RESTRICTED MOVEMENTS: RESEARCHING THE LATIN MUSIC SCENE IN THE POST HB 318 TRIANGLE

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ABSTRACT

Amanda M. Black: Restricted Movements: Researching the Latin Music Scene in the Post HB 318 Triangle
(Under the direction of David F. Garcia)

The population of North Carolina residents identifying as Hispanic/Latino grew by 943% between 1990 and 2010. With this demographic shift, space for musical practice, dancing, and concerts has become contested within the Raleigh, Durham, and Chapel Hill area. The latest of several anti-immigration laws passed in the last decade, the controversial Protect North Carolina Workers Act, HB 318, was signed into law on October 28, 2015. The effects of fear-inducing legislation and immigration enforcement on the ground have led to restricted movements in the Latino community, both in their daily and musical lives. Considering the Latin music scene in the Triangle as a cross-genre, multi-venue, and translocal network, this thesis details the experiences of those working, playing, and listening in this fragmented musical space.
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INTRODUCTION

Desde siempre, las mariposas y las golondrinas y los flamencos vuelan huyendo del frío, año tras año, y nadan las ballenas en busca de otra mar y los salmones y las truchas en busca de su río. Ellos viajan miles de leguas, por los libres caminos del aire y del agua. No son libres, en cambio, los caminos del éxodo humano.

(Always, butterflies and swallows and flamingos have flown to flee from the cold, year after year, and whales swim seeking out other oceans, and salmon and trout, their river. They travel thousands of leagues, through the free paths of the air and water. The paths of human exodus, however, are not free.)

Eduardo Galeano, “Los emigrantes, ahora”

Aracely’s spot has the cheapest and most long-lasting gel manicures in town. Gel polish: A manicurist paints your nails with layers of polish and places your hands into a small machine that zaps the paint with UV light. The polish turns into a hard, shiny, indestructible finish that can last weeks. Uñas Aracely, the walls painted barn red, with one moss green accent wall, is also located in the entrance of a record store owned by her sister-in-law Eloisa. Eloisa, originally from Mexico City, in her mid-forties, hadn’t made it in to work the counter of her own store that day in early May of 2016. I had ventured to Aracely’s nail shop looking for a manicure instead of my usual mission to peruse records and talk to Eloisa. Just like the record shop, Aracely’s is a one-woman operation. 25 years old, born in Colón, Honduras, Aracely has lived slightly over

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half her life in Durham and Wake counties. Both women are ineligible for legal status as undocumented immigrants. Neither have drivers’ licenses. We sat and chatted as she did my friend’s nails, joking with each other that Eloisa was probably out with a boyfriend.

“That Eloisa! Leaving me here all alone!” “She has to get rides here, you know. They probably had something to do.” The record store phone rang, and there was nobody to pick it up. A man entered the record store to ask about the new banda² record arrivals. Aracely, her hands busy with a nail file, turned to me and smiled wryly—“Do you know?” I showed the customer where I thought the newer records might have been. When he returned to the nail salon fifteen minutes later, with a CD in hand, Aracely looked at me and nodded towards the counter as she painted another layer of polish onto Jen’s nails. I clumsily walked behind the counter, slowly removed the security device and plastic wrapper from the banda CD he had chosen, and rang him up using the cash-out button on the register.

“Well now I guess you work here,” both Jen and Aracely joked, in separate languages at the same time. Aracely understood Jen, although Jen did not understand Aracely. But there was an added element of worry to Aracely’s joke: we still didn’t know where Eloisa was. Two days later, Aracely would write to me on Facebook and let me know that Eloisa had told her she had gone shopping with the person who would normally give her a lift to work. Relieved, we took back up the joke, this time online:

“Ay, esa Eloisa!!!!!” (Oh, that Eloisa!!!!)

²Banda is a broad term in Spanish used to describe many different ensembles of brass, woodwind, and percussion instruments. Here, I use it to describe the 21st century commercial groups from Mexico or of Mexican origin, often associated with the state of Sinaloa, who play danceable rhythms of cumbia, or romantic baladas (ballads). The music is strongly associated with the Mexican working class. Source: Helena Simonett. “Banda.” Grove Music Online. Oxford Music Online. Oxford University Press. Web. 20 May 2016.
“Ya sabes como es” (You know what she’s like)

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In 1985, as the manager of the Ritz, a popular night club in Raleigh, North Carolina, Judy Powers took a step that no other club owner in the Triangle was prepared to take: she booked a show for Los Tigres del Norte. This would be the beginning of a long legacy for the Ritz as a club willing to book Latino-friendly shows. As I sat in Powers’ office at the Ritz in 2013, dozens of tiny plastic Happy Meal toys lining her desk, and an almost equally tiny white dog perched on a dog bed on the floor, she spoke about how her venue came to be the first space to musically cater to the Mexican workers who were becoming a fixture in the state: "People told me I was crazy. They said 'Who is going to go to a show like that?'"³

For Powers’ English-speaking friends and coworkers, there was no audience demand for norteña music in Raleigh.⁴ Despite their misgivings, a full house welcomed the San José, California-based group with roots in Sinaloa, heralding the shift in North Carolina's demographics. Powers' foresight allowed the 2,400 capacity venue of the Ritz to become a place where Latinos could go to experience music in their own language, be served in their own language, and move from the rural regions of North Carolina into the center, even if temporarily, for a night out in the capital city.

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These vignettes, albeit short and contrasting, demonstrate two of the many sides of the Latinization of North Carolina. As Powers, and others, advocate for the carving of a musical space for Spanish-speakers, these same Spanish-speakers find themselves negotiating with


⁴Norteña (Northern) music features accordion, bajo sexto, electric bass, drums, and occasionally, saxophone.
liminality on a daily basis, an in-between state that may follow them for the majority of their lives (such as for Aracely). This limits their movements and participation in the very musical spaces made for them.

I began my study of the Latin music scene in the Triangle (comprised of the cities Durham, Raleigh, and Chapel Hill) as part of a project for an ethnomusicology seminar focused on approaches for the study of musical scene. I had honed in on musical venues catering Spanish-speaking audiences as the focus for my work that semester. My experience living and working in the Latinized Triangle had begun fourteen years earlier, in Pittsboro, just south of the (sub)urban space of Chapel Hill. Working as a hostess and expediter for a restaurant in my small hometown (population 3,743 as of 2010), I was able to put into practice the Spanish I had learned in high school and was improving upon in college courses at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. In the kitchen, Mexican Spanish was the most useful tool, and one I adapted to using as the boisterous all female team of cooks joked about my accent, book-learned vocabulary, and timid delivery of awkward sentences. By the third year of university studies, my interests in Latin American history, literature, and visual art—as well as my experience working in the kitchen—led me to spend my final year of undergraduate studies in Studio Art and Spanish at the Universidad de Guanajuato, in Guanajuato City, Mexico.

Initially, I was drawn to studying in Mexico because I knew many Mexicans in North Carolina. In Carrboro, where I would often spend time going to concerts or hanging out in cafés, 12.9% of the population identified as Latino. Of the Latinos in Carrboro, the largest percentage of them are Mexican, from the city of Celaya in the state of Guanajuato.\(^5\) When I returned from Guanajuato in 2006, I had a broader understanding of the context from which many

guanajuatenses (people from Guanajuato) came: villages and towns in the state emptied of men, who had moved north; entire towns living off remissions from the US; in my experience, a middle class who would much rather stay put on the southern side of the border. I went on to work as the Language Services Coordinator for the School of Dentistry at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill for four years. Responsible for all of the interpretation and translation needs for fourteen clinics, on average I would work with ten patients a day, some of whom would be repeat patients.

Building bridges between communities, what children of immigrants do every day to help their parents get through life in the English-speaking US, became what I did professionally and socially. For people from countries outside of Mexico or Central America, my Mexican-accented Spanish was instantly recognizable, or even funny. Mexicans or Central Americans, on the other hand, ventured guesses that perhaps being “blond,” I was Argentine, Spanish, or somehow linked to the upper classes of Mexican society. “No, but where are you really from?” became a question I was used to hearing, and one that I answered with an unequivocal “Here!”. Whiteness in combination with Mexican vocabulary, accent, and cultural references proved to be a powerful tool when moving between the English- and Spanish-speaking communities closest to me in Carrboro, Chapel Hill, Durham, or Raleigh. The Spanish language became the thread that linked together the varied communities to which I belonged, whether at organizational meetings and trainings for interpreters, or my social network comprised of Mexicans, Colombians, and other South Americans.

After having researched the Latin music scene in the Triangle as part of the ethnomusicology seminar, I began writing for Indy Week, the publication I had heavily critiqued in the paper resulting from the ethnomusicology seminar on scene. The then-music editor (and
now editor) Grayson Currin took up the call for action that I presented him in the paper about the Ritz. Recognizing that there was indeed an audience whose musical interests were not covered in his paper, he offered me numerous opportunities to write about shows in different venues in Raleigh, Durham, and Chapel Hill. Although Sylvia Pfeiffenberger had been writing about music in Spanish in the Triangle for the paper since 2001, there was not much overlap in our coverage.

Writing reviews and publicity for alternative Spanish-language concerts, I covered shows in diverse genres: reggaetón, rock in Spanish, hip-hop, and romantic rock. Sylvia also covered diverse genres, including flamenco, Latin jazz, and but had focused in the past decade on musicians playing within the circuit of university presenters. As I at times work as an interpreter for Carolina Performing Arts, I decided it was in my best interest to avoid providing journalistic coverage for these events; this choice is reflected in this thesis, as well. Moving through different venues outside of the university circuit, I talked to concertgoers and concert promoters, musicians and managers, as well as venue management. My role as a Spanish-speaking journalist writing for an English-language publication allowed me access to individuals who shared financial and cultural stakes in the success of Spanish-language shows, across the language divide.

Latino residents of North Carolina may find themselves problematized, rejected, and/or invisibilized in the English-language public sphere, including in the media. The Indy Week’s


longstanding commitment to publishing English reviews of Spanish-language shows stands as an exception to the rule, and creates a bridge from the English to the Spanish-speaking world. This thesis is the product of conversations and observations carried out both before and after having written for Indy Week, an attempt to further bridge the gap between Spanish- and English-speaking residents of North Carolina.

There is already a Spanish-language public sphere that consistently creates the bridge from the Spanish-speaking world to the English, lifting up immigrants as necessary for the survival of the state economy. Headlines in Spanish feature stories such as “Immigrants Are Vital to North Carolina Economy, According to Study,” or “Immigrant Contributions Celebrated in Henderson, North Carolina.” These stories (the former gleaned from Fox News Latino online; the latter, a clearinghouse website advertised for Hondurans) emphasize the importance of Latina/o immigrants to economic and cultural life in North Carolina. Media studies scholar and theorist Hector Amaya underlines how this paradox functions at a national level:

Judging from the underrepresentation of Latinas/os in politics, one may assume that the Latino public sphere is extremely weak, but this is simply not true. Latinas/os struggle to get access to English-language media (ELM) but have significant access to Spanish-language media (SLM). The sheer economic and cultural power of SLM, which includes Univision, the fifth-largest television network in the nation; half a dozen other TV networks; hundreds of radio stations; hundreds of newspapers; and significant presence on the Web, speaks of a vital cultural resource that behaves as a mediated public sphere. If we consider SLM, we are forced to question the very axiom stating that access to media correlates to a healthy public sphere and that access to the public sphere somehow correlates to access to political power. With Latinas/os, more access to a public sphere equals less political power.11


Regionally, this assessment holds true in the experiences of Latino residents of the Triangle. Facing increasingly repressive controls over Latino residents, Spanish language media sources in the Triangle decry the laws yet make do not make headway in shifting public opinion at large. In the months while I was writing this thesis, political discourse surrounding the 2016 presidential elections has further debased Mexican immigrants and has helped bring into sharp focus the underlying prejudices towards Latino immigrants on a national level.12

These prejudices, paired with legal controls over people’s movements, constitute a threat to the ‘cultural citizenship’ of Latino immigrants, defined by Renato Rosaldo as “the right to be different and to belong in a participatory democratic sense […] The notion of belonging means full membership in a group and the ability to influence one’s destiny by having a significant voice in basic decisions.”13 The basic decisions compromised by a lack of cultural citizenship often have ramifications for leisure time. I interviewed Alicia Hernández (pseudonym), 32, from Abasolo, Guanajuato Mexico, in her home in Durham in April 2016. “I avoid many things, I avoid doing many things,” she responded when I asked her about how she decided where to go, when it was safest to drive. When I asked her about driving at night for musical activities, or to take her children somewhere, she responded:

I don’t go out. We don’t go to the movies, I used to love to go to the movies with my children, to family parties[…] I drive everywhere for work. I was stopped by

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the police yesterday. I felt bad, because you can tell it seems to them that you are doing something very bad by driving without a license. But I can’t get a license. I told my children ‘calm down, everything’s fine.’ And I talked to the policeman. I said ‘I don’t have a license,’ and he said ‘Why not? Then why are you driving?’ I said ‘You can just go ahead and give me a ticket, but remember my face, because you’ll be seeing it again. I have to drive. I clean the banks in Chapel Hill every night, and I have to. You’ll see my face again.’

The police officer let Hernández go with only a warning. As we continued the conversation, Hernández expressed how she did not understand why she was not able to get a license, if all she did was work. For her, going out at night to see a group play live music was a risk she could not take, given “how bad things have gotten.” Samuel Byrd points to how Mexican immigrants in Charlotte avoided leaving their neighborhoods to access other clubs due to police checkpoints for DUI. In an area like the Triangle, comprised of three smaller cities, this may translate to possible concertgoers not leaving even the more circumscribed areas of Raleigh, Durham, Chapel Hill, or the outlying towns of Wake, Durham, or Orange Counties. In this project, I use the intertwining of legislative, venue, and personal narrative to underline the relationship of immigration legislation with that of musical access. Latino immigrants’ access to daily activities in NC has been sharply restricted through identification-based legislative measures, and this restriction moves in parallel with more restricted spaces for musical practice and consumption for Latinos.

