

# APPENDICES

## 1. Hybrid Identities Construction of the Main Characters

- In -between Past and Present

No	Main Characters	Chapter/ Page	Textual Evidence
1	Carla	The Four Girls/ 40	The mother still calls them the four girls even though the youngest is twenty-six and the oldest will be thirty-one next month. <b>She has always called them the four girls for as long as they can remember, and the oldest remembers all the way back to the day the fourth girl was born. Before that, the mother must have called them the three girls, and before that the two girls, but not even the oldest, who was once the only girl, remembers the mother calling them anything but the four girls.</b>
		Trespass/ 151	“Only a month ago, they had moved out of the city to a neighborhood on Long Island so that the girls could have a yard to play in, so Mami said. The little green squares around each look-alike house seemed more like carpeting

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			that had to be kept clean than yards to play in. The trees were no taller than little Fifi. <b>Carla thought yearningly of the lush grasses and thick-limbed, vine-laden trees around the compound back home. Under the amapola tree her best-friend cousin, Lucinda, and she had told each other what each knew about how babies were made. What is Lucinda doing right this moment? Carla wondered.”</b>
		Trespass/ 154-155	Sometimes Carla spied them in the playground, looking through the chain link fence and talking about the cars parked on the sidewalk... All she knew of their family car, for instance, was that it was a big black car where all four sisters could ride in the back, though Fifi always made a fuss and was allowed up front. <b>Carla could also identify Volkswagens because that had been the car (in black) of the secret police back home; every time Mami saw one she made the sign of the cross and said a prayer for Tío Mundo, who had not been allowed to leave the Island.</b>
		Trespass / 158	Her mother called the police after piecing together the breathless, frantic story Carla told... <b>Carla and her sisters feared the American police almost as much as SIM back home.</b> Their father, too, seemed uneasy around policemen... <b>Back home, he had been tailed by the secret police for months and the family had only narrowly escaped capture their last day on the Island.</b> Of course, Carla knew American policemen were “nice

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			guys”, but still she felt uneasy around them.
2	Sandi	Floor Show/ 174	Sandi realized with a pang one of the things that had been missing in the last few months. It was precisely this kind of special attention paid to them. At home there had always been a chauffeur opening a car door or a gardener tipping his hat and a half dozen maids and nursemaids acting if the health and well-being of the de la Torre-Garcia children were of wide public concern.
		Floor Show/ 175	Around the occupied tables handsome waiters gathered, their black hair slicked back into bullfighters’ little ponytails. They wore cummerbunds and white shirt with ruffles on the chest – beautiful men like the one Sandi would someday marry. <b>Best of all were the rich, familiar smells of garlic and onion and lilting cadence of Spanish spoken by the dark-eye waiters, who reminded Sandi of her uncles.</b>
		Floor Show/ 176-177	<b>Sandi remembered when the famous Doctor Fanning and his wife had come down to instruct the country’s leading doctors on new procedures for heart surgery. The tall, slender man and his goofy wife had been guests in the family compound.</b> There had been many barbecues with the driveway lined with cars and a troop of chauffeurs under the palm trees exchanging news and gossip.
		Floor Show / 177	Just as they all lifted their glasses, Mami leaned into the table. “They’re

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			here.” Sandi turned to see the maître d’ heading in their direction with a tall, dressed-up woman, and behind her, a towering, preoccupied-looking man. <b>It took a moment to register that these were the same human beings who had loitered around the pool back on the Island, looking silly in sunglasses and sunhats, noses smeared with suntan cream, and speaking a grossly inadequate Spanish to the maids.</b>
		Floor Show/ 178	Sandi studied the woman carefully. Why had Dr. Fanning, who was tall and somewhat handsome, married this plain, bucktoothed woman? <b>Maybe she came from a good family, which back home was the reason men married plain, bucktoothed women.</b> Maybe Mrs. Fanning came with all the jewelry she had on, and Dr. Fanning had been attracted by its glittering the way little fishes are if you wrap tinfoil on a string and dangle it in the shallows.
3	Yolanda	Joe/ 69	She recognizes the unmistakable signs of a flashback: a woman at a window, a woman with a past, with memory and desire and wreckage in her heart. She will let herself have them today. She can’t help herself anyway.
		The Human Body/ 225	Back then, we all lived side by side in adjoining houses on a piece of property which belonged to my grandparents. Every kid in the family was paired up with a best friend cousin. My older sister, Carla, and my cousin Lucinda, the two oldest cousins, had a giggly, gossipy girlfriendship that made everyone else feel left out. Sandi had Gisela, whose pretty ballerina

