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The Truth of Fiction

Jan Vansina's chapter on oral tradition as process initiates a discourse on the value of oral traditions and histories in the scope their historical value within the Western based ideologies. In this presentation, my goal is to open up even further the discourse that Vansina began, proposing that all utterances, whether they are oral or written, have inherent truth, and therefore, historical value. A young Cusqueñan poet, Ch'aska Eugenia Anka Ninawaman, exemplifies not only the inherent truth in fiction, but also brings the dialectic between oral and written utterances (literature? histories? traditions?) and their translation to other languages or cultures to the forefront. I will use Ch'aska's poetry as the basis of this investigation, supported by examples from other "indigenous" texts such as the autobiography of Gregorio Condori Mamani and Miguel Angel Asturias' *Mulata de tal*, all of which have been considered literature, but could also be considered oral traditions. No matter the term used to define the utterance, it has historical value.

Ch'aska Ninawaman was born in Ch'isikata, a community outside of Cusco, Peru. After moving to the town of Yauri-Espinar and working in Arequipa, she received her masters in Social Sciences at FLASCO in Ecuador, specializing in Ehtnic Studies. She currently works as a Quechua teacher in the National Institute for Oriental Language and Civilization in Paris. She considers herself both an activist for Andean cultures like her own and a poet, and does not draw a line between literature, activism, and historical reality. In this presentation, I will focus on Ch'aska's first book of poetry in this presentation, *T'ika Chumpicha: Poesía moderna en kichwa ecuatoriano y quechua peruano* because of the manner in which she introduces her poetry,

underlining the dialectic between orality and writing. This also becomes one of the main themes of the poetry itself, which we will see later. In her introduction, Cha'ska explains that in her community and in her family there exists a complete poetic repertoire that she heard since she was a child. This repertoire is not written on paper, rather it is found in everyday speech. It is the poetry, she explains, in which her community and her family identify themselves. She warns her readers in the introduction that they should not expect that *T'ika Chumpicha* respond to a written poetic genre as the "Western tradition" has defined it. This book of poems instead responds to the poetry of the oral Quechua world. However, the orality of Quechua contrasts greatly with the written world in which Ch'aska grew up. She clarifies that it was important for them as children to learn to read and write, because they understood the power that such knowledge held for them in their contemporary, modern world. In the end, writing gains the ultimate place for Ch'aska, the proof of which we are holding in our hands, but her struggles between the orality and writing, and those of her family and community, appear in the text. The written word supports oral literature, making her poetry, as she states in her title, decidedly "modern".

So, returning to Vansina's chapter on oral tradition as process, Vansina classifies oral tradition as oral messages based on previous oral messages, at least a generation old, transmitted by word of mouth over time (3). In this sense, through Ch'aska's explanation in her introduction we can definitely consider her poetry an oral tradition. She explains: "*T'ika Chumpicha* pertains to my first experiences of feeling what poetry is, when I heard some people close to me sing and speak. The manner in which they said it to me, the words that they used, the tone of voice, then, the moment in which all of that was memory, echoes, sounds inside of me, came to be in the written word: this is the poetry that I write now. *T'ika Chumpicha* corresponds to a specific

place: it reflects the life of a Quechua speaking family in the community of Ch'isikata, from Hatun Qullana, from the ethnic group K'anas(20).” Ch'aska's poetry, therefore, falls under Vansina's category of “Interpretation of experience”, defined as personal reminiscences, etiological commentaries, linguistic expressions, traditions, and literary expressions of experience (7 – 8), and as the subcategory of “verbal art”, which expresses the experience of contemporary situations or events, morals to be drawn from such occurrences or situations, or express intense emotions associated with them (11). While Vansina recognizes the historical value of poetry, he does so only because of the fact that it is composed by a single author, one person who is bringing a new message into being (12). Improvised tales in preliterate cultures he considers to contain quite a bit of historical information, but explains that they are difficult to use because, due to the additive, improvisational nature throughout time, one does not know what refers to which period. What happens, then, when a poet, like Ch'aska, takes oral utterances, as she explains above, and writes them down to create poetry? Can we, only now when it is written, give it historical value, as Vansina suggests? At the end of his chapter, Vansina alludes to the underlying premise of these questions by posing another question himself. He asks, as an open ended conclusion, “Can we accept a text as a valid rendering of a tradition?”