**The Latinization of North Carolina**

According to Altha J. Cravey and Gabriela Valdivia, the Latinization of North Carolina “follows a long-established US pattern of invitation and reversal, of toleration and subsequent

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harassment [...]”

That is, although the influx of Latino immigrants is caused by economic policies relying on unregulated hiring of cheap labor, the laborers themselves are rejected as problematic, and are scapegoated for a host of national problems—especially crime rates, unemployment, and issues of national security. The historical precedent for this discourse dates back to the mid 19th century, when the derogatory term “Greaser” came into vogue during the California Gold Rush as a reaction to more experienced Mexican and Chilean miners immigrating to the area.

Legal scholar Steven Bender argues that “most of the long-standing demeaning social constructions of Latinas/os have helped ensure their legal detriment.” These social constructions include the racialization of Latinas/os as an inferior mixed-race group in opposition to a supposedly pure “Anglo-Saxon” race. Ken Gonzáles-Day points to how in the context of the California Gold Rush, the term “Mexican” could be utilized as “either a racial, class, or national marker, or all three.” As Anglo-Americans increasingly aspired to a fictitious race-nation linking themselves to a Teutonic or Aryan past, racially mixed Mexicans became “thought of as being a half-breed race, scarcely above the indigenous ‘Indians’ who were regularly portrayed as primitive or savage peoples.”

Bender argues that negative stereotypes about Latino Others informs legal statutes, whose effects then trickle down to the day-to-day lives of immigrants; in the 19th century context, the


18 Ibid. 28.
Greaser Act of 1854 (changed one year later to the Anti-Vagrancy Act) was created as a way to tax Latin American miners based on their racial characteristics. Masking the racist nature of the law, the 1855 law instead uses the euphemistic “vagrancy” to profile “all persons who are commonly known as ‘Greasers’ or the issue of Spanish and Indian blood […] and who go armed and are not peaceable and quiet persons.”

Although González-Day correctly sustains that the practice of using the umbrella term “Mexican” was more prevalent in the 19th century than it is today, Donald Trump’s use of the national moniker to describe “rapists and drug dealers” displays a similar tendency to push fears of multiple Latino Others onto the closest nation south of the border.

The discourse of criminality, and resource drain, persists in North Carolina despite the massive demographic shift pointing towards a Latinization of the state. Bender’s theory of stereotypes influencing laws regarding Latinos continues to be valid for North Carolina politics. Below, a chart outlines both the federal and state initiatives that have led to a lower quality of life for undocumented immigrants over the past twelve years. The columns “Human Effects” is an attempt to explain, in broad strokes, and mostly based on my observations and conversations with members of the undocumented Latino community, how the laws played out in their day-to-day lives (see Table 1 in appendix).

Most relevant to the issues encapsulated in this thesis, the most recent NC state law pertaining to immigrants is HB 318, passed October 28, 2015. The “Protect North Carolina Workers Act” bans local governments from passing measures which would not allow law enforcement to ask about someone’s immigration status, bans local law enforcement from accepting consular identification as valid ID for law enforcement purposes, and requires state and government agencies to use the E-Verify system to check the legal status of job applicants

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and contractors—except for agricultural workers, and limited food stamp assistance for single adults (a move condemned by the AFL-CIO). This law coincided with an increase in ICE raids in the state, supported by the state’s multiple 287(g) programs, occurring between October 1, 2015, and January 15, 2016.

Although North Carolina’s undocumented residents undergo hardships in ways specific to their status, racism and discrimination is often a common experience for both documented and undocumented residents across the country. As Alejandro Madrid writes, “it is an extended ignorance about the specifics of migration, diaspora, and transculturation at the U.S.-Mexico border or a precarious and grotesque attempt to control the area’s changing racial and ethnic dynamics” which causes mainstream US politics to consider these residents, and the porousness of the border, as a “problem.” US Citizenship and Immigration Services, a new federal agency created as part of the Homeland Security Act of 2002, indicates how this porousness became a central issue in the post-9/11 discourse on national security:

The events of September 11, 2001, injected new urgency into INS’ mission and initiated another shift in the United States’ immigration policy. The emphasis of American immigration law enforcement became border security and removing criminal aliens to protect the nation from terrorist attacks. At the same time the

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United States retained its commitment to welcoming lawful immigrants and supporting their integration and participation in American civic culture.\textsuperscript{24}

As the chart before demonstrates, legislators have attempted to deal with immigration on both state and national levels, scrambling to enact laws addressing large contingents of undocumented residents. In North Carolina, these effects are striking, as the state has undergone a massive demographic shift over the past three decades.

In a report presented by the Governor's Office of Hispanic/Latino affairs, the Latino population in North Carolina grew by 943\% between 1990 and 2010, with the Pew Research Center estimating a population of 828,000 Hispanic residents within the state.\textsuperscript{25} Of the 828,000 Hispanic residents within the state, an estimated 342,000 are undocumented. 80\% of the undocumented population is estimated to be from Mexico and Central America.\textsuperscript{26} Census data from 2011 reports that overall, 60.9\% of the Latino population is of Mexican origin, Puerto Ricans, Dominicans and Cubans make up 13.2\% of the population, and people of Central American origin follow at 13.1\%. A small but significant 5.8\% of people of South American origin, a quarter of whom are Colombian, complete the demographic picture.\textsuperscript{27}
Border Police and Bordered Genres

Michel DeCerteau signals that “A narrative activity, even if it is multiform and no longer unitary, continues to develop where frontiers and relations with space abroad are concerned. Fragmented and disseminated, it is continually concerned with marking out boundaries.” The power processes involved in establishing a socially-enacted border between the US and Mexico, deterritorializing the border as it weaves through North Carolina, exercise a control of movement enacted over Spanish- and English-speaking bodies; the accompanying justifying narrative is so efficiently disseminated that the border becomes an unquestioned organic entity within public discourse, especially in the shadow of 9/11. The border comes to represent not only the boundary between the US and Mexico, but rather the US and Latin America at large. I suggest that in more carefully examining the bordered musical relationships that have moved northward, we may expand the analytical possibilities for what constitutes the border, the socially naturalized South/North divide. In order to disrupt this border, the narrative activities around discussing immigration policy also need to be disrupted. The narrative activity of creating and maintaining the US/Mexico border is an exercise in changing, rearranging, and directing stories into linear or interlaced structures. Hence, “Every story is a travel story – a spatial process.” In this spatial process, whose travel stories are being told?

Gloria Anzaldúa’s theorizing of the border questions this neat, linear spatial process by not only pointing to a plurality of selves, but the inherent plurality of the land claimed by border itself: “This land was Mexican once, / was Indian always / and is. / and will be again.”

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29Ibid., 115.

Anzaldúa underlines the ethnic plurality of ownership of the bordered territory, Alejandro Madrid characterizes the border as transnational since its establishment. Musical genre is bound up in these spatial processes of border creation, each category a travel story that carries a fragmented, necessarily partial, narrative with it. Madrid critiques border music scholars for privileging Tejano, norteña, and corridos at the exclusion of other types of popular music from the border region.\(^{31}\)

Transnationally, the impulse to categorize music based on the Mexico/US border relationship is strong, both for industry and musicological purposes. For example, in Cathy Ragland's narrative about the development of Mexican norteña music "versus" Texan conjunto music, the author polices these genre boundaries by creating diverging histories, and says little about the crossover audiences or cover songs produced by artists across these musical styles.\(^{32}\) Although there are stylistic and instrumentational differences between the genres, they are both developed around a permeable geographic border, as Ragland aptly demonstrates while writing on music and migration. This transnational relationship leads to significant borrowings from each of the divided sides.

But there is yet also another important bordered relationship to consider within the pages of this thesis: that of genre within the Spanish language sphere. Simon Frith has explained the concept of genre as a categorization based partially on the need to organize the sales process, but one that music fans also continue to reinforce.\(^{33}\) In this study, the policing of genre unfolds locally in the case of Latin music in the Triangle, especially where rock en español, norteña, and

\(^{31}\)Ibid, 9.


\(^{33}\)Simon Frith, Performing Rites. 77.
música urbana are concerned. While, as Madrid indicates, much has been written about norteña, little has been written musicologically about rock en español, nor how these genres are often defined in opposition to each other by fans, practitioners, and the Spanish-language media. A scholar of literature, Ignacio Corona explains how the slippery rock en español, emerging in Latin America in the 1980s “relies on regional and global music, on local and non-local content, on mass and elite culture, etc. to create a musical-cultural framework where diverse references and identity positions are played out.”

That is, rock en español can sound like many things, from the moody vocal stylings of Argentine Fito Páez over synth beats in the 1990s, to roots and reggae rock from Mexican band Maná (still very popular today), to the cosmopolitan bands Kinky and Plastilina Mosh from the Avanzada Regia (a wave of groups emerging in the 2000s from Monterrey, Mexico). For Corona, and for many fans, the promise of rock en español lies in its abilities to transgress boundaries; within the Triangle, these genre categories create new boundaries that are enforced while bands and promoters vie for venue space and media coverage.

Música norteña carries a strong working-class association, while the rock en español fans I have spoken with, both as part of this study and in writing reviews of Latin shows, try to distance themselves continually from norteña, even if they, too, identify themselves as working class.

Música urbana (reggaetón, rap, and hip hop in Spanish) is often held up as the foil to both of the other genres. For example, in covering a show by Mexican rock group Elefante, the members of the band asked that I write in my review that they were in Durham to show that rock-n-roll could “destroy” reggaetón. Although I did not comply, the emphasis on Latin music not “only” being reggaetón, nor only norteña, speaks to the adversarial relationship that has cropped up between

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the genres. Borders acting within an already very delineated space, these genre categories serve to further divide and organize music within the margins.

**Researching The Latin Music Scene in the Triangle: Methods and Challenges**

I carried out fieldwork within Durham and Raleigh between October of 2013 and May of 2016. My methodology combines ethnographic research with online research, taking into account the perspectives of fans, people involved in the promotion and sale of Latin music, venue owners, and my own journalistic perspective from the past three years covering the Latin music scene for the English-language weekly newspaper, Indy Week. The accounts I have gathered are often presented here in thick description, interwoven with analysis. D. Soyini Madison suggests that description forms a key part of the ethnographer’s toolbox. As we listen to people explain, we are obliged to embrace “the emotions and sensuality of what is being described and how it is being described through highlighting, sometimes redescribing, the remembered textures, smells, sounds, tastes and sights rendered through story […]”35 My descriptive style of writing, in English, is intended to create a bridge of communication about the workings and apprehensions of some of the members of the Spanish-language musical sphere for those in the English-language sphere.

This quotes in this thesis are the result of interviews, or more informal conversations, with a total of ten people: eight are Spanish-speaking Latino, or bilingual Spanish-English; one is an English-speaking White American woman; one English-speaking White American man, and another bilingual English-Spanish White American man. Two interlocutors, Leonel Vega and Isidro García, are 29-year-old Mexican men who are recipients of DACA. I met Isidro and Leonel (both from Mexico City) at the Mexican rock band Elefante’s concert, promoted by

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Leonel, at Motorco Music Hall in Durham, when writing a review of the concert for *Indy Week*. Eloy Tupayachi, from Peru, is the editor for *Qué Pasa Raleigh*, the Spanish-language newspaper with the most readers in North Carolina. Tania Aburto, 26, from Mexico City, and a PhD student in Public Health at UNC-Chapel Hill, contributed an important perspective over the course of but one short conversation. Dayuma Albán, 36, is from Quito, Ecuador, and is a third-year PhD student in Anthropology at UNC-Chapel Hill; her thoughts about the audiences at university-presented Latin music shows helped form the research questions of this thesis.

While the five people above have not been anonymized, I carried out this work in a fear-imbued space. The vulnerability of the people I spoke to led me to pseudonymize three women who were central to the narratives presented in this thesis. Alicia Hernández is 32 years old and from Abasolo, Guanajuato. She has been here since she was eighteen, which makes her ineligible for DACA status. Running her own cleaning service, she cleans houses in Cary, Durham, Raleigh, and Chapel Hill by day, and banks by night. Aracely Mejía, 25, from Colón, Honduras, owns a small nail shop located in the entryway of her sister-in-law Eloisa Pérez’s record store. Eloisa is from Puebla, Mexico, and is married to Aracely’s brother, who was deported in 2015. She has lived in Durham for fifteen years, after having lived in New York for five years. Aracely moved to Wake County when she was thirteen, and did not finish high school. This rendered her ineligible for DACA.

Nasir Syed posits, in his virtual exploration of Hindustani musical communities, that the internet can be a rich source for both “casual and rigorous research.” In my case, the internet is an indispensable, and never-ending, source of information about the Spanish-speaking community’s musical practices. I have linked my personal Facebook account to the Facebook pages of musical spaces, and gone to the physical spaces they represent. I have gone to venues
and had conversations with concertgoers and promoters, creating relationships there that extend back into the electronic sphere through the international messaging service WhatsApp, Facebook messenger, email, and text messaging. In this iterative research process, electronic exchange leads to further in-person exchange. Information conveyed to me over electronic messages helps me craft better questions to ask in person, and vice versa. I have also shared observations with the people with whom I have spoken, and asked for feedback and help clarifying details throughout the process.

Sociologist Dhiraj Murthy’s 2008 take on social media advocates a balance of physical and digital ethnography, allowing researchers to develop new methods for the demarginalization of respondents—but that the ability to access these platforms is mediated by race, class, and gender. In the past seven years, multiple developments for social media have emerged, including the explosive popularity of Twitter, and newer social media tools like Snapchat and Periscope. Still, Murthy’s consideration of websites as a type of virtual archive proves useful for ethnographers.\textsuperscript{36} Accessing archives online presents specific challenges when dealing with Spanish language media. Informal archives have been created and maintained by \textit{Qué Pasa} graphic designers, but there is no searchable database of the newspaper at this time, nor is the newspaper incorporated into a larger cross-publication clearinghouse such as Newspapers.com. In this context, social media sites are relevant not only for their own content, but as a means for tracing how content is cross-posted or followed by different users. One may see who is using the “archives.” For example, if I use my personal Facebook page, and on my news feed see that a Mexican popular music fan reposts a breaking article on immigration reform by \textit{Qué Pasa}, I learn that this user accesses the paper for up-to-date news and finds it a trustworthy source.