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			name we all envied. Baby sister Fifi and my sweet-natured cousin Carmencita were everyone's favorites... We were the only boy-girl pair, and as we grew older, Mami and Mundín's mother, Tia Carmen, encouraged a separation between us.
		The Human Body/ 227	But what did we kids know of all that back in those days? The height of violence for us was on the weekly television Western imported from Hollywood and dubbed clumsily in Spanish. Rin Tin Tin barked in sync, but the cowboys kept talking long after their mouths were closed. When the gun re-ports sounded, the villains already lay in a puddle of blood. Mundín and I craned our necks forward, wanting to make sure that the bad guys were really dead.
		The Drum/ 290	Then we moved to the United States. The cat disappeared altogether. I saw snow. I solved the riddle of an outdoors made mostly of concrete in New York... I grew up, a curious woman, a woman of story ghosts and story devils, a woman prone to bad dreams and bad insomnia. <b>There are still times I wake up at three o'clock in the morning and peer into the darkness. At that hour and in that loneliness, I hear her, a black furred thing lurking in the corners of my life, her magenta mouth opening, wailing over some violation that lies at the center of my art.</b>
4	Sofia	The Blood of the	<b>I'm the one who doesn't remember anything from that last day on the</b>

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		Conquistadores/ 217 and 219	<b>Island because I'm the youngest and so the other three are always telling me what happened that last day...</b> But here's what I do remember of <i>my</i> lasy day on the Island. Chucha came into our bedrooms with this bundle in her hands... Chucha started to unravel her bundle, and we all guessed she was about to do a little farewell voodoo on us.
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- **In-between Dominican and American**

No	Main Characters	Chapter/ Page	Textual Evidence
1	Carla	Trespass/ 151	Grasses and real trees and real bushes still grew beyond the barbed-wire fence posted with a big sign: PRIVATE, NO TREPASSING. <b>The sign had surprised Carla since ‘forgive us our trespasses’ was the only other context in which she had heard the word.</b> She pointed the sign out to

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			Mami on one of their first walks to the bus stop. “Isn’t that funny, Mami? A sign that you have to be good.” Her mother did not understand at first until Carla explained about the Lord’s Prayer. Mami laughed. <b>Words sometimes meant two things in English too. This trespass meant that no one must go inside the property because it was not public like a park, but private. Carla nodded, disappointed. She would never get the hang of this new country.</b>
2	Sandi	Floor Show/ 181	As Mrs. Fanning turned to follow, she leaned towards Sandi’s father and brushed her lips on his. Sandi didn’t know whether to stand there foolishly or dash in and let the door fall on this uncomfortable moment... <b>Relieved, she now felt the full and shocking weight of what she had just witnessed. A married American woman kissing her father!</b>
		Floor Show/ 173	If things ever get that bad, Sandi thought, she would sell her charm bracelet with the windmill that always got caught on her clothing. <b>She would even cut her hair and sell it—a maid back home had told her that girls with good hair could always do that. She had no idea who would buy it. She had not seen hair for sale in the big department stores Mami sometimes took them through on outings “to see this new country.”</b>
3	Yolanda	Antojos/ 7	<b>In halting Spanish, Yolanda reports on her sisters. When she reverts to English, she is scolded, “¡en español!” The more she practices, the</b>

