10. Postscript—Four Years Later

10.1 A Return to Chuschi, 1974-1975

In July of 1974 I returned to Peru after a four-year absence. I taught at Catholic University in Lima as a Fulbright professor from August to December of 1974. In April of 1975 I returned to Chuschi to investigate children’s acquisition of symbols by videotaping their enactments of rituals utilizing dolls and a miniature house as props for the dramatizations. My research team included two North American students and two Peruvians: a Quechua-speaking student of linguistics and a socio-linguist who had studied in the United States. Arriving with a five-member research team and expensive video equipment intensified some of the problems we encountered (see 10.2).

In July of 1974, my husband, my daughter, and I returned to Chuschi for the July 28 independence day celebrations. Before leaving Lima, I notified the migrant community in the invasion settlement of our planned visit to Chuschi, and the news was quickly carried to the village by the constant flow of travelers between the urban and rural settlements.

This third trip to Chuschi stands out in sharp contrast to our initial fieldwork in 1967, when the comuneros were suspicious and silently reticent (see 1.1). We were graciously received and housed by our compadres and friends. We noted that stories about our past visits to the village had become greatly exaggerated. For example, we overheard a woman say to a group of other women that our daughter had been born in the village and was thereby a Chuschina. In 1967, when we first arrived in the village, she had been under three years of age, and during 1969-1970 she celebrated her fifth birthday in the village. On our return in 1974 she was ten years old. Many people felt that they had “watched” her grow up. Compadres and friends were concerned about the well-being of my mother, their “abuelita” (little grandmother), who had been with us in 1967. She had not returned to the high altitudes of the
village for health reasons, but did visit Lima for five months in 1975.

I returned to Chuschi for Christmas, which I hypothesized would be dedicated to herding rituals (this indeed was the case: see 9.2), and then again the first week of April to begin my research on what Quechua-speaking children of different cognitive age groups know about their cultural concepts. During this field period I reached a high point in my anthropological career. One of my compadres held the position of taksa alcalde. Santa Cruz, the harvest festival beginning on May first, was his final obligation for the year. He asked me to be his dispensera, the person who distributes all food and drink.

My duties began when I was solemnly taken into the storeroom of my compadre’s house and shown the quantities of coca, trago, and grains that had been accumulated for the festivities. He explained to me that the other alcaldes had to be served the most generous portions and the regidores next, and that the alguaciles had to be served along with their superiors but I had to be careful that they did not drink too much. I had to attend to the wives of the civil-religious officials in the same ranking order.

I was totally in charge because my comadre was confined with false labor pains. On the night of the first of May, she almost miscarried and was experiencing severe pains. Nevertheless, the next morning, when the officials returned from the puna with the crosses (see 6.3), she demanded that she be propped up under the portal and between pains served all of her husband’s subordinate officials the required morning meal.

Her pains continued through the next two days, and I assumed her duties as well as mine. I became very worried that the fetus had died in the womb and that my comadre would also die. I rushed around the village attempting to find someone who could help. A group of male schoolteachers were playing cards outside of one of the teacher’s rooms in the small path. I explained our plight. Without showing much concern or stopping their card game, they said yes, these Indian women often die in childbirth. There was no medical help at all in the village at the time, because the village health worker had been moved to another locality due to lack of an adequate place to treat patients. He had been working in the municipal building, but the municipal mayor announced that he could no longer receive patients there. The village health post had been under construction for five years but was not completed, therefore the provincial health officials transferred the health worker to another village. In the three months we were in Chuschi in 1975, four women died in childbirth.

I finally found a mestiza midwife who was visiting her family. After examining my comadre, the midwife said that she had another month before the baby was due. She gave her medicine to stop the false labor pains. The entire incident underlines my relationship with some of the comuneros in
contrast to the growing tension we experienced with the mestizo school-teachers. I found myself incorporated into the ritual life of the comuneros and ostracized by the mestizo schoolteachers—an exact reversal of my relationship in 1967, the first year I worked in Chuschi.

