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### Nanay (Mother): A Testimonial Play

**Citation for published version:**

Johnston, C & Pratt, G 2010, 'Nanay (Mother): A Testimonial Play' *Cultural Geographies*, vol 17, no. 1, pp. 123-133., 10.1177/1474474009350003

**Digital Object Identifier (DOI):**

[10.1177/1474474009350003](https://doi.org/10.1177/1474474009350003)

**Link:**

[Link to publication record in Edinburgh Research Explorer](#)

**Document Version:**

Author final version (often known as postprint)

**Published In:**

*Cultural Geographies*

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## **Nanay (Mother): a testimonial play**

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## *Nanay (Mother): a testimonial play*

by Caleb Johnston and Geraldine Pratt

We present here fragments from a script that we co-wrote, a testimonial play entitled *Nanay*. The play draws on research that Pratt has done over the last 15 years on Canada's Live-in Caregiver Program (LCP) in collaboration with the Philippine Women Center of BC (PWC of BC). It takes conventional research materials and turns them into a performance installation, with the objective of bringing academic research to a wider public in an immediate, engaging way. It is designed to get people to care and think more deeply about the LCP, and to initiate a public conversation about the massive expansion in this program over the last decade, and of temporary migrant worker programs more generally.

The play uses transcripts from interviews with Filipino migrant domestic workers and their children, Canadian employers and nanny agents. We selected testimonies that were rich enough to allow characters to emerge, and each testimony (with the exception of Scenes 3 and 9: see Figure 1) is based on the words of an individual rather than being a composite of different people's stories. This is important because Filipino women are so often generalized as a type or a situation. The play thus forced a sustained engagement with an individual's testimony. Rather than extracting small portions from interview transcripts and reading across different people's experiences, audiences were invited to come to know individuals in some of their specificity.

We sought testimonies of domestic workers, their children and Canadian employers that would elicit a sympathetic reaction; the goal was to create a complicated process of identification that would force Canadian audience members to address their own complicities and to search for a larger analysis (beyond scapegoating 'evil' employers). Except for a recorded soundroom, in

which Filipino mothers and their children speak of their long years of separation, the testimonies were performed by professional actors. This reflects issues of privacy, the pragmatic situation that few domestic workers have the privilege to abandon their jobs for roughly eight weeks of development, rehearsal and performance, and the fact that the woman who testifies to her time in the LCP has been deported. The play was directed by a Vancouver theatre artist, Alex Ferguson, and produced by Caleb Johnston. Martin Kinch, of Vancouver's Playwright Theatre Centre, assisted as dramaturge. Both Ferguson and the Philippine Women Center of BC were involved from beginning (concept and script development) to end. The PWC of BC has used the professional nature of the production to hone their skills for their own subsequent community-based theatrical productions. During the rehearsal and performance of *Nanay*, we were able to hire three Filipino youths as assistant directors and stage manager, and Ferguson and Johnston (who has a long history in theatre in Vancouver) have continued to collaborate with the Filipino Canadian Youth Alliance in a subsequent theatre workshop.

1 Welcome to the archive: In the foyer the audience is divided into groups that move through the show in different sequences. Two computer stations are set up that allow audience members to browse websites of nanny agencies before the performance begins.

2 Upstairs: testimony of nanny agents.

### **Employer Route**

3 Upstairs (Karen's kitchen): Testimony of two Canadian women in need of childcare.

4 Upstairs (Living room): A woman talks about the challenges of finding care for her elderly mother.

5 Upstairs (Bedroom): A conversation between husband and wife during which they unwittingly reveal various ways in which they are exploiting their domestic worker.

6 Upstairs: A shadow play. No testimony.

### **Domestic Worker Route**

7 Downstairs (Kitchen): A domestic worker's story of leaving the Philippines.

8 Downstairs (Garage): Employment in the LCP.

9 Downstairs (Sound room): Mother's and children's voices talking about the period of family separation, when mother is working in Vancouver as a migrant domestic worker and children remain in the Philippines.

10 Downstairs: Replica of a domestic worker's bedroom (assembled from testimony) in which audience members are left to explore on their own.

