender ideologies of male and female roles, Duffy et al. (2015) note that despite traditional sentiments of women as belonging to a domestic space and men to a more public one, economic necessity has facilitated women's participation in the workforce, much of which is in the tourism industry as a result of the decline of free trade zones. What's important to note here is that Duffy et al. observe that many of the positions women found in the tourism industry act as an extension of the domestic

¹⁶ This is often how I established some kind of familiarity with those who eventually became acquaintances, friends, and future participants.

roles they were often expected to carry out inside the home, such as maids, receptionists and waitresses. Although I came across women working in and around *Plaza Independencia* in roles such as waitressing, museum guides, or sales positions, I did not see any women in roles such as city or excursions tour guides, *motoconcho* or taxi drivers, or CESTUR officers. As such, I was able to obtain interviews with four women, but due to the nature of their employment, I was unable to foster the same kind of rapport and familiarity that I could establish with those who worked and operated in a more public space where casual conversations could occur more frequently. In my attempt to explore the day-to-day experiences of workers as they hung out, waited, or bustled about the plaza, those who were most visible in this context happened to be men. The roles that women occupy in this space meant that I was able to speak with them, but unable to spend as much time with them on a day-to-day basis. However, I believe I have written this dissertation in such a way that speaks to the particularities of singular experiences and does not give the impression that the men with whom I spent much of my time are at all speaking on behalf of the women who are less represented here.

While Graburn notes that tourism research faces challenges common to most ethnographic endeavours, particularly “mobility and temporariness, altered states of consciousness, personal privacy in closed-door societies ... political asymmetries ... [and] racial, national and class identities,” which “favoured anthropologists who shared these characteristics with their informant subjects” (Graburn 2016, ix; Graburn 2002), I have had a different experience. Although the temporariness and fleeting encounters inherent to a fast tourism cruise ship context was quite evident and thus is detailed as an entire chapter in Chapter 2, I would not necessarily say my identity as a visible female tourist created a “barrier” for me, but rather that my positionality as a visitor gave me unique insight into some of the tensions that may not have

otherwise been apparent to me had I “shared these characteristics” with my participants. Straddling the positionality of both a potentially money-spending tourist and anthropologist gave me a unique vantage point from which to observe the goings-on of the cruise ship industry as it unfolded in the central square.¹⁷ My position as both an anthropologist and apparent visitor also granted me access to establishing a kind of rapport with prospective participants rather quickly, as my interest in *them* was often met with confusion and intrigue. I often caught tour guides off guard by echoing their greetings of “¿Cómo estás?” with a similar greeting and inquiring about their day. I had many guides express that tourists very rarely ask them how they’re doing because “the tourist is number one.” Accustomed to the emotional labour attached to work in the tourism industry, coupled with the “happy and smiling” disposition that tourists had come to expect from their experience, those with whom I had spoken were often more than pleased to have an opportunity to talk about themselves and their experiences, and I am very grateful for their trust in me to share so freely.

The more “formal” or structured data collection process was supplemented heavily through the kinds of casual conversations and less formal moments of data collection that occurred often during fieldwork. Taking shape as brief chats in passing, longer conversations as we waited in *Plaza Independencia* during the “slow season,” participating in walking tours, observing salesmen in the Amber Museum when the museum was bustling and when the museum was still, joining in birthday celebrations, enjoying a *morir soñando* while strolling around the neighbourhood, attending concerts with new friends, meeting for dinner around *Plaza Independencia* after the tourists had sailed away, these kinds of casual, “informal” conversations and observations provided me with an opportunity to witness, experience, and develop a deeper

¹⁷ These tensions are particularly evident in an encounter I describe in detail in Chapter 1.

understanding of the entanglements of encounters that bubbled out of the touristic frame in Puerto Plata. While many of these less structured moments directly addressed Carnival, the cruise industry, or the tourism industry more generally, much of what was discussed was a kind of otherwise; personal experiences, stories, dreams and nightmares that often frayed at the edges, leading to nowhere in particular but to an attempt to make sense of it all, whatever that “it” may be (Little 2014, 234). These “somethings” provided the foundation upon which this dissertation is written, drawing on the senses, the feelings, the atmospheres, the affects that were conjured up for many participants and took shape as stories that didn’t always find a resolution but clung to the air like a thick fog that hung over us as we contemplated them. I have paid close attention here to not only what people say, but what people say and when, the bodily dispositions, the restraint, the embellishments, the ways in which the tourism frame works on people and the ways in which people work on the paradisiacal frame.

While my positionality as both a potential tourist (but definitely foreigner) and anthropologist gave me access to some of the nuances of work in the tourism industry that I may not otherwise have been privy to, this did pose challenges, as well. For instance, I often found myself navigating the political and rather fluid relationships between “official/registered” and “unofficial/unregistered” guides in the city. Despite my interest in learning more about the different ways in which people engaged in touristic activities and work throughout the industry, my curiosity was often mistaken as “taking a side,” or a kind of betrayal that had me choosing the “tour” or services of someone who was “unofficial” over someone who was accredited and had been educated in providing tours of the city. Despite these two groups often working together, depending on the tourist and depending on the nature of the circumstance, there was a kind of mutual understanding between official and unofficial guides which dictated when the

latter could take over and when they should step aside, or risk being flagged for the CESTUR officers who would often detain these transgressors for the night.

I sometimes found that the rapport I had established, and the trust I had gained, with registered city tour guides or excursions guides could often be thwarted if I was perceived as being friendly with the opposition, as it were. I often found myself having to reaffirm my purpose there as a researcher and not as a tourist, which often meant I needed to restate that my intention was not to spend money on tourist attractions and trinkets, but rather to learn more about the experience of working in the cruise ship sector or tourism more generally. I often found that having these discussions smoothed over any lingering concern about my purpose there, however, I frequently found myself ensuring that (for the safety of unregistered guides) our encounters were a bit more discrete, exploring areas of the city together that would not necessarily encroach into the areas in which the registered guides worked, such as avoiding touristic sites like the Amber Museum, the St. Philip the Apostle Cathedral, San Felipe Fort, or the cafés or restaurants around the perimeter of *Plaza Independencia* that they would usually take tourists to. The outline provided below of the chapters to follow detail some of these tensions, the navigations, the politics, the stories, the experiences, the fragments, the “trying to make sense of it all” feeling that emerges in a space that is always in a process of becoming.

Ethnographic Encounters: Chapter Summaries

Chapter 1 traces the “something more” in the stories that have been fashioned to make sense of the things that never quite seem to add up – the eventful histories, experiences and traumas attached to the ways abusive systems of power are felt (Gordon 1997, xvi). The cruise

ship industry in Puerto Plata layers onto these histories, these circumstances, these events that play out in just this way, instantiating forces that are being recharacterized in this moment in time as eventful flare. Narratives of progress and development fold into the everyday in Puerto Plata, emerging from the construction equipment that sit dormant on the side of the unfinished road but that promise something more to come, the voluntourists who are here to “help” local communities “develop” by “giving back,” the motivations of a dictatorial past that find resonance in these narratives, but that look different, despite triggering similar feelings, similar sensations of uncertainty, paranoia and distrust. This chapter is written in such a way so as to explore this sense of “something more” through these narratives of progress and development, tracing the ways encounters with and within this touristic milieu can look and feel, the shades of experience that activate, animate, and enliven these narratives that move beyond a kind of bounded representation.

For both Dominicans and tourists alike, narratives¹⁸ of progress and development become seductive forces as they circulate the tourism frame in Puerto Plata, finding their way into the motivations, the temptations, the hopes, the dreams, the nightmares, the hesitations, the excitement and disappointments that weave an entanglement of stories, rumours, theories, and experiences explored in this chapter. The voluntourists, Dominican tourism workers – whether “formal” or “informal” – and expatriates whose stories fill these pages attempt, in their own ways, to make sense of the things they have encountered in Puerto Plata, a tourist destination always in a state of “becoming,” always producing, reframing, working and reworking, folding and unfolding onto itself. What they have seen, heard, dreamed, imagined, been disappointed and

¹⁸ These narratives originate from different places, but largely circulate around the idea of Puerto Plata as a city in-progress, a city that can, and should, continue to leverage its reputation as a tourist destination, its beauty and natural resources, in order to “develop,” and that should, alternatively, “progress” and “develop” in order to attract and grow its tourism industry.

haunted by, bubbles up and out of these stories, producing a kind of *something* that can be sensed, but never caught; its ephemerality leaves little behind other than that sense that *something* more is at play. Stories are “fashioned” (Little 2014, 235) in order to make sense of these circumstances, with the images of progress and development continuing to arrange and rearrange themselves to satisfy an insatiable tourism imaginary of a paradisiacal tourist destination in Puerto Plata.

These narratives of progress and development are resonant of the Trujillo dictatorship of the 1930s to 1960s, which is called upon in Chapter 1 to illustrate not a direct correlation between the progress and development narratives of past and present, but rather the ways in which these narratives of the past haunt the stories, theories, paranoias, racist tropes, and post-colonial discourses of the Puerto Plata tourism frame, even though the “power seems more diffuse and less transparent than ever” (Piot 2010, 19). Exploring the structures of feeling and the feeling of structures (Williams 1977), these narratives can look and feel different, depending on the angle in which one encounters them. They circulate, however, around similar senses (Gordon 1997, 19) – distrust of government, anxiety, paranoia, and uncertainty, from which can also emerge sentiments of helping, saving, excitement, anticipation, fear, hope, and complacency.

Embedded within these narratives of progress and development are images that inspire, conjuring up a kind of excitement and anticipation for the future immanent in these images. The presence, the visibility, of construction equipment – the diggers, pavers, and motor graders, whether actively in the process of making the long-anticipated highway and city roads come to fruition or not – was enough to inspire a kind of hope and anticipation that something was happening. The absence of these images, however, often fueled a sense of conspiracy, of a corrupt and incompetent government, which persistently stalled, fell short, disappointed, and

kept them (many of the workers with whom I spoke) waiting and wondering, ruminating in the promises that *something* was on the horizon. These images are referred to here as “arresting images” (Little 2014, 234), which invoke a kind of intensity that focuses and acts as a vehicle to channel the anxieties, anticipations, and speculations about what was to come. These images do not represent particular sentiments, meanings, or significance, but rather speak to structures of feeling and feelings of structure, which are contingent upon the person who stumbles upon them, invoking a kind of “affective intensity” (ibid., 225), an “experiential modality” that carries with it the variegated histories, experiences and traumas attached to abusive systems of power (Gordon 1997, xvi).

Chapter 1 explores tourism imaginaries through the binaries often created through these narratives of “progress” and “development,” which often culminate as a kind of “undeveloped-developed” dichotomy that sees tourists eager to “help,” while also fearful of the unknown that exists beyond the strictures of their guided tours. Fathom Travel Ltd. (Fathom), Carnival Cruise Line’s “experience brand” which began operations in 2015 only to dissolve the following year, will be explored here to get a sense of this tension, where the tourist imaginary of Puerto Plata as a city in-progress, one under the thumb of incompetent governance and inherent corruption, reaffirms their sense of duty and intervention. Here, I also explore the ways in which the dictatorship of the past – which saw the “nationalization” of key industries such as cacao and tobacco that directly benefited the regime – created the foundation upon which the Dominican Republic and local entrepreneurs would eventually find a dependence on and crutch in the tourism industry. The nationalization of various industries was used as an opportunity by the dictator to enrich his own family, fostering a kind of distrust and paranoia around government-led initiatives and promises of something other than this, which resonates in Puerto Plata’s

tourism industry. The ways in which the Haitian massacre of 1937 was leveraged as a way to further pursue the dictatorship's agenda of *progreso* and "development" will also be explored here, as there are resonances of these affective intensities and political dispositions that continue to circulate the Dominican Republic, and the tourism frame more specifically. By weaving Carnival's approach to "deep travel" through the entanglements of a subjugated, colonial, and despotic history, this chapter recognizes these binaries of "progress" and "development" while feeling through the affective intensities that emerge as past and present become entangled in such a way that sparks a kind of resonance, a kind of haunting of the present that ignites a kind of nostalgia for the future (Piot 2010).

These events, past and present, interweave to create a charged atmosphere in Puerto Plata's cruise ship tourism frame. Salesmen feel watched, they keep their voices low as we speak. Haitian guides who operate "unofficially" in *Plaza Independencia* risk imprisonment, their "official" Dominican counterparts tipping off CESTUR officers who circulate the plaza. The Haitian guides laugh it off, *they have done this before*. I stop to snap a photo of a national officer in camouflage and armed with a rifle when my expatriate companion lowers my camera, "don't let them see you do that, you don't know what they could do." Hurricanes skim the north coast of the island. Sandbags create ad hoc walls, diverting water away from houses and storefronts. "Is not bad in Puerto Plata, the media make it seem like we are destroyed here." The media is against them, framing the "Caribbean" as a single region, all islands impacted by Hurricane Maria and Hurricane Irma in the same ways. Excursions guides are frustrated, their tours are cancelled.

Chapter 2 explores encounters with and within a touristic milieu that are neither simply "fast paced" or "slow." Rather, the rhythms of the cruise ship tourism industry are

conceptualized here as activating an entanglement of affective intensities, which call to the surface the tensions, the humour, the lightheartedness, the joy, the ironies, and the sense of freedom and movement that emerge from a thoughtfully arranged touristic frame reserved for visitors; a backdrop that is meant to feed into the tourism imaginary of what Puerto Plata as a paradisiacal travel destination has to offer. The ways in which the cruise ship industry is experienced as mobile – including the cruise ship infrastructure that facilitates the frequent comings and goings of visitors, the movement of taxi drivers, tour guides and tourists within the frame itself and the development projects meant to encourage tourists’ return – are traced in this chapter. Exploring shades of mobility offers a sense of the affective intensities that a fast-tourism context conjures up for those that are caught up in it, as well as the ways in which the arrangements of the tourism frame become “deranged,” taken up and rearranged in ways that exceed the imaginary they were meant to fashion (Povinelli 2014).

Plaza Independencia witnesses the comings and goings of visitors, guides, restaurant staff, *motoconcho* and taxi drivers, CESTUR officers, 80-seater excursion buses, local traffic trying to get to wherever they need to be, passersby lingering on sidewalks, waiting for *carros* en-route westward toward Sosúa, flights of pigeons that always seem to grab the attention of disembarked tourists who snap pictures furiously. The cruise ship tourism frame in Puerto Plata encounters the entanglements of “ocean routes, ships, passengers, scheduled sailings, terminals ... and many more social and technical components” (Vannini 2012, 129). These are “mobility assemblages” that facilitate our physical movement, making it more convenient, but from which can also emerge an assortment of experiences, stories and affective intensities that are traced here (Little 2014, 225). These experiences are explored in Chapter 2 as a kind of “mobility assemblage” of movement, imaginaries and experience (Vannini 2012, 129; Cresswell 2006),

considering how these entanglements are caught up in Carnival's arrival and departure schedules, the in-progress modernization projects that create a make-believe tourism frame in Puerto Plata, and the juxtaposition of this frame with the "dangerous," unstructured and unknown that lies beyond it (Douglas 2003, 141).

Instead of conceptualizing immobility and mobility in binary terms, Chapter 2 explores perceived immobility as a kind of intensity (Deleuze and Guattari 2004, 381) from which weighty, disrupted, frenetic and languid mobilities, in all their intensity, can be traced through the seemingly mundane and trivial, the enchantments and allure, and the pressures and anxieties that bubble out of the mobility assemblages implicated in the cruise ship tourism industry in Puerto Plata, revealing "the sticky pragmatics of right now" (Gregg and Seigworth 2010, 14). By tracing mobilities in this way, "movement speaks" (Vannini 2012, 135), with effervescent stories emerging as people, technologies, and mobilities "intersect in unpredictable and uncontrollable ways" (Vannini 2011a, 2).

The atmosphere of Puerto Plata's tourism frame, of which *Plaza Independencia* is largely the focus, is produced in such a way so as to create for tourists a sense of "history," showcasing the Victorian architecture and the "cleanliness" of the city through its restoration projects. These modernization projects are meant to evoke a kind of "modern," yet nostalgic, "nice and clean" touristic space, producing an imaginary of purity, cleanliness, and "newness." The sense a disembarked tourist should get is one of comfort, modernity, safety, and cleanliness, resembled in the modernization projects that are meant to conjure up a kind of "island of familiarity" (Derby 2009, 124), the feeling that they never really left home. In an attempt to "participate in the modernization project" (Larkin 2013), tourism officials in Puerto Plata have adopted and pursued development projects from which to promote the city as a "modern" one, unintentionally

creating a tourism frame in which mobility assemblages of visitor and “host” intersect, collide, and intertwine, and from which haunted memories bubble out of these encounters between people and these “modern” spaces.

Contending with the daily forces and frictions that puncture the tourism frame of a modern, “nice and clean” Caribbean paradise, tourism workers often sense and grapple with the speed at which the cruise ship industry moves, the weightiness of mobility assemblages generating affective intensities that inspire new ways in which to encounter the tourism frame. For the tourism workers with whom I spoke, the Carnival ships that dock in Amber Cove always feel overwhelmingly present during their stay. As ominous, overwhelming, allusive, and faceless sources of power and influence, these ships act as timekeeper and time-maker (Vannini 2012, 108), compelling, impelling, and otherwise affecting the ways in which tourism workers move through, experience, encounter, and engage with tourists and tourist spaces.¹⁹ Vannini’s original concept of *tempo rubato* – “stealing time” – is explored here as a way to better understand how tourism workers “steal” time back in this “fast tourism” context, often having to contend with the dilapidated highway that disrupts, slows down, and often derails tight schedules, the omniscient-like presence of Carnival, which often surfaces as the surveillance and disruptive practices of CESTUR officers in the central plaza, as well as unforgiving Carnival departure schedules, which conjure up rumours of excursions companies having to foot the bill for tourists to reunite with the ship, and mean excursions guides often turn away interested tourists (and commission) for fear of having those rumours realized.

Despite acting as a kind of hub for much of the touristic activity that takes place in the city centre, *Plaza Independencia* functions as more than just an attraction that calls on Carnival

¹⁹ For the purposes of this research project, the touristic space, zone or frame discussed here refers to Puerto Plata province, but most often to San Felipe de Puerto Plata, also known as “Puerto Plata” or “Puerto Plata city.”

tourists to explore and enjoy the restored Victorian era infrastructure, the St. Philip the Apostle Cathedral that overwhelms the square, and the newly established (tourist oriented) shops and restaurants that frame the plaza. As Graham and Marvin (2001, 201) note, touristic spaces can be taken up in various ways, and often times, these may be appropriated by actors for purposes that may be at odds or in conflict with one another (Vannini 2012, 89). In Chapter 2, I explore these tensions by examining the re-appropriation of the touristic frame by Dominicans after Carnival has set sail – a frame that is usually highly surveilled, where movement and interaction is actively patrolled and regimented during busy cruise ship days. Puertoplateños often re-appropriate spaces such as the “restored” *Plaza Independencia* and the *Anfiteatro La Puntilla* – better known as the *Anfiteatro* – in the evenings and on days when the industry is “slow.” Usually intensely surveilled, highly regimented and particularly arranged, spaces such as *Plaza Independencia* are angled differently during these times, showcasing the complex ways in which these touristic spaces get taken up by those who occupy it and the ways in which these changes in rhythm alter the atmosphere of a space.

Following an exploration of Puerto Plata’s cruise ship context in all its freneticism, Chapter 3 explores “slow cruise ship days,” as they were often referred to me. These days saw few, if any, tourists exploring the plaza, particularly in the summer months when North American and European tourists are less likely to seek an escape from their cold winters and find relief in the warmth of a Caribbean destination. I often found city tour guides gathered on a bench under a tree in front of the cathedral; some perched on the bench back, some standing, one leg resting on the seat itself. Dressed in an almost fluorescent orange, they were always easy to find, and could almost always be found somewhere in the plaza. At high noon, this is where they

would be, seeking refuge from the heat that radiated down from the summer sun and the blistering heat that emanated from the concrete that covered the entire plaza.



Figure 5: *Asociación de Guías Turísticos de Puerto Plata* gather at noon under a tree in the plaza on a hot, and “slow”, July day. Photo by author, 2017.

During the “slow season” in Puerto Plata, which lands between May and September, there are more days than not that are “slow.” The entanglements of precarity and uncertainty that often emerge in the cruise ship tourism industry during these periods of waiting, particularly during the slow season, can feel like a pressing weight; heavy, daunting, thick with anticipation, pivotal, exciting, and hopeful, all at the same time. While those who worked in the industry to one degree or another often compared their experiences in the resort industry to their ventures in cruise ship tourism, the *speed* of the latter was often referenced as a source of difficulty, yet the *slowness* was another.

Like the “form of a sea change, a darkening atmosphere, a hard fall, or the barely perceptible sense of reprieve” (Stewart 2012, 518-519), the hard precarity of unworlding is experienced within an affective register that can take shape in subtle ways, or as Massumi

suggests in an interview with Zournazi, like a kind of “life overflowing as it gathers itself up to move on” (Zournazi 2003, 215). The slow season in Puerto Plata builds up and creates a kind of dull rhythm of waiting from which diverse affects such as hope, fear, anticipation, frustration and anxiety emerge (Janeja and Bandak 2018, 16). Like waiting, hope is not a means-end experience where one merely waits and hopes for the “event-to-come” (Bissell 2007, 288; Schweizer 2005). Chapter 3 explores hope as a contingent modality that allows one to carry on and persevere through these hard precarities of unworlding, which can entangle with other affects during periods of waiting. Hope has a kind of “more-to-come” quality (Anderson 2006, 742); a kind of haunting that suggests something good has yet to occur, enabling bodies to carry on. Waiting during the slow season punctures the frenetic tempo of the high season that came before it. These periods of waiting, however, are not dead time, but are rather “alive with the potential of being other than this” (Bissell 2007, 277). It is another period of time experienced as a temporal otherwise, where the sensorium is heightened as the waiting ensues and the experience of the space in which one waits seems to change.

The “slow season” in Puerto Plata captures and conjures up the “emotional palette of lived experience” (Duff 2010, 884), particularly as it pertains to the hope, despair, frustration and anticipation that emerge during these periods of waiting. In much the same way tourist destinations work to fabricate an imaginary that will affect visitors, the same can be said of tourism workers who live, work and wait within these touristic spaces (D’Hautesserre 2015, 86). The tourism narratives that circulate around Puerto Plata produce an “affective atmosphere” that conjures up affective resonances of hope (Anderson 2009) whereby “hope stories” or “aspirations” emerge (Tucker and Shelton 2018, 21), invoking a sense of “more-to-come.” Following Edelman (2015) who suggests that tourist destinations are narrated into existence for

tourists, this chapter explores how development narratives in Puerto Plata are, in turn, narrated into existence for tourism workers, creating a sense of hope for the future that imagines “where we might be able to go and what we might be able to do” (Zournazi 2003, 212).

The relationship between God, prayer, and hope emerges from the different registers of precarity and waiting that fold into and onto themselves in the tourism frame. The hard precariousities of unworlding often effervesce from these entanglements of waiting, conjuring up a variety of different affects, memories, and experiences (Stewart 2012, 520). The phrase “God willing,” which I often heard in everyday parlance, suggests a kind of hope that things go as planned, particularly as they pertain to health and wellbeing. This chapter will explore the ways in which expressions of “God willing”, prayer, and hope emerge from the precarity of unworlding in the weightiness of waiting, and the power in believing that “at the heart of being, beyond all data, beyond all inventories and all calculations, a mysterious principal ... is in connivance with me” (Marcel 1995, 28).

Chapter 1 Tourism Imaginaries and Paranoid Development

Introduction: Affective Images, Narratives and Imaginaries of Progress and Development

This chapter explores the seduction of narratives of progress and development as they circulate through and around the cruise ship industry in Puerto Plata, weaving through the experiences, encounters and stories told by voluntourists, Dominican tourism workers, and expatriates to Puerto Plata. Each in their singular way tries “... to make something sensible of circumstances and events by fashioning stories” (Little 2014, 235). In the touristic frame, the images and narratives of progress and development, in their presence and absence, produce imaginaries²⁰ of Puerto Plata as a tourist destination, agitating the senses and surfacing in various forms, at various places and at various points in time, punctuating, circulating, intersecting, diverging, or sometimes hanging in the air like a thick fog. The Dominican government’s disseminated narratives of “development” and “progress” – in both the despotic regime of the past and the government of the present – will be explored here, highlighting the ways in which stories, conspiracies, paranoias, racist tropes, and colonial and post-colonial paradigms within the tourism frame emerge from a place in which “power seems more diffuse and less transparent than ever” (Piot 2010, 19).

These seductive images of progress and development in the touristic sphere will be explored through structures of feeling while exploring the feeling of structures; such forces of

²⁰ This dissertation explores tourism imaginaries not so much as a way so as to expose it, identifying systems of power and inequalities that these spaces produce and reproduce, but to instead trace the “tourism imaginary in the making” (Little 2014, 226). Exploring tourism imaginaries in this way follows a kind of “emergent imaginary” (ibid., 238) of nonrepresentational assemblages of intensity, contingency and generative potential that emerges from touristic “spaces of otherwise” in Puerto Plata (Povinelli 2011, 6-11).

feeling are affective forces, sensations that are emergent and that have yet to be wholly articulated (Williams 1977). In this way, these narratives feel different and images look different, depending on the vantage point, but circulate around similar senses (Gordon 1997, 19) – distrust of government and paranoia, from which can also emerge sentiments of helping, saving, excitement, anticipation, fear, hope, and complacency. Following Deleuze, to be *affected* changes you and those who surround you, compelling you to take action (Hardt 1993, 2007; Holland 2002). The relational is a part of the act of storytelling (Benjamin 1969, 84). As such, the ways in which stories are fashioned and presented in this chapter are meant to showcase their “open-ended, indirect, even mystical quality” (Piot 2010, 19), maintaining a certain respect for the relativity of the connection between these events.

Little (2014, 224) suggests that tourism imaginaries have tended to take their direction from “socially relational logics of objects, images, dreams, technologies, flows of power and meaning, institutions and capital that are already encoded into one story line or another.” Following this point, this chapter will eschew the tendency to trace these relational sensibilities and will instead explore the immanence of affective potentialities through the “arresting image” (ibid., 234). In the context of this research, this arresting image is not only a singular, identifiable one that generates a moment of intensity, speculation, excitement or fear. The arresting image will be approached here as also existing most powerfully in the imaginaries of those whose stories fill these pages. It is the perceived absence of competent government and the resonating paranoia that “conjure[s] up the appearances of something that [is] absent” (Berger 1972, 10), that reaches across time and space and throws into stark relief the structures of power that are not as easily identified as the names given to them suggest. As Gordon (1997, 3) explains, “[p]ower can be invisible, fantastic, dull, and routine, obvious, violent, can speak in the language of your

thoughts and desires and it can drown you in the present ... it can harm you without seeming ever to touch you.” The sensing of this power produces variegated stories and conjures up images that accrue meaning and significance, and which unfold, reproduce and rework in ways that fashion seductive imaginaries of progress and development (Bakhtin 1981).

The arresting image will be considered here as invoking an “affective intensity” (Little 2014, 225) that conjures up feelings of distrust and paranoia that “strike a chord that inexplicably rings true” (Lepselter 2016, 4). The following pages will explore these structures of feeling and convey this “experiential modality” as a kind of haunting (Gordon 1997, xvi); an experiential modality that attracts to it, and carries with it, disparate histories, experiences and traumas of abusive systems of power “without reducing these matters to the epiphenomenal or detaching them from what we conventionally call the political economy” (1997, xvii). While the stories in the following pages vary in their content, intensity and concentration, there is “something building up” that is not always explicit but that can be noticed from different vantage points (Lepselter 2016, 2). It is the liminal space between the storyteller and the arresting image that initiates a desire to fill in the space with stories that will help to make sense of it all, and it is this space that this chapter will explore (Lepselter 2016, 6; Little 2014, 234). As Melissa Gregg (2010, 24) suggests, there is little benefit to further explicating what exploitation has done. Instead, this dissertation will reveal some of the potentialities of affect and how these potentialities emerge from these stories as a haunting of histories and subjectivities.

To begin, an exploration of tourism imaginaries in the context of the cruise ship industry in Puerto Plata will examine the ways in which terms like “progress” and “development” are imagined by both tourists and locals alike. By exploring these imaginaries, this chapter will be better able to consider the kind of structured dichotomy of undeveloped-developed that is evident

in the stories, behaviours and attitudes that manifest and circulate in this touristic space (Salazar and Graburn 2014, 1). In this chapter, the Carnival Cruise “experience brand” Fathom Travel Ltd. (Fathom) – a cruise line that was designated for the social impact travel market whereby volunteers are paired with organizations on the ground at various port sites – will be explored. This exploration provides some insight into the touristic imaginary, expectation, and experience of guests/volunteers as they arrive in Puerto Plata. Eager to help change the world in a few days, and unknowingly deploying the “blame tradition” of earlier modernization theory (Piot 2010, 61), they sense inherent corruption to be the root of Puerto Plata’s visible underdevelopment, which reaffirms their belief in the value of foreign intervention.

As “the birthplace of tourism in the Dominican Republic” – as promoted on the Dominican Republic Ministry of Tourism’s “Welcome to Puerto Plata” webpage – tourists have long imagined Puerto Plata, much like the rest of the Caribbean, as a paradise destination, marked by sun, sandy white beaches, and beautiful green-blue seas (Dominican Republic Ministry of Tourism, n.d.). This imaginary has been used to brand, market, and sell “Paradise” in order to attract tourists (Sheller 2004, 23). Puerto Plata has a long history with the mass tourism, all-inclusive resort model, which has dominated the market since about the 1970s. The impetus behind the decision to market these Paradise vacation packages was the inadequate infrastructure in the Dominican Republic to not only attract but accommodate large numbers of tourists at one time. The enclave resort model was a cost-effective solution that enabled small-scale infrastructural development and service provisions within enclosed spaces without necessitating the development of the entire country (Freitag 1994, 541). The ubiquity of the all-inclusive resort

in Puerto Plata, however, has had detrimental impacts on local businesses that are located within these tourism zones.²¹

Since the genesis of the tourism industry in Puerto Plata, local business owners needed to adapt to the changing economy to better suit the needs and demands of arriving tourists. Restaurants, bars, souvenir shops, and tour guides became commonplace and many entrepreneurs had no other option but to participate in the booming tourism economy (Roessingh et. al. 2008, 28). As, José, a Puerto Plateño *colmado* (convenience store) owner lamented, “[t]he whole region depends on tourism, we had no choice, all the other industries were taken away from Puerto Plata during the [Trujillo] dictatorship and later because of tourism. The only option for us to earn some kind of living was in tourism. I used to be in the import business, I imported all kinds of goods from Europe, like butter, cheese and salami, there was a lot of trade in this region, but later all this business moved away and I had to do something else” (Roessingh et. al. 2008, 29).

José makes an important observation here, a platform upon which this chapter will build. A history of dictatorial rule whereby profitable industries were nationalized and national public works projects were used by the Trujillo dictatorship as opportunities to enrich his own family, created the foundation for an economy that would eventually become dependent on tourism. This distrust and paranoia of government-led development projects has led local tourism workers today to perceive underwhelming infrastructural projects, or projects that never come to fruition, as further evidence that something more is at play; a kind of haunting that has roots in a past that refuses to die; affective intensities triggered by images of what “development” and *progreso* feel like and possibly mean. This dissertation will not rehash a dependency or world systems theory

²¹ For the purposes of this research project, the touristic space, zone, or frame discussed here refers to Puerto Plata province, but most often to San Felipe de Puerto Plata, also known as “Puerto Plata” or “Puerto Plata city.”

framework to explicate the victimization of local tourism workers by inadequate government or the pervasiveness of the tourism industry. Instead, this chapter will explore the affective intensities that are conjured up by encounters with arresting images of “progress” and “development.” Weaving Fathom’s social impact travel experience through the entanglements of a haunting colonial and subjugated history in the Dominican Republic means exploring the touristic space as a domain of affective intensity that incites distrust and paranoia. This chapter will begin to unpack and follow these intensities, weaving through the past and present and drawing attention to the haunting of a present from which emerges a nostalgia for the future (Piot 2010).

Good Christian People Who Do What Missionaries Do

It is well recognized that within the Caribbean the brand of “sun, sand and sea” tourism has lost its appeal as it represents a particular style of tourism leisure that is no longer unique to the Caribbean (Pattullo 2005). As such, the Dominican Republic’s Ministry of Tourism has begun marketing its brand as “Dominican Republic Has It All,” listing a variety of activities on the country’s official “Welcome to Dominican Republic” website as opportunities for tourists to partake in, including, “...danc[ing] to the pulse pounding thrill of the merengue, renew[ing] in our luxurious and diverse accommodations, explor[ing] ancient relics of centuries past, delight[ing] in delicious Dominican gastronomy or enjoy[ing] ecotourism adventures in our magnificent national parks, mountain ranges, rivers, and beaches” (Dominican Republic Ministry of Tourism, n.d.). The country’s attempt at alternative tourism via a voluntourism framework in order to diversify from the resort model heavily practiced for over 50 years and “give back” to

the communities tourists visit is evident in the partnership between the Dominican Republic Department of the Environment, the Dominican Institute for Integral Development (IDDI), Entrena – an American for-profit organization contracted by the Dominican government – and Fathom, a subsidiary of Carnival Cruises (Music 2019, 75). These voluntourism experiences were promoted as opportunities for tourists to relax on beaches, explore the natural landscape, learn more about local ways of life, and “have an impact” on local communities.

Fathom cruise lines, a “social impact travel” experience brand owned by Carnival Corporation & plc, was established in June 2015 and just over a year later suspended operations in November 2016. The cruise line championed itself as a kind of “[t]ravel with purpose. Travel that transforms lives. Sometimes including your own. Impact travel with Fathom provides the opportunity to build community with like-minded travelers, become immersed in another culture, and work alongside its people to create enduring social impact” (Carnival Corporation 2016). A variety of impact activities were presented to tourists as opportunities to initiate meaningful change in underdeveloped communities in Puerto Plata province, including water filtration and paper recycling projects. Advertised in such a way so as to anonymize the partner organizations of these development-related projects, these impact activities were instead promoted in alignment with Fathom’s brand as “volunteer-based” projects meant to drive meaningful development over time (Music 2019, 75).

While Fathom’s official website has since expired, Music’s research study explored Fathom cruise lines’ volunteer tourism brand in 2016. She describes the activities as having been organized and directed by Fathom in such a way whereby tourists engaged in them believing that their efforts were impacting the various cooperatives and projects they worked on (ibid., 75). Tourists’ encounters with “modest poverty” during their impact activities created a space in

which altruistic feelings of benevolence flourished. Conversely, encounters with visible signs of extreme poverty shocked, creating a discomfort that tourists found distressing. This discomfort reconfigured and perpetuated paternalistic colonial narratives of the inherent corruption in the Dominican Republic, which required Western intervention in order to achieve adequate standards of progress (ibid., 16, 92). An exploration into the objective of the Fathom cruise line provides a contextual understanding into the ways in which cruise tourists of the Carnival Corporation brand imagine Puerto Plata as a travel destination, how they conceptualize their encounters with poverty and underdevelopment, but most importantly, the parameters within which they are permitted to encounter underdevelopment within what Music has reiterated as the “tourist bubble” (Cohen 1979; Graburn 1989; Jacobsen 2003).

Voluntourism as a kind of alternative tourism has the capacity to highlight the intimacies that can emerge in “backstage,” “authentic” or “real” encounters with locals in a host community (MacCannell 1999; Sin 2009; Taylor 2001). These intimacies can conjure up a sense of shared experience with host communities that is at the centre of voluntourism. As MacCannell (1999, 94) suggests, the touristic space is divided into frontstage and backstage whereby the voluntourist believes their experience is one of greater intimacy and social solidarity with the host community, a morally superior and truthful experience. While the intention of the voluntourist may be noble and sincere, the driving force behind their participation is a sentimental one whereby the potential is there for the voluntourist to inadvertently reproduce the structural inequalities upon which the encounter is based (Conran 2011, 1464), falling back on a “blame tradition” which understands the differences in society as resulting from inherent societal deficiencies instead of a deeply rooted colonial past (Piot 2010, 54).

Fathom's promotional campaigns were presented in such a way as to suggest voluntourists' time "giving back" and "traveling with heart" would not be the sole purpose of their travels. Instead, the quintessential Caribbean tourism imaginary of sun, sand, and sea was called to mind as Fathom's website suggested an itinerary of,

lush tropical beaches to sink your bare toes into. Restaurants, bars and shops to explore in the quiet port of Amber Cove. A coastline and mountains to hike, or just to wander. Opportunities to learn more about the culture or spend time with local families. To be sure, your commitment to having an impact is the mission that's brought you here. But it won't take you long to realize that the serene beauty of this place is going to have an impact on you, too. (Carnival Corporation 2016)

Docked in Amber Cove for three and a half days, Fathom voluntourists had the same opportunity as Carnival tourists to take advantage of various excursions throughout the city. Given Fathom's objective to "give back" and "travel with heart," however, voluntourists were encouraged to partake in three activities during their stay, which ranged from tree planting to teaching English language skills. The short timeframe in which Fathom voluntourists actually participated in development-related projects coupled with the promotion of Fathom as a leisure cruise stresses the triviality of Fathom's campaign to "impact" and "transform" (Music 2019, 1). As such, tourists were unprepared for the realities of poverty they were confronted with in unmediated and un-staged areas, such as on the long journeys to and from the impact activities.

While the quintessential "Paradise" moniker was still attached to Puerto Plata in Fathom's promotional marketing, what was added was the opportunity to "travel deep," as advertised in their social media campaign. This ambiguous reference was meant to give tourists the chance to imagine a "deep travel" cruise that deviated from the conventional cruise ship experience. This was facilitated through Fathom's vague promotional material of the Dominican Republic, which uses words such as "impact," "inspire," and "transform" to conjure up a personal sense and definition of altruism and purpose (ibid., 85). As the "transformative"

potential and experience of voluntourism is the commodity being sold to Fathom tourists, not the poverty or underdevelopment itself, these tourists contributed minimally in their half-day excursion tours to the alleviation of poverty or the development of the communities they visited (Frenzel and Koens 2012, 209). Instead, these excursions were little more than “pat on the back tourism,” as it was described to me, whereby skills development and personal growth were the commodities being purchased (Music 2019, 34). An experience brand intended to recreate onshore excursions for tourists looking to take a voluntourism approach to their travels, “social impact” voluntourists were nevertheless greeted with the same comforts and amenities they would have been on a traditional cruise excursion, including airconditioned transportation, unlimited food and water, as well as – what was designated at the time as – *Policía de Turismo* (POLITUR), or “tourist police,” armed guards assigned with the task of “protecting” tourists within tourist zones.

Absent from Fathom’s promotional materials were the realities of life in Puerto Plata. Dilapidated infrastructure, litter, wandering animals and tin-roofed homes were often set against well-kept, expansive, gated communities, illustrative of a kind of “hopeful worldmaking” (Tucker and Shelton 2018, 66) that emerged from Fathom’s marketing. From these affective tourism narratives emerged an imaginary of Puerto Plata as a region in-progress, giving Fathom voluntourists a very clear role to play.²² These juxtaposing images were on full display for tourists as they commuted to and from their impact activities and became the cornerstone upon which they conceptualized the Dominican Republic as a country suffering from endemic corruption. These realities came as a shock to these voluntourists who believed themselves to be on a trip that would transform the lives of Dominican people in their three and a half day stay

²² This idea of development narratives which produce affective atmospheres of hope will be explored further in Chapter 3.