The answer to my questions and Vansina's question lies in the dialectic between orality and the written word, which Ch'aska treats extensively in her works. Before looking at the specific poems, let's look at Antonio Cornejo Polar, an Andean literary theorist who links colonialism to the dialectic between orality and literature in the Andes. He explains that the “grado cero” of Andean social interaction is exemplified by the representation of the Inca Atahualpa in his “failure” to understand the written word when presented with a bible by the Priest Valverde. The chroniclers, who represent this interaction in their works, by underlining

the ignorance of the Inca in relation to the specific code of writing, situate him, and all of those who pertained to his empire, in the world of the barbarians. In other words, they were fair game for a legitimate conquest (38). From Cornejo Polar's observations, we can see that writing in the Andes is above all, a source of conquest and domination (39). Written culture emerges in the Andes, not just as a system of communication, but within the discourse of order and authority, pointing to its true importance, the preservation of power.

The opening poem in *T'ika Chumpicha* is a concise example of how the dialectic of written and oral discourses is linked to coloniality. Ch'aska explains the origins of the poem in her introduction: "One day, while my mother was weaving a blanket, my younger siblings and I played with butterflies. Seeing as the butterflies were painted all different colors, they extended the palms of their hands and exclaimed, 'please little butterfly rest in the lake of my little hand.' The butterflies fluttered their wings, one after another rested on the palms of their hands. They closed their eyes, holding back laughter saying, 'It's writing on my hand, I'm going to be a great doctor.' Upon seeing this scene, I extended my arm, but a butterfly began to tickle me with its little feet on my palm and, without meaning to, my fingers trapped its little wings. They were black and white, flecked with the clothes of broad beans. Its pollen even stayed drawn on my hands. In that moment my younger siblings sang this song to me in chorus (18)." We can see through Ch'aska's explanation that the poetry of her world is not poetry in the Western sense, as Vansina classifies it. It is the poetry of everyday life, inherent in the nature of the Quechua language. Sometimes it emerges as memorized song, sometimes as spontaneous conversation. But it is interesting that the butterfly, an ephemeral and mystical creature, *writes* in the hand of the little girl in the poem. The little girl then *erases* the writing by destroying the butterfly. She is not able to balance the duality of writing and oral culture as her siblings are able to do, and

therefore, she is relegated to the sidelines as a failure, and it is her fault for doing so. She is destined to be a “cabeza de burro” and never a great doctor. This theme is recurrent throughout the book of poetry, and it could be related to Ch’aska’s own choice to make herself an intermediary between the written and oral worlds. Her struggles as a “border figure” haunt her throughout the work, because she can never quite resolve either identity fully.

Nevertheless, Cornejo Polar takes a positive perspective in light of the hegemony inherent in the written word. He states that a new subject will emerge that is able to employ the learned written word in Spanish or in Quechua, whose presence, although intermittent and subordinated, alters the order and the limits of lettered space of the Andean nations substantially (50). But, he also warns that when the writer is subaltern, those who are not subaltern do not have the ability to hear what is being said, or in this case, what is being written. Only when we translate their word to the space of our customary decodifying strategy are we able to understand it. (220) This act of decodifying and translating is exactly what we see in Ch’aska’s texts. Through translating (and let us use the word in its literal meaning of moving an object from one space to another) her oral texts to written texts, she appropriates the power of the written word for the subaltern identity of Quechua speakers. This is an action that she repeats threefold: She translates them from orality to written word, understanding that the power of recognition and change lies in writing. She also translates the texts from Peruvian Quechua to Spanish, which allows for her voice and the voice of the subaltern Quechua speakers to be heard in a hegemonic discourse, and she also translates the texts from Peruvian Quechua to Ecuadorian Kichwa, creating a Pan-Andean voice and appropriation of the written word throughout subalternized oral cultures. Through these “translations”, we are able to “hear” the subaltern voice, but is it a true

translation? What is lost? And is the cost of such a loss more than the power that is gained through the translation into a hegemonic discourse?