Immigration and music has typically been dealt with in musicology and ethnomusicology outside of the theoretical work around scene, a concept found in the subfield of popular music studies. Scholars in this subfield have worked towards a broadening of the concept of the post-subcultural study of scenes, with scholars such as Nicola Smith researching aging popular music scenes. However, much of the ethnographic work on music in migration has dealt solely with musicians.\textsuperscript{37} Adriana Helbig’s 2011 study on Afro-Ukrainian folk fusion details difficulties for the musicians living in the Ukraine, but does not take into account other infrastructural elements at play regarding music consumption.\textsuperscript{38} In Samuel Byrd’s in-depth analysis of the experiences of Latino musicians working in Charlotte, the Latin music scene of the metropolis is composed of different networks of musicians working in the genres of \textit{música tropical}, \textit{regional mexicano}, and \textit{rock en español}.\textsuperscript{39} For the purposes of the present study, I define the Latin music scene of the Triangle through a transnational, cross-genre, and infrastructural lens rather than strictly a genre-based performative lens. In my research on the Latin music scene in the Triangle, I define “scene” as a multi-venue musical network engaging in contact with the Spanish language sphere. My study contributes to a burgeoning literature on music of migrants in periods of assimilation, although it differs from some projects like that of Mina Yang. Rather than focusing on the past, I


\textsuperscript{39}Byrd, 47.
am attempting to approach the contemporary situation of immigration in the US through a series of ethnographic snapshots paired with interviews and media analysis.\textsuperscript{40}

I have chosen to circumscribe my analysis to those aspects of the Triangle scene which are not tied to the university arts presenters in Raleigh, Durham, and Chapel Hill. Although both Duke University and the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill have been at the helm of university-curated events featuring Latin artists, these events often attract the attention of world music fans. With the notable exception of the ChocQuibTown concert at Memorial Hall in 2013 on the UNC-Chapel Hill campus, held by Carolina Performing Arts, events are not advertised in Spanish. The events are then limited to those in the Spanish-speaking community who also speak English, are on university arts presenter listserves, or who have friends or relatives who pass along information to them about upcoming shows.\textsuperscript{41} Dayuma Albán, 36 years old, from Quito, Ecuador, and a third year Anthropology PhD student at UNC-Chapel Hill, commented that time, money, and finding out about the shows were the main barriers for her to attend upcoming concerts at Carolina Performing Arts. Even then, she reported choosing to go to shows mostly on the basis of receiving a student discount on the tickets. These barriers are even more imposing for those Spanish-speakers not connected in any way to the university. A thorough analysis of these barriers is certainly in order; however, in this thesis, my descriptions and analyses are limited to those independent business owners, venues, and fans who are not affiliated with the universities. Different channels of communication, the Spanish-English divide, and differing

\textsuperscript{40}Mina Yang. “Orientalism and the Music of Asian Immigrant Communities in California, 1924-1945.” \textit{American Music}, Vol. 19, No.4

levels of cultural capital within the US mainstream keep these two worlds, more often than not, divided.42

Tammy Anderson, in her sociological engagement with the decline of the Philadelphia rave scene, points to two predominant approaches taken on by the few authors who have dealt with the decline of scene. By and large, the decline of scenes has been attributed to a crisis of authenticity. In the top-down approach, the music industry produces music in a way that consumers can easily access it, corrupting the formerly “authentic” musical traits of a genre, leading to decline. In the bottom-up approach, where as a scene expands from a grassroots level, commercialization takes hold.43 In the case of the Latin musical “scene” I explore here, authenticity is not as prominent a value in defining the scene’s networks. Most of the music performed in the spaces I describe are already very successful commercially; in fact, it is because of this commercial success that it finds a home (or not) on a Triangle stage or played on a Triangle sound system.

There is a similarity at play in both the cases of the rave scene of the 90s and the Latin music scene in the Triangle today: The importance of legislation as it translates into the musical everyday. In the 1990s, congressional and senate representatives at the national level fretted about the use of recreational drugs in the rave scene, and moved towards harsh sentencing for drug offenses in an international war on drugs. Today, immigration has become the major talking point around national security, and harsh legislation has followed. The repressive legislative and legal climate of North Carolina has worked towards the fragmentation, and in some cases,


43Tammy L. Anderson, “Understanding the Alteration and Decline of a Music Scene: Observations from Rave Culture,” Sociological Forum 24/2 (June 2009), 307-336
destruction, of the Latin music scene in the Triangle. Often separately, people work resourcefully
to keep their separate piece of scene moving, growing (and sometimes just surviving) in a
climate of fear.

In the first chapter of this thesis, one venue, the Ritz in Raleigh, has shifted from a
contested space to a decidedly Anglo one—and subsequently has left a hole for a large-sized
venue for the Latin music scene in the Triangle. In the second chapter, a Spanish-language
newspaper deals with a downturn in public investment in entertainment as they respond to a fear
of deportation; a record store owner describes the paralyzing fear of her customers, and goes
outside her own genre preferences for nighttime entertainment so as to feel safe in a Latino-
friendly space; an entrepreneur consolidates the commercial identities of his club and radio
station by marketing to undocumented Central Americans and Mexicans; and a local promoter
who plays in a *rock en español* cover band deals with booking and promotional difficulties
during the bleak months following the passing of HB 318. Throughout the cases presented, fear
is woven together with frustration.

I argue that musical space is at a critical point of scarcity for Latino immigrants in the
Triangle. The fear reinforced through legal measures negatively intrudes into cultural practices
such as musical consumption and network building. I also aim to illustrate how the Latin music
scene in the Triangle facilitates the consumption of certain genres, and the exclusion of others.
As a musical community, Spanish-speakers in the Triangle are, nevertheless, moving and
creating and resisting within their restricted circuit—and it is my hope that these case studies
illustrate how some of these unjust restrictions affect musical citizenship.
CHAPTER 1: A WAREHOUSE OF SOUND

A clean, black-and-white checked floor. Metal beams painted black. Looking up into the dark, one can only differentiate a balcony placed high above the first level. The ceiling is not visible, but the purple, green, and blue lights projected onto the dance floor, delineated by a distinct tile pattern, beam down from high, so high, that one could even imagine a third level. Five bars –three on the first floor, two on the second– proffer neon Tecate, Budweiser, and Red Bull signs. Enormous vinyl banners announcing the club’s partnership with the Spanish-language radio station La Ley 101.1 hang from the metal railings of the balcony, the only clue to figuring out just how big the space is. One feels like the penny held up for scale next to the dinosaur that is the Ritz warehouse venue space, a pinpoint in a galaxy. (Field notes, October 3, 2013)

The Ritz operated as a privately-owned night club in Raleigh from the late 1970s until 2014, when it was sold to Live Nation, the merged companies of Ticketmaster and Live Nation. During this time, manager (and then owner) Judy Powers established a booking schedule balanced between almost weekly Spanish-language concerts; regular indie rock and alternative shows booked and promoted by the smaller sized venue Cat’s Cradle in Carrboro; and hard rock and metal shows that catered to mostly Raleigh-based fans. She achieved this balance despite considerable pushback from area English-language music journalists who, as I will detail later, claimed the space as a part of the American indie “underground.” A partnership with Spanish-language radio station La Ley 101.1 FM, bilingual bartenders, and printed promotional materials in Spanish ensured that mostly Mexican regional shows were often sold-out, despite poor online reviews in English on the review site Yelp.

I had attended the Ritz when it was named “Disco Rodeo,” in the early 2000s. In 2001 I had seen DC hardcore band Fugazi, in 2002 the Pixies on their reunion tour, and in 2004, Blonde
Redhead and Interpol. In the Blonde Redhead show, I had noticed that most of the signage in the club had been changed to Spanish. Since then, my interest was piqued. I had returned to the Ritz as part of a project on researching local music scene. I wanted to see how the space had been adapted over time to meet the shifting demographics of the Triangle. In my interview with Powers in 2013, she remarked that she was attempting to market a different type of show to younger second-generation Latino concert attendees: The Ritz would be moving into the reggaetón business. Reggaetón, a style blurring the lines between hip-hop and Afro-Caribbean dancehall music, the dembow dancehall rhythm being the uniting factor, is popular throughout Latin America and the US. Puerto Rican artist Tego Calderón, Latin Grammy winner and cultural icon, was scheduled as the first reggaetón concert on the books for Powers. This would be a significant change for Powers, whose expertise had thus far been limited to booking norteña, banda and other Mexican regional styles, as well as some salsa groups. In this section, I question the genre policing of Latin music, show how this policing eventually played out in the space of the Ritz, and then trace the decline and eventual disappearance of Latin shows in the corporatized Ritz Live Nation. This trajectory moves in parallel with the increasingly restrictive legislative trajectory of North Carolina’s immigration laws.

On the night of Tego Calderón's performance at the Ritz, a group of four, short-statured, monochromatically-dressed concertgoing men huddled around the bar farthest from the entrance. Another group, mixed in gender and making a night of it, switched places from one side to another of their eight-person group, taking photos of themselves in varying angles, arms akimbo. Two started to dance: nobody ventured to the center of the room. Similar groups formed around the other two bars. One woman twerked near one of the bars, and others alternated looking at her and looking away. Two DJs, also associated with La Ley, spun top 40 Latino mixes ranging from
Shakira to Don Omar, emceeing to people whom they could definitely not see. As everybody was hidden under the balcony, the stage lighting must have obscured the DJs' views of the crowd. It was a bit surreal, seeing a DJ pumping up an invisible crowd for three hours, from 10:00 PM to 1:00 AM.

The boredom set in at midnight, and people were sticking to the edges of the space, nobody wanting to close the fourth side of the rectangle that runs parallel to the stage. The music playing was what anyone might hear at any dance club. There was no reason for anybody to enter the dance floor's lonely square, because nobody else had. The bar manager commented that there were five too many bartenders on duty for such a small crowd. It was obvious that the revenue from the bar, no matter how expensive the cocktails, would in no way mitigate the financial loss that this night represented for the club owner and staff.

At 1:00 AM, an MC with cornrows took the stage and announced that Calderón would be performing soon. Every person in the space ran toward the stage. The MC’s lively medley of reggaetón hits from the past decade galvanized the crowd, and by a quarter after one, his set was over and the crowd radiated excitement. As enactors of space, those who find themselves in the Ritz, or in any venue, are those who temporarily define it—no matter where the VIP section was originally delineated, these physical boundaries were renegotiated as soon as the live music began. The expectation of experiencing a live performance from an important artist physically moved people from the shadows, out of the towering VIP sections denoting privilege, and into the front of a room. Nothing kept the Ritz from being an empty, clanging warehouse until the spatial enactors identified it as a venue. In this case, these enactors responded in this way only when live music was presented.
Within fifteen minutes, the energy, the spatial action, has transformed from disparate small groups around the margins of a disjointed quadrilateral into a concentrated block of enthusiasm in front of the performer. The space closest to the stage opened up, because there were not enough people to justify a tiered system. The guards dispersed, so all of the people who had previously been limited in their movements by metal barricades crowded in and danced in the designated VIP section. The crowd, trying to fill the physical space with the energy of 2,400 fans instead of 120, took precedence over who had paid what amount for their ticket.

At 1:20 AM, Tego took the stage. In olive green cargo pants, and a mustard floral linen shirt, the trademark sunglasses were the only shiny vestiges of celebrity on the performer. In 2006, in an interview with the Miami New Times, Calderón recounted: "I went to Africa, and after what I saw, I decided to give up the diamonds. I won't promote their use anymore. Wearing jewelry is the equivalent of me trying to straighten my Afro. I feel free without having to put on the diamonds." In 2016, Calderón does not use an afro, but rather dreadlocks.

Calderón grew up in Santurce, Puerto Rico, and then moved to Miami in twelfth grade. As a young child, he would listen to Puerto Rican salsa group Cortijo's Combo with lead singer Ismael "Maelo" Rivera on the radio, as well as to psychedelic rock with his father. He played drums in a heavy metal band as he reached adolescence. It was upon moving to Miami in 1987 that he began listening to hip-hop in English—KRS-One, NWA, and Eric B. and Rakim—although he had listened to Vico C, known as the father of Puerto Rican hip-hop, before leaving the island. When he and his family returned to the island, the artist began his hip-hop/reggaetón career in earnest, despite his initial reservations about reggaetón as a "stolen" version of Jamaican reggae. In his most recent albums, tracks featuring Nigerian drums, speed metal, and

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salsa clásica demonstrate a surprising level of cohesion despite these disparate styles: This is thanks to Calderón's inimitable flow, his vowel-heavy Puerto Rican Spanish (*vacilado* becomes *vacilao*, *todas* becomes *toas*) as relaxed-sounding as the lyrics are incisive.

At the Ritz performance, Calderón had made it through three songs when one by one, a parade of audience members climbed onto the stage to dance with, show appreciation for, or communicate with the artist. Unfazed, Calderón would not miss a beat as the audience member would stop for a moment to sing along, dance with him, or whisper something to him, before being ushered offstage by one of the security guards. One interlocutor, 34, a white man from Chapel Hill who had lived in La Victoria, Lima, Perú, for seven years, told me that he had told Calderón that the neighborhood La Victoria, where most people were Afrodescendants, loved and supported the artist. This was the way the audience member felt was best for him to show his support for a Latin Grammy-nominated artist playing to such a small crowd.

Tego Calderón represented an important musical star, or even an ally, for many of the concertgoers. Judy Powers converted the Ritz into an ally for them as well, a venue that would accept them and bring an important artist to town. The Ritz did not fare nearly as well in this deal, losing tens of thousands of dollars from the show because of low attendance. Later, when several weeks had passed, I talked to a journalist who pondered whether Powers had sold the Ritz to Live Nation partially due to the financial hit of the Tego Calderón show. I heard derisive remarks regarding the poor promotion of the show from the interlocutor who had lived in Perú who I had spoken to that night. But was the show doomed to be an economic failure from the beginning?

