Devil in the Water, Lights on the Mountain:

Climate Change in Andean Peru

by

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Dissertation submitted in partial fulfillment of
the requirements for the degree of Doctor
of Philosophy in the Department of
Cultural Anthropology in the Graduate School
of Duke University

2018

ABSTRACT

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Abstract

This dissertation examines everyday life and storytelling in Peru's Huaylas Valley: a transnational mining hub beneath melting Andean glaciers. During one year of ethnographic fieldwork, I listened to city dwellers and villagers narrate personal stories, gory rumors, and mythic tales: of a ruined Inca city that glows at night, a disappearing water devil, wild lakes turning tame, a Christ whose powers are shrinking. Rather than evincing ontological alterity, Huaylas stories reveal distinctive capitalist imaginaries and their ancient genealogies. They convey a popular sense of marginalization at a time of rapid, mineral-fueled growth, along with high hopes for a wealthy, developed future. And, their motifs and imagery attest to centuries of intercultural exchange, showing how capitalism took root in the Andes through indigenous cosmology, even as it developed through American colonization. Today, storytellers imagine and relate to their once-animate landscape as a banal means of accumulation, enlivening it through modern dreams that herald this future by banishing the superfluous—fantastic beings, and even themselves— from their Valley. If only by aspiration, then, storytellers in the Huaylas Valley form part of a planetary capitalist culture that accelerates global warming, raises mass living standards, and circulates fantasies of material redemption. While climate change is typically construed as a challenge for scientists and consumers to solve, this dissertation shows instead that global warming is a historical, cultural problem about the ends that more and more of humankind imagines, and strives to achieve.

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1. Introduction

1.1 Andean Quests

I wanted to learn about climate change, so I went to Huaraz, Peru: a city surrrounded by rich mines and big mountains whose glaciers are melting fast. People there would surely feel and comprehend this phenomenon which seemed, from a cozy U.S. remove, so abstract. Imagining that the place teetered on disaster, and that everyone there knew it, I aimed to pinpoint the social effects of climate change— how it made people think, feel, and plan for the future. And so I prepared a project about mountaineering and mining in Huaraz and its cradle, the Huaylas Valley.

Pregnancy disrupted my research plans. Instead of climbing mountains and exploring toxic mines, for six months in 2014, I found myself city-bound, interviewing NGO officials and politicians about climate change, attending their meetings about adaptation projects, and following these projects in villages and hamlets. I had hoped to glean native wisdom about the ways that the land was changing. But in Huaraz and villages, when I made it there, farmers and engineers alike spoke more of money than mountains. Cupidity animated projects from above and below, financed and motivated by the lure of corporate payouts and mining royalties: from village protests of a hydroelectricity company, to plans to empty a massive glacial lake. Mountains resembled banks more than gods, seeming to matter more for postcards than as relations, as in the classic Andean ethnographies that inspired my original quest. The old ways endured as tourism cliches: some wily old men touted an oval slab as an ancient huaca; a few

mountain guides marketed themselves as neo-Inca guardians of tradition. When I asked about the weather, market vendors and farmers, to different degrees, echoed global warming talking points I had already heard from scientists. Feeling farther from climate change than before, I came home to New Hampshire, gave birth, and dreaded returning.

Six months later, I returned for one last summer of field research. During the past two years, I had pointedly ignored the copies of "Legends of Ancash" that vendors sold on the sidewalk. I did not want to be an old-fashioned anthropologist. But now, with a baby in tow, I had little time left to gather material. So while Teddy slept, I gave the Valley's legends a try and they drew me in. I heard stories from people too, everywhere I went with my fat, white baby. She attracted kindhearted people from all walks of life: in shops, in the street, on buses, in markets, even from fields. I learned to hear about more than money, to seek more than mountains, to wonder about more than what numbers can convey. My project began to meld.

As they stroked Teddy's chubby cheeks, bounced her in their laps, and worried about her sunburns, I asked my baby's admirers if what I read was true. Did pishtacos (Weismantel 2001) really prowl the hills, did a blond devil still lurk in canals, did wild lakes once conceal jewels? They corrected my questions, and one another, elaborated their own versions, sometimes nullified the stories altogether. Talk about children and folklore opened the way to more intimate and also more global conversations. Huaracinos and villagers asked me how to get to America, voiced desires to live in a developed country, and condemned mining profits for ruining their culture and evading their pockets. People integrated social observations with personal narratives, gliding from the mythical

to the real, from ancient times to a fallen present, from animate to tame landforms. But how did these elements relate to one another and climate change, if they did at all?

1.2 Story and World

One thing became clear: this Andean world was not disappearing, as we Westerners perpetually imagine native traditions to be. Yet mountain life was certainly changing. What I had read in graduate school offered two possible interpretations of fantastic stories of change. One approach would treat stories as conveying an ancient, amodern social universe, enduring in its ontological alterity alongside the neoliberal one we shared. According to proponents of this view, traditional anthropological interpretation (i.e. the study of diverse human cultures, and how they see the world) is inevitably ethno- and anthropo-centric. This is because only Western people imagine nature as a universal backdrop, which science can reveal and translate (Latour 2004) to diverse human cultures. So, either the stories I heard interpreted facets of an empirical reality that encompassed climate change, cultural flux, and economic development, or they were clues to a different socio-natural arrangement entirely.

The ontological turn has received the most attention. These methodologies, growing at the intersection of science and technology studies, post-humanism, and South American anthropology, assume the fusion of world and thought. Building from the landmark work of Marilyn Strathern (1980) that challenged the universalism of Western philosophy's nature/culture divide, scholars in the ontological turn argue that humans build worlds through concepts (Viveiros de Castro 2014, 188-189) in relation with and to

nonhumans. (Descola 2013, Kohn 2013) Since different cosmologies lead to different relational orders, these comprise different worlds. In Arturo Escobar's felicitous term, we occupy a "pluriverse."[1] Ontological anthropologists seek, then, to understand multinatural societies, or human-nonhuman collectives, on their own terms, to decolonize the discipline. By introducing philosophies and concepts undergirding societies radically different from ours (Henare, Holbraad, and Wastell 2007; Holbraad 2010; Venkatesan 2010) some scholars hope to encourage the flourishing of human and nonhuman life. (Descola 2013, 397; Kohn 2013, 227)

This utopian impulse to develop alternatives to studying cultural representations, to upholding the tyranny of European intellectual genealogies, spurred my initial curiosity about life in the Andes. I sought a different way of knowing mountains, of conceptualizing life and death, even perhaps of thinking the human. But for all their unfamiliar content, I could not consider the stories I heard to be descriptions or traces of alternate ontologies.

In the first place, ontologies are not self-evident realities. Interlocutors narrate words and concepts to the anthropologist (Carrithers 2010) who assembles an ontological whole: partial, fractal, maybe (de la Cadena 2015, 31-34) but separate all the same. To create this separation, a scholar must purge the ontological ground of all non-native ethnographic data (Bessire and Bond 2014, 447) and expunge troublesome genealogies from ideas. My first findings on neoliberalism's permeation of everyday life in this place would not allow me to purify my data, or to claim that my subjects, whom I scarcely

[1] For an excellent overview, see Peter Skafish´s Introduction to Cannibal Metaphysics (2014)

knew, inhabited radically alter-realities. Neither did any claim to do so. More, tracing the characters, motifs, and plotlines of even the most seemingly, quintessentially Andean of stories led me over a millennium into a culturally polyphonic Andean past, forward into the Conquest and its cultural exchanges, and then further back into ancient Eurasia. Finally, I remain committed to a measure of positivism. Whether one knows mountain hydrology through ritual offerings, newscasts on climate change, or alternative facts, the glaciers are still melting because humans are warming the planet.

The drive to cosmologically balkanize the world defangs anthropology at a time when we ought to articulate the historical and cultural forces that bind us together and imperil earth's creatures, rich and poor alike. To do so, we require all the tools at our disposal. Ontologists who dismiss Western thought for its ethnocentrism forget that intellectual exchanges formed cosmological systems worldwide; understanding intellectual exchange also helps us comprehend how we have produced climate change, and why we still do. Moreover, Western univeral concepts that inform scientific thought never arose only from Europe. They developed over millennia of intercultural debate. Reason, for instance, traces its roots from Muslim theologians in tenth-century Baghdad (Madelung 2014) and the deserts of North-Western Africa, to debates about Aristotle in Al-Andalus which continued among students of African Muslim scholars in Sicily; these included St. Thomas Aquinas, whose criticism introduced rationalism to France. (Philippe Rey 1995, 22-26)

In their desire to think beyond purportedly European categories, too many humanistic scholars now refuse the Enlightenment’s great gift: those universals that help

us see how empire and capital have shaped global knowledge and global injustice: humankind's power to change the climate and our power to understand how and why we do so. (Chakrabarty 2000, 254) It is true that humans know climate through our own epistemological systems (Latour 2011) that big data creates abstract constructions of our planetary climate which discursive work turns into climate change (Morton 2013) and that what we call reality is but the socio-cognitively-shaped perception of atoms. Yet most of us share languages and systems of knowledge, in variants. To relativize science and disavow empirical reality as ideology, in the name of decoloniality, resembles a second stage of colonization: apartheid. And, though well-intentioned, the effort is futile. When have social walls protected humans from one another, or the nonhumans indifferent to our fate?

At the same time, however, the ontological turn's engagement with nonhuman entities inspires my approach to Andean stories, which often feature the fantastic. Social science traditionally relegates "supernatural" beings to the modernist category of religious beliefs, which scholars transform into a mask of the real. (Chakrabarty 1997) By displacing nonhuman, animate entities into the realm of cultural belief, scholars universalize a European notion of a singular nature that undergirds multiple cultures, and secular knowledge as its universal translator. (Latour 1993:106, 2004: 48; Viveiros de Castro 1998) With decolonial ambitions (Viveiros de Castro 2014, 4) many anthropologists focus on human-nonhuman relations rather than the meanings of nonhumans, to avoid misinterpreting worlds by rending them apart. (de la Cadena 2015, 44) In this spirit, I accept the agency and existence of animate nonhumans that

interlocutors narrated to me. I try to allow them, and their stories, a measure of autonomy. (Cruikshank 2005, 3-4) Yet I also integrate them into the Valley's history, political economy, and global, cultural formations. For, I argue, these stories neither reveal an alternate ontology nor (only) a culturally-specific view of earth. While they contain metaphors and represent ideas, these representations derive from and are integral to reality itself. As Durkheim argued over a century ago, representations are not false screens upon the world. (Durkheim 1965, 32) Nor do they divide humankind from the "rest of nature." (Kohn 2013: 66,187) Quite the contrary.

Social imagination is the living kaleidoscope through which the empirical world takes shape and becomes knowable. For representations, like stories, constitute living relations to the socio-natural world. More, the creative process our species cannot help but undergo —elaborating ideas in common, storytelling —eludes our conscious control, as imaginary things and creatures pursue their own unruly paths, shaping us in kind. While springing from human histories, desires, and wills, ideas help reconfigure the human subject and collective existence on a fragile planet. Studying the unruly life of the imagination in the Andes, or anywhere else, can thus reveal the more-than-human forces shaping our relationships to one another, to nonhumans, to time and space.

The stories herein, theirs and mine, conjure a different mythic history of our 21st-century predicament, one as real as it is fantastic. Evoking the suite of social-earthly powers that produce today's ecological crisis, they also possess the very powers they describe.

1.3 The Huaylas Valley

The Huaylas Valley lies in north-central Peru. About five miles wide and some 125 miles long, it sits at 10,000 feet of elevation between two mountain ranges. Its mountains are millions of years old. Lava flows created the Cordillera Negra (Black Range), which hulks to the west. Undulating up to 17,000 feet, its glaciers melted thousands of years ago; it is now an arid range. To the east soars the Cordillera Blanca (White Range) which began rising as the Nazca plate pushed under the South American plate. The last glaciation of the Great Ice Age, some 2 million years ago, carved its steep and jagged contours. (Bode 1989, 4) The Cordillera Blanca is the highest tropical range in the world; some 16 of its peaks ascend past 6,000 meters. Clouds from the Amazon feed the over 700 glaciers that cling to its high summits and steep rock walls. These glaciers feed hundreds of morainal lakes that sparkle sapphire and turquoise, swelling and multiplying each year as glaciers melt. Most glacial meltwater gushes into tributary rivers (Carey 2010, 12) down mountain gorges into the Santa River below, which slices through the Valley until it turns west and plunges thousands of feet into Duck Canyon. After churning through one of Peru's most important hydroelectric stations, the Santa carries meltwater through irrigation canals in industrial farms on the desert coast before emptying into the Pacific Ocean.

The Huaylas Valley is temperate. It is warm during the day and chilly at night. It has two principal seasons: dry and rainy. Except for the omnipresent eucalyptus trees, which sweetly perfume the Valley's air and dessicate its soils, trees are scarce. Grasses and shrubs cover the lower mountain slopes up to about 13,000 feet, where families

cultivate plots of alfalfa, wheat, barley, and potatoes (primarily the high-yield variety, although many still cultivate native tubers such as fragrant oca and olluco) for consumption. A flat and windy tundra, the puna (or jalca, in Quechua) takes over at about 13-15,000 feet; here shepherds live in small, temporary huts called chozas and graze their sheep on ichu grass.

Despite its daunting geography and appearance of self-containment, the Huaylas Valley has long been a cultural crossroads. Hunters and gatherers first inhabited it some 22,000 years ago, living in caves up to 15,000 feet high in the hills. The north-central highlands oscillated between periods of regionalism and socio-political unification, followed by fragmentation again. Chavín, the first pan-Andean culture, spread into the Huaylas Valley from the neighboring Conchucos Valley, which is connected by ancient trails over mountain passes in the Cordillera Blanca, around 1000 BC. After Chavín waned, the Recuay culture, propagated by independent chiefdoms, flourished in the Valley. The Wari state from the southern highlands subsumed the Recuay around AD 600 until its own demise. The Incas conquered the Huaylas Valley's guarangas, kin-based ethnic polities, sometime after 1460. Curacas (rulers) of guarangas in this area, thanks in part to the marriage of the daughter of the ruling Lady of Huaylas to Francisco Pizarro, helped the Spanish conquistadors fight the Incas and their rebellious allies, and secure their own rule.

Most people live and work in the towns and cities founded by Spanish Conquistadors in the 16th century, lying along the Santa River. With 120,000 residents, smelling of sweet eucalyptus and diesel exhaust, the most important is Huaraz. The

capital of the Ancash Department (or Region), it is also its center of commerce, and home to the region's oldest Catholic churches. (Carey 2010, 24) Originally planned on a grid, to control Indian subjects, Huaraz spreads upwards into the Cordillera Blanca foothills in neighborhoods that grow every year. Huaraz spills over the Santa River into the Cordillera Negra as well. These urban settlements begin as shacks and blue tents, then turn to adobe and concrete, single-family homes, as families settle in urban areas to access work and schools. In addition, older towns and small hamlets, many of which began as Indian ranches (estancias) are also perched on the slopes of the Cordillera Negra, the foothills of the Cordillera Blanca, and deep in its gorges. A final political division, superimposed on the others, is the semi-autonomous peasant community, whose associates own and subdivide common land and participate in meetings, governance, and communal labor. (Rasmussen 2015, 21) The largest of these communities, with land spread over the Cordillera Blanca, is the Peasant Community Pedro Pablo Atusparia.

In everyday life and production, people flow through geopolitical divisions. Many of my interlocutors in small towns and villages also had access to homes in Huaraz and large towns. Even outside of Huaraz, most people work in a diversified economy, taking on at least some salaried work; farmers mainly produce food for their own family's consumption, while their livestock are financial investments. Since the mid-20th century, the Valley, like the rest of the Andes, has experienced massive out-migration to Lima and other coastal cities as families and individuals strive for a better life. Yet, owing to its role in the region's mining boom and as an international tourist hub since the 1990s, Huaraz has also grown dramatically.

With growth, modernization, and the social reforms of the 1970s, rigid social hierarchies have eroded in the Valley, although sharp disparities persist. Identity markers have changed in nature and importance over time, ranging from ethnic political affiliation prior to Conquest and in its immediate aftermath (the guarangas) to religious status and racial categorization (Silverblatt 2007), which ossified in theory although segregation, and the purity to which elites aspired, never became a reality in the Valley. (Varón Gabai 1980, 84) In the mid-20th century, people in the Huaylas Valley as well as other parts of Peru distinguished among Indians (Quechua-speaking farmers) cholos (urban, educated, or wealthier indigenous people) mestizos (bilingual people of European and Andean descent) and creoles (upper class urbanites, who spoke Spanish). Indian and cholo were and remain despective terms. Residents mapped these ideal social types onto the land, imagining the rural heights as wilder and more Indian, the lower Valley and cities as civilized and whiter. (Carey 2010, 55-56) But in practice, here as elsewhere in Latin America, both environmental and racial categories proved fluid. Even in the 1940s, many middle-class huaracinos held animals in corrals and cultivated small plots in their townhouses, while farmers regularly worked in Huaraz; the city and country permeated one another. (Carey 2010, 24)

Over the 20th century, with proliferating roads, telephones, radios, and TV, the largely fictive boundaries between urban and rural, mestizo and indigenous, eroded further. (Carey 2010, 24) Today, Spanish remains the dominant language in Huaraz's center, while Quechua is the lingua franca in towns and villages. Yet I refrain from labeling people or places indigenous; few Quechua speakers chew coca, all men and most

younger women wear Western clothing, and in my year there, except for enterprising communal representatives connected to Western NGOs, and tour guides, I never heard anyone call themselves indigenous, though Quechua speakers took great pride in their language and culture. To me, villagers referred to themselves as peasants, or identified by locality; I overheard men jokingly insult one another as "cholos." As a robust body of Latin American scholarship has noted, race and class still conspire to form punishing hierarchies; elites in Huaraz are noticeably lighter than poorer people, particularly in the countryside. My own whiteness was a constant topic of interest, inviting conjectures about my personal wealth, musings on North American development, and, in my infant daughter, compliments of purity that drew from racial geographic imaginaries. (Carey 2010, 55-56) In one woman's words, her skin was "pure, like the snowy White Range."

While disentangling climate from society may be impossible (Rasmussen 2015, 17) glacial melt has wrought powerful effects here. Since the end of the Little Ice Age in the 19th century, these glaciers have been retreating, doubling the number of lakes in the Cordillera Blanca, which continue to swell and multiply each year. (Carey 2010, 7) Elsewhere, scholars have noted how melting glaciers harm rural livelihoods and culture. (Orlove, Weigandt, and Luckman 2008) In the Huaylas Valley, melting glaciers have caused periodic and deadly outburst floods of glacial lakes, which have razed towns and even, in 1941, buried half of Huaraz itself.

In the Huaylas Valley, as over much of the globe, glacial melt increases pressure on water resources. Here, people worry that glacier melt might reduce their water supplies. (Carey 2010, 8) However, the problem of water in the Valley has less to do with

quantity than with power and perceptions. Water is abundant yet inequitably distributed. Highland farmers, urbanites, hydropower developers, and industrial farmers on the wealthy coast enjoy vastly unequal access to and control over the Cordillera Blanca's meltwater. (Rasmussen 2015, 15) Moreover, as Andean glaciers retreat, temperature, precipitation and winds alter, as well, which change water flows in the region. (Rasmussen 2015, 14) Since the mid-20th century, warming temperatures have accelerated glacial melt, increasing flows of water in the Cordillera Blanca's watersheds. Yet these flows peaked a few decades ago. Today, the Cordillera's rivers and streams shrink as glaciers approach a new equilibrium; lower-lying glaciers are predicted to vanish entirely, yet higher ones will likely remain. Glacial melt has decreased, reducing outflow to rivers, which accounts for rural perceptions of water scarcity. Today, waterflow now relies more heavily upon precipitation, which varies from season to season. (Rasmussen 2015, 15) Glacial melt also releases high concentrations of toxic minerals into rivers and streams while also increasing their acidity, which, in the long-term damages field and poses acute risks to human and animal health. Many rivers now run over orange rocks. Yet local people attribute these changes to mining activities, arguing that the water from the Cordillera Blanca is crystalline and natural. And, as plumbing systems expand and improve throughout Ancash region, ordinary people experience increased access to water in their homes: a boon of (water-intensive) neoliberal development.

These changes are part of social-political trends dating to the mid-20th century, today culminating in neoliberalism. The 1941 Lake Palcacocha flood—triggered by

glacial icefall—prompted greater state presence and activity in the Cordillera Blanca, through disaster prevention and economic development projects. (Carey 2010, 16) Teams of scientists and engineers executed dozens of glacial lake projects, led road and trail building, boosted international tourism, and facilitated hydroelectric development. Glacial melt allowed the Peruvian government to develop the national economy by transforming mountains and water into commodities. (Carey 2010, 11) The cataclysmic earthquake of 1970, coinciding with a national agricultural reform led by the leftist military dictatorship, intensified the process. State agencies and international NGOs landed in Huaraz's rubble and flowed into rural Ancash, creating Huascaran National Park in the Cordillera Blanca in 1975. (Rasmussen 2015, 19) After the economic crisis of the 1980s abated, the Sendero Luminoso insurgency was finally quashed, and neoliberal reforms triggered landmark economic growth, today, Peru has returned to democracy amidst a boom in commodity prices.

The Cordillera Blanca has become, more than ever, a global crossroads, where water developers, tourists, National Park workers, government officials, scientists, engineers, and herders frequently interact. And neoliberal-style growth, based on private primary resource extraction (and popularized through the redistributive mechanism of the mining canon) has increased the power of transnational miners and water developers (Carey 2010, 15) while lifting the hopes and living standards of millions of formerly impoverished Peruvians. While Peru as a whole contributes scarcely 1% to global climate emissions, subaltern sentiment and national leadership favor extraction-led growth as a path to attaining the Western-style development that many Latin Americanists, searching

for eco-friendlier alternatives, would wish away. Yet for many, expectations outpace results.

1.4 Method

1.4.1 Fieldwork

I conducted my fieldwork over three periods between 2013 and 2015, a year in total. My base was the city of Huaraz and I lived in several apartments there. I traveled to towns and hamlets across the Valley every week, sometimes up into the gorges. A frequent stop was Macashca, a large town (centro poblado) comprised of a tiny center and sprawling neighborhoods of farmhouses and fields. Macashca is south of Huaraz, and over a big ridgeline, in the Rajukolta Gorge.

During my fieldwork, I talked to anyone who would deign to speak with me. But I struggled to connect with people in the countryside, and working class, until I returned with my baby. In 2013 and 2014, I began by speaking with workers in the tourism industry (mountain guides, owners of tour companies, shopkeepers) and members of the elite (scientists and professionals who work for the Peruvian government and foreign NGOs, politicians, and businessmen). With help from the U.S.-based Mountain Institute, I followed development projects and interviewed officials and community representatives about them. These conversations were tedious for all involved. I had more informal conversations with street and market vendors, middle-class women at the gym, and in routine daily interactions. Taken together, these conversations revealed, to me, the pervasiveness of climate discourse in Huaraz as well as popular cynicism about public

life and private profits in the generation-old neoliberal order, a finding echoed in current scholarship on Peru. (Conaghan 2005, Ubilluz Raygada 2006) Even so, new wealth inspired great hopes for a wealthy and developed future among all classes of Peruvians with whom I spoke. By the end of my six months in 2014, by following a mega-canal project, I built relationships with town councilmen and local agitators in Macashca that guided my return in 2015.

Thanks to my small research assistant, my final three months of field research in 2015 were spectacular. Everyone still saw me primarily as a gringa, but now, also as a mother, a subject entitled to much higher status deserving respect, kindness, and care. Breastfeeding is a normal part of life in Peru; mothers are not ashamed to feed their children in public, nor do they wear the ridiculous covers typically worn in the U.S., because nobody considers it obscene. Nursing my daughter humanized me and made my interlocutors feel more relaxed, and often, tender toward us both. Nursing exposed our shared vulnerability. (Dwyer 1982, xix) Strangers often struck up conversations with me while I fed my daughter. Taxi-drivers, vendors, farmers, herders, and maids, students aspiring to leave their hamlets, and toothless grandparents, spoke to me of their own lives and hopes. Upper-class informants who had proven reticent now opened up. My baby was an ethnographic magnet. I took advantage of these situations to ask people for stories, and to build more enduring connections. Through introduction from a town councilman, I developed a close relationship with the Lliulya-de Paz family in Macashca, who became my hosts. (Their older daughter would tell me, towards the end, "You're okay, but I really like your baby.") By eating greasy breakfasts and asking for stories at a roadside stand

near my home, I met the son of Teófilo Henestroza, a literary savant who became a principal interlocutor as well.

The bulk of the ethnographic data in this dissertation comes from my final 2015 months. It develops foundational insights on the social impact of mega-mining, extraction royalties, and neoliberalism from my first nine months of research.

While my baby and interest in local lore expanded my ethnographic access and deepened my conversations, language barriers limited what I could learn. Spanish was the primary language for my middle and upper-class interlocutors in Huaraz, but most of my working-class interlocutors in Huaraz and the villages spoke Quechua, at least in the house. I took Quechua classes to learn basic greetings, grammar, and vocabulary. Yet all of my interactions (except for some greetings) occurred in Spanish, a language in which I am nearly bilingual. Although almost all Quechua-speaking villages also speak Spanish, some people preferred to tell me stories in Quechua, it being the language in which folk stories are usually told. I hired Carlos Ciriaco Cacha, a local archaeology student, to translate recordings I made. I am sure that my ignorance of Quechua has cost many stories I retell much of their original content, artistry, and nuance, and has cost my interpretation much of the meaning their tellers intended. Yet for all that, they have much to teach us.

1.4.2 Stories

By "stories," I refer to all narrations that I heard in the field: individual life stories, fables and legends, dark rumors, anecdotes about fantastic creatures and animate nonhumans, even development schemes- for they, too, have their own drama. As a

researcher, I certainly resembled my anthropologist forebears in the United States and Peru, who salvaged oral traditions from Native Americans to preserve them for posterity. (Starn 2011, 181) Yet, my work was less encyclopedic than dialogic. (Dwyer 1982) Stories arose during ordinary conversations in Huaraz and villages—when I asked people for them, recorder in hand, and when I did not. I jotted them down at a roadside breakfast stand, recorded them as laundry dried over a fallow field and in a library as teenagers interrupted each other's versions, remembered them after evening scheming sessions over wine at a real estate developer's office. The slices of oral tradition that I encountered spanned multiple discourses—scientific, modernist, biopolitical, religious—and stories often challenged and contradicted one another.

True to their origins in conversation and relationships, these stories related not only personal, but accumulated social experience. (Benjamin 1968: 83, 100) So, rather than sequester these stories into ontological domains, or imprison them as folklore, I combine their parts and wholes to suit my own purpose: to fashion a global myth of change (Lévi-Strauss 1966) which depicts climate change as a byproduct of global capitalist culture. (Benjamin 1968, 108) To theorize the interpretations of my storytellers, I situate their stories within historical, political-economic, and cultural changes, from the ancient world to the neoliberal era, and, when possible, in the everyday life of the storyteller. I have tried to understand what my interlocutors told me, tried to see the world through their eyes. Yet our dialogues and storytelling sessions were creative processes, in which my presence, questions, and agenda shaped the stories told. (Dwyer 1982, xviii) Therefore, I could never aim to convey any original meaning or intent. And,

after all, interpretive license is the gift that a story, more than information alone, grants its listener. (Benjamin 1968: 89, 96)

The Ancash Region's preeminent writer and folklorist, Marcos Yauri Montero, has lamented other writers' obsessive collection of, and failure to analyze, oral narratives in Ancash. (Yauri Montero 2003, 24) Yet, in the Andes and worldwide, scholars have carefully interpreted oral traditions through close, culturally-informed decoding, to illuminate how storytellers construe their corner of the world. (Allen 2011, Landeo Muñoz 2014) I perceive Andean stories as vernacular theories of power, political economy, and cultural change in Peru and, globally. (Piot, 2010, 125-126) This approach to stories flows from their ethnographic origin in conversations about power dynamics and social life. The stories I heard rarely, if ever, addressed climate change directly. Instead they proved a means by which Andean people responded to and critiqued the global capitalist process that drives climate change, raises their standard of living, and elevates their hopes for a better life. These stories also expressed social ideas about humans and nonhumans which derive from long-durée colonial and imperial cultural formations. These histories still guide ways of perceiving the world and producing relations, if unpredictably.

But why stories? And why not try to collect something more ostensibly useful, like information about how vulnerable people experience climate change? Indeed, such important work is well underway. (Crate and Nuttall 2009, Orlove, Wiegandt and Luckman 2008) And, as Walter Benjamin noted during a prior disaster, our world is rich in information, yet poor in stories. For Benjamin, information is self-explanatory,

verifiable, and useful only in the moment of its truth. (Benjamin 1968, 89) But much of our world, life and death, and even we remain mysterious. Benjamin argues that the final mystery of death begets narration; like the opaque capitalist processes proliferating worldwide (Piot 2010, 18-19) climate change is also a sovereign force, wielding power over life and death. While it has been mapped and charted, explained and verified in millions of pages and hours of reporting, in the everyday lives of most people, it remains a mystery. And climate change entails, if nothing else, death on a mass scale: extinctions of species, ecosystemic destruction, and so on. We have hardly begun to grasp it. So, if my interlocutors in Peru, who know that their glaciers retreat because the climate is warming, don't exactly tell stories about climate change, that is entirely the point.

By listening closely to the stories they did tell, we learn about a global capitalist culture that produces mass destruction, vast wealth, and high hopes. Stories from the Huaylas Valley may not explain climate change, but, more importantly, they can help us consider how humankind has produced our global moment and who we have become in the process. If storytelling is the exchange of experiences across generations, listening to stories of change in the Andes can help us see beyond the (by now, cliché) moment of the Anthropocene, to the historical and cultural processes that warm the planet. At the same time, because stories endure (Benjamin 1968, 90) they can help us to make sense of the phenomenon and ourselves in the future. While stories spur the imagination, they are made of real life. (Benjamin 1968, 94) They are useful because they offer a moral, advice, "counsel" to others. (Benjamin 1968, 86) Andean stories register historic changes in the Huaylas Valley's land and waterscape, social relations and ideas. Their counsel often

reveals key aspects of collective common sense: implicit advice about how to make the most of their neoliberal moment and (seemingly) disenchanted world. (Benjamin 1968, 102)

Stories are compelling precisely because they lack explanation and fixed meaning. Their open-ended nature invites more thought and elicits further storytelling. (Piot 2010, 19) Thus, stories are avenues into the cosmic churning of which our imaginations form a tiny part—and decisively impact.