11 Downstairs: (Invented) testimony of a representative of Citizenship and Immigration Canada in which he explains the program and its justification, followed by testimony of a Filipino youth reunited with her mother in Vancouver. CIC agent and youth face off at opposite ends of a long, 20-foot table.

12 Talk back session.

Figure 1: Overview of scenes

*Nanay* is a site-specific play. It was first staged at Chapel Arts, from 4–8 February 2009 as part of Vancouver's PuSh International Performing Arts Festival (<http://pushfestival.ca/index.php?mpage=shows&spage=main&id=81>). To create an intimate experience, audiences were kept small; over the 12 performances, 577 people saw the play. The audience was mixed. We arranged sufficient tickets to allow at least five domestic workers and/or family members to attend each performance and the PWC of BC facilitated this community involvement. In the end, 119 in the audience were domestic workers or family members, 184 had been employers or knew employers of domestic workers, and 255 had no relationship with anyone who had direct experience with the LCP. The audience was divided into small groups of 12 that were guided through 12 modules or scenes staged in six different rooms. Chapel Arts is a former funeral home that has been transformed into a performance space but retains the upstairs-downstairs, public-private characteristics of its former use. We staged the employers' stories in the comfortable public space upstairs (Figure 2), while Ligaya's story (Figure 3) was performed in the former embalming room and Joanne told about her troubles as a domestic worker in a freezing room next door (Figure 4).

The play was restaged in Berlin, 12–15 June 2009, at the Hebbel Am Ufer (HAU) Theatre, as one of several plays dealing with the theme of care and the ‘global care chain’. Though performance is by definition live and thus unreproducible, the following fragments from the script provide a partial record of *Nanay*.

### **A partial script**

*1 Employers’ route: Scene 3: Stories of need*



Figure 2.

This is the first module the audience sees on the employers’ route. It is a two-way conversation around a kitchen table. It is a tightly choreographed scene that begins in a naturalistic setting before actors begin to move through a series of repeating gestures that suggest the weight that these women are under in their efforts to secure childcare. Text is initially delivered as simultaneous monologues before merging into a conversation between the two employers. It ends with a direct address to the audience. The intention is to build empathy around the plight of Canadian women employed outside the home and to draw attention to the critical absence of

childcare in Canada. Though the audience is still in close proximity to the actors, the theatrical space is conventional, with theatrical lighting and bleacher seating.

**GUIDE:** We are meeting two women who have tried to find Canadians to care for their children. Karen is a teacher living in Surrey, married with two young children. Denise works as a legal assistant, and lives in Coquitlam with her husband and two children. [Both Surrey and Coquitlam are outer middle-class suburbs (with the latter slightly more upscale)].<sup>1</sup>

**KAREN:** I had no intention of hiring a live-in nanny. I wanted to find a Canadian woman who would come into my home to care for my child. I advertised in the local newspaper but I didn't get a lot of response to my first ad. I had a lot of people calling saying "well if you don't find anyone, I have a day care in my home" But I didn't want that. I wanted someone to come in. I probably interviewed about 10 women. I got some really old women and I got a few really young girls.

I decided on one who was mature, had grown children, in her fifties. She was very nice. I had her references checked. I have a friend who's an RCMP and so he checked. Did all my criminal record checking. So it was great. .

After only about two weeks I had to go away on business. After the first week, I phoned home and my husband said, "I think she smokes" And I'm like, "No, she told me she didn't" But my daughter was two and a half, and she said, "Oh, yeah, she smokes." Then John got home early one day and she was asleep on the couch and Christine was in the crib crying and Seana was running around in the backyard. When I came home I phoned her and said, "You're not welcome back". You know, it's a job. So she was gone.

**DENISE:** We thought home daycare would be best. Because Nicholas was only 6 months old it would be better if it was just a small group, one or two children. So we met this one woman. She was an older woman, retired. German lady, and she seemed very nice. She talked about story time. Called the references. "Oh she's wonderful. It's been fantastic." That lasted 4 months. She wouldn't do what I asked.

Yeah? So I called one of the young girls that I liked and she hadn't found anything yet. After one day she just said she didn't really want to do it.