*Reggaetón*, at the time of the 2013 show at the Ritz, may have not been a big enough draw for young Triangle audiences. Frédéric Martel writes regarding the success of *reggaetón*:
Actually, the success of reggaetón can be explained by the connection it makes for the first time between the second and third generations of Hispanics who live in the United States and their origins, those of their parents: the urban style of hip hop represents the country where they live and the Caribbean rhythm, their roots. The young Latino must no longer choose between their family and the US pop culture, between tradition and what’s cool. It’s what Daddy Yankee, a 28-year-old Puerto Rican who became a star of the genre, sums up nicely: ‘Music allows the second generation to feel Latino.’ 45

According to my associates, the problem for young Latinos in the Triangle is hardly that they do not feel Latino enough. “Somos outcasts,” says Isidro García, who has spent over half his life in Wake County, speaks English with a drawl and a slight Mexican accent, and considers himself a member of the “hardworking class.” Over the fourteen years I have spent speaking with immigrant Latinos of different ages from mainly Mexico and Central America, the overarching narrative is one of exclusion from the English-language mainstream, and lack of cultural citizenship, especially when their documentation situation is irregular—and even if their English is perfect.

In booking an artist like Tego Calderón, the Ritz was perhaps overestimating the number of young Latinos in the Triangle who would be willing to venture out for an artist whose style may have been far from their roots in Mexican regional music, or even may have been unknown to them, despite Calderón’s critical success and Latin Grammy nominations. 46 That there were so few people at a show that represented a very exciting moment to the people who did attend could be explained by local demographics, as well as nation-wide radio listening trends amongst Latino audiences. 2012 Arbitron ratings indicate a slight surge in the popularity of Spanish Tropical (salsa, merengue, bachata, reggaetón) stations, but far and away, Mexican Regional music still


46In 2015, Calderón’s “El Que Sabe, Sabe” did indeed win a Latin Grammy for Best Urban Music Album.
accounts for the greatest share of Spanish-language stations in the country.\textsuperscript{47} Many marketers of Spanish-language commodities, however, "disparagingly describe the genre as 'foreign,' 'niche,' and 'old-fashioned' [...] Despite its industry muscle, the genre carries raced and classed undertones of its migrant, working-class, Spanish-dominant listenership.\textsuperscript{48} In my interview with Powers, she recalled how different the people attending her shows look to her now. In her words, they look more "assimilated," with fewer cowboy hats and baggier jeans. Simon Frith writes that the Grammys, and their "subsequent air of fantasy," are a representation of what the music industry wants the music industry to look like, genre-wise, but has little to do with what is actually most popular with fans.\textsuperscript{49} Although Frith was writing about the mainstream English-sphere American Grammy awards, the same holds true for the Latin Grammys, with some cultural critics blasting the awards ceremony for paying too much attention to some genres while ignoring or excluding others.

Gustavo Arellano, OC Weekly cultural critic, in his expletive-laden editorial titled "Why the Latin Grammys Remain America's Biggest Anti-Mexican Sham," declares:

The Latin Grammys are obviously an awards ceremony meant to celebrate Latin music in the United States, not Latin America, and specifically the Latin music that its organizers--centered mostly in Florida and New York--favor, far from the maddening Mexican crowds that buy the albums that keeps their labels afloat.\textsuperscript{50}


\textsuperscript{49}Ibid., 78.

Although Arellano posits that the Grammys constitute an anti-Mexican cultural farce, there is an alternative, but related, explanation for the awards ceremony’s relative silence towards Mexican Regional music. This alternative explanation centers on the quandary of obtaining cultural citizenship, which plays out differently across the rural and urban regions of the US, Arellano hints when he writes about Florida and New York. He is referring to the urban centers of Miami and New York City, known for their strong contingents of cosmopolitan Latinos (Cubans in Miami, and Puerto Ricans in New York). In the region of the Triangle, North Carolina, where the booking of a Latin Grammy-nominated artist does not necessarily guarantee financial success. Unlike Miami, where generations of Cubans live, and New York, where Puerto Ricans first immigrated, the hopes for whole Mexican and Central American families enjoying the privileges of full cultural citizenship within less urban areas are dim. Frith’s "fantasy" plays out in the Latin Grammys, then, as the idea that most younger people are moving away from regional music and towards a more solidified urban genre, because of their need to, as Martel suggests, reaffirm their Latin roots despite their overall assimilation into US culture.

Powers attempted to move outside of the Mexican Regional circuit, and suffered a financial loss. Despite the marginalized position of Mexican Regional Music in the US media and the Latin Grammys, the Ritz had uniquely positioned itself in the Triangle as the only venue in the Spanish-language sphere also existing in the English-language sphere, catering to Mexican Regional fans in sold-out shows one night, and offering rock concerts in English (or sometimes Spanish) on other nights. It is possible that Powers did not fully grasp the political reality in which many young Latinos live in the Triangle—even if the Latin Grammys embrace reggaetón as the next generation’s way to connect with their Latin roots, the liminal position of young Latinos in the Triangle may keep them more linked to their past than to their future. This multi-
scene venue survived as a contested space until 2014, when the sale to Live Nation led to changes in booking practices, converting the space into an English-only venue over a matter of months. The live performances held at the Ritz were some of the few moments where Latino attendees were able to move to the center without fear, regaining a temporary power that they were otherwise unable to exercise in many aspects of their day-to-day lives. After establishing this history, I will trace how Spanish-language shows were moved to the margins, and then completely invisibilized, a history erased.

**Virtual Enactors in Social Media**

For Henri Lefebvre, social space is a social product of practice, incorporating “social actions, the actions of subjects both individual and collective.” In social media, the Ritz as a social space has found a built-in mechanism for the second point of Lefebvre’s conceptual triad: the representation of space. For the Ritz, social media has simultaneously acted as a marketing tool, a representation of a social space, and a social space in its own right, where group identities are formed and exercised. The choice of English of Spanish language becomes key to how spaces are created and divided: This is also true for the Ritz's social media presence. As of May 2016, Yelp.com reviews of the Ritz are exclusively in English. The English language reviews complain of gouging prices for everything from tickets to parking to beer. The Facebook page reviews of the venue were, until late 2014, 95% in Spanish, as were the comments (which are almost all positive), and the posts written by the venue.

Until late 2014, the venue's Facebook page posted high-resolution images of posters and photos promoting Spanish-language shows, with few English shows. Ramón Ayala y Sus Bravos del Norte, Banda el Recodo and rock groups Haragán, El Tri, and Five Finger Death Punch are

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shown performing, in backstage photos with fans, and in generic promotional materials. As previously mentioned, the Tego Calderón show did not elicit the creation of much space for discourse on the Ritz's Facebook page. Thirty-six people indicated that they "Liked" the promotional photo two days before the show was to occur—of course, it is also possible that they "Liked" it after the show was over.

This condensed time-space, flattened into a one-dimensional screenshot, is one of the difficult analytical parameters that social media presents us. We cannot always know where the person was located when they participated in the space, or when. It is wholly possible that the cousin of an audience member from a Banda el Recodo show is still located in Mexico, and that they follow and randomly "like" things on the Ritz's page simply because they know about it as an important regional music venue.

One type of photo that the Latino-friendly Ritz posted after every show was a zoomed-out crowd shot. In an effort to show the fullness (meaning: success) of the venue, the venue photographer would take the photos from the back wall to show hundreds upon hundreds of heads. The social media manager would post the photo, then the followers would reminisce upon the live music experience, in the form of comments, reaffirm it, in the form of virtual "Likes." For example, in Figure 2, the caption of the photo reads: La madre de todas las bandas!!! (The mother of all bands!) The group Banda El Recodo is tagged in the photo. In this example, 540 people liked the photo, and at the time of the screenshot in 2013, it had been shared 20 times. This number of “likes” far exceeded that of other shows at the time, demonstrating El Recodo’s popularity with the Ritz crowd.

If the same spatial enactors who attended the show are assumed to be the virtual spatial enactors, the comments next to the photo provide an indispensable window into how they
experienced the show, and who they were. The following six comments will be treated as a
dialogue:

**Zantos S.** Estubo chido el desmadre (*That shit was awesome*)
**Aryam C.** estubo de poca (*It was rad*)
**Karolinna M.** Si supers...supers..k dibertida...m di (*They were great...great...how fun...I*)
**Karolinna M.** Si ala arrodora y a mi futuro esposo..romeo...santos....jijiji (*Yes, to the band
Arrodora [el Limón] and my future husband...romeo...santos...heheheh*)
**Johana L.** Estuvo chido, nos la pasamos super. Mas k apapachamos a los del Recodo
(*It was cool, we had a great time. We really treated the guys from el Recodo right*)
**Perlita G.** Suban los videos plebes ;) (*Upload the videos, plebs ;*)

In these comments, there is a sense of shared experience (*el desmadre*), fun (*chido, de poca,*
dibertida) and welcome (*apapachamos*). The Spanish in the comments contains much Mexican
slang (e.g. *desmadre, apapachar*), and in the first four comments, the spelling indicates a
possibly lower educational level than the last two, who employ text-style abbreviations ("k" for
"que") and emoticons, but who spell their verbs the standard way.

At the time these comments were made in 2013, the venue had also maintained a positive
working relationship with the Carrboro venue the Cat's Cradle, whose owner Frank Heath
routinely looked to the larger space to host shows that would be over his venue's capacity of
600. 52 Pictures of these more indie-oriented shows tended to elicit comments of a different nature
from Spanish-writing followers of the Ritz Facebook page. From the comments section next to a
picture of the full venue for the group The Head and the Heart in November of 2013 (Figure 3):

**Daniel M.** Todos les dan like y es una pic de un evento gringo (*Everybody gives it a like and it's
a picture of a gringo event*)
**Zeferino O.** No beo y un vaquero x ahi hahahaha (*I don't see even one cowboy there, hahaha*)
**Elena P.** jajajaja no manches (*hahahaha it's true!*)
**Daniel M.** Ni a un trivalero (*there also aren't any tribal dj dancers*)
**Sara S.** I used to dj st raves at the ritz 10 years ago and it was always packed loke that. Its stupid
**Flakka F.** LmaO

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52 Jordan Lawrence. “Renovations and expansion at Cat’s Cradle offer a sight line to the club’s future.” *Indy Week.*
These comments show how the people who generally followed the Facebook events at the Ritz, symbolized by photos, were accustomed to posting in Spanish, and to seeing photos of people who look like them at shows. The comments also demonstrate the heavily ironic sense of humor used in Mexican culture, which is not afraid to poke fun of itself—equating Mexican events with cowboy boots, still distancing themselves from “gringo” events. There is a sense from the screenshots from this time period at the Ritz that the commenters felt that the space was theirs, and that the English-language indie shows like the Head and the Heart were the anomaly, albeit not an unwelcome one.

Spatial rights to the Ritz have been claimed, celebrated or bemoaned, from the initial shift in 2003 from the Ritz to Disco Rodeo, to its return to its original name in 2012, before its sale to Live Nation in 2014. Examples culled from the Independent Weekly (now called Indy Week), the source for "Progressive news, culture and commentary for Raleigh, Cary, Durham and Chapel Hill, North Carolina" and the local Raleigh media will point to how the venue's two name changes, under the same management, elicited polarized reactions.

What's in a Name?

I have referred to the Ritz as an intersection of scenes. While a venue itself would not constitute a scene, there are certain venues that carry weight for and help support certain scenes. For Michael Azerrad's American indie underground (translocal scene), and the associated artists, a local Chapel Hill/Carrboro example would be the Cat's Cradle. Lawrence Grossberg, in a more integrative approach to scenes, argues that "scenes can bring together dance, rap, and alternative musical communities. In fact, most of the scenes, if viewed from inside (i.e., the logic of consumption) rather than through the lens of a logic of production, are marked by a range of
diverse musical styles (e.g., Minneapolis, Austin, or Chapel Hill). The media reactions in 2003 to the Ritz's name change to Disco Rodeo, however, speaks to the second, paradoxical aspect of Grossberg's scenes, where they "compulsively differentiate themselves from (and from alliances with) other scenes." In the weekly cultural newspaper The Independent Weekly, a column titled "Raleigh Rhythms: Notes from the Raleigh Scene," Grayson Currin warned the readers:

[...] be alarmed. In fact, be very alarmed. The Ritz [...] changed its name to Disco Rodeo during early February, unveiling a massive new sign bathed in neon pinks, blues, and greens that looks more like an advertisement for Chevy trucks than for real entertainment. And if these changes are any indication, Raleigh could be on its way to missing out on some pretty big names in music.

In the same column, Currin informs the reader that the “pretty big names” of the Queens of the Stone Age and Sum 41 are booked for shows at the venue, but the curious message at the beginning of the column still resonates throughout the piece. In a column published in March of the following year, Currin laments that:

Before it made its abysmal turn into its nearly no-booking recession of the past few years, Disco Rodeo (when it was The Ritz) brought in great bands with capacity crowds every few weeks throughout the entire year [...] 

If the readership were to take the author's statements at face value, they would have thought that Disco Rodeo was on the brink of bankruptcy, and that no musical groups at all would play there. This was most certainly not the case, as Powers reported Mexican regional music fans having filled the venue on a weekly basis for live concerts. This journalism represents an othering,
invisibilizing account of what was, for Triangle Spanish-speakers, a cultural windfall: a recognition of their presence, buying power, and preferred music, and an opportunity to designate a space as at least partially theirs. For the people I spoke with while writing this thesis, the Ritz had been a place where some would venture even if they would go nowhere else in Raleigh. Aracely had been to the Ritz but once, driven by her husband, despite her assurance that she “never left Durham at night.” The food trucks outside the venue catered to Mexican audiences, adding an extra sign of welcome for attendees. For Mexican concert promoter Leo Vega, Isidro García, as well as Mexican UNC-Chapel Hill graduate student Tania Aburto, it was exciting for the prospect of Mexican rock band Café Tacvba playing at the Ritz. The show was later canceled.