On the evening of May 2, formal visitation began. I followed the barrio’s civil-religious officials and their wives as they made the rounds to all of the other officials’ houses. We received a shot of trago and coca at each house. When we returned to my compadre’s house, I was instructed to begin serving as the officials and their wives arrived. In hierarchical order, I served the varayoq, being careful to follow my compadre’s instructions. However, I had not been instructed how to refuse a drink from each official and each wife as I served them. There were twenty-odd officials of the civil-religious hierarchies who participated in Santa Cruz, and I repeatedly had to drink with each one as well as toast each woman there.

After each alcalde and his subordinates complete a round of visits to the houses of other alcaldes, the congregation settles down in the alcalde’s house to drink all night. At about twelve midnight, my compadre called for his dispensera (me) to serve hot trago. I rushed to the cooking hut, instructed the women to stoke the fires under the cooking pots, and filled my teapot with hot cane alcohol. I ran to the portal area, where my compadre was seated with his regidores to his right and left. My comadre was enduring her diminishing pains silently on a pallet of animal skins. I served the men first, in appropriate order, only to be told that the trago was not hot enough. I stumbled back to the cooking hut to reheat the huge vat of drink. The second serving met with his approval, but nevertheless I was reproached by my compadre. By this time, I could hardly stand, because each time I served anyone, I had to drink with them. Shortly thereafter, I collapsed in a heap with a group of other sleeping women. My head was spinning and my stomach did not feel too well. In a fog I heard my compadre yell, “Where is my dispensera? I want my soup.” It was dawn. There was no feasible way that I could muster the fortitude to be able to serve a congregation of some fifty people their morning soup. The women around me announced that I was drunk and asleep. Then my compadre named my North American female research assistant to take my place, and she heated and served the meal while I slept fitfully.

I want to explain that during the evening of drinking the atmosphere was quiet, solemn, and religious. The desired goal is to unify the group through communal obligatory drinking. One certainly feels the solidarity of such a group after three days of such intensive interaction. The only comic relief was provided by me, the dispensera who stumbled around and could not perform her duties. The women bedded me down on the floor with animal
skins and blankets, and my compadre good-naturedly chided me about my lack of strength. Even my comadre, whose false labor had weakened her, managed to drink, eat, and interact with the congregated comuneros. Only I, the gringa, passed out.

On the morning of May 3, the crosses were taken to the plaza and into the church, even though there was no priest present to bless them (see 10.3.2). I stole away and hid in my own house because by this time I was very sick from drink. I missed the entire day and refused to respond to all pleas. My assistants performed my duties for me. Just as one can nominate one’s family to take over one’s ritual duties, I had to nominate other foreigners to take over mine. My compadre arrived at my house in the evening with more cane alcohol “to cure my head.” He sympathized with my lack of ability to withstand marathon drinking. Moreover, he expressed his gratitude for my services and said that now I was truly one of his *kuyaq* (see 7.2), “one who loved him.”

In typical Andean reciprocal terms, I had repaid him for his services to me during my birthday party the month before, when he had assumed a servile position to me as I had done during his important ritual obligations. Our prestige and statuses were reversed in accordance with the special events we each sponsored.

Other compadres and comadres had donated produce, beer and wines, and labor for my three-day birthday party. I spent the equivalent of about seventy-five dollars preparing the feast, which featured a *pachamanca*, a traditional meal of llama and mutton roasted in the village baker’s earthen oven with potatoes, ears of corn, cheese, and broad beans. The gathered guests numbered over thirty, including village officials; however, only two of the village school-teachers attended. The majority declined my invitation, as an expression of disdain for the “Yankee imperialist capitalist exploiter,” whom they also firmly believed to be a CIA agent. Most conspicuous was the absence of the municipal mayor, who is also a primary school teacher.

10.2 The Foreign Anthropologist—A Convenient Enemy

10.2.1 Prelude to a Conflict

The ease with which I became integrated into comunero activities contrasts sharply with the boycott organized against me and my research team by the majority of the teachers in Chuschi. At the time of my visit in July of 1974, a minor incident should have warned me of the events to come. During the festivities for independence day on July 28, an employee (not a teacher) of the secondary school drunkenly told my husband that “Yankees” had no business being in Chuschi and asked why we did not stay home where we
belonged. We explained that we were there to visit our compadres. We also insisted that we had been invited to Peru by the government to teach and to do research. However, later events made it clear that governmental support was not sufficient for unified support from the dual segments of Chuschino society.