Again, barely any response to my ad. I got a few people, hired a girl named Colette. I really wanted someone older. I said mature woman. But I hired this girl Colette because I couldn't find any one else. She was nice, stayed for 5 months. What happened was her and her boyfriend split up and she moved home to White Rock and it was too far to drive.

So fine, I mean what can I do?

Next up for us: our next-door neighbour decided to open her own daycare in her basement. So we said, okay, we'll bring him. It was fine for the first little bit but she turned out to be a chronic complainer. You got the feeling that she was just miserable. And because she was just getting started up, she bought second-hand equipment. The problem with the second hand high chair was that it had wooden slots for the tray and one slot was missing so my son would come home at the end of the day covered in food. It was hard to talk about it with a neighbour because you don't want to... you want to keep the neighbourhood friendly.

More and more children showed up. Nicholas was the first one dropped off in the morning and there were times when I'd have to stand there and bang on the door for ten minutes for someone to wake up. It started to get uncomfortable but fortunately we moved and I had another baby so I was home for a while on maternity leave.

I was scheduled to go back to work in November and so I put an ad in the newspaper in September. The first ad got a really poor turn out. I had one woman, she was probably about 20. She had a 3 month old baby she wanted to bring along. I was like, no, no, you're not going to be able to handle a 3 month old, my 6 month old plus a very energetic 2 and half year old. That's not going to work out.

I had an 18 year old and a 19 year old. The 19 year old seemed very reasonable. I checked out references. I always did. And it seemed fine. She had her own car, and she drove here.

The first day, she was late.



So I ran another ad in the paper,

I interviewed another couple again, same type of group, young girls, but I also had an older woman, 42, married to someone about my age, about 12 years younger. They just lived over here, and we had her for a year. She was really good.

She got sick quite a bit though. She ended up having an operation and so she was off 2 months just a few months after we hired her.

So then, what did I do?

I found a girl called Samantha.

Again, barely any responses to my ad.

She was very nice.

We had her for 2 weeks and then we were on holidays for 2 weeks.

But when we came home

About 45 minutes. She made me late for my first day back at work after 6 months. And then she was late a second time that first week. My stress level just started going through the roof. I think I had to miss a couple of days of work. She started to get sick a few times. And then after 6 months she gave her notice. She said she'd got a job cleaning instruments at a dental office.

One lived down the street from us.

She had first aid.

We'd got to the point where getting first aid was a miracle.

So we just went

if you can drive,

if you can speak English,

if you're normal

and you don't look like you're doing drugs

there was this phone message saying,

“I’m still in Winnipeg.  
Something’s come up. I won’t be home yet.”

I was not in a good mood.

So I phoned her boyfriend and said,

“I need her number in Winnipeg.

I have to talk to her.’

He said, “Well, actually, her and I have split up.”  
So I guess that’s what happened. She never did  
phone me back. Not a note, nothing.

So then I thought forget it, we’re getting a live-in. I  
just can’t handle this anymore. So I phoned a few  
agencies. I guess we always thought that it would  
be more money, but by the time I worked it out I  
think we are paying \$50 or \$60 a month more and  
we’re getting everything done. I kick myself now,  
but my husband really didn’t want to do it. He was  
really reluctant.

and you’ve good experience,

that will do.

Mind you, everyone had experience.

Everyone had wonderful references.

So we hired her. And the house was a complete  
pigsty by the end of the day. It was gross. The  
counters were sticky and stuff. I thought: Okay,  
well, I’ll say something in a couple of days. But  
within three days she quit.

Our childcare got to the point where my husband  
and I were consistently late for work because she  
was late or wasn’t here. And my husband’s  
employers basically told him to make a decision –  
either his career with the company or get another  
job. We talked about it and said ‘Enough is  
enough’. I’m going to look after the children. We  
are going to move to a cheaper home. I’ve resolved  
myself to the fact that I’m giving up my career for  
now.

So we just had to look at a couple of resumes and we picked one and hopefully she works out. If she doesn't, the agency will replace her.

I can't remember why I was drawn to the nanny we chose. They're all very qualified. I think the other one we considered was quite a bit older and I just thought well I don't want to get into the situation where she becomes my mom! You know what I mean?