The Ritz's transformation to Disco Rodeo signified a loss for that English-sphere journalist—the spatial rights that were assumed to belong to one group ended up in the hands of the Other. Similarly, when Disco Rodeo became the Ritz again in 2012, there was much celebration over the regaining of the space's "original" identity. On the WNCN website, a journalist documents a reaction to the name change:

"We were doing the Girl Talk show at the Longbranch [Thursday night] when I spotted that same tell-tale sheet hanging over the regular, tri-color sign. It was like guerilla vandalism or something," Derek said. "I even stopped the car and snapped a cell phone photo for some of the guys who'd done Cradle shows at the venue when it was called the Ritz.

"I joked with [Cat's Cradle owner Frank Heath] that it was the ghost of Ray Carroll -- the deceased owner—or maybe some of his progeny who'd snuck in and done it overnight."56

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The then-manager of Cat's Cradle expresses his excitement about the new (old) name, and uses the historical image of the deceased owner to evoke an authoritative figure who would, in his view, have wanted the venue to have just stayed as it was—that is, for it to belong to the right people.

Ironically, for all of the celebratory articles, in Powers' view, the club's return to rock, and the name change, was a concession made at the behest of Live Nation Entertainment, the company Powers worked with for ticket sales until handing the venue over completely to the entertainment conglomerate. Powers described the company representative's excitement over the name change, who told her that “The Ritz” would be less confusing for rock audiences than "Disco Rodeo." Powers recounted the story to me in our interview, shrugging her shoulders and saying "I think you all underestimate our audience."

But did the most recent name change signal a return to the way things were? While insisting on a homogeneously rock-centered narrative to “brand” the Ritz, Live Nation had erased Spanish-language shows and history as far back as 2013, before the actual acquisition of the venue. And the rich history of the venue as a mixed language space would be noteworthy to anybody operating outside of a strictly English language sphere. Los Tigres del Norte played the Ritz/Disco Rodeo/Ritz every year from 1985 to 2014, no matter what the name, and narcocorrido-singing super star Gerardo Ortiz played to sold-out crowds in October of 2014 squarely in the neo-Ritz era. During the Disco Rodeo years, American indie underground mainstays Fugazi, Blonde Redhead, and the Pixies all played the venue—all shows presented by the Cat's Cradle. The eclecticism of the billing, the Spanish language being the main language used in publicity, and the collaborative relationships between different, smaller venues and the Ritz made it impossible to establish the venue as a pillar of the American indie underground,
which was at one time the most represented voice of the Raleigh "scene" in the local music journalism; it also was not a Latino-only venue. The Ritz as a venue refused categorization, and was not exclusionary—it represented an entanglement of differing economic and cultural interests: a place of intersection.

While allowing for the creation of a Spanish-language space within its walls, the Ritz handily withstood the deleterious effects of this inclusion for some time, despite the fears that there would be no weekend billing opportunities left for the American indie underground to occupy. From the decade-long use of the linguistically ambiguous name Disco Rodeo, to a website and logo designed with the aesthetics of the Spanish-language community in mind (although with the text in English), the venue served a variety of people and interests for several generations of music fans. For LeFebvre's *le droit à la ville*, the right to the city, space becomes key for coalition-building, and the denial of lived space meant the creation of "unjust geographies." Cultural citizenship would perhaps be the passport to more just geographies, and access to more musical spaces.

Certainly, there is an unjust geography created by the hypervigilant guarding of the cultural border, by journalists, between the English-language and Spanish-language musical spheres. Cultural geographer Edward Soja takes this concept one step further, and speaks directly of the need for spatial justice, equaling spatial capital to Bourdieu's social capital.57 The trajectory of the Ritz is important exactly for this reason, as its path towards monolingualism (English-only) parallels the overall loss of social capital experienced by Latinos in North Carolina, including access to public services such as enrolling in public schools. For example, in February of 2014, the Southern Poverty Law Center presented a complaint to the Department of

Justice, Civil Rights Division, Educational Opportunities Section, alleging discriminatory practices within Buncombe and Union County schools against Spanish-speaking students attempting to enroll in high school who were denied entry.\textsuperscript{58}

Although the Ritz had been the largest venue for Mexican regional music in the Triangle since the first Tigres del Norte show back in the early 1980s, it was far from the only venue to cater to working-class Spanish-speaking immigrants. However, what made the Ritz so different was the fact that it constituted a contested space—this is only due to the fact that other groups had, indeed, wished for the Ritz to be “theirs,” to constitute an exclusively English-language place with all the amenities. The lack of consistent air conditioning, the signs in Spanish, the enforcement of dress code, expensive drinks, and a poor sound system served as constant markers of the space’s “otherness,” furthering the venue from the goal of claiming the space as a pillar of the American Indie underground. In order for it to function as an English-only venue, these issues, problematically ignorable when dealing with a Spanish-speaking community who were grateful to have any space made available to them at all, would need to be addressed in order for the venue’s Yelp ratings to rise.

Since the Ritz was sold to entertainment conglomerate Live Nation in 2014, the venue has undergone a drastic shift in its image, both internally with massive renovations and the addition of a VIP bar, and in its public image. The website is now completely in English, and the number of shows catering to Spanish-speaking audiences drastically dropped as of September, 2015. The last Mexican regional show held at the venue was that of Los Tucanes de Tijuana, on

September 4, 2015. The promotional copy on the venue’s website substantially changes the venue’s history, erasing the groups and audiences that kept the Ritz afloat for decades:

The Ritz has been a staple of live music in Raleigh for years. Our amazing history includes performers such as Jay-Z, Wilco, Marilyn Manson, Modest Mouse, Muse, Pixies, Tool, Sonic Youth, Girl Talk, My Morning Jacket, Wu-Tang Clan & Many More. The Ritz underwent a major renovations [sic] in 2015 that included new restrooms, stage, sound & lights, air conditioning, an outdoor smoking patio and an all new VIP area upstairs. It's a whole new Ritz Raleigh.

It seems as though the fate of the Ritz has fallen decidedly on the English-language side of the border, coinciding with the latest legislative reinforcement of this bordered spatial relationship, HB 318, passed in October of 2015. Since September 5, 2015, and indeed through April of 2016, no Spanish-language shows have been scheduled, including the Mexican regional music that made the Ritz a mainstay for many workers across North Carolina and even Virginia. Its sale to Live Nation constituted a loss for the Spanish-speaking community at several levels.

The Ritz was a rare example of a place where Spanish speakers and English speakers could occasionally comingle on the basis of genre, new understandings of what it meant to be a rock’n’roll fan, or a metal fan, were reached across linguistic or ethnic boundaries. As Spanish-language metal shows are not currently being offered at the Ritz, the tenuous unity that had been reached between Spanish- and English-speaking metal fans in 2014 has unraveled.59 Second, the Ritz Raleigh no longer has an advertising contract with La Ley 101.1 FM. This is a function of the new management at the Ritz, but it is also a clear statement to the Spanish-speaking

59Grayson Currin weighed in on the venue’s current focus on rock, rap, and the “local” music scene, eventually offering a positive appraisal of the changes enacted by Live Nation: “With Live Nation's megalithic purchasing power, the venue presented shows that would have either skipped the area previously (especially major rap tours, which have become the house specialty) or would have been cramped in rooms that were much too small. To date, Live Nation seems interested in maintaining The Ritz's reputation as a Latino music destination, too, though that booking has slowed in recent months. One of the most surprising aspects of The Ritz's time under Live Nation has been its interest in local music. Bluegrass favorites Chatham County Line played a benefit there, and a set of pop-rock bands helped launch a series of shows called "Locals Only." Today, that idea does some heavy lifting with an excellent clutch of hard rock and metal bands.” “A Year After Live Nation’s Takeover, The Ritz Works to Embrace the Locals.” Indy Week. 30 March 2016. Accessed 8 April 2016. http://m.indyweek.com/indyweek/a-year-after-live-nations-takeover-the-ritz-works-to-embrace-the-locals/Content?oid=5012805
community: We have nothing to announce on your radio, because there are no shows for you here anymore.

As the RECLAIM NC Act pushed Arizona-type legislation into the lives of Latino immigrants in 2013, the Ritz was also “reclaimed” as a strictly White (rock-n-roll) and Black (rap) venue. The symbolic racializing of the space through genre policing could not be clearer in another section of copy on the new website’s “private events” section:

The revitalized Ritz is the newest and most exciting event venue in Raleigh! With an artistic legacy that is rooted in rock and roll, an extensive renovation and a commitment to creating a memorable guest experience; The Ritz is positioned to become a legendary venue.

The vocabulary of gentrification (“revitalized,” “renovation”) lays bare the re-marginalization of Latinos, all the way off of the checkered floors of the Ritz. One Mexican friend lamented that “even the taco truck is gone.” Although the prices were too high for him to attend shows in the Latino-friendly Ritz, he had frequented the taco truck out front to eat and socialize. In the next chapter, I will address the ways that the dissolution of the Ritz as a Latino-friendly locale has coincided with the marginalization of Latin musics, both norteña and alternative, while legislation has resulted in significant consequences for Latino residents of the Triangle wishing to find a place to enjoy, play, or sell Latin music.
CHAPTER 2: LESS SPACES, MORE RESTRICTIONS

In the post-Ritz Triangle, how do Spanish speakers find out about live popular music, and how do they decide which shows to attend, given the high stakes attached to going out in public? This chapter uses snapshot-style case studies to start to answer this question. A historical description of the musical coverage of the newspaper *Qué Pasa*, an ethnographic description of the experience of one record store owner, and an analysis of the complicated dynamics of the radio station La Mega 1030 AM and its entanglements with the Mega Nightclub will trace trends in the consolidation of styles available to Spanish-speaking concert goers in the Triangle. Each case study is connected with another—interviewees know each other or are aware of the others’ work—or is linked thematically. Whether people were comfortable in expressing this directly, verbally, or through my own observations, I took note of the limited options for entertainment presented to Spanish speakers through mainstream Spanish language media since 2014; the difficulty that transportation posed for people without a NC driver’s license; and the ever-present concepts of border, marginalization, and genre.

¿Qué Pasó Con *Qué Pasa* Raleigh?  

The most widely distributed Spanish language newspaper in the Triangle, free weekly *Qué Pasa Raleigh* had to cut its musical coverage significantly because of budget restraints during the economic downturn of the last two decades. The now-defunct music and entertainment magazine *Reven* was a glossy insert for *Qué Pasa* until 2014, when it became absorbed into the regular newsprint edition as an entertainment section. In speaking to Raleigh/
Durham editor Eloy Tupayachi, he stated in sweeping terms that there “is no entertainment for the Latino family” who finds themselves without documentation in the Triangle. Echoing what I had heard from several sources, and read, a line between home and work seemed to be the one Tupayachi saw most people following in their day-to-day lives. There has been a negative effect from immigration policy on the way Qué Pasa is able to cover any kind of entertainment, Tupayachi continued, because of the symbolic weight of the policy. In short, how can entertainment be covered in the newspaper if people will not consistently attend entertainment events?

It seems that it was not always this way. In a digitally archived version of Reven from 2013, a full page of photos of people out on the town, dancing in different clubs, and DJs working is accompanied by the text: “Reventón: Los mejores lugares de fin de semana para salir, bailar y divertirse” (Party: The best weekend places to go out, dance, and have fun). The last issue of Reven, from 2014, featured an interview with Spanish rock band Jarabe de Palo, a band that would go on to give two shows in Raleigh and Durham in 2015. In 2016, Qué Pasa only uses syndicated content to fill a couple of column items and has no local coverage of musical events. There is also a notable absence of pictures of people going out to have fun in the current issues.

Meanwhile, according to Tupayachi, newspapers like La Noticia tend to promote “uplift” through salsa, ignoring the Mexican regional music which is so popular within the Triangle, or the various types of rock en español which could be associated either with the Mexican working class, or a younger generation uninterested in dancing salsa. They also tend to promote the stories of Latino school teachers, doctors, and other professionals, as a way to stake a claim in more mainstream society, unfortunately resulting in a classist narrative through uplift. In Qué
Pasa, advertisers like Mega Nightclub and La Luna take the place of serious musical coverage. Because these venues often host norteña shows, so then people find out only about these shows, and no other musical types even make it onto their radars.

The jettisoning of pop-culture coverage, including sports and music, by Qué Pasa further aids in the denial of cultural citizenship, of the ability to make basic decisions, of the undocumented community. Most coverage is now dedicated to issues of violence in the community, some human interest stories, and the recent ramped-up ICE deportation roundups. And as the musical coverage is limited to those venues that can afford advertising, the shows advertised are often limited to Mexican regional or norteña musical choices. Workers, housewives, and business owners all look to Qué Pasa to set the tone for what is available for them, and what is happening in their communities. As a trusted source for news and events, the paper is used as one of the ultimate delineators of accessible areas for Spanish speakers in the Triangle.

Safety Over Selection

In January of 2016, a freshly hung, hand-written sign announced that there were fruit and vegetables now for sale in the music store. A friend and I opened the glass-paned door and walked through a short hallway. To the left, three brand-new pedicure spa chairs faced the window. We walked a few feet further into a large store lined completely by CD-covered walls, wire racks reaching all the way to the ceiling. Half the lights were turned off, and a Mexican woman in her late thirties or early forties waved a hello as she argued on the phone with somebody about the amount of money that had been extracted from her bank account, seemingly without her permission.
Four or five stands of vegetables filled the center of the space, and a makeshift kitchen with hot plate and microwave took up the left back corner, partially hidden by a gridded garden trellis panel. Two long racks of DVDs formed a perpendicular to the right back corner. A darkened analog television set hung lifelessly from a ceiling-mounted stand in the middle of the room. A two-year-old girl with pierced ears whizzed around the room in a colorful baby walker. The woman tried to corral her and balance the phone on her right shoulder at the same time.