Let's look at the poem "Niña Águila" in order to get an idea of how this shows up in the text. The poem begins in the darkness, when a mother eagle gives birth to a baby girl eagle. Nature, the rain, the wind, and the clouds, take care of the baby eagle and help to raise her. The "yachaq" of the community, literally "those who know" (the wise men) explain to the community that this little eagle has a star on her forehead, and that one day she will be the one who wakes up her community. She will come like the wind, they just have to wait. The poem ends with a warning: be careful not to hit little girls, because that girl may be the baby girl eagle. Apart from the obvious allusions to the Quechua culture, like that of the "yachaq", who are an important part of the community conscious and memory, and that of the everyday violence that is present in the community, we can observe an interesting phenomenon in the translation of the poem. First, by writing down a poem that comes from oral traditions, Ch'aska encounters the problem of how to translate its orality. She uses the spaces on the page, at the beginning of the lines, between stanzas, to translate the poem from orality to writing. The repetitive characteristic of orality is also present: look at the beginning of each stanza (in Quechua). Also, when she translates the poem to Spanish, we see an even more notable change. The sentiments that she expressed in Quechua do not translate to Spanish. Look at the end of the first stanza. In Quechua, she actually names the mother of the little eagle, Yanirita Carlos Hanqunayra. In Spanish the mother does not have a name, causing the poem to feel like a salvation myth, like the myth of the Inkari. In Quechua, the salvation is much more specific. Also, the violence that we see in the Spanish version is not as prominent in the Quechua version, because of the vocabulary that the author chooses. In Spanish, in the warning at the end, the narrative voice warns the

readers not to “pegar” (to hit) any little girls. But in the Quechua version, the author uses the word “k’amiy”, which changes meaning within the context. Sometimes it could mean “to hit”, but many times, especially with small children, it merely means “to insult” or sometimes even “to reprimand”. Taking this into account, we can see that although translation brings the subaltern voice to a space where we can hear it, we are not truly able to hear it. Even with knowledge of the language and the culture, it is difficult to understand the true importance of the little eagle without having been a member Ch’aska’s community or even her family.

Horacio Legrás, in his book *Literature and Subjection*, explores the concept of the translation of language further. In the words of Legrás, “A successful translation is always a failed one – translation is always a translation of difference (9).” He explains that literature, for the purposes of his investigation, is the formalization of the instituting power of language. Speaking cannot put forward any meaning without simultaneously building the social frame within which language can make sense (4). Therefore, while literature, as opposed to history or ethnography, in our case, gives us the “freedom to say everything” (according to Derridá), it rapidly becomes neutralized as fiction. If forms like “folklore”, “traditional folk tales”, “oral literature” and “urban narratives” were incorporated into a larger and prestigious framework (which would be that of literary expression), they entered this arrangement in a subordinated position where their former plasticity is lost, insofar as the cultural apparatuses that brought them recognition favors the perpetuation of certain traits deem idiosyncratic to the poetic disposition (10). In other words, Legrás is actually making the same point that Cornejo Polar makes with regards to the written word and orality. Through colonial relationships, orality becomes subalternized with respect to the written word. Possession of the written word means power. Those who are subalternized can appropriate the written word, and therefore also appropriate its

power, but they are at the same time recognizing the power that the written word holds over them. The same is true, according to Legrás, of literature with respect to history, or with “oral literatures” with respect to literature in the Western sense of the word. When we read Ch’aska’s poetry, for example the poem “Niña Águila”, do we dismiss it as fiction because it is poetry? Or do we dismiss it as an oral tradition or a salvation myth because its origin is not in writing, or it does not conform to the Western concept that we have of poetry? What do we make of the specificity of the poem in Quechua, versus the generality of its Spanish version? Legrás asks his readers what the conditions are for undoing the power relationship inscribed in language (56). Does Ch’aska achieve a deconstruction of such a power relationship through her appropriation of the written word in what was once a purely oral tradition? As Legrás (and Cornejo Polar) mention, writing is above all, an event of power (66).

In order to conclude the argument that I am making of the validity of literature or any other utterance as historically valuable, we must also look at Pheng Cheah’s arguments in *Spectral Nationality*. Cheah takes Benedict Anderson’s imagined community to a post-Marxist level, explaining how *bildung*, or a concerted effort at reaching out to the colonized masses, educating and raising their awareness so that they might nationally organize themselves into a people who can overcome the distance between itself and the colonial state (239), is implemented in literature. Literature does not only reflect or thematize a nation’s *bildung*, the members of the nation themselves are intended to be *part* of it – it is a means for generating a reading public that can be a renewing basis of the nation (240). Therefore, Cheah’s argument is that literary reality is not an escapist fantasy without any relation to banal existence.

Paradoxically, it is *true*er than historical reality because it is the truth of history, the purposiveness

of history's unfolding, incarnated in the sensuous shape of literature (261). That is why, Cheah concludes, the truth of fiction is also the truth of history (261).