So I think this one that's coming is 30. She has kids. I thought that was really strange. I thought, how could she leave? It's actually a baby. But as the nanny agent was saying, "It's for a better life" and so in a way she's doing it for the baby. Then you kind of think, well, what a sacrifice really.

It's funny because my girlfriends say to me that my priorities have changed. My priorities would not have changed this much if I had not been going through this much stress. They've changed to this point because we have not been able to find anybody that worked out. And I don't even want to consider live-in at this point because I don't think it would be any better.

Employers look at each other and leave the room.

## 2 Domestic worker route

### *Scene 7: Ligaya's story of leaving*

This monologue is delivered in a small kitchen. The character is washing dishes and mopping the floor as she speaks. Initially she has her back to the audience. As she begins to speak, she turns to address and move within the small standing audience of 12. A mirror is mounted on the wall behind Ligaya to heighten audience members' consciousness of their spectatorship: as they watch her they also see them- selves. The door to the room is closed, making the space quite constraining and forcing audience members to stand very close to each other and to the actor. The intention is to bring the audience into close proximity to this domestic worker's story, and to communicate some of the factors propelling Filipino women to leave their family to work abroad, as well as their sense of hope for the LCP experience.<sup>2</sup>



Figure 3

## LIGAYA

GUIDE: We're going into the kitchen now, to meet Ligaya. She's a mother of 4.

My name is Ligaya. In the Philippines, in my mind it was always the future of my children. And I was, I was really disappointed with my life. Because I have a husband, and he was working in the Middle East. At that time my son was nine months and Melissa my daughter was one month. I was looking forward to a better future. And then only to find out that, after a half year in – working abroad – he's not anymore sending money.

So I said, I think in a few years, if my children are able to stay in the care of my parents, I'm going to work abroad. Because at that time the Philippines is really a corrupt country. And it's not only that. The prices are getting high, and there're strikes everywhere. And there's brown outs. Yeah, and every time there's a brown out in the middle of the night, somebody said that it's some of the soldiers are being – what's this word? – delivered by the military for fighting the insurgents in Mindanao. That was Marcos' regime. So, okay, I didn't know about those, only from talk.

So, okay, there are times when my children would come home and we didn't have nothing. We had nothing to eat. So I have to ... once I had to ask food from the neighbours. My parents ... they have a better life because my brothers, my father, they have good jobs. Only I hated to ask help from them because there's always a sermon on the table. I don't like it.

So, okay, I'm a very independent person. I'm telling myself I always have the last card. And I always have the last laugh. So I said, my children, 'Don't worry. When before you reach high school, I will be able to work abroad. And then, we will have a better life. And a better future.' And saying that – I didn't mean to say that – but when my son started high school, God has listened to my, to what I said. Because my aunt, who was leaving her job in Hong Kong for the States found her own replacement. And in her mind it was me. So, see? God answered my prayers. She told me that, all she had in mind is me. Because she approached my dad and he gave a good signal.

At that time my eldest son was starting high school. And in my mind, I wanted him to start in a private school. So I paid for his entrance exam. After three weeks of worrying about the results of my son's entrance test they posted the results. He was number eight, in the top ten. And I said, 'Oh, my son, come, come, your number, look at your name there'.

And on the other side of the board, it's the tuition fees. And it costs 10,000 pesos. Not only that: the allowance, but everything. My husband's not sending money, and I said, if I can kill somebody, it would be him. Well, because maybe he has women over there. And he is looking after his own self only. After a few months, I got my working papers for Hong Kong. My husband was mad. He said he wanted me to stay home to take care of the children.

And I said, 'Well, if you want me to take care of the children then why are you not sending money every month?' And I told him: 'I have dreams, big dreams for my children'. And he didn't say anything. So what's the point? I said, 'Now this time no one can dictate to me.' That's when I said, instead of finding luck in the Philippines I would just try to find my luck in, you know, in Canada ... I know that I will just be strong and leave everything, leave my kids in the care of my family.

But I have a fighting spirit, something like that. I'm the eldest. I'm the rebellious one. And I think that is one of the qualities that gives me the spirit, the spirit to be courageous. Like

look, I've been through a lot in life, and still I face it squarely. I'm not scared to be, you know, for being poor.