My focus shifted to the types of music on the walls. Behind the cash register and counter at the front of the store, the fluorescent bulbs of the panel lighting shone on the section of CDs labeled *Norteña*, mustachioed faces of groups of performers grinning out from each cover. On the opposite wall, CDs bearing the faces of *rock nacional* (rock’n’roll from Mexico City) groups Banda Bostik, El Tri, Los Jaguares, and Panteón Rococo, shared shelves with rock groups from Spain, Colombia and Peru. Farther to the right the section of megastars featured pop icon Juanes, salsero Joe Arroyo, and almost any other contemporary popular music artist to have reached some level of fame in Latin America over the past three decades.

The underlying anxiety of the Eloisa Pérez, the store owner, was evident, and did not take long within our first conversation to fully emerge. As her business-partner husband had been deported to Honduras, she reported living in fear, not driving, and constantly worrying that she would be separated from her children, some of whom were born here. She had pursued the option of having her daughter petition her residency, but she was advised by counsel that there was nothing to do—that there was no way for her to pursue legal residency. Several weeks after we first met, I saw her fears made reality for another family in the pages of *Qué Pasa*, where a 19-year-old Honduran high school student was picked up by ICE while boarding his school bus.
to a local high school. He now faces deportation proceedings which threaten to return him to Honduras, where he is wanted by a gang for having refused to join.

The owner of the store described to me how good business had been from 2001-2005, and mentioned a sharp decline in the past few months as fear has come to paralyze certain sectors of the Spanish-speaking community. For her, the fear of being deported causes customers to make trips to her store only for basic necessities (fruits and vegetables) and ignore the CDs. Making trips from the margin to the center involves crossing borders which may appear out of nowhere—namely, the possibility of an encounter with a police officer at a license checkpoint or traffic stop. For the owner, the musical space of her store has been deactivated in this time of fear and crisis, the objects sold within the realm of a CD store enacting, rather, a type of transitional area for the obtaining of provisions. The musical objects were moved to the margins, the wire stands of CDs butted up against wooden crates filled with cactus leaves, plastic bags of dried beans, and chiles. The identity of “music fan” took second place to consumer of necessary items.

Our conversations coincided with the especially lean nature of the winter months for itinerant workers, who rely on dry weather for day to day construction jobs. As we chatted one day about a CD I was looking at (Banda Bostik) which I decided to purchase, she let me know that she often allows customers to take home a package of tortillas or a vegetable without paying, trusting that they will come back and pay when they can. This gentility was applied to me when I discovered she no longer accepted credit card transactions, as she told me the credit card machine had broken. I could see the screen of the machine from far away, lit bright; perhaps indeed there were technical problems with the machine. But in an equally likely scenario, the credit card fees would subtract more from the sale than she could afford. It was a better bet for her to rely on my promise to pay her in cash the $10 whenever I came back again, and it was a
better bet for me to not question the machine’s functionality—one gentility in exchange for another. Luckily, I did not have to take her up on it, as my friend who was with me supplied me with a ten-dollar bill. Obviously, the owner was very invested in the store being a friendly and safe space for people to share their stories and listen to hers, all while getting what they needed for their homes. She drew attention this practice of honor system loans as something from her country, the unspoken comparison to the opportunistic practices of American society.

As I spoke with the owner over several visits to the store, her dedication to the idea of rock as a genre, especially Mexican rock, became evident to me, as she commented on the lack of representation of rock of any sort on either of the two Spanish language radio stations. This, she said, was very different from the radio and music scene in New York City where she had moved from sixteen years ago. There, the radio stations would play a mix of musical genres on the Spanish language stations, even incorporating songs in English into their playlists. The owner’s frustration around genre as portrayed by local Spanish language media centered especially on the radio station “La Mega.” The reggaetón and hip hop artists represented at the store included the critically-acclaimed Calle 13 and Tego Calderón. There were copies of DVDs of live bachata performances and dancing; even though the owner consistently distanced herself from these Afro-descended musics, she found the lack of musical diversity on La Mega to be a significant misrepresentation of the diversity of tastes in genre across their listening base.60

Picking up a copy of the Spanish language newspaper Qué Pasa, she opens it to a full-page advertisement for Mega Nightclub. According to the owner, people’s exclusive interest in

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60Bachata is a music and dance style originating in the countryside of Dominican Republic. The popular version prevalent today in Latin dance clubs features most prominently a twinkling solo guitar, a moderate tempo, and romantic lyrics sung in a sweet, high register by a male vocalist. The percussion usually feature a bongo and güira. In a 4/4 meter, the fourth beat is emphasized both by a hip swivel after a three-step series, and often a descending melodic line. To delve into the history of bachata, see Deborah Pacini Hernández’s book: Oye Como Va!: Hybridity and Identity in Latino Popular Music. Philadelphia, PA, USA: Temple University Press, 2009. ProQuest ebrary. Web. 11 April 2016.
*norteña* music, whether recorded or live, comes from the “monopoly” formed by Mega Nightclub and La Mega. Outlining the shape of a triangle in the air, the owner spoke of how the listener hears the radio advertising the show at its own club; the second point became the newspaper advertising; the third point was the consumer. Offering another explanation for the downturn in sales at her store, she reasoned that if nobody hears rock, nobody will buy rock, and that if there is no *place* for rock in the Spanish-language public sphere, nobody will be able to experience it live. She took me over to the wall filled with Mexican rock, and we started perusing the CDs together. I asked if she had been to any of the shows taking place in the region during the second half of 2015, including the sold out Jarabe de Palo (Spanish rock band) show at the Pour House in Raleigh, or their second performance the night after in Motorco in Durham. Surprisingly, she had not heard about any shows, including the Elefante (Mexican rock band) show in Motorco, only a few miles away from her store. Even as an avid rock fan, the storeowner had been only to Ambis, La Luna, and Mega Nightclub.

The issue of fear surfaced. The owner described how these Latino clubs, for her, felt unsafe, because people are afraid to call the police if any incidents occur on the club grounds. She also referred to the frustration people felt in their day-to-day lives, and how this all seems to come out in the club setting, embodied in fights and, according to her, lewd dress on the parts of women attendees. However, this environment had not kept the owner from attending events at these locations, while fear over border policing *had* impeded her attendance English-sphere venues. What if her identification didn’t work at the door, she wondered out loud? How would she even arrange for transportation? Were there any shows worth the risk at these venues? Her apprehensions about a space for belonging outside of the small Latino club circuit were
reinforced by her lack of knowledge of the rock en español shows that had been held at Motorco, in Durham, and the Pour House, in Raleigh.

Not unlike the music taking a backseat to food items in her store, the store owner’s genre allegiances took a backseat to personal safety; personal safety was tied to the Spanish-language sphere of clubs, despite her comments regarding fights and fear regulating her experiences there. Although she was not a fan of norteña music, she recommended I go to the Mega Nightclub to see the “monopolio” in action, remarking that the space itself was very small, “pero bonito.”

**Sounding Consolidation Through Selective Marketing**

On the night of the Cañonazo potosino (San Luís Potosí Blast), my partner and I arrived at the nightclub in the inconspicuous strip mall at 10:45 PM, because the cover was $15 before 11 PM. Aracely had told me that at times, the cover could be up to $65 at the club—we didn’t know how much higher it would go after 11, so we made it our business to get there on time. We were greeted warmly by several bouncers at the door, who offered us wristbands without asking for any identification. As we walked through the door into the blue tinted low lighting of the hallway, we paid the woman collecting money in a small alcove. Owner Alex Padilla sat next to her on a stool, wearing jeans, a friendly smile, and a black jacket. The recorded sounds of norteña blasted from inside the club.

We walked into an open area with eight to ten white high top tables surrounded by white chairs. The lights were blue and purple, and fairly dim. No fewer than four VIP sections rose above the regular seating area, demarcated by blue and purple cable lights lining them. At five dollars per bottle of beer, the drinks were much cheaper in comparison to how beers had been priced at the Ritz, at ten dollars per can (glass containers were not sold). Perhaps this well-
decorated, clean space really was the venue the “raza [the race] has been awaiting,” as it proclaimed on its Facebook page, an appeal to pan-Latino working-class identity.

Prior to opening as Mega Nightclub, the space had enjoyed a six-year stint as salsa club Montas Lounge, and after that, two years as Rumba 54, a Latin nightclub featuring DJ dance nights. It is noteworthy that this particular spot should have changed hands from one Latino owner to the next, each of whom would create a different type of club for their tenure as the owner. Betto Herrera, founder and instructor of the salsa dance group Mambo Dinámico, remembered that in 2006, the spot had originally been called Buhos, but he did not remember the provenance of the owners nor the style of music played there. As Montas Lounge, the club had hosted a racially and ethnically diverse crowd of salsa dancers, ranging from university students to local professionals, who would get together to learn the New York mambo style of salsa dancing. The transition from multiethnic salsa club to hyper-regionalized concert and dance venue, catering to Mexican and Central American regional music fans, left Carmen’s, a Cuban restaurant in Morrisville, as the principal mixed salsa spot in the Triangle.

Sydney Hutchinson points to how salsa as a genre is “placed” through the movements themselves, how different styles of dancing reflect a differently placed kinetopic “accent,” and how these accents may be ranked. A small kick of the foot between steps, and one looks “Colombian” while dancing. Starting the forward-and-back salsa pattern on the first beat instead of the first, and one is dancing “on one,” not “on two.” This style is more associated with Mexican, Central American, or South American social styles of salsa, not the New York mambo style on two, which has gained popularity in the Triangle over the past decade.61 Although one Triangle dance instructor described the Triangle salsa scene as essentially egalitarian, my

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experience of the salsa dance class demographics, after having attended classes sponsored by four different instructors or studios in Carrboro, Chapel Hill, Durham, and Morrisville, is that the classes cater heavily to the elite, are never in Spanish, and are often heavily, though not exclusively, white. Salsa nights at clubs, on the other hand, may be more mixed-class and multi-ethnic, but still, tensions can be felt as the elite dancers from the salsa classes take the center of the floor and push other dancers into the margins. This dynamic bears out Joanna Bosse’s assertion that salsa acts “within the sphere of commerce,” warning us against thinking that salsa, as “one of the most powerful expressions of the Latino immigrant experience and generators of pan-Latino solidarity might be precluded from […] semantic layering that would transform it into a vehicle for discriminating against working-class Latino immigrants.”

The place formerly occupied by Montas Lounge changed spatial roles significantly as it became Mega Nightclub, also shifting musically from one genre to another, from the Afro-Caribbean/US salsa (and all its concomitant rhythms and styles) to regional musics from Central America and Mexico. In parabola with the trajectory of the Ritz, as the border has been reinscribed within the musical geography of the Triangle, the club at 2223 East NC Highway 54 has been taken into the fold of the Spanish-language sphere. This differs significantly from the cosmopolitan salsa uplift message, all in English, delivered on the Montas International Lounge. The website, accessible through the WayBack Machine in the Internet Archive, proffers an explanation for salsa’s transcultural power, using language of commodification (salsa is “served”) and exclusion (through a decidedly anti-urban dress code):

Montas Lounge serves Salsa. Why? Because Salsa is alive and vibrant, and once you are introduced to it, it’s difficult to listen and dance to anything else with as much passion. Salsa’s luring and hypnotic rhythms are heard in every cosmopolitan center the world over. What makes salsa so entrancing, so capable

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of uplifting, releasing, and relaxing one's soul? Salsa can take you through a gamut of emotions; it can be gentle and soothing, romantic or melancholic, just as it can be dark and intense or joyous and festive. Salsa's international revival is surely a sign that people are releasing in a joyous way, and a means to connect with others through partner dancing. It no longer represents one's identity, as people from all cultures are relating to it, and currently making salsa the most danced dance in the world! […] Casual elegant dress code (at a minimum) is strictly enforced. (No sneakers, hats/caps, athletic wear, baggies, or cigar smoking). Cover charge is waived for ladies before 10:00 pm.  

While the former Montas Lounge publicity made claims to an identity-less salsa cosmopolitanism, the space of Mega Nightclub seemed to be dedicated solely to the reinforcement of regional identity. The night of the Plebes de San Luís show, Mexican regional music took the stage, and the state of San Luís Potosí was the star. Four people in front of the stage, which was around fifty feet from the back area where we were sitting, danced to the music. One man, wearing a red satin white-tasseled cowboy shirt, a cowboy hat, and pointed white-soled cowboy boots was especially animated, leading his partner in quebradita steps for several songs at once. There was one table, not designated VIP, that had the best view of the dance floor. By the time we arrived, it was already taken by two women and a man, who shared a cubeta, an ice-filled bucket of bottled beer. The man would open one beer using another new bottle, one after another, walking more sprawl-legged and shakily as the night went on. He was also one of the more prolific dancers, alternating between the two women for most of the night.

The norteña mix played at the club was also being streamed simultaneously over La Mega 1310 AM. As I listened to the mix, I recognized the corrido “Del Negociante,” a rousing 6/8 ballad celebrating the business achievements of rumored narcotrafficker Ángel del Villar.

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64 • Quebradita” combines a cowboy aesthetic with steps culled from a host of Mexican dance sources, including cumbia, more regionally-specific dances, and merengue. It carries strong connotations of the Mexican-US border and often is the butt of middle-class Mexican jokes.
Padilla, reminding attendees that he was “El Súperman,” would occasionally grab the mic from behind the bar and welcome all the attendees before walking quickly across the club, followed by a massive male security guard wearing a black leather jacket. This particular security guard was never anywhere but beside the slight Padilla.

There were around twenty-five people in attendance at the nightclub, and around ten staff members including Padilla himself. The number of attendees never went beyond twenty-five, through the time we arrived at 10:45 PM and the time we left, at 1:15 AM. At 12:45 AM, Los Plebes de San Luís took the stage–after waking up in the VIP section to the right of the stage, where the other band members seemed to nap in the light of the television screen projecting the banner “La Mega 1310 AM, El Poder Latino.” This was one of seven such screens in the space.