In April, when we returned to begin our investigations, I presented our research plan to the directors of the schools, the municipal mayor, and the district governor, as well as to the president of administration of the peasant community, who is my compadre. I also presented our credentials from the Ministry of Education, the departmental Director of Education, and Catholic University. On presenting our credentials, I explained to all of the officials that we had the institutional support of the Ministry of Education and Catholic University of Lima. I outlined a plan to organize a bilingual center in Chuschi, financed by Catholic University, in which the community, teachers, and students would develop and experiment with their own Quechua-Spanish materials. I argued that such a project would be of great benefit to the community and to the education of the children. I also argued that Chuschi would benefit financially from the support from Catholic University, which would provide the funds and technical support for Chuschinos to develop their own curriculum with cultural materials relevant to the locality rather than having bilingual materials imposed upon them from Lima. Furthermore, I explained that on completion of the videotaping of the children I would leave a portable generator to the community powerful enough to provide lights for the plaza and the municipal building.

The comunero leaders were favorably disposed to the proposal of a bilingual center and were enthusiastic about acquiring a generator for lights. Moreover, my presence in the past had not caused any calamities to befall the community. The municipal mayor, a primary teacher who was not a native of Chuschi, politely listened to our research plans and the proposal for a bilingual center and thanked me for the generator. With a smile he examined our papers and said, "You have always been generous to the community in the past." However, in the subsequent months it became clear that he was violently opposed to our intrusion into the community. The reasons are complex and have only become clear to me after a great deal of reflection. I will follow the example of June Nash (1974: 498) and explore the structural factors that culminated in organized opposition to my research, opposition from a segment of Chuschino society (the qala teachers, see 3.4) who had in previous years given me support that I had declined to use. I had not wanted to be associated in the minds of the comuneros with the "foreign" schoolteachers, who have generated a great deal of ill will in the community.

In large part the ill feelings that are generated are due to the fact that only
three teachers out of nineteen are from Chuschi, and one of those three lives alone in the community while his wife lives in the departmental capital of Ayacucho. The majority are either single or are separated from their families. The attitude of the teachers is that they cannot maintain their families in such a backward place, nor do they want their children attending village schools. The normal career of rural schoolteachers is to "serve time" in a remote rural community and then be advanced to a larger population center, where they can maintain a higher living standard and be united with their families. Therefore, the turnover of teachers in rural communities is constant, which diminishes the likelihood of teachers' becoming integrated into a community. In a closed corporate community like Chuschi, the comuneros are suspicious of the teachers and say they are only employees, whom they can fire at will. Moreover, the teachers are impatient with the peasants' reluctance to adopt the progressive reforms they advocate. Very little interaction occurs between the two groups.

When I returned in 1974 I found that two of the native Chuschino teachers were still there; a third had finished college and had begun teaching in the secondary school. Two of the non-native teachers had been there for over five years and the rest were new. One, who had been transferred, had been returned to Chuschi as a disciplinary action for drunkenness. Many of the new teachers and a couple who had been in the community for over three years were not advanced due to their political opposition to the government and their membership in a vocal national teachers' union called SUTEP. Several of the national leaders of the union have been jailed in an effort to break the unity and power of the union, which opposes the educational reforms recently put into effect by the military regime. The most important demands of the union are increased salaries (an average salary for a rural schoolteacher is 6,000 soles, or about 150 dollars a month), job security in the form of long-term contracts, and decentralized education. With the passage of the educational reforms, teachers were granted one-year contracts, renewable each year. Furthermore, a program for training university students includes one-year internships in rural communities, which means that the established teachers have lost a great deal of their bargaining power. There are three categories of teachers: those with a university degree, those with a teacher's training degree, and those who have not completed such training. Obviously, teachers in the last category are the most vulnerable. However, increasing numbers of university-trained teachers are drawn to the union, which has mounted unified opposition to the government. They believe that by unifying their ranks on a class basis, they can accomplish greater reforms for their own benefit and for the education of the communities they serve. The local leaders of the union are never advanced to administrative positions and
are often banished to rural places and not transferred. Resentment runs high. Education is the most popular vehicle for upward mobility, and these teachers find that their avenue for improvement of personal status has been blocked. I think that the latter issue played a large part in the opposition I found present in 1974-1975—opposition I had never experienced before.