And I went abroad. I left my children behind. I told myself I have to win all the battles. I have to fight them squarely and face every problem eye-to-eye. And yeah, I'm very thankful that my mom taught me this. With all these challenges, I'm a survivor.

### **Scene 8: Joanne's story of employment in the LCP**

The audience of 12 persons sits in an intimate setting in which chairs are arranged around a wire cage. On the back wall a large grid calendar is drawn; it designates the 3-year time limit in which 24 months of live-in care-work must be completed in order to qualify for permanent resident status in Canada. Throughout the scene, the actor marks on the wall her stalled progress towards completing the LCP. The wire cage in front of the actor is used when she tells of her responsibility for the care of the employer's rabbit but it also mirrors the grid of the calendar and signifies her entrapment within the 36-month time limit, which led to her eventual deportation from Canada.

GUIDE: Now we'll hear from Joanne what it's like to work within the LCP. Joanne was trained as nurse in the Philippines. She races against the federal government's rule that 24 months of live-in care work must be completed within 36 months in order to qualify for Canadian permanent residence.

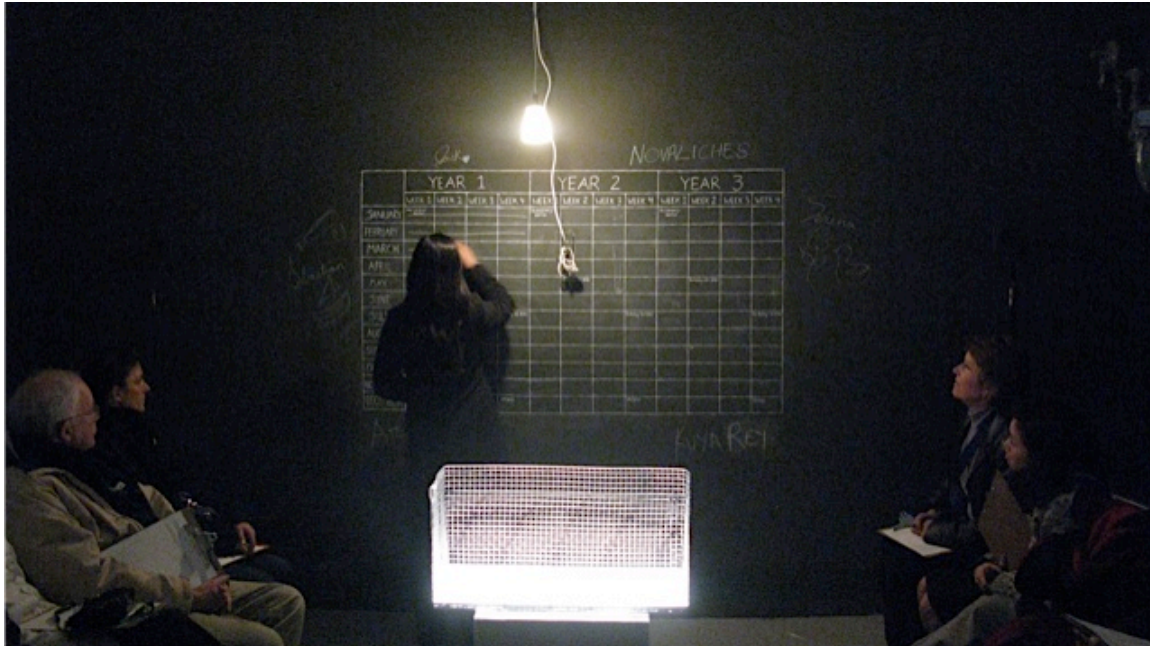


Figure 4

## JOANNE

My name is Joanne, married – of course, one husband, and I have two kids. I am a nursing graduate from Emilio Aguinaldo College. In the Philippines I worked as a community health nurse in my hometown for 5 years. I came here November 13, 2003 under the Live-in Caregiver Program, the famous LCP. I had no idea about the LCP. I didn't prepare myself for the treatment that would happen to me inside the home. That's why I was shocked.

There was a problem with my first employment contract and I finally started work

January 5th, 2004. I started working for them without papers. It was not legal. I worked for them 'under the table' from January until April, 2004. And so those first 5 months didn't count towards my 24 months needed so that I could apply for my landed immigrant status. My work permit was approved April 5. But April 2 was my last day, I was told by my male employer that he no longer had work and they would not be able to keep a nanny.