The night of the show, I took the following field notes when I arrived home:

_Ethnographically, the sparse attendance and the seating arrangements of the event at the club made for difficult note-taking and impossible photography. Although all the interactions with the bar staff were friendly, there was no chance to interact more with club-goers, as each table encouraged small groups to stay within their own circles. Even on the dance floor, there seemed to be little to no interaction between strangers, although this is difficult to verify as part of the dance floor was blocked from our view. The extremely open and small nature of the club made every interaction recordable, and I was keenly aware of what I did as I stared with as bored an affect as I could muster, recording bits of audio and typing notes (and hoping they looked like texts) into my phone. A few songs into the Plebes’ set, I suggested we leave. Interestingly, for the band’s first two songs, people had retreated from the dance floor back to the high tables. By the third song, the regular dancers were back out on the floor, hopping and swinging as we ducked out. Many people had, by that point, already left._

I spoke of the sparse attendance at the club that night with two UNC-Chapel Hill graduate students in public health, Tania Aburto and her fiancé, 26 years old and from Mexico City, who had recently attended a norteña show at La Luna Nightclub. Provoked by their curiosity as to how Mexican music was represented in their new home of the Triangle. The night they had attended La Luna, they reported that only fifteen or twenty people had been in attendance for the
norteña group’s performance. The other dance floor, which is separated by a wall and accessed through a connecting hallway, usually hosts a DJ playing *bachata, salsa, merengue* and *reggaetón*, had been closed the night they had gone.

I had attended La Luna two times in 2010, and the club had been very full on both sides of the club, on each of the two dance floors. Other interlocutors had varying, strong opinions about the club. Eloisa had mentioned to me that La Luna “still had some interesting shows sometimes,” while Isidro had sarcastically remarked “No, I don’t go to La Luna, because I want to stay alive,” when I asked him about it. This drop in attendance at the once popular Luna signals a difficulty for even those better-established nightclubs to keep afloat during this increasingly contentious political time for the Latino community. The newer Mega Nightclub, despite catering to a working-class audience, faces more difficulty establishing itself during a time when Mexicans and Central Americans are especially vulnerable in the Triangle. Despite the grumblings of *rock en español* fans about *norteña’s* overwhelming popularity, the genres comprising Mexican regional music do not seem to be impervious to the shifting cultural and political landscape of NC.

**Filling a Gap**

The nighttime event I witnessed at Mega Nightclub was not well-attended; twenty-five people total were in attendance as I sat tallying them at a table. In the network of issues plaguing the Latin music scene, promotion is always pointed to as a principal difficulty. How does one market to those living in the parallel Spanish-language sphere? In Padilla’s case, he has opted for a consolidation of his media profile, through his alter ego, El Súperman. Mega Nightclub’s public presence is that of an integrated part of La Mega 1310 AM. Its own Facebook page has been abandoned. To learn about events at the night club, the user must go to the radio station’s
Facebook page, as the club page has not been updated since 2015. Padilla has sought to project a cohesive image of the radio station and the nightclub by using his public image, El Súperman, as a force uniting all of his media endeavors. El Súperman runs the club, helps provide immigration law advice together with a lawyer on his show “Que Vivan Los Mojados” (Long live the wetbacks), and even offers the rare family-friendly event Megafair (see Figure 4).

The images of a large state-type fair are probably not in line with what the family fair could offer within the confines of the parking lot of the popular grocery store Compare Foods. Still, Padilla’s brand of all-encompassing Latino media appeals to a market that has been all but ignored in recent years: the family looking for wholesome entertainment in a place where they feel safe (which Compare Foods provides). Eloy Tupayachi commented in our conversation that Latino families do not have any safe venues for family entertainment; according to him, people are not going to the movies or almost any place in groups. The Qué Pasa editor and I both talked about the recent closures of seventeen Walmart stores statewide. Consumerism constitutes a considerable part of American public life; if Latinos are unable to access stores because their local Walmart has shut down, they are not able to access one of the main ways they participate in public society. Some readers took to the Qué Pasa website to comment on the closures, implying that a lack of financial support from the Latino community based on a fear of being deported is what drove Walmart to the closures. From January 15, 2016:

jajajaja sigan las redadad de emigracion y hasta el Macdonald ba a irse ala banca rota”65

Hahahahaha keep up the immigration round-ups and even Macdonald will even go bankrupt.

Padilla has his finger on the pulse of the news, of these trends, and on the fear experienced especially by Central American youth at the prospect of being deported back to extremely violent situations in their neighborhoods. In the night I attended his club, a night sonically dedicated to Mexican regional music specifically from San Luís Potosí, in his and his DJs welcoming messages broadcast over the loudspeakers, the shout-out roll call included people from the entire country of El Salvador, alongside those from Michoacán (Mexico), San Luís Potosí (Mexico), and Guanajuato (Mexico). This signals an appeal to a new type of pan-Latinidad, one which puts Central Americans and Mexicans together, despite the tensions between the groups resulting from the harrowing experiences of Central Americans traveling through Mexico to arrive in the US.66

Alexis Padilla’s very visible media presence allowed me to gather visual materials and watch segments of Padilla’s radio show, which he video recorded and uploaded to YouTube until 2014. The name of the show, “¡Que vivan los mojados!” (“Long Live the Wetbacks!”) makes reference to the song of the same name by Los Tigres del Norte, and evokes an obvious alliance with undocumented workers. La Ley 101.1, whose North Carolina office is based in Burlington, is one of many franchises belonging to a larger network of La Ley stations under Curtis Media Group. La Mega 1030 AM is run solely by Padilla, but belongs to more obscure media group TBLC Media which owns 14 disparate Spanish-language stations in the Southeast.

La Ley has a wider reach than La Mega, and features more musical genres, including salsa, bachata, pop, and Mexican regional music. If genre variety is indicative of listener base,

66In the travel to the US, Mexico is often referred to as “El Infierno” by Central Americans. For testimonials regarding this dynamic, see the NY Times piece “Step By Step on a Desperate Trek by Migrants Through Mexico,” by Azam Ahmed: http://www.nytimes.com/2016/02/08/world/americas/mexico-migrants-central-america.html?_r=0. Also see the national bestseller Enrique’s Journey by Sonia Nazario, based on the Pulitzer Prize-winning Los Angeles Times newspaper series, published in 2013. Chronicling a young boy’s journey from Honduras to the US in times of violence and gangs.
the former nods to a pan-Latino listenership while the latter does not. On the La Mega Facebook page, the station announces:

LA MEGA 1310 AM SOMOS LA UNICA RADIO AM 24/7 EN EL AREA DE DURHAM Y RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA CON PROGRAMACION REGIONAL MEXICANO

*(La Mega 1310 AM We are the only 24/7 AM radio station in the area of Durham and Raleigh, North Carolina with Regional Mexican Programming)*

Rather than referring to talk programming about regional Mexican issues, the tagline refers to the type of music played on the station, encompassing *banda*, norteña, and some balladeers. In addition, La Mega promotes a combined, new type of solidarity among Mexican and Central American listeners. Padilla gives shout-outs to specific regions in Mexico, Honduras, El Salvador, and Guatemala, rather than going through the full roll call of countries including Venezuela, Colombia, Puerto Rico, and the Dominican Republic, as is done on La Ley.

Another difference between the two stations lies in the type of advertising featured on each. Located further west, La Ley tends to announce shows happening in Winston-Salem at Disco Rodeo, which also focuses on Mexican regional music. Although the broadcasting coverage reaches the Triangle, people are now reticent to go as far as Winston-Salem to see regional music played live—and often, the bands are not as big of names as those that used to play in the Ritz in Raleigh. Isidro García, DACA recipient, working in construction alongside many workers without drivers’ licenses, commented that they drive from their workplace to their homes, very cautiously. This echoed the concerns of the record store owner regarding her personal safety while driving, and that of her customers, who no longer lingered to browse through records.

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https://www.facebook.com/lamega1310am/info/?tab=page_info
La Mega, in contrast, run advertisements solely for Padilla’s Mega Nightclub. This fact is the basis of the record store owner’s frustrations with the transparently commercial use of the radio station to exclusively promote the type of music that Padilla plays at his club. Complicating this narrative are the bookings at the club itself. Unable to house large audiences like the Ritz, the owner has eschewed hit acts like norteña icons Los Tigres del Norte and instead has booked smaller groups from Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, and Honduras. On Friday, February 19, 2016, a Guatemalan marimba band played. Several weeks early, Mexican rap duo Akwid graced the stage.

In one sense, La Mega has been successful in its marketing strategy, which seems to be dependent on promoting the image of Alex Padilla himself as the Latino Superman who has worked his way up from the trenches. When asked on September 24, 2015, on Spanish-language television station Univisión how he had gotten so far, Padilla, wearing a plaid flannel work shirt, responded that there was no magical trick: pure hard work was the way to obtain a jet ski and a tour bus, replete with logos of La Mega. 68 This is completely aligned with TBLC Media’s selling points to advertisers, which focus on advertising within locally-based content models. From the only text on the company website:

TBLC MEDIA owns and operates the leading Spanish Radio Stations in the Southeast that offer a unique opportunity for businesses to market their brands and services. TBLC MEDIA knows and understands that resourceful advertising models increase the effectiveness of brand awareness. By providing affordable advertising and integrated marketing opportunities for each company to achieve success. 69


Dead links to the words “Marketing,” “Branding,” “Grassroots Programming,” and “Competitive Advantage” follow the sparse paragraphs. In positing the radio format as purely a marketing mechanism, Spanish-language listeners are further commodified, entering into the public sphere on an unequal footing, and allowing for advertising to completely dictate what is promoted as an independently run station.

La Mega, Mega Nightclub, and Padilla himself are somewhat resented within other circles that would like to share venues, airspace, and audiences with them. One promoter, Leo Vega, talked with me in an interview about radio DJs not being open to providing publicity for rock shows at venues such as the Pour House and Motorco. In the case of La Ley, this was due to contracts with other larger venues such as Disco Rodeo in Winston-Salem, and the inability of smaller promotional companies to compete with the advertising prices paid by these venues. In the case of La Mega, it was Padilla himself who refused to help promote shows; this was interpreted as an effort to shore up the fate of his own venue. Meeting at a Starbucks Café in Winston-Salem, the promoter explained in terms comparable to those of the record store owner, the points of the cycle of Latin music consumption in the Triangle: La Ley and La Mega play certain kinds of music, are paid by certain venues to promote their events, and then the consumer follows, because they are afraid to go elsewhere.

Given the tenuous position of Latin music within the Triangle region, cultural mediators such as Padilla and other club owners, like Judy Powers in the Ritz’s Mexican regional heyday, wield an enormous power over the listening and concert-attending habits of the Spanish-speaking public. Small courtesies, nods to nostalgic homeland imagery and political solidarity are heavily rewarded financially in a climate that is otherwise very hostile towards Spanish-speakers. For example, the norteña venue Disco Rodeo in Winston-Salem recently advertised a dance night
with “Precios populares para hombres”: While women could enter for free, men were expected to pay only the “people’s” price for entry. In the absence of such a large venue for this music in the Triangle, a populace restricted in its movements pays a premium for proximity.

The combined effects of the laws 287(g) and HB 318, along with the selective promotion of certain musical styles at the expense of others, have been detrimental to local music businesses and entrepreneurs like the shop owner and the promoter, who specialize in genres falling outside the Mexican regional model. The shop owner’s having attended clubs falling within the “Latino-friendly” regional music-based model attests to the importance of holding acceptable identification as a key deciding factor for where people will go to hear live music. If potential clubgoers perceive a club as being stringent or adhering in some way to the precepts of HB 318, those without valid driver’s licenses are less likely to attend. This outweighs the importance of the genre, as it still allows people to participate, albeit briefly and in non-ideal circumstances, in a type of public artistic life. The risks associated with driving without a license and then the possibility of being turned away at more Anglo–mainstream clubs generally outweigh the positive possibilities of hearing live music performed within their preferred genre.

**Wanted: A Place to Play**

Los Acoustic Guys are looking for gigs, paid gigs, anywhere. One of music promoter Leo Vega’s many side projects is playing percussion in a Latin rock cover band. With band members spread between Cary, Raleigh, Kernersville, and Winston-Salem, Los Acoustic Guys play as often as possible at private parties, opening for other bands at out-of-state festivals, or as openers for the larger rock shows that Vega has struggled to promote, a pursuit he has dropped completely for now. When I walked into the Sam Ash music store in Raleigh at 7:45 on a Wednesday night to see Los Acoustic Guys play an open mic night, I am greeted by a chirpy
sales associate at the door: “Welcome to Sam Ash! Can we help you guys out with anything?”.
The rest of the sales staff lingered in a group, talking around a counter.

There were twenty hopeful chairs set between the front of the stage and a very large
soundboard where employees would take turns adjusting the mix. There were only two audience
members: my friend and I. It seemed strange to sit in the chairs, so we stood the the side as we
watched the group finish up their first cover, “No Dejes Que,” by Mexican rock group Caifanes.
After yelling to the ad hoc sound engineer that the store’s music emanating from a back room
was interfering with their playing, the group launched into “La Flaca” by Spanish rock group
Jarabe de Palo, and “Mentirosa” by Mexican rockers Elefante. All of the instruments belonged to
the store, had the tags with legible prices hanging from them, and were acoustic.

The final song, “Dame Todo El Power,” is a vitriolic response to corrupt politicians by
Mexican raprock group Molotov. The singer’s delivery of the song was more melodic and less
staccato than the original, and contributed to the strangeness of the entire situation. He crooned
the lyrics, in translation here, in a lilting voice to a crowd of two, from atop an impressive stage,
in the center of a huge music store filled with band instruments and track lighting: “The police
are extorting you/ but they live off of what you are paying/ and if they treat you like a criminal/ it’s
not your fault/ you can thank the general.”

The store manager commented in an informal conversation that he thought the group
could easily get gigs around Raleigh. They are proficient musicians, which the manager picked
up on—but he could not have picked up on the very anti-authority, expletive-laden lyrics being
sung on stage. He seemed surprised when I mentioned they had played at the Pour House, both
as headliners and as openers for other bands. Paid gigs, for any musician at all, the owner
remarked, were hard to come by. We exchanged a glance of commiseration before I headed over
to the band, who hadn’t needed to pack anything up—the perks of playing at a music store with the music store’s instruments.