(Music 2019, 87). Within the confines of the Amber Cove Carnival Cruise port or the resorts that decorate the beaches along the north coast, tourists remain largely removed and blissfully ignorant of the realities of life beyond those walls.

The extent to which voluntourists were exposed to these realities was actively kept to a minimum. Fathom partner organizations and Carnival Cruise representatives often emphasized the unpreparedness of tourists to confront the realities of poverty on the ground, often taking on the role themselves to determine what tourists were prepared to witness and *providing* them with those opportunities to “help”, re-invoking the “blame tradition” which sees NGOs and corporations as *saving* a site of visible impoverishment (Piot 2010, 61). As one cruise line representative suggested, “[p]eople inherently want to help, but they don’t know how, we give them the opportunities. Volunteers aren’t really prepared for the shock of poverty. People also come in contact with those they otherwise would not have the opportunity to meet. Head into neighbourhoods they normally wouldn’t” (Music 2019, 92). Another partnership respondent noted, “[t]his thing [Fathom] is trying to change the way people travel. People aren’t really ready to confront what they see here [poverty]. We are trying to empower both groups [tourists & locals], but it can be a bit of culture shock” (ibid., 92).

For these stakeholders, giving tourists an “authentic” experience only went as far as to give tourists the chance to leave the comfort of the port while under supervision. This experience was highly coordinated and controlled to ensure tourists were getting the kind of voluntourist experience that would feed the seductive narratives of the project and their altruistic motivations. In voluntourism spaces, the commodification of “helping” perpetuates “us/them” colonial narratives, which sets the stage for voluntourism projects that mobilize intimacy as a way to achieve development (Stoler 2002, Wexler 2000). This meant encounters between voluntourists

and the realities of poverty in Puerto Plata were controlled in such a way whereby voluntourists could insert themselves into a paternalistic colonial paradigm of helping a country that otherwise could not help itself (Music 2019, 16) while normalizing and depoliticizing the structural inequalities upon which these interactions are based (Ahmed, 2004; Berlant, 2004; Conran 2011).

In a meeting with Music, she described the overwhelming number of American voluntourists on Fathom's *Adonia* when she conducted her research in October 2016. A group of tourists who felt genuinely and sincerely that they were helping, they wanted to assist in any way they could to help communities they believed to be struggling to develop while under the thumb of a corrupt government. They took for granted this idea that the Dominican Republic was under a corrupt regime and the overwhelming waste they saw littering the streets was only further confirmation to many that this government is corrupt. Their personal and political disdain for and distrust of government as an institution shined through in their belief that corporations like Fathom cruise lines was the channel through which real development, progress, and change could take place. It's not okay for the government to meddle, especially corrupt ones, but corporations can.

The trip having ensued just a few days prior to the 2016 presidential election, politics were on everyone's mind. These were proud Republican Trump supporters who claimed to have voted for Barrack Obama but who could not vote for Hilary Clinton. They could not understand the efficacy and logic of universal healthcare. "Why should I have to pay the medical bills of someone who smoked their whole life?" But Trump's America would be different. He resonated with his core working-class American supporters by promising to use government as a tool to do away with "waste, fraud, and abuse." Government intervention was only okay insofar as that

intervention was to address the concerns of the white working class instead of the interests of racial minorities, to end government “fraud and abuse” from the inside, to reinstate national identity by keeping “immigrants” out and banning Muslims, and interfering with the free market so as to ensure American business and success is top of mind (Appelbaum 2016).

The long history of United States interest, intervention and occupation in the Dominican Republic has fostered a sense of paranoia and distrust that follows the Fathom tour bus around the island. These good Christian people who do what missionaries do are specters of a past that saw cultural and social disruption whereby American withdrawal was contingent upon Dominicans being able to prove their capacity to “keep their own house in order” (Derby 2009, 28). Domestic political strife in the 1900s had forged an image in Washington that Dominican leadership was inherently unstable, predisposed to violence, and incapable of self-governance. The sense at this time was that “only white men had evolved the advanced intellectual and moral capacity to master their masculine passions” (ibid., 28-29). “Race has nothing to do with what we’re doing here.” Raymond, a former peace corps worker who works with Entrena, a for-profit American organization, insists defensively that the voluntourists aboard the *Adonia* are “helping people.” Music thinks this denial is masking a kind of racial undertone of class struggle because “racial tensions go over their head.”

In October 2016, the Fathom bus carrying its voluntourists is on its way to install concrete floors in local neighbourhoods. “Go home! Go home!” screams a woman on the side of the road. She has come out of her small, tin-roofed home to watch the Fathom tour bus drive by; on to the next impact activity, off to help. Music has a unique vantage point from a car that drives behind the bus. She watches as the woman implores the busload of “helpers” to just “go home.” The driver of the car, a Dominican Institute for Integral Development (IDDI)

representative, stops the car to go speak to the woman. The frustration in her voice is palpable. They are not welcome there. The neighbours “are not aggressively angry, but they are annoyed, and they are vocal about it.” People are coming out of their homes to watch them; they talk about them. There is an uneasy feeling in the air – not of danger, but of being unwelcome. Music compares it to “seeing the aftermath of a car crash. People were coming out of their homes and they couldn’t look away.” But the Fathom tourists are on the bus, unaware of the commotion ensuing behind their air-conditioned bus, comfortable in their tourist bubble (Janet Music, pers. comm.).

The United States’ interest in the Dominican Republic began as early as the 1880s when Ulises Heureaux held the presidency from 1882 to 1899. Born in Puerto Plata in 1845, Lilís garnered U.S. interest and support for the Dominican Republic through the repression of his own people in order to create a façade of national harmony, which he then used to acquire U.S. financial support (Derby 2009, 16). By the 1900s, however, U.S. interest in the Caribbean heightened as they sought geopolitical control over the region, which was the impetus behind its attempts to intervene in the political and economic matters of the Dominican Republic (ibid., 17). After a procession of American interventions and economic control, including the takeover of Dominican foreign debt in 1892 by an American firm and the eventual control over Dominican customs houses from 1905 to 1941, the U.S. Marines proceeded to invade and occupy the Dominican Republic for eight years, from 1916 to 1924. During this occupation, the U.S. Marines set out to train and arm law enforcement in order to rectify what they perceived to be the issue of political instability, which had ensued following the assassination of the Dominican president Ramón Cáceres in 1911. What the U.S. Marines ended up installing,

however, was “a powerful instrument for political domination” and a broken leadership that would pave the way for the Trujillo dictatorship in 1930 (ibid., 19).

In 1906, the Dominican Republic distributed its first handbook promoting the “development of civilization” of the Dominican nation, declaring the country as having *genialidad moral e intelectual* (moral and intellectual genius) (Derby 2009, 29). The guidebook displayed Dominican women elegantly dressed, poetry and essays on the social and political affairs of the time, in addition to descriptions of the Dominican provinces and national laws. These images were meant to inspire a sense of European high society in the Dominican Republic that reflected Victorian era ideals of propriety. In 1920, text written in the handbook highlighted Dominican anxieties about the underclass, and elite recognition of the pathway to eventual civilization through American intervention, stating in *El Libro Azul* that,

... the youth, just budding into manhood, who form the backbone of this country ... are fast learning that greater honor, prestige and personal gain may be won from the work of developing and building up their country than from spending their good time and energy in political broils and revolutions, in order to secure some government position ... and the American intervention will have been a complete success, if the young men of the Dominican Republic can get this point of view. (ibid., 29)

The idea behind these narratives was the underlying perception of Dominican men, in particular, as “impulsive, violent, and prone to revolution,” and that these predispositions to incivility, primitivity, violence and irrationality necessitated U.S. leadership (ibid., 29). Under the watchful gaze of the United States, Dominicans encouraged each other to emulate what they believed to be American gentility; “... to overcome, be superior to the environment; that is the way we will progress” (ibid., 30). They needed to demonstrate their propriety, show they could resist their primitive mentality, especially given the “racial deficiency” in the country (ibid., 29).

In the early 1900s, the task of “progress” and “civilization” became the mandate of the state; in 2015, the role was adopted by American Fathom tourists who wanted to *help*.

How Do We Put That on a Brochure?

Amber Cove is a \$85 million port in the Bay of Maimón paid for and operated by Carnival Cruise Corporation (Kalosh 2015). It is decorated throughout with a colonial and Victorian era backdrop that mirrors the architecture of the newly renovated *Plaza Independencia* in Puerto Plata city and the colonial historical district in the country’s capital, Santo Domingo. Music describes the port as a facsimile of the Dominican Republic where segregation and tourist comfort²³ is top of mind. Every year, December 5th is recognized on the island of Hispaniola as Discovery Day, the day Christopher Columbus, the “Great Discoverer,” stumbled upon the island in 1492 and quickly moved to establish one of the first settlements in the Americas in Puerto Plata. Tributes to this colonial era can be seen architecturally throughout the Dominican Republic as well as parks dedicated in memoriam, such as *Parque Colón* in the *Ciudad Colonial* historical district of Santo Domingo. Amber Cove resembles this tribute. Large pillars embellish store fronts, buildings are painted in vibrant colours – fashioning the essence of the Caribbean and resembling the Victorian era aesthetic introduced to Puerto Plata around 1857 (“Carlos”, WhatsApp message to author, September 4, 2020) – and jewelry stores sell exorbitant diamonds and gold. The port and all of the amenities and activities it has to offer are there for the cruise tourist to *discover*. Touting Puerto Plata as a kind of *undiscovered* location waiting to be found,

²³ This dissertation refers to “tourist comfort” to speak to the ways in which the tourism imaginary of Puerto Plata as a relaxed tropical paradise gets reproduced, getting fashioned in ways that uphold the imaginary of a “nice and clean,” “safe,” “relaxed,” “always smiling” paradisiacal tourist destination.

Carnival's "Amber Cove, Dominican Republic" webpage describes Amber Cove as a "... throwback – ... the kind of quiet little spot you won't find on most maps. Beyond Amber Cove is Puerto Plata, a town that began life as the first European settlement in the Americas. Its founder? Oh, just a guy named Christopher Columbus ... so you know that arriving by sea is the ultimate way to get here" (Carnival Corporation, n.d.).

Amber Cove does not merely represent the power differentials between visiting tourists and locals or resemble a colonial history; rather, it embodies it, that and something more, "a domain of associations, resemblances, [and] patterns. There are hints ... at yet another structure" (Lepselter 2016, 38). The backdrop of Amber Cove against the realities of life in Puerto Plata – the visible poverty and sense of corruption – enchants and animates sentiments of possibility, a possibility that Puerto Plata has the potential to become something more with a little help. The dilapidation and sense of infrastructural, and political, unruliness in Puerto Plata emerged for tourists as a kind of opportunity, as a site of potentiality, as a destination to be discovered and saved.

A remnant of the Spanish colonial legacy that plays out in the tourism space in Puerto Plata is that of an imagined social divide between civilization and barbarism, whereby the civilized Dominican elite did not occupy the same space as the barbarous transient country folk who were perceived to pollute civilized urban space (Derby 2009, 95). Puerto Plata is like a village. A friend of mine from the capital disparages the lifestyle. "Motoconchos, animals in the street, chickens running around. This is not what the Dominican Republic is. These are like country people." The meticulously fashioned frontstage of the Fathom experience, however, was difficult for tourists to escape, even though they tried. "They wanted to know more about the

Dominican Republic, they wanted to talk to locals, they didn't know politics or details, so they just made assumptions based on the media reports they had seen.”

For Music, Fathom's fervent attempts to shield tourists from the realities of Dominican politics proved the activities they participated in all the more obviously futile; however, this hopeful worldmaking of an in-progress Puerto Plata kept the narrative within reach, within a realm of possibility. Through representations and narratives of Puerto Plata as a place in need of help – a place in which hope for the future was still alive given tourists' willingness to help – Fathom representatives produced a “combination of narrative and affect [that] gives tourism much of its worldmaking power” (Tucker and Shelton 2018, 66). More than “the creative and often ‘false’ or ‘faux’ imaginative processes and projective promotional activities that management agencies, other mediating bodies, and individuals strategically and ordinarily engage in to purposely ... privilege particular dominant/favoured representations of people/places/pasts within a given or assumed region” (Hollinshead 2009, 643), “worldmaking” is more expansive in scope than the representations conjured up in marketing and promotional materials. It creates a kind of “collective mood” that comes to shape our experience of the world as a whole instead of as an experience of its parts (Anderson 2014, 106). “Mood speaks – if only circumstantially – to the deep-structural situatedness of individuals within history as something never actually intelligible to them in fully coherent, timely, and definitive form” (Pfau 2005, 7). This created an opportunity in which Fathom voluntourists could perform and reproduce the kinds of narratives they believed to be true (Tucker and Shelton 2014, 650).

“Fathom wanted tourists to feel like they were having a good time.” Comfort was front of mind for Fathom representatives. This comfort was achieved through what Music refers to as a model of exclusion and segregation. “You could not wander away from the bus. They did not let

tourists talk to locals, the guide would call you back. They had us on a very short leash. Tourists were shielded by a bubble. The guide would yell over, ‘We’re waiting for you!’ to coax the tourists to come back. I couldn’t even practice my Spanish and say, ‘Beautiful day,’ or ‘Hello,’ to a local. It was creepy.” This tourist bubble was a mobile space. It followed tourists throughout Puerto Plata. From Amber Cove, to the Fathom bus, to the impact activities, to the city centre, Fathom tried to construct a space in which tourists would feel comfortable. Contributing to the hopeful worldmaking of Puerto Plata province as a place in-progress – one that was developing and required Fathom’s intervention – keeping tourists within the tourist bubble had two functions. Fathom created a space in which tourists were meant to feel as though safety only existed within the tourist bubble, and this, in turn, perpetuated the narrative that what lay beyond and just outside of this bubble was dangerous; a kind of invisible boundary meant to resemble a threshold into the margins of the unstructured and unknown (Douglas 2003, 141). This danger that existed just beyond the boundary was the reason in which they were there; to see it, witness it – from a safe distance – while leaving their mark as voluntourists and helping to remediate these “dangers.”

Amber Cove is a domain in which these associations and resemblances are invoked. It is a space in which development, progress, and civility resemble a haunting past of colonial control and social divide. These conceptualizations of appropriate social engagement and proximity between tourists and locals were on full display in Amber Cove whereby access into and out of the port was highly regulated and controlled by tourism security, there was no access to the beach – presumably to mitigate accidental and unsanctioned interactions with locals – and where the “model of exclusion and segregation” created a sense of uneasiness; once you’re segregated, you feel uneasy not to be. It’s the fear of the unknown.

The port is a place reserved for tourists, despite the hundreds of Puertoplateños who work as waiters and waitresses, bartenders, shop clerks, lifeguards, taxi attendants and in other service roles in Amber Cove. I ask a friend a friend of mine, Diego, who works as a sales associate in a souvenir shop in the port, if he could possibly take a photo of the Carnival ship that was meant to call that day. At the time, I was still working on clearance to enter the port myself. “I’m so sorry, Sarah. I try to get a good photo but I can only get ones like this. They are not so good, but you can still see OK.” He sends me the photos he’s taken on his phone via WhatsApp. I notice they’re all taken from a distance. “These are all great! The ships look a bit small though, is there a chance you can get a bit closer?” Diego tells me that this is as close as he is allowed to get since “Carnival” only permits him to walk as far as the retail space, the area in which he works. Fearing he might “get in trouble,” I tell Diego the photos he took were great and I’m left with the sense that within Amber Cove itself also exists an invisible threshold of the unknown.

Diego eventually sends me a photo of Carnival’s *Pacific Princess*. The photo is blurry, catching the *Pacific Princess* as she pulls away from the port. “I can get closer when the ships leave,” Diego tells me in our WhatsApp chat thread. By this point I have already left the field. It’s been about five months since I had asked Diego for photos of Carnival’s fleet. He doesn’t have many opportunities to approach the dock where the tourists (dis)embark the ships, but he has a chance tonight and he takes it. This is one of the latest and longest calls in Amber Cove. *Pacific Princess* spent 10 hours in Amber Cove on December 24th, 2017, perhaps an early Christmas present to those onboard, departing only when the sky was black and the ship shone like a city on the Atlantic. Diego feels safer to move about the port at night. When the tourists have all boarded, there is less of a chance he will “get in trouble” for an accidental interaction

outside of the retail space. He sees off the ship through the lens of his camera phone and sends me a blurry photo of the *Pacific Princess* as it drifts into the dark.

The Amber Cove webcam, *NOW LIVE!!! Check us out!!!* animates this point of exclusion and segregation. An ongoing video stream of Amber Cove that can be accessed through the official Amber Cove website, the view through the camera resembles a photograph when the port is still and empty. With the travel restrictions of Covid-19 firmly in place, the port is vacant. The webcam footage appears as a haunting image of a still, Victorian era town which, through the convex lens of the camera, appears to be in a bubble. This empty touristic bubble punctuates the realities of the social divide in Puerto Plata. This space is for tourists only.

Hook Complex: “Cruise Ships are Brainwashing”

“Dictatorships are pantheistic. The dictator manages to plant a little piece of himself in every one of us” (Alvarez 1994, 310-311). Despite the Trujillo dictatorship having been toppled in the 1960s after decades of surveillance, repression, and violence for nepotistic gain, the legitimization of the Trujillo regime through its embodiment of national progress and development continue to haunt and weave themselves through the stories I heard. Paranoia and conspiracy entangled themselves through narratives, behaviours and opinions that circulated the tourism industry. The very roads that had not been constructed yet had ears. “The American media” and Carnival were conspiring to strip local tourism workers of dignity, success and opportunity. The “Haitian invasion” meant Dominicans needed to look over their shoulders. They cannot be trusted. All of this to help in their “impulse to make something sensible of circumstances and events ...” (Little 2014, 235). Within these stories, the conspiracies that were

told were “...incomplete, always still a theory,” not really answering anything but filling the cracks in the “order of things” with scenes that resonate, that just make sense (Lepselter 2016, 41).

Speaking to a Dominican audience, Dominican psychiatrist Antonio Zaglul has described this embodiment of the dictator *in every one of us* as “hook complex” or “paranoia.” The causes?

Various. Basically, our history, our men. From Santana to Trujillo. The Spanish, Haitians, French, English, North Americans. They have all collaborated to create a type of Latin American personality very different from the rest: the Dominican. [With] Trujillo, [he] did the same. There was delusion of persecution, but there was also persecution without delusion. The result of this concept of things, of all these abnormal experiences, is a depressive personality with marked paranoid features. Most of us think of the ‘hook.’ ‘They are putting a hook on us.’ Between truth and error there is a stretch, and in that stretch we locate ourselves. There is mistrust and delusion of interpretation. The Dominican distrusts even his own shadow. (Zaglul 2011, 181-182)

This sense of paranoia and conspiracy was animated for tourism workers like Juan in September 2017 when Hurricane Maria hit numerous Caribbean islands, one of them being the Dominican Republic. The storm caused widespread flash floods around the north and eastern parts of the island. In preparation for the storm, the Dominican port authority shut down most ports on the island, including Puerto Plata. The hurricane’s arrival was not a shock. Dominicans encounter heavy storms at the end of every summer. What unsettled the departure of the hurricane, however, were the images that had apparently been circulating in the media about the infrastructural damage in “the Caribbean.” Music’s observations punctuate the storm’s aftermath – it wouldn’t have mattered what island we were on. To them, it’s all really the same. However, despite the storm largely missing the island of Hispaniola, Puerto Plata in particular having been spared much damage, Juan, an excursions tour guide, lamented the loss of Carnival arrivals as a result of the circulation of misinformation in “the media.” “They say everything is destroyed here, so tourists get scared. But you can see, is fine.”

The fears that are conjured up when the international community imagines the implications of infrastructural destruction after a storm resemble the arrival of hurricane San Zenón in 1930. On September 3, the country's capital was caught off guard by one of the worst hurricanes the country had ever seen. Four hours of fierce winds and torrential rainfall had flattened wood buildings and sent metal roofs flying through the air, slicing through anything in their path. Over 2,000 people perished in the hurricane with 90% of the buildings in the capital having been flattened. In Dominican mythology, the young Trujillo regime came to be entangled with the hurricane itself, symbolizing the restoration of order and reconstruction of the country's capital (Derby 2009, 66-67). Juan's story of "the media's" attempts at scaring tourists away from Puerto Plata and drawing on images of the devastation in "the Caribbean" is resonant of the aftermath of San Zenón and the scramble to reassemble pre-existing social and infrastructural boundaries. Amber Cove resembles that boundary. In 1930, the capital of Santo Domingo was the epitome of its colonial character whereby social boundaries and city limits clearly demarcated the urban elite from Dominican peasants. As the locus of 16th century colonial political affairs, Santo Domingo was contained and protected by stonewall fortifications, which acted as an image that reaffirmed urban versus rural, civilization versus barbarism, wealthy versus poor. The infrastructural destruction after San Zenón blurred the distinctions between social boundaries in public space. With homes destroyed and nowhere else to go, the masses began appropriating otherwise bourgeois spaces of respectability such as *Parque Colón* (Columbus Park), a symbolic site of elite civility and virtue (Greenblatt 1990, 59).

The perceived implications of this erosion of boundaries is particularly notable in Puerto Plata, 1985, when the last cruise ship sails away and does not return for another 30 years. When it does, it arrives in Amber Cove as Carnival Cruise Lines. According to Germán Camarena, a

longstanding fixture in Dominican politics and life in Puerto Plata, the 1970s and 80s in Puerto Plata was a major stop en-route to other Caribbean destinations for cruise tourists, welcoming up to eight ships per week. The traffic decreased exponentially, however, when, over time, the port could no longer accommodate the increasing size of cruise ships, and so it was left to deteriorate (Camarena 2009, 77-78). In popular accounts, Dominicans blame themselves. The empty port was an image that circulated and perpetuated stories about why the ships never came back. “Tourists would come here and see people fighting in the street. Everybody wanted to talk with [the tourists] so they would buy something. They were like animals. Tourists don’t want to see that.” In Juan’s mind, “the American media” – fearing Hurricane Maria had destroyed the very infrastructure that would foster tourist comfort, that would safeguard and insulate tourists from the quarrelling masses and maintain the social division between tourist and local – had perpetuated these narratives of Puerto Plata as somehow dangerous, somehow unstable, somehow unsafe given the infrastructural “damages” it had sustained in the hurricane. This affront to the condition of Puerto Plata post-Hurricane Maria culminated in an assemblage of scenes; the circulating media images of “the Caribbean” as a devastated and derelict entity, Amber Cove’s desolation, the free time – “I go to the gym or see a friend ... *tranquilo*” – which conjured up a sense of distrust and paranoia that can be followed through the generative potentialities of these images.

“They promise many things, ‘When the cruise ships coming, the street is going to be new’. But you see outside, is the same. Would be better if the tourists weren’t rushed.” Carlos, a jewelry salesman at the “other” amber museum adjacent to *Plaza Independencia* – a government-funded museum and jewelry store – imagined government inadequacies in road infrastructure coupled with Carnival motivations as culminating in the image of the empty space

in front of the store. For Carlos, the absence of road infrastructure in front of his store conjured up a sense that something more was at play; a kind of distrust and paranoia that assumed Carnival must be perpetuating narratives of the dangers of the city, leaving him alone with his colleagues in an empty store.

Cruise ships are brainwashing because [tourists] only have information given to them inside the ship. Resorts provide many people to speak with. Carnival tells tourists outside taxis are not safe, and [tourists] should pay \$40 for [Carnival] taxis, both ways. They don't want the tourists talking to us. Resort tourists have other benefits. Tourists say they have money at the hotel, and so you can postpone payment. If resort tourists want jewelry, they can design it and it can be made. Cruise ship tourists don't have the same opportunity. It's fast tourism. With [cruise ship tourists], you see them only once. In the hotel, you see the people two weeks, three weeks, depends. But in the cruise ship, you just only see them maybe two hours, or maybe two minutes, one minute. So, whatever Carnival tells them, you are done.²⁴

Declining to be recorded for this interview, Carlos embodied the distrust he was describing, whispering when he spoke of his theories and glancing down the street where we sat outside a *colmado*, as though the roads had ears. The “fast tourism” he describes is not enough time to design jewelry, it is not enough time to convince tourists they are safe in Puerto Plata, it is not enough time for tourists to navigate through the uneven graveled road that leads up to the jewelry store ... it is just not enough time. The disappointment overflows from the anticipation, the promises of what cruise ship tourism was to afford him – Amber Cove was supposed to be “an incredible project for [the] entire country” (Kalosh 2015).

Black and White, Like Dominoes

“Trujillo as farmer, worker, and industrialist promised to create a society with no castes, no *gente de segunda*, and no blackness – one of only Dominicans united against Haitians.”

– Derby 2009, 24

²⁴ “Carlos,” interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, September 3, 2017.

“Putting a hook.” This is a phrase denoting to “cheat, trick, deceit, fraud, lurking.” During the Trujillo dictatorship from 1930 to 1961, Dominicans lived in such a way as to avoid “falling on a hook,” to not be duped; seeing a hook as any attempt by one to incriminate another as a dissident of the Trujillo regime. As a linguist and member of the Dominican Academy of Language contends, “[o]ne of the reasons that motivate us to reflect on the hook of the Trujillo Era is so that the younger generations know how far the control of the dictatorship has gone, which has even penetrated the citizen's psyche. It is likely that the Dominican mentality still has features of this behavior, although it is no longer for political affairs” (Guzmán 2016). This paranoia was often triggered by images and conversations around development and progress in the cruise ship industry in Puerto Plata. While these sentiments were not always articulated, they were resonant in participants’ stories, the ways in which they carried themselves, did business with each other, and looked to the future.

In Trujillista discourse, *race* was a concept deployed most often to describe the Dominican mixed race and to further the interests of the mixed, *criollo* population. This creole identity meant that mixed-raced Dominicans, “both black and white, like dominoes,” could potentially pass as white, but also dangerously straddled a line of blackness (Mir 1984, 168). The *cédula*, or ID, was a symbol of the regime’s attempt to create a unified national identity and personhood and was used in such a way that echoed its colonial function of reclassifying individuals from that of dishonourable *mestizo* identity to that of “legal whiteness” (Wade 1993, 9). Under the Trujillo regime, the fluidity of race for *criollos* did not undermine the significance of blood lineage; however, it did create a space for the potential to achieve social class in part through comportment and civility instead of solely based on skin colour. As the *cédula* was

intimately tied to racial identity, which could determine one's social and spatial mobility, it was often referred to as *papel de camino*, paper of the road (Derby 2009, 159).

Under Trujillo's government, the deployment of the word *progreso* had come to signify not only the infrastructural modernization of the country but, as it was also understood in popular parlance, the "colour advancement," or whitening, of the country (ibid., 132). These opportunities for social mobility did not apply to Haitians, many of whom had immigrated to the Dominican Republic or had parents of one or both nationalities. In popular Dominican imagination, the earning or hustling of money by immigrants, such as Haitians – who had few other means through which to earn a living – was a powerful image that was often associated with the weakening of Dominican traditional values (Derby 2009, 48; Weiner 1992). "Honest poverty" was an indicator of the respectability and decency of Dominicans, whereas business and money came to resemble deviousness; an emblem of the "moneyed status hierarchy of the United States" (Derby 2009. 50).

Racial politics in the Dominican Republic are historically and contemporarily bound up in narratives of progress and development. Haitians were and continue to be scapegoats for times of economic struggle and are called to mind as "invaders" who operate within a moral economy of lying, cheating and grafting. These sentiments fuel a sense of paranoia and distrust in the tourism industry in Puerto Plata as Dominicans and Haitians occupy together a touristic space ripe with uncertainty. "Haitians would sell their own children or work as slaves in construction and the cane fields to get money," says Alex, an excursions tour guide with Carnival Cruises. Classified as an "adventure tour" that takes tourists on an "outback safari" excursion, he explains to me how he takes his days off from work to rest his back because "the roads are so bad; they are not paved. I would like to do something more relaxed, like city tours. Everybody wants to

work in city tours. You can sit in the air condition and just ... [puts hands behind head and smiles] relax. *Tranquilo.*”

Alex says he’s been saving up his money working with Discovery Tours so he can finish building his house. He takes me there. We drive along the unpaved roads on his moped. Left, right, left, right. Downhill. Uphill. I know I could not find my way back to the city if I tried. “All of these homes ... see? Not finished, because they run out of money.” We pass by the bones of cement homes, abandoned just long enough in the hot, humid conditions of the Caribbean climate that the surrounding foliage has begun to claim them as its own. On the tour of his home, Alex takes me from room to room, telling me he will need to get one of his “workers” to fix this or get that. “I hired some Haitian guys. I pay them very good. OK? I treat them very good. I give them water, I pay them very good. But still, they always want more. *Mas, mas, mas.* I ask them to go get me some things from the car, just over there. The guy goes like this [holds out hands as though begging]. They always want more.”

Through centuries of colonial rule and eventual American occupation, the Dominican Republic has been subjugated by Spain, Haiti and the United States. “Founded” in 1496 by the Spanish, the capital of Santo Domingo was the first European colony ever to be established in the Americas. After having settled the western part of the island of Hispaniola in the 18th century, the French saw a slave rebellion that drove them out in 1804, leading to Haiti’s occupation of Santo Domingo in 1822. Although French Haiti later helped Santo Domingo to oust its Spanish colonizers in 1865, the Dominican Republic still chooses to celebrate its independence from its Haitian colonizers in 1844. As recognized by Matías Bosch, the grandson of the first democratically elected president of the Dominican Republic after the assassination of Trujillo in 1961, “One of the characteristics of Dominican racism is that it is not assumed to be

racism.” Often veiled by discourses of national interest and progress, anti-Haitian sentiment is frequently hidden in concerns about immigration, and economic and societal wellbeing. “When you peel back the first layer, the second layer, what you have left, in the end, is pure racism” (Alami 2018).

The street that cuts through *Plaza Independencia* in Puerto Plata city is an image that throws into sharp relief the national, cultural, social and economic distinctions between Haitians and Dominicans in Puerto Plata, and the Dominican Republic more largely. Called *Calle de la Separación* (Separation Street), this street name carries with it the legacy of Independence from Haiti, their occupiers from 1822 to 1844. In Puerto Plata city, the historic event that *Calle de la Separación* is named after resembles the way in which the tourism space is imagined. A space occupied by “honestly poor” Dominican tourism workers who are trying to get by. In February 2018, almost 174 years after Dominican independence from Haiti, a proposal is made by Víctor Ortega Espaillat, councillor of the Social Christian Reform Party, to rename *Calle de la Separación* after former President, successor and close political confidant of former dictator Rafael Trujillo, Joaquín Balaguer. There is pushback. Puertoplateños argue that changing the name of the street will be to “forget their history,” that of gaining independence from Haiti in 1844. To install the name of a president who inflicted comparable amounts of political repression and suffering would be to follow in the footsteps of Trujillo, who insisted on naming streets after his political cronies so as to embed their names in the memories of Dominicans (Heredia 2018). Today, the street still exists as *Calle de la Separación*. A 10-foot statue of Juan Pablo Duarte – considered to be one of the founding fathers of the Dominican Republic who led the revolt and eventual independence from Haitian occupation in 1844 – stares out onto the street from the perimeter of *Plaza Independencia*. This space is a Dominican one, marked by the statue of a

Dominican military hero who fought against Haitian rule and the street that celebrates this independence.

Haitians have long represented an image in the Dominican imaginary as the locus of Dominican social and economic ills, as conspirators with the world to force the Dominican Republic into dealing with its neighbour's problems (Alami 2018). These sentiments have transcended time and the various governments that followed the Trujillo regime and culminated most profoundly on October 2, 1937. In what has come to be called "The Parsley Massacre," Trujillo covertly ordered the massacre of Haitian families and Dominicans of Haitian descent along the border, under the pretense that Haitian bandits were attacking Dominican farmers. Drawing on Dominican popular imaginaries of Haitians as machete-brandishing murders – an imaginary that has been in circulation since Haiti's occupation of the country in 1822 – Trujillo conjured up anti-Haitian sentiments to covertly coordinate and execute approximately 30,000 Haitians. Ordering his troops to carry out the genocide using machetes, this was meant to validate the regime's official narrative of the massacre having been carried out by a spontaneous uprising of *patriotic* Dominican farmers who were putting an end to the banditry of Haitian cattle thieves (Bishop and Fernandez 2017). On a tour of the border after the genocide, Trujillo is rumoured to have said, "To the Dominicans who were complaining of the depredations by Haitians living among them thefts of cattle, provisions, fruits, etc., and were thus prevented from enjoying in peace the products of their labor, I have responded, 'I will fix this.' And we have already begun to remedy the situation" (ibid., 2017).

Perejil. Parsley. A word that stood between life or death. Dominican and Haitian accounts contend that the word *perejil* was used to determine one's identity. A soldier would hold a sprig of parsley in front of the "Haitian" in question. *What is this?* They would be asked.

Opening your mouth could get you killed. “[Trujillo] needed them to open their mouths and speak before [he] could tell them apart” (Headlee 2012). As *criollo* identity meant straddling a fine line between white and black, the missing trill of the *rrrr* punctuated one’s identity as Haitian. As a thief. As greedy. As barbaric. As racially and culturally inferior.

For Trujillo, the visibility of his power and influence was essential to the regime and its success was tied to “spectacle” (Comaroff and Comaroff 2006), as evidenced in the brutal execution of thousands of Haitians on that fateful night in October. This spectacle was caught up in bodies – his and his victims’ alike. He embodied his ideology of development and progress as though his personal enrichment somehow also enriched the nation, so much so that even upon his assassination in May 1961, “there was a mystical awe surrounding [him], as if his authority transcended corporal limits, endowing him with superhuman status” (Derby 2009, 204). This omnipresence felt especially prevalent given his imprint on the national terrain, such as through his renaming of the capital after himself in 1936 – *Ciudad Trujillo*. Trujillo’s sovereignty was located in his “power and capacity to dictate who may live and who must die” (Mbembe 2003, 11), the “politics of race” inextricably linked to the “politics of death” (Arendt 1973, 157). The Parsley Massacre reinforced the sense that potential threats would be quashed as seen fit by the regime. The devoted military were the eyes, ears and executioners of the regime, standing firmly by the side of the dictator. Oscillating between the voices of Haitian migrant workers and *El General*, Rita Dove (1983) captures the haunting of the massacre in her poem “Parsley.”

There is a parrot imitating spring
in the palace, its feathers parsley green.

Out of the swamp the cane appears
to haunt us, and we cut it down. El General
searches for a word; he is all the world
there is. Like a parrot imitating spring,
we lie down screaming as rain punches through

and we come up green. We cannot speak an R—
out of the swamp, the cane appears
and then the mountain we call in whispers *Katalina*.
The children gnaw their teeth to arrowheads.
There is a parrot imitating spring.

El General has found his word: *perejil*.
Who says it, lives. He laughs, teeth shining
out of the swamp. The cane appears
in our dreams, lashed by wind and streaming.

And we lie down. For every drop of blood
there is a parrot imitating spring.
Out of the swamp the cane appears.

In an effort to prolong his political longevity, Trujillo attempted “to order and stratify what had previously been an inclusive and reciprocal frontier” along the Haitian/Dominican border, changing the ways in which local meanings of *raza* (race) were conceptualized (Derby 1994, 489). After the massacre of 1937, the regime undertook a campaign to demonize Haiti and those of Haitian descent living in the Dominican Republic (ibid., 490). The liminality of the border as a space in which people on both the Haitian and Dominican side could traverse freely to exchange goods was taken up by the state as acts of transgression, as a threat (ibid., 491). The Transnational Highway – built by the Trujillo regime to try and police the comings and goings of people across the border – was often circumvented using the well-travelled footpaths that Haitians and Dominicans were used to traversing to conduct business. These “transgressions” were silent protests against Trujillo’s attempts at the “Dominicanization” of the border (Paulino 2016, 84-115) – his effort to establish a national border between the two countries that would mitigate the “danger, pollution, and aggression” that Haitians were argued to bring with them – and firmly establish Dominican identity on the Dominican side of the border (Derby 1994, 493). By the 1940s, the association between Haitians and forms of bodily pollution, particularly illness

and contagion, were cemented in Trujillista anti-Haitian discourse, relegating Haitians to that of a kind of “social lowness” (ibid., 504).

On one of my evening walks through my neighbourhood in Puerto Plata, I came across Ana, a Dominican born realtor who had spent much of her adult life in New York and had recently returned. We usually waved to each other as I walked past her house and she sat on her front porch, but on this night, she came over to chat. A seemingly cautious and sheltered woman, covering her ears whenever a *motoconcho* would whiz by, or bemoaning the loud music blasting from a car’s sound system, she used our conversation as an opportunity to tell me a little bit about herself. Having relocated to Puerto Plata recently, she discussed her growing realty business and some issues she was having with some of her construction workers.

There are millions of Haitians living here in the Dominican Republic, but I try not to work with them. I have been unlucky working with them in the past and they are not good. They stole my materials. I pray for them! But I do not hire them, and I do not talk to them in the street ... You know that Haitians believe in Satan? They made a deal with Satan and [the Haitians] renewed their contract [with Satan] in 2012. In the Dominican Republic, we believe in God. The Haitians, they do their vodou and they eat people. Is true. That is why the Lord has punished them with bad weather.²⁵

The “big problem” of Haitians in the Dominican Republic, according to Ana, was mostly linked to their funneling money made in the Dominican back into Haiti, which was explained to me as “detrimental to the Dominican economy.”

There is a distrust, a potential hook, that lingers in the business interactions between Haitians and Dominicans in the tourism sphere in Puerto Plata. Taking me around the city, from shop to shop, vendor to vendor, tour guides often warned me of the dangers of doing business with Haitians; that they would always charge more than their services were worth because they

²⁵ “Ana,” conversation with author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, June 27, 2017.

“always wanted more.” This trepidation was often coupled with the association of Haitian vodou with evil, greed and individualism. As Derby (1994, 493) notes, “Haitians could be seen as the repository of potential symbolic violence, particularly in times of scarcity and resource competition.” The creation of national differences between Haitians and Dominicans extends as far back as the 1912 law declaring Spanish as the official language of the Dominican Republic. Legal decisions such as this combined with the gradual restrictions of border crossings based on access to identification cards in the late 1920s and access to a passport, visa or certificate of good conduct by 1930, all point to the border as resembling the construction of social divisions that framed Haitians in the imaginary of Dominicans as “Others.” These policies work to more stringently define who was part of the Dominican nation and who was not (ibid., 502). During the Trujillo regime, there was a new preoccupation with policing “social dirt.” In order to maintain a respectable social order that would ensure the separation, or segregation, between purity and impurity, the regime instituted a kind of “sanitation of the public sphere” whereby there was great effort to control the movement and placement of bodily and social filth (ibid., 504).