I had been away for the weekend and it was only when I called them to arrange to come home that I learned that they decided they would not continue my contract. So I said, 'What's going to happen? My work permit is on its way.' In fact, they just told me that they would drop off my stuff. It was them who packed my things. I told them I didn't want them to touch my things because those were my personal stuff. I should be the one packing my personal stuff, my own stuff. I told them. But they just told me, 'Oh, just don't worry. Nothing will go missing.' I told them 'Yeah, I know that but the thing is, those are mine.' So I just left it because I thought if I go there they might call the police. I was worried that I might be set up.

My other complaint with them is my room. I wouldn't consider my room as a bedroom because it is used as a storage area. As part of the LCP I'm supposed to have a real bedroom with a lock. There is a lock. But it's on the outside of the room. So I wouldn't be able to go out of the room. I would be trapped in the bedroom.

After they let me go I was left with no choice. I had to survive. So I went to Angel Nannies to find my next employer. I started working for them in May. I remember this date

because this is my birthday. I took care of an elderly woman with cancer that started in her leg and then metastasized to her lungs. That was 24-hour care because it was only the two of us. It can be said that my presence was needed.

So for 4 months I worked with no permit, it was under the table. So again this didn't count. And now 10 months have gone by that don't count towards my 24 months. I had followed up my work permit with Immigration and the work permit was approved September 7. Two weeks later my employer died.

I found my next employer, Janice, from Whistler. I want to stress that I was taking care of 3 kids, 7, 4, and 3 years old. Regarding my working conditions, I wake up at 6:30 in the morning, I end up working sometimes until 9 or 11 at night. I worked straight from 6:30 and prepare their breakfast. There are three kids so I dress all of them. I brush their teeth, even the 7 year old. I help them with everything, even with putting on their shoes, socks, everything I'm supposed to do for them. I prepare their lunch and put it in their lunch bags. Plus if I were not able to locate their scarves, the employer would even get angry at me. Like that. She would say to me, 'Do you know how much that cost me? That was so expensive!'

So that's 6:30. I'm the one who brings them to the car. I'm the one who buckles all of them in the van. She takes so long to get ready in the morning. She doesn't even do anything! She just lies down. When all the kids are buckled, we just sit in the car and wait for her. There are times when we drive to the village because she gets a coffee. Sometimes she buys me a coffee at Blenz, which is good because I'm tired by that time. So by the time I get home, it's 11 or 10:30 and I begin my work right away. By 12:00, the youngest has to be picked up, and she makes me accompany her again.

She brings me because she wants an 'alalay' [servant], just like someone to dial the phone while she drives, someone to hand her her credit card when she buys things. I'm the one to 'talagang achay ka!' [You're really a slave!]. I'm expected to be always moving, ready to serve her. She doesn't work. It's her husband that works down here in Vancouver. He's a money manager. I'm not really sure what a money manager does. So who only lives in the house are the 3 kids, me, and the mother. But during the night time – this is what's 'nice' – one of the kids, the youngest, wakes up in the middle of the night and crawls into bed with me.

Why doesn't she crawl into bed with her mother? The mother said, 'Why don't you lock your door then?' So I did it once. But the thing is, the kid is knocking! So I have to wake up in the middle of the night. My sleep is interrupted and I can't fall back to sleep after that. So my work here was also 24-hour care. I would finish ironing 11pm. 12am she would come to my room, sometimes all the kids are asleep beside me because they don't want to sleep beside their own mother.

Not only did I take care of the 3 kids and their mother, I also took care of their bunny. The bunny was not part of my contract. I'm the one who has to care for and clean the bunny. I clean the bunny's poo everyday. I feed the bunny everyday. Everything.

There were many times the mother would go down to Vancouver. It would just be the kids and myself. In fact, she told me, 'You're the mother now, I'm not the mother anymore.' I'm doing every- thing. She expects me to review the schoolwork and assignments with the kids. I am even expected to help them with French. What do I know about French? 'Sobra na!' [It's really too much]. I even hand wash clothing, like sweaters, even hand washing panties. I'm not embarrassed to say that I had to handwash blood-soiled panties! One time, when I sorted her laundry, I noticed the blood-soiled panties. Of course I didn't want to wash them knowing that she wanted me to handwash laundry.