1.5 Story-Worlds

1.5.1 The Plot

This Andean story about global climate and capitalist change explores fundamental contradictions of our moment: its peril and promise, its magic and disenchantment. On the one hand, people watch the snows on their mountains recede and blame poor harvests on the changing climate. Many fear that if the Cordillera Blanca's glaciers vanish—and by some estimates, they have melted by 40 percent since 1970 (Casey 2017)—there will be no more fresh water. Huaylas Valley tales juxtapose the slow ruin of the land and diminution of its waters against the storytellers' own, ambivalent dreams of wealth. Storytellers pinpoint the social genesis of planetary destruction, and indicate their senses of where and how we are bound. Through their personal and mythic narratives of change, ordinary people conceptualize the cultural forces that melt their glaciers, enrich their city, and constrict their lives. Telling of

mountains, water devils, lakes and God himself, their narratives resist and embrace colonial projects, ecological change, and the global pursuit of wealth.

While relating native dispossession, Andean narratives evince how capitalism took root through indigenous cosmology, reifying time, nature, and people. Animate land and water forms became nature; lively beings disappeared. These phenomena testify to deep cultural change. In the Huaylas Valley, people imagine and relate to their once-animate landscape as a banal means of accumulation, enlivening it through modern fantasies which banish the superfluous—often, themselves—from the future. Andean stories sustain the ideological path of Peruvian development through extractivism, which obeys the same logic of growth and desires for accumulation as high-emitting activities in the industrialized world. Windows into distinctive capitalist imaginaries, their stories are symptoms of the colonial history and global neoliberal culture that together warm the planet.

Climate change is often cast as a technical problem of the developed world. This dissertation insists that capitalist culture propels environmental decline and shapes how humans respond to it. Andean stories reveal how ideas such as race, gender, and colonial hierarchies, instrumental to the colonial tribute economy and emergent world system, have shaped the ecology and social relations of the Huaylas Valley itself. At the same time, climate change cannot be understood apart from the everyday lives of people who bear its brunt. Through a focus on their concepts of environmental justice and the land-water use issues that climate change exacerbates, I argue that people are no mere victims of colonialism, capitalism, or climate change. They desire a greater share in the riches of

national resources, consumer goods, and the trappings of modern development, not a different economic system or a return to the past (which they nonetheless idealize). Urban elites and rural farmers alike, quite pragmatically, perpetuate unsustainable practices that the Conquest introduced. Showing how Andean people form part of the global culture spurring today's uneven crisis, if only aspirationally, I argue that climate change is at heart a global, cultural problem about the ends that more and more of humankind imagines and strives to achieve.

1.5.2 Light, Satan, God, and Lakes

Chapter One, "The Lights of Winaq" probes stories about a mountain, Winaq, and its ancient ruins. Villagers say Winaq glows at night, contains a dormant gold mine and Inca ancestors, and is defended by a ferocious bull. Through these stories, villagers locate the origins of the modern world, its climate, and their poverty in the ongoing catastrophe of Conquest. Their narratives also evince the cultural forces pushing the biosphere to the brink. Winaq stories register the tension between the wealthy future that villagers fantasize and its profound costs, between the world they inhabit and how it might have been, and might become, otherwise. Rather than cohering into a neat ontology, these stories produce fantastic worlds in multiple temporal, genealogical, and juridical dimensions. Yet these worlds, as all do, have their limits. Their tropes, symbolism, and genres derive from European and Andean polities; the desires invested in them are contemporary. Winaq stories thus form one facet of a global capitalist imaginary, which Andean history, religiosity, and concepts anchor to the drying Huaylas Valley and its people's lives —though not completely.

Chapter Two, “The Little Man,” links water politics and temporality in the Valley through stories of a fat, blond water devil. The "Little Man" used to lure peasants into springs and rivers with treasure. He vanished decades ago. Through him, I situate the Valley's fresh water crisis within Iberian colonialism and the Enlightenment project to rationalize society and master nature. Native people created the Little Man to malign the colonizers who converted shared, sacred Andean waterways into the abstract, privatized nature from which they profited. By usurping waterways, colonizers undermined native peoples' autonomy. In response, stories of the Little Man censured individual peasants' desires to ensure a future community, bound by patriarchal ties to family and land. This ideal withered as an intimate, profound, and vast dispossession ensued, which echoes in personal narratives today. And it culminates in today’s bureaucratized, commodified waterscape, emptying of demons as it dries. Yet the Little Man's disappearance is a socially creative act. By destroying him, rural people free themselves from a postcolonial specter as they embrace a new mythical aquatic order and dream of future material abundance. They are becoming the Little Man, like us. Thus, I suggest that the problem of freshwater on a warming, developing planet may overwhelm democratic processes.

Chapter Three, “God in the Andes,” explores the changing fantastic topography of the Huaylas Valley. It focuses on stories of its patron, a Christ who emerged from a swamp, and projects in the mountains he once harnessed. Huaraz's unique brand of Andean cosmology is giving way to modern, neoliberal discourses. Accordingly, God transforms from a holy graven image, with power coursing through the earth to bind all beings, to the god of wealth, hard work, and advancement. Huaracinos thus transfer

magical, telluric energy from the Lord to development projects: urbanization, plumbing, a canal. Although these projects primarily enrich elites, and sometimes even harm intended beneficiaries, through them people imagine their redemption and salvation in a modern kind of eternal life. Today, neoliberal cosmology reanimates the Valley with fantasies of profit and progress. The Lord's declining power to protect his faithful resembles local theories of why pishtacos (men who butchered peasants to sell their fat) vanished. This is because the poor perceive their world as no longer inimical, but merely indifferent. Watching mega-mines fill government coffers without creating jobs, people say that companies now synthesize the fat they need for machines. Indeed, as I show, Peruvian elites dream of developing the landscape by scouring it of the poor. I close by examining claims by some Anthropocene scholars that climate change upends the humanistic project of meaning-making. Here, the argument goes, the apotheosis of "the human" spells our self-annulment. Like the fantasies of some Peruvian elites, such theories banish meaningless humans from a future life on earth.

Chapter Four, "Wild Lakes," concerns origin stories of Andean modernity: wild lakes that lithify and kill solitary treasure-hunters until an offering tames them. Idealizing local, collective benefits from natural resource exploitation, these stories manifest ambivalent support for the corporate and government-led quest to harness the lakes made by the Cordillera Blanca's glaciers, alluding to short-lived gains from such projects. These stories also contend that development requires natural entities to give their consent to extract value from their bodies, while depending upon their autonomous life processes. By highlighting the dialectic relationship between wildness and tameness, I show how

capitalist modernity's ostensible project to move forward in time by mastering wild nature for profit is, instead, an archaic, chaotic trajectory. The dialectic of wild and tame produces a fantasy of developed modernity for all in the highlands—glimmering with promise, negated by its perpetual postponement.

The conclusion probes the paradox of the Anthropocene: how humanity's increased power over the earth, which Andean stories register and celebrate, also undermines the basis of real progress in the future.

2. The Lights of Winaq

2.1 Arrivals

I followed Esteban and his flock of sheep up the stony path toward Winaq, the mountain crowned with ancient ruins above Macashca, a little town whose name means "the beaten people." For months, I had been hunting myths and legends to learn how people in Peru's Huaylas Valley theorize climate change. The Huaylas Valley is nearly as famous for its canon of folktales as for the Cordillera Blanca, the 20,000 foot-high mountain range forming its eastern flank, whose glaciers have retreated by over 20% since 1970. (Chevalier et al. 2011, 183) In the foothills of this range, the mountain of Winaq emerged as the main character in stories people refused to tell me, until I finally went. "You have to see it first," Macashca villagers said, declining to elaborate. But one morning, Esteban, a spry, elderly farmer, offered to take me up while he grazed his sheep. So, my baby in a sling, I straggled behind him as he strode over enormous hills towards the mountain and its ruins. Atop each ridge he pointed: "Over there. Do you see?" I squinted. I saw nothing.

Through stories of Winaq, people in Macashca locate the origins of the modern world, its climate, and their poverty in the ongoing catastrophe of Conquest. Their narratives also disclose the cultural forces that are pushing the biosphere to the brink. Winaq stories register the tension between the wealthy future that villagers fantasize and its profound costs, between the world they inhabit and how it might have been, and might yet become, otherwise. Rather than cohering into an ontology, these stories produce

fantastic worlds in multiple temporal, genealogical, and juridical dimensions. Yet these worlds, like all, have their limits. Their tropes, symbolism, and genres derive from European and Andean empires and states; the desires invested in these narratives are ideologically contemporary. Winaq and its stories thus form one facet of a global capitalist imaginary, which Andean history, religiosity, and concepts anchor to the drying Huaylas Valley and its people's lives —though not completely. If these stories are symptoms of a destructive culture, thinking about them in historical context might offer more social ways to think about climate change.

2.2 Thirst

> "To the thirsty I will give water without cost from the spring of the water of life."
> – Rev. 21:6 New International Version

Letting his sheep trot ahead, Esteban led me past crumbling farmsteads and weed-choked fields. He was ranting about irrigation fees as we passed huts whose straw roofs had rotted away.

"Why were these farms abandoned?"

"The earth doesn't produce anymore. One must use fertilizer. 150 soles for 50 kilos. And sometimes one cannot get produce. So, for what? If you're going to lose."

"How was it, before?"

He told me about Macashca´s fall from abundance into ruins. Esteban's version of this popular narrative idealized the pre-Reform era, when nominally free herders and farmers, the majority of the Valley's population, owed labor and tribute to landlords.

(Salinas Sánchez 2005, 14; Stein 1991) After the leftist military expropriated one-third of Peru's arable land in the 1968 land reform, the government sought to modernize highland agriculture through providing technical assistance to small farmers like Esteban. (Carey et al. 2011, 186; Mayer 2009: 4, 20) Their efforts encouraged rural people to depend upon costly inputs. As occurred worldwide in the Green Revolution, commodified seeds, herbicides, and fertilizers have degraded newly-won lands. (Bonneuil and Fressoz 2015, 121; Gurian-Sherman 2009; Kloppenburg, 1988; Shiva 2002, 9) Peru's ensuing crisis of agrarian production helped pave the way for neoliberal reforms. (Mayer 2009, 23-4)

"In the old days, we planted with manure. We harvested well. But now, fertilizing with manure doesn't produce as much. One must use [chemical] fertilizer. Sickness comes to all the crops. And before, our animals never sickened. Now, we must buy medicines for them. And now, there is no more money to buy medicine."

Esteban referred to his family's recent loss of income. His daughter Amelia, a single mother, had been fired from her job as a maid in Huaraz for calling in sick with bronchitis.

"We work. And each year, we are failing. So, for what? If you're going to lose."

Esteban bent to drink from a stagnant spring. "We used to drink from springs when we sowed in our field. From springs we drank, and now there aren't any more. Maybe the water went to other places."

Glacial melt from the Cordillera Blanca has increased fresh water flow; however, inequitable access shapes rural perceptions and realities of scarcity. (Lynch 2012; Rasmussen 2015, 42) Since the neoliberal reforms of the 1990s, Peru has ceded control of

its waterscape to Duke Energy, which diverts water from the rivers that flow from the Cordillera Blanca to boost hydroelectricity production. (Carey 2010, 165-8; Drenkhan 2015, 715) At the same time, coastal industrial farms and nearby mines consume vast amounts of glacial meltwater, as highland farmers struggle to irrigate their fields. (Carey 2010, 15)

Responding to these and other changes, rural people are turning from farming to herding.

"The grasses used to be this high." Esteban raised his hand to his waist, frowning at the scrub below. "I used to have 450 animales when I was a boy. 70 cattle."

"Why do you have so few now?" I ventured.

"There's no land. And the pastures are drier each year. The mountains are drying up."

In the sixteenth century, Spanish soldiers marveled at the Huaylas Valley, where camelids covered the green hills and maize carpeted the valley below. (Gridilla 1936, 209) But centuries of warfare, unsustainable agricultural practices, and capitalist development have shriveled the Valley's once robust agropastoral economy. (Varón Gabai 1980, 45) In the early colonial era, due to catastrophic native demographic decline, the land use of guarangas (the basic political unit of a thousand families) in the Valley expanded, as people abandoned labor-intensive but ecologically sound agricultural techniques and intensified herding, to meet tribute demands. (Varón Gabai 1980, 58; Zuloaga Rada 2012, 131) The Huaylas Valley specialized in fine textile production in the colonial tribute economy, leading Castilian sheep—which cause severe erosion—

(Melville 1997, 72-74) to become the dominant animal. (Zuloaga Rada 2012, 132) Within a century, native livestock virtually disappeared; (Gridilla 1936, 327) in a few more, so would the native forests that once enriched the Valley's once-famous soil, and the terraces that retained its nutrients. (Miller 2007, 23)

To make matters worse, over the long colonial and postcolonial period, native people lost their lands to colonists and their descendants. The process effectively began in 1571 when Viceroy Francisco de Toledo resettled the mass of Andean commoners from their dispersed hamlets into European-style towns, called "Indian Reductions." He hoped that concentrating native labor would increase tribute collection, and thus remedy the financial crisis in Spain. In the Huaylas Valley, the resettlement of guarangas into the new town of Guaraz (the present-day capital city of Huaraz) was also intended to boost textile production. (Thurner 1993, 82) Throughout the Viceroyalty, these practices, plus new infrastructures and technology, increased the rate of surplus value extraction. (Gade and Escobar, 1982) Output levels rose, which resolved Spain's fiscal crises and fed the rise of Dutch capitalism. (Moore 2015, 122)

Toledo's severance of native people from their lands facilitated dispossession throughout the colonial era, as Spanish administrators took advantage of resettlement to usurp Indian lands in the Valley. (Zuloaga Rada 2012, 231) Colonists and their descendants left local farmers to tend small parcels that soon became exhausted with overuse. (Doughty 1968, 14) The Agrarian Reform yielded land too late, as land pressure and market forces pushed rural people to seek their futures in the city since the mid-20th century. Those who stay now plant eucalyptus and pine trees for the lumber market.

These thirsty trees impoverish and dessicate the soil, but grow quickly and yield a good profit. Like Castilian sheep, foreign trees prolong the ecological conquest of the Americas—this time, by native hands. (Crosby 1972, 1986)

As we walked up and down hulking hills stripped to brush, Esteban noted the drought, amidst other woes; extreme weather and erratic rainfall were ruining crops, streams only trickled into irrigation canals, and hydroelectric canals sapped the Macashca River. Many farmers and herders in Macashca shared his observations, blaming the changing climate. Indeed, the link between global warming, drought frequency, changing rainfall patterns, and global aridity is clear. (Dai 2013; IPCC 2014)

More to the point, though, this changing climate is born of global capitalism, which took shape after 1450 thanks to epochal landscape transformations in the Atlantic world and beyond, accelerated by Iberian expansion into the Americas. (Arrighi 1994) From its inception, capitalism was an ecological regime; it reorganized relations among humans and other entities to permit accumulation. Imperial expansion allowed increased productivity, through hyper-exploitation of humans and nonhuman natures. (Moore 2015, 16) Conquest set the stage for the Huaylas Valley's paradox of melting glaciers and thirsty fields. (Crosby 1972; Moore 2015, 182) Today, the social driver of planetary destruction —the pursuit of wealth — intensifies nearly everywhere. Some academics see climate change as heralding natural limits to endless growth. (Eastin et al. 2011) But for Esteban, it is the last chapter in Macashca's history of punishment.

"Look," Esteban said. "There. Down there. There begins a tunnel that connects to Winaq."

The stony path branched into curling, dusty trails. We followed them to Winaq. At last, 14,000 feet above sea level, we arrived.

2.2 Lights

> "And he carried me away in the Spirit to a mountain great and high,
> and showed me the Holy City, Jerusalem… It shone with the glory of God."
> – Rev. 21:10 New International Version

Broken stone walls framed a vast field at Winaq's summit. Within, rocks sat in piles, formed rectangles, and jutted out from the earth as if reaching for light. My baby stirred and cried. I fed her.

Esteban exulted in the view. Below, rolling pastures unfurled into magnificent mountain chains. To the east rose the jagged white peaks of the Cordillera Blanca and to its south the massive cliffs of the Cordillera Huayhuash shone silver. To the west undulated the brown Cordillera Negra, where the Canadian-owned Pierina Gold Mine glinted. The wind whistled.

Esteban sprinkled some raisins behind him, asking Winaq to let us walk safely.

"Is Winaq chúkaro?" The Quechua word refers to wild and potentially dangerous places and creatures. It recalls the Judeo-Christian binary of civilization and wilderness, which the Roman Empire spread through Europe. (Descola 2013, 48-49; Oeschlaeger 1991) It also suggests that the division between humanity and nature may not have been alien to precolonial Andean cultures. (De la Cadena 2015, 206)

"That's what they say. But so many people have walked here. It's tame now. Well, more or less." With that, we set out through the ruins.

Esteban first showed me a hole with empty bottles in it.

"Look, here there was a burial. Look. They've made a hole. They've taken something out, from the grandfathers: ceramics, figurines. Huacos. They discover and find. They sell."

"Huaco" is a neologism for archaeological artifacts. It seems to fuse "hueco," Spanish for "hole," with "huaca," the Quechua term usually translated as divinities incarnate in earthly bodies. (MacCormack 1991, 338) "Huaco" describes the ancestors' things as exploitable, which they became during the rampant graverobbing of the Spanish Conquest. (Ramos 2010, 62) Stealing things from the dead altered a longer Andean tradition of invaders ransacking cemeteries for bodies. (Ramos 2010: 33, 17). Yet for Spaniards, too, ancestral space marked political sovereignty, which is why early colonial priests and missionaries worked so hard to persuade native people to bury their dead in Church cemeteries. (Gridilla 1936, 311)

I stumbled. "Careful!" he warned me. "You fall, you take fright, and little by little—"

"Like your son," I murmured. According to Esteban's daughter, the little boy had fallen in the ruins of his late grandfather's house. He shriveled and died soon after.

"Like that." Widespread in Latin America, susto is an illness caused by fear or shock. It can lead to death. A place that is said to "shock" a person "generates apprehension." (Gordillo 2014, 40) If sovereignty is the power to control mortality, (Mbembe 2003, 1) in the Huaylas Valley, fear of susto suggests an alternate regime of rule (Kernaghan 2009) : that of the ancestors.

Before Conquest, the ancestors of small kin groups and guarangas owned resources and ceded them to their descendants, whose leaders ruled in their founders' names. (Zuloaga Rada 2012, 52) These ancestors were often mummies, but could be incarnate in mountains, lakes, and stones, places in which the ancestor first emerged. Through rituals and offerings, descendants cared for their ancestors and sought their own welfare, too. (MacCormack 1991, 390) The social life of pre-colonial kin groups sprung from their specific origin-place and relations with the dead, whose ongoing activity in human affairs was vital. (MacCormack 1991: 94, 97)

Perhaps Winaq was once an ancestral cemetery. (MacCormack 1991, 95) If so, resettled communities from its orbit likely maintained ancestral bonds for several generations (MacCormack 1991, 424-425) particularly since resettled herders did not stay put in Guaraz. (Thurner 1993, 84-87; Zuloaga Rada 2012, 205) Yet over time, peasants' spatial orientation shifted to the saints at the center of their new towns. (Thurner 1993, 95) Mountains and other places remained living historical texts (Salomon 1991, 23) while acquiring new meanings.

As we walked, Esteban pieced the stones into a luminous bridge.

"There were two bulls. One, here. And one on another Winaq, in the Cordillera Negra." He gestured to the great mountain range across the Valley. "They fought. Because they wanted to explore here, for a gold mine. But the mountain does not allow it. That's why they fight. This bull won. The bull in the Cordillera Negra got beaten. Aha. Because its mountain is mined.[2] That's why, when the gringos came to explore, they had

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[2] Gil (2009, 50) offers similar stories of bullfights from this region, arguing that they represent conflicts between the Antamina mining company and its neighboring communities. The Pierina Gold Mine, to which

bad dreams. Winaq threatened them. They got vomits. Vomits. Vomits. Vomits. With dizziness. Because it is chúkaro they cannot exploit it. The mineral escapes. It is there, in exploration, but when they want to exploit, they don't get any. They don't find it anymore. The mountain hides it."

"Because they haven't given an offering?"

"Because the flood ended the time of the Incas. That is how these ruins were destroyed."

Precolonial flood myths seemed proof to the early Iberian conquistadors that the Biblical flood drowned the Andes as well. (MacCormack 1991, 52) This interpretation took root in the Viceroyalty through missionary teaching. Anthropologist Barbara Bode (1989: 329, 369-70) working in the Huaylas Valley during the 1970s, heard people claim that their ancient, sinful forebears —today, imagined as the Incas —died in the flood. If God's flood also figures as the Conquest, it inaugurated a new historical era and people: a New World.

"It was a city like Huaraz. They say, it lights up at night. Like a town, like Huaraz. It lights up."

Buried treasure in South America is often said to shine at night. (Gordillo 2014, 185) Perhaps the Incas' gold illuminates Winaq today. Macashca, though, receives its electricity from the hydroelectricity company that dams its river, through powerlines donated by a megamine.

Esteban refers, inspired a series of social conflicts with its own neighbors. For an in-depth analysis, see Himley (2013).

As we picked our way through the stones and brush, Esteban traced the foundations of huts and corrals. "In ancient times, the grandfathers lived in the ruins that were their houses, here in the town of Winaq. Look! There were people here. They had their little huts. Here, too, they raised animals. Corrals, they also had. They had livestock, cattle, huts—everything."

"Who were the grandfathers?"

"The Incas. Before the flood, it is said that these stones also lived. Stones grew, they walked. The Incas lashed them with a whip and the stones went to their places. They lived stacked up. That is how they made these ruins. They had light and the town was illuminated. Without electricity."

Esteban, like many others, imagines the Incas (a royal lineage that conquered and ruled Huaylas from Cusco from about 1460 to 1533) as Macashca's ancestors. They reify the ruins of Winaq to represent Inca time and criticize their present. In what follows, I sketch the long history of imperial and climatic flux which the fetish of an Inca Winaq erases, showing its relevance to our time. By tracing the genealogy of the grandparents beyond the Incas to the Recuay era, I also contextualize the ecological decline Esteban and others narrated, against ontological ahistoricity.

But shouldn't Esteban's history suffice? In a brilliant defense of Quechua willakuy ("narrating an event that happened") as amodern history, Marisol de la Cadena (2015, 146-51) attacks the sacredness of written evidence in hegemonic knowledge practices. Literate reason privileges the academy against illiterate people, for translating willakuy as a myth or story displaces the "ahistorical event" from actual reality into the

realm of cultural belief. (de la Cadena 2015, 147-149) Such a move presumes ontological uniformity. (de la Cadena 2015, 16) More, reason upholds the imaginative sphere transcending the supposedly real world of facts: abstraction. (Poovey 1998) The "will to abstraction" is central not only to European modernity, but the development of global capitalism and actuarial understandings of human life. (Baucom 2005) Abstract reason allows us to see climate change, but renders it meaningless. Hence the importance of story, a point to which I will return.

However, since all of my storytellers know that the Spaniards conquered the Incas, their stories suggest another kind of truth, one more subtle and profound than the real/fiction divide de la Cadena lambastes as ideology. Through Winaq stories, Macashca villagers build their own universalist theories about social creation through forced labor and destruction through punishment. When read alongside archaeological research, Winaq stories provide a startling parallel for our own time.

The ruins atop Winaq were once a Recuay settlement, one of many that flourished in the Huaylas Valley from 1-700 A.D.. (Lau 2011, 40) Winaq's now broken walls were likely fortifications; subject egalitarian communities probably built the town itself. (Lau 2011: 14, 82) Recuay culture was militaristic and hierarchical; claiming legitimacy through descent from a mythical ancestor, Recuay chiefs consolidated wealth and power. (Lau 2011, 13) Chiefs' ancestors ensured the fertility of fields and flocks and were the primary deities of the Recuay. Their rule would not survive the climate crisis that rocked all of present-day Peru from the sixth to the eighth centuries. (Cook 2012, 118; Lau 2011, 258; Lumbreras 2012, 2)

Temperatures dropped and drought ensued. Due, perhaps, to their power to tell a compelling story, the land-hungry Wari empire, based in southern Peru, subsumed the Recuay. First, the Wari forged alliances with Recuay elites by exchanging textiles bearing their official state deity's image. (Lau 2011, 259) This deity (called "Wari" by the colonial era) ruled water and agriculture, perhaps unsurprisingly, since the Wari innovated irrigation. (Itier 2013, 53; Lumbreras 2012, 2; McEwan and Williams 2012, 77) As Wari textiles spread among Recuay elites and commoners over generations of drought, chiefly ancestors appeared impotent and chiefs appeared exploitative; by contrast, the Wari offered aquatic abundance. (Castillo Butters 2012; Lau 2011, 258-263) By 700 AD, the Wari empire encompassed almost all of present-day Peru, including the Huaylas Valley. Recuay culture ended. No material evidence of violent conquest exists. The Wari ruled the Valley until about 1000 AD. (Lau 2011, 91) Their legacy in the Peruvian Andes laid the foundation for the Inca. (Isbell and Young-Sanchez 2012, 259-264)

Scholars of environmental disaster generally agree that social stratification influences a society's chances of surviving a catastrophe. Egalitarian societies are more resilient, due to increased information flow and more responsive political leadership. (Hoffman and Oliver-Smith 1999, 13) Highly stratified societies tend to crumble when disaster hits, as happened to the Recuay, and as global warming may be doing, now. Yet a crisis is only so for the existing society; from a Flood can emerge a new world. This constant churning of social creation and destruction through long-term exchange is what the ontological turn reifies as pre-fabricated, sui generis worlds.

"So, how did they die?"

"In the flood. The Incas thought that water would not come. When it rained, forty days and forty nights, Winaq filled up. And so the grandparents died in the flood. The flood ended the time of the Incas. That is how these ruins were destroyed."

Esteban wasn't referring to the 1883 glacial lake flood that devastated Macashca, inspiring its name: "the beaten people." (Carey 2010, 33) In Esteban's history, which is broadly shared in the Huaylas Valley, God's flood killed the Incas. I couldn't understand why.

"Because they were great sinners," he said, repeating colonial justifications for torture. "Sin like now. Everything was like now. So, what punishment is to come to us?"

"Are we in the last days?"

"We are. The sun, how it burns now. Soon it will be stronger, and how will we stand it?"

"What will happen when there is no more snow on the mountains?"

Esteban restated what he said before. This time it was prophecy.

"There will be no more water. There will be many mines, an abundance of wealth. And there will be nothing to eat. Now they are taking away the mineral from the mountains. And every master of a mine takes the money to the government. The government takes all the money it finds. And us, not even fertilizer can we obtain. The Word of God was said long ago. 'They will no longer die, those who fulfill the Word. Among fruits, they will live. In heaven. He who does not fulfill the Word will go to hell. Punishment.' Now it is being fulfilled. At any moment we will arrive at the end of the

world. People will be chosen. A few. Little time is left. All of nature, we are—agriculture does not produce anymore. Before, without fertilizer, we planted! We sowed, we grew. What scent the food gave, what taste! But now, it has no taste. No taste at all. Yes. That's how it is!"

A few hours later we returned to Esteban's farmstead. His grandson, Melvin, scooped up my gleeful baby. Melvin's mother, Amelia, mended his pants in their corral. Esteban's youngest daughter, Santa Rosa, had just returned from another day of hunting for work in Huaraz. As usual, she wore a black turtleneck underneath a sweatshirt zipped to her chin, so that her brown skin wouldn't darken. We hung Amelia's wool skirts on the clothesline. They billowed like sails.

2.3 Hunger

As I asked more people about Winaq, the mountain became a historical kaleidoscope. To begin with, old men remembered hungry ancestors.

Alicho Nieves tottered out from his adobe home to meet me by the gurgling canal. After some pleasantries, I asked about Winaq. His voice shook.

"That was in ancient times. There are lords there, just the same as here, just the same. They lived there. In the ancient times. I used to live near Winaq. Before, on the highest part of the hill, the place was very strong, chúkaro. There were stones there. White water, like milk, flowed near Winaq, covered by a little rock. When we came to where the water is, when we were children, pasturing the animals, we would say, 'Grandpa, I am bringing your lunch.' And they let us go, peacefully. Once, my animals

disappeared. So a few days later, I came to the canal and I said, ‘Grandpa, your food, I am bringing. Pull me up, I am getting tired.’ I felt a person grab me. When I crossed, my animals appeared. And now, there’s nothing more of those things.”

“Is there another Winaq?”

“In the Cordillera Negra there is another Winaq. The people there also give offerings."

Juan de Paz, too, had heard hungry ancestors. He stopped to rest from hoeing one afternoon, to tell stories to me, my baby, and his nephews.

“I heard that the stones were alive.”

“Surely, they were punished. In the Flood. Before, the grandfathers lived there. The ruin, it was a city. The flood covered it. In the time of Noah. Once, I went there to cut straw to cover my little hut. With my Dad. He brought me. At lunchtime, sleep embraced me, and I slept. And my father was sitting down, chewing coca. I heard a voice that told me, in Quechua, ‘pudding, bring me.’ Loudly! So said the grandpa.” He and the boys laughed.

“Was it the mountain’s voice?”

“Yes, Winaq itself.”

While I waited for the van back to Huaraz that day, I sought shade in Don Santi´s little store. For months, he´d rebuffed my ethnographic advances. I pulled a chair to the side, so I could nurse my baby. He sat behind the counter and chuckled when she cried, then warned me that it is easy for children here to get sick. I pounced.

“Do people still bring offerings to Winaq to cure their children?”

"They bring them there at midnight, because nobody's there. Winaq cures *susto*."

"Is it the ancestors or Winaq that cures them?"

"There are ancestors there, of course. Cadavers."

"Is it chúkaro?"

"Yes. You frighten, and become sick."

"Someone told me that Winaq built itself. Did he make that up?"

"It could be an invention. But before, the Incas lived in high places. They say that the stones were alive. That's how the Incas made them walk, with lashes. That's why they went and put themselves in place. Maybe it's credible, because it's tremendous! Also Chavín." He referred to the magnificent temple east of the Cordillera Blanca.

"Speaking of Chavín, I heard there's a tunnel that comes to Winaq."

"That's what they say. Close to the house by Amado's land, an avenue goes to Chavín."

"Do you think it really exists?"

"I don't know. My grandparents told us that there was a tunnel, but it got covered up. Before, they went in with a thread: so long, tremendous, until the thread ended."