I had arrived in Chuschi in 1967 as an impoverished student, returned in 1969 to conduct doctoral research, and returned in 1974 as a full professional, a doctora in one of their own universities. The contemplation of the upward mobility granted me by their own society, which denied the same mobility to them, caused a great deal of frustrated resentment. Furthermore, the explanation of my success by the newly politicized teachers was in terms of "Marxist dogma." I was viewed as a capitalistic exploiter. Not that I had exploited the comuneros' labor; rather, I had exploited their information for my personal gain. The repayment I wished to make to the community, in the form of helping to organize a bilingual center and the gift of the generator, was rejected by the teachers. They also believed that either I was a CIA agent or I was spying for the Ministry of Education.

Opposition from the teachers first took the form of silent avoidance and actions like declining the invitation to the fiesta organized in my honor for my birthday. Later, however, they took more active measures to hinder our research. One such action was to find reasons for the socio-linguist not to accomplish the goals of surveying attitudes concerning bilingual education and investigating the feasibility of organizing a bilingual center for curriculum development in Chuschi. They accomplished this by repeatedly questioning the research plan and demanding a day-by-day account of the socio-linguist's activities. Also, they demanded more credentials, which meant trips to Lima and the department capital, a time- and money-consuming demand. Finally, the teachers conceded that they would consider working with a socio-linguistic survey if the investigator signed a notarized statement renouncing all association with the "gringos" and moved out of our house.

The Peruvian Quechua-speaking student from Catholic University suffered different consequences, because he was working directly on my research project, which was independent of the socio-linguistic one. He experienced continual harassment, which culminated in conflict. One afternoon, a group of teachers who had been drinking heavily most of the day called him "the running dog of the capitalistic CIA agents." The incident ended in a fist fight with appropriate apologies and resumed decorum when everyone sobered up the next day. The president of administration of the community severely reprimanded my research assistant for engaging in open conflict. He explained that that was not the way to win a battle. A comunero rule of behavior is never to display open hostility but rather to operate behind the scenes to amass
consensus and support for one's position. Later we will see this same principle operating when the comuneros advise me as to appropriate strategies during our "day of conflict" (10.2.2).

On Mother's Day, 1975, at a celebration held in the boys' primary school, one of the radical teachers gave an impassioned speech in Quechua about our presence and activities in the community. I was not present. The Peruvian socio-linguist and a North American doctoral candidate working in a nearby village were asked to leave by the president of the parents' association (who was a returned migrant from Lima). They feared that the North American was taping the speech, to be used later by bureaucratic officials in the Ministry of Education against the teacher. The student was carrying a bundle of vegetables, which had been a gift. The bundle was mistakenly identified as containing a hidden tape recorder. When I asked a monolingual Quechua-speaking woman friend who had attended the meeting what the teacher had said, she replied that she did not know because he must have been speaking Spanish. What had happened is that she did not understand the words capitalists, agents of the CIA, and so forth, nor did she understand the concepts. The gulf between the political realities of the majority of the comuneros and the teachers widens as the two groups become more polarized. The teachers experience greater and greater frustration when the comuneros do not perceive the danger of capitalistic exploitation, and the comuneros become annoyed when the teachers do not support their political maneuvers against their familiar enemies, the hacendados and governmental officials who encroach on their encapsulated world (see 10.3.3).

In spite of the efforts of the teachers, our taping of various age groups of children was successfully completed. Rather than experiencing a lack of willing participants, we experienced the reverse problem, with too many children wanting to participate at any given time. We maintained an open door policy and showed all the tapes that we filmed to anyone interested, but only three of the teachers viewed the tapes: one was a Chuschino compadre and two were university-trained secondary teachers, one of whom was collaborating with us in the collection of oral literature taped in his classes. The most unfortunate aspect of the situation was this lack of willingness on the part of the teachers to interact with us. By maintaining their distance they were able to sustain the image of their "convenient enemy," the stereotype of the exploiting capitalists, without directly entering into a dialogue about our own political views.