In the tourism space that occupies Puerto Plata city and the surrounding neighbourhoods around *Plaza Independencia*, Dominicans and Haitians often work together in various capacities. Passing tourists off to one another, buying each other a cold *cerveza* to maintain reciprocal relationships, and relying on good faith credit or *fiao*, Dominicans and Haitians engage in a social network that is based on the borrowers’ reputation as being *gente responsable*, or responsible people (Hippert 2017, 194). While these networks do not negate the racial tensions and stereotypes that are pervasive in everyday social life, they draw attention to the circumstances within which Haitians and Dominicans forge enough trust to work with one

another, but also moments when distrust or paranoia shock these relationships, however temporarily; where “social relationships are reduced to the magical matrix of things” (Taussig 2010, 32) and narratives of Haitian inferiority and deviousness are called to mind to reclaim the tourist space as a Dominican one.

As Derby (1994, 523) notes, “[a] prominent theme in the stories Dominicans tell about Haitians is the peculiar fact that although they looked poor, Haitians were rich and stingy.” A common narrative in discussions with Dominican tourism workers about the Haitians that lived and worked in the same space was that they were greedy, accumulating undeserved money and storing it away, “not allow[ing] it to circulate in the economy of reciprocal exchanges and gifts upon which poor Dominicans ... depended” (ibid., 523). Money, magic, and Haitian vodou were often called to mind here as the image of Haitian wealth accumulation at the expense of Dominican success, creating a deep sense of distrust and unease. As Taussig (2010, 13) describes of the displaced Afro-American peasants who worked the ubiquitous sugar plantations in the Cauca Valley in Columbia, they “are some who are supposed to enter into secret contracts with the devil in order to increase their production and their wage,” a contract which is imagined to have deleterious implications for “capital and human life.” How else could Haitians be accumulating wealth when money seemed to “slip out of Dominicans’ hands”? There seemed to be a kind of charge or magic to the ways in which Haitians accumulated money in which Dominicans were not a part of (ibid., 523). “Honest poverty” was the only way to avoid the premature death and pain that would surely accompany any contract of this kind. That is why the Lord has punished them with bad weather.

Haitians occupied an important role in the various Dominican border economies before the Parsley Massacre of 1937. The success of Haitians in this primarily barter economy had “a

certain charge to it; perhaps in the moral economy of the border, the power of Haitians to make money implied the loss of something Dominican” (ibid., 520). The narrative deployed by Trujillo that Haitians were stealing Dominican cattle for their own profit was often debunked by border residents. However, these sentiments continue to thrive. The state leveraged some of these anxieties and rumours that circulated around border communities and deployed them for its own political purposes, drawing on these sentiments to suggest that participation of Haitians in the border economy were “sucking life from the Dominican nation” (ibid., 526); this kind of notion that “a way of life” was “losing its life” (Taussig 2010, 17). The dissemination of these images of Haitian “social lowness” permeated the mood or worldmaking in the Dominican Republic, producing imaginaries of a world where the concern was not of the “limited good” (Foster 1960, 1965), but of, as Taussig (2010, 16) notes, “*how* the economic pie was expanding and not the expansion per se.”²⁶

One afternoon as I was walking around *Plaza Independencia*, I came across Melvin on his way to his store where he painted and sold his artwork, which exclusively showcased the life he left behind in Haiti before coming to Puerto Plata in search of greater opportunities. Waving and shouting greetings to passing *motoconcho* drivers and fellow shop owners, Melvin welcomed me with a hug and asked how I was. Commenting on the strong Dominican sun that afternoon, *tengo mucho calor*, he offered to take me across the street to grab a drink from the vendor parked on the corner. “I’ll show you a classic Dominican street drink,” he said, ordering two cups of evaporated milk poured over shaved ice, also called *morir soñando*, “to die dreaming.” The name conjures up the knotted entanglements “in which diverse bodies and meanings coshape one another” (Haraway 2008, 4) – the sensations of the seductive tourist space

²⁶ See pages 28, 38, 40 and 41 for further discussion on how narratives of Haitian immigration are linked to the dangers of economic expansion.

that surrounded us, the “becoming of continuity” (Manning 2016, 135; Whitehead 1978) of Dominican-Haitian tensions incubated by the dictatorship but that unfold in eventful ways in the touristic milieu; the trepidatious, brave, humorous, dismissive navigation of the distrust and resentment that weighs heavy, unfolding as a kind of eventful flare. I had met Melvin a couple of weeks prior. Having just arrived for fieldwork, he had offered to walk me around the city to show me “the real Puerto Plata.” Clearly familiar with the tourism industry’s narratives of authenticity, safety and comfort – and the potential compensation this could afford him – he explained that I would get a look into what the city was really like, and that in his presence, I would be safe.

After having done some research into the tours offered by Carnival and my interest in getting a feel for the Carnival experience in Puerto Plata, I asked Melvin if we could head over to the Amber Museum. This museum was of particular interest to me since it was on many tour operators’ itineraries. As such, Carnival tourists were herded into this privately-owned museum by the bus loads on busy cruise ship days to explore for about 15 minutes before they were channeled into the jewelry store portion of the tour. Here, tourists could purchase jewelry pieces made from the amber and larimar they had seen in the museum. Before heading over to the museum, which was directly adjacent to *Plaza Independencia*, a registered tour guide of the *Asociación de Guías Turísticos de Puerto Plata* by the name of Iván, whom I had met during the first week of having arrived in the field, approached me and asked how my research was coming along. “It’s going well! I actually met a very nice gentleman who has agreed to take me over to the Amber Museum.” Melvin walked over to us and stood a few feet behind me as I spoke. Iván looked over my shoulder at him. “Are you going to shop? You know, are you going to buy anything in there?” “No, no, I just want to look around, see the museum.” Iván smiled, and

patted my shoulder, “Well then, you go with my friend [Melvin]. He knows a lot and he can show you around.”

Arriving back at *Plaza Independencia* the next day around noon, I saw Melvin cradling a *Presidente* in a nearby *colmado* – a brewery that began operations in 1935 and eventually changed its name in honour of Trujillo, *El Jefe, El Presidente*. After joining him inside for a quick chat and then proceeding to continue on my way, I was stopped by Iván who asked me how the Amber Museum had been. Like a force had compelled him to glance down at my wrist, a glimpse of a bracelet punctuated the space between us. “Did you buy that at the museum?” Hesitantly, I told him I had not planned on buying anything from the museum, but decided last minute to make a small purchase, a bracelet that featured a small piece of larimar – a material native only to the Dominican Republic – that also earned Melvin \$20 USD in commission for having brought me there himself. Iván’s silence weighed heavy. Then, “[h]e does drugs and he can be very aggressive when he does drugs.” “He does vodou. Haitians do not believe in God.” Another moment of silence. Pointing to the insignia on his orange shirt that read “Asociación de Guías Turísticos de Puerto Plata,” Iván said, “We are the real tour guides, he is not.”

“Real” tour guides in this context does not only highlight the differential status between accredited tour guides and those who are not, but also throws into stark relief the paranoia, delicacy and apparent contradictions in the social networks established in this tourism space where distinctions between Haitians and Dominicans are made and remade. Confiding in Melvin about the strange encounter, he laughed. “They have done this before.” Having had Melvin arrested on more than one occasion for “tricking” tourists into joining him on small “walking tours” of the city, he exclaims, “I am not dragging [tourists] through the streets! I am very friendly, and tourists like that. I tell them I can show them places that the tours will not show

them, and they want to see that, so they come.” While I had initially interpreted the trust and comradery between Iván and Melvin as friendship, the unwritten social conventions of these networks relied on acts of good faith, of not overstepping bounds, as doing so is at the risk of agitating the deep-seated racial tensions that follow these relationships around, threatening to deploy at any moment. A miasma of paranoia hangs over *Plaza Independencia*. “Haitians will poach your tourists.” “They are greedy.” “They are taking opportunities away from us.”

These narratives of progress and development punctuated by paranoid sentiments of anti-Haitian sentiments are playing out at a macro-level on the international stage, gaining traction and owing much to the anti-immigrant rhetoric of the President of the United States at the time, President Donald Trump. Deploying much of the same discourse that has circulated as public conversation in the Dominican Republic for decades, Dominican politicians repurpose anti-Haitian feelings for political gain, often referring to the image of a “Haitian invasion” to conjure up paranoia and fear, framing Haitians as a threat and drawing attention to their ethnic differences. Pelegrín Castillo, a former minister and founder of the National Progressive Force Party, is emblematic of these sentiments. “Before President Trump proposed the wall with Mexico, we in the Dominican Republic have been raising the need for a wall. We see in the Trump administration and in the policies that he promotes an opportunity to rethink all these issues, because with the previous administration it was not possible” (Alami 2018).

Government rhetoric around the dangers of Haitians, of their threat to Dominican values, gets reworked, replayed, and redeployed in various contexts. These discourses haunt the tourism sphere in which these sentiments play out. To be haunted is one way in which oppressive systems of power make themselves felt, culminating and animating at especially surprising moments because these abusive systems of power are thought to be over. As a thing of the past.

As a stain on an otherwise redeemed record. Haunting and the sudden appearance of ghosts is one way in which we are informed that what we thought was bound to the past is in fact very much with us, very much alive and present (Gordon 1997, xvii). The name *Trujillo* is not a name that is relegated to a past devastated by genocide, disappearances, political repression, and surveillance. Trujillo is the ghost, the evidence, that tells us a haunting is taking place. The ghost of the assassinated dictator takes on a new form, a kind of transformative recognition that dares to reignite the very reason these hauntings occur to begin with (ibid., 9).

59 years after the assassination of dictator Rafael Trujillo, his grandson, Ramfis Trujillo, arrives on the political scene, taking up much of the same rhetoric as his grandfather once did. Launching his presidential campaign in 2017, Ramfis promised to “restart” the country to confront the corruption, the insecurity, to return the “glory” to the Armed Forces, and to rescue the nation from the “Haitian invasion.” The dictator’s body – and ideology – haunts the present in the flesh. The spectacle that was characteristic of the Trujillo dictatorship of 1930-1961 is reinvigorated in 2017 as Ramfis’s candidacy is fraught with challenges and pushback, many of which, he believes, are a result of the infamy attached to his name. His proposal to build a wall across the Haitian-Dominican border conjures up comparisons to the Trump administration, which campaigned on the idea of building a wall along the American-Mexican border. In defense of his proposal, candidate Ramfis Trujillo stated in a fundraising event,

Trump is the one following me because I started talking about the wall before he did. Our stance on Haitian immigration and his on illegal immigration here in the U.S. are the same, and they are perfectly justifiable. We have an invasion that started six years after the signing of the Treaty of Basel in 1795; that is, in 1801 we were attacked by our neighboring country when Toussaint Louverture declared himself governor of the whole island. Now, what should we do? There are more than 3 million Haitians in the Dominican Republic who must be repatriated, those who are illegal. Those Haitians who want to come to our

country to work will have to submit to a work visa and then we will have to build a wall from north to south.²⁷

Defending his choice to vote for Ramfis Trujillo in the 2020 Dominican Presidential election, a supporter states,

I will vote for Ramfis Domínguez Trujillo. His message has *captivated* the people. He talked to us about fighting crime, the migratory issue that is harming us, and about rescuing the economy, which is really bad in our country. I am not afraid of him being Trujillo's grandson because every person is unique, and each one thinks differently. He did not even get to meet his grandfather. *He carries his blood* [italics mine] but dictatorship is not hereditary.²⁸

Born in the United States, Ramfis's campaign – although espousing a democratic platform – promised to rule by a *mano duro* (a hard hand), reinvigorating and reanimating old tropes, fears and sentiments created and perpetuated by his grandfather's regime. After Trujillo's assassination in 1961, his family withdrew what they could from the national treasury and escaped to Europe and the United States. "What they left was a nation of unsure people, still at risk of the hard hand" (Roddy 2019), and then Ramfis Trujillo decided to make a return and fill the seat his grandfather left.

Fueling Ramfis's political agenda were efforts in the 1990s and early 2000s by right-wing Dominican politicians who wanted to oust Haitians from the country by claiming Haitian descent as an "in transit" status. Regardless of the length of time these Haitian residents lived in the Dominican Republic, or whether or not they were born there, the national discourse around Haitians in the country continued to be that of *ilegal*, *immigrante* and *extranjero* (foreigner). Despite the Inter-American Court of Humans Rights' ruling that this treatment of Haitians living in the Dominican Republic violated international human rights law and the Dominican

²⁷ Noticia El Correo. "Ramfis Trujillo Visited Long Island in Presidential Campaign for the Dominican Republic." October 24, 2018. <http://www.noticiali.com/ramfis-trujillo-visito-long-island-en-campana-presidencial-para-republica-dominicana/>.

²⁸ *Ibid.*, 2018.

constitution, the revocations continued (Katz 2018). In 2010, the Dominican government called a constitutional convention whereby children of parents “residing illegally in Dominican territory” were excluded from the birthright citizenship clause. Because this new clause only applied to those who were born after the new constitution was amended, nationalists proceeded to find more loopholes, eventually establishing a new “constitutional tribunal” that had the power and authority to interpret the constitution. As a result of the cases heard, the tribunal ruled that national IDs, or *cédulas*, would not be given to those whose parents did not have sufficient documentation to prove residency when the child was born (ibid., 2018). Even further, those who could not prove that their parents were legally residing in the Dominican Republic when they were born were not citizens. Those who fell into this category were ordered to register with the government as a “foreigner” by June 17, 2015 (ibid., 2018).

Entering the field in mid-2017, I arrived two years after the constitutional tribunal ordered those who could not prove the legality of their parents’ residence in the Dominican Republic register as a foreigner. This ruling affected the approximately 171,000 Dominican-born Dominicans of two Haitian parents, and 81,000 people with one Haitian parent (Katz 2018) – many of whom have no ties to Haiti, having been born and raised in the Dominican Republic, and now find themselves stateless, with the perpetual risk of deportation looming large. The ghosts of state-sponsored terror in the form of policies, constitutional amendments and fear mongering have the capacity to “haunt a population into submission” (Gordon 1997, 116). Telling this story through the mode of haunting draws attention to “the story, which is very much alive,” as the power of the state “rests not principally on the cognitive message the state delivers ... but on the way it utters it” (ibid., 131). “He does drugs.” “He does vodou.” “Haitians do not believe in God.” “We are the real tour guides, he is not.” “They always want more.” “The Lord

has punished them with bad weather.” These palpable tensions culminate in the tourism space where *Calle de la Separación* skims the northeast side of *Plaza Independencia* and where Juan Pablo Duarte stares out onto the street, the memory of Dominican independence from Haiti embodied in the grandeur of his copper statue and reified and reanimated in Ramfis Trujillo’s emergence onto the political scene.

The *Junta Central Electoral* (Central Electoral Board) – a body of the Dominican federal government to ensure democratic and impartial elections – moved to reject Ramfis Trujillo’s presidential candidacy for the National Party of Veterans and Civilians on February 25, 2020, a move which he called “arbitrary and political” in a press conference after the decision was made. Citing the lawyers he consulted before pursuing his “political project,” Ramfis claims the Board’s decision to reject his candidacy on the grounds that he had not resigned from his American citizenship nor lived in the Dominican Republic for 10 years prior to running was a move to “censor the voice of the Dominican people,” and a standard not enforced on previous candidates (Today 2020). Challenging the integrity of the judges’ ruling, Ramfis contends, “This has been a persecution for my last name.”²⁹

Trujillo is The Road

The Trujillo dictatorship in the Dominican Republic is considered to be one of the longest and most brutal regimes in Latin America. Spanning from 1930 to 1961, this authoritarian regime was characterized by seemingly random acts of terror, including abductions, incessant surveillance, genocide and the murder of dissidents. After years under U.S. occupation and

²⁹ “There is no Justice in the Dominican Republic, Because the Judges are Sold,’ says Ramfis Trujillo After the Decision of the TSE.” *Dominican Today*, March 8, 2020.

financial mismanagement, coinciding with the depression beginning in the 1920s, liberalism and open markets became synonymized with subjugation and a loss of national identity and independence. As such, conservative nationalists such as Joaquín Balaguer called for a strong leader who could lift the nation out of the grips of U.S. intervention and leave behind a history of colonial rule (Derby 2009, 64). The time had come for a “Caesar” who could pave the way towards progress in a way that the prior liberal model had failed to achieve, by keeping the United States out of their political and economic affairs and recovering primary export industries that had been dominated by foreign investment (ibid., 64). Balaguer declared, “Progress, in the countries formed by Spain ... never has been an intellectual creation; it has always been, on the contrary, a product of the evolution imposed by Caesaristic willpower” (ibid., 64). When Trujillo took power in 1931, he moved quickly to buy out and “nationalize” industries dominated by foreign investment to create a nepotistic regime that furthered his own business interests and benefited his family under the pretense of national duty and progress (ibid., 4). Trujillo appropriated the term used in liberal models of development, *progreso*, in order to further his entrepreneurial endeavours under the illusion of national interest, while removing any semblance of liberal ideals of “liberty, rationality and democracy” (ibid., 65).

The Trujillo dictatorship embedded “construction” and *progreso* into its political discourse, spending more than 224 million pesos in the first 25 years of the regime on public works projects. Official discourse stressing the regime’s unique commitment to public works projects as a point of national interest was persistent and the government came to embody development and national progress. Construction became a fixture in the Dominican Party’s official discourse as they touted their politics as “... the only [one] in the Americas ... which constructs consciences, builds wills ... and using stone, lime, cement and sidewalks erects civic

temples to be used by the people to labor for civilization ... to rebuild the civic and cultural architecture of the nation” (Bonnely 1955, 298-299).

Held in 1955, *la Feria* (the fair) was one of the last spectacles of the Trujillo regime that was meant to garner international attention and praise for the government’s development, modernity and progress. The “silver jubilee,” as it was named, celebrated the 25th year of The Era of Trujillo and was inspired by the New York World’s Fair of 1940. In only eight months, architects and urban planners constructed an entirely new western extension in the capital totaling 71 buildings, and artists composed a year’s worth of shows and musical events, all of which was intended to promote the Dominican Republic as an attractive investment opportunity; a country of political stability, that was modern and developed, and that had natural resources (Album de oro 1956). This technique was used as a way to legitimize the authority of the Trujillo regime in what Robert Rydell has termed the “theatre of power” (Derby 2009, 122). A part of this power and influence was used to incubate some of the first attempts in the Dominican Republic at tourism. In the early 1950s, the Trujillo regime attempted to develop increased American interest in the country, developing foreign owned, “sparkling and new,” beachside hotels and facilitating cheaper air travel for American tourists from New York. The message was received loud and clear with visitors acclaiming Trujillo’s efforts in transforming Santo Domingo from a “dirty, pestilential and unattractive city,” “a disease-ridden post hole ... loaded with foreign debt and infested with bandits,” to the “sophisticated modernity of Ciudad Trujillo” (ibid., 123). The country was celebrated as “the most modern of all our Latin American neighbors” (ibid., 123), a kind of “island of familiarity in a sea of difference” (ibid., 124).

The imaginary of this “island of familiarity” has embedded itself into 21st century tourism imaginaries of Puerto Plata. *La Feria* resembles what today is the cruise ship industry in Puerto

Plata; a touristic space meant to accommodate the comfort and needs of disembarked tourists. Dominicans were ecstatic with the success of *la Feria*, which, under the thumb of the Trujillo regime, meant they were exposed to a global community they were otherwise prevented from accessing. Trujillo's restricted access for Dominicans to passports and travel abroad meant few Dominicans had been exposed to the diversity of visitors who came to the fair. In the minds of visitors and Dominicans alike, *la Feria* created an illusion of national progress and development. The excitement incited by *la Feria* resembles the excitement and anticipation conjured up by the images of impending development projects around Amber Cove. The sheer size of Amber Cove inspired anticipation and hope in local tourism workers who envisioned its great size as affording great opportunity. Highway Number Five, a stalled government public works project, was often seen decorated with heavy machinery; an image that conjured up the expectation that *something was going to happen*. The absence of these images was also an image in and of itself, agitating the expectations and disappointments of *progreso* and development from which they emerged.

In the 1990s, the push for the development of enclave resort tourism began and the Dominican government pursued development initiatives to enhance the attractiveness of the beachside for tourists. The first of these initiatives was the construction of a new road and airport near the city of Puerto Plata in order to facilitate easier access for tourists to the beaches (Padilla and McElroy 2005, 357). This road, or "Highway Number Five," extends from the Puerto Plata airport to San Felipe de Puerto Plata and now, with the introduction of Amber Cove, to the Bay of Maimón. Preceding the announcement of the construction of Amber Cove, talks were in place to extend this road to Santiago in the other direction, and past the cruise ship port itself. The incompleteness of Highway Number Five is called to mind here as an image that "conjure[s] up the appearances of something that [is] absent" (Berger 1972, 10).

I met John within the first couple of days of my having arrived in Puerto Plata after a quick, rather touristic, search of the internet for “things to do in Puerto Plata.” Despite the link being buried amongst a barrage of resort advertisements, TripAdvisor reviews and Expedia flights, I stumbled across The Hangout, of which John was a contributing member. He was a middle-aged expatriate from Winnipeg who had been living in the mountains of Isabel de Torres in Puerto Plata for the past 15 years after having retired early as an accountant. The Hangout, as he described it to me, was a small, expatriate-founded and operated non-profit organization established around 2010. He described his role to be one in which he was responsible for updating the website, planning activities, and “washing glasses,” if necessary.

The Hangout has a mandate to harness the resources of the expatriate community of which skills, experience, and qualifications were some, in order to act as a bridge between those resources and the community at large. When they heard Carnival Cruises had made a bid to build a port in the Bay of Maimón, they realized they could “be of assistance in helping to bring a higher level of understanding of North American society so that [they] [could] increase the chances of success.” John also noted that they had worked in conjunction with the local Chamber of Commerce who initiated a program to certify local tour guides. The centre provided classes to these guides and performed a kind of “role play” in English so that the guides could be “better suited to impart the information that they were given to people who were seeking their services.” He proudly added that once the guides were certified, he personally designed a little certificate for the guides to keep, which documented their achievement. Reflecting on the development of tourism infrastructure in Puerto Plata, he recalls:

The road from Puerto Plata to the highway into Santiago we call Highway Number Five. It has been promised by every single government for 20 years. We’re not talking about something since the cruise ship port. The national government [has] been promising this since the 90s. More than 20 years, every single government

says, ‘We are going to fix that road.’ Finally, the cruise ship was announced, and the government said, in so many words, ‘Now that Amber Cove is opening, not only have we promised to do the road, we have to do the road.’ So, everybody got excited because they saw the heavy equipment.³⁰



Figure 6: View of the construction on Highway Number 5 from a bus travelling to the capital of Santo Domingo. Photo by author, 2017.

For John, the construction of roads was less about ease of transportation. Instead, for him, “[t]he only thing that it will do that even remotely affects tourism is that a lot of the goods and services that Puerto Plata needs will flow from Santiago to Puerto Plata, from Santo Domingo to Santiago onwards, or from Santiago. The transport of these goods and services will be easier when the road is done. But, the fact is, they’re going to get here anyways.” In John’s imaginary, roads represented what he, as an expatriate from a “G8” country, was accustomed to:

³⁰ “John,” interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, November 3, 2017.

development, progress, and cleanliness. For John, the absence of adequate road infrastructure was emblematic of the endemic and blatant corruption of the Dominican federal government. Jokingly, John laughed and pointed out, “[t]he average tourist from a G8 country does not want to walk around something that looks like South Vietnam after the war! And part of this is the aversion to the realities of poverty. Even if they’re intellectually aware of it, they want to see nice and clean around them. I think ‘nice and clean’ should be the focus point for the next couple of years.” He asks me, “Do you know the joke about the highway that epitomized the Dominican?”

There’s a conference of highway ministers, and it’s in Florida, and it’s, like, a week. You know, at lunch they break, and all these guys sit around tables. The American and Dominican become very friendly. The last day of the conference, the American goes to the Dominican and says, ‘You know, I’ve had a really wonderful time with you. Before you go home tomorrow, please come to my house for supper.’ The Dominican says, ‘I’d love to do that.’ So, the American writes his address on a piece of paper, he gives it to the Dominican and says, ‘Give this to the taxi driver. Come to my house.’

The Dominican goes at night by taxi, shows up to a huge house in the suburbs with a brand-new Cadillac in the driveway. He’s having supper, he’s having a wonderful time with the American’s family, and after supper he pulls him aside and says, ‘I don’t wanna be nosy, but are you not a government employee like I am?’ The American says, ‘Yes.’ The Dominican says, ‘How do you afford this?’ The American says, ‘Come to this window.’ They go to a window. He says, ‘Look out the window. See that highway in the distance?’ The Dominican says, ‘Yes.’ The American says, ‘That highway cost \$25 million to build. I told the government it cost \$30 million to build. I got the difference.’ So, the Dominican smiles and says, ‘That’s a great idea.’

Four years later, the same conference of highway ministers meets, now in Santo Domingo. The American and Dominican, they hug, they spend the week together chatting about their families and stuff. The last day, the Dominican says to the American, ‘Please, I want to reciprocate. You got to come to my house for supper.’ He writes his address down on a piece of paper, gives it to the American. The American gives it to the taxi driver. He shows up to this palace in the best part of Santo Domingo. There’s six cars in the driveway, there’s 12 staff, they sit in the dining room with a table for 20 people; crystal chandeliers. After it’s over, the American goes to the Dominican and says, ‘How do you live like this? It’s unbelievable!’ The Dominican says, ‘Come here, I want to show you something.’

Come to this window.’ They go to a window in the hallway, the Dominican says to the American, ‘You see that highway over there?’ The American says,

‘No.’³¹

“Do you want my jaded, old man cynical view of humanity?” he asks. “It’s universal. Everybody has it. Western established democracies have created disincentive laws and pretty strict penalties to basically say, ‘If we catch you doing this, we’re gonna make sure that you never forget about it.’ In the absence of those disincentives and punishments and penalty, I think it’s human nature.” John, as well as the other expatriates I spoke with, had immense faith in the cruise ship tourism industry to “change” the city of Puerto Plata. With a degree in Economics, he frequently made reference to the slow progress of economic development, which would inevitably reach the lower echelons of society: “[t]he Dominican is slow, and it’s set in its ways, and there’s endemic corruption. So, you can’t see the effectiveness of the cruise ship industry in the first one, two or three years of it coming here. You would in North America, but not here. I think if you come back in five years from now you will see a pretty staggering change in terms of what the city looks like, the amount of money in people’s pockets, the so-called trickle-down effect.”

In the time that I spent with John, what emerged from our conversations was an imaginary of Puerto Plata as a city “in-progress,” a city in which the absence of roads captured the endemic government corruption that John believed plagued the country. John’s imaginary of what a successful cruise ship tourism industry in Puerto Plata looked like, which also echoed the position of the co-founders of The Hangout, underscored just how far he believed this trickle from the “so-called trickle-down effect” would go. He ended our conversation by discussing

³¹ “John,” interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, November 3, 2017.

rather excitedly the construction he was witnessing around Puerto Plata, which, for him, indicated the slow but steady change he was hoping to see in the city, an indication that Puerto Plata was progressing. “First of all, I already, after two years, see a lot more construction in Puerto Plata. I’ve never seen that much construction. People are building, they’re building little houses, they’re building condos. They’re not building it for the tourists, they’re building them for the people who are getting richer from the money with the tourists. Let that snowball get bigger and bigger and bigger, and there will be a change.”

For John and his colleagues at The Hangout, the unfinished highway encapsulated and reinforced the narrative of a corrupt Dominican government, one which lacked the accountability that could be found in “North America.” The road was emblematic of this corruption, evidenced in his joke, which signaled the funneling of federal monies away from public works projects and into the pockets of government officials. For tourism workers, the image of the highway and the construction equipment that decorates the shoulder of the road conjures up frustration, disappointment, hope and excitement, where the potentiality of construction occupies a space between what could be and what hasn’t become *yet*. Conspiracy, paranoia and distrust of state officials and the intentions of Carnival Cruises circulate throughout the tourism frame in Puerto Plata, punctuating interactions with tourists and each other, a ghostly reminder that what appears absent, or of the past, is still very much present.

¡Vivan las Mariposas!

Julia Alvarez’s historical fiction *In the Time of Butterflies* captures the lives and political motivations of the Mirabal sisters during the Trujillo regime, encapsulating well, to end this

chapter, the entanglement of past, present and future as the sisters find themselves in memoriam at the end of an abandoned, dilapidated road.

On November 25th, 1960, three sisters who had been members of [an underground plot that was cracked by the SIM, Trujillo's famous secret police] were murdered on their way home on a lonely mountain road. They had been to visit their jailed husbands who had purposely been transferred to a distant prison [in Puerto Plata] so that the women would be forced to make this perilous journey ... During that terrifying thirty-one year regime, any hint of disagreement ultimately resulted in death for the dissenter ... Yet the Mirabals had risked their lives ... [having] done what few men – and only a handful of women – had been willing to do. (Alvarez 1994, 323)

The Mirabal sisters have a monument honouring their bravery and sacrifice that sits along the amber route, a spot situated on La Cumbre Highway that connects Tamboril to the Gregorio Luperón tourist route in Puerto Plata city. The gradual deterioration of this highway has meant the busts constructed of the three Mirabal sisters have begun to disintegrate, the rusted placards becoming nearly illegible. Demanding the government attend to the highway, representatives of popular organizations and local councils warn that by not undertaking reconstruction and asphaltting projects, many sections of the road could collapse, and *at any moment*. “The poor condition of the access road prevents reaching the Mirabal monument,” the caption reads under a photo of the Mirabal monument. The haunting of a despotic past that sought to silence the Mirabal sisters, and did so literally through their execution, animates the image of the dilapidated road and crumbling monument in a place just off La Cumbre Highway, weaving through the stories and images told in the above pages. In this image contains the structure of feeling, a nostalgia for the future (Piot 2010) that captures at different moments and from different angles the haunting memory of being silenced, of corruption, of paranoia, of narratives of progress and development that throw into stark relief a past that is very much alive and the present.

Narratives of progress and development are seductive forces, finding their way into the motivations, temptations, hopes, dreams, nightmares, hesitations, excitements, and disappointments that emerge in the stories and events of this chapter. These can look different, depending on the angle in which one encounters them, but they circulate around similar senses – distrust of government, anxiety, paranoia, and uncertainty, all of which can contribute to the sense that something more is at play. This chapter traces this “something” through the stories that have been fashioned to make sense of the circumstances that never quite add up, a kind of “experiential modality” that carries with it the eventful histories, experiences and traumas attached to the ways in which abusive systems of power are felt (Gordon 1997, xvi). The cruise ships layer onto these histories, these events, instantiating forces that are being recharacterized in this moment in time, in just this way, as eventful flare. As the ships slowly approach Amber Cove, their presence feels weighty, they are faceless sources of power and influence at the centre of local ways of life, albeit not determining them (Korpela 2016, 115). Chapter 2 traces the ways in which Carnival, as both timekeeper and time-maker, compels, impels, and otherwise coproduces “the affective bloom-space”³² (Gregg and Seigworth 2010, 9) in which tourism workers move through, experience, encounter, and engage with tourists and touristic milieus that build in their eventfulness (Little 2014).

³² Bloom-spaces are understood here “as excess, as autonomous ... as ineffable, as the ongoingness of process ... as sticky ... as contingency ... as immanence of potential (futuraity), as the open, as a vibrant incoherence that circulates about zones of cliché and convention ...” {Gregg and Seigworth 2010, 9). They are the “not yet” of affect, of immanent possibility, of promise (Ahmed 2010).

Chapter 2

Haunting Mobilities

Introduction: Mobility Assemblages

This chapter explores how tourist and local mobilities are entangled in and experienced through the mobility assemblages of the cruise ship tourism industry in Puerto Plata. Mobility assemblages can be defined as an “ensemble of ocean routes, ships, passengers, scheduled sailings, terminals ... and many more social and technical components” (Vannini 2012, 129), a composition of things that seem to fit together and from which emerge an assortment of experiences, stories and affective intensities (Little 2014, 225). These components, these assemblages, make up a kind of “meshwork of reticular patterns” (Vannini 2012, 130) that this chapter traces, following the “interwoven trails ... along which life is lived” (Ingold 2007, 81) in the cruise ship tourism industry in Puerto Plata . Drawing on non-representational theory, this chapter explores “the things that people do and sense” as they practice and experience their own mobilities in the cruise ship tourism context. Considering the “importance of practice, action, and performance and ... the significance of movement in everyday life” (Vannini 2012, 13), this chapter considers how mobilities are implicated in Carnival’s arrival and departure schedules, the in-progress modernization projects that create a make-believe tourism frame in Puerto Plata, and the juxtaposition of this frame with the “dangerous,” unstructured and unknown that lies beyond it (Douglas 2003, 141) – a space where Carnival and local CESTUR officers actively surveil and regulate movement, encounters, and the rhythms of the industry. For locals, their perceived immobilities in an otherwise highly mobile industry could be interpreted as just that – a kind of stagnation, a blockage or stasis. However, what might be perceived as immobility can actually be experienced quite intensely (Deleuze and Guattari, 1987 381). Following their daily

experiences in the tourism industry, this chapter will explore these complex mobilities in all their intensity, tracing the seemingly mundane and trivial, the enchantments and allure, and the pressures and anxieties that bubble out of these mobility assemblages.

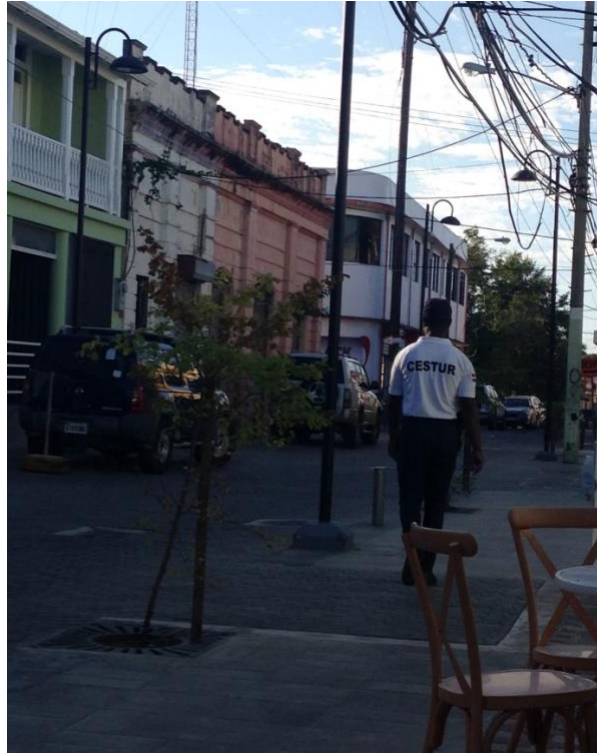


Figure 7: CESTUR officers frequently circulated around the streets surrounding *Plaza Independencia*. Photo by author, 2017.

Through these assemblages emerge effervescent stories where people, technologies, and mobilities “intersect in unpredictable and uncontrollable ways” (Vannini 2011a, 2). As James Carey (1989) notes, technology has a tendency to take on the role of a trickster whereby technologies of mobility get a kick out of agitating our relationship with travel, “making it feel routine-like and uncertain” at the same time (Vannini 2011a, 2).

Described by participants as simply “Carnival,” the fleet of ships that slowly approached and moored in Amber Cove felt overwhelmingly present, despite their apparent absence at times. These ships felt like ominous, overwhelming, allusive, and faceless sources of power and

influence that acted as timekeeper and time-maker (Vannini 2012, 108). As a kind of “critical infrastructure” (Korpela 2016), their presence in Amber Cove compels, impels, and otherwise affects the ways in which tourism workers moved through, experienced, encountered, and engaged with tourists and tourist spaces.³³ The rhythm of Carnival Cruise ship arrivals and departures are at the centre of local ways of life, but “they do not determine them” (ibid., 115). The significance of rhythms is pointed out by Lefebvre who notes that, “[e]verywhere where there is interaction between a place, a time, and an expenditure of energy, there is rhythm” (Mels 2004, 14). As such, the stories in the following pages will draw attention to how the speed of the cruise ship tourism industry in Puerto Plata is experienced in all its intensity (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 381) and navigated by locals who differentially experience these rhythms, since “one person’s speed is another person’s slowness” (Cresswell 2010, 21).

Mobility is conceptualized here as much more than an imagining of the world in terms of increased and more easily facilitated motion (Marzloff 2005). As Salazar (2016, 1) suggests, it is more than a kind of “lifeworld [that] is in flux, [the] circulation of things, people and ideas across the planet.” Mobility is a kind of movement that also encapsulates self-ascribed and culturally attributed meanings (Frello 2008), meanings that are different to different people who find themselves in different circumstances (Adey 2010). As Cresswell (2006) suggests, it is a kind of “assemblage of movement, imaginaries, and experience” from which can emerge “the sticky pragmatics of right now” (Gregg and Seigworth 2010, 14). By tracing these mobility assemblages as a kind of journey, “movement speaks” (Vannini 2012, 135). More than just a route from point A to point B, “journey as storytelling means *wandering* and *wondering* simultaneously, as opposed to merely transiting and transitioning between access points”

(Vannini 2012, 135). The journeys tourism workers make and experience through their work challenge traditional ideas about mobilities as being a positive “indicator of variable access to and accumulation of various types of capital” or as an opportunity to “[improve] of oneself and one’s kin” (Salazar 2016, 2). Tourism workers frequently experience their own “immobilities” – in contrast to the highly mobile tourists they serve – as a kind of “immobile intensity” (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 381). This will be explored here through the tensions, frictions, frustrations, hopes, and enchantments that bubble out of these mobility assemblages.

The assumptions attached to the positive characteristics of mobility often privilege the notion that everyone wants to move (Salazar 2016, 2). In Kaufmann’s (2002) *Re-thinking Mobility*, he assumes that the potential to be mobile “is something that needs to be realized” (Leivestad 2016, 139); however, “potentiality [could have] as its object potentiality itself” (Agamben 1993, 36). Kaufmann’s (2002, 37) coining of the concept “motility” to describe the “capacity of a person to be mobile” places great importance on the rational agent to make choices, leaving little space for an exploration of the sociocultural and historical factors that contribute to one’s capacity, willingness, or desire to move (Leivestad 2016, 140).

The mooring of Carnival’s fleet of ships in Amber Cove agitates and animates individual rhythms and experiences in the cruise ship tourism industry, creating unique “trails along which life is lived” (Ingold 2007, 81). Vannini’s original concept – inspired by the musical idea of *tempo rubato* – of “stealing time” in small island lineups, which act as stolen time-spaces, will be used here to examine the ways in which tourism workers “steal” time back in a “fast tourism” context. Encountering various frictions in mobilities which inevitably results in the “loss” of time, these workers found ways in which to steal this time back, animating stories and memories of encounters in mobile spaces. Daily engagements with infrastructural forms – including but not

limited to the dilapidated highway and Carnival as a kind of omniscient, surveillance-like critical infrastructure³⁴ – stir up disappointment and frustration while simultaneously reinvigorating the enchantments that these mobility infrastructures³⁵ conjure up. Daily interactions with “material encounters of stasis, rupture and blockage” is where “infrastructural promises become reinvigorated and recast” (Harvey and Knox 2012, 534), animating the anticipation and excitement that these ongoing developments and potential opportunities bring with them.