I pursued the tunnel the next day at Juan de Paz´s farm, near the ruins of the Amado family's hacienda. Was something covered up nearby?

"It's a tunnel that goes to Chavín. By there, is a door. I used to graze the pigs there when I was a boy. They said that animals entered the door and vanished."

Learning about Winaq's hungry ancestors and secret tunnel convinced me that I was unearthing an ancient Andean world, weak with age yet glimmering with a magic

that protected it from modernity, from the banality of facts and money. But Juan Carrión, a middle-aged farmer and former councilman, taught me that the myths upholding the world from which I longed to escape infused and inspired Winaq's world of stories.

"I don't know Winaq, but my grandparents told us. Going up this hillside, that's the path to the mine. It goes all the way up to Winaq." It was the one I´d walked with Esteban. "The mouth was lower down. The mine was at the top. One day the miners entered a tunnel and found a rockface. They perforated it and put in dynamite. When it blew up, they felt a loud noise from over there in the Cordillera Blanca. A little later, turbid waters came into the tunnel. And all the workers left and covered up the mouth. There, the water stayed. Never again has it been opened. It's not a mine anymore. It really existed. They say it was the best gold. The best gold, it was. And there it has stayed. But nobody knows where that mouth is."

"Was it because Winaq is chúkaro?"

"That's what they say. I've also known it to be. You've gone, right? So you found the canal on the path, no? At that canal, it's said, blood used to come out of the nose, or the ear. "

2.4 Bullfights

Although I wanted to understand what Winaq was*,* people in Macashca cared more about what it did, how it might reveal the ancestors´disposition toward humans who tread their territory. Being tame or chúkaro is a pragmatic and political matter. Their ambivalence about Winaq's power indicates its liminality. (Poole 2004) Winaq is subject

to the State, which claims all subterranean resources. Yet ancestors also rule Winaq; their descendants can never fully repay their gift of life and land (although they may, increasingly, ignore their debt). (Klima 2002; Mauss 1967)

Winaq's conflicting forms of sovereignty imply different means of producing temporality, and for very different ends. (Negri 2013, 5) Forced labor produced the Time of the Incas. Punishment produced the time of God. Stories and offerings produce Macashca's Time of the Ancestors. Through reciprocity, villagers not only recreate their rightful place in space and time, they recreate themselves. (MacCormack 1991, 429)

The temporality of reciprocity differs from the universal time hosting the Anthropocene. It depends upon the renewal of relations through gift exchange. (Munn 1976) By contrast, the universal time that capital produces through alienating humans from nature and producer from product is impersonal and, at least in theory, mechanical; its end is accumulation, not regeneration. (Castree 2009, 27; Moore 2015, 191) This modern temporality, formed in part through colonial scientific research in the Americas (Cañizares-Esguerra 2004) supports a theology of transcendence in which God, whose throne scientists may have recently usurped, reigns over nature. (Spinoza 2007, 81) In precolonial Andean theology, divinity was immanent to the world.

Winaq is at once just a mountain, inhabiting the category of "nature" beneath God and apart from humanity, in de la Cadena´s colonial triad (De la Cadena 2015, 206-7) and yet also, autonomous. For Winaq stories configure the ancestors´ sovereign power as immanent to their relationship with their descendants, suspended in the time between giving and receiving. This time is grounded in a territory that exists thanks in part to the

colonial relations of domination from which people sought succor. That is why it is strangely intertwined with the “other Winaq,” the antagonist it needs to exist. That is also why it inspires ambivalent dreams of freedom.

Victoria told me a stirring version of the bullfight, as she dried her hair in a sunlit pasture.

“There are two Winaqs, two, yes! Well, there was a bull the color of smoke, in this Winaq. At night they met, face to face. ‘Wua! Wua!’ they said. The bull of smoke said, ‘you or I will win this fight. When I fight, I will come out from under the earth. I will lay waste to the land when I say, ‘MOOOO!’ And when it came out, it went to fight. And the bull was very big! Face to face, in the night. The smoky bull, how fat it is!” She clapped her hands with delight.

Juan de Paz repeated the story, adding that the bull of the other Winaq, is “Skinnier, skinnier. Because there, they are taking out, there’s a mine. The bull here, fat it is, fat. Because they haven’t taken out our metal.” In Andean cultures, fat can represent or embody vitality and power. (Weismantel 2001, 200) Storytellers thus insisted that the mountain gives Macashca life.

“Winaq is very rich. It has gold. But they don’t take [minerals] out. Winaq doesn’t want them to. One time, the gringos wanted to take out. They say, it called at midnight. ‘They want to take out from me. I will release water.’ All say, a flood, it was going to send. That’s why they haven’t touched it. They don’t touch it. It’s rich. Rich, is Winaq.”

“Who defends it?”

"The smoky bull. One time, 12 members of the Community went to visit Winaq. 'Let's go see.' And they went. And that night,"

His nephews joined in. "It taught, it revealed!"

Juan recounted the dream that Winaq sent. "To all, it revealed a garrote, saying, 'this I will bring, if they try to make holes.' Winaq says that the community should take care of it."[3]

I circled back to Don Santi´s store. "Don Santi, is it true that gringos came to mine?"

"That's how it is. They had their tents there. They were excavating a little hole. Then, Winaq revealed, in their dreams, 'if you keep this up, I will kill everyone.' So the people left."

"When was that?"

"Years ago. Because when I was a boy I also looked for a hole, to find huacos."

2.5 Freedom

Isidora and Juan are an evangelical couple from San Marcos in the nearby Conchucos Valley. San Marcos hosts one of the world´s largest mines, Antamina. They have lived in Huaraz since the 1990s; once a traveling salesman, Juan now sells ice cream in the street; once a shepherdess, Isidora sells bread from her basket. I visited them hoping for stories about chúkaro places like Winaq. Folding a blanket over me, Isidora explained how Antamina Lake was tamed.

[3] Andean deities in the precolonial and colonial eras often communicated through human voices and dreams. (MacCormack 1991, 183)

“By Antamina, there was a lake. Gringos came in a helicopter. The lake enchanted them, it hid the metal. How many gringos died in that lake!”

Her husband continued. “Antamina sent gringos with a liquid to tame it. Then they made a hole and dried the entire lake. Now, it cannot enchant anything." Antamina had indeed drained the 32-hectare lake, to access the minerals beneath its water. (Gil 2009, 50)

He continued. "When they dried the lake, a bull escaped. That bull, they have not seized. The mineral vein goes all over the Conchucos Valley. The bull, they won’t catch it, never. The bull will escape. The bull will live.”

Rather than the vein feeding the economy, Juan imagined it sustaining an autonomous animal. The lake's bull —ferocious, golden, chafing at its confinement — was a mainstay of San Marcos folklore prior to Antamina's arrival. (Gil 2009, 50) It soon dramatized conflicts between the mine and community. (Gil 2009, 49) To excavate the third-largest copper-zinc mine on the planet, Antamina paid $3.5 million for 7,000 hectares of communally and privately owned land, relocating some 800 people. (Gil 2009: 24, 102, 81) San Marcos had been extremely poor; inhabitants hoped that the mine would make them rich. Their high expectations soon descended into disappointment, erupting into conflicts with the mine. While relocations were a flashpoint of protest, San Marcos residents, like millions of Andean people since the mid-20th century, including Isidora and Juan, had long migrated to cities for work and education. Yet, as Winaq stories imply could have occurred in Macashca, losing their home entailed loss on many levels.

"So people left. They're now in Huaraz, Lima, all over." Untethered, but not exactly free.

As the night chilled, Isidora spoke of end-times.

"Are we in the last days?" I asked.

"Don't you read the Bible, mami? In the Bible it says, 'when the years pass, even in your house, in your kitchen, there will be pure gold, pure silver. This, there will be in abundance. But no food.' And now people are saying that there will not be water. It will turn to blood."

"The rivers, springs, tapwater," Juan added.

"Last year I went to the Llanganuco lakes. The church took us on a trip. A gringa from Holland came. She said, the mountain used to be all white. The snows reached the lake. But now the snows are disappearing. When the ice ends there will be no water. Everything will dry, mami." Like Esteban and others in the Huaylas Valley, Isidora adapted climate change discourse (Rasmussen 2016, 74) which permeates daily life in Huaraz, to narrate a history and destiny of punishment.

2.6 Ends and Time

"The city does not need the sun or the moon to shine on it,
for the glory of God gives it light."
– Rev. 21: 23 New International Version

Esteban and Isidora's end-time stories depict a wrongly ordered world, where metal and not food abounds. This cross-cultural trope of subversion often relies upon "a utopian reading of religious texts." (Scott 1990, 172) The primary text here is the Book of

Revelation, which solves humanity's sinfulness by ending the world. Apocalypse recurs in much Northern ecocriticism, (Buell 1995, 285) yet Andean peoples had their own apocalyptic traditions, of gods punishing moral wrongdoing in a distant future, which some used to condemn conquistadors. (MacCormack 2007, 260)

If genres carry the signature ideologies of their formative moments (Jameson 1981) prophets of environmental apocalypse, whether shepherds or academics, often reproduce the Bible's authoritarian ideology. Since humanity cannot help but sin, we need a savior. In the typical environmentalist Jeremiad, the scientist points the way that consumers ought to follow. Whether the savior is Christ or science, this utopic fantasy betrays what the Conquest bequeathed: not only rising temperatures, but an imagination that colonizes living territories as abstract natures, possible futures as prisons of the present, and collective salvation through preserving social hierarchies. So to rephrase the question of ending, remembering the Recuay, a form of political life hangs in the balance of a world about to end. It might be capitalist democracy.

Winaq's bull and Inca ancestors seem a bulwark against capital and State, as if beings in another ontology. But the ambivalence and desires invested in their narratives reveal the capture of imagination by those same forces, which ordinary people articulate and interpret through millennial Andean, evangelical, and scientific discourses. Winaq stories mark the boundaries of thinkable worlds, fantasizing the impossible to frame the present as inevitable. (Lévi-Strauss 1967) The "beaten people" do not desire a purely egalitarian utopia, but a hierarchical one. (Jameson 1992; Žižek 2011, 255) In the dream-world of Winaq's past glory, they are the masters who wield the whips; in that of

Winaq's open mine, they sell the gold; in Winaq as a resurrected Jerusalem, God reigns supreme and the chosen few no longer hunger or thirst.

Storytellers in the Huaylas Valley date the beginning of world-historical time with the Flood. The Flood figures as the Conquest, which, like the Biblical flood, fails to cleanse the world from humanity's sinfulness. In the Bible, sinfulness also requires the sacrifice of Christ, who heralds the future Kingdom of God. In Macashca, this solution will redeem the suffering of their rightfully punished ancestors. Their notion of righteous punishment dates to coercive missionary efforts in the colonial era.

Beginning in the late 16th century, Andean people suffered campaigns of religious persecution called the Exirpations of Idolatry. Inquisitors imprisoned, interrogated, and tortured suspects and ransacked sacred objects, including mummified ancestors. Colonial records indicate that native people near present-day Macashca rejected missionaries' claims that all humans descended from Adam and Eve. Many insisted that they descended from lithified ancestors in particular places, which they revered. In a 1618 account of Jesuit missionaries to nearby provinces of Ocros and Lampas, these stones were once people who had been lithified as punishment for resisting Wari or Inca rule. (Duviols 2003, 721-30) As time passed, the dead and the living, who had previously cohabited, suffered increasing separation; the dead were said to return to their origin-places. (Ramos 2010, 88) This may have literally occurred on Winaq. In his 1585 letter to King Philip II of Spain, the Vicar of Huaylas Province laments that, "since churches lack

doors, keys and locks, many have come at night to take the bodies buried within them, taking them out to the huacas and ancient cemeteries," for reburial.[4] (Gridilla 1936, 311)

Perhaps alienation inspired nostalgia for ruined origin places, as Winaq may have been, or construed as by newcomers. (Williams 1973) In his 1621 manual, extirpator Fr. de Arriaga laments that the Indians, "tell fables and imaginings of their origin places… this is why the Indians are so pertinacious and stubborn in preserving their sites and ancient towns and in returning to them after they have been consolidated with other towns." (de Arriaga 1968 [1621], 63)

Nostalgia for Inca Winaq may then, and perhaps now, nurture a subversive wish to wield power. (Flores Galindo 1986) Villagers relished telling how the Incas lashed the stones to build their great city. This detail may refract the construction of colonial Peru through punishment—again, conceptualized and experienced as ongoing. Whipping and beating Indians for religious infractions (along with slavery, rape, and dispossession) was a widespread practice during the colonial era. (Silverblatt 1987, 138-147; Zuloaga Rada 2012: 139-140, 235) In a letter, Extirpator Hernández Príncipe (1622) describes how he converted Indian idolators in Recuay, just a few miles south of Winaq:

> "there was a very great whipping, and much blood, having almost all of the old idolators nude to the waist, and at the end of the miserere the father raised his voice saying words of much tenderness and feeling, with which all became persuaded and they cried to heaven: Lord, have mercy. And with all this was crying and sobbing." (Hernández Principe [1622] 2003, 772)

[4] According to the same 1618 letter, Andean people explained that their dead suffered under the earth. They disinterred corpses from church cemeteries and placed them with huacas in caves "out of love, and compassion." (Duviols 2003, 721-30)

Through dispossession, slavery, and punishment, the Spanish Crown extracted vast wealth from Peru and the Americas. The Iberian colonial system fostered global commerce and European primitive accumulation, which together incubated climate change. (Miller 2007, 87) By extracting resources and exploiting labor in the colonies, Europe accumulated the means to eventually spark the Industrial Revolution, which began releasing the carbon that heats the planet, igniting a global race to grow rich that is melting Macashca's glaciers. (Bonneuil and Fressoz 2015, 229; Pratt 1992, 36) All because the ancestors sinned!

Many people in the Huaylas Valley implicitly compare their society to shrinking glaciers through narratives of decline. These stories issue from the margins of abundance in an economy which has grown, like many others in South America, thanks to capital-intensive extraction of natural resources in rural sacrifice zones. While population indicators are up, the extractive process erodes the basis of a future in the countryside, which the 'other Winaq's' skinny bull symbolizes.

Through their glowing stone Eden, people in Macashca fantasize a precapitalist and precolonial utopia that illuminates their present sense of decay. By adopting the Incas as their ancestors, descendants bask in their glory, mollifying their present abjection; they also accept an inheritance of original sin. By lauding Winaq's ferocity, storytellers configure their newly-won territory as partially autonomous. By idealizing the former prosperity of the Incas as more inclusive and socially productive than the wealth created by local megamining, also reflect upon the problem of capitalism's future, or their future within it, since it requires the sacrifice of their land to continue growing. And it must, to

survive. At the same time, dreams of past glory are intertwined with dashed hopes for riches today.

Through their ambivalent stories about Winaq's gold, villagers dream of growing wealthy and theorize their own exclusion. Recall Winaq's hero: a mighty bull the color of smoke. This beast guards his mountain from the Pierina gold mine. He must battle every new moon to keep Winaq wild, dangerous, and free—from Macashca villagers as much as prospecting gringos.

Winaq stories register a sense of estrangement from their own lands. For however geographically close, the buried treasure of the ancestors is accessible only to gringos with specialized knowledge. (Gordillo 2004, 202-203) And the ancestors seem to prevent their descendants from mining. Winaq threatened Peasant Community members with a garrote, suggesting that Juan de Paz and his friends weren't keeping watch as ecological guardians. And the flood in the mine shaft is uncanny, whatever its proximate causes. Both, in a sense, are tragic. Through their stories, they suggest that Winaq could become a big mine, and the people could get big payouts, like in San Marcos, if the mountain and their ancestors would allow it.

But extracting golden lifeblood would mean sacrificing who they are. I heard that parents still hike to Winaq to offer the Incas the petals they pass over the bodies of their sick children, praying they may be healed. The ancestors hoard their gold, but also give life in the drying land.

Both present and absent, living and dead, the ancestors disrupt the temporality of political liberalism, which holds the past as over, the present as free, the eternal future as

for the taking. (Baucom 2005, 324) Though constantly challenged in the West by the intrusion of the past into the present, this mode of thought nonetheless contributes to the inertia of climate diplomacy, the fetishism of technological solutions to climate change, and global elites' quest for "sustainable" growth. Climate change is part of the history of wealth accumulation and our climate is where history accumulates, repeating its punishments. But if the Anthropocene is the age made continuously by force, it is not the only one. For just as Winaq's body comprises layers of geological time, its overlapping stories, living ancestors, and their imaginative descendants reveal the simultaneity of all history—all possible and impossible worlds we can imagine—in the present.

Eternity and chaos press against the temporal borders we make through stories, which begin and end, like we do, within indifferent flux. (Kermode 1967) This chapter is one such story, an attempt to anchor the present through a simplified narrative of colonial and capitalist history. Although social creativity, our capacity to reflect upon our worlds and make them otherwise, is our real hope for surviving the climate crisis, this very capacity is shaped by the rules of the game we inherit. And we cannot control its consequences. The stories I heard are critical reflections on the past and present, but they also reach into the future: not only because they are still taught to children, but because they show the direction of peoples' desires. There may be no plot to history, but we cannot live outside narrative, because it links our life-times to cosmic time (Ricœur 1984-1988) and thus our tiny lives to everyone and everything else that has ever existed and ever might. That is why they matter.

The West will never save itself or the earth if it continues construing other worlds as entities apart from our own dismal history, ontology, or cultural reality. Instead, we ought to use stories as means to understand, and thus possibly, to write, universal climate history otherwise, in all its multiplicity, with all its limits. Stories can teach that climate change is not a technical or individual problem of means alone, but a cultural problem about the ends we imagine, one rooted in histories that shape ways of imagining the world and forging, and breaking, relations within it.

Between tame and chúkaro, Eden and apocalypse, the ruins of Winaq stand as a threshold. Like our myths enshrouding climate change, Winaq's story tells of growth, decline, and a secret hope that gold might buy time. And it offers a mirror to the beaten people, who rig faulty wires to light their dirt-floor homes with a flickering neon bulb. For Winaq shines at night, and without electricity, the Inca had light.

3. The Ichic Ollqo

3.1 The Little Man

Beneath the waterways of the Huaylas valley lurks the Ichic Ollqo, Quechua for "little man." Said to be the son of the devil, he is the size of a child, white, and with blonde hair hanging to his feet. Some say he plays his huge belly like a drum, others that he strums his long hair like a guitar. He surfaces from springs and rivers to lure country people with music, money, and treasure. If they take his bait, he drags them underwater, where they become his next meal. Sometimes he simply seizes his prey. But the Ichic Ollqo hasn't been seen for a long time.

I first learned about him from Gloria. Wearing her wool skirt backwards and unzipped, her hair escaping a loose braid, she spotted me and my baby beside a dry, broken fountain in Macashca's new plaza. Recognizing me from my pregnant forays with a notebook the year before, she invited us home for lunch.

Gloria spoke little as she prepared the food she was bringing to her daughter and son-in-law, working in the field. "This is how we live. We are poor. Do you see?"

Her tiny granddaughters stared at me, peed on the earthen floor, and cried for food. Gloria quieted them with pudding. Then she wrapped the smaller one in a blanket, swung her onto her back, and lulled her to sleep while tending the bubbling pots. Flies swarmed. A soap opera flickered on her TV. Golden dust streamed through the holes in her tin roof.

Gloria gave me a plate heaped with potatoes and rice. Then she got down to business. "So, what do you want to know?"

I winced. “Maybe, stories from around here?”

“Ichic Ollqo. I saw him once, long ago, by the canal. I was a girl. He is short, little, with looong, blonde hair. He comes to you from waterfalls, rivers, lakes, when you're thinking bad things. He pulls money and gold and treasures from his butt. But if you take them, he pulls you into the water and you die. What more do you want to know?”

She set her granddaughters down to nap. Then she packed the bucket and a bottle of instant chicha morada into a faded lliclla, a patterned shawl. She swung the bundle onto her back. “You can stay if you want. I’ll be back.” I escaped with excuses. She looked down, busying herself.

As I learned more about Ichic Ollqo, I heard that people saw him in “those times." Folklorists and other scholars suggest that Ichic Ollqo was most often sighted before the Agrarian Reform of 1969. (Bode 1989, 263-264; Yauri Montero 2014, 66) As the Cordillera Blanca’s glaciers melted over the latter 20th century, he disappeared.

If Ichic Ollqo was a spectator and product of the five century transition to capitalism in the Huaylas valley, he faded as the process neared completion. Native people invented him to critique colonizers´ appropriation of their land, labor, and water. As feudal ties fragmented, country people’s relationships to water and land also transformed. Today, humans are melting the Valley´s glaciers and its old world. By destroying him, rural people free themselves from a postcolonial spectre as they embrace a new mythical aquatic order. (Horkheimer and Adorno 2002, 1-34) Thus, Ichic Ollqo’s disappearance is a socially creative act which clears the way for a different future. (Piot 2010, 104)

Global narratives of climate change, like local ones of ecological decline, highlight shrinking freshwater supplies. With freshwater flow from the Cordillera Blanca jeopardized by glacial melt, scientists and bureaucrats often depict the Huaylas valley as a hotspot for global warming, with attendant concerns over water conflicts among "stakeholders." (Carey et al. 2012; Stark et al. 2012) Beyond Peru, the US intelligence services and United Nations alike warn that the wars of the future will be fought over water. (ODNI 2012; IPCC 2014) Such prophecies, like Ichic Ollqo encounters, reveal that the problem of water is less one of supply than of power relations, steeped in cultural processes. Ichic Ollqo encounters illuminate how colonial processes of subjugation —in which water control was key —sought to undermine native communities' ability to reproduce themselves and forge an autonomous future. This intimate, profound, and vast dispossession reverberates in the narratives of the women and men in this chapter. Ichic Ollqo's disappearance suggests the future world they conjure.

3.2 Devil in the Water

Prisciliana and Teófilo are an old couple who live in their crumbling farmhouse outside Huaraz. The devil, they warned me, dwells outside human society in what gringos fetishize as wild nature. Such places are insólito—beautiful, lonely, and often aquatic.

"There is, up there, a spring. And there my sister-in-law went," Prisciliana said.

"There he stays, there he appears. See!" Teófilo pronounced.

"They went, they pastured on the mountain, there was water. 'Let us go to drink water,' and they go. My sister-in-law beat the rest. And she found a little boy."

“Ichic Ollqo?”

“Ahh! What could it be? There, he appears.”

“There must be a lake within the mountain, very insólito place. That’s why there’s enchantment.”

“There, in lakes, in the mountain gorges, there aren’t even people, but the song of the rooster there is, and there are bands.” She savored the notes of Satan’s presence.

“Over there, they are no longer people of God but rather of the devil, of Shataku.” Teófilo should know; as a teenager he seduced a married woman and beat a girlfriend unconscious. He fled the police in Huaraz to work on coastal plantations. There he raped Prisciliana, a 12-year-girl old who, at a judge´s behest, became his wife.

“Some do evil,” Prisciliana added. So, too, her granddaughter had said, confiding beatings from her older siblings and mother, of being tied up and left to cry alone.

“Such a person no longer is of God. There are many people; he tempts them.”

Prisciliana and Teofilo’s cartography of evil—popular among Huaraz’s older villagers—reveals the historical ground of Ichic Ollqo’s existence. Over five centuries, Europeans converted Peru’s Andean waterways from the sacred body of Wari/Viracocha, and resource for all, into the devil’s domain, the "nature" from which colonizers profited.

While water has always concerned Andean agro-pastoralists, only recently has it become “merely” water. Early Andeans believed that all bodies of water formed one ocean which supported the earth. (Itier 2013, 58) Before the Incas, people in the north-central Andes conceived water as Wari: the god (spirit, body, or personification) of the ocean. (Itier 2013, 83-84) The Incas developed Viracocha from Wari (Torero 1990)

whom people in Huaylas continued to worship in the Inca era. (Espinoza Soriano 1978, 17) The Incas claimed that Viracocha (the ocean) impelled the Incas' ancestors to conquer the territories that would comprise their State, Tawantinsuyu. Viracocha also pushed the sun and moon into the sky each day and night. (Itier 2013- 83-84) Like prior Andean originators, Viracocha was androgynous. (Silverblatt 1987: 41, 44) Like the Spanish devil, Viracocha sacralized imperial control. Ichic Ollqo´s more direct ancestor likewise served Inca power. In his Nueva Crónica (1615) Felipe Guamán Poma de Ayala writes that the "little men" who lived in springs were part of a race of "first indians" whom the Inca god Wari Viracocha killed, conquered, and ruled. (de Ayala and Hamilton 2009 [1613], 38)

In the early colonial era, a peasant woman accused of witchcraft claimed to have been kidnapped by “a mysterious man with golden hair living in a mountain spring.” (Silverblatt 1987, 181) For a week, she lived inside the spring with him, forced to bring him food.

It is no accident that Ichic Ollqo appeared in rivers, springs, and canals in the Viceroyalty; not only were such waterways previously holy, but they composed highland irrigation systems. Before conquest, all ayllu members enjoyed access rights to irrigation water. By appearing as the European, male “spirit owner” of this water, Ichic Ollqo dramatized how and why the water system changed hands: to allow, primarily, male creoles and peninsulars to amass wealth.[5] [6] (Taussig 1980, 183) While the Inca also

[5] During the early colonial era in Huaylas, native lords (curacas, or caciques) also took advantage of the encomienda system to amass enormous power, lands, and wealth. (Zuloaga Rada 2012, 137) As linchpins of the colonial system, they supported the encomenderos, who called upon their help to suppress Indian revolts and fight against the crown. (Zuloaga Rada 2012: 73, 106-107) The legitimacy of encomenderos and curacas were interdependent, their interests profoundly linked. (Zuloaga Rada 2012a, 23)

extracted labor and tribute from subject ayllus, in part through administering highland irrigation (Gelles 2000, 92) their system was more equitable. Indeed, a vast body of research has found that Andean polities have, historically, forged traditions of water equity for their very survival. (Orlove 2002; Trawick 2003**)** These traditions marked the Valley, as well.

Wittfogel's (1957) thesis on "hydraulic societies" notwithstanding, stateless communities in the Huaylas valley built and managed vast, complex systems of hydraulic technology.[7] Their infrastructure spread over entire valleys: large silt dams and reservoirs for herding, terraces and canals for agriculture. (Lane 2009, 172-173) Their ruins remain in the unglaciated Cordillera Negra, where water was chronically scarce. Communities likely managed their hydraulic works by rotating authority among household or kin group heads, yet this duty conferred no lasting social privileges. (Lane 2009, 182)

While their system was exploitative and hierarchical, the Inca state divided natural resources and organized work without imperiling their subjects' welfare. Each ayllu had its own agricultural fields, pastures, and livestock herds, divided among the Inca Royalty, the Inca cult of the Sun, local chiefs, great ethnic lords, huacas, and the commoners. The Inca state claimed the best lands, which commoners also worked, in addition to serving in the army and periodic mita labor drafts. (Rostworowski 1999: 6, 15, 184-5, 226, 296). Yet every peasant enjoyed access to community lands, herds, and

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[6] Gamonales, the landowners who ruled the Ancash sierra until the mid-20th century, may not have been or looked entirely ¨white,¨ yet their heritage was colonial and European. (Salinas Sánchez 2005, 13)

[7] From the late intermediate period up through Inca rule, aggregations of guarangas (ethnic political associations, with a segmentary internal character) ruled north-central Peru. Each guaranga was autonomous in the confederation, where each guaranga's *curaca* was "first among equals." The Incas centralized this consensually-based, flexible system, empowering the curacas as well. (Zuloaga Rada 2012, 70, 76)

water: a right women inherited from their mothers, and men from their fathers. (Silverblatt 1987, 4-5) A household's fields increased as the family grew, to sustain it. (Rostworowski 1999, 190)

Moreover, commoners enjoyed sufficient and mostly equitable access to irrigation water. Per Inca policy, when scarce (which was the norm) communities distributed irrigation water by the order and size of fields along each canal. This transparent method ensured efficiency. When water was abundant (a rarity) they distributed it by to social rank; each community was also hydraulically independent, controlling its own canal network from the source. (Trawick 2003, 34; 2003, 296) Sufficient lands, animals, and water helped ensure commoners' economic well-being in the highlands, which Spaniards noted in Huaylas, too. (Rostworowski 1999, 196) Although only the Incas' hierarchical irrigation tradition survived Conquest, ideas of sacred water endured.

People continued to worship Wari/Viracocha in the Huaylas valley well into the 17th century. (Itier 2013, 25-30; Yauri Montero 2013, 60) One 17th century prayer from the area asks Wari, "owner of the fields... owner of the water" for good harvests. (Duviols 2003, 796) Water remained sacred. Extirpator Rodrigo Hernández Príncipe wrote in 1621 that native people in Huaylas "washed their sins where rivers meet, they worship the sea." (Hernández Príncipe 2003 [1621], 479-82) Yet, as the colonial era wore on, Wari/Viracocha developed traits of the European devil. (Silverblatt 1987, 193) And his property rights likely diminished, too.

Over the long colonial period, Andean peoples lost both water and equitable, sustainable irrigation techniques. Due to the catastrophic 90% decline of the indigenous population in the century after 1492 (largely from epidemic disease) land and water became plentiful relative to people. (Miller 2007: 50, 42) In the Huaylas Valley, guarangas responded by drastically increasing their use of resources and land, and abandoning ecologically sound yet labor-intensive techniques, such as terracing and irrigation. (Trawick 2003, 48-49; Zuloaga Rada 2012, 131) Abandoning their own millennial methods of sustainable agriculture (Miller 2007, 80) Iberian colonists introduced flood irrigation: releasing water at the top of fields that now sloped downhill. The method caught on with native farmers because it requires less labor. This wasteful technique remains prevalent throughout the highlands, including the Huaylas valley, where it erodes the soil and reduces its capacity to store water.

Viceroy Toledo's 1571 reforms transformed aquatic politics while undermining indigenous rights. Once Indian settlements were forced into lower-lying towns, the Cordillera Negra's ancient hydraulic works and systems of communal management were largely abandoned, in favor of European-style farming and herding. (Lane 2009, 180) Forced relocations also eroded the Andean system of parallel descent, undermining women´s ability to inherit and access water, fields, and pasture independently of men. (Silverblatt 1987, 132-4) As haciendas grew, peasant women were more likely to lose land and water rights than their kinsmen, whom Spanish law decreed to be their owners. (Silverblatt 1987: 147, 150) Toledo's reforms also ended communities' hydraulic independence; discrete social groups in the new reductions were forced to share water

sources. This winner-take-all setup, which endures today, induces scarcity by encouraging competition and waste. (Trawick 2003, 34) Finally, Toledo's reforms catalyzed Spaniards' takeover of indigenous lands, "abandoned" after relocation. (Zuloaga Rada 2012, 197)

While the Incas controlled the social reproduction of subject ayllus through various means (Rostworowski 1999, 97; Silverblatt 1987, 107) the Spaniards seemed intent on ending Andean life altogether. The mass death ensuing after Conquest was mostly due to epidemic disease. However, warfare, harsh labor, and Spaniards' appropriation of native women all stymied indigenous reproduction. (Miller 2007, 42) Native people condemned this through the conquerors´ theology, which they made their own.