Can we apply this logic to ethnography and use literature as an ethnographic source, even though, as Vansina explains, it may or may not have historical value? It is my opinion that we can. Apart from Ch'aska's *T'ika Chumpicha*, I would like to look at two other works that problematize the line drawn between literature and oral traditions, and between fiction and truth. First, let us look at an excerpt from Miguel Ángel Asturias's *Mulata de tal*. Without context, it seems as though it could be part of a creation story, or of an oral tradition. It could be a commentary or an explanation of how the mountains came to be created. But, it is actually a novel, a "fictional" work. Although Asturias modeled the novel after the style of the *Popul Vuh*, the actual content is fictional. Can we write it off though, as invaluable historically? Asturias spent years translating the *Popul Vuh*, a text that could also be considered literature or history. According to Cheah's argument, both the *Popul Vuh* and *Mulata de tal* are just as historically valuable as say, an ethnography done an anthropologist who visits Guatemala and interviews Rigoberta Menchú about the period of La Violencia.

The mention of Rigoberta Menchú actually brings me to my last example, which is taken from the autobiography of Gregori Condori Mamani, compiled by anthropologists Ricardo Valderrama and Carmen Escalante. While Asturias's novel is traditionally viewed as fiction, Condori Mamani's testimony is traditionally considered "truth" and therefore historically valid. In the prologue, Tom Zuidema identifies Condori Mamani with a true Andean voice (11), and emphasizes the historical and cultural accuracy of the work while at the same time downplaying the role of the interviewers/translators in the creation of this "testimonio". The validity of the genre of "testimonio" as history or literature comes to the forefront of the public eye with the

publication of Rigoberta Menchú's *Me llamo Rigoberta Menchú y así me nació la conciencia*, but especially with the controversy that followed in which anthropologist David Stoll alleged that that much of Menchú's testimony was not necessarily "the truth". Condori Mamani's testimony, though, did not receive the same frenzied media attention as did Menchú. His story was published six years before hers, which may have contributed to the lack of attention given to the work. It is my opinion, however, that Condori Mamani's story was not as publicly contested as was Menchú's because she appropriates testimony as a voice in the fight for the rights of indigenous people in Guatemala, utilizing the hegemonic language to stand up for the rights of those who speak marginalized languages. Gregorio, in contrast, maintains the discourse of the dominant culture, even while using his own subordinate language. In other words, Menchú's testimony destabilizes the sense of centered authority on which monoculturalism rests, while that of Condori Mamani does not pose a similar threat (Aparicio 581).

We return then, to the link between colonialism and power and the dialectic between writing and orality. Is it truly possible to establish historical value of a text basing this value on its representation of reality? Although Vansina makes an allusion to this issue when he asks if we can accept a text as a valid rendering of a tradition, I believe that we have to deconstruct the idea of historical truth even further, and recognize that literature, just as any other utterance, has just as much historical value as something that is established by an academic field as "fair game" when it comes to analyzing history. We must truly take into consideration the locus from which we are pronouncing what is truth and what is fiction. If we come from a Western perspective, in which writing and history hold power over orality and literature, we are sure to miss the bigger picture.

T'ika Chumpicha: Poesía moderna en kichwa ecuatoriano y quechua peruano (con traducción al español), Ch'aska Eugenia Anka Ninawaman

“Pillpintucha”

Kulur Kulur pillpintucha,
dibuhasha lapracha,
 mana llamina,
 mana k'irina,
huq llamiyllapi dibuhachayki burrakun.

Ay kulur kulur pillpintucha,
chay laprachaykita llamirusqaymantan
 mana libruchayuq kapuni
 mana liyiyta atirapunichu
Runapas “asno uma” niykapuwan

[“Mariposita”

Mariposa de colores y con alas dibujadas.
Apenas te toqué y te borraste,
Ahora qué voy a leer,
Mi libro está en blanco.
Cabeza de burro me dirán.]

“Mama P'itikina”

Mama P'itikiña Solisha,
yuraq phuyu qisapi takikuspa phutuchikuwarqani,
 “warmi wawachay,
 quri qulqicha” nispa.

Mama P'itikiña Solisha,
laphaykita kicharipa wallpa chiwchichatahina uqllakuwarqanki
yuraq phuyu qisachapi,
 “wawachay tingachay,
 tinga wiksachay” nispa.