The routes and frictions encountered in this touristic space channel mobilities that can produce “intense interaction[s]” (Graham and Marvin 2001, 201) and can function as “tools which different actors choose to appropriate for different purposes, sometimes in harmony and at other times in conflict with one another” (Vannini 2012, 89). This point will be discussed in terms of the re-appropriation of touristic space in Puerto Plata after Carnival tourists have boarded the ship and have set sail to their next Caribbean destination. Puertoplateños re-appropriate spaces such as the “restored” *Plaza Independencia* and the (as of 2017) newly built *Anfiteatro La Puntilla* – better known as the *Anfiteatro* – in the evenings and on days when Amber Cove is “slow.” These spaces showcase the ways in which mobility infrastructures help some to realize their own mobility – and make these mobile experiences more enjoyable – while at the same time directing, controlling and constraining the mobilities of others (Harvey and Knox 2012, 114). In an attempt to “participate in the modernization project” (Larkin 2013), tourism officials in Puerto Plata have adopted and pursued development projects from which to

³⁴ This chapter follows Korpela’s (2016, 113-114) conceptualization of “hard” and “critical” infrastructures. The first refers to material infrastructures such as roads or buildings, the latter refers to those infrastructures that are critical in facilitating, maintaining, inhibiting or constraining certain kinds of mobilities, such as passport and visa requirements.

³⁵ Mobility infrastructures in this chapter are referring to a combination of both material and critical infrastructures which provide “the framework within which people can, or cannot, move” and which are implicated within mobility assemblages (Korpela 2016, 113).

promote the city as a “modern” one, unintentionally creating a tourism frame in which variegated mobilities between visitor and “host” intersect, collide, and intertwine, and from which haunted memories bubble out of these encounters between people and these “modern” spaces.

The development of the *Anfiteatro* is emblematic of this effort, as officials describe the structure as the “most modern [amphitheatre] in the Caribbean region” (Ministerio de Turismo, n.d.), locating Puerto Plata within a modern and clean tourism frame, an image believed to be a touristic draw. The *Anfiteatro* is an interesting space, however, as it also a site that tourists do not really use; a kind of “infrastructural sign of modernity” that is not taken up in originally intended ways (Korpela 2016, 114). An artefact constructed to “entice” Carnival tourists to return to Puerto Plata for a longer stay in the future, the *Anfiteatro* is usually appreciated by tourists from afar, usually from the top of the hill where the frequently visited Fortaleza San Felipe sits. The theatre doesn’t sit empty, however, often hosting a variety of Dominican and international performances on the weekends, transforming into a space of “immobile intensities” where “affective intensities” (Little 2014, 225) bubble out of a shared experience and resonance of being unable to travel (Deleuze and Guattari 1987, 381). The re-appropriation of these infrastructures intended to encourage the movement and enjoyment of tourists is noteworthy here, as it highlights the unique and differential mobilities of Dominicans who do not share the same kinds of mobilities as the tourists in which they serve.

The restored “Parque de la Restauracion,” or Restoration Park, also known as *Plaza Independencia*, has witnessed the destruction and reconstruction of the surrounding Victorian era buildings, which have been remodeled to resemble its 19th century self. This reconstruction, or “restoration,” is meant to feed into the idea that Puerto Plata as a tourist destination is “nice and clean,” a sentiment I heard many times. In this chapter, this sense of “environment” or *ambiente*

is conceptualized as a linguistic tool indicating the *feel* of the touristic space; a space meant to give tourists the impression that Puerto Plata is a safe, clean, and welcoming place to visit. The Maggiolo landfill in Puerto Plata, located directly in front of Amber Cove, has posed a direct challenge to this objective. Frequently, a dense, black smoke emanates over Amber Cove and hovers over the city. This pollution disrupts the rhythms of cruise ship tourism in Puerto Plata. Encounters with “slowness” – in terms of the decreased speed in which tourism operations can move through the dense smoke and the speed in which tourism officials move to remedy this yearslong issue – punctuate the speed at which cruise ship tourism usually moves in and through the city. Tourists, tourism workers, and other Puertoplateños find themselves navigating their way through the dense miasma that disrupts the movement of things, conjuring up a sense of fear, worry, and anticipation; of wondering when the smoke will clear and when local politicians will find a permanent solution to the disruption so that the routine rhythms of the industry can resume.



Figure 8: The dense smoke that emanates up from the Maggiolo landfill seen from Highway Number 5 and between *Plaza Independencia* and Amber Cove. Photo by author, 2017.

This “modern,” “nice and clean” touristic space creates an imaginary of purity, of cleanliness and “newness.” The sense a disembarked tourist should get is one of comfort, modernity, safety, and cleanliness, resembled in the modernization projects that are meant to conjure up a kind of “island of familiarity” (Derby 2009, 124), the feeling that they never really left home. The Maggiolo landfill transgresses this frame, falling outside of the “particular system of classification in which it does not fit” (Douglas 2003, xvii). The smog surrounds the spaces in which modernization projects remain in their in-progress state, on hold until the smoke clears. It looms over and threatens the promoted and narrativized make-believe frame of a “nice and clean,” developing and modernizing Puerto Plata, which slows down a usually bustling touristic sphere. Some take the situation into their own hands, engaging in small acts of protest to get tourism officials and other politicians to move faster, to resolve the issue before “word [gets] around how [Puerto Plata] stinks ...”

The Feeling and Stealing of Time

Antonio

It’s 7:40 in the morning on July 5th, 2017. I can see the ship’s hull glistening in the morning sun from my apartment balcony, which sits high on a hill about a kilometer or so from Amber Cove. “This should be her,” I thought, referring to Carnival’s “Dream Class” ship *Magic* and adopting local vernacular by anthropomorphizing the ships that were seemingly birthed by the horizon. “Cruise ship days,” as they’re referred to in Puerto Plata, are a whirl of activity in *Plaza Independencia*. This central square functions as a place to meet, a place to disembark tour

buses, a place for *motoconcho* drivers to chase shade as the sun makes its rounds, a place for CESTUR officers to chaperon tourists across the street, a place where guides of the *Asociación de Guías Turísticos de Puerto Plata* wander the square, looking for tourists who may be searching for something *more*, a place where taxi drivers follow their passengers around the square to make sure this doesn't happen.

Antonio doesn't have to cross paths with *Plaza Independencia* during his workday as an excursions tour guide. Instead, his journey takes him to the Damajagua waterfalls, also known as *27 Charcos*, in the opposite direction. But, first stop, Amber Cove. Antonio stands behind his booth in the Amber Cove parking lot. The excursions guides are not allowed into the port itself. They have been designated a booth and a place to operate their respective excursions businesses in the Amber Cove parking lot where they only sell to tourists what has already been offered to them aboard the ship.³⁶ What he has to offer is for those who think he can give them a better deal; who think Carnival has generously offered them up a loophole right here in the Amber Cove parking lot. As briefly noted in Chapter 1, time is of the essence in the cruise industry, and tourism workers felt it. The arrival and mooring of a ship from Carnival's fleet signals the start of a proverbial stopwatch. Today, Antonio only has until 3:30pm to get the tourists back to the port, or else "Carnival will leave, and they say that [the excursions company] will need to pay for their flight to the next place. All of those tourists."

The pressure to sell excursions combined with the pressure to sell fast effervesces in the Amber Cove parking lot where tensions can run high. Excursions tour guides try to one-up each other; they use humour to attract tourists over to their booths and to poke fun at their fellow

³⁶ See pages 17, 87, 88. "Diego" explains that he is not "allowed" to explore Amber Cove beyond the limits of the retail space where he works. Carnival establishes and reinforces the limits within which tourism workers are "allowed" to operate. Fearing loss of work and/or contracts with Carnival, these workers operate within the limits established for them while pushing boundaries when and where they feel they can.

boothmates; they come up with their own strategies for selling, onerously listing out the *amount* of activities *their* tour has to offer to offset the *amount* of money tourists will be spending for *all that*. Antonio's excursion is a hard sell.

I try to be nice and say, 'Good morning.' I tell them I have a good excursion for them. But sometimes is hard because the Damajagua is not so cheap like some other tours. Those tours can also be closer so tourists like that they can make the tour and then come back to Amber Cove to relax. *Por ejemplo*, Ocean World, yes, is more expensive, but tourists like that they have more time to eat and drink. With the Damajagua, there is no time to give the tourists something to eat or drink after the excursion. If we have more time with the tourists maybe we can add something to eat. The waterfalls - I was very tired after making them. Of course, after that, the tourists, they want something to eat, but *we don't have time* for that.³⁷ [Italics mines]

For Antonio and many of his colleagues, Carnival played the part of “timekeeper and time-maker” (Vannini 2012, 108). The duration of Carnival's mooring greatly impacted the ways in which Antonio engaged “with the temporal character” of his work in the cruise industry (ibid., 121). However, this was “not a unidimensional space affected by a single cause,” (Crang 2001, 198) but rather a place where “multiple temporalities collide[d]” (Vannini 2012, 104). Revisiting the discussion in Chapter 1 of Highway Number Five, Antonio's work required he ride a tour bus to and from Amber Cove to the Damajagua waterfalls on this stretch of highway. This journey *should* have been about 25 minutes or less; however, given the state of the highway – the construction vehicles on the side of the road slowing down traffic, the gravel that constantly threatens to crack a windshield, navigating around the potholes that tease a flat tire – the journey could be up to 40 minutes one way, further eating into precious time. The precarious road infrastructure meant to give the impression of a modern and “clean” Puerto Plata “imposed its own cultural experience of modernity” (Larkin 2008, 241). Despite the intentions of this

³⁷ “Antonio,” interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, October 14, 2017.

modernization project, tourism workers such as Antonio still find themselves in “the space on the side of the road” (Stewart 1996).

Vannini’s (2011b) exploration of the musical idea of *tempo rubato*, or “stolen time” in Italian, is a useful concept here for exploring the ways in which tourism workers steal this time back, anticipating the roadblocks – literally and figuratively – that disrupted the routes and rhythms predetermined and structured by Carnival, highlighting the felt “social relations that involve the production and distribution of power” (Cresswell 2010, 21) and the tensions, conflict, stress, anxiety, anticipation and panic attached to the liminal space of getting to where one needs to be. Antonio’s story traces “the disruptive and destabilizing processes through which roads come to hold the promise of transformation” and the frustrations, anxieties and conflicts that arise in spite of this enchantment (Harvey and Knox 2012, 521). Given the role Highway Number Five has played in the imaginaries of tourism workers to draw, or enchant, tourists with its “nice and clean” aesthetic – a smooth road to facilitate easier movement and entice tourists to return – “there is an overwhelming aspiration which welcomes and encourages roads and road building” (ibid., 521). Deviating from a post-enlightenment perspective of a disenchantment with the world (Blumenberg 1983, Weber 1958), the enchantment of roads is taken up here as a visceral, affective response, animating the frustrations and anxieties that arise out of the unfinishedness of the road, but that also conjure up the anticipation and hope that is attached to its imminent completion.

There is a kind of “mood” that emerges from this enchantment. Mobility assemblages can “present us with notable inconveniences by forcing us to confront unintended, unplanned and controversial consequences” (Vannini 2012, 129), they can also present us with a “surprising encounter, a meeting with something that you did not expect and are not fully prepared to

engage” (Bennett 2001, 5). Roads are “not just material forms but are promises towards a future which is uncertain and unclear” (Harvey and Knox 2012, 523). Antonio’s experience trying to navigate the endlessly in-progress highway highlights “the situated moments wherein infrastructures impinge on social relations” (ibid., 525). His story draws attention to the importance of homing in on the quotidian, mundane occurrences, perspectives and goings-on to get insight into how roads can enchant, both in their social promise of facilitating movement and *speed* and the disappointments located in their slowness as a kind of “tyranny of delay” (ibid. 524).

For Antonio, the seemingly perpetual construction of Highway Number Five meant being implicated within the mobility assemblages embedded within the cruise ship industry. Following Vannini and inspired by Cresswell’s (2010) mobility constellations, mobility assemblages point to the ways in which mobilities simultaneously facilitate movement while “present[ing] us with notable inconveniences by forcing us to confront unintended, unplanned and controversial consequences” (Vannini 2012, 129). Antonio encountered these “inconveniences” as he navigated a new group of tourists almost every day. The distance between Amber Cove and the Damajagua felt as though it fluctuated in distance, depending on the state of the road that day. In an effort to recover the time lost in his encounters with tourists who resisted his attempts at moving and moving fast, Antonio frantically tried to “steal” this time back, maneuvering through the resistance, the slowness, the frustration and the dismissiveness that disrupted the itinerary he was instructed to adhere to; a kind of weight, an anxiety, a burden, that was amplified by the fear of having to pay for “all those tourists” should they miss their departure time. “If one bus is late coming back, like, if a tourist is slow or maybe the construction is really bad or something like that, then [all of the buses] are all late for the whole day. So, no one can be

late, or else they cannot come. I have to tell them, ‘No, you are late. I tell you at this time.’ When the road is finished, will be more fast, but right now, is really bad.” As a way to organize, structure and keep time, Antonio explains to me,

If tourists look like they are not prepared to make the Damajagua tours, I don’t waste time asking those tourists. A lot of tourists who look like this [uses hands to gesture make-up and styled hair], I don’t try to sell to them. These people sometimes ask me to make the price lower. I tell them I can’t do that. This is not my business. If it is my business, maybe I can, but it’s not.

I stop selling to the Puerto Ricans. If I think they are from Puerto Rico, I don’t talk to them. They make me angry. So many times, they come in a big group and they all excited, like, “Oh, yeah! The waterfalls!” So, I start writing all the tickets for them, but they always, always, always change their mind. I don’t know why. Last minute. They say they think the price is for the big group, not for one person. I think, like ... [sighs] how can be for the group? So cheap?

When the tourists want a Damajagua excursion, I write the tickets for them. I tell them, “OK, you need to be back here, to the bus, 15 minutes before departure.” They say, “Yes, OK, is fine.” But then, they come back just when the bus is leaving. I tell them, “No, you can’t come now, you need to wait for the next one.” Sometimes they tell me that I am rude, that I can’t do my job. But I tell them, I can’t wait. You are late.

Sometimes there is a big family together, but they have a little kid. For the Damajagua, little kids that are more young than 8-years-old, they are not allowed to make the excursion. So, I call my boss and I say, “There is a big group here, but they have a little kid.” My boss tells me, “It’s fine, but he is 8.” So, I say to the family, [winks emphatically] “He’s 8. OK? He’s 8.” I know that if I say, “No, your son or whatever cannot come, he is too young,” then the big group will not come. So, I will lose all of my commission. But my boss says it’s fine, so I say, “OK.”³⁸

Carnival also installed safety protocol at the Damajagua to ensure the safety of the excursion and the accompanying facilities. According to Antonio, these protocols included a Carnival representative who would inspect the waterfalls regularly, a task he took part in. The guides also needed to do a first aid training course as per Carnival’s requirements. Part of these safety requirements included the necessity of water shoes in order to participate in the excursion.

³⁸ “Antonio,” interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, October 14, 2017.

However, Antonio frequently encountered tourists who refused to rent water shoes and wanted their money back when they learned they would be required to rent them. Part of this aversion to paying for rental water shoes, according to Antonio, is tourists' expectation that "everything should be included." Trying to sell an excursion and fill two 80-seater tour buses when, as Antonio explains, the excursion is more expensive than its competitors, is further away, and food, drinks and shoes are not included in the price, is no easy feat. In this touristic space of comings and goings, and at a more rapid pace than he was used to seeing in his previous work in the resort industry, Antonio creates opportunities for himself to bide time, to appease it, to keep to an elusive schedule that seems to speed up against the frictions of an in-progress road and unruly tourists. He anxiously, but intentionally, wades through the resistance, the slowness, the indecisiveness - the highway's incompleteness slows them down, they can't risk a flat tire, the construction machinery trudges along the road, the traffic is backing up, the tourists don't want to rent water shoes, they show up to the bus too late, they demand to be let on, they say Antonio can't do his job, they don't know if they want to commit to such a long excursion.

As Harvey and Knox (2012, 529) suggest, the promise of convenience, speed, and opportunity acts as a kind of *seductive force* that compels those such as Antonio to *work with* the frictions and resistance of the road in its in-progress state. This is partially accomplished through *tempo rubato* – the lost time sacrificed as a result of the "unruly" road and "unruly" tourists (ibid. 529), which both resist the speed at which the industry needs to move. This lost time is stolen back when possible through small transgressions that maneuver through the frictions and "inconveniences" that emerge within these mobility assemblages, resonating as a kind of haunting that animates "that which should have been overcome" and that which remains to be done (ibid., 529). Managing the

demands and itinerary of Carnival – a seemingly omniscient and weighty presence – while navigating the endless construction and the unruliness of tourists, Antonio’s encounters with “stasis, rupture and blockage” reinvigorate the enchantment that is conjured up by the prospect of a completed road (ibid., 534). The narrative of opportunity that the development of the road carries with it is in fact amplified by these “inconveniences” that workers such as Antonio encounter on a daily basis, which have the seductive capacity to reinforce the hope, the desire, that *one day* the road will be complete and things will be better (ibid., 534).

Manuel

Plaza Independencia. Manuel works as a jewelry salesman at the government funded Amber Museum just to the north west of the central plaza. Once a bustling stop on the itineraries of many of the excursions offered through Carnival and provided by local operators, today, the building sees the odd group of tourists wander through the museum, trailed by a taxi driver wearing a lime green polo and a fedora (the tell-tale uniform of a Carnival employed taxi driver), or an orange-shirted guide of the *Asociación de Guías Turísticos de Puerto Plata*. A jewelry salesman stands by the door, sometimes looking out the window or slowly pacing between the museum and the store, stopping to talk to his colleagues who stand behind jewelry cases. Manuel tells me that “sometimes the boss will change the staff and someone new will be in charge of the tour. In there [the museum] you don’t get commission, so selling jewelry is better.” The salesman hears the *ding* of the bell attached to the museum door and rushes to greet the visiting tourists. “Inglés?” He walks them through the museum, expertly and effortlessly running through

his spiel about the history of amber and larimar in the Dominican Republic, transitioning between various languages – Spanish, English, French, German – when necessary, and pointing out the fossilized insects caught in the hardened amber; glimpses into the past, an eerie stillness embedded in this site of constant movement. The plague is remembered to have ravaged Europe during the Middle Ages, but here in this museum, the origins of this plague bacterium can be traced back millions of years. Caught in this Dominican amber is a flea dating back about 20 million years. Uniquely transparent, Dominican amber presents the advantage of identifying these inconsistencies in the resin; these visual shocks that animate the glossy, gold-like material. Like windows into the past, the amber that encases these insects frozen in time punctuates the movement juxtaposed to it. The cruise ship tourists make their way through the museum, some stopping to take photos, read the inscriptions, or walk through to the other side where Manuel awaits them in the jewelry store.

It's not even 10:00 in the morning but Manuel stands behind a little booth that straddles the exit of the museum and the entryway of the jewelry store, preparing small disposable plastic cups of Mamajuana for the entering visitors. A national drink of rum, red wine, honey and herbs, this beverage was originally a native Taíno herbal tea, but, after Columbus's arrival, alcohol was added to the recipe. "Good morning! Buenos días!" Manuel says, as the tourists begin filtering in. "You want some Mamajuana? It's a Dominican drink. Is very good. Here." Manuel pushes the cups toward the edge of the makeshift bar for the tourists to take. Many politely decline while others step forward with curiosity. "We call it the baby maker! It's like the Dominican Viagra!" Manuel cheerfully declares, chuckling at the line he's used many times before. A middle-aged man wearing a safari hat steps forward and picks up the cup. "Salud!" Manuel says, as he motions a "cheers."

No longer on any Carnival delivered excursion docket as of 2016, merely a year after the introduction of Carnival operations in the city, the tourists that wander up to the museum are usually led there by guides of the *Asociación de Guías Turísticos de Puerto Plata* or taxi drivers who have been asked by tourists to visit the museum specifically, having seen the museum recommended on various tourist travel sites and forums. According to Manuel, the new contract proposed by Carnival of \$10,000 USD per year exceeded the budget of the museum's manager, forcing the government-run Amber Museum off Carnival itineraries and tourists' radar. This was compounded by the incomplete road and sidewalk infrastructure outside the building which gave the museum an unfinished feel, making tourists unsure if the museum and jewelry store were even open. "If you look outside, tourists see [the unfinished road] and they think we are not open. They walk past us or they don't see us here. But we are open." Disrupting the movement of tourists on the street, the incomplete road created "frictions ... material hurdles scattered along our paths, barriers that stop us or slow us down (Vannini 2012, 129).

Like ships in the night, tourists wander while salespeople in the Amber Museum wonder. As opportunities to encounter tourists on a regular basis become more infrequent and as the speed of cruise ship tourism disrupts and abbreviates these encounters, Manuel feels the challenges this poses to his work. "I took some courses in Puerto Plata about how to sell more fast and not spend too much time [with Carnival tourists]. With tourists in the resort, it's better. If they come here and want something, no problem, I can make that and then bring it to them in the resort. But with the cruises, with Carnival, it's not the same. It's fast tourism. They want people to stay in there. They have inside there a swimming pool. [The tourists] come here for a few minutes and then they leave." As though a cruise ship horn were summoning tourists back, encounters with tourists in the Amber Museum were elusive and brief. In order to capitalize on

those opportunities when Carnival tourists did enter the jewelry store and the little time he had at his disposal when they did, Manuel saw advantage in choosing his encounters wisely.

Americans and Canadians, you see, they are like this, always smiling, like Dominicans! [Laughs] But the Europeans, you can tell when they are European. It's just natural. They are more serious, you know. They don't buy so much. They come here, they look, and then they leave. But tourists from the United States and Canadians, they spend a lot. So, I can tell, you know, who is American, who is Canadian – but they look the same, you know - and then I talk to them first. Right? On Carnival, they give the bracelets (wristbands). So, high quality is gold, second is silver, and third is orange. So, I know who might spend more money like that. Sometimes I might give them some larimar, like this [gestures with his fingers to indicate a small piece of larimar], and then I tell them to take some time, to look. I let them keep that, you know. That is for them, a little gift.³⁹

The ephemerality of time is acknowledged and appreciated here in small material objects that resemble small tokens of tourists' journey through the Amber Museum. Following Jain and Lyons (2008), travel time can be conceptualized as a gift in producing and maintaining social relationships. In this case, tourists' journeys to and through Puerto Plata – particularly their decision to patronize the Amber Museum despite Carnival's rigid and pre-established schedule – is appreciated here. This encounter, however brief, is acknowledged, reciprocated, and established with a small keepsake; a keepsake that hopefully has the potential to keep this fleeting encounter alive for as long as possible before the tourists are summoned away once again. Manuel plays the odds by leaning into the speeds at which the cruise industry moves, stealing back time that might otherwise be lost if he tried to employ the same methods he had in the resort industry. In sensing this speed, in feeling the frictions and changing rhythms in what constitutes “fast tourism,” Miguel navigates the specter of Carnival whose presence – despite being moored about a kilometer from the museum – can be sensed, even in its absence.

³⁹ “Manuel,” interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, August 16, 2017.

As a material infrastructure that moves but also a critical infrastructure that controls and constrains the movement of tourists and those with whom they interact (Korpela 2016, 114), the presence of Carnival in Amber Cove weighs heavy. The manner in which this is experienced varies depending on “the sticky pragmatics of right now” (Gregg and Seigworth 2010, 14), but also on the “feel[ing] [of] the atmosphere,” the angle in which one arrives and the angle in which an encounter occurs (Brennan 2004, 1). For Manuel, the pressure he feels to sell jewelry quickly is amplified by the “modernization project” (Larkin 2013) of “nice and clean” in Puerto Plata, which is simultaneously a project that aims to draw tourists to Puerto Plata but also leaves those behind who cannot keep up. The tourists wander and the workers wonder. “They want people to stay in [Amber Cove]. They have inside there a swimming pool.” Manuel – referring to the ubiquitous presence of Carnival, a force that has the resources, the infrastructure, the draw, the appeal to call tourists back – feels the pressure to make the most of his time with the tourists he meets.

The road infrastructure outside of the museum intended to give the city a modern and clean aesthetic has let him down. Tourists think the store is closed when they walk by, the slight tint of the store windows makes it difficult to see inside and the road presents as a directionless pit of dug-up earth. Carnival’s itinerary has tourists on a tight schedule. They get to determine when tourists return to the port, and thus, how far they can venture off, how much time they can spend in one spot. Manuel gauges the tourists as they enter the room, “feeling the atmosphere,” appreciating the smiles he recognizes as North American, friendly faces he gravitates to, which helps him to save time, to steal time back. Since the termination of the museum’s contract with Carnival in 2016, Manuel can never be sure when tourists will visit. Every time the bell *dings*, the salesmen and saleswomen look up towards the door, a welcome interruption to the slowness of the day. The Mamajuana helps to soften the feel of a “gift shop” that usually stands at the end of a

touristic experience; something to lighten to the mood. Accompanied by a few jokes about its procreative powers, Manuel feels the atmosphere of the room. The pressure builds. He took a course to ensure he doesn't spend too much time, but the time starts now.

Santos

Across the street from the Amber Museum, Santos circulates *Plaza Independencia*. He is wearing the discernible bright orange polo shirt of the *Asociación de Guías Turísticos de Puerto Plata* but I still lose sight of him in the sea of people. Taxi drivers in lime green shirts shepherd their passengers around the square, adopting the role of tour guide and bodyguard. CESTUR officers in their white polos direct traffic. It's a "busy cruise ship day" today. City excursion tour guides in their deep red polos usher tourists from the bus into a restaurant across the street. This restaurant used to be a women's club in the 19th century until it burned down. Today, it welcomes Carnival tourists with open windows and doors and the guide encourages his group to "Sit! Sit wherever you like! Do you want to sit here? No? Maybe by the bar? Yes, the bar is always a good place to sit!" These tourists have circular green stickers stuck to them in arbitrary places. Some are on hats, some are on skin, some are on wristbands. These stickers indicate the tour bus they disembarked from. They are kept track of like kindergarteners on a field trip. "Uno, dos, tres, cuatro ...," the guide counts his brood. All there. As Antonio notes, there is huge anxiety around being tardy for Carnival's departure. Rumour has it the excursions company will need to pay for the flight of every single tourist who was held up because of the negligence and oversight of the tour guide. Carnival does not wait. The schedule is non-negotiable. Tour guides can't take the risk and shepherd their tourists around the city, keeping a watchful eye on the time.

The central square is overwhelmed with people, but they are all marked in some way. Distinguishable by the colours they wear, tourists can identify who the *Asociación* guides are, who the excursions guides are, who the police are, and who the taxi drivers are. This environment of distinguishability creates a space in which tourists are meant to feel safe; in which they are alerted to the parameters in which they can roam based on the colours they see around them.⁴⁰ This breadth of their mobilities is further indicated by the condition of the roads and sidewalks that surround *Plaza Independencia*.

I can see Santos now from the balcony of a nearby café. He has approached a couple who appear to be map-reading. After a brief exchange and some pointing in general directions, the couple follows Santos and they disappear down one of the many one-way streets that eventually lead to the *malecón* (the pier). Santos's role is a challenging one. He has the difficult task of convincing cruise ship tourists that exploring the city on foot is a viable and preferred option to taking the Carnival contracted taxis that idle on the northwest side of the central square.

“Have you seen the fort? The Amber Museum? The *malecón*? The cathedral?” Santos runs through the gamut of tourist sites in the vicinity and within “walking distance.” For Santos, the speeds of the cruise industry are experienced slightly differently. Walking ahead of me as we navigate to Fortaleza San Felipe – a fortress built by the Spaniards in the 1500s to defend the north coast of the Dominican Republic, and also the last place the Mirabal sisters visited before their execution by the Trujillo regime – Santos warns me of the sidewalks that suddenly end, he stands over pot holes so I don't end up in them, and he waits with me on the side of the road as we search

⁴⁰ The idea of “tourist safety” is understood here as complementary to the tourism imaginary of Puerto Plata as a “nice and clean” paradisiacal tourist destination that actively seeks to contain “matter out of place” (Douglas 2003). This imaginary is one of purity, cleanliness, and “newness,” conjuring up a kind of “island of familiarity,” (Derby 2009, 124) that gives tourists the sense that they never really left home.

for a gap among the speeding cars and *motoconchos* so we can run across the street, safely to the other side.

Is not so easy, right? When Carnival first arrive, I ask all the tourists if they want to walk to *la Fortaleza*, to see the amber, to see the ocean, *el malecón*, but so many don't like to walk. They can see how cheap is the taxis over there – you see them right? They are the most cheap taxis in the Caribbean. For \$35 (USD) they can have the taxi for the whole day. They go to the beach, they go to the *teleférico* (cable car), whatever they want. So, for me, is not easy. But I see that American tourists, they don't want to walk nowhere. They see the same places with the excursions, and they can have the air conditioning in the bus. They don't want to walk with me like this [laughs]. The Germans are good. They like to walk. They walk no problem to the fort, and I say to them, you know, 'Is a different way to see the city. Is better.'⁴¹

Following Thrift (2004), Cresswell notes that, “[t]he possibility of walking is wrapped up in narratives of worthiness, morality, and aesthetics that constantly contrast it with more mechanized forms of movement which are represented as less authentic, less worthy and less ethical” (2010, 20). Showcasing the mobility distinctions that “separate those who travel faster from those who move slower,” (Vannini 2012, 108) Santos saw value in moving slower through “fast tourism,”⁴² promoting his walking tours as an “authentic” or “real” experience that would provide a different perspective of Puerto Plata; a “different way to see the city.” As Edwards (2003, 191) points out, transportation infrastructures often determine where it is possible to go and when. As such, depending on the infrastructure one chooses to use, the experience of mobility will be different. To Santos’s point, Urry (2004) suggests that car travel is often conceptualized as a kind of “insular movement” where people can move through space within the bubble of a vehicle. The experience of travelling on foot, however, is an opportunity to experience variegated

⁴¹ “Santos,” interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, July 23, 2017.

⁴² Moving slowly through the cruise ship tourism industry should not be confused with “slow tourism.” This point is elaborated further on page 166.

sensorium (Ingold 2010), the “realness” that is wrapped up in walking through and navigating around Puerto Plata traffic, the smells of street food, the diesel, the humidity, unmitigated by the air conditioning that blasts from excursions buses and taxis. Santos leverages his tours on this premise, on the promise of a “better” experience.

Carnival as Omniscient Surveillance

Looking back on his time as a towel attendant at a popular resort in Puerto Plata, Antonio jokes that he had been ready for a change. Tired of “sitting in the booth and getting fat” on resort food, he remembers the boredom he felt distributing and collecting towels all day. Having towels tossed at him, sand flying into his eyes, tourists dismissing him with blank stares, Antonio used his position as a towel attendant to confront what he deemed to be “disrespect” by “rude tourists.” Draping their towels on lounge chairs for the day, unattended, towels would inevitably be stolen or misplaced. Antonio laughs when he says, “[i]f tourists are nice to me, I am nice to them. If they lose their towels, sometimes they come to me and ask if I can give them another towel card for free. If they were nice, I would help them [makes gesture as if slowly slipping someone a towel card]. If not, I just look at them and I tell them, you know, ‘Sorry, you need to go to the front desk and pay for a new one.’” Antonio’s memory of this experience as a booth attendant was conjured up as he described to me the rigidity of his current job. Carnival as timekeeper and time-maker invoked memories that were punctuated by Carnival’s omniscient-like presence, which was often described to me, and felt, like a kind of surveillance. “In a resort, you see tourists every day for, like, seven days, sometimes two weeks or more. With the cruise ships, you see them maybe for one minute. If they buy your excursion, then for, like, a few hours. But working with the cruise

ships is different because, yes, I make commission, but also is, like, is very easy to lose your job if Carnival is not happy with you.”

“If Carnival is not happy with you.” The ships that came and went, sometimes arriving only to leave a mere 6 hours later, were technologies of mobility that had the potential to haunt; hauntings that “occur[ed] in places where people, technology, and mobility intersect[ed]” (Vannini 2012, 2). Elusive yet ubiquitous, Carnival, unlike the resorts that entertained and accommodated thousands of tourists on any given day, left no traces behind (ibid., 97). Instead, the ships have an essence; a presence that “conjure[s] up the appearances of something that [is] absent” (Berger 1972, 10), that animates a “repressed or unresolved social violence [that] is making itself known” (Gordon 1997, xvi). For tourism workers, this was experienced as a sense of being watched, of being followed; feelings validated by the presence of CESTUR officers who would intervene in encounters between tourists and locals in *Plaza Independencia* and who once guarded the gates to Amber Cove.

In his stories, Antonio would frequently brush off the constraints he felt in his work with a wave of his hand, a dismissiveness of the pressures within which he felt an urgency to move and sell quickly. “I mean, you know, this job is very good, better than when I work in the towel booth [laughs]. But, there’s other jobs, you know. Call centers, things like that, you know. There’s other jobs. If this one becomes too much stress, then I can say, ‘OK, bye.’” Receiving recognition from his excursions company as “employee of the month” keeps Antonio around, for now. “They give me this certificate for the best new salesman. My boss gave this to me and we had a little celebration with some drinks. So, that’s nice. Is hard to sell a lot, you know, like I said, but is a good job, so is OK for now.” Transitioning from his towel booth where he was granted the freedom to come and go as he saw fit – a luxury that he jokingly contends

contributed to his weight gain – to a role that has him keeping time and operating within the framework of an overseeing critical infrastructure, Antonio often toyed with the idea of leaving the industry altogether. The pressure of keeping time and having time kept, his frustration with an elusive schedule that encounters the frictions of unruly roads and unruly tourists, the stress associated with the threat of financial reprisals that loom large over the contingencies of the everyday, all culminate in and bubble out of these moments of entangled contemplation.

“There’s other jobs.”

Upon arriving to the field in May 2017, I had high hopes of eventually working my way into Amber Cove. I was hoping to get a sense of what it was like in the port as a tourist, as a bartender, as a salesperson, as an excursions tour guide. Sharing this idea with friends of mine in the field, including those who worked in the port itself, I was frequently met with responses such as, “It’s not possible,” “Good luck with that,” or, “Carnival is very strict.” “It’s fine,” I would think. I had some great contacts, and I was sure they could help me in my efforts.

In my discussions with Music,⁴³ she shared with me a rather cynical article that was released by Jacob Kushner of *Vice Media Group*. A voluntourist and journalist aboard the *Adonia*, Kushner wrote a critical piece on Fathom’s approach to “impact travel,” challenging the actual and lived impact these voluntourists actually had on the communities they “helped.” Anecdotally, Music believed this critical piece was part of the reason her approval to conduct a study aboard the *Adonia* took so long, and she speculated that this might have contributed to the resistance I encountered as I reached out to contacts whom I believed had the clout to help me gain access to Amber Cove.

⁴³ Janet Music conducted her M.A. thesis research on Fathom cruise lines, a now defunct subsidiary of Carnival Corp. Her work is discussed in Chapter 1.

Encountering ignored emails and roundabout responses in lieu of definitive answers, I began to understand the sense that respondents had of the power and omniscient-like presence “Carnival” had over Puerto Plata. Despite my reaching out to multiple sources, I was stonewalled, as if each individual contact was in fact the same person. I felt like I had hit a brick wall. Like I had encountered the barricade of CESTUR officers who had once stood armed and watchful at the gates of Amber Cove. According to the stories I heard, these officers were later relocated as their *visible presence* at the gate had scared tourists. They were deployed to *Plaza Independencia* instead. As Mary, an expatriate to Puerto Plata of 10 years explained,

When Carnival first started here, the Dominicans said, ‘OK, we’re gonna make sure there’s no crime against the tourists. So, they had the national police with shot guns standing in every corner, in front of the port, on the streets. The tourists would get off the ship, look around and say, ‘What’s going on here?’ So, now they have those young kids in the tennis shirts, and it’s a much better idea, it’s a better idea. Because not only does it guarantee some level of security, but it’s not intimidating, visually intimidating.’⁴⁴

Corroborating Mary’s story, John noted that the Ministry of Tourism’s experimentation with the increased visibility of tourist police outside of Amber Cove was in response to an increase in the number of thefts committed against tourists who were on the back of *motoconchos*. When Carnival first began operations in 2015, the national police officers guarding the port and armed with automatic weapons scared tourists into believing there was something dangerous to be kept out. Instead of fostering a sense of security, the visibility of these officers conjured up feelings of insecurity and paranoia. When the tourism police were eventually consolidated into the Defense Corps, John explained that they were hired as bodies “to stand watch, not guard, outside the port. They do not have weapons, but they have strength in numbers.” The logic here? To deter quick

⁴⁴ “Mary,” interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, August 6, 2017.

acts of robbery through strength in numbers, which was believed to have the same effect but be less off-putting than armed national police guards circulating the city.

Wandering through the crowds in *Plaza Independencia* and directing traffic in crisp white polos were the CESTUR (*Cuerpo Especializado de Seguridad Turística*) – formerly known as the “tourist police”, or POLITUR (*Policía de Turística*). A subtle, but notable, shift in their title, *policía* to *seguridad* suggests a wandering and overseeing body that would ensure a sense of *security* for tourists, as opposed to suggesting there was anything dangerous to be *policed*. No longer armed with their “automatic weapons,” these officers were nevertheless armed; a less visible handgun fastened into holsters and attached to hips. “I thought the CESTUR didn’t have guns.” A laughable statement from a naïve visitor. Melvin chuckles, “Of course! Yes, the tourist police, they are here to protect the tourists, of course they have guns!” As physical reminders of everyone’s accountability to Carnival, to the tourists that were so *valiosa* (valuable), CESTUR circulated *Plaza Independencia* in their white polos. Sometimes unexpectedly making an appearance to discourage or disrupt interactions, these officers were tangible reminders that what seemed to be absent was in fact always present – like ghosts in white polos, the “good guys,” the pure and noble protectors of tourists from the “matter out of place” (Douglas 2003).

Commuting on the back of *motoconchos* as I went from interview to interview, touristic site to touristic site, I was often told to *be* careful. “Motoconchos are very dangerous,” my friend Luís would tell me, “A lot of accidents happen every year because they drive so crazy.” My journeys on the backs of *motoconchos* – particularly when driven by someone I had never met before – often began with the driver showing me how to get on the bike safely, how to tuck my oversized bag comfortably on my lap between he and myself, and then, how to disembark the bike safely so as to avoid the dreaded Dominican tattoo. “You are *valiosa*,” I would often hear, a phrase

that I interpreted at the time to mean that my life was valued. In hindsight, this was in reference to my identity as a visitor, a tourist. This was further illuminated for me when, one day, John and I were driving along Highway Number Five, returning from a joint interview between the two co-founders of The Hangout. “You know, I have a friend from South Africa, she visited me [in Puerto Plata] a couple of years ago. She brought this to my attention – it hadn’t even crossed my mind – but she asked me why the electric fences around the resorts here are slanted inward. Do you know what I mean? She told me that the direction in which the top of the fence is bent is the direction in which it is intended to keep something in. So, it would seem as though these resorts are trying to keep the tourists from escaping! [Laughs] It doesn’t make much sense.” As Douglas (2003, 9) suggests, “For us, sacred things and places are to be protected from defilement.” This seemingly paradoxical – and easily overlooked – observation of the electrical fences brings the conversation back to the protection of what is most sacred – tourists. In this touristic frame of fear and danger, safety and peace, the seemingly spectral CESTUR in their white polos are the pure protectors, those responsible for safeguarding tourists from danger and defilement – from matter out of place. This imaginary is resonant in the electrical fence embedded in material tourism infrastructures – “Stay inside, it’s for your own good.”