Francisco Pizarro and his band of conquerors imported the devil by translating him as the Quechua spirit "supay."[8] But for Quechua speakers, for whom moral absolutes were foreign, supay were merely souls that left the body. (Mujica Pinilla 2013, 171; Taussig 1980: 40-43) Far from the rapist devil of the Catholic church's medieval folklore, supay were androgynous and morally neutral. (Isbell 1997: 297, 271; Silverblatt 1987, 177) Spanish missionaries used "supay" to demonize the Andean landscape, many of whose features remained animate even a century after conquest, evincing a competing sovereign.[9] (Mills 2013, 42; Taussig 1980, 170) As many of the colonized came to believe that boulders, cliffs and hills were places of evil, they too, like Teófilo, began to

[8] Ichic Ollqo may also derive from one of the many prehispanic tricksters in the Andes, whom the Catholics made into demons or Christian apostles. (Urbano 1988)

[9] Christian demonization of pagan gods (as Lucifer and his fallen angels) dates to late antiquity; this tradition conditioned Spaniards' interpretation of Andean religion. (MacCormack 1991, 227)

see the devil in insólito places (Quispe Agnoli 2014) just as "little men" the Inca conquered had appeared, innocuously enough, in springs. But for them, the devil was both a terrifying being and a figure of critique. (Gordillo 2004; Mujica Pinilla 2013, 199; Silverblatt 1987, 178; Taussig 1980) For instance, given the rampant sexual abuse of native women throughout the Viceroyalty, it is unsurprising that "'the devil' often appeared to women as a Spaniard" from early colonial times. (Silverblatt 1987: 138-147, 182) Perhaps, Ichic Ollqo's childlike size and belly, his feminine hair and rapacious violence renders him queer, the antithesis of what children often symbolize: reproductive futurity. (Edelman 2004)

3.2.1 Esteban's Aunt

After sharing a warm breakfast, I was procrastinating my departure from Esteban's house in Macashca. That night, the air had been soft and thick as the wool blankets Victoria, his wife, draped over us. In the morning, his family denied having heard Teddy's wails and stuffed my backpack with potatoes. As I lifted my baby from their rocky kitchen floor, I asked Esteban if he had seen the Ichic Ollqo.

"Yes! Right by the hut, there's a stream that arrives, there."

"Tell her, tell her!" Victoria urged, rinsing the dishes under a sputtering faucet.

"What's he like?"

"Totally gringo, like you! His hair, too, to his feet! Like the sun, it shines. Totally red he is, they are gringos. The size is little, just like a human. With biiiiig hair."

"And what was he doing when you came?"

“Lyyyyying down on the stone. Like this!” He grinned and bent over the table, mooning the hearth. “Sunning himself!” I burst out laughing and the old man giggled, wagging his head. “Sunning himself! Hee hee hee! Hee hee hee! Sunning! Hee hee hee!”

“Did he wear clothes?”

“No!” I doubled over laughing.

“And it’s enchantment, right?”

“That one, always, he enchants the person. And he makes them see a pretty store, well stocked: ‘this will be yours, for you.’ A store with everything, lacking nothing.”

“And this is what he said to you?”

“No, to my Aunt. He had enchanted her, she told us: ‘I will give you oil,’ he says.’

“And she says, ‘I see fruit, everything.’

“‘I give you this.’ He tempts. He makes one see the things he has. This is illusion. Just to the eye he animates things. Just to the eye, he sells it."

Esteban's explanation echoes that of medieval European theologians, who believed that the devil exerted his power primarily by creating illusions in human imaginations. (MacCormack 1991: 42, 94) During the 16th century, Spaniards explained Andean religious difference through demonic activity and illusion; native people were simply vulnerable to the devil's tricks. (MacCormack 1991: 137, 7) Over the 17th century, as the devil became less fashionable in Europe, missionaries tended to explain Andean "idolatry" in terms of their inferiority. This shift coincided with the rise of racial discourse in both the Viceroyalty and Spain. (MacCormack 1991, 435)

"And little by little, he had tempted her. One night, or two nights, she disappeared, my Aunt. Disappeared."

"And where did she go?"

"To the house of the Ichic Ollqi! She had awoken there, my Aunt says." He grinned.

"Is the Ichic Ollqo bad?"

"Yes yes. He's probably the devil. He disappears. All at once he disappears. He shouts. Like a pig, he shouts: 'CHEEEEEE!' Ha ha ha! Yes, gringuita, that's how it is."

Perhaps Esteban's Aunt told this story to warn the children, or family members may tell it about her. Either way, Ichic Ollqo's nudity and her nocturnal visit imply scandal. Her capture suggests that women are more gullible than men. This misogynistic trope in demonology originated in the medieval Catholic church. (Silverblatt 1987, 166-168) It also implies that commodity desires, even basic needs (oil, cloth) historically made peasant women vulnerable to men: hacendados, petty merchants, gringos, even their kinsmen. This is partially because so many lost their rights to access resources independently of kinsmen after Toledo's reforms. The message of Esteban's tale is both patriarchal (women require control because they are potentially wayward) and a critique of patriarchy (poverty makes women vulnerable to men). And the dangers to lone women and girls were all too real.

Ancient and tiny, Pilar perches on a stool in her daughter's chicken stall in Huaraz's market. Her grey braids hang to her waist. When I asked if she had seen the

Ichic Ollqo, she brightened. Pilar leaned over the chickens, fluttering her hands, words bursting out:

"Yes! I have seen him! When I was a lass, I was walking home at night and there he appeared in a canal, he did not let me pass! And I felt that he was crushing my head." She pressed her hand against her temple, grimacing. "And I had to say the Our Father three times so he would let me go!"

Three things matter in Pilar's encounter. First, the Ichic Ollqo appeared in a hand-dug, communally maintained irrigation canal, suggesting hacendados' dominion over agriculture. Second, he seized her, reenacting centuries of abuse of peasant women by European colonizers, which alienated many women from their families and lands. Finally, the Our Father summons her rightful sovereign, who sets her free.

3.3 Ichic Ollqo Surfaces

Sonia's blue eyes, which are her pride, sparkled. "Oh yes! My father told us that the peasants would say they found Ichic Ollqo's droppings on the hacienda. And they were golden." Sonia's father was a wealthy hacendado in Caraz. Having suffered fire and looting, her Grand Aunt's estate hosted a mass execution of peasants after the 1885 Atusparia Revolution. (Yauri Montero 2013, 155) Privatizing the Andean commons- and highland water- helped spark the revolt. A generation after the government quashed it, the *enganche* system of labor contracting penetrated the Huaylas valley, monetizing and stratifying communal relations. Converting the commons into private property and the

peasantry into proletariat completed the transition to capitalism in the Huaylas valley. 1890-1940 may have been Ichic Ollqo's heyday. (Taussig 1980)

3.3.1 Loss

Unlike many other parts of Andean Peru, in the Huaylas Valley, Indians maintained their colonial-era rights to freely access high Andean natural resources until the mid-19th century. Their rights somewhat checked hacienda expansion. But, when Indian tribute was abolished in 1854, local landowners declared these rights void. After annexing highland pastures, waters, and forests in mountain ravines, they charged native people fees to access these resources, even as the state increased Indians' tax burdens. (Thurner 1997: 225-226, 314) More, with backing from local politicians and legal authorities, landowners fraudulently expropriated community lands and kidnapped communal livestock. (Álvarez Brun 1970, 200; Salinas Sánchez 2005, 24) By removing indigenous means of subsistence, they aimed to push them into indebted labor. (Salinas Sánchez 2005, 24) Indigenous peasants fought back in courts and fields; their struggles culminated in the Atusparia Uprising. (Thurner 1997, 226) In their petition, the 39 Indian mayors who led the rebellion noted that since they began protesting, landlords "have imposed a new access fee on us, which is one silver real for each load of [glacial] ice, as if the Cordillera Blanca was private property!" (Thurner 1997, 354-55) Their joke was prophetic.

By the turn of the 20th century, hacendados —who monopolized political power in the Ancash sierra —controlled nearly all highland water resources. (Oré and Rap 2009,

35) Their “despotic and exploitative” system of production used indigenous serfs, who could not move, as farmers and herders, granting them meager pay and field and pasture privileges. (Mayer 2009, 9) While most rural people in the Valley were free, they, too, owed labor and tribute obligations. More, after seizing indigenous lands, hacendados typically diverted water to their estates and settlements downslope. Peru’s First Water Code in 1902 legalized the tactic, declaring that water was the property of the landowner. (Trawick 2003, 70) While landlords owned, controlled, and profited from the water, even selling excess to neighboring Indian communities, peasant communities were forced to maintain the haciendas’ irrigation systems, for free. (Oré and Rap 2009, 35)

This system of water control was highly racialized. In the 19th century, Valley haciendas were "despotic micro-governments," whose owners demanded servility. In a culture that identified ethnicity with class, hacienda owners were or seemed white, while peons were or seemed always Indian. (Salinas Sánchez 2005, 12) Despite the attempts of its Spanish legal code, racial segregation never became a reality in the Valley. (Varón Gabai 1980, 84) Nevertheless, race structured its social life. A minority of whites and mestizos organized the livestock trade, mining, and government from cities; they referred to the peasant masses despectively as the "Indian horde" and themselves as "decent people." Trapped in patron-client relationships, indigenous people were far from being citizens. (Salinas Sánchez 2005, 14) They worked in slave-like conditions on haciendas; landlords forced them to work by whippings and inventing debts; giving peons little food, landlords sold it to them at high prices. (Salinas Sánchez 2005, 22-23)

Ichic Ollqo's droppings offer a searing claim: that water is a form of wealth, which white people own and from which they have profited. For 500 years, highland irrigation systems have supported agropastoral production in the sierra, supplying a constant means of extracting food, tribute, and taxes. By allowing the poor to feed themselves, irrigation systems have also maintained a cheap labor force for coastal plantations and extractive industries. (Gelles 2000, 6) Even when water flows to the poor, it ultimately feeds the devil.

3.3.2 Lures

"Have you seen the Ichic Ollqo?"

Juan de Paz leaned against his coiled irrigation hose as we sat on the green hill, above the Macashca river. The old man indulged me, smiling.

"Ichic Ollqi! Here, down below." The nickname made "little man" into "little fella."

"The spring?" His grand-nephew asked.

"Right there. They told me about Ichic Ollqo when I was a little boy. He has big hair, big. His hair is red and blonde. He's the size of your baby, almost. It was about three in the afternoon when we found this Ichic Ollqi, down there, in the river. It was when we were working for Don Amado [the local hacendado]. We were about 30 guys harvesting wheat. When we went to drink water, there he was. He was sitting. He called to us. 'Come!' he said. When we got closer, closer, closer, he fell. Ploom! He disappeared.

Anyway, he went. That's the Ichic Ollqi, señorita. He lives in the river, in water. He lives in water."

Juan's elders likely witnessed the ravages of the enganche system of labor contracting in the Huaylas valley. (Thurner 1993, 237) It may even have inspired the motif of Ichic Ollqo´s fraudulent gift. The enganche ("hooking") system was the main channel of labor recruitment from the 1890s until the 1930s in the Peruvian highlands. Hacienda owners[10] on Ancash's coast recruited Indians from Huaylas by advancing money to merchants and wealthy peasants, who lent cash to peasants with whom they had patronage relationships. The peasants worked off their debt at a pittance in hellish conditions. (Mallon 1983: 3, 127, 188-189) Huaylas peasants, who had lost significant land and water rights since the 1850s, desperately needed cash. Before leaving, they typically sold their huts or parcels of land. Local bosses also seized these assets to pay off fictive debts. On the coast, many Huaylas peasants died from tropical disease and hunger. Coastal hacendados, however, amassed legendary fortunes. (Álvarez Brun 1970, 74)

Enganche debt eroded peasant self-sufficiency in the Central Highlands by the 1930s, allowing capitalism to finally dominate at the village level. (Mallon 1983, 336) An agrarian bourgeoisie arose, touting modernization, while the former peasantry sank deeper into poverty and dependence on the cash economy. (Mallon 1983, 8) Dreaming of progress, many villages commodified communal lands, labor, and relationships, expropriating themselves. (Mallon 1983, 336-337) By the 1930s, community institutions were crumbling in the face of growing individualism. (Mallon 1983, 342) As Peru

[10] The Peruvian government also used enganche for its Via Central program (Mallon 1983)

integrated into the global market and a growing rural population crowded the land, Ancash villagers migrated en masse to cities and plantations for wage work. (Doughty 1968: 3, 127; Mayer 2009, 23; Stein 1991, 60) Without the means to sustain themselves, lures were no longer needed.

Enganche worked because it used patronage relationships, strongly rooted in local culture. (Mallon 1983, 156) According to historian Florencia Mallon, since the colonial era, the rich used “communal ideology and relations of reciprocity” to access peasant labor and political support. Peasants called upon these same values to guarantee their subsistence, "remind the rich of their redistributive responsibility to the village.” (Mallon 1983, 341) Ichic Ollqo fables suggest that the whole postcolonial arrangement —and notion of community itself, which blankets antagonism —is a sham. (Žižek 1989)

3.3.3 Victory

Ichic Ollqo stories are about more than what could happen to one foolish peasant, for each encounter menaces a future imagined community. The next two storytellers depict a struggle between native males and Ichic Ollqo over key means of social reproduction: women and water. The main characters survive, but their victories seem tenuous.

Juan said his uncle had seen the Ichic Ollqo. “My uncle used to work in Huaraz. Before, they walked from Huaraz to Macashca. And my uncle says that he was walking very late at night. Since his sisters lived in the puna, he passed by. When he walked by a ditch, there the Ichic Ollqo played. He played his stomach. Like a drum. And my uncle

says he was terrified. The Ichic Ollqo was the size of 80 centimeters. And he had long hair, to his heels. And it was red colored. And my uncle, upon looking around, saw that there was a lot of straw, and so he burned it. And the Ichic Ollqi, playing and singing, disappeared."

Juan's uncle probably saw the Ichic Ollqo before the 1970 earthquake, after which the first vans linked Macashca to Huaraz, and several local haciendas were expropriated. Note that the Ichic Ollqo appeared in an irrigation ditch (as he did to Pilar) near the sisters´ campsite. Ichic Ollqo´s claim and threat disappeared, but not forever.

After she returned home from her morning job as a maid in Huaraz, I asked Amelia if she knew of anyone who had seen the Ichic Ollqo. She is Esteban's older daughter, a single mother my age. I held my baby as she scrubbed her son's clothes in their pasture.

"One time, a youth like my son went to pasture his animals. And there, he found the Ichic Ollqi. He was lying down on a big rock. And there he called, 'come, come,' to the little boy. The Ichic Ollqi raced to the water, but the youth first arrived, beating the Ichic Ollqi. The Ichic Ollqi wanted to step on water first, but the little boy didn't let him. Fighting, the little boy beat Ichic Ollqi. With a stone. The youth killed him and tossed him in. The youth won, he killed the Ichic Ollqi. He left, totally terrified. He could not sleep aaall night; he was terrified. The Ichic Ollqi was grabbing him, pulling him from his bed. All night and in his dreams he took him out of bed and he shouted much. That's it."

The hacienda system dissolved over the mid-late 20th century. After 1940, the power of highland hacendados loosened, declining through the 1960s. (Gelles 2000, 129; Mayer 2009, 83-86) Yet hacendados still monopolized Ancash´s land, leaving the majority of the region´s farmers to tend tiny parcels. In 1967, 92% of the individual properties in the Valley averaged 1.5 hectares, covering just 6% of the total area. (Stein 1991, 159-160) Nationally, massive peasant movements in the 1950s and 1960s, including in Ancash, invaded and sued for lands. (Mayer 2009, xiii; Peru 1970-1971, No. 3, 29) Peasants´ actions pushed the government to pass the first Agrarian Reform law. (Mayer 2009, 17) On the heels of its failure, in 1968, General Juan Velasco Alvarado seized power in a coup d'etat.

Velasco Alvarado led the most radical land reform in Latin American history, expropriating and collectivizing a third of Peru's land. However, the reform benefited only a minority of small landholders and little wealth transfer occurred. (Babb 1989, 32) Still, vast social changes were attempted. Having centralized control over all land and water, the government urged peasants to produce for the market, modernize their techniques, and farm in cooperatives. (Carey et al. 2012, 186; Mayer 2009: 4, 20) A hydraulic bureaucracy reached into village life through Irrigation Committees, while technicians attempted to improve sierra production, through small loans and modern inputs. (Gelles 2000, 155; Mayer 2009, 30) Over the 1970s, although Peru's agrarian sector operated much the same, technocratic and bureaucratic discourse permeated the sierra. And by prioritizing reforms for heavy industries and the modern agricultural sector, subsidizing food imports and controlling food prices, Velasco further impoverished

traditional, small-scale farmers. (Babb 1989, 32-33) Thus, agrarian production plummeted after only a few years; Peru lost both its lucrative export sectors and agricultural self-sufficiency. (Mayer 2009, 23-24; Stein 1991) A period of profound crisis and mass suffering ensued, paving the way for neoliberal reform.

The military government did enact some progressive social reforms. By liquidating all forms of servile production on rural estates, and redistributing Peru's resources for the first time ever, the military regime elevated Andean farmers to the status of citizens. The government politically enfranchised marginal people, curtailed elite privileges, and sought to promote respect for highland people by replacing the despective racial term "Indian" with the class-based "peasant." (Mayer 2009, 3) In the Huaylas valley, the reform eased the burdens of farmers who owed labor and tribute to hacendados. But it also ennobled them. Ichic Ollqo was a racial being, existing in relation to the Indians he hunted. (Fanon 2008)

After Velasco´s reforms and Huaraz´s catastrophic earthquake in 1970, which killed 70,000 in the Valley and reduced Huaraz to rubble, the Valley's racial landscape began to change. Prior to these changes, social discrimination against Indians was rampant. Anthropologist Barbara Bode writes that in the Valley, Indians "were obliged to act in a servile manner, were placed in the rear of churches... kept standing during negotiations in public offices, and were seated in the most uncomfortable seats in buses." (Bode 1989, 222) The 1970 earthquake, together with Velasco's social reforms, somewhat leveled Huaraz society. The wealthy abandoned the city, an influx of peasants arrived, and all endured a similar fate as aid-dependent shack-dwellers. (Babb 1989, 21;

Bode 1989: 229, 232) As this occurred, the Catholic Church and Velasco's revolutionary government embarked on consciousness-raising campaigns among peasants, aiming to forge a "new human being, free from bondage to others and from alienation." (Bode 1989, 232) Though peasants reportedly received such talk, at the time, with "mirth and irony" (Bode 1989, 233) in some ways today, this has come true—which may explain Ichic Ollqo's disappearance.

Despite the agrarian crisis it precipitated, the reform's great experiment also planted an enduring hope in expert assistance to improve rural lots. Since glacial lake Palcacocha flooded Huaraz in 1941, killing thousands, urbanites had steadily clamored for scientific and technical intervention to mitigate the risks of more floods. In response, government engineers built protective infrastructure and gathered hydrologic data in glacial lakes both to prevent future disasters and foster economic development. (Carey 2010, 5) Their efforts paved the way for transnational companies to take over the Valley´s waterscape during the neoliberal era. By contrast, the government's enclosure of the high pastures and lakes of the Cordillera Blanca into the Parque Nacional Huascaran, in 1975, rankled local farmer-herders. (Lipton 2014) Yet the Park attracted scientists, engineers, and development experts from Peru and elsewhere. (Carey 2010) This, along with the advent of public schools in the sierra, taught people to perceive their world in bureaucratic, rational terms, even as promises of progress evaporated during the country´s traumatic neoliberal transition.

Eventually, Peru´s neoliberal reforms stabilized the economy and modernized the countryside. (Mayer 2009, 33) The end of the Sendero Luminoso war was key to this

process, too. At the same time, Fujimori's free market reforms weakened community organization in the sierra by legalizing the sale of community land; large sell-offs occurred in the Valley and elsewhere. (Mayer 2009, 32) Additionally, Fujimori sold the state-owned Cañon del Pato, the massive hydroelectric station at the Valley's northern tip, to Egenor, which Duke Energy purchased. Since 2000, Duke has built several new reservoirs in glacial lakes to increase hydroelectricity generation during the dry season, even managing tributaries up to glacial ice to boost the Santa River's flow. (Carey 2010, 165-8; Drenkhan et al. 2015, 715) Although in 2009 the government reclaimed ownership of all water, Duke Energy continues to manage the Cordillera Blanca's waterscape. (Carey 2010: 166, 176, 194; Drenkhan et al. 2015, 715) Today, "energy companies and coastal irrigators ... consume vast quantities of glacier meltwater." (Carey 2010, 15)

Decolonizing Andean resources has so far been partial; although no longer usurped by strutting despots, water does not belong to the people. Yet, although transnationals monopolize water, export industries and electrification have at last, if perhaps temporarily, funded human development in Peru. Too many highlanders are still poor, but they live longer and suffer less. Before the reform, most rural communities in the Valley lacked electricity, potable water, basic health services and sanitation, suffering high levels of illness and infant mortality. (Peru 1970-1971, No. 1, 27; No. 5, 134) Today, although poverty endures—among nearly 30% of Ancashinos—most people in the region have plumbing, electricity, and sewage; infant mortality, malnutrition, and hunger have dropped from earlier decades. (INEI 2017) These changes are welcome to a people long denied the boons of capitalist modernity. Narratives of rural decline must be heard in

relation to the struggles that sparked the Agrarian Reform and the hopes it generated, which neoliberalism partially realized. Ichic Ollqo is becoming anachronistic.

3.3.4 Storms

"The Ichic Ollqo comes out of the lake, springs, from swampy, dangerous places. He has looong hair." Ana ran her hand down her back, aching from 40 years of beatings from her alcoholic husband. "It is blonde. And he plays it, like a guitar. It´s a really pretty sound. He comes out at 11, when the sun is strong, making it shine. And he plays his hair. My mother saw him; he was three meters away." This was in their village near Recuay.

"And she wasn't trapped?"

"No. When I was a girl and went to the field, my mother told me to be careful. He enters through the vagina. Yes. By a rainbow. It happened to a woman of my family, who had neither husband nor boyfriend, that she became pregnant, it seemed. Her belly grew. But a healer felt her pulse and said, 'this is not pregnancy.' And they took her to the hospital, but it wasn't pregnancy. Just water came out, water of many colors. And so when it's drizzling, like this, in the country, the rainbow lights up. When it rains, there's enchantment of Ichic Ollqo. That´s what they say."

Ana gazed out of the café, its profits too meager for her to afford back surgery. The gorges beyond the city seemed to exhale mist. "Of course, it looks pretty from afar. That, too. But me, I am afraid. Ichic Ollqo craves women, very much."

I cannot forget how she began our first personal conversation. She sank into the chair opposite me, mentioning her husband was sick.

"I'm so sorry—"

"I hope he dies. Then I won't have to take care of him anymore."

She wanted to leave him when their children grew up. But his brothers begged her to stay, to take care of him now that he is bedridden. In return, they help her sometimes in the cafe. As with Ana´s chaste relative, feminine virtue provides little protection, but without it she would be alone. Through Ichic Ollqo, Ana reasons that whether or not she was careful as a girl, she could never have been free. Male violence is like the rain.

By contrast, Rosa pries at her locks. The rotund candy store owner works by Huaraz's water utility, with the popular misnomer of "Potable Water." Like Ana, she is married to an alcoholic. But her life might have been different.

When Rosa was fifteen, a 50 year old German tourist used to pass by her house, which was on the highway to the Llaca gorge. She enjoyed their conversations. One day, he asked her mother if he could take her back to Germany. He would pay 1,000 dollars. Rosa's little eyes widened when she told me. "But I was stubborn. I said no."

"You didn't love him?"

"No, mami. He came by here, a long time later, to say hello. We stayed friends. He had married another."

"Another young girl from here."

"That's how it is. I should have gone with him."

"But then you wouldn't have this beautiful daughter."

Rosa´s hard laughter shook her breasts in her leopard-print top, while her little derby hat stuck to her head like a crown. I asked if she had heard about the Ichic Ollqo.

She smiled and sat back. “So once there was the Ichic Ollqi. There is a biiig stone, around where I live. Giant, giant, immense. And this stone is called Ismoqaqa, in Quechua. And there passes the canal, with cartucha flowers. And there, in that stone, the Ichic Ollqi lived. And in front there once lived a lady. She had a little girl. And the little girl always disappeared! Her mother looked for her and didn’t find her. ‘And who do you play with, mamita, if you don’t have friends?’ her mother says.

“‘No, Mommy. I have a friend, a little boy. We play. In his house, Mommy, it’s so pretty, there is chocolate, everything, there is.’ She left the house at six in the morning until it grew dark. Always she went out. And the Ichic Ollqi carried her off.

“Ichic Ollqi sounds like this, mamita: ‘tun tun tun tun!’ Like playing the drums on his belly. He is little, with loooong hair to the floor, pure gringo. His eyes are pure blue. And big teeth. One day, they didn’t let her go out.

‘No, no you won’t go out. I don’t know where you go, people will carry you off and we don’t know where,’ saying. And so, mamita, they left and lightning sparked, and the Ichic Ollqi was inside the water! The Ichic Ollqi waited in the water and there, the little girl went in and there she disappeared. And where did he take her, no? It’s said, to a big house. In that stone. So, they don’t let her out anymore, they’re totally watching the little girl. ‘This is the Ichic Ollqi, he’ll carry you off, this is a devil.’ They didn’t want him to take her. But the little girl, escaping, went. To Ichic Ollqi.

“And it’s said, she arrived home, saying, ‘he has given me all these gifts and tomorrow I must return. If I do not, I will die.’

“‘No, no you will not go. You will not go. For he is Satanic, he will carry you off, he will eat you,’ saying this, desperately, they didn’t allow the little girl to go. And they carried her away somewhere else. And he came and sucked her blood and the little girl died. Saying, ‘take me, take me, to my little friend’s house, take me.’ With these last words. Her Mom went to Paria. And that’s it. About Ichic Ollqi.” Rosa laughed.

Gloria boasted of her wise refusal; Pilar spoke of deliverance; Ana seethed against her confinement. But Rosa implies that women are free to make our patriarchal bargain. Home and family are as much a prison as Ismoqaqa, or Germany. A girl ought to choose the gilded cage while she still can. The little girl’s death might not be tragic.

Rosa begins her Ichic Ollqo story with symbols of fertility: flowers, a gurgling canal. Lightning signals Ichic Ollqo’s arrival. Lightning was the masculine Inca god of conquest, who fertilized feminine Pachamama with rain; subject ayllus were depicted as his feminine consorts. (Silverblatt 1987, 21) He was said to copulate with provincial women in their dreams, or while they were herding. His consorts, and the fruit of their unions, became priests in his cult —a high honor. (Silverblatt 1987: 67, 76-77) Lightning was a principal huaca in Huaraz, and the most important in Recuay. (Hernández Príncipe 2003 [1621], 479-82)

Ichic Ollqo stories censured individual desire to ensure the future community, bound by patriarchal ties to family, land, and God. If Ana critiqued the inadequacy of familial protection, Rosa argued its impossibility through the little girl’s flouting of

parental prohibition. If Lightning is an ancestor of Ichic Ollqo, it is telling that his advances halt reproductive time. Ichic Ollqo invades a home to suck a young girl's blood (a horrific inversion of menstruation) and Ana's relative suffers a freak abortion**.** If South American devil stories critique capitalism as a system of death (Taussig 1980, Gordillo 2004) Rosa and Ana suggest that temporal dispossession occurs on the most intimate level: not body alone, but in fantasy as well. But perhaps the future is worth sacrificing for a better present.

Although poor people in the Valley's villages and hamlets still struggle, living conditions have improved much since 2000. With the influx of cheap goods and ubiquity of TV, in addition to basic services which most people now receive, many can now indulge a few long-harbored desires, which we all share, for a more comfortable, pleasant life. (Doughty1968, 3; INEI 2017) Perhaps a new commandment exists: to enjoy (Žižek 2014) —candy, shopping, soap operas —the commodity or the life it conjures. Market needs and desires might be finishing the work the Conquest began, of reducing human-natural relations to the cash nexus. While these relations formerly ensured communal self-reproduction, they may also have proven confining.

In this light, Rosa´s story ridicules ideological demystification. (Žižek 1989) Ichic Ollqo's symbolism is no great mystery. And even when analysis yields insight, truth alone does not liberate. By deciphering relations of power, anthropologists are like the little girl's mother, who tells her daughter, "he's Satanic! Don't go!" to feel, as her daughter slips away, that she is a mother still. Her fantasy of power buffers her from

fighting the devil. The little girl knows who the Ichic Ollqo is, yet she is compelled to go anyway. For she wants to.

The problem of climate change is less that consumers in industrialized, advanced economies do not know what they do, or that corporations lack a conscience. Our problem is not entirely a matter of scientific knowledge or individual morality. It's that we want the wrong things and hope to get them while there is still time. That is why the problem of climate change might overwhelm democratic politics.

3.4 Ichic Ollqo Disappears

One night in Huaraz, Olinda hailed me from her anticucho stand downhill from the "Potable Water" plant and its larvae-infested tanks. When she was ten years old, her mother sent her away from their hamlet to work for her aunt and attend school in Huaraz. Hoping she might remember stories, nibbling the edges of the skewered meat, I asked if she had ever heard of my favorite character.

"My grandparents told me about him, but I've never seen him. He's not seen anymore. Hardly ever, anymore."

"Is he hiding?"

"No. Because he would have appeared and someone would have seen him. He disappeared."

"What if he never existed?"

"No, he did, because my grandparents told me about him."

"What if he was just a story?"

Olinda laughed. “Maybe. Maybe people told my grandparents, and they told me.”

The next night, I asked Isidora and Juan if people still spoke of the Ichic Ollqo. We sat on couches, wrapped in wool blankets in their adobe home just outside Huaraz.

“Ichic Ollqi there also is, my father used to say,” Juan said.

Isidora spoke up. “My mother told me. Ichic Ollqi was like a baby. Ichic Ollqi lives in mountains and hills, at the tops, in tiny little springs. There, she says, she found him.”