10.2.2 The Day of Open Conflict

The culmination of our increasingly conflict-ridden situation with the
opposing faction of teachers occurred during the fiesta of Corpus Christi, the first week of June. We were videotaping the procession of the sallqa varayoq as they came into the village from the puna with the santas menores on the first day of the celebration. The municipal mayor, who is a primary school teacher and not from Chuschi, participated in the celebration by sponsoring a scissors dance. Participation by a teacher in an indigenous celebration is unusual, and the appearance of scissors dancers, who cut social and cosmic order into bits and pieces as they dance, is not commonly a part of Corpus Christi. Their inclusion was an attempt to symbolize the danger we foreigners represented to the community. The opinion of many friends was that the teacher had participated in order to confront us directly. One of the frequent complaints of the teachers was that we were constantly in the company of one group of comuneros or another during fiestas. We were studying the aspects of Andean culture (i.e., traditionalism) about which they felt most ambivalent. They believe that the maintenance of traditional practices and ritual observances impedes progress and change, which, as we have seen in the body of this book, is in fact true. What the advocates of rapid change do not perceive or value is the importance of the mechanisms of defense and solidarity that are built into such traditional practices.

During the first day of Corpus Christi the municipal mayor was obviously very annoyed about our filming activities. The procession had arrived at the chapel that marks the outermost boundary of the village and is where the participants traditionally stop to drink communally and play music before proceeding into the village. As people congregated in front of the chapel, the municipal mayor gathered the sallqa varayoq inside the structure, by virtue of his power as a bureaucratic official (see 4.3.1). Later I learned that he had told the indigenous officials that we had not paid a “filming tax” of fifty soles (a little over a dollar) and that without that payment it was prohibited to film by law. We had never been told of such a tax and it does not exist. The sallqa varayoq left the chapel, approached us, and asked us to stop filming because it was prohibited. We stopped videotaping, but one of my research assistants continued to film with a small super-8 camera.

We were invited to the house of the mayordomo, the principal sponsor of the fiesta, and were told that in a private house we could film if we wanted. During the procession to the mayordomo’s house with the band that he had hired, one of my North American assistants (a woman) decided to relieve the tense situation by asking if she could play with the band. She did so, to the delight of the band and onlookers. We were served as honored guests and then drank and danced most of the night with the congregation gathered in the mayordomo’s honor.

The next day is traditionally the culmination of the religious celebration,
when the puna santas menores are brought into the church to "visit their mothers" (as described in 9.2). I decided that we should film with the super-8 because of its small size, instead of risking harm to the video unit, which was essential to my research. I also made the resolution that we would not give in to the mayor's unreasonable claim that we had refused to pay a tax that did not exist and that we were not told about. As the procession came into the plaza, the two North American assistants began filming and I took still shots. I heard the municipal mayor drunkenly yell to one of the sallqa varayoq to "hit the gringos" with his chicote (a three-pronged leather whip). I saw the varayoq drunkenly stagger over to where the two assistants were stationed. The man raised his arm and hit one of my assistants on the back. The blows were not very hard and they fell on a down jacket, which protected him. He pushed the whip-wielding varayoq away and continued filming. The varayoq then turned to the woman assistant and hit her once lightly on the back, whereupon she stopped him by keeping him away with her outstretched arm. The man gave up and staggered away.

Meanwhile, I slowly crossed the plaza and joined the congregation in the churchyard, where the municipal mayor was in a rage. He threatened to have his people kill us and burn not only our house but all my compadres' houses as well. He pointed to my compadre, who had just terminated the office of alcalde varayoq, and claimed that he was going to jail for collaborating with the CIA spies. He would shout that we did not have a license (I suppose a permit to film) and I would keep referring to our documentation. He would repeat again and again, "No tienen licencia," and I would answer that of course we had appropriate papers. A drunk comunero was standing at our side, and after each objection put forth by the mayor, he would say, "No, no, you don't have it" (referring to the license). And each time I answered, "Yes, we do," the man would echo, "Yes, yes, she does."

As the municipal mayor shouted, "Yankee imperialists! Spies!" we gathered ourselves together and slowly walked up the street to our house. A few young boys jeered but the adults remained silent, and the teachers looked on from the balcony of the municipal building. The mayor attempted to incite the crowd to grab our cameras to "sell them for the benefit of the community." As we left, several people patted me on the arm and said, "Don't pay attention to him, he's drunk."