The seriousness with which the Ministry of Tourism approaches the safety of tourists is evidenced in the establishment of CESTUR as an arm of the Defense Corps for National Security by the No. 139-13 Organic Law of the Armed Forces, which was passed in 2014. This law defines the CESTUR as “specialized working units, made up by chosen members of the military institutions, with the aim of providing security and protection in certain strategic areas vital for guaranteeing national interests.” The Brigade General Amilcar Fernandez, the director of the CESTUR, defended this consolidation, arguing that “tourism in the Dominican Republic

represents a vital part of the economy, [and] having a prioritized place on the agenda for *national development* . . . turns it into a matter of national security and defense” (Travel Trade Caribbean 2014). The establishment of CESTUR as an arm of the Defense Corps just before the unveiling of Amber Cove in 2015 is a manifestation of the ideology that tourism is a matter of national interest; an industry to be *defended* and *secured*. This was concretized for me as Manuel pointed out his office - the office of the *Asociación de Guías Turísticos de Puerto Plata* – which sat directly above the office of the National Police and ambulance facility in Puerto Plata.

This sense of being watched calls to mind here my brief encounter with Melvin. Recalling Melvin from Chapter 1 – the Haitian painter and “casual” tour guide – our brief encounter in *Plaza Independencia* as we walked and talked, wandering through the plaza, summoned a CESTUR officer seemingly out of nowhere who introduced himself as “Melvin.” “You OK?” he asks me. I nod and tell him everything is just fine. Exchanging a few words out of earshot with my friend, they both turn back to me as Melvin stands next to me, putting his arm around my neck. “We’re all friends here!” he says in English. “This is my friend, Sarita. We’re going for a walk to the bank.” “Wow, is everyone here named Melvin?” I ask, trying to lighten the mood and sensing a palpable tension in Melvin’s disposition. He laughs exaggeratedly, “She’s so funny! Sarah, you are so funny!” He then turns to the officer, discreetly handing him a couple of peso banknotes, saying again, “We’re all friends here. This man is a good man,” and we walk off.

As a kind of critical infrastructure (Korpela 2016, 114), CESTUR operate within an institutional mandate of security, of generating a sense of safety (and surveillance) within the tourism frame. The CESTUR act as a “[regime] of mobility that [normalizes] the movement of some travelers while criminalizing and entrapping the ventures of others,” making itself visible

as a haunting specter, a ghost – it is felt (Glick Schiller and Salazar 2013, 189). As Music points out, “The [CESTUR] would come to the Impact activities with us, but most of the time, the tourists didn’t even know they were [CESTUR]. They just assumed they were bus drivers because they weren’t wearing their uniforms. They would just show up wearing street clothes.” Although perhaps invisible to tourists – those whose movement was fostered and encouraged within limits – those who were deemed “matter out of place” knew exactly who they were. “What happens if somebody does something to a tourist?” I ask my friend, Tomás, who once worked as an animación (entertainment) worker at a resort in Sosúa where he grew up, “You’ll never see that person again. The tourist police will come and they throw you in jail and throw away the key, like that. Tourism is very important in the Dominican Republic. If something bad happen, tourists don’t come anymore, and that would be very bad.” The CESTUR slip in and out between various roles within their mandate as a critical infrastructure. They are the specters that are always present, always felt – an invisible presence that is meant to conjure up a sense that at any moment, one could be thrown in jail, “never to be seen again” – they are a subtle, amorphous kind of presence that oversees and ensures the safe “movement of some travelers,” the protectors of the pure touristic space in which “matter out of place” must be kept to the margins.

This kind of matter of place is not only a category reserved for local people deemed to be on the wrong side of tourism, on the wrong side of *Plaza Independencia*, emerging from the margins where they are meant to be kept by CESTUR officers. I found myself encountering this one day at high noon before Melvin and I were scheduled to take one of our regular walks around the plaza. Waiting on the periphery of *Plaza Independencia* under a protruding edge of rooftop that offered me the slightest bit of relief from the afternoon sun, I watched Melvin walk towards me, his brow scrunched, a look of concern on his face. I ask him if everything is OK.

“Here, you know, in Puerto Plata, we know what the tourist want – we are friendly, you know, always smiling, the tourist can do whatever they want. But there is sometime when is not OK.” I find myself confused. He can tell. He continues. “You see that man over there, on the bench?” I do. “He ask me where he can have a good time, but he wants a young girl. You know what I mean? Like, tourist come here for sex,⁴⁵ is OK, but don’t come to take our children. Is not OK.”

I ask Melvin how he responded, what he said to the man who continues to sit alone on the park bench. For a moment I think I notice the sky begin to darken around me. I can’t tell if the clouds are rolling in or if my vision is tunneling, focusing in on the reality of what Melvin is telling me. Melvin tells me he outright rejected the man’s request, telling him there are prostitutes in Sosúa – the town just east of Puerto Plata – who “are women,” and that “that is their work.” But don’t take our children. Melvin flags this man for the CESTUR officer patrolling the plaza that afternoon, pointing him out – quite literally – perhaps as an attempt to actively shame this man into disappearing, to just go away. Whether or not this will make a difference, I don’t know. Melvin doesn’t know. We eventually lose track of both. But he feels compelled in the moment to do something. Don’t take our children. Melvin is troubled by this encounter, this man asking him the unthinkable, believing Melvin would know the answer to such a question or that he would comply. It’s too much for Melvin to carry. It’s a weighty burden that hits too close to home.⁴⁶

The CESTUR who are often tasked with keeping “matter out of place” like Melvin out of the plaza on busy cruise ship days are always watching, and Melvin knows this. He calls their presence forth, acknowledges them, directs their attention to something to watch other than himself. To keep their children safe, he calls forward the enforcing presence of the ghosts that

⁴⁵ (see Herold et al. 2001; Brennan 2004; Cabezas 2009; Padilla 2007; Padilla et al. 2012)

⁴⁶ This story will be further explored in Chapter 3, pages 212-213.

normally haunt him as he makes his way through the central plaza on a daily basis. The tourism imaginary of Puerto Plata as a paradisaical Caribbean getaway is in a constant state of becoming, working and reworking ideas about what tourism in Puerto Plata looks and feels like. This imaginary is constantly at risk of crumbling beneath itself as it works to keep at bay those things that threaten to tear it all down. The foundation is precarious, it shakes as the imaginary threatens to unravel at any given moment. The CESTUR come in and out of focus to prop this imaginary back up.

Haunting as a mode of storytelling traces what might otherwise be told as a sequence of historical events, following instead what can be considered as mobility assemblages that implicate any “time of the now” (Benjamin 1969, 263). These stories are “very much alive”, “happening in and through haunting” (Gordon 1997, 131). Encountering the disruption of movement in *Plaza Independencia* by confronting CESTUR who, despite their tactility, simultaneously feel elusive, conjures up a sense of always being watched; the source of that vigilance ambiguous, and at times “amorphous and slippery” (Edensor 2008, 314).

Reclaiming Tourist Spaces

Plaza Independencia was renovated in 2008, a project which removed the once lush gardens to install instead a more “pedestrian friendly” square which features a restored 19th century gazebo, an emblem of General Gregorio Luperón’s restoration of Dominican independence. Many of the surrounding buildings around *Plaza Independencia* have been restored within the last few years with the intention of attracting disembarked Carnival tourists. A public works project spanning almost a decade, which aimed to restore, construct and rebuild

infrastructure around *Plaza Independencia* that would match the square’s cleaner and more streamlined aesthetic, the construction in this area is an ongoing project. Adopting a “nice and clean” environment is something that was frequently described to me by tourism workers, expatriates, and other tourism stakeholders as something Carnival tourists wanted to see. A small online news outlet captures this change:

All [of the plaza’s] characteristic trees have been cut down and removed. But in their place we now have a *nicely* laid out mosaic-type plaza, with comfortable and decorative park bench seats. Now that the decorative lampposts have been installed, the new plaza is now complete. During the day there is little shade, and it’s too hot for most people to sit on the benches. But after sundown, the new street lighting makes it a good place for the youngest in Puerto Plata to gather. (Sosúa News 2008; italics mine)

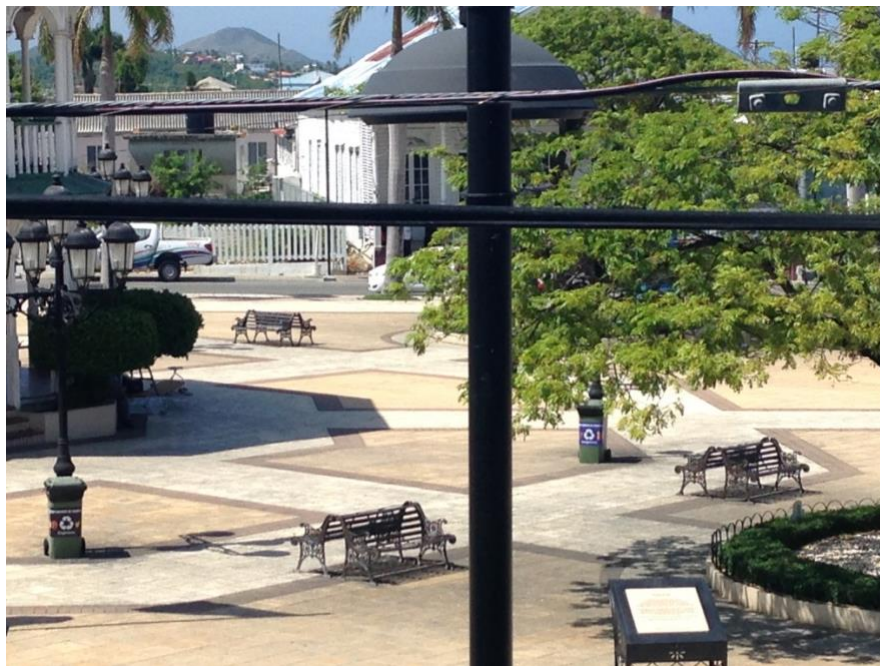


Figure 9: Visible in *Plaza Independencia* are newly installed green recycling bins to facilitate, or perpetuate the image of, a “nice and clean” Puerto Plata. Photo by author, 2017.

Walking down Calle de la Separación and turning onto Calle Prof Juan Bosch, a frequent route of mine, I can see buildings that are “witnesses to ... history” but that are in the process of being tamed; “wild objects stemming from indecipherable pasts, [they] are the ‘spirits’ of the place” (de Certeau et. al. 1998, 135). What their corpses generate are narratives that allude to a

need to protect the past and the potentialities of a future while civilizing that which is old and creating from ancient things a modern kind of “national heritage.” A space that now holds true to the “nice and clean” environment promoted by the expatriates who operate The Hangout,⁴⁷ the end result of the restoration, then, are compromises, serving as “places for transit between the ghosts of the past and the imperatives of the present” (ibid., 136).

These sites of national heritage, meant to attract through their newness but still enchant through its “history,” were also caught up in local and expatriate narratives meant to distinguish Puerto Plata as a unique tourist destination, particularly from its competitor to the east in Punta Cana. Known for its luxury beach resorts, sandy white beaches and turquoise waters, Punta Cana straddles the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea. Encountering Christine and Carole at *Kaffe*, a small restaurant just adjacent to the plaza on Calle Prof Juan Bosch, they shared with me why they decided to move from the States to live permanently in Puerto Plata instead of elsewhere in the Dominican Republic:

There’s just so much life here in Puerto Plata. There’s so much history. Punta Cana is where all the tourists like to go now, but there’s no life there. It’s lifeless. All they did was tear down the jungle and put luxury resorts in. There’s nothing else to do, nothing else to see. In Puerto Plata, we have the mountain – have you been on the cable car? There’s the fortress, Central Park (currently named *Plaza Independencia*), oh, and that museum, that green building, the Luperón Museum. Did you know that Punta Cana had to import their palm trees from Puerto Plata? Punta Cana doesn’t actually grow palm trees naturally, so they took these big trucks, loaded up some palm trees and drove them all the way over there to plant them. We have everything here [in Puerto Plata], including palm trees.⁴⁸

Mario, an excursions tour guide with Carnival who works for Adventure Tours – an “outback” adventure excursion that takes tourists into the “countryside” where they meet *campesinos* who show them how coffee is made, followed by boogieboarding in the ocean – had

⁴⁷ “The Hangout” is discussed on pages 49, 114, 117, 118.

⁴⁸ “Carole,” interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, October 26, 2017.

a similar perspective. “Tourists don’t want to get off of the ship and see garbage, bad roads, people sitting in the street, chickens running everywhere,” he says. “They want to see everything *nice*. They want to see *clean*, just like their home, where they from. Punta Cana is more new, *claro*, but there is nothing to do there. Is just jungle.” This declared cultural uniqueness and the restorations that could be seen throughout Puerto Plata conjured up a sense of the city as a kind of “complex debris that ... is disseminated throughout the city like traces of other worlds” (de Certeau et. al. 1998, 135). Taking shape in new buildings, roads, and 19th century replicas whereby tourists can enjoy history from a “nice and clean” distance, the “complex debris” that takes the form of “national heritage,” or what Puerto Plata “has to offer,” creates a tourist space that is meant to inspire a sense of “culture” and “life” that Punta Cana just doesn’t have.

Anfiteatro La Puntilla, better known simply as *Anfiteatro*, was inaugurated in April 2017, just 2 years after Carnival began operations in Amber Cove. As many told me, the *Anfiteatro* was meant to draw tourists to Puerto Plata to show them what else Puerto Plata had to offer besides its oceanside resorts. A 22,200 square foot “Grecian amphitheater facing the Atlantic Ocean” and constructed directly next to the Fortaleza San Felipe, this theatre was described to me as an opportunity to pique the interest of visiting Carnival tourists, acting as a potential draw to encourage their return, but next time, for longer (Dominican Republic Has It All, n.d.). A venue showcasing Dominican and international singers, dance performances, and other artistic events, the 4,000-seat amphitheater is an image of what Puerto Plata “has to offer,” an opportunity for the community to showcase its heritage⁴⁹ and the ways in which it is unique to Punta Cana. In the evenings, however, long after Carnival sails away from Amber Cove, the *Anfiteatro* becomes

⁴⁹ The significance of “national heritage” in the production of tourist space and mobility assemblages is discussed on pages 153-155.

a reclaimed space, highlighting the various and unique mobilities that move through and around the newly restored infrastructure in this touristic space.

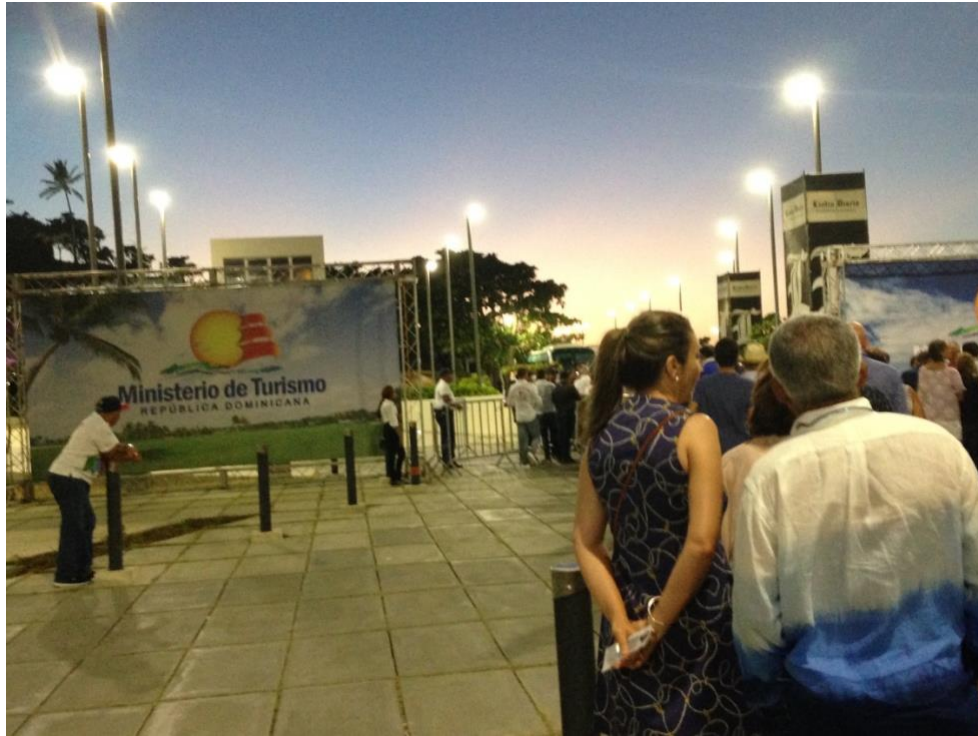


Figure 10: The line to enter the *Anfiteatro* before the show, the “Ministerio de Turismo” signage prominently displayed in the background. Photo by author, 2017.

December 1, 2018. Manuel has invited me to the *Anfiteatro* for a merengue concert and comedy show. A combination of the music of African slaves, the Spanish guitar, trumpets, saxophone, and the Dominican güira – a metal scraper percussion instrument used especially in merengue and bachata – the merengue is considered to be the national dance of the Dominican Republic. As Dominicans found national identity in the dancing and performance of merengue during the American occupation from 1916 to 1924, the Trujillo dictatorship later declared the Cibao, or *tipico*, style of merengue the music of the nation in 1936. Starting about two hours late – “Dominican time!” Manuel shouts in my ear, chuckling at this commonly used idiom in the tourism industry when things are slower than expected – the merengue music that blares from the trumpets and trombones on stage is greeted by an excited and energetic crowd.



Figure 11: The stage of the *Anfiteatro* can be seen on the right, with crowds starting to fill their seats, and the Fort San Felipe in the distance illuminated in blue. Photo by author, 2017.

Having had two hours to filter into the venue, find their seats and order drinks – a vendor circulates carrying a cooler filled with ice to make sure *los Presidentes* are acceptably cold – the audience is brimming with anticipation. Couples dance on the stairs and in their seats, some sing/shout along with the words as an array of coloured lights crisscross and move about rhythmically to illuminate the audience and stage. Just over an hour of merengue playing, singing, dancing and drinking has passed and it’s time for the headliner. *Un Show Fuera de Serio*, or “A Not So Serious Show,” is performed by “The Dominican Kings of Comedy” Raymond Pozo and Miguel Céspedes, frequently just referred to as “Raymond y Miguel.” The Ministry of Tourism website boasts that the “The Kings to the Palace” have more than 600 television episodes and more than 200 live shows performed in the Dominican Republic and internationally. Raymond and Miguel resonate with their audience, frequently performing skits indicative of the current political and social affairs of the day in the cities in which they perform (Dominican Republic Has It All, n.d.).

Today, at the *Anfiteatro La Puntilla* in Puerto Plata, Raymond and Miguel, to my surprise, start their show in English. “Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls!” Miguel exclaims, to a cheering and whistling crowd. “How is everybody doing? We have a wonderful show for you tonight, a great show, right Raymond?” “Sí – ay, ‘yes!’” Raymond and Miguel begin their show in English on purpose, correcting themselves dramatically when they absentmindedly slip into Spanish. “Ay, Miguel, we are in Puerto Plata! We speak English all day to the tourists – English at the beach, English in the stores, English on the streets! But we speak Spanish! No, no, no, this show will be in Spanish!” This declaration is met with laughter and roaring applause from the audience.

Their first skit has Raymond dressed as a representation of a man from the countryside, a *campesino*, or farmer. Dressed in overalls, adorning a straw hat and holding a shovel, Raymond, followed by a spotlight, timidly walks to the front of the stage, taking his hat off his head and holding it in his hands up by his chest. This scene is meant to depict a poor farmer in line at a Visa Application Centre who is hoping to visit his family in the United States. In a mousy voice, Raymond says in Spanish, “I would like a visa to visit my brother in New York, please.” A voice over, recognized as Miguel’s, suddenly shouts, “Next!” indicating the poor farmer’s request to travel abroad has been rejected. The voice over then says, “You! White man!” The poor *campesino* looks behind him, as though someone else in line has been summoned forward. “Approved!” The poor *campesino* lowers his head in disappointment and shuffles off stage. The audience roars with a laughter, heads thrown back, hands clapping. This is laughter of recognition, of a resonant experience and understanding that is conjured up and haunts this

shared lived experience of many of the guests here tonight.⁵⁰ One hot evening in *Heladería Mariposa* (Butterfly Ice Cream Shop) – an ice cream shop, café and restaurant that is connected to a currency exchange booth in *Plaza Independencia* – this experience dovetails in a story Manuel shares with me. He says he had plans to visit his cousin in New York that summer, but it unfortunately didn't work out. "I go to the [visa] office and ask them to approve me so I can go see my cousin, but they tell me no, I can't go. So, I just stay here instead. One day maybe, but I cannot be approved, I don't know why. It's no easy."

The *Anfiteatro La Puntilla* is an image of touristic opportunity: a monstrous representation of all Puerto Plata has to offer, a feature of the "most modern [amphitheatre] in the Caribbean region" (Ministerio de Turismo, n.d.), a structure which hopes to capture tourists' attention as they walk along the *malecón* or tour the Fortaleza San Felipe. It conjures up and agitates sentiments of local mobilities in this evening of comedy. Abruptly transitioning from English to Spanish at the start of their comedy routine – and pointing out the reason as to why they were doing so – punctuates the expectation that the performance would naturally be in English given "everything else" in Puerto Plata already is. Showcasing a poor *campesino* trying to travel abroad animates the image of this venue as a touristic space within a touristic place, drawing attention to the varying mobilities⁵¹ that exist in this otherwise highly mobile and fast-

⁵⁰ Observing the crowd around me that night, it seems as though the audience is comprised of mostly Dominicans from various parts of the country and of a range of economic backgrounds. The family sitting to my right is from Santo Domingo, the capital, and are in Puerto Plata for the weekend before they drive back the next day. The 30-something gentleman is an engineer, his uncle to his right works at the *Banco Central República Dominicana* in the capital. Miguel, who sits on my left, tells me that the tickets cost about 600 pesos (approximately \$10 USD). For a jewelry salesman who earns 9,000 RD\$ per month (\$USD 154.00), this is not an insignificant purchase for him, but he laughs until tears are rolling down his face.

⁵¹ Mobilities are conceptualized here as more than improved or more easily facilitated motion (Marzloff 2005). It is a kind of movement that also encapsulates self-ascribed and culturally attributed meanings (Frello 2008), meanings that are different to different people who find themselves in different circumstances (Adey 2010), a kind of "assemblage of movement, imaginaries, and experience" (Cresswell 2006) from which emerge the "sticky pragmatics of right now" (Gregg and Seigworth 2010, 4).

paced tourism context. The people Raymond and Miguel are referring to, however, who are embodied within this image of the *campesino*, encounter various frictions that interrupt the speed at which they can move and the routes they can travel. The comedic resonance here perhaps lies in the experiences of a shared sense of nationality, class, and race; a recognition that mobility assemblages can make it difficult to achieve the same speed or travel the same routes as the tourists they serve; that mobilities are “implicated in the production of power and relations of domination” (Cresswell 2010, 20). The critical infrastructure that is deployed by the state in order to control and constrain the movement of some and facilitate and encourage the movement of others is resonant in the distributing of passports and visas, a process many of my interlocutors were familiar with. With the authority to determine who can go where and when, “governments act as the ‘gatekeepers’ of freedom and mobility across sovereign borders” (Dean 2016, 56). More than just a “reality” of the politics of mobility in the Dominican Republic, the comedy show created an atmosphere of common experience, a knowingness of the realities of mobility in Puerto Plata which were resonant in the eruptions of laughter; a kind of haunted recognition and memory that “bubble[s] out of the intersections of people’s lives and livelihoods” and the mobilities they cannot realize themselves (Vannini 2011a). Or, perhaps the comedy here is just the irony of it all. These variegated mobilities come to life after the comedy show in *Plaza Independencia*.

It’s now about 1:00 in the morning. “Do you want to come to the plaza?” Manuel asks. “Why? What’s happening there?” I expect a sort of “meet and greet” with Raymond and Miguel. “Everybody just goes there at night to party, you know, have some drinks, dance, listen to music.” *Plaza Independencia* comes alive at night. After the tourists clear the plaza, board their respective buses, and Carnival has sailed away, the square is reclaimed. During the day, a space

highly regulated, monitored, and bustling with tourist-related activities, at night, the plaza is a place where children run around, encircling the restored 19th century gazebo – a reminder of the arduous fight of General Gregorio Luperón to restore independence once more from Spain after its annexation from 1861 to 1865. Their parents stand in groups, chatting, laughing, drinking. Cars parked on the perimeter of the square have their doors and trunks open, blasting music from vibrating sound systems. There is more space along the side of the road for them now. The taxis have all gone.

I frequent a café that overlooks *Plaza Independencia*. A great vantage point from which to take in the goings-on of the square below. Simply called “Chocolate Bakery and Café” – no Spanish translation necessary since it was established and opened with the intention of drawing and welcoming cruise tourists – I frequently chit-chat with a waitress whom I see at the café almost every day by the name of Rosa. “It’s so quiet here! It’s a great place for me to write, though!” Rosa laughs, pointing out that the balcony where I usually sit is too hot during the day for anyone to want to sit there. The balcony is empty right now except for us. In the afternoons, the time I usually frequent the café, the balcony offers no relief from the summer heat. My iced coffee appears to be crying under the blistering sun as beads of condensation trickle down the sides of the glass. She notices that tourists don’t really frequent the café during their city visits unless they need to use the washroom or a tour guide of the *Asociación de Guías Turísticos de Puerto Plata* recommends the café as a great little place for a quick treat.

The inside of the café also offers relief from the scorching heat. Visitors welcome the cold blast of air conditioning pumping out of the unit, which makes their departure back into the sun visibly shocking. “At night, is very busy. Dominicans come here at night when is not so hot and I am so busy! They have parties here, drinking, talking. Sometimes there is so many people I

can't move, like this," she squeezes her arms to her sides, shoulders to ears, imitating the movements of someone trying to squeeze through a crowd. "Yes, this café, the owner, she wanted to make it for all of the tourists, but I am not so busy with them. Dominicans come here more!" In an attempt to clean up *Plaza Independencia*, to create a space in which tourists would want to revisit, the café is a part of the modernization project – an infrastructural sign of modernity that is not used for its intended purpose or by its intended users but has instead been taken up by locals in the evenings as a kind of reclaimed space. The air is electric, the music loud, the patrons dancing, drinking and eating. The overflow of guests heats up the balcony where they gather, making the already humid evening feel about 10 degree warmer.

Gatherings such as this one are discouraged and would be disrupted during a cruise ship day. CESTUR regulate and surveil behaviour just as those who work in the tourism industry often surveil one another, maintaining a kind of "blame tradition" (Piot 2010, 54) that sees inappropriate behaviour conducted in front of tourists as a kind of "Dominican" deficiency – respectable behaviours that "they" have yet to learn, but should. As Manuel describes to me, "I take a course from the government here. They teach us how to benefit from tourism, but also how to treat the tourists. Some people here, they don't know how to behave properly. Tourists see that and they don't like it." When Carnival has left for the day, the CESTUR have vacated the plaza, and the night is young, *Plaza Independencia* and the modernization projects that encircle it are re-appropriated as a local space, one in which "blame" has no place.

Moving Through Garbage

The axiom of a "nice and clean" touristic space that is meant to cultivate feelings of comfort, safety, yearnings to return, and the containment of "matter out of place" (Douglas 2003)

finds an obstacle in the Maggiolo landfill, which sits directly in front of Amber Cove. A huge source of debate and controversy since and before the inauguration of Amber Cove in 2015, the caption below a photo of the landfill reads, “The always problematic Puerto Plata landfill” (Dominican Today 2019a). Residents in the area assert that for over 10 years, and as far back as 2005, authorities have promised solutions to the dense, toxic smoke that emanates from the landfill and is now impacting the tourism industry, an industry they worry will be put at risk and only attended to should tourist arrivals suffer (Dominican Today 2019b).

Former Tourism Minister Félix Jiménez was meant to announce the closure of the landfill in 2005 and the alternative new sanitary landfill to open in a different region, which they hoped to have completed by the following year. Incinerating waste on a small hill just on the side of Highway Number Five, the smoke that emanates from the landfill frequently overwhelms the hotels in the area – and where Amber Cove can be found now – sometimes requiring the evacuation of tourists staying at nearby accommodations. Clouding the visibility of Highway Number Five and hovering over Amber Cove, the dense, black smoke greets the 10,000 visitors who disembarked two Carnival Cruise ships in Amber Cove in early 2019. The *Azura* ship carrying over 3,500 passengers was ready and willing to turn around when, after hours of negotiation, Carnival executives finally decided to moor (Puerto Plata Digital 2019). Having turned around upon seeing the toxic cloud of landfill smoke in August 2018, Carnival’s *Horizon*, arriving from Saint Thomas and carrying almost 4,000 passengers, canceled its Amber Cove port of call.

After a decade of smoke at the entrance of Puerto Plata, which is now also the entrance to Amber Cove, residents and tourism workers alike have had enough. “I hope this is fixed soon. We want to come next week. Please do something,” writes a tourist in the *Dominican Today*

comments section. “Sorry, but this problem has been around for a long time ... not going to be fixed in a week ... good luck and have a nice trip ...” writes a Puerto Plateño respondent, a frequenter of these comments sections and local forums on the political happenings of the day. The *Policía Nacional Dominicana* (Dominican Republic National Police) have been deployed to the landfill, sent to discourage and prevent the intentional setting of fires on the site; a silent act of protest that captures Carnival’s attention. It is the only way *someone* will listen. This compels Carnival to send a notice to the attention of the Ministry of Tourism and the Municipal Mayor of Puerto Plata, Walter Musa, ordering the fires be kept under control. “When tourist talk, the earth shakes,” observes the frequent online contributor. The plan had been to move the landfill a kilometer or so to Cofresí, a town about 7 kilometers away from Amber Cove, using new technologies “to compact dry waste and turn part of the site into an ecological park.” This proposal by municipal authorities and *Dominicana Limpia* (Dominican Clean) has been met with further protest and is shut down. The relocation of the landfill would pose detrimental implications to the tourism sector in Puerto Plata, to the environment.

Urry’s (1990) work on the “tourist gaze” privileges the sense of a tourist destination through sight; through visual attractiveness and appeal. A more polysensual approach to tourism destinations, however, reveals the value in approaching a tourism context through its ability to draw or repel through that of smell (Dann and Jacobsen 2002). “It is the apportioning of a positive or negative odour to people that completes the olfactory character of place” (Dan and Jacobsen 2003, 4), where “if people are defined as being evil, they are at the same time defined as smelling foul” (Synnott 1993, 192). Flashback 30 years to the moment cruise ship captains decided to no longer dock in Puerto Plata. I heard versions of this story over and over again: “The ships stopped coming because people were fighting outside of the port,” “Tourists don’t

want to see people fighting, so the ships stopped coming,” “They were like animals, punching each other to sell to the tourists first.” Today, the thick smoke that wafts through and lingers above Puerto Plata haunts local tourism workers who recount stories of the day the ships just never came back. Carnival hesitates in the distance, “negotiating” among themselves, assaulted by the dense smoke and putrid smell of burning garbage, overwhelmed by the dense cloud that seems to envelop the city.

“This idea of dirt takes us straight into the field of symbolism and promises to link-up with more obviously symbolic systems of purity” (Douglas 2003, 44) where locals worry the smoke, pollution and smell will be an association forever made with themselves, with the city they call home, or, for some, the city they have moved to to work in the tourism industry. They have come so far in the 30 years since the last cruise ship sailed away, concerned that the violence and apparent unruliness and disorder on the shore was *too dangerous*. Only to return in 2015 as Carnival, these tourists onboard witness and negotiate the “ordering” and “rejecting [of] inappropriate elements,” imagining the landfill and the smoke that emanates from it as “matter out of place” in an otherwise “ordered system” (ibid., 44) – a modernization project found in Amber Cove and *Plaza Independencia* that promises state of the art facilities and a renovated historic centre. Ultimately, this kind of “pollution behaviour is the reaction which condemns any object or idea likely to confuse or contradict cherished classifications” (ibid., 45). As such, negotiations take place out at sea, between Carnival and Dominican officials, and between tourists themselves, who look out toward the city and cannot reconcile the tourism frame and imaginary of purity, cleanliness and modernity and the fumes that appear to devour the city.

A sense of panic can be felt as the garbage burns, as the blue skies start to turn grey and visibility begins to decrease. “I’m sure the word is getting around how [Puerto Plata] stinks ...

the authorities are waiting for the number of tourists to go south, then they will do something about the situation ... typical Dominican politics.” The absence of Carnival arrivals throws into stark relief the speed at which “Dominican politics” moves for those with whom I spoke. “Slow” was an adjective frequently drawn on in my conversations with expatriates and influential members of various tourism organizations and agencies. Some of these organizations included “Cluster” – the “Touristic Cluster of Puerto Plata” whose objective is, “to make tourism in Puerto Plata a profitable and sustainable economic activity to attract a greater flow of visitors to the destination” (Cluster 2018) – and Ashonorte – the “Association of Hotels, Restaurants and Tourist Companies of the North,” whose objective is “to preserve, improve and promote [sustainable tourism] development of the entire province of Puerto Plata and its municipalities as [a] ‘tourist destination’” (Puerto Plata Ashonorte, n.d.).

In conversations, I would hear of the perceived slow speed at which change was initiated in the country. Here, “slowness” should not be confused with the practice of slow tourism whereby the objective is to “combine slowness, time for living, and quality of life with modernity and contemporary technology” (Matos 2004, 101). Instead, “slowness” is two-fold. As described earlier in this chapter, “slowness” can be conceptualized as a constituent part of the differential speeds experienced in the tourism industry; an industry predicated upon movement. It was also described to me as a result of a lack of forethought, of slow movement in the development and execution of improvements throughout the city, of making off-the-cuff decisions as a result of lack of planning because necessity is the mother of invention. “Dominicans don’t need to think about tomorrow. It’s not like in Canada where you need to work hard to save up for a rainy day, or you need to plan for the future because, before long,

winter's here and you no longer have the opportunity to grow food," says Ashonorte Board of Directors member José Natalio Redondo.

Elaborating on the optics of safety around Amber Cove and the garbage dump in Puerto Plata, John frequently positioned himself in such a way as to identify and contrast the slow speed at which Dominican politics moved in comparison to the "G8" country from which he originated. Identifying as an "expatriate," John occupied an identity category in Puerto Plata that constituted an "especially visible, exclusive and self-conscious spatialit[y] in the Global South" (Kunz 2016, 90).

With those young kids they have now around Amber Cove and the plaza, it's much better than before. So, [the government] is aware of all these things, that was a mistake that they – actually, I bring that up often, that example. It's a mistake they recovered from pretty quickly. That is unlike the Dominican to pivot so quickly and so seamlessly. You'd think it'd take three years before someone said, "Why aren't the tourists walking around?" They did it pretty quickly. The garbage dump hasn't gone away, and that's a losing problem. I can come up with a litany of negatives. The positive is, when they finally announced that Carnival was breaking ground on Amber port [Cove], that they were gonna have a cruise ship port, the city announced an initiative to renovate the old centre of the city.

They are at least three or four years behind schedule, but I gotta tell you ... two and a half years from when they started, they have done a million times more than I would've ever thought had you asked me three years ago. When they said they were gonna remove the old port, I figured they were gonna paint one building, change three garbage cans and a couple burnt out lightbulbs and say, "That's it, we're done." But, they have done a lot of work. They've done nice work. *Shockingly* nice work. Yes, it's late, but they pretty much stuck to their proposed mandate in the plans that I saw, and I think they've done a very lovely job.⁵²

The speed at which cruise ship tourism moves in Puerto Plata does not "determine" or "cause" a singular experience of speed that can be felt in Carnival's absence or moments of delay. Cruise ships are like "actors in a complex ecology" (Vannini 2012, 104) in "sites where multiple temporalities collide" (Crang 2001, 98). Speed is not detected until a moment of

⁵² "John," interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, November 3, 2017.

change; until steady movement encounters friction or a moment of acceleration. These experiences of “slowness” are felt in Puerto Plata as the dense, grey smoke shrouds the city and punctuates the eerie sense of stillness in the tourist zone. Tourists are hotel room bound, excursions are rescheduled and vehicles crawl along Highway Number Five as the smoke slowly expands up and over the city. They cannot afford to have another ship turn around; to have tourists associate Puerto Plata with toxicity, darkness, and danger. The miasma that emanates, envelops and hovers over the city resembles the thick sense of anticipation; of waiting for the smoke to clear before the routine rhythms of tourism can be taken up again. “Dominican time” feels less like a quaint custom here and is experienced as more of a burden as tourists approach Amber Cove from the Atlantic. The speed at which politics moves to remedy the thick smog that wafts over the city is slow. Tourism workers feel the urgency and have felt it for years, but they know officials will only act when things get worse; when the cruise ships don’t come back – a haunted memory that emerges out of the ensemble of arrivals, departures, turning circles, unplanned inconveniences, frictions, and other variegated articulations of mobility assemblages in Puerto Plata.

The cruise ship tourism milieu in Puerto Plata encounters the entanglements of “ocean routes, ships, passengers, scheduled sailings, terminals ...” (Vannini 2012, 129), the comings and goings of visitors, guides, restaurant staff, *motoconcho* and taxi drivers, CESTUR officers, excursion buses, passersby finding shade under palm trees, waiting for *carros* en-route westward toward Sosúa. From these entanglements emerge an assortment of experiences, stories and affective intensities that are traced here as a kind of “mobility assemblage” of movement, imaginaries and experience (Vannini 2012, 129; Cresswell 2006). This chapter traces how these entanglements are caught up in Carnival’s arrival and departure schedules, the in-progress

modernization projects that create a make-believe tourism frame in Puerto Plata, and the juxtaposition of this frame with the “dangerous,” unstructured and unknown that lies beyond it (Douglas 2003, 141). This chapter explores “immobility” as a kind of intensity (Deleuze and Guattari 2004, 381) from which weighty, disrupted, frenetic and languid mobilities can be traced through the seemingly mundane and trivial, revealing “the sticky pragmatics of right now” (Gregg and Seigworth 2010, 14). By tracing mobilities in this way, “movement speaks” (Vannini 2012, 135).

Encounters with and within these milieus are not one or the other, fast paced or “slow.” Rather, encounters with and within the touristic milieu are an entanglement of affective intensities, which call to the surface the tensions, the humour, the lightheartedness, the joy, the ironies, and the sense of freedom and movement that emerge from a thoughtfully arranged touristic frame reserved for visitors; a backdrop that is meant to feed into the tourism imaginary of what Puerto Plata as a paradisiacal travel destination has to offer. The ways in which the cruise ship industry is experienced as mobile – a touristic frame that sees the frequent comings and goings of visitors and the movement of those such as taxi drivers, tour guides and tourists within the frame itself – is explored here to get a sense of the affective intensities that a fast-tourism context conjures up for those that are caught up in it, as well as the ways in which the arrangements of the tourism frame become “deranged,” taken up and rearranged in ways that exceed the imaginary they were meant to fashion (Povinelli 2014).

The freneticism of cruise ship tourism is by no means unidirectional, picking up steam on the open ocean as the waves rhythmically carry it forward. Hope as a contingent modality emerges from the slow tourist season in Puerto Plata, carrying with it a “more-to-come” quality (Anderson 2006, 742), a sense that something good has yet to occur, emerging from affective

bloom spaces “alive with the potential of being other than this” (Bissell 2007, 277). Chapter 3 explores how this gets taken up during periods of waiting, as a kind of “bloom space of potentiality” (Frohlick and Zamora 2020, 276). Waiting punctures the frenetic tempo of the high season that came before it, the sensorium heightened as the waiting ensues and the experiencing of the space in which one waits seems to change.