“I haven’t seen him, but I’m a little afraid of meeting him,” I lied.

“Why would you find him, mami? Now, no, you wouldn’t find him. That’s before.”

“Yes**,** señorita. Now, these stories, now the Ichic Ollqi, now I don’t believe. Before, he was. Before, ancient people spoke of that, but they do not talk about it anymore. Now they say, ‘he has hidden himself,’ I don’t know, disappeared. Before, they say, he walked, in springs, midnight. He walked, before. But now, there aren’t springs, he isn’t there.”

Not only are springs drying up, people told me, but storytelling is waning.

One day I followed Telésforo and Simona to their ranch far up the Rajucolta Gorge. Telésforo is the brother of Florián, who lives nearby and enjoyed pointing out that all of his children, unlike those of Telésforo, are professionals in Huaraz. After two hours, we walked up a scrubby hill, passed the stone and straw huts where their sons and their families live, and arrived at their adobe farmhouse. Their bedraggled, bright-eyed

daughter-in-law, Marcelina, came with her two small sons. Simona fed them limes from Huaraz.

Telésforo brought blankets to cushion me and my baby on their threshold. Disappointed and amused at my bad Quechua, they made do in Spanish, politely answering my questions. They mostly eat the potatoes they plant, which often fetch less on the market than they cost to grow. Before, they did not need pesticides or chemical fertilizer, but now they do, and these expensive poisons don´t always work. Worse, there is less water now, temperatures are more intense, the weather more erratic. Their complaint about water scarcity and lowered yields was familiar to anthropologists in the 1950s. (Doughty 1968, 104) Perceptions of weather irregularity are new. (Rasmussen 2016a, 78)

"And, well, do you know any stories?"

Telésforo shook his head. "That's something the grandparents knew, those stories. Only my father told us. But we do not know deeply, those old stories. Not so much."

"Have you seen the Ichic Ollqo?"

"Ichic Ollqi? Here, nobody has seen him. It's only hearsay."

Marcelina chimed in. "No, there isn't. Around here, now there isn't. It's ENDED."

"Surely, an illness has hit him. An illness of the frog." Telésforo offered.

His wife clarified, "now there aren't anymore. Before." She referred to the frogs.

"There have been, but now there aren't. Before, there was the Ichic Ollqi. That's why, it's said, it is before. Now there is none."

People I spoke with in the Huaylas valley agreed that the Ichic Ollqo was only seen before*:* when yields were higher, water more plentiful, and when stories were told. Yet they do not miss him. During a long conversion, Juan Carrión, a Macashca farmer and sometime politician, offered me his version of the Ichic Ollqo, and why he disappeared.

Trying to flee the hot sun, I waved to Juan, who was watching his bulls fertilize the potato field. He ushered Teddy and me into a lean-to with a canopy of woven branches.

"Where's your husband?"

"He got sick."

"What does he have?"

"Stomach problems."

"There are herbs for that. Have you heard of Hierba Buena? You chew a few leaves, raw, a few times a day. One cures with fresh plants. The best are dying, disappearing, from contamination. For example, there no longer is the frog. It disappeared before all the others, the most sensitive it was, the weakest."

"When did they disappear?"

"15 to 20 years ago. Now worms are in abundance and they hurt the plants."

Thus began a long conversation about the earth and power. Like other farmers, Juan Carrion said that his great-grandparents fertilized land with manure. Then, the First World sold farmers chemical fertilizer, knowing it damaged the earth. By my reckoning, this would have begun during the 1970s, before which few farmers used inputs in the

Valley. (Peru 1970-1971) “At some moment all of the earth will become unproductive. And neither they nor we will be able to feed ourselves. And if we can feed ourselves, it will be with harmful food. They don’t care. For them, what matters is to make money.”

I asked why people say that places with treasure are dangerous.

“The devil owns it. Before, people dumped gold into the lakes. Ichic Ollqo took it.”

Juan perhaps was referring to an old rumor that on secret orders from the imprisoned Inca Atahualpa, people dumped Inca gold into lakes, to protect it from the Spanish. (Yauri Montero 2014) Perhaps hidden wealth perverted Wari/Viracocha’s very being by turning water into money.

“And is the Ichic Ollqo still seen?”

“Now, not anymore. Before, he was seen. According to the ancient ones or grandparents, they have another world. Within the earth, subterranean. That is where his house is. From there it’s said they come out. Around the rivers, the excrements of the Ichic Ollqo were found. Almost the size of those of children, they were. But in that excrement, one noticed little bones. Teeny tiny. Yes. And the grandparents told us, ‘Ichic Ollqo eats human flesh, that’s what the devil eats.’ It’s said, from here, many they have taken away. But now one doesn’t find them. But now, no longer. Almost nobody hears that.”

“Why?”

“It’s what, that, maybe, possibly he goes disappearing, right? Yes.”

“Why is he disappearing?”

“Why, indeed? It might be because of time, maybe.”

"It might be because people no longer believe."

"It may be."

"Has he died?"

"I don't think he has died."

"Or it may be that he has never existed?"

"Ah, he has existed. Now he may possibly exist, but he doesn't come out anymore. How might it be?" He was getting bored, but I wouldn't let it go.

"Are people still afraid?"

"Not anymore."

"Maybe before, man wasn't as powerful as he is now, with scientific knowledge."

"Ah hah, yes. But, we believe, we just believe. We aren't actually more powerful."

"And this power, are we using it for good or bad?"

"Power today is for evil. As we discussed yesterday, for example, manufacturing nuclear arms. And the machines that break the ozone layer, now solar rays, ultraviolet rays, pass to earth. That's why there's more heat, more cold, and more illness. So, power today doesn't protect us. It isn't useful. On the contrary. Power before, it was more beneficial."

"How?"

"Because in that time, there was no pollution. But now, with present-day power, practically all we do is harm the earth. No, we don't care for it."

"Do you believe another world is possible?" He refused me redemption.

"For me, no. Because now they're looking for another planet. So that, from this earth, they'll go there. There are thousands and millions of planets, but there isn't life. And astronauts arrive, don't they? But, once they pass the ozone layer, there is no more oxygen. So those other planets that we see like stars, they are dead."

"Just here, there is life."

"Here in this earth only, is there life. The astronauts say that on another planet there is life. But it's not true. Because there is no oxygen. So, how can one live?"

"But it's possible that, creating a hospitable environment—"

"I don't think so. Because to live in those spaces, to produce plants and animals, they would need oxygen. And how much would it cost, for everyone? Oxygen is free here, no? Nobody yet tells us, 'I sell it to you.' But we could get there. For example, oxygen for sick people there is, no? In hospitals, in tanks. That's how it is, señorita."

3.5 Mastering Time

> "Enlightenment... has always aimed at liberating human beings from fear and installing them as masters. Yet the wholly enlightened earth is radiant with triumphant calamity."
> - Horkheimer and Adorno 2002, 1

The Enlightenment project to rationalize society and master nature – which colonial priests and their modern heirs undertook in Peru - birthed a new mythical aquatic order. This order operates under a single system of representation, wherein the human subject bestows meaning upon objects imagined as meaningless, using reason to convert everything on earth into a source of value. (Horkheimer and Adorno 2002, 7) Thus Wari became currency, a bearer of a Ph, a productive input.

As evident in Juan´s speech, today´s highland waterscape is bureaucratized, technified, and commodified; people in the Valley fashion meaning primarily through these discourses and the new world they conjure, rather than the entities of old and the doom they portended. The devil cleared the Andes of competing powers, so colonizers could forge an abstract social nature. (Moore 2015; Smith 1984) Then he served as a means for critiquing the postcolonial order. Now, an international elite has amassed great power over the waters of the Cordillera Blanca and wealth from its "free gifts." They have also funded human development. So, as rural people´s standard of living rises, they lose aquatic sovereignty. (Carey 2010; Horkheimer and Adorno 2002, xvii) Yet, although colonizers and corporations have dispossessed Andean people of water and land on a vast scale, Andeans never fully owned or controlled these elements to begin with. As hope for development surpasses their sense of alienation, Ichic Ollqo disappears—or hides, waiting still.

By no longer telling stories about him, rural people in the Valley insist upon describing their world in rational-secular terms. (Rasmussen 2015, 47-48) Disposing of pre-modern beliefs negates any possibility of returning to an "authentic" pre-colonial existence, about which they still, however, fantasize. Contemporary postcolonial and posthuman theorists celebrate local traditions, communal ethics, and ways of relating with nonhumans as models for renewing our fallen world. (Kohn 2013: 29, 230; Tsing 2015: 34, 66, 292) Highlanders in the Valley have mostly lost pre-Hispanic agricultural technologies, along with many equitable norms for managing work and distributing resources, while they are erasing their devil. Pre-Hispanic hydraulic control was

masterful, but more is possible now, especially now that rural people are citizens. Perhaps, "[t]he very disintegration of traditional forms opens up the space of liberation." (Žižek 2014, 194)

This chapter may give the impression of ontological flatness, of a world whose more-than-human relations are sundered by the translation of singular beings into state-sanctioned discourses: science and cultural relativism. (de la Cadena 2015, 99) Yet this seems to be the world my interlocutors wish to inhabit. Good riddance to Ichic Ollqo and the devils of the past! Thus they end colonial time (Piot 2010, 104) by creating the new human subject the Reform once heralded.

Psychoanalytic theory holds that fantasy structures what we experience as reality, which serves as a screen that protects us from the Real. (Freud 2011; Grosz 1990) Today's Real is no longer nature, invested with symbols, animated with entities, seeking mutual regeneration, but capitalism—a world order benign to multiplicity yet bereft of meaning. (Žižek 2014: 10, 210) An ascendant free-market environmentalism seeks to use financial instruments to optimize, and thus conserve, the earth's resources. (Anderson and Leal, 2001) While laudable, such efforts obscure the root cause of our crisis. (Bonneuil and Fressoz 2015, 219) We are Ichic Ollqo. The fantasy structuring highland reality, and ours, is no longer the nightmare of alienation, which Ichic Ollqo heralded, but a rhapsody of natural decline and cannibalistic dream of future abundance, the same one Juan Carrión derided—wherever it might be.

I lamely joked that my fat baby looked like the Ichic Ollqo. Santa Rosa, Esteban's 22 year old daughter, who had recently returned from working in Lima, responded

gravely that her Aunt had seen him in a spring. Moreover, she'd heard that a shepherdess left her baby there one day. When she came back, he was gone. Ichic Ollqo had taken him. From then on the mother only saw him every so often, as he grew up. Right there, he´d appear. "Ichic Ollqo mostly goes after kids. And he is the son of the devil."

Santa Rosa told her story like a pragmatic warning, as Ichic Ollqo stories surely are, or were. But her story had notes of longing, too. The night before, Santa Rosa had been reading a tale from "Ollantay" to me and her nephew in their kitchen, as we huddled under blankets, on a plank balanced upon tree stumps. At last she closed the book and Melvin stumbled off to bed. Then she said, "I want to get away from here."

"Where?" I asked.

"Anywhere but here. Take me with you."

4. God in the Andes

4.1 The Lord of Solitude

Four young men gently lowered the Lord of Soledad's cross into the back of a pickup truck, then leapt in the bed. They stood guard like angels as the truck puttered off to the repair shop. Until that moment in the Plaza of Soledad Church, I hadn't paid much attention to Huaraz's patron saint. I had wanted to learn about what I imagined to be the real stuff of climate change: environmental politics and projects. But that day, the men's reverence opened my heart. Why wouldn't God show His face here? I decided to meet him, and to ask about his Valley, warming up, running dry, and overflowing.

That afternoon, I bought a thick blanket for Teddy's crib. I mentioned to the shopkeeper that I had seen the Cross of the Lord of Solitude. Her brows rose.

"Oh yes? How?"

"They took it out for repairs. But what happens to the Lord when He is taken off His cross?"

"Are you Catholic?"

"Yes."

"He has his urn, he rests there," she assured me, folding her hands like a cradle.

"Is the Cross miraculous?"

"Oh yes! If you believe. He has helped me in so many things. But it´s not like you ask today and you receive tomorrow. That´s the way of evil."

"God has his own time," we said.

“You ask from your heart, for good things.”

“I am a student. Do you think he will bless my research?”

“Surely he would. I’ve asked him for the health of my children, to help them through many difficulties. And I don´t pray to him with the Our Father. I just talk to him.”

Her daughter then showed me smart phone pictures from last year’s Easter procession, which always packs the streets of Huaraz. She explained that the weeping, bleeding statue of Jesus she had photographed, however, was not the Lord of Solitude.

“It’s the Lord of May. That’s his double. He goes out in procession in the month that just ended." Andean cultures, including in the Huaylas Valley, have long paired concepts, social roles, landscape features, and societies. (MacCormack 2007, 181-182) Just as the Lord of May is the Lord of Solitude's double, the small mountain of Rataquenua was once the pagan double of Solitude Church.

"The Lord of Solitude stays," she continued. "The only time he comes out is in a time of disaster: earthquake, catastrophe, drought.”

“Drought?”

“Drought. The peasants ask the bishop to take the Lord of Solitude out in a procession to ask for rain.”

“Does it come?”

“Yes!”

I went to Mass a few days later. It was the anniversary of the 1970 earthquake that killed over 70,000 people in the Huaylas Valley, obliterating Huaraz. Soledad church teemed with life. Parishioners came and went through its huge carved doors, eating ice

cream, collecting holy water in bottles, playing with their babies. In his homily, the priest repeated that misfortune is not divine punishment, obliquely correcting the local theory that the earthquake had been just that.[11] (Bode 1989) First in Spanish, then in Quechua, he explained, "A loving father doesn't punish, he loves. God is like that. Bad things happen because we do them to one another." The Mass closed with the prayer to the Lord of Solitude, who once again hung above us, his eyes mournful and sweet. I asked him to bless my research. I believe that he did.

4.2 Cosmic Landscapes

Through stories of the Lord of Solitude and projects in the mountains whose power he once harnessed, this chapter explores the changing fantastic topography of the Huaylas Valley. The breathless claims of some scholars of indigenous American epistemologies notwithstanding (Walsh 2007) Huaraz's unique brand of Andean cosmology is waning. Never innocent, this cosmological system dated to Andean and European states and empires, which used religion as their ideological arms. Iberian colonizers built upon the Inca edifices of this system, as well as fantasies of their Roman imperial past, to implant Catholicism. (MacCormack 2007) Since the mid-20th century, the Catholic Church's power and presence has weakened in Peru; other traditional beliefs have also waned. In the Valley, Pentecostal and evangelical sects have ascended, along with discourses of science, modernity, and technology. (Bode 1989: 426, 438; Rasmussen

[11] While survivors generally accepted scientific explanations for the earthquake, they fashioned other explanations as well, including: Americans landing on the moon, French atomic tests in Mururoa atoll, and incest between parents and godparents, referring to Vatican II's changes to the Catholic sacrament of baptism. (Bode 1989: 151-161, 325-329)

2015, 41) As Huaylas Valley becomes more secular in the neoliberal era, God transforms from a holy graven image, with power coursing through the earth, to a transcendent heavenly father, personal savior, or observer of earthly events. What remained of indigenous religious practice, in offerings to mountains and in stories, survives in small gestures, anecdotal traces. Yet huaracinos still seek their place and meaning in the cosmos; this enduring preoccupation transfers magical energy from saints and mountains to new projects that occupy quotidian concerns. Such projects—urbanization, plumbing, a canal—become invested with mystical, which is to say, social energy. (Durkheim 1965) Through them, people imagine their individual and collective redemption and salvation, in a distinctly modern kind of eternal life, or afterlife.

A chthonic god and totem of Huaraz (Bode 1989: 426, 438) the Lord of Solitude's power once seeped into the earth. Underground lines radiated from beneath his feet to nearby Mt. Rataquenua and elsewhere, comprising nodes in a multi-dimensional web of earthly relations. His faithful long believed that he protected them from earthquakes, mudslides, and glacial lake floods, which together have killed tens of thousands in the past few centuries. (Varón Gabai 1980, 37; Yauri Montero 2013, 104-107) According to some, not only does he keep the lake beneath his church from flooding, but he has redirected flood waters and ended droughts. He has done so through underground lines, perhaps aquatic; these may have once been ceques, ritual lines found all over the Andes dating back millennia, made famous by the Incas.[12] (Bauer 1998, 147) In the postcolonial

[12] Radiality organized ceques, physical and abstract lines etched into the landscape. It is an elitist spatiality, for lines branch out from prestigious homes, shrines, and huacas. (Bauer 1998: 150, 154; Sherbondy 1982) In Inca-era Cusco, a third of these huacas were springs and water sources, like the rumored lake beneath the

era, these lines may have formed a utopic cartography of divine power. Today, however, the Lord's power over territory declines. Although every car seems to bear his decal, Sunday Masses at Soledad are packed, and his festival remains the focal point of Huaraz´s ritual calendar, few huaracinos know about his lines and the cosmology of water in which he was once firmly rooted. Catholic peasants sometimes ask the Lord for rain during severe drought, as when the Lord was processed in 2016.[13] Yet far more frequently, ordinary people ask for help in their personal lives, supplicating favor in a way largely disarticulated from his earlier role as God of water. (Yauri Montero 2013, 134-135)

Although its champion and glaciers are on the retreat, the Andes remain a cosmic battleground. Further, the Lord's rise and fall challenges the both the notion of an unbroken Andean ontology, and an Andes disenchanted by bureaucrats and rationalism. (Rasmussen 2015: 47, 138) Through projects that assume significance far beyond their practical import, people are imaginatively reconstructing the Valley. The mirages of profits and modernist development that flicker on these scrubby hills are as fantastic as the ceques that once bored through them. Thus, I build from literature scholar Victoria Nelson´s (2001) insights into the rise of fantastic imaginative production in the West as a response to the decline of organized Christianity. As God is muffled on an increasingly secular and rational stage, Nelson argues, repressed desires for divinity and immortality result in the proliferation of aliens, zombies, and the like in the mass media. Through

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Lord's feet; they were often contact points with underground deities who could prevent disasters. The Cusco elite used ceques to organize kin groups' sacrifice to these huacas. (Bauer 1998: 1, 23)

[13] In 1950, a severe drought, people founded two associations of the Lord to pray for rain; it rained just hours after the Lord's first procession in March 1960. (Alba Herrera 1996, 61)

stories of Rataquenua's shift from pagan double of Solitude Church to prime real estate, a toxic canal, and disappearing vampires, I show how money, gruesome figures, and all-powerful technicians are filling the vacuum left by God.

Such accounts do not reveal a final truth or reality, whether of capitalism, climate change, or the mountains in Peru. Instead, they re-enliven the landscape by fostering faith in the priestly power of scientists and technocrats, in life immortal through public works and commerce, and in a world that humans can control. These are basic cosmological tenets of neoliberalism. This new world is utterly different than the one that the Lord ruled over: one dangerous for its indifference, rather than evil intentions.

4.3 Surfacing

Like precolonial ancestors and huacas, the Lord emerged from the land itself. (MacCormack 1991, 97) The Lord’s very surfacing from water —a spring, well, or swampy marsh—(Bode 1989, 375; Yauri Montero 2013, 97) bespeaks an identity coextensive with the Valley, and universal power. At the same time, his origin recalls that of the New World, born from indigenous and European cultural traditions.

I was having tea at the home of my neighbor, a fallen aristocrat, when her granddaughter noticed that Teddy was chewing on my medal of Zaragoza's Virgin of the Pillar, a gift from my host family in Spain. Alejandra showed me her own, of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the icon of Mexican nationalism. Both Virgins, like the Lord, had appeared to humble people and asked for a church. (Brading 2001, 77) Veneration of saints dates to classical antiquity; early Christians copied images of Christ and the Virgin

Mary, which became holy. Church fathers in the fourth century condemned these images and what they considered pagan idolatry, but by the sixth century, the cult of saints had swept the Western provinces of the former Roman empire. (Brading 2001, 13-19) By the end of the Middle Ages, every Christian, European country had shrines of images. (Brading 2001, 19-20) Pilgrims flocked to images said to perform miracles. They formed confraternities in their honor and processed them during festivals. Such images were often proclaimed the patrons of cities they were said to protect. (Brading 2001, 14) The colonial church in the Americas imitated the Iberian pattern of devotion, including in Huaraz. (Brading 2001, 3)

"I love her," she said.

"What about the Lord of Soledad? Do you know him?"

Alejandra nodded. She began to recite. "There was once an old lady who lived in a house with many cats, and one day a cat found the image covered with grass in the spring in Soledad. She told everyone and they brought it to the city church. But the next day, it was gone! She found it again, in that place. And brought it down again, and then it went back! She dreamed that night, and asked the Lord, 'why did you move?' And he said, 'this is my place.' So that´s where they built the church."

Other versions also recounted the Lord's appearance to social outcasts, yet with more attention to the Lord's ecological niche.

Teófilo's daughter told me of the Lord while her children wrestled in the dirt street.

"They say they found the Lord of Solitude, who was living in a little abandoned hut. Swamp it was, all abandoned. There were no houses. There were bushes, water, meadows. That's why they took it down to the main church. And that image returned and returned to the place where it was found. And so finally, when they found it again they made the church. And that's where it's stayed until now. I only know up to there."

Like precolonial huacas and Inca gods, the Lord journeyed until finding the territory he would rule. (Yauri Montero 2013: 97, 104-107) Yet today, his home seems to have shrunk. Although the Lord continues to represent the Valley as a whole, his power seems mainly to infuse the private realms of the heart: the confines of the family and its personal fortunes.

Cesarea Mautino keeps a gloomy store in her family's barricaded mansion. The octogenarian widow of 25 years, and survivor of the 1941 flood which wiped out half of Huaraz and killed thousands, joined me as I nursed my baby at her rickety table. After lamenting her loneliness, Cesarea asked how I liked Huaraz.

"I like it a lot. I love Soledad Church."

"I love the Lord. I love him very much. I pray to him every day, every night, and when I'm alone here. I ask him not to leave me, not to abandon me. Yes, the Lord accompanies me. I love him very much."

"Could you tell me a little about him? How did he first appear?"

"Soledad was all meadows. There was a spring covered with weeds, and one day, looong before, the Lord appeared, and He was praying. The next day his image appeared

and they brought it to the church. He came back. Again and again. And so they constructed the church on that place."

A few days later, a charming wine store owner elaborated upon the Lord's origin over breakfast at Juli's stand. "My grandparents told me, a long time ago, all this used to be fields. Anyway, where the Lord of Solitude now is, below, it was a swamp, and there were two shepherd boys grazing their flocks and they saw an image. They ran back to their parents to tell them and they brought the image to the cathedral. But the next day the image had disappeared—it was back in the same place. And so they constructed the church right in that place. And the Lord only rarely does he leave that place."

Patron saints fostered civic and provincial identity and pride in the Viceroyalty, as in Spain and Europe. (Brading 2001, 3) The Catholic monarchy encouraged the cult of images; every major Spanish region and city had holy images that attracted pilgrims and became patrons. (Brading 2001, 36) Iberians replicated this pattern of worship and patriotism in their colonies, imparting saints to nearly every city, and a miraculous image to every province. (Brading 2001, 4) Yet American images were no mere imports.

Just as the Spaniards used indigenous political organization to rule their colony, the Lord drew from a deep well of Andean tradition to claim his place in the Valley. Sacred subterranean waterways long characterized the Huaylas Valley, as in most of the Central Andes. (Lau 2011, 28) By the second millennium, northern Andeans tended to conceptualize water as one sacred, living entity; Wari/Wiraqucha became particular to each polity through their underground hydrological networks. (Itier 2013, 46) The ruins in the hillock of Pumacayán in Huaraz, atop which was a spring, may have been a Recuay

pilgrimage center (Lau 2011, 55) before becoming a temple to Wari. Close to Pumacayán runs the Auqi River, whose name ("ancient one") alludes to ancestral veneration. The Auqi flows into the Quillcay, which descends from the Quellquehuanca gorge, strewn with ancient ruins and cemeteries. (Yauri Montero 2013, 132) A peninsula forms where they converge, in today's neighborhood of Nueva Florida, where archaeologists excavated carved stone obelisks depicting Wari. Planted in this pagan hydroscape, the Lord took on the work of ancient water deities. (MacCormack 1991: 11, 13, 285; Yauri Montero 2013, 134) To help matters, the first missionaries translated Catholicism by equating Wari/Wiraqucha with their own creator God. (Itier 2013: 10, 20, 23)

Andean tradition nourished the Lord, helping him root in Huaraz. Huacas were often associated with underground water networks, as the Lord certainly was. (Itier 2013, 46) Indeed, the Lord's origin story resembles that of the lake huaca Collquiri. According to the 16th century Huarochirí Manuscript[14], after Collquiri tricked a beautiful girl into marriage, her father and brothers demanded her return. When she refused, the huaca, who had become a man, offered them a subterranean canal as compensation for their kinswoman. For five days, Collquiri bored through the earth to make the canal, popping up to make springs, too. He accidentally flooded the land, angering his wife's relatives, who shouted, "Plug it up!'" Collquiri sat on the gushing spring, then built a dam. (Huarochirí 1991 [ca. 1598], 141) Like Collquiri, the Lord of Solitude emerged from a

[14] Huarochirí is the only extant colonial source about prehispanic Andean religion written in an Andean language. However, it is not a ¨pure¨ transcription of what people said and believed before Iberians arrived. (MacCormack 2007, xvi) Fr. Francisco de Ávila sponsored its writing to aid his persecution of native religion, an aim which shades the entire text. While it recalls ancient traditions, these were not facts, but "facets of a colonial situation," rendering the manuscript "a complex composite testimony of these changes." (Salomon 1991, 1) Traces of the Hebrew Bible and New Testament in the Manuscript evince colonial transculturation.

watery place to meet local people and bind them to him. Like the wily Collquiri, he also was thought to plug up the waters threatening Huaraz, within Mt. Rataquenua. (Bode 1989, 375; Yauri Montero 2013, 69) Yet the strength of his connection to Huaraz was also due to shrewd colonial planning.

For its first century, the new town of Huaraz was largely a ceremonial and administrative center for the colonial elite, rather than a permanent home for the mass of Andean peasants forcibly resettled there in 1570. For generations, many commoners remained transhumant, loyal to their emplaced deities and ancestors in outlying hamlets. (Thurner 1993: 85-87, 95) Outdoor space embodied Andean cosmology and communal history for generations. (MacCormack 1991: 405, 433; Salomon 1991, 23) However, Christianity slowly became central to indigenous social identification. In 1643, curacas from the Valley's primary guarangas competed for ownership of the image of San Sebastián, patron saint of Huaraz.[15] Their tussle suggests that the legitimacy of curacas depended upon their association with this saint, and thus the ideological incorporation of Christianity among the colonized. (Varón Gabai 1980, 89) Huaracinos' faith in the Lord grew as the Valley suffered natural disasters, war, and political tumult; in the absence of a just ruler who provided protection, they invented one of their own.

Colonial authorities and elites in Huaraz began building Soledad church in 1669. Urban space was a key part of this process. Soledad towers over the ruined pre-Inca

[15] Yet veneration of this saint, too, may have also been inspired by his imagined connection to precolonial systems of belief and rule. The baptismal font of Huaraz´s main church, which housed the semi-nude image of San Sebastián, was said to have been the Inca´s bath. (Alba Herrera 1996, 30-31)

temple of Pumacayán, just three blocks away.[16] Soledad was built on the site of a private chapel which belonged to a textile workshop owner, who forced Indians from the Valley to work in brutal conditions. (Alba Herrera 1996: 41, 54)[17] The location of this chapel likely helped unite members of the Valley's two primary guarangas, by drawing them towards its saint —symbolically superior to the old gods—rather than against one another. For at that chapel began the road which divided the farming Ychoc/llactas, who hailed from the Valley, and the herding Allauca/llacuases, from the heights. (Varón Gabai 1980, 90-91; Thurner 1993, 94; Zuloaga Rada 2012, 203)

Although the extirpation of idolatries had eroded much guaranga identification by the mid-17th century, patron saints in the Valley finished the work. (Thurner 1993, 94) Popular worship of patron saints pulled native people toward the centers of colonial rule in Huaraz and other towns, away from the huacas and ancestors in pre-reduction hamlets. (Thurner 1993, 94-95) Over time, Andean commoners identified with patron saints and their new towns, which became the "little patrias" that Iberian colonial planners had hoped, like their ancient Roman conquerors, to establish. (MacCormack 2007, 104; Zuloaga Rada 2012: 214, 285**)** Through the Lord, Huaylas commoners identified as God's chosen people, who belonged to and had rights in the Valley that He had made their own. (Anderson 1991; Mignolo 1995, xv) Perhaps, too, the story of Jesus's sacrifice especially resonated in this place, battered by history and the earth alike.

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[16] Building churches and shrines on top of or next to sacred indigenous sites was standard Iberian practice, dating from the expansion of Christianity during the Roman Empire. (Brading 2001, 43)

[17] These textile workshops were meant to boost Indian tribute. In the 1560s, Spanish planners blamed declining tribute revenue in Huaylas on Indian labor migration to coastal cities and haciendas. Seeking to earn cash for tribute, many died of disease. Toledo established the reduction of Huaraz and authorized a labor grant for textile mills, so native people could earn their tribute close to home. (Thurner 1993, 80-82)

Sometime between 1817 and 1885, the Lord ousted Huaraz's official patron saint, San Sebastián. (Thurner 1993, 103) The Lord's fame as a protector began to spread during the 18th century, after a landslide erased Huaraz in 1702 and subsequent earthquakes pummeled Huaraz. These earthquakes periodically ruined Huaraz's main church, while barely touching Soledad church. (Alba Herrera 1996, 57; Varón Gabai 1980, 91) The people took this as a sign. Over the Valley's bloody 19th century, the Lord of Solitude "became a magnet of regional pilgrimage," whose annual fiesta attracted thousands. (Thurner 1993, 103-4)

The Lord rose as a fantasy sovereign during a century when human rulers seemed only to punish common people. During the War of Independence, Bolívar requisitioned livestock, crops, and troops, even children, from Huaylas villages. (Álvarez Brun 1970: 137, 153) To stop the royalist advance, he ravaged Ancash and the Valley, leaving it a desert. (Álvarez Brun 1970, 135) From the 1830s until the end of the century, the Valley was a battleground for warring caudillos. (Álvarez Brun 1970, 160; Babb 1989, 18) Commoners, especially Indians, endured brutal suppression and mass executions when the liberal-leaning Gen. Ramón Castilla, whom they backed due to his stated support for Indian rights, lost Peru's civil war. (Álvarez Brun 1970, 174-181) Not long after, Chilean troops razed villages and killed all resistance leaders in the Valley. (Álvarez Brun 1970, 195-197) In the 1960s, stories were still told of the Lord protecting Huaraz during the Chilean occupation, and of how he predicted that the 1885 Atusparia Revolution would be crushed. (Bode 1989, 376) Calling for an end to the personal tax, Pedro Pablo Atusparia and Pedro Cochachín led tens of thousands of Indians in two multiethnic

coalitions. They seized Huaraz and other cities in the Valley. (Álvarez Brun 1970, 206; Thurner 1997) Once government troops quashed the revolt, they tortured and murdered leaders, punished commoners, and reinstated high taxes on the destitute and war-ravaged people.