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			<p><b>sooner she'll be back into her native tongue, the aunts insist.</b> Yes, and when she returns to the States, she'll find herself suddenly going blank over some word in English or, like her mother, mixing up some common phrase. This time, however, Yolanda is not so sure she'll be going back. But that is a secret.</p>
		Antojos/ 13	<p>The radio is all static—like the sound of the crunching metal of a car; the faint, blurry voice on the airwaves her own, trapped inside a wreck, calling for help. <b>In English or Spanish? she wonders.</b> That poet she met at Lucinda's party the night before argued that no matter how much of it one lost, in the midst of some profound emotion, one would revert to one's mother tongue. He put Yolanda through a series of situations. <b>What language, he asked, looking pointedly into her eyes, did she love in?</b></p>
		The Four Girls/ 48	<p>The lover knew Yolanda would not have wanted him to know about this indelicacy of her body. She did not even like to pluck her eyebrows in his presence. An immediate bathrobe after her bath. Lights out when they made love. Other times, she carried on about the Great Mother and the holiness of the body and sexual energy being eternal delight. Sometimes, he complained he felt caught between the woman's libber and the Catholic señorita. "You sound like my ex," she accused him.</p>
		Joe/ 85	<p>"Love," Yo enunciates, letting the full force of the word loose in her mouth.</p>

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			<p><b>She is determined to get over this allergy. She will build immunity to the offending words. She braces herself for a double dose: “Love, love,” she says the words quickly. Her face is one itchy valentine. “Amor.” Even in Spanish, the word makes a rash erupt on the backs of her hands.</b></p>
		<p>The Rudy Elmenhurst Story/ 87</p>	<p>I’d meet someone, conversation would flow, they’d come calling, but pretty soon afterwards, just as my heart was beginning to throw out little tendrils of attachment, they’d leave. I couldn’t keep them interested. <b>Why I couldn’t keep them interested was pretty simple: I wouldn’t sleep with them. By the time I went to college, it was the late sixties, and everyone was sleeping around as a matter of principle. By then, I was a lapsed Catholic; my sisters and I had been pretty well Americanized since our arrival in this country a decade before, so really, I didn’t have a good excuse.</b></p>
		<p>The Rudy Elmenhurst Story/ 93</p>	<p><b>It was the first pornographic poem I’d ever co-written; of course I didn’t know it was pornographic until Rudy explained to me all the word plays and double meanings.</b> “The coming of the spring upon the boughs,” was the last line. That meant spring was ejaculating green leaves on the trees; the new crocuses were standing stiff on the lawn on account of they were turned on. <b>I was shocked by all of this. I was a virgin; I wasn’t one hundred per cent sure how sex worked.</b> That anyone should put all of</p>

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			this into a poem, a place I'd reserved for deep feelings and lofty sentiments!
		The Rudy Elmenhurst Story/ 95	It was a decadent atmosphere for me whose previous experience of dating had been mixers and parlor calls from boys at prep school. <b>I'd go over to Rudy's, but I would drink only a sip or two of the Dixie cup he offered, and I wouldn't dare touch the drugs. I was less afraid of what they would do to my mind than I was of what Rudy might do to my body while I was under the influence.</b>
		The Rudy Elmenhurst Story/ 98	On the cinderblock wall opposite the bed, Rudy had put up a bulletin board. There were pennants from his ski teams and photos of his family, all lined up on skis on top of a mountain. <b>His parents looked so young and casual—like classmates. My own old world parents were still an embarrassment at parents' weekend, my father with his thick mustache and three-piece suit and fedora hat, my mother in one of her outfits she bought especially to visit us at school, everything overly matched, patent leather purse and pumps that would go back, once she was home, to plastic storage bags in her closet. I marveled at his youthful parents.</b>
		The Rudy Elmenhurst Story/ 99	But he didn't slip into my room and under my sheets and hold me tight against the empty, endless night. I hardly slept. I saw what a cold, lonely life awaited me in this country. <b>I would never find someone who would understand my peculiar mix of Catholicism and agnosticism, Hispanic</b>