Yaraqaymanta waqaqtiypas ñuñukuwarqanki,
chhukchachayta yupa-yupaykuspa,
 paña makichaykipiñataq,
 lluq'i makichaykipiñataq

Dios Yaya waxawaqtinpas
chay simichaykiwan,
 iruuq sullachanta,
 ichhuq sirsichanta,
umispalla t'ikachuwarqanki sunquyki wirtachapi
Kunanhina chhiriwaqtinpas,
kunanhina sunquchay waqakuqtinpas,
pullirachaykiq puntachallanwan
 “hampuway warmi wawachay
 rusara uyachay” nispa,
qaqachata walthakuwarqanki
 “dirichucha mana ima nanayniyuq
 qhalichalla wawachay wiñanqa” nispa.
Ñawichayta qhawaspataq niwaranki,
 “kay makichayki iskribidurita” nispa,
 “kay chakichayki kaminadurita” nispa.

Chaymi sapan munasqay mamachay,
kay llaqtapi tarikuqtiypas huq quri qulqi q'ipita aparichimuyki,
 warmi wawachaykiq
 tinga wiksachaykiq sutinpi,
tusuyunaykipaq
uhayukunaykipaq

[“Mama P'itikiña”

Mama P'itikina eres una papita nativa
bonita y rosada.
La luna y las estrellas
saben que me hiciste florecer cantando en un nido de blanca nube,
 “mujercita mi hija
 platita y oro” diciendo.

Dulce papita nativa,
Mamita me cobijaste como a un pollito abriendo tus dos alas
 “mi guagua como arañita
 barriguita de tambor” diciendo.

Cuando lloraba de hambre me arrullaste
 en tu brazo derecho
 luego en tu brazo izquierdo
y me brindaste tu lechecita

Cuando Dios Yaya me llamaba,
Pusiste con tu pico en mi boca
 el rocío de la cebada,
 el grano de trigo;

entonces volví a florecer en la huerta de tu corazón.

Cuando me daba este frío raro me abrigabas con la punta de tu pollera,

“ven mi hija mujercita
Carita rasada” diciendo.

Cuando me cogía este dolor extraño me envolvías con tu única manta,

“mi guagua será sana
sin ningún dolor” diciendo.

Mirando mis ojos me decías:

“esta tu mano escribana,
esta tu patita caminadora.”

Por todo eso mamita linda,

desde estas tierras lejanas te envió un saco de oro y plata

para que bailes y cantes

en nombre de tu escribanita,
en nombre de tu hija mujer.]

“Aguila Wawacha”

Chullpariy tutapis

t'ikaq sunquchanpi

t'ikaq ruruchanpi

aguila wamancha wachajusqa huq warmi wawachata

Yanirita Carlos Hanqunayra sutichayuqta.

Chay aguila wawachas

mat'inpi istrilla surtichayuq kanman,

much'uchanpi rusara t'ikachayuq

mamanhina munay muyu ñawicha.

Chay aguila wawachas llaqtanta rikch'arichinqa.

Suyakullasunchis runakuna,

Sapallansi ukhurimunqa.

Chaymi runakuna amapuni

mayqin wawatapas k'amisunchu,

chay aguila wawachapas kanman.

[“Niña Aguila”

Cuando oscureció en la mitad del día

dicen que una mamá águila y soltera,

en el corazón de una rosa hizo un nido como un ovario,

y dio vida a una niña águila.

La lluvia, el viento, la nube lo cuidó.

Los yachaq en ritual dicen
que esa niña tiene una estrella en la frente.
Y sus ojos dicen que son como de su mamá,
Redondos y vivaces.

Todo el mundo dice que esa niña águila,
hará despertar a su pueblo.
Sólo tenemos que esperar,
sola vendrá como el viento.

Por eso, escuchen humanos cuidado con desencantar,
no deben pegar a ninguna niña,
puede ser la niña águila.]

Mayuq Wawan

Mayu sultiru,
qaqa sultiru,
sut'inta willaykuway
piqpa wawansi kani chayta.

Mayuq wawanchu kani
unuhina waqaspa purinaypaq?
Qaqa wawanchu kani
rumihina urmanaypaq?

Mayuq wawallan kani chayqa,
mayulla apayakapuwachun.
Qaqaq wawallan kani chayqa,
qaqalla ñit'ikapuwachun.

Mayu sultiru,
qaqa sultiru,
sutillayta qhilqaykuway,
mayuq churin kaspaypas,
qaqaq wawan kaspaypas.