Devotion to the Lord stemmed from his power to protect huaracinos from natural disasters, as well. In 1841, when a mudslide tore through Huaraz and destroyed a thousand houses, it skirted past Soledad church. Thus began a story that the chapel plugs the mouth of the "volcano" of nearby Mt. Rataquenua. (Alba Herrera 1996, 59-60) When Lake Palcacocha razed half of Huaraz in 1941, taking 5,000 lives, some saw the Lord appear on Pumacayán hill, diverting the waters from Soledad neighborhood. (Alba Herrera 1996, 60) Others claimed that the Lord tried rouse Huaraz's sleeping people when the flood came. (Bode 1989, 378)

The faithful imagined the Lord protected them, but it was they who protected their dear Lord. In 1815, when Soledad's parish priest failed to hand in the sanctuary's keys, fearing mischief, someone tolled the bells to alert the populace. Indians from nearby ranches rushed down to Huaraz, burning his house to defend the image. (Alba Herrera 1996, 57- 58) 150 years later, when an accidental fire in Soledad's chapel darkened the Lord's cheek, a mob nearly lynched the parish priest and bishop for their negligence. (Alba Herrera 1996, 61-62) After the 1970 earthquake, dozens of survivors kept vigil over the damaged Lord day and night. (Bode 1989, 383-384) Survivors likened their suffering to his, their abandonment by the state to his loneliness, lying in a wretched shack beside his ruined church. (Bode 1989, 438-441)

By anchoring commoners to the provincial center of colonial power, the Lord fostered a strong civic identity and territorial attachment, imbuing these with cosmic meaning. Through divine protection, huaracinos became God's chosen people, their Valley the center of the spiritual universe, and Mt. Rataquenua, which threatened deadly mudslides in the rainy season, the abode of all that was counter to civilization. For a time.

4.4 Soledad's Shadow

As usual, I went to breakfast at Juli's, facing Rataquenua. I sat across from a young construction worker, who smiled at Teddy. I pestered him.

"Does the cross on Rataquenua have a special meaning?" I referred to the huge cross at Rataquenua's summit, whose neon lights have not shone for years.

"Of course. It protects Huaraz." He politely corrected my assumption; the cross was no more a symbol than we were.

"From what?"

"Lightning..." he faded off. "Every town and hill has its cross, to protect."

Up through the 1970s and 1980s, at least, peasants believed that crosses on mountains held back glacial lakes and mudslides. They blessed them with masses to protect their communities from these and other hazards. The Catholic Church discouraged the custom after 1970, as a vestige of paganism (Bode 1989, 294–322) yet it continues in weaker form today. While many say that the cross atop Rataquenua protects huaracinos from natural misfortunes, dams of glacial lakes, for which middle and upper-class huaracinos have lobbied since 1941, receive most of the credit. (Carey 2010, 60-65)

Sonia, a shopkeeper, corrected the young man.

“The cross of Rataquenua protects Huaraz from floods,” she said. "My grandparents told me it is a volcano; it has subterranean waters. In fact, there is a spring over there.” She gestured toward Soledad, as if there bubbled Rataquenua's water.

A few others also obliquely opposed the Lord of Solitude and his church, a node of Christian power, with pagan Mount Rataquenua. However, noone seemed to know much about it. In older ethnographic accounts, huaracinos claimed that the Lord suppressed the volcanic waters beneath his feet and in Rataquenua through ceque-like lines of power. (Bode 1989, 375; Yauri Montero 2013, 69) During the Lord's heyday, Rataquenua was the pagan outside to the Lord's holy civilization. Yet few traces remain of the bonds that once linked the Lord of Soledad to Rataquenua's dangerous waters.

“Do you know any stories about Rataquenua?” I asked Teófilo, glancing at the scrubby hill looming a thousand feet above us.

“They say that inside is a volcano of water. The cross crushes it,” said his wife.

“At any moment it could burst open. Because it’s enchanted.” Teófilo added.

Rosa also spoke of dangerous waters within Rataquenua. In her account, the Lord's powers over subterranean water end at Soledad's limit.

“If anyone manipulates the lakes, they could burst out and destroy all of Huaraz. There is a lake on Rataquenua,” Rosa said. We sat on the stoop of her candy store, where Rataquenua rises from the street. “They say it could bury all of Huaraz, the whole Huaylas Valley. A cross has the lake crushed. It communicates with the lake Aguaj, in front, on the snowy mountain San Cristóbal. This lake doesn’t allow anyone to touch it.

Anything that bothers it, it could come out. And in Soledad there is also a lake. It could explode and cover all of Huaraz. The Lord has it covered. He protects, mamita. It's said the lakes converse at night."

"What do they say?"

"I don't know, that's just what they say, mami." She sighed, exasperated.

In Rosa's sociable waterscape, the Lord and Rataquena's cross had limited power; Lake Aguaj remained autonomous of both. Her story positioned water not as a resource with a fixed identity, but as a character, with a relational one. At the same time, however, she had spoken in storytelling mode, marking her telling as a fanciful reminder of the way waters were once said to behave, rather than a factual report.

Perhaps I yearned for authentic religion as much as my anthropological forebears (Nelson 2001, 12) for I had hoped to hear stories of miraculous protection and mystical ceque-like lines. But I found instead that people more often associated Rataquenua with death. Teofilo particularly enjoyed telling of his father's terrifying encounter with a quintessential character in ethnographies of the mystical Andes. (Bastien 1978)

"My Dad said he'd been grazing his animals there when he was a young boy. He got hungry around 11 or 12. Since he was hungry, he sits on a big stone. He sits, and there he was, eating. He said it made a sound: 'prmmm.' And my Dad said, 'what's that, a flood from the lake?' And it sounded really ugly. To his side was a lovely carved stone. He lifted it up. And there was another stone beneath it. It burst open and there was a whirl of water. It was whipping up the water! And that's what was making all that rumbling.

He was shocked. And to his side was another stone as big as this house, a big stone, a big cliff. On that cliff there was a condor."

“Which eats live meat,” Prisciliana added.

“And strong and fierce, the size of a bull calf.”

“ 'And bleeding from his mouth,' he said,” his wife reminded him.

“A little blood came out. On seeing this, my Dad threw the stone away, and with the shock —the condor spewing blood—all that racket, he didn’t realize either where he had been nor where he went. So suddenly, it wanted to enchant, which is to say, to conquer him. To conquer humble people, and take them away, they overpower them.”

“The condor was going to take him?” I asked.

“Of course, the condor,” Teófilo said.

“That is why people say, from Rataquenua to in front," Prisciliana gestured westward, to the Cordillera Negra.

“Olivo,” Teófilo said. He referred to the hacienda in the Cordillera Negra once owned by the Palomo family. Their last patriarch was a renowned pishtaco, said to rob and desecrate peasants' bodies, for profit. His son, "Papish" (slang for "son of the pishtaco") now lives with his bitter, pale wife in a cobwebbed townhouse in Huaraz, whose tiny courtyard doubles as a stable for his beloved chestnut mare.

“There, they say, they threw a thread, a thread they threw through the water; it appeared over there. And they were going to make a lookout, a lookout point. Like thread, they were going to make it." Teófilo faded.

Prisciliana took me aside and lamented that her husband's mind often wandered. "But come back. With the talking, he'll remember."

Perhaps subconsciously, though, he had linked Rataquenua to other mystical places of power. The first thread connected the condor, perhaps the voracious "spirit owner" or embodiment of the mountain, to the pishtaco landowner. This first thread reminded him of a project that successive huaracino mayors have vaunted, but never actually built: a funicular to the top of Rataquenua and its mirador. The new line to Rataquenua is so far only the stuff of political fantasy. Technocrats and ordinary people in the Valley often spoke to me of touristic projects that, they imagined, would attract foreigners and their money, sure that development would magically follow. Teófilo's wandering mind demonstrated how the decline of Andean cosmology in Huaraz has in no way rationalized its world. Huaraz's two social orders (the pre-Reform hacienda economy and post-Reform urban tourist/service economy) each depend upon and nourish their own brands of ecological fantasy.

I once asked Cesarea if Rataquenua had any special meaning.

"Not really. I joined the pilgrimage many times, but now I am too old." Every September since 1987, the faithful carry the Lord of May (the Lord of Soledad's double) to the summit of Rataquenua and its protective cross. Huaraz's mayor and Bishop instituted the pilgrimage to sanctify the mountain from gringo tourists and young noctural party animals, children of the newly rich. (Yauri Montero 2013, 116-117)

Disappointed, I tried to bait her. "I've heard people say it is a water volcano."

"No, it´s not a volcano. But, it was said that at the top was a round well. You would drop a stone in it, and a thread led all the way down, down to Liberty High School, and the stone would appear there. That's what they'd say when I was a girl."

Both elderly people, one born on a farm in a village outside Huaraz, the other the matriarch of a prominent family, imagined that the summit of Rataquenua led to engines of modernity. While Teófilo recalled a flashy development project, Cesarea recalled Huaraz's flagship public school. (DeGregori 1986) Both anecdotes reflect a broad shift in popular imagination, which reconstructs the fantastic topography of the Valley. Socially, the Lord promised only protection from natural disaster, and water in times of drought. But now the land is being used and imagined for ends far surpassing the humble hopes of fertility and safety.

All tellers of the Lord's origin story explained that, a long time ago, Huaraz was all fields and swamps. But, in the centuries after the Lord surfaced and protected his people, it must have changed. This storytelling device implies the providential outcome of divine protection: urban expansion, commercial growth, electrification, vast public works. Since the earthquake that devastated the city in 1970, causing a massive outflux of native huaracinos, Huaraz has become a bustling city. This major tourist hub has to over 100,000 souls. And, in the past two decades, it has absorbed many millions of soles in mining royalties. Through TV, radio, and an army of NGO workers, teachers, and technocrats, discourses of science, development, and consumerism permeate nearly every home in the Valley. (Doughty 1968, 3) The region's incipient developed modernity pushes the Lord and his people to the margins of ecological matters. Yet secularization

has not left an empty or meaningless space. From wishing away God and man, other things have come to life.

4.5 The Lord of Rataquenua

Like other fantastic beings in the Valley, Rataquenua's power is now the stuff of quaint folklore. I visited Isidora and her family in a high neighborhood of Huaraz, along a dirt highway leading to a string of villages deep into the yawning mountain gorge. We all sat to talk about stories, near their chicken coop. Her daughter offered, "Oh, I know one of Rataquenua!" I felt glee and relief. "Ah, but I forget it. It's in a notebook somewhere. I wrote it down in school. Hey, you know, there's a book!" She referred to Yauri Montero's classic 1961 compilation of folklore, "Leyendas Ancashinas," a schoolroom staple in Ancash. In it I had first heard of the Lord's powers.

Rataquenua has transformed from a pagan vortex to a mere tract of land, where real estate developers and poor people alike hope that their investments in periurban housing will propel them into future prosperity. The gory rumors of murders on the mountain parallel old people's stories of condors threatening trespassers; perhaps these are traces of Inca-era condors incarnating, or representing, mountain gods. (Zuidema 1967, 50) Yet now, ordinary people articulate their perennial fear of cosmic evil impeding human endeavor through the idiom of tabloid gossip, not "Andean cosmology." And they bring their most pressing concerns about water to bureaucrats and engineers, the new priests of plenty, and only rarely to the Lord.

After hearing so much about Rataquenua in stories, I wanted to learn how its inhabitants perceived their own land and water. Guadalupe, a working class neighborhood built recently by invaders of usufruct fields, spreads over its lower half. Its dirt paths and streets wind through honeycombed houses, vicious dogs, and the odd high wall enclosing Mercedes Benz SUVs and satellites. As the hill rises, houses space further apart, until eucalyptus and brush take over. Mainly working-class migrants from elsewhere in Ancash, Guadalupe's residents seek a better future for their children through education and real estate investment in Huaraz. Yet as urban Huaraz expands, prospects for gainful employment, even for the college educated, remain limited in an extractive economy that technological advances has made capital-intensive. Nobody I spoke with knew of their hill being a volcano of water, or linked it to the Lord's underground swamp. Yet they had plenty to say about money and water.

I met Marta as she complained loudly in the street about water not coming up. She and her neighbors had gathered to discuss their unfruitful visit to the water utility. When they stopped to coo at Teddy, I introduced myself. Marta, a cheerful housewife in her late 30s, explained the situation.

"Our water has been very reduced. It happened around this same date last year. We've just come back from EPS Chavin and an engineer is coming tomorrow at 8am, 8:30, to take a look. She said it's because it's so steep."

I glanced at the hillside looming above her. She invited me to visit her home the next morning and observe the situation for myself. The next day, after inching up the

rocky path strewn with trash and loose stones, I arrived. Her three-story brick and cement house was still under construction; next year they would put in big windows.

"He hasn't arrived yet. Sometimes they lie." As she served me a generous breakfast, she told me about her family. We moved to her outdoor kitchen to do dishes; the water was back on. "When the neighbor below uses water, I don't have any. And further down. So we don't get any up here. Or low pressure. But we bought the land without light, without water. We had to go to HidrAndina to get them to install it, and then EPS Chavin." She and her husband, both teachers, saved money for years to move from the slums, buy a plot of land, and build their home.

"Why here?"

"I wanted to be close to Soledad. I'm a strong believer. The Lord is miraculous. I asked him for two things: a house and a daughter. And look!" Her spritely daughter was spinning about, evading all attempts to comb her hair before school. Over our visits, talk turned to her quest to lose 30 kilos and to our children more than to water. Yet it was the flow of water that sped and slowed her daily routine, as invisible powers marked her family's fluctuating status and uncertain future in Huaraz.

One day, Marta brought me to meet her neighbors, an elderly couple from Macashca. She thought they might know stories about lakes. We walked up a shallow ravine to their little home, protected by a corrugated tin fence with concert posters. She rapped on their tin door with a stone, bidding me to throw rocks on their roof. After a time a wizened old lady answered. She listened to Marta and shook her head.

“Her husband knows the stories, but he’s away in the field,” Marta translated.

"When does he come back?"

"Tomorrow, but then he leaves again, to travel." We settled on Sunday.

"Are you walking around today?" the old woman asked me, in Quechua.

"Awmi," I assented, proud of myself.

Her eyes sparkled within deep creases as she replied. I did not understand.

" 'Condor. Make sure a condor doesn't take your baby,'" Marta translated. The old woman chuckled at my reaction.

"Wira," she said, pointing to Teddy's wrist rolls. We laughed. She watched as I inched down the path, which Marta skipped down. She was making fun of me of course, and perhaps also asking me not to intrude again. When I came on Sunday, nobody answered the door.

According to Nelson (2001) Christianity's suppression in the West, through secularism, has caused grotesque figures to proliferate in the mass media. Similarly, perhaps the Lord's loosened grip on Rataquenua—in the context of the social dislocations of rapid economic growth, tourism, and urban expansion—has unleashed popular imaginings about social chaos, articulated in ways old and new.

Over steaming plates of rice and grease, the other customers at Juli's breakfast table grilled me about America. Partly in vengeance, I asked about Rataquenua. Guille, a maid, asked me to take her 12 year old daughter back to America as a nanny. Then she said, "There's a lot of insecurity. There have been killings. They put the bodies there in bags. Yes, it's something horrible. They assault." The others gravely concurred, warning me away from the mountain and its neighborhoods of invasions.

My friends who worked in tourism agreed that Rataquenua's summit was a bad spot for gringos— too many robberies. The Huaraz press reported a few over the three summers of my research. Yet the theme of murder was also persistent. A fellow student told me of rapes and murders, which Teófilo and his family were glad to describe.

"Ooo! Deaths! Like five or six women have died there. They take them there, they kill them. There's bad people. After enjoying her, so she doesn't talk, they kill her. After killing her, they hang her, bury her."

Teofilo's teenage granddaughter, Katy, interrupted. "A stepfather did that, and they recognized him because,"

Her grandmother filled in. "With a sneaker footprint they recognized him. Many die. One lady that lived, they always planted over there on Rataquenua, to the side she has her people—Santillán." Prisciliana referred to the property caretaker of the former landlady, whose descendant was my friend. "It's said, that lady, Rufina Sarmiento, also had goats, bulls, cows, and that's why they killed her husband's workers."

"To take her animals?"

"Ah hah."

I never confirmed this story with Carlos. But through him, I found a more disturbing version of the modern Andean fantastic.

Disarmingly handsome and genial, Carlos is a 37 year old real estate entrepreneur. Born in Huaraz, but a longtime resident of Lima, he worked as an environmental consultant for mining companies. He has now moved to Texas with his American wife and young son. In 2011, he bought 40 hectares on Rataquenua from his mother's side of

the family for some $200,000. This purchase made him a major stakeholder in the 16 million soles, 22 kilometer-long canal project that pipes water from Lake Shallap to village farmlands below. Anaïs, a brilliant young French engineer at The Mountain Institute, tasked with ensuring the canal's success, had introduced us.

I dragged myself to Carlos's office for an evening interview about the canal. After offering me a few choices, my host gallantly opened a bottle of malbec. He then deciphered the maps and blueprints on his walls, describing the urban development he was creating on Rataquenua. It would begin humbly enough, with cheap housing.

"People come up to me asking for lots, pulling out wads of cash from their pockets. What they want is to achieve their own land; land in the heights isn't profitable, it doesn't produce anymore. The people of the country are investing for their future; it's land they want. It must be something in the blood." His buyers are working-class urban people who often hail from the Conchucos Valley, the Appalachia of Ancash. Carlos considered himself not only an urban planner, but a social visionary.

Carlos lamented Huaraz's chaotic growth, how the massive influx of peasants with no style produced an ugly city. The next day, he promised, he'd show me the land and what would be done with it, how he would modernize the city starting from its margins. The only problem with the land was a lack of water, rendering it useless for farming. Once he became inscribed as a future beneficiary of the Shallap Canal, however, he realized that the project was not entirely important for the water it would bring.

"I went to the first meetings; it was more politics than details. 'Heeey! This sector has so many workers, I want 20 for my sector!' The canal should be viewed in terms of its

purpose: water for what?" Few had any idea, he claimed, of what they would plant, where, and how to coordinate water turns. Now, however, "The canal is in place, the pipes are in place. When I told them, 'watch out, Shallap's water is acid,' Andrés [the Canal President] said, 'no.' Now, they say yes, it is. But it's natural."

Anaïs had tipped him off. In 2013, the Mountain Institute commissioned a study about water quality in the Quillcay watershed. It found that glacial retreat made Lake Shallap and the canal's headwaters highly acidic and laden with heavy metals, some carcinogenic—arsenic among them. The Mountain Institute convened the canal leaders and local politicians to publicize this news one month before construction was to begin. The leaders decided to hope for the best: that the NGO would fund a bioremediation project for the canal. They informed none of the 3,000 future canal users of the water´s quality. These are mostly poor farmers, whose fields will be ruined by the water's acidity, and their bodies slowly poisoned by its metals, for they eat what they grow. Instead, canal leaders gave the green light for construction.

In nearly every interview of officials who had signed off on the project, knowing the poor water quality—from the former Head of the National Park, to the Park's environmental compliance manager, to the bureaucrat who commissioned and approved the technical reports, to the NGO worker who had first urged farmers in her leadership academy to lobby for the canal's reconstruction, when the rocks in the river had already turned orange from the acid—none took responsibility. Meanwhile, the concerns I heard from future canal users centered entirely around the distribution of construction jobs and official corruption. The villagers I met along the future canal route assumed that water

from Lake Shallap was crystalline, that more water would bring higher yields, just as more public works would bring development, which was the promise of pro-canal, pro-mayor propaganda painted on walls and houses along the route.

On the day of our visit to Rataquenua, Carlos picked us up in his Toyota SUV. He wore a tight camoflauge t-shirt and aviators, and let Teddy pretend to drive. We rode along happily as he and his employee marked their territory with stakes on the hill. After, we took a long walk away from the summit of Rataquenua, down a path shaded by eucalyptus trees on Rataquenua's southern flank. It spread into bald meadows; tiny farms dotted the green fields in the distance, before the grey and white Cordillera Blanca pierced the clouds.

Carlos showed me the massive black tubes sitting by the side of the highway on the southern ridge, ready to join the Shallap Canal. "This land needs water. That's why I've pushed so hard for the canal. I'm planting organic quinua, so it won't be 'abandoned land.' I want it to be organic, fair trade, to export to the U.S. and E.U.. I'm constantly fighting off invasions. There's another development to the west, Vivienda San Sebastián. It's led by a known criminal, a land trafficker. They'll invade, I assure you."

Carlos's dream for Rataquenua also entails a luxury mall carved into the hillside, with a hotel on the summit. These remain pipedreams, like the city funicular. Yet his vision of ordering Huaraz's chaos from above is notable for its disdain for actual residents, echoing the indifference of canal leaders and local politicians.

"If I don't plan this, it's all going to be like what Huaraz is below: pure concrete." He described how he would make his property into a Little Lima in the highlands,

building curved sidewalks, a little plaza, and gates. Squatters (the hundreds of people who have lived there for years) would be evicted, or have to pay. For the next few hours, on and off, he lambasted Huaraz's poor. "The [peasant] communities just demand, demand, demand. Workers here are lazy. People here think they're owed everything." He blamed NGOs and mining companies for spoiling the poor. "They give them whatever they ask for, because they just want access to territory, and NGOs just want projects. So they say, 'what do you want?' 'what do you want?'" Worse than only lazy, the poor were ungrateful.

Once back in his office, I asked him if the area's periodic disasters worried him. "What if Palcacocha floods Huaraz again? What about another earthquake?"

His eyes lit up.

"The lake comes, and everyone comes running up Rataquenua; I'll take advantage of that. I'll market it as a disaster zone, ready to receive international and government aid and to host those who flee the flood. You market it that way and become the helpful citizen. Attack! It's the best prevention."

"You'll be the Lord of Rataquenua."

Carlos laughed heartily.

He was in good company. Vladimir Meza, the mayor of Huaraz, now fleeing corruption charges, was fed up after yet another meeting on glacial lake security. Not impressed by University of Texas-Austin scientists' computer-simulated models of Lake Palcacocha destroying Huaraz, he joked to his staff and some NGO people, "Let the lake come! Then we'll get all the aid."

Meza and Carlos´s wishful thinking encapsulate the indifference that has replaced outright malevolence, or at least, the ethics of profitable return that bring forth life and sanctify death in this new world.

The mere existence of ordinary people seemed to block the good life that elites imagine the Andes could yield. One day I rode with Carlos's best friend, a hotel owner, in his SUV. His friend, a political commentator, psychologist, and erstwhile city council candidate, was riding up front. "We've just been philosophizing, Elena," Miguel said. "There ought to be a great flattening of Huaraz. First the Andes, just all the Andes, flatten them. Lucho here said he was going to dynamite the hills. Then we'd flatten all of Huaraz. And start it all over."

"Right, like in 1970," I said.

"And there'd be certain rules about construction. And there´d be big houses, painted with colors, more green spaces, more order, fewer cars."

"And the people?"

They chuckled. "That's just the thing. It'd take away the people."

4.6 Andean Afterlife

The Lord allowed huaracinos of all stripes to imagine their protection and salvation, within a cosmology that might be called Andean. By waning, this cosmology also ushers in a new age of hope. Or damnation. The post-1970 neoliberal era has purchased Huaraz's renaissance; fantasies of profit and destruction reanimate the landscape, forming new webs of as-yet invisible power. Some elite fantasies modernize

the landscape by scouring it of poor people, whose habits along with something "in the blood," as Carlos mused, destine Huaraz and cities like it worldwide for unprofitable, unsightly sprawl. (Davis 2006) After all, Peru's extractivist economy requires little unskilled labor. (Gudynas 2012) This, in fact, seems to be the conclusion of rural and working class people in the Valley, who theorize the diminution of their human value through absent predators. In so doing, they mark a new age.

I stopped one evening on my way home to visit Marina, a stout widow who speaks a high, lilting, Quechua-accented Spanish. She sells anticuchos from a little cement house she also rents out for parties. Marina gave me small, warm potatoes. Teddy and I ate them happily. I asked if she was going to watch the Lord's procession, to celebrate his temple becoming an official sanctuary.

"Do you have faith in the Lord?"

She nodded gravely. "He has given me strength; he has helped my business. Ooo!" she waved her hand at her troubles. Five years ago, after her husband died, Marina's brother-in-law kicked her out of her home in Guadalupe. We peered at its roof. "Three floors it had and it was a plot of 50 meters. We were there 14 years." The Lord gave her the strength to start over. "The sweat of work cleans you," she said.

Later, she would tell me stories of her mother's close encounters with pishtacos on the Olivo hacienda, in the Cordillera Negra. Beneath flies buzzing above stones she had found limbs and heads; at night from the hacienda house, whose fields she and her husband worked, they heard horrible wailing. For the pishtaco would hang corpses in his

house, above a candle, to extract the fat. "Cheen! Cheen! Cheen!" she cried, mimicking drops of fat falling into a metal pot. "The fat was for machines."

"No, no, perfumes and shampoo," a workman from the water utility interjected.

"Planes," said another.

But my chicken sellers in Huaraz's market thought this was nonsense.

"That's just talk, it's a lie," Magdalena said.

"Before, before there were!" Pilar, her ancient mother, corrected her.

"It's that before, there was no justice. There were hacendados. They did whatever they wanted." This was the view of a kindly old man by Parque Peru, amused by my local search for two retired nurses who, I'd heard, could tell me about the pishtaco. I´d heard that the pishtaco, who stalked the grounds of the Palomo hacienda, had been found with a kipí (woven purse) full of human tongues; the police eventually found him and brought him to the hospital to quarter him alive, piece by piece.

"I never saw one, but there was a lot of talk about them, killing people for fat. Our parents told us and we were afraid to go into the countryside."

"Who were they?"

"Hacendados. They had great tracts of land. But there aren´t any, anymore. Because of Velasco Alvarado. He brought them down, took away their power."

Juan Carrión, taking a break from his field in Macashca, agreed.

"A long time ago there were, I heard. Pishtacos hunted people for fat. Human fat is very fine. But now that they process petroleum, they get it from there."

Celestino Sánchez, led the Shallap Canal project when it began during the 1980s. He is a devout Mormon, part-time farmer, and barber. He thought that the Lord of Solitude was a devil and that pishtacos were just a story. "They talked about that a long time ago. They would kill a man supposedly for his fat, because for machines, human fat is the finest. But nowadays, there are fats from the living creatures of the sea, which are sufficient. So why kill people? I think it's a stupid belief."

Edwin, a serene and kind taxi driver, whose very presence comforts, agreed. Mentioning pishtacos, I remarked that people must think gringos believe anything.

"Well I believe it, because people used to walk from Conchucos to Huaraz. Around 1970, to around 1990. They came on foot through an old path, Inca. They'd sleep in big caves and the pishtacos would hunt them there. They were contracted by foreigners." The pishtacos sliced their necks, carved off their arms, and took the rest. "Then they'd hang them above a big pot with candles; drops fell into the pot."

"Cheen! Cheen!" I added. He laughed softly.

"Well, before, people disappeared. It was for planes. Because human fat was really valuable. But not anymore, because science has advanced."

Huaraz's Andeanism centered the Valley and its people in the universe. Historically saturated relations inextricably bound humans, animals, water, land, and God in this place. The Lord and the predators prowling the hills he ruled reinforced the vital importance of the poorest and most despised people. Their lives were worth saving and ending because their fat was valuable, their labor necessary, their subjection key to social order. By contrast, neoliberal cosmology in the Andes confines God to the home. Thus,

the Lord has become the god of health, wealth, hard work and advancement. He has risen from the swamp to the transcendent sphere of social representation; here he observes his creation, now free of its maker, and the creatures in his image, somewhat decentered.

Thus, dreams of profit and progress make the land lively, not old ceques or postcolonial nightmares. Bureaucrats make the water come; scientists stop floods; canals bring wealth. The earth the Lord of Solitude observes from his cross is no longer inimical to the poor, cruelly sending floods and earthquakes, just as its lords once kidnapped peasants. Now, the world is indifferent to their existence. Just as most poor people find their labor superfluous in an extractivist economy, where mountains spout riches they will never touch, their own well being is irrelevant to the projects built in their name. Nevertheless, these projects become their cosmic compass, orienting them in ways more visible and measurable, perhaps even more desirable, than the Lord once did. Through these projects, ordinary people seek and sometimes even attain protection, affirmation of their equality as citizens, and the small comforts that spell human dignity. Their lives hold little meaning for those in power and old systems of meaning are in collapse. Thus, their significance is that which they create themselves, even by creating silence and absence, upon which all meaning, after all, depends. (Morton 2014, 19)

Some environmental humanists suggest that climate change throws the entire project of meaning-making into crisis (Clark 2012, 11-12; Morton 2012) for the apotheosis of "the human" spells our self-annulment. (Chakrabarty 2009) In other words, humans ourselves erase the imaginary divide between human and nonhuman by altering nearly every dimension of our living planet. As this occurs, humanity becomes an empty

signifier, meaningless in two senses: our collective indistinction from the nature we conceive, and each individual's negative impact upon the whole. (Haraway 2015, 162)
The argument lends itself to neo-Malthusian policies, such as the forced sterilization of thousands of poor women in Peru during the 1990s, when pishtacos gave up the hunt. Only with population control could the country develop and prosper. Theorists from above and below wish away the poor, as if their nonexistence would rescue the world from the brink.

The Lord leaves not a vacuum of meaning, but a black hole, fringed with strange hope.

5. Wild Lakes

5.1 Wildness and Want

Lake-of-the-Mass turns a shepherdess to stone, devours a priest, then lets people build a canal. Lake Ahuak menaces a flood when miners tread its mountain. And Dead-Woman-Lake lures passersby with glimmering treasures, only to swallow them whole. Storytellers in the Valley often classify such lakes and entities as "chúkaro," Quechua for "wild;" when amenable to human will, they are "tame." The terms' meanings derive from the classical Roman binary between civilization and wilderness. Yet the Quechua word for wild, unlike the Spanish "salvaje," betrays no Latin root. Like non-Western peoples worldwide, ancient Andeans also distinguished between domesticated and wild places and beings. (Strathern 1980) Over 500 years, this autochthonous distinction came to map the Andes in a more cosmopolitan way than the original, becoming globalized terms by which ordinary Andeans articulate their vision of ecological justice.