Later in the evening, several comuneros came by the house to apologize for the mayor's behavior. I also had broken a comunero rule by engaging in public conflict, especially during a ritual occasion. My compadre, with whom I had exchanged reciprocal kuyaq obligations (described in 10.1), came by drunk, crying and saying he did not want to be put in jail. We assured him that the municipal mayor could not do that. He calmed down and began to
plan our strategies to combat the municipal mayor. My compadre is a very respected comunero; he is one of the renowned ritual specialists of the village and also an excellent musician. He suggested that I sponsor him and his brother-in-law as waqrapuku (curled cattle-horn trumpet) players as my contribution to the mayordomo’s fiesta. I agreed and we joined the festivities in the village plaza, where the mayordomo was displaying his generosity to the community by providing band music and alcohol for all to enjoy.

The last thing that any of us felt like doing was to appear in public and join in the festivities. We had to make several turns around the plaza with our musicians playing in front of us. We were extremely nervous, as all eyes were upon us. But as we approached the gathered throng of celebrators in front of the municipal building, the mayordomo thanked us with a hearty embrace for the contribution to his fiesta. We joined the procession to his house, where we drank, ate, and danced until the early hours of the morning.

I had previously made a cash contribution to the mayordomo, or rather to his daughter, a nineteen-year-old who worked for me in Lima. She was footing most of the bills for the fiesta because she was employed. Such a heavy financial burden on a young offspring is expected, even though she was single with a two-year-old child to support. Her parents considered the child their own and disputes often arose over who was going to keep him.

Even though she was locked in a bitter dispute with her parents over the custody of her child, it was inconceivable to her even to consider not providing the necessary cash for her father’s ritual obligation. The fiesta consumed all of her savings and all of the family’s surplus. In five days of feasting, 5 llamas, 1 cow, and 8 urpos or 320 liters of chicha and 3,000 soles worth of trago were consumed. They also spent 600 soles for the harpist, and the daughter sponsored the first bull of the bullfight, which involved buying a case of beer for the band. The band was donated by the mayordomo’s brother. I provided the cow-horn trumpeters. The event that was most applauded by the crowd was the daughter’s sponsorship of the bullfight, because it was a public display of support of her father’s and mother’s ritual obligation to the community.

Likewise, I realized that my public sponsorship of musicians for the fiesta was appreciated to a greater extent than my private donations in cash, because it, too, demonstrated publicly my esteem for the mayordomo. I also realized that such a public display was beneficial to our position in the community. My compadre was right: the way to win a battle is to display generosity and to gain support for one’s position by collecting one’s reciprocal debts. My compadre and his brother-in-law provided music continually for four days with little sleep. He said that he did not want to run the risk of criticism by anyone that our contribution was not a good one. By the end of the four days, their cheeks were swollen, their lips were cracked, and they were
exhausted from lack of sleep and over-drinking. However, my compadre main-
tained that our actions could only gain us praise. We were now a part of the
mayordomo’s kuyaq, which made him and his household indebted to us. Thus
in the minds of comuneros, conflicts are resolved by utilizing the strategies of
reciprocity. Through my first-hand experience of conflict I discovered another
dimension of Andean reciprocal behavior.

The next day we videotaped the bullfight, which was sponsored by the
mayordomo, from the balcony of a store owned by a mestizo friend. The
municipal mayor scowled but did not bring up the matter of the “film tax”
again. His strategies took a different turn—and so did mine. While I had dis-
covered that comuneros utilize displays of generosity and reciprocal exchanges
to resolve conflicts, I also discovered that mestizos concentrate on bureaucratic
means to defeat their opponents.

A few days after the fiesta, I was informed that the municipal mayor had
sent a telegram to the Peruvian Investigatory Police (PIP) in Lima claiming
that a network of CIA spies were operating out of Chuschi with “sophisticated
electronic spying equipment.” I countered with a 153-word telegram to the
departmental prefect outlining all of our grievances against the municipal
mayor. I ended the telegram with a statement that he was not conducting
himself in accord with the spirit of the Peruvian revolution.