Mayuq sunidun,
qaqaq yachapakuynin,
tapurikusqayki:
taytaypa apillidunpi qhilaqasqachus kani icha manachus?

Mayuq wawanña kani chaypas,
qaqaq wawanña kani chaypas,
peruano gubirnupaqpa rikunusidusyá kashani.

[“El hijo del río”

Río grande y soltero
barranco rojo y soltero,
díganme la verdad
¿Soy tu hijo señor río,
para vagar llorando como el agua?
¿Soy tu niño hombre barranco,
para desmoronarme como cascajo?
Que me arrastren las aguas si soy el hijo del río.
Que me aplasten las rocas
si soy el hijo del barranco.

Río soltero,
barranco soltero,
firmen mi nombre en papel sellado,
por más que sea niño del barranco,
por más que sea hijo del río grande.

Sonido del río,
rugido del barranco:
¿Estoy con el apellido de mi padre?

Aunque soy niño río,
aunque soy niño barranco,
para el gobierno peruano reconocido estoy en papel sellado.]

Mulata de tal, Miguel Ángel Asturias

Tazolín, hijo umbilical de Tazol, agitó su honda y dio con una piedra el sentido de uno de aquellos mastodones que bailaban, gigantón que se desplomo entre la arrebuja queja de los tambores y el barajustar de todos. Sólo Giroma, la poderosa Giroma por sus riquezas, la triste desposeída de su luz, de su sexo, corrió a inclinarse sobre el recién caído gigante.

Era Yumí, y de inmediato empezó a gritar que la socorriera el cielo, desamparada en la noche, donde acababa de extinguirse el eco de los tambores y se apagaban las estrellas, como velas encendidas, al soplo del viento.

Largo a largo, el cuerpo del Gigante Yumí, a quien el cura y el sacristán tomaron por Goliat, fue creciendo a medida que crecía la noche, ya inmensa en el silencio. Y Giroma sintió que no era ella, mujer carne y hueso, la viuda de Goliat, dado lo que parlamentaban el cura y el sacristán. La viuda era la noche.

Crecía el gigante muerto y crecía la noche. Crecía más el gigante y más crecía la noche.

[Tazolín, the umbilical son of Tazol, twirled his sling and sent a stone in the direction of one of those dancing mastodons, a Gigantic who fell flat among the jumbled complaint of the drums and the shuffling of everybody. Only Giroma, the powerful Giroma because of her riches, the sad one, dispossessed of her light, of her sex, ran to lean over the newly fallen Gigantic.

It was Yumí, and she immediately began to shout to heaven for help, unprotected in the night, where the echo of the drums had just been extinguished and the stars were going out from the breath of the wind, like lighted candles.

Stretched out, the body of the Gigantic Yumí, whom the priest and the sexton took to be Goliath, was growing as the night grew, already immense in the silence. And Giroma felt that she, a woman of flesh and blood, was not the widow of Goliath, according to what the priest and the sexton had been talking about. The widow was the night.

The dead giant grew and the night grew. The giant grew more and the night grew more.]

Autobiography of Gregorio Condori Mamani, Carmen Escalante and Ricardo Valderrama

Arisa ayllupi huch'uy pollito chico kashaqtiymi hamun aeroplano altonta, chaytan kunan sutiyanke avion nispa. Chaymantan rimaqku ñawpaq: altontan wayra patapi runa purinqa. Imaynataq noqanchisri runatari wayra patapi pureqtari rikusunman? Manan rikuyta atisunmanchu! Imaynan kunan radiopi, periodico publicacionkunapi rimanku, haqaymi kanqa chaymi hamunqa nispa, chhaynatan gente simi simillapin rimaqku: "Runan viento patapi trotaSPA purinqa". Chhayna rimashasqankupin chay hatun animal aeroplano chayamun.

[Cuando era pollito chico y estaba en el *ayllu* Ariza, vino el aeroplano por lo alto, ése que ahora llaman avión. De éste hablaban antes: en lo alto, sobre el aire, va a caminar el hombre. ¿Cómo podríamos ver al hombre caminando en el aire? ¡qué vamos a poder ver! Así como hablan ahora por radio, por publicaciones en periódicos, que ha de haber o venir tales o cuales cosas, así la gente antes hablaba de boca en boca: "el hombre va a caminar a trote sobre el viento". En lo que hablaban así, llegó este animal grande con el nombre de aeroplano.]