Chapter 3

Hope in the Hard Precarity of Unworlding

Introduction: Hope in Uncertainty

The summer months in Puerto Plata are often deemed “slow season,” a welcome break from the manic pace that accompanies the high season from around October to April, an opportunity to relax – *tranquilo* – and recharge before October rolls around again, a chance to ponder one’s next move. As described in Chapter 2, *Plaza Independencia* is often whirring with activity; Carnival acts as timekeeper and time-maker as tourism workers scramble to keep up with the pace; tourists are corralled through the plaza, on to the next souvenir shop, restaurant or museum as CESTUR officers stand guard, surveilling and disrupting as they move through the plaza. From May to around September, there are more days than not that are “slow.” The change in pace and atmosphere of the square is punctuated by the image of the large white tent adjacent to *Plaza Independencia* that sits empty. Usually providing shade for the approximately 20 vendors who stand behind tables and sell the same trinkets for different prices and in different conditions, the tent still stands, but in wait; the “Welcome Carnival!” sign is gently animated by a light breeze, waving to the pigeons that have reclaimed the plaza in its stillness.

This chapter explores the entanglements of precarity and uncertainty in the cruise industry for tourism workers during periods of waiting, which can feel like a pressing weight; heavy, daunting, thick with anticipation, pivotal, exciting, and *hopeful*, all at the same time. “Slow cruise ship days” accumulate during the summer months and are experienced as a lull, a languid kind of rhythm in the tourism industry that feels like the pressing sensations of hot, wet enervation that drags on folks. Less of a “totalizing dramatization of the thing in itself,” precarity is a register of emergent phenomena that can take shape in subtle ways, like the “form

of a sea change, a darkening atmosphere, a hard fall, or the barely perceptible sense of reprieve” (Stewart 2012, 518-519). The “hard precarity of unworlding” (ibid., 519), as Massumi suggests in an interview with Zournazi, can be found in “a life overflowing as it gathers itself up to move on” (Zournazi 2003, 215).

As “prosaic, quotidian, corporeal suspensions” (Bissell 2007, 282), “waiting” in the tourism space punctures the frenetic tempo of the industry during the slow season, creating fissures in this form of “fast tourism.” In punctuated moments of “slowness” like these, workers can find some reprieve from the speed and schedule that accompanies Carnival’s presence. The event of waiting is not dead time or a period of immobility embedded within a highly privileged mobile industry. Instead, these periods of waiting are conceptualized as being “alive with the potential of being other than this” (ibid., 277). Waiting is an emergent event of complex durations and refashioned rhythms, not a period of stasis at the expense of mobility (ibid., 279). It is another period of time experienced as a temporal otherwise, where the sensorium is heightened as the waiting ensues and the experience of the space in which one waits seems to change.

This experience is not a linear one but instead a “continuous passage from the real to the imaginary” (Bachelard 1987, 22), which “transcends the surface categories of immediate common-sense experience” (Picart 1997, 69). The stories here point to, weave through, and make barely visible those social memories that emerge in their accumulation. As Bakhtin (1981) and Urban (1996) reveal, memories transcend experience as well as the individual from which a particular memory or experience may have originated. As a memory circulates, it grows, enlivens, and changes, taking on yet distorting the amorphous images, assumptions, rumours, traumas, and meanings of the original experience (Lepselter 2016, 53). In the experiences and

accounts taken up and shared here, this chapter will explore some of these social memories through the stories and hauntings of the past, not as representing or being “symbolically about” experiences of the past, but rather as a spark that conjures up and inspires a kind of hope and faith that illuminate the potentialities of a better, a different, future.

Waiting “releases diverse affects” such as hope, fear, anticipation, frustration and anxiety (Janeja and Bandak 2018, 16). Like waiting, hope is not a means-end experience where one merely waits and hopes for the “event-to-come” (Bissell 2007, 288; Schweizer 2005). Diverging from anthropological scholarship that has had the tendency to conceptualize hope as either a passive or active phenomenon, or as a longing for a better or more utopian future (Crapanzano 2003, 2004; Hage 2003; Allison 2013), this chapter will follow Zigon in his conceptualization of “hope” as “an aim toward continuity, stability or living sanely” (2018, 70). More than a reaching toward a future-oriented goal, this chapter will explore hope as a contingent modality that allows one to carry on and persevere through the hard precarities of unworlding, creating entanglements with other affects during periods of waiting.

As the virtue of the “not-yet,” Bloch suggests that hope is “the functionary of what has never been, of the possible New” (1986, 6). It “dwells in the region of the not-yet, a place where entrance and, above all, final content are marked by an enduring indeterminacy” (1998, 341). As such, hope possesses a “more-to-come” quality (Anderson 2006, 742); a kind of haunting of the present that suggests something good has yet to occur, which enables bodies to carry on. It is an electrifying “spark of hope” that connects the past to the future in a moment of “now” time (Benjamin 1969). What has been described to me by expatriates living in the Dominican Republic as “the triumph of hope over experience,” or a “gamble of hope,” to explain the faith local tourism workers have in the tourism industry, this chapter explores this hope, instead, as a

kind of assemblage of memories, experiences, anticipations and enchantments which are scattered throughout the experiences of the “now.” The experience of the “now” cannot simply be traced through one’s individual experience or a chronological past. The stories told here weave through, around, and emerge from the conspiracies, traumas, and social memories of a destructive and violent past that inform experiences of the “now,” and that gather up and collect in a kind of hope for the future.

Like hope, hauntings “encourage a steely sorrow laced with delight for what we lost that we never had; to long for the insight of that moment in which we recognize ... that it could have been and can be otherwise” (Gordon 1997, 57), producing a “something-to-be-done” quality that illuminates the scope of potentiality (xvii). The Odebrecht scandal⁵³ that engulfed Latin America, including the Dominican Republic, was the spark that ignited the final straw, culminating in the mass protests that seized Santo Domingo, the country’s capital, demonstrators chanting for the imprisonment of *los corruptos*. A multi-million dollar scheme in which Odebrecht offered up bribes to politicians in exchange for public works contracts was the tipping point for Dominicans, “the scope” of the scandal too large to turn a blind eye. The aversion to wading in controversial and problematic political matters is resonant of the Trujillo era, where underlying an apparent apathy and disinterest was in fact a “fear of denunciation,” of being called a dissident of the regime (Ornes 1958, 3), a haunting that found temporary reprieve in the scandal’s sheer magnitude, a gathering up of disappointments, anger and frustration that found release in the hope that this political corruption could in fact be otherwise.

This chapter explores how the “slow season” in Puerto Plata captures and conjures up the “emotional palette of lived experience” (Duff 2010, 884), particularly as it pertains to the hope,

⁵³ The Odebrecht scandal is further discussed on pages 206-209.

despair, frustration and anticipation that emerge during these periods of waiting. As “tourist destinations offer many opportunities for visitors to be affected,” the same can be suggested of tourism workers who live, work and wait within these touristic spaces (D’Hauteserre 2015, 86). The tourism narratives that circulate around Puerto Plata – which promote tourism as a kind of development tool for economic growth – produce an “affective atmosphere” that conjures up affective resonances of hope (Anderson 2009). From this, “hope stories” or “aspirations” emerge (Tucker and Shelton 2018, 21), invoking a sense of “more-to-come.” Following Edelheim (2015) who suggests that tourist destinations are narrated into existence for tourists, this chapter will explore how development narratives in Puerto Plata are, in turn, narrated into existence for tourism workers, creating a sense of place in which the “hoped body’s openness” (Parker 2002) senses the potentialities of “where we might be able to go and what we might be able to do” (Zournazi 2003, 212).

The relationship between God, prayer, and hope that emerges from the different registers of precarity and waiting that fold into and onto themselves is also traced here. Waiting is an entanglement; we don’t often wait on or wait for⁵⁴ just one thing at a time. These entanglements of waiting can conjure up a variety of different affects, memories, and experiences, which emerge from the “hard precarities of unworlding” (Stewart 2012, 520). The phrase “God willing” - often heard and widely used in everyday parlance in Puerto Plata – suggests a kind of *hope* that things go as planned, particularly as they pertain to health and wellbeing. This chapter will explore the ways in which expressions of “God willing”, prayer, and hope emerge from the precarity of unworlding in the weightiness of waiting, and the power in believing that “at the

⁵⁴ See Schwartz’s definition of the distinction between waiting on and waiting for on page 178.

heart of being, beyond all data, beyond all inventories and all calculations, a mysterious principal ... is in connivance with me” (Marcel 1995, 28).

The Emergence of Hope in Development Narratives

“The conditions that make it possible to hope are the same as those that make it possible to despair.”

– Gabriel Marcel (1965, 101)

Carlos

July 7th, 2017. We slow down as we approach the intersection of Calle de la Separación and Calle Beller, my usual drop-off location. Mario’s *motoconcho* comes to a stop on the northeast side of *Plaza Independencia*. “OK, see you at what time today?” Mario asks. I met Mario within the first couple of days of having arrived in Puerto Plata. The residential complex in which I lived saw the unpredictable comings and goings of *motoconchos*; sometimes the noise from the onslaught of mufflers was deafening, sometimes the street felt desolate. I appreciated Mario’s offer to pick me up at a pre-arranged time every day, which eliminated a lot of the anxiety and guesswork that came with trying to find a ride into the city. Mario welcomed my daily routine, showing up at my apartment every morning at 9:00am, sometimes apologizing profusely for his tardiness if the school children he picked up in the mornings had trouble getting out of bed. “5:00 should be good, I’ll see you then! Same spot?” “OK, no problem, Sarita.” Mario rubs his eyes, which were always red and bloodshot from the debris that ricocheted off of the highway and flew into his eyes as he sped around Puerto Plata. I slowly lift my right leg over the back of the motorcycle, careful not to burn myself on the tailpipe again. “Dominican tattoos,” as they’re sometimes called, are blistering patches of dark red skin on the inside of one’s right

leg, indicative of an amateur passenger. Today I feel less rushed, the traffic that usually whizzes by as I struggle off the bike is sparse, and so I spare my leg the shocking pain and inevitable dash into the relief of the Atlantic.

The plaza feels like it's just waking up. The morning sun gently reflects shimmers of orange and blue on the stained glass that decorate the front of St. Philip the Apostle Cathedral. Even the pigeons have yet to emerge from the large trees that provide the only relief from the sun during high noon. I walk over to the Amber Museum where Carlos works, crossing the street and, for once, not needing to look both ways multiple times to ensure I safely dodge the weaving *motoconchos* and other vehicles that speed down these narrow streets. I walk into the museum and I'm greeted by a jewelry salesman by the name of Juan. "*Buenos días*, I'm here to see Carlos." "Ah, yes, he is ... dónde 'sta Carlos?" Juan asks his colleague. As I stand in the middle of the jewelry store, I can see Carlos outside. Wearing a more casual look than I'm used to seeing, he's standing next to a bucket of soapy water and rinsing the suds off of his car with a hose. Sporting flip flops, shorts and a t-shirt, he sees me standing just inside the double doors and waves at me, chuckling to himself as he turns off the hose. "Ay, Sarita, I'm so sorry," he says, as he walks towards me and into the store, "I thought I could finish this before you came here."

Having changed into his "uniform" consisting of a crisp, white collared shirt, dress pants and dress shoes, Carlos returns to the jewelry store where I'm politely declining Juan's multiple offers to try some *Mamajuana*. "She's had some already! She's Dominican, like us!" Carlos laughs, holding up his arm to mine to show Juan that we "are the same colour." He leads the way to a corner of the store where it appears the salesmen and saleswomen take their breaks. Plastic cups of water and what appear to be *Mamajuana* – but I can't be sure – teeter on a crate behind the jewelry counter. From here we can see Carlos's car drying in the increasingly hot summer

sun. Having confused the day as being a “cruise ship day,” the pace of the plaza make sense; it has an anticipatory stillness that brims with a sense of “more to come,” which is pinned on the hopes of tomorrow – a cruise ship day. “Today there will not be many tourists because Carnival comes tomorrow, no today,” Carlos tells me, fastening the buttons on his shirt sleeves, “[t]hat’s why I think is a good day to wash my car!” he laughs. Pointing to the once pothole ridden dirt road that runs adjacent to the museum, Carlos picks up on our previous conversation regarding road construction in the city.

You see the road? They pave it now, you see? Is a nice road, very smooth. There are some more tourists that come here now, because now they can see the store is open, but not that many. We [he and his colleagues] think that with the road it will be better but is not very busy, only a little bit. We have a store in the port, in Amber Cove, so my boss tell me I can go there and sell some days during the week, maybe like two or three times, when the ships coming. Is better over there because the tourists are all there in the port. They want to see some jewelry, some nice things, and we are there in the port. Here, in the Amber Museum, the tourists don’t come here too much. Especially now, you see? The slow season is a very slow season [laughs]. The ships, they only coming, like, two or three times in the week, more or less. Sometimes I make things like my car, I clean it or do some things like that.⁵⁵

“Waiting” for Carlos is not an imposition during the slow cruise ship season in Puerto Plata. As he mentions, he finds ways to keep himself occupied, sometimes washing his car, sometimes relocating and selling jewelry somewhere else; somewhere more accessible to tourists so he’s not *waiting for* them, but instead, *waiting on* them, giving him a sense that he has more control over his access to and encounters with disembarked Carnival tourists. The distinction here, as noted by Schwartz (1974), being that “waiting for” suggests a lack of power or ability to change a situation, whereas “waiting on” is the ability to choose when and how to wait and act, a configuration that sometimes witnesses a combination of both, the precarities of the industry

⁵⁵ “Carlos,” interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, July 7, 2017.

conjuring up a culmination of these affective experiences of waiting that become indistinguishable from one another.

For Carlos, the disruption of slow cruise ship days to the rhythm of “fast tourism” prompted him – but also gave him an opportunity – to think about his future and where he wanted to go next. As Zigon suggests, “Even when waiting has a directedness, such as waiting in line at the airport, our ability to act seems limited by the conditions of waiting” (Zigon 2018, 65). “Hope,” however, emerged from these periods of waiting that Carlos found himself entangled in. Seemingly a more dynamic modality of being, hope “does not guarantee anything, but it does suggest something can still be done” (ibid.).

I am just tired, you know, like, tired of selling to the tourists. I want to go back to the school for Human Resources. I want to stay in tourism but, you know, to go up, not to be selling anymore. I want to do something else and not have to be with the tourists. I have a career in tourism, so I need to go to school for 7 months only. I need to save more money, and then I will do that. Instead of waiting, waiting, waiting and no tourists come, God willing,⁵⁶ I will do something else. More better pay.⁵⁷

Carlos finds himself haunted and hopeful as the accumulation of slow cruise ship days prompt and punctuate the “precarity of unworlding” (Stewart 2012, 520). Caught up in this waiting, Carlos waits for tourists so he can save up enough money to go to school, yet school will have to wait because he has yet to save enough money. The slow tourist season reminds Carlos of the challenges he faces as a jewelry salesman. An employee of the government funded Amber Museum, the shop rarely sees visitors, having been unable to afford the \$10,000 USD contract renewal with Carnival. He’s disappointed by the road outside of the store, which he had once hoped would attract tourists, but that he now criticizes for not being enough. “They promise

⁵⁶ Local use of “God willing” and its relationship to hope is explored on pages 209-220.

⁵⁷ “Carlos,” interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, July 7, 2017.

many things,” Carlos says, ““When the cruise ships coming, the street is going to be new,’ But you see outside, is the same.”



Figure 12: I stop to snap a photo of the common sight of unfinished roads and sidewalks that frustrated so many of those I spoke with, as a friend jumps in front of the camera asking, “Do you want me in your photo?” Photo by author, 2017.

Carlos is haunted and disappointed by a loss that he never actually had (Gordon 1997, 57); a development narrative that promised things would be *better*. *When* the cruise ships come. *They promise*. Now, he waits for the slow season to end and for the city to enliven, his hope and anticipation of the benefits of further education not trailing far behind. Hage (2003) suggests that the state generates sentiments of hope through the “creation of place or scenarios” (Frederiksen 2018, 173). Referring to this process as “social gifts,” he explains that these gifts allow a population to envision themselves as part of a shared future. This “creation of place,” which conjures up these affective resonances of hope, can be found in the literal creation of the touristic space in Puerto Plata. Narratives of hope emerge and circulate out of the perpetual construction

and restoration projects, producing an affective atmosphere that conjures up the “not-yet” quality of hope; a haunting of the present that let’s one know there is something more to come.

Everybody got excited because they saw the heavy equipment. When I first met Carlos, he had hoped that the eventual paving of the dirt road outside of the Amber Museum would facilitate greater foot traffic and encourage tourists to visit the museum where he worked. As “the energy that allows one to live and act ... [hope entails] a persevering ... through the everyday routines ... [and] through the breakdowns that are inevitable” (Zigon 2018, 83). In the months that it took for the road to be completed, Carlos imagined that the road would, quite literally, pave his way to a more fruitful work life. He envisioned the jewelry store alive with tourists, wandering in and out freely, unencumbered by the poor road conditions that disrupted their movement to and from the museum. Faced with the reality that his hopes had “still not become,” the “conditions that [made] it possible to hope [were] the same as those that [made] it possible to despair” (Marcel 1965, 101).

“The national government [has] been promising this since the 90s. More than 20 years, every single government says, ‘We are going to fix that road.’” Despite decades of Highway Number Five being leveraged on the platforms of the various politicians who ran for office and fell through on their *promises*, the mere presence of construction machinery – sometimes idle and seemingly abandoned on the side of the road – contributed to a sense of creation of place, animating flashes of “anticipatory illumination”, conceding to the mess of the world, but also to its persistent state of unfinishedness (Bloch 1986, 221). This kind of unworlding, of uncertainty, broken promises, and disruption, culminated and became even more apparent to me in a brief encounter I managed to share with a disembarked American tourist in a high traffic “souvenir shop,” which, at a glance, seemed more like a warehouse than a “shop” in its sheer size.

The nature of the cruise ship industry in Puerto Plata means short call times where the excursions are efficient, quick and keep to a tight schedule. As such, I often found it difficult to engage in meaningful conversations with disembarked tourists around *Plaza Independencia*, many of whom were on a city tour and following closely behind a shouting tour guide in droves that resembled the flight of pigeons that congregated in the same plaza.

One afternoon, after having met a friend for lunch, I happened upon two tourists trailed by a taxi driver in a lime green polo who were walking into the souvenir “warehouse.” They were greeted by a swarm of other Carnival tourists who were part of various city tours. Souvenir shopping as their last stop, it was a chance to commemorate their day trip with the goods they believed best represented their experiences: shot glasses, t-shirts, hats and magnets emblazoned with “República Dominicana” or “Puerto Plata.” The store was bustling with activity, hats strewn on top of carefully folded t-shirts that the sales associate continuously picked up, re-folded, and then restacked, tourists shouting across the room at friends and family who wandered off to rummage through the same souvenirs at one end of the store that could also be found at the other. Rifling through a rack of t-shirts was the middle-aged American woman I had encountered outside. Although looking for a “República Dominicana” t-shirt, her own hat is embroidered with an American flag. “It doesn’t matter what country, I can never find my size!” She chuckles, looking in my direction. I smile and nod in agreement. After exchanging a few words, Margot tells me she’s from Florida and they’re having a great time, what a fantastic day this has been! They have their own taxi driver, “only \$50 for the day! Who could pass up a deal like that?” So, they’ve been to Playa Dorada beach, had some lunch there, and they’re ending their day in *Plaza Independencia*.

As she carries on, now resting her arm on the clothing rack as she tells me about her trip so far, I see what I assume to be her taxi driver in the lime green polo approach from the corner of my eye. I look at him and smile. He doesn't acknowledge me, but instead asks Margot, "You OK?" noting that the souvenir tent across the street has other trinkets she might want to take a look at, as well. Margot says goodbye to me and screams across the store to her similarly dressed friend to let her know they're heading out. Margot never did find her size, but at least she found a "República Dominicana" sunhat. One size fits all. I wonder if she'll wear it for the rest of her stay in Puerto Plata or whether she'll wear it back home, saving her American flag hat for her travels abroad.

The precarity of the cruise ship tourism industry is folded into – and is illuminated for me in – the wandering and overseeing presence of the taxi driver, appearing suddenly like a spark that flickers and then disappears, taking Margot with him. This precarity of unworlding – the unfinished road, the lost contract, the weightiness of the slow season, and the education that only takes 7 months to finish but that requires the means to afford it, the fleeting encounters, the surveillance and the pressure to keep moving – resonates in my brief encounter with Margot and what feels like her body guard, a looming presence in the background that makes itself known at the most inopportune moments, stripping the moment of a meaningful encounter that instead has become a frenetic one – a frenetic encounter in an otherwise languid season. This fleeting encounter is resonant in Carlos's story, which is scattered with seemingly missed opportunities that bubble up as the potential for something more, a kind of hope that impels, that can swell up as quickly as the tide and recede just as quickly, sometimes quieting down to a calm stillness of barely visible ripples (Zournazi 2003, 212). The hope that continues to emanate from the stories such as Carlos's, despite the despair, disappointment and frustrations, echo a kind of "not-yet"

quality, compelling those with whom I spoke to have faith, hope, that things would get better (Anderson 2006, 747).

Cluster and Ashonorte

The affective atmosphere of hope that is generated in Puerto Plata's tourism context is highly predicated upon narratives of "development" and "sustainability." These narratives are jointly produced by tourism associations (such as Cluster and Ashonorte, discussed in Chapter 2), and government agencies, particularly the Ministry of Tourism. José Natalio Redondo, former President of Cluster and current President of Ashonorte, illustrates well the connectedness between development and sustainability narratives in Puerto Plata. I quote him at length below as his insight also lends itself to the ways in which these development narratives entangle themselves in the production of affective atmospheres of hope during complex troubled and troubling durations of waiting.

We [at Cluster], understand that if the tourism industry cannot touch all the social network of the society, economically speaking, that won't be sustained. Sustainability for us means that the whole net of the community received a touch, a good touch, directly or indirectly - directly will probably be 10% of the population, but indirectly will be the whole, and that's easily seen. Let's talk again of the cruise industry. When a ship comes to the port of call that we have here, Amber Cove, and they normally stay here eight hours and then go, it produce a huge amount of movement. When they go to the market of goods ... like La Sirena supermarket, Jumbo supermarket, on those days, they [the supermarkets] sell nearly 30% more from 5:00pm to 10:00pm. 30% increase in sales.

That's an example of what it means economically when a group like that [cruise tourists] consume up to \$40 per person, that it's spread to others. Indirectly. And then, that guy who was a taxi driver or a guide, tour guide, they get the money, then they go to the neighbourhood and then they buy this, and they got a beer, they buy - they go out for dinner with their wife. Probably there was no one visitor [tourist] that would go to that neighbourhood, but they feel the economic input. Cluster promotes that, that spread needs to be more and more, but otherwise, we won't have development, because the development is to do throughout the spread of the rich. But, I have to say, Cluster is needed when the government doesn't work properly.

Because anything we do by the Cluster way, it should be done by the regular agencies of the government.⁵⁸

Cluster was established in 2002 in response to the drop in the number of tourists visiting Puerto Plata around that time. In response to a call from the Hotels Association of Puerto Plata (currently Ashonorte) and with the support of USAID, Cluster was mandated to create a development tool that would “rescue” Puerto Plata through the “development of democratic mechanisms of effective partnerships between the public and private sectors” in order to make tourism “a profitable and sustainable economic activity” and “get a greater flow of visitors to the destination” (Discover Puerto Plata 2015). “Development,” in this sense, is referring to the “indirect” economic growth of the city as a result of the encounters tourists have with, and the money tourists spend on, street food vendors, restaurants, souvenir shops, or taxi rides available to them during their stay. According to José, the message that is being disseminated by Cluster and associated government agencies is that tourism will eventually – “directly” or “indirectly” – “touch” the population, even though, “probably there was no one visitor [tourist] that would go to that neighbourhood ... they feel the economic input.” Related to this conceptualization of development is also the idea that infrastructural development – which helps to facilitate the movement of tourists and foster a sense of safety – contributes to economic growth, as well.

Since Carnival Cruise decided to come and buy the land and got the authorization, we [Cluster and Ashonorte] were part of a committee that support that investment. We work with the government and support it. We decided what to do and the government had their responsibilities. Like, responsibility to make the main road [Highway Number Five] from Puerto Plata to Santiago, because we understand that probably 30% of the excursions would go to Santiago and the valley. When you have a road, like, the road from Puerto Plata city to the Amber Cove settlement, they are doing that, but they supposed to be done before Amber Cove opened! It’s unfortunate, the government timing. Is different than the private sector timing, because private sector knows what losing money means when you delay the operation. The government don’t, unfortunately.

⁵⁸ José Natalio, interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, October 13, 2017.

Actually, we have seen a very strong effort to finish that [highway]. They guaranteed that by the middle of January [2018] we will have the first phase of it to the city to Amber Cove, 'cause that's a very, very important part of sustainability and also to development. If they come, the ships, if you don't give them the opportunity, in a *safe* manner, to move within the area, first, they won't get so much services. And if they use it, they will keep it all in the port area, and that won't give us so much development as we want. There is also the [national] government and the local government are doing a very big renovation of the historical centre in Puerto Plata [around *Plaza Independencia*], which is a very important place to attract the visitors to have fun. That is supposed to be done two years ago. The idea is to make a centre of the city like a big mall with restaurants, cafeterias, bars and stores, shopping. That's the good news. The bad is that it's like a drop of solution, only drop by drop.⁵⁹

This development narrative described by José, and performed in partnership between Cluster and various other agencies, homes in on the ways in which things could *always* be better; how little by little, or “drop by drop,” the conditions through which tourism functions in Puerto Plata has the *potential* to improve and draw more tourists in. While the development of the city will enchant tourists through their ease of movement, this enchantment will, in turn, contribute to the economic development of Puerto Plata. This enchantment through infrastructural development projects is considered to be a kind of touristic product; one which resonates with the desires and expectations of the “international market.”

Cluster is not only a place to discuss problems and propose changes. It's also a teaching area in order to promote good behaviours, good service. So, the Cluster – the last 10 years – Cluster has been working with those producers of services that could be a touristic product. You can produce this, but if you don't do it in a certain way, with safety, hygiene, and everything, it won't be a touristic product. It's a product, but not a touristic product. So, we teach them [institutions and companies] and we help them to reach the level of the touristic product. So, a product could be food, could be artistic, service, transportation, could be anything, but a product for tourism need to fulfill the sustainability faced with the environment. So, we had to choose which one of them could be a touristic product if they learn to fulfill all the aspects that promote the environment sustainability. Puerto Plata is more eco-tourism than beach and hotel. Puerto Plata has – for example – has more touristic excursions, different touristic excursions, than all the islands in the Caribbean together. If you see what you could do in Bahamas, what could you do in the West Indies, what could you do in Puerto Rico, and ... if you go together, we do have

⁵⁹ José Natalio, interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, October 13, 2017.

more than altogether. For us, in the last 10 years, our goals has been to promote those touristic products based on sustainability but focus more in what we call an “adventure destination.” That is what we are focusing in our international market.⁶⁰

The rich natural resources found in the Dominican Republic are leveraged in the tourism industry – as indicated by José – in order to attract tourists to the region. “We can say that we have been so much *bendecido* (blessed) by God. The environment we have is blessed by God. We never had a crisis of hunger because in every place you plant whatever, it will raise immediately. It’s easy to live here.” It can be suggested that the hope that fuels tourism workers such as Carlos in their waiting can be traced to the connections that are often made in every day Dominican parlance to God and His creation of Dominican “paradise.” In this creation of place, tourism is promoted as an opportunity presented by God, a natural resource gifted by God for Dominicans, to use for a better, brighter future. I often had excursion tour guides say to me things such as, “[t]ourists love to come here because it is paradise,” or, “[w]e have beautiful beaches, beautiful weather, we don’t have cold or snow like you in Canada, is paradise.” Former director of Dominican tourism from 1967 to 1974, Don Angel Micolán, has said, “[t]he Dominican Republic is a country created by God for Tourism, I have dared to say sometimes, *excited* by the beauty of its potential” (Gregory 2007, 11).

Given Puerto Plata’s shift from enclave resort tourism to ventures such as “ecotourism” to accommodate the preferences of the international market, “adventure tours”⁶¹ have been promoted as an opportunity for tourists to experience Puerto Plata’s natural resources – including its waterfalls, sprawling countryside, wildlife, and mountains – and “Dominican way of life”. In this way, ecotourism is conceptualized in Puerto Plata as a kind of search for authenticity, which is promised by excursions operators such as Outback Adventures as “guaranteeing authentic

⁶⁰ José Natalio, interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, October 13, 2017.

⁶¹ Also see pages 154, 189, 211 for more detail on Adventure Tours.

interactions with locals” (Outback Adventures n.d.). Waitt, Lane and Head (2003) suggest that “ecotourists”⁶² are often “travelling to a liminal space for a look across the frontier” (West and Carrier 2004, 485); searching for “the supposed primordial state of people and the world before civilization killed off the exotic plants and animals and transformed the ‘exotic’ peoples” (ibid.). As a tour provider for Amber Cove, the “Outback Adventures” website illuminates these contrasting temporalities, suggesting that, “[i]t’s true to say that little has changed in the Dominican countryside for over 100 years and yet you will be amazed to see how simple and yet rich the way of life is as you visit a typical home and meet the people that live there” (Outback Adventures n.d.).

These tours are promoted as an opportunity to “get away from the all-inclusive hotels and resorts [to] have some real fun on Safari tour, feel the road in TerraCross buggies, bike through the countryside roads or simply walk your way through amazing greens and nature” (ibid., n.d.). Tours such as those provided by Outback Adventures are packaged and sold as a visceral, affective experience back in time, a time that for 100 years has stood still, a “simple yet rich” experience removed from the “all-inclusive hotels and resorts” that mark civilization. The excursions homepage highlights point by point the advantages of booking an excursion through Carnival, which trusts Outback Adventures as a “licensed” and “reliable” provider. As such, Carnival tourists needn’t worry, the ship will not leave without them, “because it’s your cruise line’s responsibility to wait for your return ... the ship won’t leave until their last guests have returned” given they are a “trusted tour provider” (ibid., n.d.).

Under a tab marked “About Us: Sustainable Development,” Outback Adventures has posted a “Sustainable Development Policy” which lists sustainable development practices and

⁶² The term “ecotourist” is used loosely here in order to identify tourists who engage in touristic activities that have been packaged as “ecotourism” or “adventure tours”.

principles that acknowledge “the impact of our activities on the environment and the local community,” citing efforts to reduce their environmental impact by reducing energy and waste and the favouring of local goods and services to imported products “wherever possible and reasonable” (Outback Adventures n.d.). Despite this move to promote Puerto Plata as an “ecotourism” destination, José points to a contradiction in this development narrative, which keeps tourism workers such as Carlos waiting for something. “[The tourists] take [the adventure tours] to the west part, go to the countryside, go to horseback riding, go to Sosúa, go to whatever. They go to every place. But, not to the place where really [there is] the interconnection with the people [where they can] buy something.” In this way, ecotourism as a touristic product *and* development tool poses a challenge to these development narratives, folding into these complex durations of waiting and uncertainty, which also “constitute the emotional palette of lived experience” (Duff 2010, 884) in the tourism industry in Puerto Plata.

For Carlos, these development narratives, which fold into the tourism frame, create an affective atmosphere of hope that enables him to “go on with a renewed openness” (Anderson 2006, 745). He draws on his memory of the cruise ships of the 70s and 80s as a reminder of where they have been and where they could go if they pressed on with an openness to the opportunities that tourism *could* afford them. His hope is palpable. It cuts through the letdowns and setbacks of his sales job in the Amber Museum and draws on the “not-yet” of the present to imagine the “what-we-could-become” of the future. Emphasizing the potentialities of cruise ship tourism by drawing on what he considers to be a failed attempt at cruise ship tourism in the 70s and 80s, he explains,

We were part of the cruise industry in the 70s and 80s, and almost until the 90s. We made many mistakes then. Like, a lot of errors. We didn’t get prepared. The port was very small, ships could not increase their size, and so, a lot of problems with people asking for money in the roads, kids asking for money. Suddenly, they

[the ships] all disappeared. We had one day, I can remember, it was in the late part of the 1980s, we had five ships in the port. They were small ships, probably those five ships if you put together wouldn't be like Carnival [laughs]. Carnival is bigger than all five ships together! But, we lost that. They disappeared because of all the problems. In tourism, losing a destination is very difficult to make back. We have a lot of experts coming here to Puerto Plata to help us to do that. On the news, they say the experts from other countries, they are amazed we have done it, because normally it takes 30 years to renew it. But we have done it, we have renewed it [the cruise industry].⁶³

This sense of unfinishedness in the cruise ship industry in Puerto Plata keeps Carlos *hoping* that something better is on the horizon. They didn't think it would be possible to renew the industry in Puerto Plata but look at it now. They beat the odds. The affective atmosphere of hope that emerges from development narratives in Puerto Plata are effervescent, producing a sense of "more-to-come"; a kind of haunting of the present that reminds tourism workers of where they have been and the space in which they can still maneuver, what can still be done. The port of the 70s and 80s was a failed attempt at a cruise industry. In the memories of tourism workers today, the port of the time was overwhelmed with in-fighting, was too small to facilitate the once small ships of the day and lacked the infrastructure to accommodate visitors. These mistakes effervesce in the stories of tourism workers often, like specters who make themselves known on days when workers like Carlos wait.

Amber Cove is a miracle. No one believed they could renew the industry, "but we have done it, we have renewed it." A spark of hope that reminds Carlos there is still something to be done. A media interview in 2015 with former tourism director Francisco Javier – just shy of a year before Amber Cove was set to welcome its first Carnival call – captures this energy well:

The construction of the cruise port at Amber Cove has been an incredible project for our entire country, as well as the Caribbean region as a whole. Carnival Corporation's investment in Amber Cove has already proven beneficial to the economy, and we expect the investment to have a positive, long-lasting economic impact. The new port will also give cruise passengers an opportunity to see another

⁶³ "Carlos," interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, July 10, 2017.

part of the Dominican Republic, our Amber Coast, which hasn't been available as part of cruise itineraries in nearly 30 years. This is a very exciting development. (DR Properties 2015)

The slow season in Puerto Plata can feel heavy; the weightiness of waiting for tourism workers such as Carlos conjures up an entanglement of affective resonances, many of which are implicated in the precarity of the industry which experiences sudden shifts in rhythm. Waiting during these periods of pause, however, is “alive with the potential of being other than this” (Bissell 2007, 277). The hope that emerges from these weighty periods of waiting is “animate[d] and dampen[ed]” (Anderson 2006, 733) by development narratives that circulate the touristic space, which maintain that, as a tourist destination, Puerto Plata has the potential to “touch all ... of ... society” so that everyone can “feel the economic input,” as stated by José Natalio Redondo, President of Ashonorte. The image of active and ongoing construction accompanied by narratives of Puerto Plata's unique natural resources creates a sense of place in the form of a “social gift” (Hage 2003), which allows tourism workers such as Carlos to imagine themselves as part of a shared future, directing the “hoped body's openness” to something better (Anderson 2006, 747).

Santos

It's just after lunch, about 1:00 in the afternoon, when I find Santos reading a newspaper on the steps of *Catedral San Felipe* (St. Philip the Apostle Cathedral.) He has his legs crossed and his favourite Los Angeles Lakers cap on, a gift from a revisiting tourist back in his days as an *animación* (animation/entertainment) team member at a nearby resort. The Lakers' recognizable deep purple shade has faded to an almost lilac hue under the pressing heat of the sun, indexing the times like these he's sat on these cathedral steps, or the days he spent bustling

about, trying to enliven sun-drained resort tourists, encouraging them participate in this activity or that. “Hola, Santos,” I say. My voice seems to rebound off of the cathedral walls since there are few bodies in the plaza to absorb the sound. Usually surrounded by a sea of commotion – tour guides shouting out historical facts and dates, the traffic at the nearby intersection accelerates at the light, the tour buses release their air breaks, the bursting sound of cameras clicking, indexing the affective registers of exhaustion, anticipation, curiosity, and boredom; tourists that are too hot and tired to remember the details, they take photos instead, cameras directed toward the flight of pigeons that gather in the plaza every afternoon, they capture the enormity of the cathedral from their position on the ground in front of it, they catch their family and friends off guard, hands reach up to cover faces, they don’t want to be photographed. *Click, click, click* – I rethink the volume in which I need to speak. “Ah, Sarah, how are you? What are you doing here today?” Santos asks. I assume he’s referring to my visiting of the plaza given the “not-much-happening” atmosphere of the day.



Figure 13: A tourist hands money to a man in “Taíno” dress and his donkey sidekick in *Plaza Independencia*. Photo by author, 2017.

Carnival isn't scheduled to arrive for two days, but the guides of *Asociación de Guías Turísticos* work in the plaza every day anyways. Santos says they're expected to wait there all day should a stray tourist need help navigating their way around the city or require suggestions on the best attractions in the area to visit. Usually arriving at *Plaza Independencia* at 8:30 in the morning and staying until 4:00 in the afternoon, today Santos has a bit more time to himself. He gestures for me to sit next to him, scooching over as though the sprawling cathedral steps barely provide enough space for the both of us. “Just taking a bit of a break today? A bit quiet, isn't it?” I ask. Santos nods, telling me it's “slow” today because Carnival isn't expected until Friday. So, for now, he'll sit on the steps, reading his paper, pulling his bottle of Coke out from under his legs every so often to take a swig, his body the only shade available in the square right now as the sun hovers directly above us.

“So, even though Carnival isn’t expected to arrive today, you still need to come?” I ask, confused as to what his day looks like on these “quiet” days. I’m used to seeing Santos bustle about the square, usually a single tourist or young couple trailing behind him, sometimes falling behind to capture a photo of the cathedral or the two bronze statues of Juan Pablo Duarte and General Gregorio Luperón that stand in front of the early 20th century Victorian gazebo replica. “Yes, we just sit and wait like this. I think is going to be more busy when the next ship comes.” Unsure if he was referring to a certain class of Carnival ship, or simply his anticipation of Carnival’s arrival in a couple of days, I ask, “Which ship? The one that’s coming Friday?” “No, no, they are making a new ship over there – a new port. So, soon there will be even more tourists here, because there is going to be more ships. No just Carnival. So, no so much waiting all the time. But, the city is going to be very, very busy. I am happy for that.” Santos points over in the direction where the construction of the next port has been proposed.