The PIP came to investigate a couple of days later. We had been called
into their headquarters in Cangallo, the province capital, to be fingerprinted
and to have our documents checked. On my arrival in June I had visited
Cangallo to inform the bureaucratic officials and SINAMOS of our presence
in Chuschi and to explain our research to the provincial director of education.
However, I did not know that it was necessary to register with the PIP. I was
informed that all foreigners had to do so. Therefore, when the PIP investigator
came to Chuschi, he already knew us. He was cordial and assured us that the
matter would be cleared up. He questioned us about the incident during
Corpus Christi and asked for the name of the man who hit the members of my
research team. Then he began to ask questions that I did not want to answer
concerning the politics of the teachers, including the municipal mayor. I did
not want to be cast in the role of an informer. However, I did mention that
I considered it peculiar that the mayor was able to construct a fourteen-room
hotel on his teacher’s salary. The local rumors alleged that he was using munic-
ipal materials and funds. The investigator said he would look into it. I had
decided that perhaps the mayor had used us as a diversionary tactic to keep
attention away from himself. Several leaders of the community had previously
petitioned to have him removed from office.

An uneasy calm prevailed. We returned nervously to our work. I accelerated
our timetable so that we could collect as much videotaped material as possible.
I anticipated that we might have to leave the community before our scheduled departure in July. While daytime activities had the appearances of normalcy, we had nighttime visitors who informed us of the mayor's activities. The situation took on the aspects of an intrigue. If the mayor sent a telegram, we were informed of its contents. If I countered with a telegram, I am sure he was informed as well. Therefore we both adopted the strategy of mestizos whereby appeals are made to higher bureaucratic authorities rather than the traditional ritual displays that we both had engaged in the week before. Interestingly, some of our nighttime visitors were a few of the very same teachers who had been most vociferous in their opposition. However, while they would discuss politics in private, they would not readily exchange greetings in public. We all waited for a solution to the situation. The day after the investigation by the PIP official, I thought that a solution would be arrived at when a delegation from the province capital arrived to hold a formal hearing. It was Friday the thirteenth.

10.2.3 An Official Hearing

The delegation from Cangallo included the provincial sub-prefect, the municipal mayor from Cangallo, and two lawyers. They called a meeting that the president of administration of the community (my compadre), the president of vigilance, the district governor, the municipal mayor, and my research staff were requested to attend. Three schoolteachers also attended. The proceedings began with the municipal mayor of Chuschi giving his deposition. The municipal mayor alleged that we had never presented our documentation to his office and had refused to show him our passports and visas. He accused us of evading Peruvian income taxes. He stated that he had not threatened our lives, nor had he commanded the varayoq to hit the members of my research team, neither had he threatened any of my compadres. All he had asked was that we pay the small "filming tax" required by the municipality. The final blow was when he said that he had heard that I and my female research assistant had joined vida michy, the adolescent sexual activities described in 4.6.1.

I had to answer his accusations by providing evidence that we had a legitimate reason for our presence in Chuschi. I began by showing the investigation commission our numerous authorized documents along with our research plan and several of my publications in Spanish. I emphatically stated that we had presented the same documents to the mayor's office on arrival as well as to the community's officials and to the district governor. I argued that we could produce witnesses to his violent behavior during the fiesta when he sent the varayoq to strike two of my staff members and threatened to have his people
kill us. Furthermore, he had refused to issue legal papers to my compadre so he could travel and to register his recently-born son. I asked the committee if it was reasonable to believe that we had refused to pay a 50-soles filming tax when I had donated a 16,000-soles generator to the community. In a closing statement I declared that alleging that my assistant and I had participated in sexual activities with adolescent boys was pure slander.

The thing that surprised me was that the commission did not ask for any other witnesses, nor did they ask the community leaders to speak. I later learned that they had spoken to other people, the community leaders included, in private.

One of the teachers asked for the floor. He argued that we were exploiting the village and that I had bought off several people by manipulating compadrazgo relationships. He claimed that my presence had brought no benefit to the community, only tension.