Scholars typically link indigenous environmental storytelling to a more intimate and ethical way of relating to the land than the State-sponsored practices of modern, alienated Westerners. (Cruikshank 2005; Ingold 2000, 287; Scott 1998, 3) By contrast, stories about wild lakes in the Huaylas Valley attest less to connection than to these entities than to fear of, and distance from them. High Andean lakes may not have been thought of as “wild places” before Viceroy Toledo's sought to increase tribute revenue by geographically reorganizing the indigenous colonial population in 1570. His reforms displaced kin groups of herders that lived in the Cordillera Blanca, often near high

altitude lakes. (Varón Gabai 1980, 72; Zuloaga Rada 2012, 52) Displacement, plus a 90% decline in the native population, rendered most lands in Latin America more wild. (Miller 2007: 56, 102) This would have been the case in the Ancash highlands. Here the ravines nestling the Cordillera's lakes were first depopulated, annexed by hacendados, and neglected until the post-Reform era. (Salinas Sánchez 2005, 94) Nonhuman life flourished in the relative absence of humans. And creole settlers inscribed high and remote places into a modernist geography that, following Roman tradition (MacCormack 2007) sharply divided between realms civilized and barbaric, wild and tame. (Poole 1994, 97-99) The Valley was a space of transculturation long before Conquest and remained so afterwards; native people developed new perceptions of and feelings about their land, including those places they no longer saw. Taming wild lakes became a national salvation project. The Peruvian government studied, mapped, and engineered glacial lakes, building safety dams and drainage tunnels to protect populations from floods, and later, to promote hydroelectricity. Many lakes are now reservoirs for Duke Energy-Egenor (Carey 2010, 165-166) and repositories of hope for progress. Most are now tame. Yet some remain restive.

Through stories of tame and wild lakes, storytellers articulate distinctive visions of environmental justice. Chúkaro lakes sometimes fend off foreign miners, becoming nationalist heroes; yet they also allude to the marginality of ordinary Peruvians to mega-extraction. (Sassen 2014; Scaritt 2015, 6) Chúkaro lakes and springs that entice with treasure likewise dramatize poor people's futile attempts to benefit from nationalized resources. When an entity becomes tame, it allows humans to build upon, extract value

from, and bureaucratize its body. Stories about taming entities implicitly idealize local, collective exploitation of natural resources. Far from presenting *buen vivir* alternative (Gudynas 2011) they express a collective ambition to participate and share in consumerist development, even by silencing mountains and choking lakes. Yet the economic desires and globalized binaries that saturate Andean ecological consciousness are no less magical for their familiarity. In these stories, the dialectic of chúkaro and tame lakes produce a fantasy of developed modernity for all in the highlands —a glimmering promise negated by its perpetual postponement.

Europe's American colonization may have triggered the Anthropocene (Lewis and Maslin 2015) and certainly, Western ways of thinking about and relating to "nature" are integral to capitalism. Yet colonial ways of thinking and relating to nature are never only European; in this part of Peru, they are saturated with global histories and globalized concepts. While some scholars hope to avert ecological crisis by decolonizing subaltern thought (Gupta 2015, 566) Andean people hope to recolonize their territory, by taming it. The terms of their fantastic engagement with high Andean lakes remind us that no thoughts are free from power. Today, a tamed lake becomes potential kilowatts per hour for Duke Energy Egenor; as a wild entity, it voiced the frontier-making authority of highland hacendados; as a huaca, it demanded rituals and sacrifices like the Inca elite. To decolonize thought is to erase it entirely. In this light, the pristine cultural and ontological slates that certain postcolonial theorists imagine resemble the abstract natural spaces upon which planners, bureaucrats, and technicians dream future profits. Taming lakes may primarily serve elite interests. Yet it also generates material and imaginative

possibilities among the people who live beneath them. Treasure and danger do glimmer in cold, sapphire depths. They beckon. And we all answer, in one way or another.

5.2 Dead Woman Lake

Liseria was herding three pigs with a stick when she recognized me on Macashca's main road as the pregnant gringa from the year before. I sat on the grass with the elegant grandmother, who had lost three of her eight children, while Teddy slept on my chest. Born and raised in Macashca, she told me she had met her husband, a serf in the old days, in Trujillo.

"I went there, but could never accustom myself. Finally we came back here."

“Are there legends here about lakes? I've read that Lake Rajucolta is the color of blood.” This lake, high above Macashca beneath Mt. Huantsán, killed many people when it flooded in 1883. Its overhanging glaciers render it prone to flooding again, an event which would wipe out Macashca and other towns. Duke Energy transformed it into a reservoir in 2003 to increase electricity generation at its hydroelectric station, Cañon del Pato. It is, in the words of historian Mark Carey, a highly "lucrative lake." (Carey 2010, 186)

She peered at me, then switched the lash at her pigs.

“Its name is Warmiwanunka, woman-who-has-died. Yes there are legends. My grandparents used to tell me. My son wrote all the legends we told him for school, and still has the book saved somewhere. It’s said that different jewels appear—pearls, gold, diamonds. It cleans blood, the water. But when it doesn’t clean the blood, it is

enchantment, extremely dangerous. If you touch it, you get caught, you're now in the lake, you don't come out. Dead."

The story has key themes that seem, at first, purely indigenous. For instance, like other bodies of water noted by colonial extirpators, Warmiwanunka could heal by cleansing. (MacCormack 1991, 202) The story Liseria told, however, and the occasion of its telling and its writing, spring from multiple traditions.

The ideas of wilderness, civilization, and writing have roots in the Neolithic Transition; their present form in the Andes is partially Roman. Neolithic humans first contrasted domesticated animals to wild ones, and agricultural spaces to hunting ones, in the Fertile Crescent. They considered wild space to be vital to civilization itself. (Descola 2013, 52) Ancient Romans inherited this tradition, yet perceived wild spaces as domains of barbaric people and as obstacles to agricultural expansion. (Descola 2013: 48-49, 53-4) The wilderness gave value to the civilized, tamed life that Roman cities and the patriarchal "domus" nurtured. (Descola 2013, 48-49) Rome exported this binary throughout its European colonies.

Long after Rome lost its Iberian colony, the binary between wild and domesticated spaces endured: in the Spanish language, and in Spaniards' ways of seeing, writing, and remaking the world. During the Reconquest, Iberian Christians sought to civilize their newly-incorporated subjects by urbanizing them, as Romans and Greeks had done; through the Toledan reductions they did the same to Andean peoples. Spanish colonists perceived rural Andeans as living in the wilderness, and thus barbaric, irrational, "without order," as one official visitor to the dispersed hamlets of Ichoc and Allauca

Guaraz noted in 1558. (Zuloaga Rada 2012: 170, 193) Through reductions they hoped to bring Indians into Western civilization by first making them human and fit for political activity. (MacCormack 2007, 25; Zuloaga Rada 2012, 170) At the same time, however, colonists' immersion in classical literature allowed them to perceive Andeans of the former Tawantinsuyu as already (somewhat) civilized. Likening the Incas to the Romans, Spaniards sought to understand the native past and Andean people by transcribing oral traditions and quipu records in Andean communities.[18] (MacCormack 2007, 38) In similar fashion, early modern Iberians wrote their own patria's history after the Reconquest, inventing Spaniards as children of Rome.[19] Through writing the ancient and Inca past, Spanish colonists, like historians on the Peninsula, built an ideological foundation for a collective future. In the process, they mapped their own visions of wilderness onto the Andes.

Over time, classical works on law, politics, and history—which dichotomized wilderness and civilization—came to shape how indigenous Americans viewed themselves. (MacCormack 2007: 58, 19) Andean intellectuals and commoners incorporated classical texts, myths, and histories into their storytelling practices (MacCormack 2007, 9; Penry 2009, 347) reworking these to reflect upon their historical experience and to express their desires. Nearly four centuries later, the impulse to preserve the past in writing, as well as to tell of wild lakes, took form in Liseria's son's homework.

[18] The writer of the Huarochirí Manuscript shared their sentiment, lamenting that if his ancestors had only written what they knew and believed, then their lives "'would not be like something getting lost.'" (MacCormack 2007, 38)
[19] Spanish historians denied any but Roman influence on the development of their country, despite the 700-year presence of Muslim principalities on the peninsula. (Penry 2009, 348)

The classical tradition endures in Peru, through stories about lakes and the quest to tame them through dams and reservoirs. From the 16th century through the 20th century, a "priestly caste" ventured from Latin American cities to evangelize, educate, and civilize rural people, whom they imagined as inhabiting alien and hostile —in short, wild—spaces. (Rama 1996, 13) As the 19th and 20th centuries wore on, Latin American colonies and later, nations, elaborated their own pastoral and outback mythologies (Buell 2005, 16) setting civilized cities against wild places and their inhabitants, whom urban elites hoped to exploit. This trend took particular shape in the Huaylas Valley, where the dangerous, "wild" high mountain lakes of the Cordillera Blanca became an object of scientific inquiry by the Peruvian Government's Lakes Commission and foreign scientists. These agents turned it into a means to economic progress through hydroelectric development. (Carey 2010: 67-68, 82-86) As in other Latin American nations, planners imagined that dams would bring modernity. (Miller 2007, 159) Following a continent-wide trend, electricity from Cañon del Pato primarily serves industrial and urban consumers. (Carey 2010, 15; Miller 2007, 161) If lake-taming began as an official obsession, it is now a shared dream. It lives, in part, through stories.

Lake Rajucolta's story is a technology of the state that bifurcates a past Andean world—hostile, rich, and unyielding—from today's modern landscape of mountains and lakes that can at last be developed. Peruvian primary and secondary schools teach regional traditions and customs from state-sponsored folklore programs to instill local brands of national identity in their students. (Poole 1994, 123) These programs draw from the work of early 20th-century indigenista intellectuals who collected narratives from

peasants and Quechua speakers to theorize their innate, ethnic qualities. (Pribilsky 2011, 112) The state took up their banner in the first decades of the 20th century, hoping to attract U.S. investment as Peru urbanized, its economy diversified, and Indian labor waned in importance. (Pribilsky 2011, 112-113) Hoping to forge a modern and more inclusive Peru, indigenista intellectuals unwittingly supported hegemonic notions of regional cultures and elitist social hierarchies. (Coronado 2009: 1, 11-13; Rama 1996, 60-63) In some ways, they invented the traditions that teachers perpetuate. (Poole 1994, 125) Like North American "salvage anthropology," their efforts relegated Andean people, their stories, and even wild lakes themselves to the past. (Starn 2011, 181)

Following this critique, Warmiwanunka's misogynist trope of a greedy woman fooled by a rich, unreachable lake reveals a political-ecological origin story. The origin it tells is from the lush, pre-alienated utopias of green Marxist, postcolonial, and contemporary indigenista lore.

In Huaraz's research library, as I photocopied books of folk legends and regional history, Juan, my teenage research assistant, offered his own version of Warmiwanunka.

“It’s said there was a lady who had argued with her husband. Since she had a lot of money, she took it away in a shawl. She was walking and came to a plain where a store appeared with all kinds of fruit. The lady became enchanted. Since she was so tired, she went into the store to buy it. When she was entering, the lady realized she was in the middle of the lake and was enchanted. That’s why they call it Woman-Who-Has-Died.”

Like the Ichic Ollqo, who enforced gendered norms of propriety, Juan's lake punished the self-seeking woman, whose individualism could yield no "fruit." Her greed

mirrored my desire to find original versions of these stories in libraries, for I hoped to pin them to a historical timeline to discover and possess their real meaning.

I checked the story with Don Santi, in his little store.

“I haven’t heard a lot about Dead Woman Lake. What happened?”

“Ah, it’s said that a woman had gone to graze her animals. She was in a plain, and in a spring there appeared necklaces, rings, and more. The woman said to herself, ‘I’m going to get some.’ She came closer, to get them, and the water had come around her. And she stayed there, turned into a stone. They call this stone a huanca, in Quechua.”

In colonial-era chronicles, lithified human (or quasi-human) ancestors marked the beginning of a community's remembered history. These ancestors were visible as stones on fields and mountains, and in lakes; colonial Andean villagers believed that these stones guarded them. (MacCormack 1991, 147) In Don Santi's story, one woman's greed inaugurates a new era: progress. This ancestress's sacrifice paid a debt that now makes extraction safe. Thus, Warmiwanunka is an origin story. By telling how a lake used to behave and condemning prior attempts at appropriating wealth by villainizing an ancestress, storytellers justify today's extractivist political economy, in which the state or corporation, coded as masculine, tames natural entities to render them productive for all. Yet this final stage remains a wish.

Teófilo began a long story.

“Yeah. It’s said, that there were two sisters. They saw a bunch of gold and jewels in a spring. One said to the other, 'let’s take it all!' So they were taking it and then they saw a lúcuma fruit. 'What a pretty fruit, look! Let’s take it too!' They went up, and were

taking so much away, that this spring turned into an immense lake. The lake that formed swallowed the two girls. And then, they sank in and stayed —oh, I don't know—"

Prisciliana urged him on. "In the tender moon, they say—"

"In the tender moon, they came to the lake shore, to comb their hair with a golden comb. They found a corral with horses. So they told them, 'Tell our Mom, when we come out to comb our hair, to bring us a white rose, pure white. And that our Mom should come, scattering petals to bring us home. And when we're no longer enclosed, we will return home.' So the Mom left her home, taking the flower to the lake. She was scattering, scattering. And when she was almost by her home again, thinking, 'will my daughters come or not?' she turned around. One was hitched up with a deer, pure gold. Another was with a bull, a mud-colored bull. And when the Mom turned and saw this, the animals turned around and returned to the lake. Again they sank there. And the daughters did not come out nor did the Mom see them again. They stayed there."

Ethnographic records mention Huaylas Valley inhabitants who describe wild mountains and lakes that eat people, as late as the 1970s. (Bode 1989, 148) Yet, while chúkaro places, or beings, are untouchable by human beings, and possibly hostile to them, they remain embedded in political-ecological imaginaries. While the lake did not obey human law, it mirrored human forms of production. In Teófilo's story, a bull (a European, herded animal) a horse (a European, farming animal) and a deer (an indigenous, hunted animal) all inhabited the lake together, itself brimming with Amazonian fruit (which has been traded in the area for thousands of years) and jewels. From Conquest through the 20th century, Andean lakes were said to contain treasure. (Gose 1994, 217; Orlove 2002,

235) In the lake, as on the land, opposing modes of production coexist. Yet, like human elites, the lake hoarded its wealth, offering only mirages of riches that could, perhaps, extricate lucky ones from their tiny mountain towns to the good life in Huaraz, Lima, or New York. If these treasures weren't, essentially, gifts.

Lakes did not always doom visitors. Under the Incas, interactions with lakes could elevate Andean commoners to leadership roles within the State. Missionaries in Huamachuco described in 1560 how (to their understanding, at least) lake huacas called indigenous people to become priests, in their own religion. "The person would see in the water of a lake, ‘a small gourd very beautifully worked and [go] to catch it,' yet it would elude the person's grasp, 'and the person is so entranced by this as to become dazzled, and then the devil takes him to the huaca and teaches him [the office of priest].’” (MacCormack 1991, 295) During the colonial era, however, clergy denounced such interactions as demonic; eventually, Andean people agreed. The figure of the woman and what attracts her (fruit, flowers, jewels: signs of fertility and wealth) portend the inverse. These stories attest to alienation: from pre-Christian religion, from pre-colonial ways of relating to nonhumans, and from the lakes themselves.

Prior to their relocation into Huaraz in 1574, one-third of the population of the Huaylas Valley lived in dispersed hamlets in highlands of the Cordillera Blanca. (Zuloaga Rada 2012, 52) The 1350 herders of Allauca Guaraz lived in 17 settlements in the Cordillera Blanca. (Varón Gabai 1980, 78-9; Zuloaga Rada 2012: 180, 203) Many of these herders lived at very high elevations, including by glacial lakes. (Varón Gabai 1980, 72) The guarangas of the Huaylas Valley clearly distinguished between agricultural and

pastoral space, which distinct kin groups within a guaranga controlled. (Zuloaga Rada 2012, 72) This geographic distinction undergirded the division between wild and domesticated space in Europe, yet before Conquest, it likely had different meanings for Andeans. For generations, most relocated shepherds maintained close contact with their original settlements. (Varón Gabai 1980, 37) However, by the 18th century, most people identified with Huaraz and its towns. (Thurner 1993, 95; Varón Gabai 1980, 92; Zuloaga Rada 2012: 289, 297) By the early 20th century, with most people living several hours from glacial lakes, townspeople and inhabitants of remote gorges alike considered them dangerous: wild. (Bode 1989, 143; Carey 2010, 49-50)

Just as the owners and ecology of the lakes changed, so did the numinous objects within. Through the latter 20th century, townspeople and rural farmers alike in the Valley feared approaching the lakes, whose buried treasures or guardians could drown them. (Bode 1989, 143) Marco Zapata, Peru´s premier glacier expert, worked for 40 years in high-altitude Andean lakes in Peru. "The peasants were afraid when we asked them to come work with us. They'd say, 'The lake is enchanted; it's dangerous. It will eat us; it will bury us.'" He smiled at the memory. Another worker recalled similar beliefs.

Born in 1930 in a farming village outside Huaraz, Victorino Ángeles began working on public projects to dam the Cordillera Blanca's lakes after Lake Palcacocha's flood in 1941, which killed 6,000 huaracinos, including his father, grandparents, and brothers. The flood prompted massive government efforts to dam the Cordillera Blanca's lakes for safety and later, to harness them for hydropower. His work eventually included guiding mountaineering and scientific expeditions. (To teach himself to climb mountains,

he scaled Vallunaraju, 18,655 feet high, in rubber sandals, carrying a tin sheet he'd painted as the Peruvian flag). When I asked Victorino about customary lake beliefs, he scoffed.

"Those are old people who have beliefs. In 1954 I went with [geographer] Hans Kinzl to Lake Solteracocha in the Cordillera Huayhuash. The people said, 'don't go near it, it's an enchanting lake, frogs come out when one approaches.' We laughed at them. The day we went, people came to see us get eaten. We entered in a boat, sounding the depths, rowing, and nothing. There were trout, though." He chuckled.

As ideological projects, these stories recount, may even create, a time of fear and alienation. Rather than allegorizing the perils of plundering nature for wealth, Victorino and Marco's narrations glorify the first, faltering steps of such efforts. Warmiwanunka and other greedy lakes may figure for colonists' or hacendados' appropriation of the wilderness; initially, peasants perceived 20th-century explorations and engagements with these lakes in this light. Yet as infrastructural and scientific glacial lake projects ensued throughout the Cordillera Blanca, they helped to transform local ways of seeing the Andes. The project to dam and drain lakes to safeguard against floods and to harness waterpower for wealth became a shared endeavor, even though it was led from above. Wild and tame lake narratives relegated animistic views to a backward past in order to hail a modern future. This future requires a vision of lakes as things that can be known and controlled; yet the charm of these lakes lies in their power to yield wealth and summon development. As these and other stories recount, modern, seemingly

disenchanted views of lakes superceded animist schemas when scientists donned the robes of priests.

5.3 Lake of the Mass

Liseria began her next story. “Misacocha. [Lake of the Mass]. They say, in the times of the ancient ancestors, flowers appeared in the middle of the lake. For picking a flower, a young shepherdess got stuck in the middle. Half in, half out. A rock was crushing her. And she called, she called. They threw out a rope to her. She could not come out anymore. They told the parish fathers, explained what happened. They told her, 'a priest is coming.' The priest did a Mass at the lake. The girl in the middle of the lake said, 'Don’t turn around.' The Father turned around. He saw her. And noone had hit him but blood came out from his nose and he turned into a rock. The Father died. Rock. Enchantment."

This story employs ancient motifs (attraction, punishment, and metamorphosis) to mark the onset of Andean modernity. In the early seventeenth century, chronicler Inca Garcilaso de la Vega, son of a conquistador and Inca noblewoman, wrote that Andean huacas had the power to attract humans, "as toward a lovely flower or plant." (MacCormack 1991, 338) Like a huaca, the flowers draw the shepherdess by their beauty. Perhaps the maiden seduces the priest, too. The lake punishes both humans for profaning its sanctity, through lithification. In this story, however, lithification marks the end of collective belief in lakes as huacas (Durkheim 1965, 460) and the rise of another system of magical thinking.

Whether Andean, Roman, or Biblical, origin myths first describe an age totally different from the present. (MacCormack 1991, 144) Colonial Andean stories often recounted non-humans becoming humans, particularly "animate beings into inanimate rocks" (and vice versa) to punctuate local time. (MacCormack 1991, 289) Likewise, northern Andean guarangas' oral traditions detailed their origins and heroes in a mythical time. (Taylor 1987 [1608]: 22, 41) Chapters 30 and 31 of the [ca. 1598] Huarochirí manuscript recount how two communities came to exploit their lakes with canals after their founding heroes turned to stone and villagers propitiated the lakes. (Salomon and Urioste 1991, 135) Similarly, in Lake of the Mass's tale, punishment turns both characters into ancestors.

Misacocha story inaugurates the era of nature by ending the time of animate huacas. If the lake were a huaca, it would have avenged itself when a profane person touched it. Once appeased through an expiatory rite, it would have returned to its original sacred state. (Durkheim 1965, 460) But something different happens here. Longer versions of this story describe how, after punishing trespassers, Lake of the Mass submitted to human progress. Perhaps it blessed human projects and presence, or, appeased with a small offering, it relinquished the power to sanctify and punish, forever. Either way, the story of Misacocha construes cultural change —from Andean animism to Andean modernity —as the suicide of sentient non-humans in the face of humankind's relentless onslaught. The modern Andean waterscape is equally fantastic as its precursor; although emptied of consciousness, its lakes remain reservoirs of human fantasy: less about our nonhuman neighbors, perhaps, and more exclusively about ourselves.

I finished shampooing Victoria's long black hair on the hillock above their potato field, as we sat with her grandson, Melvin. My scalp massage annoyed her. "Harder! Use your nails! Get it clean! Ahhh that's it, gringa! That's it!" We then sat under the quenual trees to dry.

"How about stories?"

"Let's see, let's see. Melvin! Let's see, let's see. Misacocha."

Melvin took my recorder and chirped, "Once, the lake enchanted animals and people. And when it enchanted some people's animals, a priest went. The priest went and blessed the lake, with the branch of a tree. When he was blessing, blood came out of his nose! And he fell into the lake. The people were shocked."

Victoria nodded her approval. She re-told the story in Quechua, with a feminist twist.

"A woman grazed her animals near Lake of the Mass. It enchanted her. The woman said, 'This lake enchants. What a spoiled brat the lake is!' And the lake answered the woman, 'Booo! Waaaaaaw!' And it cried out. And the woman said, 'I will not pasture here anymore. I'm leaving. A Mass must be done and a priest brought. Let us bring a priest to do Mass.' And so the villagers brought the priest to celebrate Mass in the lake. And the priest, after doing the Mass, turned his back on the lake. Blood came from his nose and he became a stone and the priest said, 'I no longer will return.' And the priest died there. The villagers said, 'now that the priest has died, what will happen to us?' And from that date, the lake is not naughty; it is on its best behavior. Nothing happened since

then. The lake is tranquil, Lake of the Mass. And it doesn't take people or animals. The lake is tame."

Thanks to a spunky local heroine, the people tamed the lake by offering it a human sacrifice. The priest should have tamed the lake by blessing it. But oddly enough, instead, the lake seems to accept its inevitable defeat, after exacting revenge on an ambassador of Christian civilization. Like the shepherdess, and the mother who looked behind for her daughters, the priest seals his own fate by turning his back to the lake, disrespecting it. This motif, reminiscent of Lot's wife and poor Orpheus, may derive partially from European and Middle Eastern traditions, which Iberians exported to the Americas. (MacCormack 2007: 6, 25) Western themes and concepts, just like animals, permeated Andean poetic imaginations and the Andes themselves, eventually refashioning the Quechua binary between wilderness and civilization.

In other versions, a predator sacrifices the priest.

"Oh, Misacocha, Misacocha. Have you gone, mami? It enchanted a priest. When he was doing a Mass, he did a half turn, a condor came, knocked him down into the middle of the lake." Victoria's brother, Juan Nieves, offered his own version.

Melvin added, "he dropped him in."

Juan Nieves said, "enchantment. And this lake was really—"

"Wild!" they both said.

"Wild," repeated Melvin's uncle. "It's said, when people went to pasture on the lake shore, it ate shepherds and their sheep. So the people said, 'let us do a Mass for this lake, so it doesn't eat more people or animals.' And they brought a priest there. He was

doing the Mass, speaking the word of God, and he turned and from his nose came blood. And he died."

"A condor came," Melvin added.

"And then a condor came, when the nose began to bleed."

"In the middle of the lake, the condor put him," Melvin added.

"Now people say the lake has normalized. Now people come there. Normal."

A condor appeared in my teenage research assistant's version as well.

"It's said that a lady was grazing on the shore of Misacocha. The animals saw a great pasture and went to find it. And the owner fell asleep. Since the owner fell asleep, the lake enchanted the animals. In a short while the lady awoke and looked everywhere. She did not find her animals. Since it was very late and she felt very tired, the lady slept beside the lake. When she awoke she saw her animals in a great plain. Very excited, the lady went to round up her livestock. When she was herding her animals, the water came in from all sides and the lady was enchanted. Since then, the lake ate many shepherds from the community. The community members decided to do a Mass for the lake. They brought a priest to do Mass. The priest was doing Mass, and then—"

"Condor," Juan's friend interrupted.

"A condor appeared and took him,"

"In the middle of the lake,"

"To the middle of the lake and the priest was killed. That's why they call it the Lake of the Mass. Because it ate the priest. That's it."

In classic Andean ethnographies, the condor often represents or embodies the spirit of a mountain. (Zuidema 1967, 50) This autochthonous predator may have been the lake huaca, fending off a neo-colonial agent. It even eats European livestock as if it were tribute, implying a broken chain of reciprocity. (Yauri Montero 2013, 161) But in the end, storytellers agree that the priest's human sacrifice changed the lake from sentient being, powerful and autonomous, to something else—something better. Like Warmiwanunka, Misacocha shows how progress depends on taming wild entities to harness their bounty and power, turning what were animate beings, perhaps even persons, into something like nature: a background for human activity.

Juan Carrión traced the productive aftermath of the lake-taming. "And since she didn't come out, they brought a priest to do Mass. Almost in the middle of the Mass, he turned. Aha! And just right there he stayed. Blood came from his nose, from his ear. And of course, the lake itself hadn't pulled him, but just as if he were dead he stayed there. From that moment, the color of the lake was perceived as the cassock of a priest. When people draw near, they always say they see the color of cassock. That's why they are afraid of the lake. Until recently, to fish for trout. Black guys entered. Black guys entered but they returned. That's how it is."

In Andean storytelling, the appearance of black men often signals the incredible; in Juan's version, both the priest and the black outsiders tamed the lake, allowing people to enter at last.

In Victor Zarzosa's version, taming allowed the Peasant Community Pedro Pablo Atusparia to launch one of its first projects. Victor founded this community in 1969, after

foiling an hacendado's plans to swindle cattle from locals. We sat in Victor's home in Huaraz, next to his son's flour workshop. The old man wore his great hat and lay on a sofa, wrapped in blankets.

“Misacocha, Misacocha: enchantment, we say. When I was a little boy, it was rough like the sea. When people drew near waves would come out. It is 12 hectares large. When one comes near, it is just like a rainbow. It turns diiiiifferent colors. And all on its own, it begins to make noise: ‘BOOM!’ Nothing is there. But it resounds. They wanted to take out a canal from there, but it wouldn’t let them. That’s why they brought a priest to bless it. The priest died there, in Lake Misacocha. But water came out, until this day. It comes out from there.

“Speaking of Misacocha, in 1984 I got 50,000 baby trout for the community's fishery." With government aid, Victor introduced trout to Misacocha in 1970, ramping up production in 1984. Trout are foreign to Latin America. The U.S. Fish Commission introduced trout to South America during the late 19th century, with enthusiastic support from national governments. (Bloudoff-Indelicato 2015) Throughout the Americas, trout flourished by decimating smaller, native fish. The Reform era promoted trout fisheries in Ancash and elsewhere in Peru as a free source of protein for rural people and a commodity for citydwellers. By the 1970s, fisheries in Huaraz stocked trout in the rivers and lakes of Ancash and sold it to local consumers as well. (Babb 1989, 27)

"We went fishing there in a boat, do you remember?” Victor asked his son. “We fished trout with a net; we stretched it from shore to shore, and all night the fish entered it. To this day, the trout feed from the plants in all the lakes. About 60 members used to take

out a great amount of fish. We shared: each member got 20, 25 trout.” The old man fell quiet. Every single one of the ventures he had led as the Community's President had ended in ruin. Yet each had begun with great hopes: to repossess their land, wring abundance from it, and share wealth equitably.

If Warmiwanunka recounts failed individual efforts to extract wealth, still representing a sphere of wildness or asociality, Misacocha marks a turning point from one kind of being to another. Metamorphosis happens through two inadvertent sacrifices which seem, at first, to indicate the self-liberation of autochthonous earth-beings from a colonial matrix of power (de la Cadena 2015, 91-93): seizing the shepherdess, killing the priest. Yet it ends, oddly enough, as territorial reconquest on colonial cultural terms. Whether appeased or defeated, the lake allows common peasants to access a critical means of agrarian production. Stories about taming animate entities idealize local, collective exploitation of natural resources; they sanctify commodification through a token of reciprocity. Upon domestication, Misacocha no longer commands respect. In this sense, lake stories are autoethnographical; in them, native people describe themselves by selectively appropriating their conquerors' idioms. (Pratt 1992, 7)

Misacocha tells how this lake changed from animate body or huaca to mere resource. The lake changed because of a seismic, 500-year-long shift in Andean consciousness. Over this period, Andean people struggled to re-appropriate their land, while increasingly relating to their land through colonizers' cultural terms. Following Mignolo's classic (1995) theory of intellectual colonization, it is not that Andean people in the Huaylas Valley lost their own institutions, heritage, and culture; memories, spaces,

and languages coexisted. Yet Iberian and later, creole, colonial dominance raised Western categories of thought to the level of *only* truth; indigenous truths became subordinate beliefs (Mignolo 1995, 4) —as contemporary folktales in Ancash remind their modern listeners, in Quechua and Spanish.