Leo Vega, my friend and I started talking about possible places for their band to play. Again, the uneasy relationship between local radio stations and promotional plans for rock in Spanish emerged. “That’s why we fight with the radio stations,” he said, for the second time in our few meetings. He called over another bandmate to have him write down some of the places we came up with for possible venues. José & Sons, a small restaurant on the edge of downtown Raleigh that holds dance nights seemed like a place that might be hospitable for Latin rock—it has a clientele of mixed nationalities, whom they cater to with nationally-specific nights, and we all agreed that the physical location on the edge of town made it more hospitable for entry and exit. Several of us had attended the Colombian night there, and had noticed a more mixed-class clientele. The spot was known for dance nights, and a good feel to the environment. Although salsa music is the main music played there, José & Sons is not overly identified with the Triangle salsa scene, which, as Eloy Tupayachi had commented when speaking to him before, is seen as being slanted towards American women.

Leo insisted that the smaller the venue, the better. For him, the energy needed to interact with the audience was only to be found within a small, overfilled club: “We have a club with a 70-person capacity and then bring in 120.” We all commented on the awkward, central placement of the round bar at José & Sons, and how despite this, people still happily danced in the small space between the bar and the walls. José & Sons might fit the bill for Los Acoustic Guys. In the vein of Grossberg’s “compulsive differentiation,” rock en español, for the group, could be played in a venue where salsa was housed, but not where there was a norteña scene. Nor would the regional mexicano venue of the Mega Nightclub, nor the La Mega radio station,
play host to rock, despite the social and professional connections between promoter Vega and front man Padilla.

In looking for places to play Latin rock in the Triangle, class, nation and genre are topics never far removed from the discussion. Theory came face to face with reality, as I found myself talking about *cosmopolatinos* as well as working class folks attending José & Sons. The expression was immediately understood, and received some laughs and nods in recognition as to what that might mean. The music the band plays includes songs by groups that are famous internationally in Latin America, but that still hold capital within alternative scenes—scenario which does not easily translate into US terms of musical scene, especially not when dealing with a very strong division between English and Spanish language venues and audiences. The difficulties that Leo has had in “placing” shows for larger bands are the same at play in “placing” shows for smaller bands like his own. In November, he had booked a show for Los Acoustic Guys, Zakke (a dance-oriented Latin funk band from DC, playing mostly original material), and Argentine singer-songwriter Hernán Fortuna at Pour House in downtown Raleigh, the same Latino-friendly venue that had hosted Jarabe de Palo, Capsula, and other big name acts a few months before.

I had written about the rock en español showcase, including it in a larger piece on Día de Muertos events in the Triangle for the Indy Week. According to a member of Zakke, not a single audience member showed up. The show was scheduled for November 1—a scant five days after HB 318 was signed into law by Governor Pat McCrory. On October 10, Jarabe de Palo had played a sold-out show in the same venue, and on October 11, an impromptu second show at Motorco almost sold out as well. Elefante had also brought out a large crowd in September at

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Motorco with Zakke opening, with many audience members commenting that they would love to see Zakke perform again soon in the Triangle. Much of this disparity has to do with the scale of the band playing—Jarabe de Palo is a superstar band in the Spanish-speaking world, and Elefante is a strong player in Mexican rock, having a significant international following.

While some members of the Spanish-speaking community would venture into a “foreign” club like Motorco or the Pour House to see their favorite band of all time, the risk is not worth it to see a relatively unknown set of performers, despite musical chops and a preferred genre. Downtown Raleigh is a popular area for “retenes” (police stops), and many people who would be interested in hearing Mexican rock hits played by new musicians would have ostensibly preferred to stay at home rather than risk being stopped only a few days after HB 318’s ratification. The Pour House has not booked any Spanish language show since the Día de Muertos event.

In need of access to a working-class listener base, and unable to buy time on either La Mega or La Ley, the burgeoning rock en español network floundered in the crux of poor advertising opportunities and class- and genre-based alliances or differentiations. With these conditions applied to a potentially large fan base whose movements were already restricted to a tight circuit of music venues based on fear and border policing, rock en español shows were either almost sold out, or complete washes. Although it is difficult to trace a direct path, in this case, from the legislation to the poor show attendance, the generalized “chilling effect” of internal, local border enforcement, described by Mai Thi Nguyen and Hannah Gill, is certainly at play in the inconsistent attendance at rock shows in Spanish in the Triangle. The poor attendance then leads to less shows being booked, and any Spanish language claim on space is

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also lost, a cyclical process paralleling the invitation-rejection continuum described by Cravey. The border is inscribed more deeply in every iteration of this process; significant cultural ground is lost for Spanish-speaking members of the community as more and more spaces become swallowed into the border itself, disappearing off the ever-narrowing Spanish-speaking radar in the Triangle.
CONCLUSION

“Caminante, no hay puentes, se hace puentes al andar.”
(Voyager, there are no bridges. One builds them as one walks.)

Gloria Anzaldúa⁷²

The Go-Between

Prior to enrolling as a graduate student, I worked fulltime as a Spanish interpreter at clinics and hospitals in the Triangle. I stopped interpreting because I felt like I could not express my own ideas as I moved between the two languages. It was like having my tongue jailed. In searching, constantly, for the words to best represent what other people thought, I found myself increasingly frustrated and burned out, unable to effect any kind of social or political change beyond the very temporary sensation of having “helped.” Building more than itinerant bridges is outside of the job description of medical interpreter. In this project, I have participated in conversations, interviews, and online research to create a partial image of the constellation of actors in the Latin music scene in the Triangle, and tried to build some more bridges along the way.

After completing much of this research, I was talking to a friend of mine about the division between the predominantly white rock scenes in the Triangle, and pretty much everything else. A death metal musician, he spoke about how stylistically, his genre does not

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necessarily lend itself to cross-billing shows with Latino bands, although he had recently become aware of the Mexican death metal scene. As I argued about the structural racism of whiteness in these scenes, I found myself referring to the conversations I had had with some of my friends and contacts in the Latin music scene, passing along their concerns, describing their difficulties, and their coups. As we chatted, this musician, a 28-year-old White male, originally from Palo Alto, California, (who also holds an undergraduate degree in sociology) noted that it seemed like there was an incredibly uneven distribution of cultural capital between those who can book gigs, and those who can’t. As I shared with the musician some of the stories I had been hearing, he remarked that there were peculiarities about booking shows in the Triangle that he was sure he knew about, and that those who were recent arrivals would have no idea about—however, he did not feel like this knowledge “belonged” exclusively to him. He said he would find it exciting to pass along some of this capital to others, perhaps by writing a document detailing how to book gigs across different venues in the Triangle.

I suggested we could add into this document a list of clubs who will accept the Matrícula as a form of identification for entry; the document could then help bands self-promote with their friends and family, assuring them that they will be allowed to enter if they are willing and able to make the trip. We imagined this document in Spanish and English, pasted and copied zine-style, distributed at shows or to small promoters. Having the buy-in of at least this one Anglo musician could prove to be a valuable cross-border alliance for musicians who, although very professionalized in other ways, otherwise have no foot in the door for booking shows. Not coincidentally, this same musician had recently turned down a gig at the Ritz for ethical reasons, citing the corporate takeover of smaller venues and booking channels as a huge problem for all musicians.
This musician’s punk and DIY (?) ethos informed his impulse to ameliorate injustices through bottom-up organizing and network building. However, the results of xenophobic discourse making its way into the mainstream of US English-language media seem impossible to mitigate through one-on-one encounters or even well-organized individuals linked across language barriers. Throughout the encounters I describe in this thesis, the deep trenches of misunderstanding, miscommunications, and prejudice dug in concentric circles around the Spanish speaking community served as extremely restricting measures for their movements, to a degree difficult to ascertain to those on the outside of the circles looking in. If many more English-sphere venues were to book Spanish-language shows, although this would open more physical spaces for Spanish-speaking concert attendees, how would the deeply genred boundaries of the Spanish-language media be overcome for proper advertisement?

In much of the literature on scene, a place- or genre-based definition of the concept leads to analysis of the dynamics of reception and music-making. In this thesis, given the bordered nature of the place of the Triangle, North Carolina, I have opted for a space-based analysis, contending that although different actors identify with and advocate for different genres, what is essentially at stake is the right to freely enact musical space within the Spanish-language sphere of activity, without being threatened by the fear-based enforcement activities associated with the English-language sphere. While those advocating for rock en español were convinced that reggaetón and norteña were closing off opportunities for their own shows, my experiences at shows such as Tego Calderón and Los Plebes de San Luís demonstrated that the popular success purported to be enjoyed by these genres was far from consistent.73

73 This also played out in other reggaetón and alternative shows that I covered during 2014-2015 as part of my work for Indy Week. See my reviews of Elefante, Farruko, and Camila:
In this study, I have focused on the somewhat neglected multi-role enactors of musical spaces: venues, radio personalities, promoters, and journalists. I have attempted, through providing the “biographies” of two venues (the Ritz and what is now Mega Nightclub), to show how shifting genre identities lead to shifts in spatial practice. These shifts, for Latinos in the Triangle, have been towards increasing marginalization and limits on opportunities for musical practice and consumption, paralleling the legislative shift favoring bodily control and restriction.\textsuperscript{74,75} In this ever more repressive atmosphere, the concept of “scene” as we have used it in ethnomusicology and popular music studies, especially in the realm of Latin music, must also shift.

Widening the scope of what it means to work within a scene, many options open for the understanding of how Latin music works in the US. This may include taking into account not only market trends, but also how consumers buck them when fear enters the picture; how the bordered Mexico-US relationship plays out in the clubs across class, race, gender, and genre lines; and how genre becomes policed, not only from the elite cultural institutions like the Grammys, but also within a musical community struggling for space in a climate of restricted

\textsuperscript{74}Currently, the state of North Carolina is embroiled in debate over HB 2, the latest law to be quickly passed through the Republican majority Senate during third year of Governor Pat McCrory’s term. HB 2 has received national attention for requiring trans people to use only bathrooms for the gender indicated on their birth certificate. Part 2 of the law bans any local government from regulating wage levels, hours of labor, or benefits of private employers. The law has already had effects on musical practice in the state, with Bruce Springsteen canceling a planned concert for April 10, 2016 in protest of the law. \url{http://www.wral.com/bruce-springsteen-cancels-greensboro-show-over-hb2/15629262/}

\textsuperscript{75}North Carolina stands to lose much economic activity, principally in the English-language sphere, from the bad press HB 2 has generated. Other economic consequences include, to date, the cancelation of 13 professional conferences planned to be held in North Carolina, state workers from other states being banned from non-essential travel to North Carolina, and the company PayPal canceling plans to install new headquarters in Charlotte. \url{http://www.thenewcivilrightsmovement.com/davidbadash/13_conventions_have_pulled_out_of_charlotte_over_north_carolina_anti_lgbt_law}
movement and creatively mobilized, if scant, resources. The Latin music scene in the Triangle, to function, relies on the ability of people to shed their invisibility for more than moments at a time, to cross bridges which are few and far between, and most importantly, move and act in spaces which have been closed to them. But when all these factors come together, the occasional perfect night out on the town is still possible for Spanish-speaking residents of the Triangle—despite the difficulties of the day-to-day.
# APPENDIX

**TABLE 1. Federal and State Laws Affecting Immigrants in NC Since 2004**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Name of Statute, Sponsoring Body</th>
<th>Stipulations</th>
<th>Human Effects</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2004</td>
<td>Operation Stop Fraud, Department of Motor Vehicles NC</td>
<td>Tax identification numbers (ITIN) and <em>matrícula</em> no longer allowed for driver’s license issuance</td>
<td>-Created generation of drivers who could not be re-licensed, and prevented any new licensing -Forced people to create informal networks for ride sharing, and license plates being registered under licensed drivers’ names while unlicensed drivers actually use cars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2007</td>
<td>287(g) Program, Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE), Federal</td>
<td>Partnership between local law enforcement and ICE leads to direct deportation of undocumented residents detained in traffic stops. North Carolina submits more requests to participate in program than any other state</td>
<td>-“Retenes,” license check traffic stops with police, become an important interaction to avoid -People report retenes set up outside of Latino-heavy public events such as soccer games</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2013</td>
<td>RECLAIM NC Act, NC State Senate</td>
<td>Undocumented immigrants must register for driving privileges; workplace raids and traffic stops stipulated by act; provision requiring police officers to obtain immigration status of drivers stopped in traffic stops.</td>
<td>-Undocumented activist community split over support for bill -Narrow segment of population eligible for driving benefits -Many do not register out of fear of entering the immigration system[76]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2013</td>
<td>Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals (DACA), Federal</td>
<td>Stops current deportation proceedings for those immigrants who arrived as children and graduated high school in the US, under the age of 30 as of 2013; allows for issuance of driver’s licenses marked “Legal”</td>
<td>-Many DACA recipients continue to work as day laborers -In a survey by American Immigration Council 49% DACA recipients in a survey worry “all of the time” or “most of the time” that friends and family will be deported[77]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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| 2015 | Protect NC Workers Act, NC State Senate | Bans municipal leniency towards undocumented immigrants; bans local law enforcement from accepting *matrícula*; requires state agencies to use the E-Verify system for job verification. | -For mixed status families, the situation worsens  
-The breach widens between legislative and law enforcement opinion regarding immigration enforcement  
-Pase La Voz (pass the word), a text message service warning of police *retenes*, started in NC, reaches 700,000 users in the Southeast. Lumbee Indians in NC report using the service as they are racially profiled as Latino and pulled over at high rates. |

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Figure 1: Tego Calderón Promotional Photo
Figure 2: La Banda El Recodo Concert Photo, The Ritz
Figure 3: The Head and the Heart Concert Photo, The Ritz
Figure 4: La Mega Feria at Compare Foods
REFERENCES