They [the Ministry of Tourism] say that this will bring even more tourists and more ... success to Puerto Plata, because Carnival here is doing good, but it can be better. You see? Is quiet today because is slow season. So, when we have two ports in Puerto Plata, then less quiet days. They [the national government] are making the city [the historic centre] nice and new. You see? All these buildings are new, but you can still see the history here. You can still see what Puerto Plata is; the culture. With another ship here, more and more tourists can see, ‘Oh, yes, Puerto Plata has such nice people, happy and smiling all the time, and the city is so new and clean,’ and then they want to come back here. The new port will be good so they can see this.⁶⁴

“Happiness” is often indexed in Puerto Plata to describe various registers of experience, particularly as they pertain to the tourism industry, an affective resonance that angles Puerto Plata as a touristic paradise. Part of the development narrative that circulates the touristic frame in Puerto Plata, and part of the product being sold here, is that of “friendly” and “happy” Dominicans. The Dominican Republic Ministry of Tourism’s “Smiles” campaign, which

⁶⁴ “Santos,” interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, August 30, 2017.

launched in 2018, instantiates this idea, marketing “its most valued resource ... the warm and hospital people of the country” (Dominican Republic Ministry of Tourism 2018). Championing the Dominican Republic as a destination in which the “the people of the country” have contagious smiles, “happiness” is packaged and sold in such a way so as to give visitors a sense that happiness is more than “just a feeling ... but a way of life” (ibid.), contributing to the production of the “tropical seductions of a globally circulating tourist imaginary” (Little 2014, 234) of Puerto Plata. The local and international narrative of “happy” Dominicans circulates widely, getting picked up in excursions promotions such as Outback Adventures who claim on their website – under their brief of “happy hour” – that “the bar on the back of the truck is forever in ‘happy hour’ mode (included),” and that their “guides keep you smiling and entertained all day long” (Outback Adventures n.d.). Time as a measurement is arbitrary, as happiness can be experienced “forever” in a place like Puerto Plata, right to the bottom of a bottomless *Presidente*,⁶⁵ or in the vibrant sights, tastes, and experiences that are sure to “overwhelm” (Outback Adventures n.d.).

These narratives of happy Dominicans are narratives that need not necessarily be true to resonate (Morris 2006, 21-22). The way the tourism frame feels in Puerto Plata is indexed by the “manner” in which it affects (Shaviro 2007, 8). Santos draws attention to the in-progress cruise ship port – in its early days of construction – which generates a kind of electricity in his gait as he climbs up the hill on which Fortaleza San Felipe sits so he can show me the construction below. “I think this is where is going to be,” Santos points just west of the fort, a tourist attraction he walks to and from multiple times a day, which overlooks the Atlantic and also sits

⁶⁵ A brewery that began operations in 1935 and eventually changed its name in honour of Trujillo, *El Jefe, El Presidente*. The name continues today, despite the assassination of the dictator in 1961, emblazoned on the front of green bottles with a green and white “Presidente” label.

beside the *Anfiteatro*. “But I’m not too sure. It will be good because is close, so the tourists, they don’t need to go so far like Amber Cove. See, they can come off the ship there, then they come over here, see the fort, then the city is over there. They can see everything, is very close.”

The imminent construction of the new port⁶⁶ conjures up excitement for Santos, a kind of anticipation and seduction produced even in its barely there materiality. Following Ahmed (2010), the affective registers of the in-progress port “stick,” conjuring up for Santos in his proximity to it a kind of “unattributed happiness,” where the port itself in its unfinishedness and state of not-yet has the potential to affect as a “cluster of promises” (Berlant 2010). His use of the words “happy” and “smiling” when describing the feel of the tourism frame is noteworthy here, lending itself to the *hope*, the optimism, that is attached to these development projects, particularly this one, given it “is very close.” “Leaning toward promises contained within the present moment of the encounter with [this] object ” (ibid., 93), the potentialities emerge, tourists will leave happy, not knowing why “they want to come back here,” as Santos says, other than the *feel* of the atmosphere, the “nice,” “new,” and “clean” plaza and the happy, smiling locals, whose feeling can be catchy, “a kind of brimming over that exceeds [the] encounter” (Ahmed 2010, 33). The production of an affective atmosphere and tourism frame of “happy” Dominicans works on Santos as much as it works on visitors, creating a space in which tourists enter at an angle expecting to be “made happy,” and Santos conducts his tours in such a way so as to give them a “real” experience, bursting with culture, history, happiness and smiles.

Taíno Bay is the name of the in-progress, soon-to-be, port, which is located a mere 15-minute walk or 4-minute taxi ride to *Plaza Independencia*. Winning the concession over 13 other companies to develop this port, Mexico’s ITM Group was selected for having provided the most

⁶⁶ As of 2017 when fieldwork was conducted, this area continued to function as a cargo port.

“complete” and “integrated” plan and then proceeding to invest \$80 million in the first phase of development. An old cargo port at the time of fieldwork in 2017, this 20-acre development will boast a two-berth pier, which requires “some dredging ... to bring the navigation channel and turning basis depth to 11.5 meters/38 feet,” the removal of “an old power plant and fishing pier,” and “where a 16-block area will be undergoing a major government-led renovation and upgrade” (Kalosh 2018). With a pier large enough to berth two Royal Caribbean Oasis class ships – the largest cruise ship in the world – which can, at full capacity, carry just under 6,300 passengers, this massive port is a “Taíno Village ... themed on the culture of the pre-Columbian Taíno people. Monkey Jungle will be an interactive eco park with capuchin monkeys, a botanical garden, aviary, reptile island, marine habitat and sustainability centre. Shops, bars, restaurants, plazas for live entertainment and a museum comprise Buccaneers Village” (ibid. 2018).

The construction of the port by Mexico’s ITM Group in conjunction with the Puerto Plata Post Investment consortium is espoused as an opportunity for “the economic impact” of the port to “translate into the population” (Perdomo 2019). The CEO of the Puerto Plata Post Investment company, Mauricio Hamui, notes that the public-private partnership in the development of the port will “create two social programs to favor the surrounding community, one linked to community centers to favor the people of Puerto Plata, and another to renovate the historic center of the province” (ibid.), which includes the still in-progress *Plaza Independencia* and surrounding infrastructure, much of which will need to take into account the dramatic increase in infrastructure necessary to accommodate the thousands of tourists that will dock in both Amber Cove and Taíno Bay at the same time. Hamui enthused at an event in January 2019, the month construction on the new port broke ground, “I want you to know that we will be able to raise the name of Puerto Plata very high. We are going to promote it and promote all over the world so

that everyday more people fall in love with this city, as we fell in love with the Bride of the Atlantic” (Redacción PortalCruceros.cl 2019). Charging on, he exclaimed, “[t]oday in Taíno Bay we say ‘yes’ to a project that respects the environment, ‘yes’ to a development in front of the population, ‘yes’ to well-paying jobs, ‘yes’ to the inclusion of the community with social responsibility, ‘yes’ to a port for the people of Puerto Plata, ‘yes’ to an integral harmonic development, ‘yes.’ And, above all, ‘yes’ to the people of the charges” (ibid., 2019).

Tourism workers such as Santos have heard this all before. A cluster of promises that swirl around and emanate from these narratives of what tourism *will* bring. In 2017 when we spoke, he hears the rumours and hopes they are true. José Natalio can’t disclose the details, the contracts aren’t hammered out yet, but what is known, or unknown, made-up and hoped for circulate the city. This port will be closer than Amber Cove. This one will be different. Santos is touched by its proximity as he sits on the cathedral steps in wait, reading his paper, taking a swig from a slippery Coke bottle, the condensation surfacing from the plastic, forming small little droplets that linger for a moment only to lose grip and fall to the cathedral steps. For Carlos, the jewelry salesman at the Amber Museum, “cruise ships are brainwashing,” but the proximity of Taíno Bay to the city centre means there will be more opportunities for tourists to roam, for encounters to be had. Carlos tells me,

Because the port, the one I was working, you know, there, they have the control, you know, for the people to go out, you know, because is far away from the city, about, like, 15 minutes. But, in Puerto Plata, it’s going to be crazy because everybody go out, you know, walk. In two minute, three minute, they walk, you know, around the street and nobody say, “No, no, no, you can’t because is far away from the city, you have to be safe,” you know what I mean? That’s why I say, ‘Oh, I have to do something because I think it’s – Puerto Plata is growing out.’⁶⁷

⁶⁷ “Carlos,” WhatsApp conversation with author, October 29, 2020.

Carlos considers starting his own “mini mart,” a small *colmado* style shop where he can sell food and other goods. His friend offers to help him out, give him some money to get off the ground during the stagnation of tourism during Covid, of which, “more Dominican than other countries” are visiting tourism facilities, such as the nearby resorts (ibid.). The re-opening of Amber Cove would be ideal, as “the situation is not easy,” he tells me (ibid.), but the prospect of having a cruise port so close to the city centre where tourists can roam freely is even more enticing. Carlos imagines the opportunities, entertaining the idea of opening his own store, maybe even working in a nearby restaurant as a waiter. He prays, he “wills,” that things will be fine.⁶⁸ The overwhelming number of tourists that will flood the city and the services and infrastructure necessary to accommodate them seems a fleeting concern and is glossed over in many news articles covering developments of the port, citing “renovations” of the historic centre as the extent of the plan. This doesn’t matter to Santos. What matters is they will be here, and they will be close, and he finds hope in the promise of a rumour.

Taíno Bay Cruise Terminal

Upon arriving for fieldwork in May 2017, one of the first road trips I took was on the back of John’s motorcycle to the La Isabela archeological ruins, which now exists as a national park and tourist attraction for those who are willing to take the hour and a half trip from the resort hub in Puerto Plata city to the first Spanish town in the Americas, located at just about the northernmost tip of the island. Named after the Queen of Spain in 1493, the five-acre La Isabela settlement tells a story of Columbus’s attempts at settling and exploiting the region for gold and

⁶⁸ The act of praying and “willing” is discussed on pages 209-220.

other precious metals, and the mistreatment and enslavement of the Taíno peoples when he failed to find what he was looking for. Excavated foundations of homes, a church, and storage facilities are among the few sites that have been recovered from this settlement; among the most haunting are the gravesites. One exposed plot is protected by a plate of glass under which a skeleton lies, head tilted and arms folded over chest; a visual shock that calls back into focus the reality of what occurred here. Upon his return to the island of Hispaniola in 1493, Columbus arrived with 17 ships and 1,000 men consisting of sailors, soldiers, carpenters, stonemasons, priests and nobles. Living in the mountains near La Isabela, the Taíno were often taken as slaves and sent to Spain or used on the colony, many dying from the smallpox, measles, and typhus that Columbus's men brought with them. Despite the uncompromising destruction of these diseases, it was the violence, murder and slavery that wiped out the Taíno population within a single generation.⁶⁹

The anticipated Taíno Bay cruise ship port – although unfinished as of November 2020 – is a development project steeped in convenient narratives that enchants both tourists and Dominican tourism workers alike.⁷⁰ Narrating this space into existence (Edelheim 2015), the expectation of what Taíno Bay will become conjures up specters which alter the experience of the separation of past, present and future (Gordon 1997, xvi). The Taíno Bay port is shrouded by uncertainty and ambiguity. In 2017, the rumours circulate around its construction; in 2020, the

⁶⁹ This information can be found inside the “museum” building at the Museo Arqueológico La Isabela on the various plaques and wall texts. This archeological site was excavated between 1989 and 1999 after which it became available to the public and is currently protected as a UNESCO heritage site.

⁷⁰ Hoy Digital (2020) notes that the cargo port, according to newly elected president as of August 2020, Luis Abinader, will be revamped, incorporating the port into the Taíno Bay Cruise Terminal project which will “develop the dock and the loading sector,” which he argues is “vital for the nation’s economic growth.” The initiative will also provide a new dock for fishermen to replace the one that is currently on-site, as the President and the Director of the Dominican Port Authority, Gómez Casanova, expressed the importance of helping these fishermen to “renew their fishing fleet.” According to Casanova, former President Danilo Medina’s first condition to investors was to ensure that the former contracts and operations of the cargo area were respected and that the construction of a new area for fishermen was maintained for further use.

Coronavirus pandemic delays its construction; cruise line promotions provide little more than a glimpse into the history of Columbus's arrival to Hispaniola and his annihilation of the Taíno peoples who already lived there; whether or not this port is even a port of call on some cruise itineraries is unclear. Celebrity Cruises makes mention of the "Culture and History of Puerto Plata," noting that "Puerto Plata was inhabited by the Taíno people for centuries before Christopher Columbus arrived and founded the city in the early 1500s. By the 20th century, Puerto Plata had emerged as the Dominican Republic's main tourism hub" (Celebrity Cruises 2020).

Following this brief "history," a description of the incomplete port is given, stating, "On a ship to Puerto Plata, you'll disembark in Taíno Bay, a new cruise terminal that's expected to be completed in early 2021. The terminal will include attractions like an entertainment complex, a botanical garden, a zip line, and a theme park," the latter of which is to be called "Taíno Village" (ibid., 2020; italics mine). Details of Taíno Bay are difficult to locate on cruise sites, including Royal Caribbean and Norwegian, both of which are rumoured to be two of the four cruise lines set to eventually call in Taíno Bay. Some tourists post on forums such as Cruise Critic inquiring as to whether or not Taíno Bay is a port of call on their itinerary; "I'm assuming that we'll be docking in Taíno Bay. Has anyone heard anything about the new port and when it's opening?" writes a contributor on January 28, 2020.

For Santos, awaiting the completion of Taíno Bay is in anticipation of a conflicted and troubling more-to-come. These moments when he has to sit on the cathedral steps and read the newspaper are the moments he uses to share with me his excitement for the new port. This one will be closer. This one will give tourists an opportunity to leave the port on their own, maybe even walk into the city centre where he'll be waiting. His walking tours won't be such a hard sell

anymore as he usually tentatively approaches tourists in *Plaza Independencia* and asks them what they have seen or would like to see. Quite often, Santos is brushed off, tourists shake their heads, not needing a guide when they just got off of the tour bus that brought them there, their own guide somewhere or another reciting the history of the plaza and the looming cathedral within it. The cathedral bell rings every 15 minutes, reminding Santos that he doesn't have much time. He approaches another group of tourists. Sometimes he leverages the fact that his services are free. He often walks them up to the cathedral and lets them wander inside on their own, telling them the cathedral was built in 1502 but that it was burned down in 1863, not getting restored until the 1950s. Sometimes he tells them he can walk with them to Fortaleza San Felipe, the fortress that overlooks the ocean. He leads the way for the tourists that agree. Alerting them to the potholes in the roads and the dug-up earth that they will need to maneuver around, he remains quiet for most of the "tour."

He leads his clients up to the fort and directs them to the souvenir vendors that stand behind fold-out tables, all filled with souvenirs that, at a glance, appear to be the same. The tourists often say, "no thank you," as Santos stoically stands a few feet behind them, hands behind back. He then directs them to the fort entrance where he says they can walk inside for free or they can do the "audio tour" for \$2 USD. Many of these tourists, he tells me, opt to take the audio tour. Santos's English is a work in progress, usually spoken in a slow drawl as he tries to find the words. His "tours" are an opportunity to *see* a different side of Puerto Plata, a side of Puerto Plata that the tour buses can't fit through, where their sheer size can't maneuver the narrow roads. For Santos, Puerto Plata speaks for itself, the beauty of the cathedral with its overwhelming towers and columns – each representing an Apostle – speak to the history of the city. "The real Puerto Plata," as he calls it, its history, its architecture, its culture, is felt, it's

experienced as much in the touristic sites themselves as in the journey on-foot to get there. With the inauguration of Taíno Bay, he will be able to share his city with even more visitors, and they will get to experience “the real Puerto Plata” on-foot.

Congregating in *Plaza Independencia* in front of the cathedral, the *Asociación de Guías Turísticas de Puerto Plata* are surrounded by the in-progress “manner” (Gregg and Seigworth 2010, 14) of the city. The paving of the roads around the plaza, the restoration of some of the oldest Victorian-era wood structures in Puerto Plata, the expansion of the government’s restoration project, and the rumours that circulate, animating and electrifying anticipation, all contribute to the production of this affective atmosphere of something more-to-come. His daily walks to Fortaleza San Felipe where he takes tourists to explore the fort gives him a moment to stare out over the bay where the cargo port will eventually develop into something more. In waiting, Santos does not exist suspended in an absence. Instead, the uncertainty and unknowingness of what the port will bring, what it has to offer, when it will be finished,⁷¹ produces a kind of affective not-yet that “casts a line along the hopeful ... cusp of an emergent futurity,” a promise that *something* new will be better than “now” (ibid., 8-9).

The project was meant to be kept under wraps – the city’s worst kept secret in 2017. José Natalio tells me, “Royal Caribbean will be doing a port ... very soon in Puerto Plata. I cannot tell. But I got the information and it’s a matter of two or three months to start construction. So, imagine Puerto Plata with, let’s say, 15,000 people coming every day, coming and going.” The rumours fly. Santos hears them. His walks to Fortaleza San Felipe confirm his suspicions. He can see some movement. Something’s happening down there. The air of secrecy around the rumoured construction contributes to the anticipation; the hope that maybe another cruise ship

⁷¹ As of November 2020, Taíno Bay construction has been delayed, with estimations of the port’s November 2020 inaugural call now postponed to March 2021.

port – one closer to *Plaza Independencia* – would be even better. It would give cruise visitors an opportunity to see what Puerto Plata really has to offer; the culture, the history, the development, all showcasing “the real Puerto Plata.”

God Willing

“The idea of collective waiting is ... one of the most fundamental notions we could explore ... It is also in the origin of theology: ‘God will hear – I do not say fulfill – my prayer’.”

– Marcel Mauss (1969, 118)

Dictator of the Dominican Republic from 1930 to 1961, Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina went by many names: “Benefactor of the Fatherland,” “the Big One,” “*El Jefe*,” and “*Generalissimo*,” to name a few. One of the dictator’s most brazen moves was to claim a place next to God, initiating the slogan “God and Trujillo” to reify this claim, carving out a literal space for himself next to God (Ornes 1958, 227). Officially pronounced “Benefactor of the Fatherland” by a Congressional Resolution on November 11, 1932, Trujillo’s citizenry could often be heard declaring their “gratefulness” and “appreciation” to the Benefactor, such as farmers who would set up placards reading, “Seeds Grow Because of the Water Trujillo Gives Us,” or “Crops are Plentiful Because Trujillo Has Given Us All the Water We Need.” Similarly, government hospitals were often decorated with signage reading, “Only Trujillo Cures Us,” or *colmados* would display signs claiming that *Dios y Trujillo son mi fe* (God and Trujillo Are My Faith), deifying the Benefactor in his place next to God, singing the praises of the “*trujillista* gospel” (ibid., 18, 231; italics mine). *El Jefe* was everywhere. Streets, towns, provinces, bridges, roads, hospitals, parks and schools bore his name, with busts of Trujillo and his mother, respectively, found all around the country.

Nature even belonged to him. One of the highest mountains in the lesser Antilles located in the Dominican Republic – which is currently called “Pico Duarte,” named after one of the founding fathers of the Dominican Republic – had been named “Pico Trujillo,” in compliance with a law passed on September 21, 1936. Pico Trujillo was as close to the heavens as Trujillo himself could get. (ibid., 229). Trujillo was everywhere, his picture hanging in shops, hospitals, homes, with the absence of this homage considered a sign of dissent. Ironically, despite his watchful eye over others, there was little known about Trujillo himself, with documentation of his background scarce and a shroud of uncertainty, censorship and ambiguity surrounding his intentions and provocations.

Trujillo looked down on his civilians as they ate their meals, the watchful eye of “God and Trujillo” overseeing the conversations of a household just as he seemingly always had an eye on the landscape, the roads, and the parks, a reminder he wasn’t far and was always listening. In her book *In the Time of the Butterflies*, Julia Alvarez (1996) tells the story of the four Mirabal sisters who lived in the “The Era of Trujillo,” telling their stories through each of their perspectives. Part of this story is told through the diary of María Teresa, the youngest Mirabal sister of the four. Having learned more from her older sisters about the regime than she was prepared to know, she narrates her experience in her diary of having gone from believing in the strength, integrity and honour of the regime to questioning its visibility and presence, taking special note now of the *guardia* and police cars that could often be seen patrolling the city. She watches them in the street, wondering who they had killed or who they were going to kill next. Passing by the image of Trujillo that hung in the hallway of her home, as he was in the home of every other “God fearing” family, she says, “I see the picture of our president with eyes that follow me around the room, and I am thinking he is trying to catch me doing something wrong.

Before, I always thought our president was like God, watching over everything I did” (Alvarez 1996, 39). The oldest sister, Patria, claims that God and Trujillo’s “faces” have merged, as she begins to witness the stories of others who have been touched – or slaughtered – by the Trujillo regime; “not a man left in that family,” a couple “murdered in their bed,” “thousands of Haitians massacred at the border” (ibid., 53). She says, “I had heard, but I had not believed. Snug in my heart, fondling my pearl, I had ignored their cries of desolation. How could our loving, all-powerful Father allow us to suffer so? I looked up, challenging Him. And the two faced had merged!” (ibid., 53).

During the Trujillo regime, Ornes (1958, 3) suggests that Dominicans were “sick,” referring to their endurance of a totalitarian government, which overwhelmed with “high tension, despair and a sense of impending danger.” Keeping their eyes off political affairs, “they look healthy, well-fed, well-clad and fairly competent,” but they are without a voice in national affairs, leaving them “either uninformed, indifferent or scared” (ibid., 3). Fearing one another, their neighbours, foreigners, their servants and friends, “they have a spooky feeling of being constantly watched,” which encourage them to live in a kind of “rank-and-file” order (ibid., 3). John picks up on this in one of our conversations, pointing to the endemic corruption that he argues continues to suffocate the Dominican Republic and the outrage that finally sparked mass protests:

I have no idea why the ex-president’s wife, Leonel Fernandez’s wife, is not the Minister of Finance. I don’t understand why. She’s a genius. He spent eight years as the president, making \$100,000 a year. After eight years, only making \$100,000 a year, they found that she had a Swiss bank account with 25 million €. Anybody who could turn \$800,000 in eight years into 25 million € is a genius. She must be a financial genius. And nobody says anything, which is why the Odebrecht scandal is such a huge thing in this country, such a – it’s the first time that public outrage has become tangible, ever, in the history of the country, really. And whether or not anyone ever goes to jail, and whether or not there’s any ever all out – and for all I know, it may go away, because the guys they were arresting were finally granted

bail and now they're saying the government's going to have a hard time proving the case.

Where I come from, having lived here for 10 years and having a house here for 17 years, that sort of doesn't really matter. It's been a catalyst. There has been that public outrage. There have been marches in the street, there have been the formations for the first time that I know of. The Dominican population at large is saying, "This is unacceptable," and you have to incubate that feeling on a grassroots level before it starts to become an accepted norm in the country, and it's happened. I don't really care whether these guys ever go to jail or not. I mean, I think it's bizarre that they stole all this money, but what they did is they planted a seed, and that seed's going to grow.⁷²

This seed – or hope for something different, a future other than the now – was planted, according to John, as a result of the Odebrecht scandal. Grupo Odebrecht is a Latin American construction conglomerate, having grown to 181,000 employees in 21 countries between its humble beginnings in 1940 to the height of its success around 2010. The company builds large construction projects, including the infrastructure built in preparation for Brazil's hosting of the 2014 World Cup. Odebrecht is one of the companies having been charged with paying bribes to politicians and other officials in Latin America in exchange for contracts (Gallas 2019), a quid pro quo game of: "I will help you pay for your election campaign if you make sure I get that building contract" (BBC News 2019).

In the Dominican Republic alone, Odebrecht has confessed to bribing officials with nearly \$800 million in exchange for public workers contracts across the country, which has led to the imprisonment of multiple political and business leaders, including former Senate president Andrés Bautista and ex-public works minister Víctor Díaz Rúa (Adames 2019). Throughout 2017 and 2018, protestors took to the streets of Santo Domingo, the country's capital, demanding the president and other implicated officials resign. One protestor says, "The people have no legal recourse, we have no one to represent us. But the government can't repress them," with another

⁷² "John," interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, November 3, 2017.

arguing, “[w]e can’t afford to have the same people in power again” (Pineda 2017). While some of these protests were peaceful, others witnessed police brutality, with some protestors noting that authorities physically beat and illegally detained demonstrators, while video surveillance captured authorities planting drugs in the car of one activist (ibid.), a reminder to demonstrators to step back into their rank-and-file order.

“Why now?” I ask John, curious about the moment things changed, that spark of hope that ignited the flame that became the Odebrecht protests. “What do you think was the impetus behind that outrage starting now?” “I think it was the scope.” He tells me,

They know that everyone’s stealing a couple hundred thousand pesos here and a couple of hundred thousand pesos there. The bottom line is that Odebrecht, from what I read in the papers – I don’t know how much can be proven – but they ... paid, like, \$92 million in bribes. To the average Dominican, \$92 million is the same thing as all the money in the world. In the Dominican, there’s 100 US dollars, there’s a million US dollars, and there’s all the money in the world. \$92 million to them is such an extraordinary number, it’s like all the money in the world. It’s like they stole all the money in the country ... and it created outrage.⁷³

Operating under the guise of public works projects, politicians and implicated collaborators profited off of development projects at the expense of the infrastructural development of the Dominican Republic, a direct transgression of the promise of “social gifts” meant to create a sense of a shared (prosperous) future. Although the image of the dictator is no longer directly caught up in the image of God, “[t]rauma seeps outside the moment to stain and alter things when the moment of violence has past” (Lepselter 2016, 110), ghosts that make themselves known in unpredictable ways, haunting the present to remind us that there is something more to be done. As a linguist and member of the Dominican Academy of Language contends, “[o]ne of the reasons that motivate us to reflect on the hook of the Trujillo Era is so that the younger generations know how far the control of the dictatorship has gone, which has

⁷³ “John,” interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, November 3, 2017.

even penetrated the citizen's psyche. It is likely that the Dominican mentality still has features of this behavior” (Guzmán 2016). The Odebrecht protests effervesced in a culmination of frustration, resistance, exhaustion and anger, tired of hearing of the development plans and proposals that always amount to nothing, the contracts that always benefit those who hold all the power, reaching a breaking point, a point where “the scope” was just too large to turn a blind eye.

The tourism industry in Puerto Plata, however, remains an endeavour espoused as both a political and virtuous one, a gift from God, an opportunity to be had. Citing former director of Dominican tourism again, Don Angel Miolán, he has suggested that “[t]he Dominican Republic is a country created by God for Tourism, I have dared to say sometimes, excited by the beauty of its potential” (Gregory 2007, 11). Despite the disappointment, the waiting, the uncertainty that can flood the touristic milieu in Puerto Plata, participants who worked in the industry, or had moved to Puerto Plata in the hopes of benefiting from it, had faith, had hope, that something was on the horizon, it just had not happened yet. God had blessed them with this beautiful landscape, so they were on the right path. Their faith, their hope, is not blind, things are changing, and for the better. God blessed them with beautiful resources to share with the world, and the new endeavours tourism workers were witnessing around Puerto Plata were promising. God willing.

Pedro

It’s 8:00 in the morning following my arrival to Puerto Plata the evening before. It was a rough night’s sleep. New bed. New smells. The Chihuahua downstairs – “Mocha,” as I eventually learn – barked at every car, every *motoconcho*, every frond that fell from the palm trees that stand about 20 feet off the ground and decorate the entire apartment complex. As the

months go by, I'll call to her from my balcony. Her owner, an older man – an expatriate from Germany – tells me to just shout “*cállate!*” should her incessant barking go unnoticed. He's going deaf. Luckily, this usually does the trick. The bedroom windows don't have glass, just screens protected by retractable shutters to block out the rain. The humidity welcomes itself through the gaps in these shutters, seeping into my room so the ceiling fan can swirl it around, sometimes making it difficult to breathe. Unadjusted to the heat and humidity, I have it on high. It spins so quickly that I worry all night the downrod is going to detach from the ceiling. The moonlight shone into my bedroom like a spotlight, casting shadows on the ceiling as the blades spun in circles. I couldn't get the curtains to close all the way. I'll have to go into the city and look for something to keep them shut. A thunderstorm rolled through Puerto Plata at about 4:00 in the morning. The downpour of rain on my window unit air conditioner sounded like a marching band clanging a dozen cymbals beside my bed. I'm given a reason to just give up on rest for now when my phone rings. It's Pedro. I've been trying to contact him for the last few days to let him know I'd be arriving. I'd love to catch up.

I first met Pedro during my master's fieldwork in 2013. The tour guide of an “adventure tour” at the time, Pedro and I kept in touch over the years. In 2017, he was newly married and the soon-to-be father of a little boy. His new circumstances had him thinking more and more about his life; about what he wanted for his son's future. Pedro slowly pulls up to my apartment complex half an hour later. The car looks like it's waddling as it rides over the speed bumps and the little hills and valleys on the narrow road. The longer I live in Puerto Plata, the more I get used to these impromptu ways of visiting. “Sarita, I'm here,” he texts, and I run out the door to greet him. Excited to see a friendly face so soon after my arrival, I start asking him about his life

and how his wife is doing in her pregnancy. He shades his eyes with his hands and tells me he can drive us to the beach just down the road, “Is much nicer there, more breeze.”

As we drive down towards Costambar beach, this community feels like one in transition. On both sides of the street there are a combination of new developments and abandoned ones, small boutique hotels, homes and *colmados*. “They run out of money,” Pedro tells me, as we drive past a cement structure defaced with graffiti. The surrounding foliage has climbed up the sides of what appears to have been an attempt at constructing a restaurant. The front of the structure has multiple large window framings and sits close to the road, similar to the pizzeria across the street that hosts mostly expatriates on the weekend. We pull up to the beach and park along the road, facing the ocean. Pedro suggests we sit on the hood of the car – the inside of the car is too small and he wants to stretch out. As we get settled, he scoffs at the people in the car across from us who have driven onto the beach and parked under a tree; doors and trunk open so as to better enjoy their stereo system which blares merengue. “Everywhere you go in Puerto Plata is loud music. When I live with my sister when my house was in construction, the guy next door would play music like this until the morning, and I need to work early!” On that note, I ask Pedro how work is going and if he’s still a tour guide with the adventure tours company, an excursion that boasts the opportunity for tourists to see the countryside and rural villages and experience the “Dominican way of life.”

Yes, I still make that. Is OK, but I would like to make something better. You know, be a guide with the city tours or something like that. The city tours, they are more better. You are all day in the bus with the air conditioning. You know the adventure tour, you make that tour with me, *si?* Is a big truck, no like a bus, and all the time it goes like this [moves body as though driving on a bumpy road]. Is no so good for my back. I think that work [as a tour guide for adventure tours] make my back more worse. Driving all the day in that bus and screaming because that bus no have windows. Is very noisy. That is why on my day off, I like to come to the beach. Right now, I wait and see if I can get with the city tours. *Pero*, in the summer months is slow season, you see? No so much tourists here [at the beach] now. Usually is

full, like, is full to right here. So, I like to come here on, like, Sunday, something like that. Is good to relax for my back ... and my voice! María [his wife], she is at home, she eats all the time [laughs]. So now, in the slow season, we go to church, then she go home and eat, and I go to the gym or the beach ... just *tranquilo*.⁷⁴

These durations in which Pedro waits out the slow season, waits for his back to heal as he relaxes on the hood of his car by the ocean, waits for his voice to return after days on end of screaming over the terrain of unpaved backroads, and waits for an opportunity to arise with a city tour operator so his weekly beach visits won't be as imperative, constitute "the complex detailed minutiae of mobile processes [that] are now being critically interrogated as important processes in their own right" (Bissell 2007, 282). For Pedro, the summer months in Puerto Plata – the slow season – give him an opportunity to rest his aching back, his raspy voice, and go to church with his wife. Accustomed to working a six day stretch during high season, he takes advantage of these opportunities to relax and recharge when his excursions are intermittent during the summer months.

I lose touch with Pedro as my fieldwork progresses. His social media suggests María has had their baby boy. They are posed in front of a white wall, blue balloons and a cake in the frame. María is wearing a black and white dress and Pedro is wearing a crisp white collared shirt, holding and smiling down at baby Antonio proudly. We reconnect in 2020 during the Covid-19 pandemic. He tells me he doesn't know what's going on. The isolation and halt of all travel and touristic activities has him anticipating a return to work; for things to just go back to the way they were.

I'm at home. You know, I stay at home because there's a lot of problems. I don't know. I don't know when they going to open the tourism, you know, the port, everything. Hotel is working right now but is not so much. They working just with Dominican peoples, some American, but not so much. But, I have seen the news last night that they [the national government] going to close again because is many problems here again, you know. We have to start again, you know. Some people in

⁷⁴ "Pedro," interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, May 27, 2017.

tourism have three months without work, and now 45 days more. I am selling food in my house, but business is slow. I don't want the people coming into my house because of everything, you know, and because Antonio is there. So, I go to the beach and I sell some things there. But, is no easy because there are too many promotions. We just pray that they open the tourism soon, you know, God willing. Three months and more with no work is no easy. God willing there is no more problems with that.⁷⁵

As a tour guide, father and husband, who provides the sole income for his family, Pedro's waiting is a complex entanglement. As Hage notes, "[r]arely are we just waiting for one thing or another. At any moment we are waiting for a multiplicity of things at the same time" (2018, 204). For Pedro, the various registers of waiting conjured up discomfort, *tranquilo*, anticipation, anxiety, disappointment, and hope. During Covid-19, Pedro's life is "on hold" (Schweizer 2008, 3-5) as he waits for tourism to "open" once again, disappointed by the sudden government decision to close resorts back down after three months of closures already. Pedro sells food on the beach to try to make ends meet. He used to drive his car up to these beaches, sprawling out on the hood, eyes closed and hands behind his head. *Tranquilo*. "The moments of waiting as suspension, as corporeal phenomena" shift and change in waiting spaces (Bissell 2008, 287). The beach was once a welcome break; a place for Pedro to unwind and rest his aching back. Today, it's where he sells food that his wife makes out of their home to try and provide for their growing family.

Pedro is hopeful. In his repetition of "God willing," Pedro has hope in what has not yet become; a *sense* that things will get better in an industry that was made by God for tourists to enjoy. As a kind of *paradise*, the beaches appear silver from the ocean, inspiring Columbus to call Puerto Plata just that: *Silver Port*. A ubiquitous phrase used in a predominantly Catholic population, "God willing" can be heard in everyday parlance to indicate what somebody wishes or hopes *will* come to be. I often heard this phrase used in terms of one's health or wellbeing.

⁷⁵ "Pedro," WhatsApp conversation with author, October 28, 2020.

More than just an optimistic perspective, hope “is an affective supplement that begins from an embedded trust in/for the world” (Anderson 2004, 751), which acknowledges and recognizes the *risk* that is absent from optimism. Hope doesn’t imagine or anticipate a particular outcome. It can fade, disappoint, and is unsurprisingly uncertain (ibid.). John⁷⁶ thinks hoping is blind faith; a kind of passive “hopeful waiting” (Zigon 2018, 68) that Crapanzano dichotomizes as a “sort of positive resignation,” a “waiting-induced paralysis” (2004, 115). It’s “the triumph of hope over experience,” John tells me, as he disparages local community members who buy small storefronts to sell trinkets to disembarked tourists in the city centre to prove his point.

They think if they buy a store, paint it, and throw in some souvenirs that they’re all going to become millionaire’s overnight! It doesn’t work that way. When the store goes under, because nobody is buying anything, they close down, save a little more money, and do it all over again. It’s really like a gamble of hope. They throw all their eggs in one basket, without any knowledge of how this stuff actually works, selling the same stuff as the store across the street. But, they think that’s how they’ll get rich overnight in tourism.⁷⁷

For Carlos – the jewelry salesman who finds himself without work and has for the eight months since the Coronavirus pandemic shocked the tourism industry in Puerto Plata, suspending all tourist activities – he dreams up potential opportunities, his next move, where to go from here. He considers his options. Chatting about his circumstances during the pandemic and what he imagines for his future, he tells me,

Yes, yes, yes, yes. We pray [laughs] for this situation. I will, you know, I will everything is going to be OK. So, that’s why I try, I’m thinking to make some business or maybe cafeteria or maybe is more restaurant or mini mart (*colmado*). But, I’m thinking, because some friend of mine, he told me maybe he will help me on some money. That’s why I’m thinking to make something if the port open, you know. I hope so [laughs].⁷⁸

⁷⁶ John is a Canadian expatriate who volunteers at “The Hangout” and is discussed in more detail on page 113.

⁷⁷ “John,” interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, November 3, 2017.

⁷⁸ “Carlos,” WhatsApp conversation with author, October 29, 2020.

As a kind of proactive, anticipatory act, what it means to will complements Carlos's hope for the future, as he notes, "that's why I try." In his despair of the stagnation and disruption of the tourism industry in Puerto Plata, particularly the shutting down of Amber Cove, Carlos wills something different, considering potential business opportunities and different lines of work in the tourism industry and acknowledging the risk. "I will try." He has an intention, a desire, a wish, a choice⁷⁹ to act on his own volition, despite the despair that seems to shroud "this situation." There is a sense of freedom to experiment, to test the waters – whether in desperation or out of curiosity – in this touristic frame that is promoted as having the potential to generate a shared future of prosperity and success.

The freedom to experiment with "maybe this" or "maybe that" conjures up another adage in Dominican parlance, where the saying, "we have the freedom to be poor," emerged from many of the conversations I had with tourism workers. The long hours, the precarity of the industry itself, the weather disruptions, the Coronavirus pandemic, all weave themselves through and effervesce out of what tourism work in Puerto Plata looks and feels like. The hope that is often described to me is not one a blind faith, a "gamble of hope" or a "triumph of hope over experience" that disregards the experiences of the past to blindly pursue an idealistic future. The ubiquity of the tourism industry in Puerto Plata, which is resonant in Taíno Bay's literal encroachment into the city centre, moving its way into the spaces in which Puertoplataños live, work, hang out, dance, dine, drink and shop, or CESTUR's establishment as an arm of the Defense Corps in order to "protect" the industry,⁸⁰ all contribute to its overwhelming presence.

The industry is pervasive. Their natural landscape, as a gift from God, presents many potential opportunities. As discussed in Chapter 2, this "freedom" is differentially experienced,

⁷⁹ Merriam-Webster, s.v. "will," accessed October 30, 2020, <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/will>.

⁸⁰ See pages 146, 148, 149 for description of amalgamation between CESTUR and the Defense Corps.

depending “on the angle of [one’s] arrival” (Ahmed 2010, 14). One’s credentials as a “certified” or “uncertified” tour guide, perceived racial category, or the barely visible, but viscerally experienced, politics that regulate the industry, all angle the tourism frame in various, and sometimes unpredictable, ways. These hard precarities of unworlding are traversed with hope, the “hoped body’s openness” (Parker 2002) to the potentialities of “where we might be able to go and what we might be able to do” (Zournazi 2003, 212). Despite these hardships – the precarity that marks the industry with unpredictability and instability – there is a sense of freedom, of hope, to explore these potentialities. Even if it means continuing to wade in the scarcity, the struggle, they know so well, they have the freedom to choose to do so. In this freedom, what can be sensed is the potential for something other than this.

In hoping, there is a danger, a hazard, that is folded into it, which lets us know that a better way of being has “still not become” (Anderson 2006, 743). This space for potentiality and possibility is what keeps hope alive. It can have a fleeting, haunting presence that lets us know that something can still be done, that there is more to come (ibid., 742). In rejecting his current circumstances as final, Pedro’s use of “God willing” illustrates not a passive kind of hoping, but a hope that asserts “that there is, at the heart of being, beyond all data, beyond all inventories and all calculations, a mysterious principal which is in connivance with me” (Marcel 1995, 28). As Lasch (1991, 81) suggests, “the worst is always what the hopeful are prepared for. Their trust in life would not be worth much if it had not survived disappointments in the past, which the knowledge that the future holds further disappointments demonstrates the continuing need for hope.”