"I'll tell you, but in Quechua," Florián Paucar said. He sat on his wooden chair in the corral, wearing the leather coat his sons had bought him from Lima and holding my recorder.

"In the ancient epoch, in the times of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, they did not know of topographers or engineers. Misacocha is divided in seven sectors, to make branches for the irrigation canal. Helping one another, with bulls to work the earth, the ancient little grandfathers made the canals that keep giving us life. We plant potatoes, wheat, barley, alfalfa, onions, carrots, and all the products. With water we progress. So that the water could begin to flow they had to do a Mass in that same lake. When they did the Mass, when the priest was celebrating Mass, the lake became enchanted, bewitching him. Water started to come out of the lake. Now the water is tame. The lake is tame."

Florián compared hand-dug irrigation canals for subsistence crops with the water that makes them progress, which required a Mass to tame the lake. Alfredo and Victor Zarzosa specified how this progress unfolded.

"Álvarez came in with 7 million soles to make the canal, Canal Misacocha-Cashán-Alluma, but he didn't finish it. He left it about half-done. The contractors spent the budget."

"They haven't even paid the peons who worked on the project!" his father interjected.

"Yeah, nothing, they just left it like that. Little water comes out. That's how it is, señora."

The Misacocha Canal project began in 2013. Its purpose was to pipe water from Misacocha into small towns and villages. The plan was to build a treatment plant and reservoirs and to expand local plumbing networks. In his speech inaugurating the project's second half, Mayor Vladimir Meza boasted that it would benefit over 4,000 families. The project cost eight million soles. (Huaraz Informa 2013) Its budget came from the region's mining royalties. Meza has been linked to the corrupt activities of César Álvarez (La Mula 2016), Ancash's ex-regional governor who is imprisoned for stealing millions from infrastructure projects he executed (over 100 are still incomplete) and ordering political murders. True enough, the Misacocha Canal was never finished. Absolved of corruption and money laundering accusations by Ancash´s feckless judiciary, Meza is rumored to be seeking a second term as Mayor.

Florián continued. "Below there is another lake. Its name is Tururu. In that place are alpacas, vicuñas, foxes, wild animals, and medicinal herbs. That's why, when the tourists come, we are happy. We want more tourists to come and take pictures. Very few come, but if they go up to the high part, it's beautiful. That's how it is, gringuita. Lake Tambillo is now dammed. It's very big. Dammed, it's very pretty. There are flowers, there, that come out in the new moon. That's how it is, gringuita." I nodded politely to my

mirthful informant, who knew I'd understood nothing of his speech, except that he wanted me to hire him to take my family up for a visit.

Nobody herds alpacas in the Huaylas Valley. The Misacocha canal project was a failure. The few tourists who visit the Rajukolta Gorge remain in their vehicles until they reach the lakes, paying only their Huaracino tour guides. And over 100 development projects in Ancash costing tens of millions now lie in ruins. The Ancash Region received nearly 500 million soles in mining royalties in 2016, more than any other Peruvian region. (El Comercio 2017) Yet it remains the third poorest region. (Horna 2016) Empty bullfighting rings, crumbling, new stadiums, off-kilter plazas, and vacant schools litter its little towns, yet their residents are often proud of them. And so Florián was not exactly lying. The fantasy of regional development in Ancash's current context of mineral wealth, and post-Reform aftermath, shapes how people perceive their landforms and bodies of water, and how they wish they would transform. The dam makes Lake Tambillo beautiful.[20] When firmly under state sovereignty, the people can now, hypothetically, exploit the lakes for collective gain and improvement. In some stories, water does now come out thanks to the sacrifice. Little matter that the water escapes pipes. What matters is where it could go, what it might do.

Misacocha storytellers relate a different prior era than the familiar nostalgic one in green narratives, or that of uncolonized Native American alterity in ontological ones. When wild, Misacocha was unproductive; it did not allow villagers to, in Florián's words, "progress," or to realize their species-being through improving collective life. (Marx

[20] Ancash's famous singer, "El Jilguero de Huascarán" also articulates the modern Andean aesthetic of progress in his ode to Ancash's biggest dam, Cañon del Pato. His lyrics and music video, available on YouTube, fuse the beauty of its mountains with the infrastructure that channels their power.

1975 [1843-34], 447-449) Moreover, the wild lake's appetite for peasant women and livestock resembles that of hacendados. The priest is a fetter of the colonial past. By telling how they sacrificed him, the villagers declare their progress toward an environmentally just present. At the same time, their stories emphasize that such progress depends on the tameness of natural entities. Roman-era notions of civilization and wildness, and Andean concepts, shape their ecological vision.

5.3.1 Interlude: Other Beings and Ontologies?

But do Warmiwanunka and Misacocha attest to the ontological plurality of the Huaylas Valley? Could Misacocha's taming trace a social transformation from animism to naturalism, or evince enduring indigenous cosmopolitical theory? (Viveiros de Castro 2014, 68)

Viveiros de Castro (2014) uses the term "multinaturalism" to classify Amerindian thought. Amerindians' multinatural world is a kaleidoscope of perspectives, in which every living being is an intentional agent and subject. By contrast, multiculturalism posits one, real nature against plural human cultures and their various perceptions of it. (Viveiros de Castro 2014: 55-57, 72) For Viveiros de Castro, the world does not exist as an empirical reality outside of human cognition; thus, given their starkly different concepts, Amerindian and Western European worlds differ. (Viveiros de Castro 2014, 188-189) Following Pratt (1992) Mignolo (1995) and others, the colonial encounter hierarchically ordered these worlds. Multinaturalism became a cultural belief, multiculturalism a reality.

To truly overcome ethnocentrism, then, we must recognize our own philosophy as no more true or false than theirs. (Viveiros de Castro 2014, 192) To do so, Philippe Descola (2013) classifies all peoples, worldwide, according to the characteristics of their ontologies. Following his parameters, Andeans in the Valley seem to be animists. Animism populates the world with subjects and defines entities relationally. (Descola 2013, 31) Stories about agentive lakes indeed trace their changing identities relationally. (Descola 2013, 396) Yet while some Andean storytellers might be animistic, they tell of a world becoming impassive. Moreover, ontological anthropology encounters two problems in the Huaylas Valley. First, Descola's ontological schema requires (multicultural, mononatural) universality as a condition of its project to map human cosmological worlds from their belief systems, thus undermining his stated purpose. Second, the terms people in the Valley use to define animate and non-animate lakes are wild and tame. Non-Western cultures also distinguished between places inhabited by humans and not; Andeans likely did. Yet the meanings of this dichotomy are culturally and historically-specific.

While Descola considers the implications of wildness and tameness for Western, metropolitan modernity, he neglects its impact in the colonized Americas. Stories of dangerous and seductive glacial lakes participate in a long, globalized quest to tame wild nature, which culminates in the contemporary command to render it profitable for human progress. This does not negate Andean elements, such as animacy, personality, and reciprocity, but rather gives us a sense of how they matter to the people who tell their stories. Rural people whose ancestors were displaced from their shores feared the lakes

above them because they were immersed in an outback nationalist ideology that developed in the Fertile Crescent 10,000 years ago. Ontologists sanitize this history in their allegory of modernity. In their haste to condemn the mythical wall between nature and culture that allegedly undergirds European, Judeo-Christian cosmology and dooms the planet, they reify the historically-saturated narrations of indigenous people into a pristine, present philosophy. (Bessire and Bond 2014: 440, 449; Starn 2011, 193-194)

Stories of animate lakes do not offer alternative philosophies that can help us escape our anthropocentric disaster. Neither are they tools to decolonize our fallen world, for they emerge from millennia of state-building and colonization in the Andes, Europe, and Asia. Wild lake stories instead direct our attention to historically rooted, cultural processes that push us toward disaster, even in their most defiantly anti-colonial iterations.

5.4 Sacrifice

Stories of wild lakes that resist foreign miners, and mountains that demand human sacrifices, are tragic readings of the region's mining boom. Rather than opposing extraction on Andean ontological or any other grounds, however, they communicate the desires of ordinary people to profit from exploiting their own land and water. This vision of environmental justice is part of the global capitalist dreamscape that it partially resists.

Lake Ahuak, which sits above Huaraz on Mount Cristóbal, has long been considered wild, with the power to draw people in by tempting passersby with treasures. (Bode 1989, 148) As we sat on her candy store´s stoop, Rosa told me how it fended off foreign miners.

"San Cristóbal has a lake, Ahuakcocha. And they say it's a total millionaire, rich, filled with pure gold. Around the beginning of the [opening of] Pierina Mine, [the miners] were going to make holes to mine San Cristóbal, too. They started to work, the miners.

"Lake Ahuak spoke to the other mountains, saying, 'they won't make a hole on me! Over there in the Cordillera Negra they'll make a hole, but to me, no. I will eat any person who wants to make a hole. And I will come out and flood everything, all of Huaraz. Everything will end.'

"A helicopter came to begin work. It's said the lake grabbed the helicopter like a magnet.[21] And it sank into the lake. Workers arrived with machines and when those gentlemen started to make a hole, blood came out of their noses and they died. Every worker there died! And the machines were ruined. So since then, they were afraid to work."

Lake Ahuak is a cultural hero, protecting its mountain´s bodily integrity and saving its riches for worthier miners. Locally, this mountain (which according to a local archaeologist bears evidence of artisanal mining tunnels) is known for being chúkaro. Rosa employs a motif found elsewhere in Ancash, of "wild" lakes making gringo miners bleed, killing them. (Gil 2009, 49) These and other stories, of fights within lakes, often dramatize social conflicts between mining companies and neighboring populations (Gil 2009, 50) which have rocked the Valley in recent years. (Himley 2013) These conflicts take hold in local lore anthropocentrically, too.

[21] For a similar story about a different lake, see Ponciano del Pino (2017) 237.

I dropped in on Esteban, who was taking a break from hoeing his family's potato plot. As if contrasting his labor with the buried riches of the land, he pointed to where Barrick Gold Mine glinted in the distant Cordillera Negra. I mentioned hearing something about Ahuakcocha.

"Querococha, Conococha: it's all gold, all the lakes have gold. But they didn't want it, they didn't let it." He referred to peasant communities' protests, blockades, and strikes throughout Recuay province to prevent mineral exploration in Lake Conococha, the headwaters of the Santa River. "The big business comes, takes out the gold, they pay the government. Peruvians don't want them to. There's not much royalties left; they don't want to pay anymore. And they pollute." Anthropologist Mattias Borg Rasmussen (2016) argues that the protests emanated from notions of territorially-based citizenship. By linking Ahuakcocha to Querococha, Esteban implied that local people should control and benefit from mining on and near their lands. This fits a historical pattern: since Conquest, Andean people here have not protested mining on ecological or cosmological grounds, but rather on basic principles of justice.

The Huaylas Valley has long been mined. Spanish soldier and chronicler Pedro Cieza de León wrote that in the province of Guaraz, the Indians "are great workers, given to take out silver, and in past times they rendered tribute with it to the Inca kings." (Cieza 1986, 239-40) Yet by 1558, an official visitor to Guaraz noted that its silver and gold mines were derelict. (Varón Gabai 1980, 67) Indians refused to mine, except under financial duress. (Varón Gabai 1980, 59)

Encomenderos violently wrested gold and silver tribute from their Indian subjects in the Huaylas Valley, eventually prompting unrest. One curaca opposed encomendero Sebastián de Torres' tribute demands for gold. de Torres tortured him for two years, then set his dogs on the curaca to tear him apart. Members of the curaca's guaranga rebelled and killed de Torres. (Zuloaga Rada 2012, 83) Yet de Torres had committed other abuses. Moreover, Andean subjects likely considered his tribute demands to be illegal, for Pizarro had never given the guaranga of Marca and its territory as an encomienda, and de Torres and Aliaga had simply taken it. Indian subjects rebelled not against the colonial system, but the excessive brutality and illegitimate rule of the encomendero. (Zuloaga Rada 2012, 107) In a similar fashion, Lakes Ahuak and Queroqocha do not reveal simmering anti-extractivism, but instead, people's desire for their fair share of wealth, and perhaps local control over production as well.

By the mid-19th century, the mines of Ancash were known to be rich yet remained small, many in disuse; working conditions were bad. (Salinas Sánchez 2005, 26) By the early 20th century, the Peruvian government had sold most of its big mines to the United Kingdom, which later sold mines to the United States. (Salinas Sánchez 2005, 27; Gil 2009, 230) Foreign mining for tungsten, gold, silver, and copper intensified in Ancash during World War II, benefiting the region little. (Álvarez Brun 1970, 235) Open-pit mining techniques developed in the 1960s revolutionized mineral extraction while causing massive environmental damage, worldwide. (Gil 2009, 237) Large-scale mining in Ancash abated during the 1980s, as the Sendero Luminoso war raged through Peru (from 1980 to 1992) paralyzing the industry until peace was restored.

Today's multinational mining expansion is largely a post-war phenomenon in Peru. The country is now safe for foreign investment, and a slew of neoliberal economic reforms in the 1990s has made it enormously profitable and productive. (Gil 2009: 23, 242) Recent environmental regulations have reduced pollution, as well. In the new mining model, transnational mining companies work open-pit mines as enclaves, walled off from their poor neighbors who find little work there. (Gil 2009, 38) Since 2001, the Peruvian government has levied a 30% income tax rate on mining corporations and returned half of these royalties to the regional governments where mining takes place, to spend on infrastructure projects. The mining boom of the late 1990s and 2000s has revived Peru's postwar economy and helped create a new, if still precarious, middle class. It has also raised some hopes among those who live near mines and hoped for full-time jobs, or bigger payouts for displacement. (Gil 2009, 24)

Stories of lakes that kill foreign miners, and rumors of human sacrifices to mega-mines, seem only to condemn foreign miners for destroying life, but they contain a utopic kernel. They feature the inversion of traditions of ritual respect for mountains that many people in the Valley maintained up, at least, through the 1970s (Bode 1989, 140) and imply that ending reciprocal relationships permits development to occur. Most people in Ancash, and throughout Peru, perceive mining as necessary for national progress. But, with all underground resources nationalized and in a still-young democracy, poor people logically aspire to more profits than what is meted out in short-term construction jobs on public works projects and in social welfare payments. As has occurred throughout Latin America during the 20th century, most social conflicts in Ancash over mining and water

projects have been about the perception of just distribution of resources and money, rather than only the means of obtaining either. (Miller 2007, 102) The end of reciprocity between humans and nonhumans allows both to become resources which may be optimized, to further human development. In their fantastic element, rumors imagine that the human-natural sacrifice, once paid in blood, ends.

Teófilo claimed that every mine contained human sacrifices, something I had also heard from Juan and Isidora.

"What about Barrick?" I asked, referring to the Pierina Gold Mine by its popular name, the Canadian mining company that owns it.

His son, who turns municipal water off and on for homes in Huaraz, filled in. "It's said that they brought drunkies from the street for Barrick, to—"

"They put them in the mine," his mother said.

"They put them in as an offering to the mountain. When Barrick started to explore for the mine, they grabbed drunks, brought them, and threw them in alive. They were eaten."

"That tamed it. People know how to tame—"

"When was this?"

"Around '88, '90." Emiliano said.

"And HOW much the mines paid pishtacos to bring a corpse there!" Teófilo said.

"Do they do that for highway construction too? I heard—"

"No. But for Cañon del Pato, see, it's a hydroelectric station. Many years ago, there wasn´t technology like today. So it could be built, since the mountains are

enchanted, they had to bring an offering. So they brought young men, workers. So many were going to work, but they didn´t return. They put them in the mountain and the mountain ate them. And let the work start."

I checked these rumors with Ana, in her cafe on Soledad Plaza. She corrected me.

"It wasn't drunks they took. They were a young couple, for that one in front—"

"Barrick?"

"It's the very gold that demands it. If not, it doesn't allow it."

5.5 Just Nature

Wild lake stories are tragedies. They idealize collective gain from natural resources yet concede poor people's superfluity to extractivist capital accumulation and their dependence upon its rents. (Gudynas 2009, 2012) At the same time, their play of wild and tame, autonomous alterity and reification, reveals the wildness sustaining capitalism's global order.

Lake stories highlight how economic development depends not only upon human endeavor, but the tameness of natural entities: the consent they give to extract value from their bodies. Marx recognized capital's dependence upon nonhuman autonomous life processes and relational webs. As commodity production increases and value expands, he theorized, falling rates of profit require capitalists to appropriate and consume more of nature. (Marx 2001, 278-351) If labor is the soul of capital, in other words, "nature is its body." (Malm 2012, 50) While taking vaster and more intimate forms over the past few centuries, this body remains rooted in colonial geography. Since the 15th century, Europe

plundered itself, Asia, Africa, and the Americas for natural resources; today, many former colonies, such as Peru, remain primary resource exporters, allowing the global economy to grow, seemingly without end.

Tameness is also an ideological maneuver. As European empires ransacked the globe for resources and markets, its intellectuals developed a "planetary consciousness," by representing the world through natural history. (Pratt 1992, 15) By extracting and isolating elements and living beings from their social contexts and knowledge practices—taming them—people have sought to erase alterity to forge a profitable nature. (Bonneuil and Fressoz 2015, 61) Today, for instance, the most popular lakes in the Cordillera Blanca are now known by their number in the classification system scientists made after 1941; for the most part, their stories are buried in folktale collections and ethnographic texts that ossify the concept of nonhuman subjectivity.

Hopeful scholars search for social alternatives. In an offshoot of imperial nostalgia, (Rosaldo 1989) many look to indigenous peoples to provide a "subaltern insurgent force" to rescue Western civilization from itself, or to their philosophies, to think our way out of crisis. (Starn 2011, 188) Native cosmologies that respect the alterity of the nonhuman world appeal to such scholars because they remind modern people that they require nonhumans to flourish. (Descola 2013, 297) Similarly, scholars in the humanities laud putatively amodern imaginaries, for they may contain "relevant perspectives and solutions in the face of our present ecological disarray." (Bonneuil and Fressoz 2015, 63-64) These imaginaries may help readers strive toward a dignified collective life in the Anthropocene, which requires "freeing ourselves from repressive

institutions, from alienating dominations and imaginaries." (Bonneuil and Fressoz 2015, 291) They could free us. The problem is, we have made one another.

Insofar as scholars mine Andean lake stories for their eco-ontological alternatives, these stories become like treasures before hapless shepherds. In the Huaylas Valley, even old-fashioned quasi-animists and storytellers of the relations sustaining humanity, imagine achieving a decent collective life by taming lakes, razing mountains, and electing those who promise to share mineral bounty, like Ancash's ex-governor, Waldo Ríos. Having already served four years in prison for taking a $10,000 bribe from President Fujimori's right-hand man, Vladimiro Montesinos, and sentenced for stealing from infrastructure projects as mayor of Huaraz between 1999-2000 (La República 2017) 65% of Ancashino voters elected him as governor in 2014 because he (illegally) promised each family 500 soles per month, for 60 years, from mining royalties. Last year the Supreme Court sentenced him to five years in prison for collusion; Ancash's turmoil continues. (La República 2017) Decades of extractivist development may leave Peru in political shambles with popular expectations unmet. Lake stories instruct us not by offering alternatives, but by itemizing the cost of environmental justice.

Warmiwanunka, glimmering with treasure, and Ahuakcocha, rich in gold, maintain their autonomous order, apart from humanity. When it is tamed, Misacocha becomes another node in the chaotic waste of Ancash's riches. And once fed, the mountains relinquish their lively if awful personhood, becoming dust. It is not that mountains and lakes become tame and ordered, as the stories seem to say. Rather, wild lake stories posit the free self-organization of nonhumans. And they gesture toward the

unhappy afterlives of tamed entities in a civilization at heart disorderly. Tamed lakes and appeased mountains become part of a modern quest to move forward in time by mastering, ordering, and reifying wild nature for profit. It is not a futuristic but an archaic project, rooted in ancient ideas. And, since nonhuman wild life sustains civilization, the deeper and more intense our rational quest to control and exploit nonhumans, the more biospheric havoc they create: like fossil fueled growth, like the species and germs that destroyed and recreated the New World. (Miller 2007, 50) It is this dialectic of wild and tame that impels humankind to forge such dazzling technology as we teeter closer to the precipice of extinction.

6. Conclusions

Unless global carbon emissions plummet, the Cordillera Blanca's glaciers will keep shrinking by 3% every year. Eventually, most will vanish. (Fraser 2012) Glacial melt and rising temperatures will intensify droughts in Andean Peru and elsewhere, jeopardizing freshwater supplies upon which millions depend. As small-scale agriculture suffers, rural people will continue their exodus to cities. (IPCCa 2014, 13; IPCCa 2014, 16) Huaraz and other cities will risk massive floods from swollen glacial lakes. (IPCCa 2014: 7-9, 14-16) So goes the gold-standard scientific narrative of climate change and its likely consequences, if we do not change course.

The authors of the IPCC 2014 Report blame population and economic growth for warming the planet and causing such turmoil. (IPCCa 2014, 5) But to fully grasp what climate change is and to better forecast our future, we must understand climate change as a social phenomenon. It is rooted in capitalism, which developed from a world system that the Iberian conquerors of the Americas expanded some 500 years ago. (Moore 2015) Perhaps, given our species' proclivity for long distance trade and cultural exchange (McNeill and McNeill 2003) a global economy was inevitable. But, had 16th-century Americans encountered non-European peoples, this economy would have developed outside mercantilism, without transforming living beings and life sources into dead inputs for value. For our social system requires something called nature: resource, landscape, fantasy.

Today, people in the Huaylas Valley, as elsewhere, render themselves and one another vulnerable to the effects of climate change. By inertia and the cruelty of circumstance, they propel a process begun by accident and force in the 16th century. Farmers and herders drain wetlands, erode their soil, plant thirsty eucalyptus trees, flood their fields, and herd European animals. Urbanites build and settle directly in the path of glacial lakes that swell and press against fragile moraine dams, just a few miles uphill. (Carey 2010, 14) Throughout the Valley, people transform nonhumans into nature by fantastically reconfiguring the land, having abandoned animist rituals and reciprocity as fetters of their feudal past. Meanwhile, hydroelectric companies, mining corporations, and massive, coastal export farms hoard and siphon off vast quantities of glacial meltwater. (Carey 2010: 163-164, 197) If Andean farmers suffer and Peruvian cities thirst, it will not be due to climate alone, but to the social system that melts glaciers while making it logical to undermine the basis of sustainable human life in their part of the earth. (Carey et al. 2014)

And yet, contrary to easy leftist orthodoxies, capitalist growth is improving life in Peru and elsewhere. In the past generation alone, over 1 billion people worldwide, including in Peru, have exited abject poverty and live longer, healthier lives. Despite rapid population growth, billions more people enjoy clean water, attend school, and access basic social services. (Jahan 2016, 2-3) This paradox—growth and progress amidst ecological decline—brought me to Peru.

Anthropologists have long pursued solutions and salvation at the ends of the earth; my own quest was the same. Because Huaraz is a much-studied hotspot of global

warming and transnational mining, I expected its inhabitants to have visceral reactions to, and intimate relationships with, ecological change. Weren't these Quechua speakers the indigenous people who defended nature against corporation and State? Wouldn't they maintain ontologies that unsettle modernity's nature/culture divide? More, I saw climate change as only a fact rather than a narrative too, whose denouement and inner meaning I unwittingly sought. Thus, I searched for local, cultural readings of its manifestations as keys to the social dynamics of the phenomenon itself—and the stranger my data, the better.

But we do ethnography to challenge our preconceptions. In overheard conversations and interviews, in Spanish, ordinary people incorporated the discourse of climate change from schools and the mass media to explain the weather and crop yields. When asked, some blended environmental talk and climatic observations into more powerful discursive fields, such as evangelical Christianity. Experts elaborated futuristic risk scenarios; politicians hustled foreign aid for infrastructural "adaptation" projects. In a place where climate change seemed so visible and perilous, I found that residents didn´t really see or feel climate change more accurately, intimately, or even any differently than us. In Huaraz and New York City, climate change is an explanatory narrative, which we adapt to various other uses.

But when I asked people what mattered to them, they railed against global wealth disparities and voiced hope that they or their children would get ahead by moving to cities—ideally, in Europe or North America. They spoke of wanting modern, Western-style development. None wanted to return to the past, however much they romanticized

the Incas and lamented rural decline. Their stories of disappearing demons, tamed lakes, and curtailed gods celebrate the end of authoritarian rule, tradition, and ignorance; these stories herald the possibility of attaining equitable prosperity at last. My account has turned these old powers into ancestors. For they—missionary priest and lake huaca, ancient icecap and glacial engineer—forged this new, warming world. And us.

Andean modes of narrating change can attune us to the social processes that fuel global warming. The rumors and folktales saturating the Huaylas Valley rarely refer directly to ecological changes, as I had hoped they would. Nor do they simply warn humans to respect nonhumans. Instead, these stories bears scars of plunder, evangelization, and reification. They trace a changing cultural consciousness of people who are too often considered victims of climate change, capitalism, or under-development. People in the Huaylas Valley narrate the expansion of their own power, along with an acute sense of their marginality. They describe a path of environmental justice in which natural bounty funds social liberation. They draw from, and form part of, social processes that are entwined with the fossil-fueled expansion of economic growth and human development that has opened great vistas worldwide, even as it closes doors to long-term sustainable progress. This vision is worth listening to because it is one we also hold dear.

Huaylas stories are ideological symptoms of the global capitalist culture that accelerates global warming, produces massive wealth, and circulates fantasies of material redemption. If the "new" fantastic imagination of Andean people in Peru sounds banal to us, it is because fantasies about who we are and how we are bound to other beings —or

not —also infuse how we think about the earth. Everyday storytellers in Peru reflect back to us our own magical beliefs in an inert, insensible, nonhuman world that could yield to our desires—the very beliefs that natural scientists refute through narrative frames that nonetheless showcase the expansion of our collective power and knowledge.

If imagination is integral to humankind's experience and construal of reality, stories in the Andes might help us think climate change beyond temperature and toward transparency. The world is becoming not only hotter, but more numerical, knowable, potentially profitable. Thus, the symptoms of our global condition should encompass disappearing devils alongside melting glaciers, rising oceans alongside tamed lakes, species extinctions, divine atrophy, and GDP projections too. Climate change, these stories, and the process of storytelling itself are quests to yoke life forms and processes to our curiosity and ambition, even as the world, our imaginations, and the living past buck attempts at total control and total knowledge.

And if climate change isn't ever only climate change, then living in a warming Huaylas Valley might be like watching a rope dangle from heaven. It might mean speaking with voices that echo our ancient antagonists: those hungry ancestors whose conquests and sacrifices brought this melting world, and us, to life. That, at least, is what the best known story in the Valley, "the Achiké" might teach us. Let me end by writing it, as Teófilo told it to me.

There were a Mom and Dad. They had two children, a brother and a sister. The Mom died and the Dad found another woman, a bad woman who ate people. She was called Achiké. They lived together.

At night the little boy shouted, "Achachaw! Achachaw!" because he felt hot. There she was, killing him.

When it dawned, the sister said, "mamita, where is my brother, señora?"

The Achiké told her, "your brother is lazy, it's nothing. He's left for the countryside, to find doves." She sent her off with a basket to fetch water.

Achiké came to the river. Achiké, the bad woman, told her, "so late, you spoiled brat!" She grabbed her. "Go to the house and don't open the lid on the pot. Be very careful. Don't open it."

So the sister tells her, "my brother, where is he? He hasn't come back. And why do you tell me not to open the pot?"

She went to the house and opened the lid of the pot. There was her brother, boiling. So, she took him out of the pot and put him in her lliclla. Stealing him, she left. She went and went and went through the countryside, escaping! But the Achiké followed her from behind, looking for the girl.

The Achiké found a condor. She told him, "Hey condor, I have a question for you."

"What?" he says.

"Has a girl passed by here, with a stolen parcel?"

"Shit, I don't know; I don't know anything," he told her.

"Hey, I'm going to look inside your wing; there she surely is hidden!"

"Alright, come on, damnit," he says. She went to look for her. She was there, in the wing.

The condor vomited all over her while the kids went running away.

They came to more animals to hide themselves in. They hid in the fox.

Achiké says, "Aunt, has a girl passed by here with her bundle or something?"

"I don't know anything, what are you after? Go away. You stink."

"Then I'll look in your hole."

She goes to look in the hole and there the fox pisses on her, all in her eye, shooting urine at her and it stinks really bad! It ruined her eyesight and everything! Shouting, she vomited. Then she left.

There was nowhere left for the girl to hide. She found a calvary; there was a cross. She arrived and said, "Lord, little Father, where shalt Thou hide me? Where will I hide now? Hide me! She's following me; she'll eat me too."

"Okay," He tells her. A rope came to the little girl and He told her, "tie yourself up here."

She ties herself to the end of the rope and began to pull. The girl went up to heaven.

After, the Achiké comes, just the same, to the calvary.

"Lord, where will I go? I have to follow her, where is she? Send me a dove to go up to heaven so I can look for that girl." Just the same, he sent her a rope. The rope arrived, with a rat on it. So the Achiké tied herself in and went up. The Achiké went up behind her saying, "Hey! Where are you taking my meat?"

When she was going up, the rat started to eat, saying, "cuchicuchicuchicuchi."

So she went up faster, faster and faster and faster.

The little girl arrives and knocks. "Hey, Uncle Saint Peter! I've arrived at your door, open up!"

The rat cut the cord. BOOM! The Achiké fell down from the sky.

"Tampayam patsayamam! Pampayaman!" she says. "Onto the beautiful pampita I will fall! Hear me, hear me, I won't fall into fire!"

She fell onto an immense stone and splattered everywhere. That's why they say her blood spilled all over the world. And her echo exploded all over the world. So that's why the hills still respond with a shout, with a whistle, when one shouts, when one whistles. That's the Achiké. And that's about her death, with the little boy. There.

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8. Biography

Elena S. Turevon was born in Glen Cove, New York on July 10, 1985. She attended Georgetown University's School of Foreign Service, receiving the degree of B.S. in Foreign Service/ International Affairs on May 19, 2007. She attended Duke University Graduate School from 2011 to 2018 and received her Ph.D. on May 12, 2018. While at Duke University, she has received a Graduate School fellowship, a Graduate Summer Research Fellowship, an Anne T. and Robert M. Bass Fellowship, an International Dissertation Research Fellowship from the Social Science Research Council, and a Dissertation Completion Fellowship from the American Council of Learned Societies.