So I just placed it in her bathroom sink. I placed it in the sink. I let it soak in there. I expected that she would wash it the next day. But no, it was still there. I just left it again until the next day. But no, it was still there. The panties have been soaking in her sink for two days. She didn't touch it. So what was I to do? I got her point clearly. So I washed it. My work with Janice was 24-hour care. September, October, November, this was all under the table. That's what I can say to describe my experience there.

I really want to continue working, bear a little more sacrifice. You have to understand that some- times it's really hard to assert yourself to an employer because you don't want to have your employment terminated, right? So sometimes you just say, 'OK'. You accept and keep on accepting. It's so hard to object to their demands, especially knowing that my immigration papers are precarious right now.

But it is too much to handle. I've already given my best. That's it. But all of them are depending on me... If I break down, many others will break down. So I need to be strong. That's the only thing that keeps me going. They're all leaning on me. I need to keep standing. But the thing is, I don't know what step to take next. I really want to go home, but what about the fate of my family.

GUIDE: Joanne was unsuccessful in getting her 24 months of employment. She was forced to return to the Philippines in 2006. Okay, could you all follow me?

### **Scene 9: Stories of separation**

The audience is led into a long narrow corridor. Both doors are shut. Several speakers are hanging from the ceiling. Long wooden church pews are set up along one wall. On the opposite wall is a series of photographs marking the aging of one girl who was separated from her mother for six years while her mother worked in Canada. The lights dim and the soundscape begins. The soundscape is a compilation of the voices of actors and actual domestic workers and their children. The intention is to demonstrate how the relationships between families are mediated. We are attempting to convey a sense of separation, of estrangement, disembodied narrative, and the tensions created by caring at a distance.

[Please listen to audio file at <http://cgj.sagepub.com/cgi/content/full/17/1/123/DC1>]

## **Travelling intensities: some preliminary thoughts**

The play represents an effort to bring academic research to wider public, in fact to use it to *create* an interested public around an important social issue, and to build solidarities between Canadians and Filipino migrants. But the geographies run deeper than this. Audience members commented in talk back forms on the impact of the staging: for example,

I felt most engaged by my fellow audience members and the Filipino stories. [What resonated?] The story in the cold room (with charts) and the untold stories of the audience members. THE TALK BACK and the talk across experiences. Seeing women in the audience crying at fragments of conversation in the picture gallery [the sound room] – that I couldn't entirely follow/ get. Seeing the Philli audience nod during the Canadian government testimony.

This points to a further geography of the production, namely the intimacy of the encounter between actors and audience, and between audience members, and the capacity of theatre to create what Jill Dolan calls 'utopian performatives'.<sup>3</sup> Certain performances, she writes, 'inspire moments in which audiences feel themselves allied with each other, and with a broader, more capacious sense of a public, in which social discourse articulates the possible rather than the insurmountable obstacles to human potential'.<sup>4</sup> The play forced a sensual exchange, involving much more than words, often evoking an emotional, visceral response. We understand *Nanay* to be an attempt to create – and not just describe – emotional geographies of public significance. Of course, a theatrical event is fleeting – and extremely expensive to reproduce. Our challenge remains one of assessing whether and how its intensities travel beyond the event.

## Notes

<sup>1</sup> For more details on the precarious supply of childcare workers in these locations and further analysis of these interviews, see G. Pratt, 'Valuing childcare: troubles in suburbia', *Antipode* 35 (2003), pp. 581–602.

<sup>2</sup> For more details about and analysis of Ligaya's story, see G. Pratt in collaboration with the PWC of BC, 'Circulating sadness: witnessing Filipina mothers' stories of family separation', *Gender place and culture* 16 (2009), pp. 3–22. In this article Ligaya is named Liberty, a pseudonym that she chose for herself.

<sup>3</sup> J. Dolan, *Utopia in performance: finding hope at the theatre* (Ann Arbor, University of Michigan Press, 2005).

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 2.