Melvin

On a scorching July afternoon, I find Melvin – the painter introduced in Chapter 1 – as he scurries about the plaza. Despite the square being rather desolate today, Melvin looks like he has somewhere to go, somewhere to be, a seemingly anxious energy that always keeps him moving. He waves and heads over in my direction, offering to buy us both a cup of *morir soñando* (to die dreaming) – evaporated milk poured over shaved ice – from a street vendor parked on the side of *Plaza Independencia*. We sit on a bench under a tall, overhanging tree in the plaza as the pigeons swarm at our feet, waiting for anything, even just milky ice, to drop from our cups. Carnival doesn't arrive until tomorrow and so we have an opportunity to sit and chat in the plaza. Other than the tour guides – who can be found in groups on the cathedral steps, the massive towers providing ample shade from the summer heat – we are the only ones here. The guides that recognize me say “hello” as they pass and there isn't a CESTUR officer in sight. We enjoy a few days a week together in the plaza during the summer months, chatting and catching up. A space usually surveilled and circulated by CESTUR officers who would disrupt a conversation like this one, we have more opportunity during the “slow season” to enjoy the tranquility of the park. I have a hard time reconciling his experience with CESTUR officers in the past with the perseverance he has; the way I see him bustling about the plaza in his busy-body way, continuing to chat with tourists – despite the warnings – and offering them his ad hoc tours of “the real Puerto Plata.”

I have such a bad time sleeping last night. So many nightmares. I can't remember if I tell you this before, but I live in Montreal before. Yeah, I have a wife there – before, no now – and I have a daughter. She is very beautiful. Whenever she come here, everybody, they always say to me, ‘Melvin, that is your daughter? *Qué bonita!*’ She is very beautiful. So, before, I live in Montreal with my wife and my daughter, and one day she tell me the cousin of my wife is ... hurting her. You know what I mean, Sarita? I was so angry at that time. I think to myself what I can do.

So, I go over to him at his house ... but with a gun. I shake the gun at him to try and scare him, you know. I don't want to hurt him, I just want to scare him. So, I point the gun at him, like this [holds his hand up, two fingers pointed directly outwards in front of him as though holding a gun], and then *bang*. The gun go off. I was so scare. I see the blood everywhere, and his face ... his eyes open, like this. I don't know what to do. I spend a few years in jail for that. It was on the news. But they [the court] feel bad for me because I am protecting my daughter, you know. So, I get out of jail without much time. But I see his face in my dreams, you know. Always bad nightmare.⁸¹

Melvin's sentence is a reduced one. He tells me the courts sympathized with the "heat of the moment intensity" (Zournazi 2003, 216) that drove him to protect his daughter. "But they say to me, you know, 'No more chances, or else you go back to the Dominican Republic.'" A couple of years later, his chances run out. Melvin is caught by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police trying to buy illegal cigarettes on an "Indian reserve," and he is quickly deported back to the Dominican Republic. Sitting in *Plaza Independencia* with Melvin conjures up the hard precarity of unworlding that he carries with him every day. "A life overspilling as it gathers itself up to move on" (ibid., 215), Melvin's waiting is one of complex durations. Attempting to regain his footing, Melvin tries to "live sanely" by being the kind of person he needs to be in order to be forgiven by God. He tries to get the images of the dead man out of his head, waiting for prayer to dissipate the memories that have burrowed their way into his very being and effervesce in his nightmares.

We walk down one of the many side streets that veer off of the plaza. A narrow road with deep ditches on either side, this road is not one in which the 80-seater Carnival excursion buses navigate. *Motoconchos* have a difficult enough time, weaving around potholes, taking the speed bumps at an angle so as not to scrape the bottoms of their bikes. Melvin stops abruptly in front of what appears to be a burned-out building.

⁸¹ "Melvin," interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, July 24, 2017.

This is where I used to live with my mother. She lives somewhere else now, her neighbours take care of her. For me, I live with my friend over there. One night, I wake up and I smell the smoke. I run outside of my room and see that the kitchen has so much smoke. So, I go into the room where my mom, she was sleeping. I try to carry her outside, but I need help. I scream outside of that window there, you see? I hope someone will hear me. The neighbour, he was outside with his girlfriend, so, he come inside and we carry out my mom. She is okay.⁸²

Melvin lost all of his material possessions in the fire. He tells me he only recently managed to start buying clothes for himself. Money is tight. Luckily for a friend who runs a pool hall down the street (a windowless cement room with a pool table in the middle), he is able to survive on credit owing to this man.

He is the nicest man you will meet. So generous, you know? He won the lottery before, a lot, a lot of money. But he give it all away. He is so generous. Now he has no money left, just this place. I tell him always, 'I will pay you, don't worry.' I don't think he believe me, but I have money coming. Not yet, but will be here. You see, my daughter's grandma, the mother of my wife before, she has a lot of money. Like, millionaire. My daughter tell me that when she [the grandmother] die, she will send me money.⁸³

For Melvin, his outrage over the abuse of his daughter produced a kind of "heat of the moment intensity," creating an "irruption" of force that words often cannot express (Zournazi 2003, 216). He faced a number of different outcomes: a reliving of the moment in all its intensity, the indignation, the regret, the shock, the horror, the face of the dead man, lifeless on the ground, imprisonment, atoning for his sins, hoping God would one day forgive him. "I try to be a good person every day," Melvin tells me. "I killed a man. I took a live, God's child. I need to be a good person, so I do everything I can to make that." The traumatic experiences his daughter shared with him leave gaps in his memory, gaps he is inclined to fill as he charges over to the perpetrator's home, a raging fury burning inside of him that he hopes to appease with the waving of his gun. Maybe seeing the fear in the man's eyes will give him some peace, some

⁸² "Melvin," interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, July 24, 2017.

⁸³ Ibid.

answers. There are chasms in his understanding that need to be filled, questions that need to be answered. “The existence of [these parts] intensifies the non-existence of the whole, creating an inner spectacle where this vision is filled” (Lepselter 2016, 72), all culminating in a thunderous fury that found an unanticipated release in the barrel of his gun.

Melvin’s waiting is weighty. From these slow cruise ship days emerge stories of the weightiness of that waiting; “the hard precarit[ies] of unworlding” (Stewart 2012, 520). Waiting for flames to turn to embers, for God to forgive him of his sins, for the dead man to let him sleep in peace, for that old woman to die so he can finally live, these entanglements of waiting bubble out of my conversations with Melvin as we enjoy the tranquility of the plaza on days when Carnival isn’t there. Waiting is an entanglement. We rarely wait on just one thing or another (Janeja and Bandak 2018, 204). These entanglements of waiting can conjure up a variety of different affects, memories, and experiences. Melvin’s waiting folds into and onto itself, creating entanglements of affect – fear, anxiety, disappointment, hope, gratefulness, anticipation – that emerge from the precarities of his unworlding. In these moments of waiting, he is haunted by the sense that something good is on the horizon. He hopes that one day he will be freed of this profane illumination; his “lingering past and [the] luminous presence of the seemingly invisible” (Gordon 1997, 198). For Melvin, danger and faith are both entangled in hope itself (Bloch 1986, 112). There is a risk that no amount of prayer will make the man’s face disappear, there is the danger of God’s unwillingness to forgive him. But he has hope anyway, his past traumas and disappointments inciting, burning, fueling his hope; his past disappointments and experiences reminding him this hope will come in handy in the future again anyway.

This chapter explores the entanglements of precarity and uncertainty in the cruise industry for tourism workers during periods of waiting, which can feel like a pressing weight;

heavy, daunting, thick with anticipation, pivotal, exciting, and hopeful, all at the same time. “Slow cruise ship days” accumulate during the summer months and are experienced as a lull, a languid kind of rhythm in the tourism industry that feels like the pressing sensations of hot, wet enervation that drags folks on. Waiting “releases diverse affects” such as hope, fear, anticipation, frustration and anxiety (Janeja and Bandak 2018, 16). Like waiting, hope is not a means-end experience where one merely waits and hopes for the “event-to-come” (Bissell 2007, 288; Schweizer 2005). Following Zigon (2018, 70), hope is “an aim toward continuity, stability or living sanely” (2018, 70). More than a reaching toward a future-oriented goal, this chapter explores hope as a contingent modality that allows one to carry on and persevere through the hard precarities of unworlding, creating entanglements with other affects during periods of waiting. The stories told here weave through, around, and emerge from the conspiracies, traumas, and social memories of a destructive and violent past that inform experiences of the “now.” They gather up and collect in a kind of hope for the future, haunted by a longing that tells us “it could have been and can be otherwise” (Gordon 1997, 57), producing a “something-to-be-done” quality that illuminates the scope of potentiality (xvii).

Conclusion

Reflections on Tourism Encounters in the Tourism Milieu

The Sea is History

This dissertation traces the flux, the ebbs and flows, the disruptions of life and work in Puerto Plata, a tourism frame that witnesses these changes in tempo resonant of the industry throughout the Caribbean. The stories that emerge from the unstable and ever-changing tourism imaginary of a paradisiacal Caribbean are traced here, with encounters within this tourism frame generating a sense of haunting, of uncanny surveillance, of weighty mobilities immanent in the grind of the slow season, and of hope that regulates the despair. This hope circulates through the tourism frame, but also finds itself trembling in the face of hurricanes, global pandemics, policing, politics, racism, and seemingly arbitrary disruptions of movement. The ways in which these realities are grappled with by tour guides, expatriates, waitresses, souvenir salesmen, and those who lived and worked in Puerto Plata and just had something to say, have been layered within this dissertation, kicking up the debris of anticipation, disappointments, unrealized hopes, frustrations and dreams that are entangled within the tourism imaginary of Puerto Plata as a Caribbean tourist destination and effervescing in their stories as a kind of unworlding (Stewart 2012). Like the “form of a sea change, a darkening atmosphere, a hard fall, or the barely perceptible sense of reprieve” (Stewart 2012, 518-519), the hard precarity of unworlding is experienced within an affective register that can take shape in subtle ways, like a kind of life brimming over that seeks to collect itself to move on (Zournazi 2003, 215).

This dissertation has attempted to tell these stories of something more (Stewart 1996, 5-6) through encounters, where encounters can be imagined as a kind of trajectory, which “merges

not only the subjectivity of those who travel through a milieu, but also with the subjectivity of the milieu itself, insofar as it is reflected in those who travel through it” (Deleuze 1997, 61).

Thinking through the stories told here in this way deviates from the tendency in tourism scholarship to imagine tourism encounters as either “good” or “bad” (Rice 2007). This framework tends to approach tourism encounters from a position of moral superiority, critiquing how those tourism have failed, who they have failed, and why they have efailed them (Betances and Spalding Jr. 1995; Gregory 2007; Padilla and McElroy 2005; Padilla 2007). While these are important explorations to better understand the systems of power from which these phenomena emerge and play out in particular tourism frames, such scholarship relies on the dominant narratives and representations that emerged during the genesis of tourism studies as an area of inquiry (see Smith 1989).

Following Stewart’s (2007, 1) call for anthropology to adopt approaches of viscera, sense and sensation, it would seem that the terms, representations and categorizations that have traditionally been used to explore these systems of power, such as “dependency,” “neoliberalism,” “globalization,” as well as dualisms of “host” and “guest,” miss out on the affective forces of tourism economies that can trace these asymmetrical systems of power in all their “eventfulness” (Little 2020, 64). These affective forces become almost tangible, emanating from the possibilities, the potentialities, of tourism as a panacea for socioeconomic inequality (Frohlick and Zamora 2020, 270). These tourism spaces are immanent, rife with “a palpable register of senses of something happening and of the possibility that something ‘else’ will happen” (Gregg and Seigworth 2010, 9). These affective registers of possibility, hope, of “something else” (ibid.) create a kind of energy, a force that pushes folks along, aspirations, dreams, hopes. Emergent futures become entangled within “a feeling that anything can happen”

(Frohlick and Zamora 2020, 276). Instead of following a dialectic logic that continues to track chronological accounts of tourism phenomena (Gregory 2007; Frohlick 2016; Rojek and Urry 1997; Salazar 2010; Scott and Selwyn 2010; Urry 1990), this dissertation writes through a non-representational theory approach (D’Hautesserre 2015, Ness 2016, Tucker and Shelton 2018, Vannini 2012) that follows stories and experiences that don’t necessarily trace back to any single referent in particular. Instead, they are always becoming, folding and unfolding, generating intensities that are unconscious and unstructured (Crouch and Desforges 2003, 9), exposing the push and pull of forces within the tourism frame that create a kind of “otherwise” (Povinelli 2011, 6-11), that move beyond evaluation or rational conclusion toward a generative sense of unfinishedness, opening up onto the immanent possibilities of the everyday. This dissertation explores events that have become in “just this way” (Manning 2016, 212), activating “the conditions for a seriality in the making” (ibid., 135) that unfold beyond the ordering, capturing, or measure of experience.

I begin this dissertation by introducing Fathom Cruise Lines. My effort here is not to conceptualize and situate tourist and local, us and them, but rather to begin tracing a non-linear history, fragments of a memory gathered up at any given moment to make sense of things in an uncertain present. The past haunts the present, letting itself be felt, be known, in various ways. The affective intensities that emerge from these experiences are explored here beyond the limitations of conceptualizing the Dominican Republic as another formerly colonized and subjugated Caribbean island. Although significant and threaded through the stories told here, exploring these stories as encounters with the seemingly uneventful day to day, the (day)dreams, the infrastructure, absent or not, the sense of being watched, surveilled and listened to, means

“staying with the trouble” (Haraway 2016) that agitate the imaginary of a paradisiacal Caribbean tourist destination.

The stories people tell each other, and themselves, are particularly potent in Puerto Plata’s cruise ship tourism frame where there is a sense that “power [is] more diffuse and less transparent than ever” (Piot 2010, 19), with these stories acting as exchanges of experience that point to what life and work in the tourism industry is producing rather than how it has failed, or who it has let down (Weiss 2004). This project draws on Gordon’s (1997) use of “haunting” to trace the kinds of sensations, experiences, nightmares, dreams, and anxieties attached to these stories that emerge out of the cruise ship tourism industry in Puerto Plata. By exploring what life and work in the industry conjures up, this dissertation “moves beyond the strictures of the master narratives of modern economic rationality, progress, and growth or of its critique” (Little 2014, 15) to trace past horrors, present misgivings, and future hopes. “Haunting” speaks to the ways in which power makes itself felt, makes itself known, aside from, but in conjunction with, the more representational manifestations of precarity in the tourism industry found in much of the tourism literature (Itzigsohn 2000; Brennan 2004; Pattullo 2005; Gregory 2007; León 2007; Cabezas 2011). Gordon invites us to imagine haunting as “an animated state in which a repressed or unresolved social violence is making itself known, sometimes directly, sometimes obliquely” ((1997, xvi). As such, exploring the stories and experiences told here through haunting adds to a greater understanding of the historical and contemporary socioeconomic and political consequences of the tourism industry, throwing into stark relief the structures of power that reach across time and space to make themselves known in the present, with a future before it that remains unknown, but hopeful (Piot 2010, 16).

In conducting this research, I have found that this sense of haunting folds through the tourism frame in Puerto Plata and is often felt as a kind of surveillance, emerging from stories of conspiracy and bubbling up as paranoia, with the tourism imaginary of a Caribbean paradise punctured by the “appearances of something that [is] absent” (Berger 1972, 10). This absence is felt as a kind of weighty presence. Although Carnival docks in Amber Cove, which is out of view for most, and a port that few of the tourism workers I spoke with had access to, there is a tension that circulates, a kind of anxiety that reminds them that this Caribbean paradise is an unstable imaginary that they are responsible for protecting. Haunting itself is an encountering presence; an encounter with the ghostly matter of things, a reignition of events, a past that pulsates in all its intensity, confusing what was once thought to be in the past, but that is now haunting in the present. It is more than “the personal, private anguish of individual[s]” or descriptions of moments that fall along a track, keeping things in order and in line, adhering to the grand narratives of historical fact. Hauntings are unresolved, like unending endings, weaving through and around past and present, refusing to resolve itself into a “sequence of events like the beads of a rosary” (Benjamin 1969, 254). The Dominican dictatorship is explored here not as a way to reduce hauntings to a kind of cause and effect of experiences in the cruise ship tourism industry, but rather as a way of exploring the asymmetries of the stories told here (Gordon 1997, 143). In doing so, this dissertation reveals not only a direct correlation between the progress and development narratives of past and present, or the ways the experiences of the dictatorship linger in the present, letting those of today know the past is not completely where it was believed to have been left, but rather how these narratives of the past haunt the stories, conspiracies, paranoias, racist tropes, and post-colonial discourses of the Puerto Plata tourism frame.

These stories and experiences told here look and feel different, depending on the angle in which one encounters them. They circulate, however, around similar senses (Gordon 1997, 19) – distrust of government, anxiety, paranoia, and uncertainty, from which can also emerge sentiments of helping, saving, excitement, anticipation, fear, hope, and complacency. Tourism workers often disparage their government, the slow pace at which it moves. Some attribute this languid pace to the Caribbean way of things, “[w]e have beautiful beaches, beautiful weather, we don’t have cold or snow like you in Canada, is paradise,” with no incentive to get things done before winter strikes. The unfinished highway and gravel-ridden side streets of *Plaza Independencia* act as arresting images that blast apart the tourism imaginary of Puerto Plata as a Caribbean paradise, a tourist destination where “nice and clean” is its draw, as well as the smiling Caribbean faces. The potholes, the gravel, the absence of what they promised would be present by now, all point to inadequate government. But this isn’t news to them. Stories circulate of the Dominican Republic’s corrupt government all the time, it’s “slowness” very commonly used to explain away why things are not what they promised.

What’s been more recently layered into this diffuse power is Carnival, often simply designated the title “Carnival,” a catchall term meant to capture the mobility assemblages that animate the industry. Why things just aren’t as they were promised is imagined as greater than a slow government, as existing in powers beyond what they have seen before. Carlos sees the hustle and bustle of the plaza every day, he knows the tourists are there. “Cruise ships are brainwashing,” he tells me, disseminating lies to Carnival passengers about how unsafe Puerto Plata is, guides corralling tourists to Carnival-approved restaurants and shops to retain profits. Juan knows of this feeling well. He tells me the media exaggerates the devastation of Puerto Plata after Hurricane Maria, imagining the Caribbean as a homogenous region that now leaves

him without work, without excursions to sell, as Carnival reroutes to “safer” islands. I arrive in the field with the intention of getting a look at Amber Cove, but it seems to be hidden away off of the unfinished highway, unremarkable signage directing vehicles into the port. “Good luck with that,” I’m told, as I share with local friends my hopes to see the inside of the port, “Carnival is very strict.” My emails go unanswered, this diffuse power difficult to locate as my Carnival contacts don’t return my requests for further discussion. I begin to understand that sense of the invisible, referent-less power of “Carnival.”

The mobility assemblages of the industry are haunted; the “ensemble of ocean routes, ships, passengers, scheduled sailings, terminals ... and many [other] social and technical components” (Vannini 2012, 129) from which emerge an assortment of experiences, stories and affective intensities (Little 2014, 225). “The things that people do and sense” emerge from these mobility assemblages as tourism workers live and work within the tourism frame. These ships felt like ominous, overwhelming, allusive, and faceless sources of power and influence that acted as timekeeper and time-maker (Vannini 2012, 108). As a kind of “critical infrastructure” (Korpela 2016), Carnival compels, impels, and otherwise affects the ways in which tourism workers move through, experience, encounter, and engage with tourists and tourist spaces.⁸⁴ While the rhythm of Carnival Cruise ship arrivals and departures are at the centre of local ways of life, “they do not determine them,” and the affective registers of these experiences emerge in the stories and experiences traced in this project (ibid., 115).

With CESTUR officers acting as a “[regime] of mobility that [normalizes] the movement of some travelers while criminalizing and entrapping the ventures of others,” they become visible as a haunting specter, a ghost – their presence *sensed* (Glick Schiller and Salazar 2013,

⁸⁴ For the purposes of this research project, the touristic space, zone or frame discussed here refers to Puerto Plata province, but most often to San Felipe de Puerto Plata, also known as “Puerto Plata” or “Puerto Plata city.”

189). Dressed in crisp white polos, they are always circulating, often overlooked by tourists who are busy snapping photos of the pigeons, the statues, the church, the fort, the motoconchos, each other. But for those like Melvin who are deemed “matter out of place” (Douglas 2003), an unregistered Haitian painter and souvenir shop salesman who often captures the attention of disembarked tourists with his charm and charisma, the CESTUR are like specters that are always present, a kind of presence that is meant to conjure up a sense that at any moment, one could be caught for stepping out of bounds. They are an amorphous kind of presence that oversee and ensure the safe movement of tourists, the protectors of the pure, “nice and clean” touristic space in which “matter out of place” must be kept out of sight. Encountering this kind of friction of movement in *Plaza Independencia* conjures up a sense of always being watched; the source of that vigilance ambiguous, and at times “amorphous and slippery” (Edensor 2008, 314), with some CESTUR officers often deciding that today is the day a couple of pesos will suffice, but tomorrow, it may not be enough – Melvin finds himself at the police station. “They have done this before.”

The presence, surveillance and vigilance of CESTUR officers is part of an attempt by tourism officials in Puerto Plata to “participate in the modernization project” (Larkin 2013), with city officials also having adopted and pursued development projects from which to promote Puerto Plata as “modern.” By doing so, they have unintentionally created a tourism frame in which mobilities between visitor and “host” intersect, collide, and entwine, and from which haunted memories effervesce out of these encounters between people and these “modern” spaces. As I walk down the streets that encircle *Plaza Independencia*, I encounter buildings that are “witnesses to ... history” but that are in the process of being tamed, like “wild objects stemming from indecipherable pasts, [they] are the ‘spirits’ of the place” (de Certeau et. al. 1998,

135). What their corpses produce are narratives that compel a need to protect the past and the potentialities of a future, while taming that which is old, unsightly, and creating from historical things a modern kind of “national heritage.” It is a space in which to enchant tourists with its “nice and clean” esthetic, generating a sense of safety and security through the tamed histories of the “spirits of the place” (ibid.). Haunted memories spill out of these mobility assemblages, where touristic sites like the *Anfiteatro* – an infrastructural development that can be seen from the ocean as the ships approach Amber Cove, attempting to draw tourists in with its newness to encourage their return – are often used by Dominicans themselves, taken up as spaces of gathering and enjoyment once Carnival ships have sailed away and the working day is over. The comedy show at the *Anfiteatro* presents a powerful display of the kinds of mobilities that intersect and collide in these touristic spaces; the resonance of the implications of weighty mobilities emerging from the laughter, a kind of haunted recognition and memory that “bubble[s] out of the intersections of people’s lives and livelihoods” and the mobilities they cannot realize themselves (Vannini 2011a). “I go to the [visa] office and ask them to approve me so I can go see my cousin ... but I cannot be approved, I don’t know why. It’s no easy.”

The aspiration of a “nice and clean” Puerto Plata is caught up in these mobility assemblages and punctuated by the Maggiolo landfill, which violates the parameters outside of which “matter out of place” should remain. “The always problematic Puerto Plata landfill” (Dominican Today 2019a) emanates a dense, toxic smoke that often makes it difficult for locals to navigate the already difficult to navigate Highway Number 5, with tourists complaining of their cancelled excursions and Carnival ships negotiating whether they should dock there at all. Ships have seen the smoke and turned around, witnessing the thick fog that hovers over the city as they approach the shore from the Atlantic. The thick smoke that wafts through and lingers

above the city haunts the stories I hear, reminding Puertoplateños of the time the ships just never came back. They sense now what they had believed to be in the past haunting their present, as Carnival ships hesitate in the distance. As one contributor to a Dominican tourism forum writes, “I’m sure the word is getting around how [Puerto Plata] stinks ... the authorities are waiting for the number of tourists to go south, then they will do something about the situation ... typical Dominican politics,” after all, “when tourists talk, the earth shakes.” There is a sense they are on the brink, toeing the line as best they can before Carnival decides to shadow its predecessors and never come back. The perceived “slowness” of Dominican politics contributes to the slow pace in which change is made. While they anxiously wait for something to happen, they continue to cautiously navigate the dense fog, crawling along Highway Number 5.

From this kind of “slowness” that punctures a usually fast-paced, frenetic industry, hope emerges, allowing those whose stories fill these pages to carry on, to pick themselves up in spite of these “hard precarities of unworlding” (Stewart 2012, 520). Hope generates a sense of “more-to-come,” effervescing from the haunting of the present. As an assemblage of memories, experiences, anticipations and enchantments scattered throughout the experiences of the “now,” hope emerges from the conspiracies, traumas, and social memories of destructive and violent pasts that inform experiences of this “now,” gathering up and collecting in hope for the future. The ever-changing, unstable tourism imaginary of Puerto Plata as a Caribbean paradise, an industry that was essentially gifted by God for tourists to enjoy, one with a “nice and clean” aesthetic and rife with cultural richness and adventure, fuels a sense that this could be other than this, of the potentialities of “where we might be able to go and what we might be able to do” (Zournazi 2003, 212).

The narratives of progress and development that circulate Puerto Plata and the development projects and infrastructural changes that have been promised to generate tourist interest and stimulate economic growth produce an “affective atmosphere” (Anderson 2009) that conjures up affective registers of hope and anticipation, “hope stories” and “aspirations” (Tucker and Shelton 2018, 21). The waiting for something-other-than-this continues, a sense that what has the potential to become has “still not become” (Anderson 2006, 743), keeping hope alive. Carlos hopes to go to school to leave the Amber Museum, the disappointments of inadequate road infrastructure and low tourist foot traffic compelling him to seek out something other than this. In his despair of the disruption of his work in the tourism industry in Puerto Plata during the Covid-19 pandemic, particularly the shutting down of Amber Cove, Carlos wills something different, considering potential business opportunities and different lines of work in the tourism industry while acknowledging the risk. “I will try.” He has an intention, a desire, a wish, a choice to act on his own volition, despite the despair that seems to shroud “this situation.” There is a sense of freedom to experiment, a kind of “trust in life [that] would not be worth much if it had not survived disappointments in the past” (Lasch 1991, 81).

Melvin’s waiting is weighty, as his hard precarities of unworlding thrust him into recurring nightmares – waiting for the flames to extinguish, for God to absolve him of his sins, for the face of the dead man to evaporate, a ghost that he wills to leave him in peace. He finds himself caught in entanglements of waiting that puncture the tranquility of the plaza during this slow cruise ship day. For Melvin, danger and faith are both caught up in his hope for a different future. There is the danger he will never be forgiven, that this ghostly presence will forever haunt him in his dreams, seeping into the hours when he is awake and finding release in the stories he tells. These past traumas and disappointments incite, burn, and fuel his hope; his past

disappointments and experiences reminding him this persevering hope will come in handy again someday.

(A)wake

Christina Sharpe's analysis of the "orthography of the wake" (2016, 96) really resonated with me as I toiled with my fieldnotes back in Toronto, trying to make out the chicken scratch, the endless notes that seemed to melt into the margins of the notebooks I purchased at the local *La Sirena*. There are highlighted exclamation points that punctuate the thoughts I believed meant *something*; the quotes, the wonderings, the reflections, the voice notes overwhelmed by the honks of passing *motoconchos*, the blasts of CESTUR whistles. I can sometimes make out Melvin's cheery greetings in the background, my thoughts get interrupted and I scratch them into my notepad later, one thought bleeding into the next, I can't remember where one begins and another ends, which one came first. It doesn't matter. Like the stories of my interlocutors – whether fleeting encounters with tourists, passing greetings with familiar faces, or those with whom I spent most of my time – my experiences, observations, senses and moods accumulated, folding and unfolding in these spaces, opening up "the middle of things" and "muddling through with others" in ways that never resolved (Tsing 2015, 278).

Sharpe provides a definition of "wake," which conjures up an image of Carnival as it traverses the Atlantic, approaching Amber Cove as its hull glistens in the distance, the three S's of sun, sand and sea frame the paradisiacal imaginary of Puerto Plata as a tourist destination. A wake is "the track left on the water's surface by a shift ... a region of disturbed flow" (Sharpe 2016, 3). What gets kicked up in the wake is a kind of otherwise, adding to the subjection, the

inequality, the racism, the precarity, and the instability that marks the tourism industry in Puerto Plata. As individuals are largely excluded from associations such as Cluster and Ashonorte⁸⁵ – “we don’t have individual members, only associations or foundations ... the way to get [in] as a member ... is obviously by invitation,” Jose Natalio tells me – those with whom I spoke were in touch with the space in which they worked, attune to each other, navigating the tensions, the frustrations, the hopes, and the dangers, a kind of sensorial awareness where the “world feels intensely present” (Vannini 2002, 195). Exploring “wake” by way of its meaning as “the state of wakefulness; consciousness,” Sharpe looks closer at awareness, of being a kind of witness to the unfoldings, to the precarities of unworlding that begin to undo yet refashion what the future could look like. As Saunders suggests, it is “the same set of questions and issues [that] are presenting themselves to us across these historical periods. It [is] the same story that is telling itself, but through the different technologies and processes of that particular period” (2008, 67). It is the crashing, the folding, the turbulences of the wake that enlivens ghosts, the mobility assemblages of the cruise ship tourism frame in Puerto Plata churning up the affective intensities left behind by the mobility assemblages caught up in Carnival’s presence. The unpredictable imprisonment, the surveillance, the hurricanes and conspiracies, an eruption of resonant laughter, the nightmares, the pandemics, the arresting images that speak to something else at play, the hope that calms the stormy seas, agitate the something more of the cruise ship industry – the wild things of the industry that emerge from the interstices of a “nice and clean,” “modern” Puerto Plata.

I visit the La Isabela archaeological ruins in May 2017. The site speaks, it cries out from the open graves, the barely visible remnants of the structure that I am told was a church, the

⁸⁵ See pages 166, 184-187 for a discussion of tourism organizations Cluster and Ashonorte.

glistening Atlantic from which appeared Columbus's fleet, but in which his capsized ships have been claimed by the ocean. In the wake of the atrocities that occurred here in the late 15th century, the past reappears, agitating the present, a kind of "unresolved unfolding" (Sharpe 2016, 13), where "the sea is history," a fluid, turbulent, unpredictable and unruly force that cannot be read as a canonical kind of reference, a linear historical record (Walcott 1987). The La Isabela archeological site is preserved as a piece of Puerto Plata's history, open to tourists who are willing to make the hour or longer journey east of the comforts of the Puerto Plata tourism zone, a history that captures a recognizable colonial narrative, the disintegrating infrastructure of a small town that acts as concrete markers of Puerto Plata's history. But this history, or "past," should rather be conceptualized as a kind of "position," a pastness that cannot be tracked to a particular past (Trouillot 1997, 15). Like the ghosts that appear and haunt in the present, we are reminded that the past is not past, but a fiction that has led us to believe we could leave it *there, somewhere*. This dissertation traced the foldings and unfoldings of a "pastness" that is everchanging, agitated by the turbulence of Carnival's wake as it docks in Amber Cove and collecting in the stories, experiences, naggings, tensions, hopes, dreams and nightmares of those on the shore. Captured best in Walcott's (1987) poem, *The Sea is History*, his first stanza begins,

Where are your monuments, your battles, martyrs?
Where is your tribal memory? Sirs,
in that grey vault. The sea. The sea
has locked them up. The sea is History.

The "tribal memory" referred to here is suggested to be insignificant, irrelevant without some kind of proof that those memories exist. The histories that get tossed and toiled about in the sea – the secrets, the memories, the stories, the conspiracies, the senses, the fears, the trepidations, the distrust – get cast ashore in fragments, in pieces that get picked up, reused, refashioned, or tossed aside. The pastness of La Isabela gets picked up in Amber Cove, and the

much-anticipated Taíno Bay. Carnival's promotional page for Amber Cove picks up the port's proximity to Puerto Plata, the very same land Christopher Columbus traversed when he "found" Hispaniola, claiming Puerto Plata is "a town that began life as the first European settlement in the Americas. Its founder? Oh, just a guy named Christopher Columbus ... so you know that arriving by sea is the ultimate way to get here" (Carnival Corporation, n.d.). The sea is history.

"The haunt of the ship envelops and persists in the contemporary" (Sharpe 2016, 60), but instead of exploring the things already caught up in the frame, in the already coded meanings and significance assigned to histories of subjugation, colonization and exploitation, this dissertation seeks to explore the excess, those images that can be blasted apart to get at the otherwise that traces the experience of the now in the tourism industry in Puerto Plata – the nightmares that haunt, the CESTUR that resonate as a kind of haunting surveillance that speaks to a dictatorial past and a sense of paranoia in the present, Carnival as a kind of omniscient-like presence that keeps the tourism frame arranged just so, rumours of upsetting, disrupting, or challenging this arrangement culminating in a prison sentence or severe financial penalties. Through this, there are efforts to navigate through the wake, the kinds of otherwise that are traced here in an effort to reveal the excess, the "overspilling" of lives that carry on despite the hard precarities of unworlding (Zournazi 2003, 215).

As Sharpe suggests, exploring the wake through its history, its witnessing, its collection of fragments of pastness, emerges "deep hurt and deep knowledge" (2016, 27), and it is this consciousness, this "wakefulness," that reaches toward the future; a kind of hopefulness that finds comfort in God's plan, as "the worst is always what the hopeful are prepared for. Their trust in life would not be worth much if it had not survived disappointments in the past, which the knowledge that the future holds further disappointments demonstrates the continuing need

for hope” (Lasch 1991, 81). “The triumph of hope over experience”⁸⁶ barely skims the surface, entangling with the same line of thinking as a sort of “positive resignation,” a kind of “waiting-induced paralysis” (Crapanzano 2004, 115) that disregards other ways in which we can *lie* with and *be* with hope. For John, the image of excited Dominicans who “buy a store front, paint it, and throw in some souvenirs” is proof of a kind of ignorance, a “gamble of hope” that blissfully overlooks “how this stuff actually works.”⁸⁷ It is actually this “experience,” these histories, the pastness, that incites hope, that ignites a flame, that sparks the promise of something in the future that looks other than this; a hope that is carried forward because it is known that it will be needed again.

Tourism scholarship has had the tendency to explore the already encoded strictures of subjugation, exploitation, dependency and inequality in ways that, rightfully so, draw attention to the implications of tourism development projects in tourist destinations such as the Dominican Republic. This dissertation also addresses these critical issues; however, my effort here has been to explore the otherwise of these tourism encounters. The otherwise of these encounters accrue in the hauntings of a dictatorial past, of Columbus’s shipwrecks just off the shores of La Isabela; they gather in the modernization projects that attempt to tame a wild and disintegrating infrastructure that are witnesses to history, but have been through too much, their corpses rotting in a tourism frame that commands its civility; they entangle in the hopes, dreams and nightmares of those whose waiting is weighty.

The moments that collect along the shore are often uncaptured, a kind of detritus that gets cleaned up with the seaweed every morning, keeping with the pristine imaginary of a “nice and clean” Puerto Plata; nothing out of place. The tourism frame in Puerto Plata, however, is not

⁸⁶ “John,” interview by author, Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, November 3, 2017.

⁸⁷ Ibid.

an historical document, the waves of the Atlantic “turning blank pages // looking for History,” as Walcott describes in his poem (Walcott 1987). The pastness of Puerto Plata builds up, gathering on the shore in the wake of the ships that have come and gone. These stories haunt, they are generative, they are an otherwise of unfinishedness, various fragments getting kicked up in the wake. Exploring beyond the strictures of critical theory means being comfortable in the wading/waiting, in the uneventful, in the everyday-ness of life in the tourism industry in Puerto Plata, the overspilling excess that is not always caught in the frame – the normative tourism frame as paradisiacal image, the frame of a photo, a lens directed toward something *worth* capturing, a souvenir of having been there. This dissertation looks beyond this frame to follow what Barthes calls the “punctum,” a small detail that sparks the animation of an image and enlivens the world beyond the frame - the “blind field” – which signals the arrival of ghosts through haunting (Barthes 1981, 57).

Fathom tourists offload in remote villages and towns in Puerto Plata province. They think their presence is necessary, they claim to be helping; the residents implore them from outside the bus to just “go home.” They don’t hear the pleas, they are safely aboard their tour bus, their tourist bubble.

Iván often has Melvin thrown in jail for the day. *He* is the real tour guide. Melvin is not. Iván points to the insignia on his shirt to make his point. He tells me what he thinks will incite fear and anxiety in me. His job relies on the double function of tourists trusting him and fearing the city at the same time. Melvin does drugs. He is dangerous, a criminal. I should not trust him. Melvin laughs it off. “They have done this before.”

Carlos doesn't want to be recorded for our interviews together. "Cruise ships are brainwashing," he tells me. Carnival is trying to instill fear in tourists so that they won't explore the city on their own. "So, whatever Carnival tells them, you are done."

The tensions, the paranoia, the frustration, the fear, the anxiety is all *felt* in the tourism frame in Puerto Plata, churning through the turbulence of the sea that *is* history, a "vault" of memories that safekeep the comings and goings of the pastness and present of life in Puerto Plata (Walcott 1987). I do not challenge these accounts as false, nor do I aim to prove their validity. These stories are singular, experienced through various registers of liveliness that speak to something more, a something felt, a something sensed, an absent presence whose force breaks the frame.

Like all research, this work is an unfinished, partial account of the encounters, stories, disappointments, fears, anxieties and hopes that bubbled up in conversations, stories and experiences of life and work in the cruise ship tourism frame in Puerto Plata. Having been mostly produced in pre-pandemic times, this project is rife with opportunities to take up the something more of a tourism frame void of tourists, with "slow" no longer an adequate measurement, sensation, or force to trace the experiences of life in Puerto Plata right now. The hard precarities of unworlding that unfold during this pandemic generate other kinds of stories, dreams, nightmares, and hopes that spill out over the closed gates of Amber Cove and into the empty streets of *Plaza Independencia*.

A life without tourism was once unimaginable, with the Dominican Republic believed to be "a country created by God for tourism ... [God] excited by the beauty of its potential" (Gregory 2007, 11). Now, the pandemic delays the construction of the highly anticipated Taíno Bay, a port that Iván believed would make things better; resorts still operate, but visitor numbers

are low; the national government – like many other leaders around the world – open and close their borders seemingly arbitrarily, no one knows what’s going to happen or when. Pedro tells me the national government is “going to close again because is many problems here again, you know. We have to start again, you know.”⁸⁸ He sells food out of his home to make ends meet, telling me, “We just pray that they open the tourism soon, you know, God willing. Three months and more with no work is no easy. God willing there is no more problems with that.”⁸⁹

“Waiting” and “hoping” are now layered underneath even more intensely affective registers, the weighty yearning for a future that looks more like the “normal” of the past resonates as a kind of “nostalgia for the future” (Piot 2010). The tourism industry is a precarious one, at the whim of the global market, changing tourist preference, the slow seasons. This project attempts to accomplish more than to document these instabilities and fluctuations by simply tracking the implications of the precarities of the industry. The now year-long pandemic throws into stark relief the value in complicating the chronological linearity of tourism research – hopeful futures unfolding into an uncertainty that feels different, but still hopeful, and a tourism imaginary of a Caribbean paradise that is no longer only unstable, but elusive.

⁸⁸ Pedro,” WhatsApp conversation with author, October 28, 2020.

⁸⁹ Ibid.

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