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			<b>and American styles.</b>
4	Sofia	A Regular Revolution/ 120-121	<p>This,” Manuel Gustavo says, holding the book up like a dirty diaper, “is junk in your head. You have better things to do.” He tosses the book on the coffee table.</p> <p>Fifi pales, though her two blushed-on cheeks blush on. She stands quickly, hands on her hips, eyes narrowing, the Fifi we know and love. <b>“You have no right to tell me what I can and can’t do!”</b></p> <p><b>“¡Que no!” Manuel challenges.</b></p> <p><b>“No! “Fifi asserts.</b></p> <p>One by one we three sisters exit, cheering Fifi on under our breaths. A few minutes later we hear the pickup roar down the driveway, and Fifi comes sobbing into the bedroom.</p> <p>“Fifi, he asked for it,” we say. “Don’t let him push you around. You’re a free spirit,” we remind her.</p> <p><b>But within the hour, Fifi is on the phone with Manuelito, pleading for forgiveness.</b></p>
		A Regular Revolution/ 123 and 125	<p>Fifi and Manuel steal off for some private time from the watchful eyes on the extended family. On these drives, they usually end up parking somewhere, only to neck and stuff, according to Fifi... As we’re backing out of our garage, a pickup passes behind us on the motel drive.</p>

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			<p>“Hey!” Yoyo cries out. “Is that Fifi and Manuel?”</p> <p>Mundín chuckles. “Hey, hey! Way to go.”</p> <p>“Way to go, way to schmo,” Sandi snaps. “That’s our baby sister going in there with a guy who thinks condoms cause impotence.”</p>
5	Carla, Sandi, Yolanda and Sofia	A Regular Revolution/ 113-114	We spent the rest of the evening confessing to our giggly, over-chaperoned girl cousins the naughtinesses we had committed up in the home of the brave and the land of the free.
		A Regular Revolution/ 119	<p>He looks like a handsome young double for Papi, and a lot like us, the family eyebrows, the same high cheekbones, the full, generous mouth. In short, he could be the brother we never had. <b>When he roars into the compound in his pickup, all four of us run down the driveway to greet him with kisses and hugs.</b></p> <p>“Girls,” Tía Carmen says, frowning, “that’s no way to greet a man.”</p>

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## 2. The Characters' Ways in Manifesting Hybrid Identity

No	The ways of manifesting their hybrid identity	Main Characters	Chapter/ Page	Textual Evidence
1	Adopting American Life	Carla	A Regular Revolution/ 110	Carla was on for experimenting with hair removal cream. (Mami threw a fit, saying that once you got started on that road, there was no stopping—the hairs would grow back thicker, uglier each time. She made it sound like drinking or drugs).
			Trespass/ 156	Besides, her English was still just classroom English, a foreign language. She knew the neutral bland things: how to ask for a glass of water, how to say good morning and good afternoon and good night. How to thank someone and say they were welcomed.
		Sandi	A Regular Revolution/ 103	Some girlfriend of Sandi's got her to try a Tampax, and Mami found out.

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		Yolanda	The Rudy Elmenhurst Story/ 91	That night there was a knock on my door. I was in my night-gown already, doing our assignment, a love poem in the form of a sonnet. <b>I'd been reading it out loud pretty dramatically, trying to get the accents right, so I felt embarrassed to be caught.</b>
			The Rudy Elmenhurst Story/ 102	There's more to the story. There always is to a true story. About five years later, I was in grad school in upstate New York. I was a poet, a bohemian, et cetera. <b>I'd had a couple of lovers. I was on birth control.</b> I guessed I'd resolved the soul and sin thing by lapsing from my heavy-duty Catholic back-ground, giving up my immortal soul for a blues kind of soul."
			The Rudy Elmenhurst Story/ 103	On the counter, he had left behind the bottle of wine. I had one of those unserious, cheap, grad school corkscrews... <b>I put the bottle between my legs and pulled so hard that not only did I jerk the crumbled cork out but I sprayed myself with ex-pensive Bordeaux. "Shit," I thought, "this is not going to wash out."</b> I held the bottle up to my mouth and drew a long messy swallow, as if I were some decadent wild woman who had just dismissed an unsatisfactory lover.
			A Regular Revolution/ 110	Yoyo was on for bringing a book into the house, <i>Our Bodies, Our Selves</i> . (Mami couldn't quite put her finger on what it was that bothered her about the book. I mean, there were no men in it. The pictures all

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				celebrated women and their bodies, so it wasn't technically about sex as she had understood it up to then. But there were women exploring "what their bodies were all about" and a whole chapter on lesbians. Things, Mami said, examining the pictures, to be ashamed of.
			A Regular Revolution/ 112	"You could try a Kotex trick," Yoyo suggested, thinking it would be nice to have a little pot to smoke when things on Island got dull.
		Sofia	The Kiss/ 28	Sofía was the one without the degrees. She had always gone her own way, though she downplayed her choices, calling them accidents. Among the four sisters, she was considered the plain one, with her tall, big-boned body and large-featured face. <b>And yet, she was the one with "non-stop boyfriends,"</b> her sisters joked, not without wonder and a little envy. They admired her and were always asking her advice about men.
			The Kiss/ 29	On her vacation she went to Colombia because her current boyfriend was going, <b>and since she couldn't spend an overnight with him in New York, she had to travel thousands of miles to sleep with him."</b>
			The Four Girls/ 65	Her three sisters lift their eyebrows at each other. Their father has not uttered a word since he arrived two days ago. <b>He still has not forgiven Fifi for "going behind the palm trees."</b> When they were younger, the sisters used to joke that they would likelier be virgins than find a

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				<b>palm tree in their neck of the woods.</b>
			A Regular Revolution/ 110	<b>Fifi was on for smoking in the bathroom.</b> (She always ran the shower, as if smoking were a noisy activity whose hullabaloo she had to drown out).
			A Regular Revolution/ 112	And she gave us the little pep talk on family and important roots here. Finally she went back to bed, and to sleep, or so we thought. We turned the volume down but stayed up talking. <b>Fifi held up a Baggy with dregs of greenish brown weed inside. “Okay vote time,” she said. “Do I or don’t I take it?”</b>
		Carla, Sandi and Yolanda	A Regular Revolution/ 115	Technically, she was right. It was her Baggy. <b>The rest of us had had dope only when our boyfriends rolled a joint or when, in a party of friends, a cigarette made its rounds, everyone drawing a toke.</b>
		Carla, Sandi, Yolanda and Sofia	The Rudy Elmenhurst Story/ 86	We took turns being the wildest. First one, then another, of us would confess our sins on vacation nights after the parents went to bed, and we had double-checked the hall to make sure there were “no Moors on the coast,” an Island expression for the coast being clear. Baby Sister Fifi held that title the longest, though Sandi, with her good looks and many opportunities, gave her some com-petition. Several times Carla, the responsible eldest, did some-thing crazy. But she always claimed she had done whatever it was she’d done to gain ground for us all. So her reigns

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				of error smacked of good intentions and were never as juicy as Fifi’s.
			A Regular Revolution/ 108-109	It was a long train ride up to our prep school in Boston, and there <i>were</i> guys on that train. We learned to forge Mami’s signature and went just about everywhere to dance weekends and football weekends and snow sculpture weekends. <b>We could kiss and not get pregnant. We could smoke and no great aunt would smell us croak. We began to develop a taste for American teenage good life... By the end of a couple of years away from home, we had more than adjusted.</b>
			A Regular Revolution/ 130	“Ya, ya.” Tia Carmen lifts her hand for her sister-in-law to stop. <b>“These girls have lived so long away, they have gotten American ways.”</b>
2	Embracing American Values	Sandi	Floor Show/ 68	The four braided and beribboned heads nodded. At moments like this when they all seemed one organism—the four girls—. <b>Sandi would get that yearning to wander off into the United States of America by herself and never come back as the second of four girls so close in age.</b>
		Yolanda	Antojos/ 9-10	“I’ll tell you what my <i>santo</i> wants after five years,” Yolanda says. “I can’t wait to eat some guavas. <b>Maybe I can pick some when I go north in a few days.</b> ” <b>“By yourself?”</b> Tia Carmen shakes her head at the mere thought.

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			<p>“This is not the States,” Tia Flor says, with a knowing smile. <b>“A woman just doesn’t travel alone in this country.</b> Especially these day.”</p> <p><b>“I can take care of myself,”</b> Yolanda reassures them.”</p>
		Antojos/ 12	<p><b>She pulls the Datsun over and enjoys her first solitary moment since her arrival.</b> Every compound outing has been hosted by one gracious aunt or another, presenting the landscape as if it were a floor show mounted for her niece’s appreciation.</p>
		Antojos/ 14	<p>In fact, her aunts have given her a list of names of uncles and aunts and cousins she might call on along her way. By each name is a capsule description of what Yolanda might remember of that relative: the one with the kidney bean swimming pool, the fat one, the one who was an ambassador. Before she even left the compound, Yolanda put the list away in the glove compartment. <b>She is going to be just fine on her own.</b></p>
		Antojos/ 22	<p>Yolanda leans over and opens the door for him. The overhead light comes on; the boy’s face is working back tears. He is cradling an arm.</p> <p><b>“The guardia hit me. He said I was telling stories. No dominicana with a car would be out at this hour getting guayabas.”</b></p> <p>“Don’t you worry, Jose.” Yolanda pats the boy. She can feel the bony shoulder through the thin fabric of his shirt. “You can still have your</p>

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			dollar. You did your part.”
		The Kiss/ 33	Sofia briefly considered a belly dancer or a girl who’d pop out of a cake. <b>But the third daughter, who had become a feminist in the wake of her divorce, said she considered such locker-room entertainments offensive.</b>
	Sofia	The Kiss/ 29 and 31	The youngest daughter had been the first to leave home. She had dropped out of college, in love... She got herself to Germany somehow and got the man to marry her.
		The Kiss/ 30	“Are you a whore?” the father interrogated his daughter. There was spit on the daughter’s cheeks from the closeness of his mouth to her face. “It’s none of your fucking business!” she said in a low, ugly-sounding voice like the snarl of an animal who could hurt him. “You have no right, no right at all, to go through my stuff or read my mail!” Tears spurted out of her eyes, her nostrils flared.
	Carla, Sandi, and Yolanda	A Regular Revolution/ 121-122	For the benefit of an invisible sisterhood, since our aunts and girl cousins consider it very unfeminine for a woman to go around demonstrating for her rights, Yoyo sighs and all of us roll our eyes. We don’t even try anymore to raise consciousness here. It’d be like trying for cathedral ceilings in a tunnel or something... Yoyo turn Manuel’s interview to Carla, who’s good at befriending with small talk. Yoyo calls it her

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				<p>therapist “softening-them-up-for-the-spill” mode. <b>“Manuel, why do you feel so upset when Fifi is on her own? Carla’s manner is straight out of her Psych 101 textbook.”</b></p> <p>“Women don’t do that here.” Manuel Gustavo’s foot, posed on his knee, shakes up and down. “Maybe you do things different in your United States of America.” ...</p> <p><b>“Manuel,” Carla pleads. “Women do have rights here too, you know. Even Dominican law grants that.”</b></p>
		Carla, Sandi, Yolanda and Sofia	Daughter of Invention/ 146	<p>But now, Carlos was truly furious. It was bad enough that his daughters are rebelling, but here was his own wife joining forces with them. <b>Soon he would be surrounded by a household of independent American women.”</b></p>
3	Preserving Dominican Cultures	Sandi	Floor Show/ 179	<p>She watched the different tables around theirs. All the other guests were white and spoke in low, unexcited voices. Americans, for sure. They could have eaten anywhere, Sandi thought, and yet they had come to a Spanish place for dinner. La Bruja was wrong. Spanish was something other people paid to be around.</p>
			Floor Show/ 185	<p><b>The dancers clapped and strutted, tossing their heads boldly like horses. Sandi’s heart soared. This wild and beautiful dance come from the people like her, Spanish people,</b> who danced the strange,</p>

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**Resti Siti Nurlaila, 2014**

*The Construction of Hybrid Identity in*

*Julia Alvarez’s How the Garcia Girls Lost Their Accents*

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			disquieting joy that sometimes made Sandi squeeze Fifi's hand hard until she cried or bullfight Yoyo with a towel until both girls fell in giggling, exhausted heap on the floor that made La Bruja beat her ceiling with a broom handle.
	Yolanda	The Rudy Elmenhurst Story/ 96	We would lie down under it, side by side, cuddling and kissing, Rudy's hand exploring down my blouse. <b>But if he wandered any lower, I'd pull away. "No," I'd say, "don't."</b> "Why not?" he'd challenge, or ironically or seductively or exasperatedly, depending on how much he'd imbibed, smoked, dropped. <b>My own answers varied, depending on my current hangups, that's what Rudy called my refusals, hangups.</b>
		The Rudy Elmenhurst Story/ 99-100	Instead, I did something that even a lapsed Catholic I still did for good luck on nights before exams. <b>I opened my drawer and took the crucifix I kept hidden under my clothes, and I put it under pillow for the night. The large crucifix had been a "security blanket" I took to bed with me after years coming to this country.</b>
		The Human Body/ 234-235	Mundín faced us, his hands nervously working the snake into a rounder and rounder ball. "Go on," he said. "Take them down." Immediately, Fifi pulled down her pants and panties in one wad to her hips, revealing what she thought was in question, her bellybutton. <b>But I was older and knew better. In religious instruction classes, Sor</b>

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			<p><b>Juana had told how God clothed Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden after they had sinned. “Your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost.” At home, the aunts had drawn the older girls aside and warned us that soon we would be señoritas who must guard our bodies like hidden treasure and not let anyone take advantage.</b></p>
	Sofia	A Regular Revolution/ 117	<p>By Christmas, we are wild for news of Fifi’s exile. From Mami we hear that our sister is beautifully acclimated to life on the Island and taking classes in shorthand and typing at the Ford Foundation trade school.</p>
		A Regular Revolution/ 120	<p>Lovable Manuel is a little tyrant, like a mini Papi and Mami rolled into one. Fifi can’t wear pants in public. Fifi can’t walk talk to another man. Fifi can’t leave the house without her permission. <b>And what’s the most disturbing is that Fifi, feisty, lively Fifi, is letting this man tell her what she can and cannot do.”</b></p>
	Carla and Sofia	A Regular Revolution/ 123	<p>We’re off to the movies or to Capri’s for an ice cream and just hanging out, the boys much exhorted to take care of the ladies. <b>As the oldest, Carla must ride with Fifi in Manuel’s pickup, <i>la chaperona</i>, at least until we’re off compound grounds.</b></p>
	Carla, Sandi and Yolanda	A Regular Revolution/ 128	<p>Mundín shakes his head at his sister. Nevertheless, he is her protector. Ever since her quip at the motel, he’s been watching her closely. “Okay, okay, I’ll take you.” He turns to us, his cousins. “You guys have to stay</p>

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			<p>here and cover for Manuel.”</p> <p>“We can’t stay here without you,” we remind him. <b>Rule número uno: Girls are not left unescorted in public. “We’ll get in trouble, Mundín.”</b></p>
		A Regular Revolution/ 128	<p>“But what about Fifi and Manuel?” Mundín is flabbergasted. If everyone except Fifi and Manuel shows up at the compound, the lovers will be in deep trouble. <b>Rule número dos: Girls are not to be left unchaperoned with their novios.</b></p> <p>“We came with you, we stay with you. We don’t want to get into trouble.” Our good-girl voices don’t quite convince our cousin.</p>

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