I countered that the major obstacle to the community’s deriving benefit from our work was the teachers’ attitudes and opposition. I claimed that the community had lost the opportunity for educational advancement through the proposed sponsorship by Catholic University of a bilingual center in Chuschi. Such a center needed the cooperation of the teachers, and that was not forthcoming. I asked why the teachers had not used the history of Chuschi that I had prepared and why they opposed our research when they refused to talk to us about it or to view the tapes. My Peruvian assistant became angry and declared that the teachers did not interact at all with the comuneros. To that, one native son rose to his feet and shouted that he was a son of a comunero and proud of it. The sub-prefect demanded order and closed the meeting. I was surprised that no summary “verdict” was given. But bureaucracies move slowly everywhere and the solution I expected was not forthcoming that day.

When I asked my compadre, the president of the community, why he had not spoken up in our behalf, he said that he had filed a complaint against the mayor and that was sufficient. He declared that open confrontation would get us nowhere. Not being able to predict the outcome of our situation and being very tired of the whole affair, we returned to our house to eat the birthday cake one of my assistants had baked for himself. Over our cake and coffee we decided to send the taped materials out with a member of the research team who had to leave within two days.

We packed up the video equipment and tapes into trunks and put my assistant on the bus to Ayacucho. I was afraid that someone would get the brilliant idea of destroying the equipment and tapes or demand that they be impounded. I had no fears that the content of the tapes would be considered subversive, but I was afraid of their being ruined in the hands of someone who did not know how to care for them. I also had visions of all my taped materials
rotting for months somewhere in a ministry warehouse in Lima, where one has to scrape the mold from one's shoes during the damp coastal winter.

My assistant's account of her trip into Ayacucho is worth repeating. She boarded the bus and tried to appear inconspicuous, which is difficult for a blond woman who is five feet ten inches tall. Unfortunately, the municipal mayor and several other teachers were also traveling on the same bus. During the first part of the trip, she recounts, a drunk comunero took to his feet unsteadily and clapped her on the shoulder and said in a loud voice, "The mayor is a thieving dog. I put my money on this gringa." At the national police control stop, the mayor got out of the bus and talked to the officer in charge, waving his hands excitedly while pointing to our trunks of equipment and film. The officer made a gesture with his hands as if to say, "What can I do?"

She arrived in Ayacucho without further incident and transported our materials to the home of one of my compadres.

A few days later I received a telegram demanding my appearance on a specific day at the national police post in Pampa Cangallo. I reasoned that we were not under arrest, because they come and take you away for that, they do not request your appearance at their post. But I was not at all sure what was in store for us. We packed up our remaining belongings and decided to continue on from Pampa Cangallo to Ayacucho. I arrived at the national police post to discover that the officer in charge wanted me to file a formal complaint against the municipal mayor. My compadre, having been threatened with jail, refused traveling papers, and denied a birth certificate for his newborn son, also filed a complaint. The officer was sympathetic and said that anytime we experienced further trouble we were to telegraph him because he was responsible for our safety. He said that he understood how it was to be a blanco (a white person) in this foreign land—he was from the coast. It was pointless to explain that I did not feel that I was in a foreign land. We arrived in Ayacucho and I filed another formal complaint with the prefect's office. Unfortunately, I was again questioned about the counter-revolutionary activities of the teachers. I declared ignorance. Although I had experienced difficulties at the hands of the teachers, I was sympathetic with their position and demands.

The day I visited the prefect's office I received a message that I was invited to accompany him to Cangallo the next day at 5:00 A.M. to attend the 120th anniversary of the province capital. The prefect's note maintained that it would be beneficial for me to attend so that we could talk to all of the provincial officials and resolve my difficult situation. To my chagrin, the manner in which a couple of officials decided to resolve my political problems involved receiving sexual favors. This is one of the unfortunate aspects of
fieldwork faced by female researchers. I lost my temper after being under so much pressure for so long and called the bureaucrat involved an old fool. The scene was an unfortunate one that took place at mid-afternoon on the dance floor during the town’s celebration. At that point I could not tolerate that kind of abuse of political power. I returned to Ayacucho exhausted and wondering exactly what position foreign anthropologists have in the third world.

10.2.4 The Position of Foreign Anthropologists in the Third World

During my visit to Cangallo I was offered several explanations as to why I had experienced difficulties during 1974-1975 and never had before. One of the most interesting was offered by a SINAMOS official who explained that several years ago two foreign anthropologists supposedly had been conducting research in the Pampas River area with a group of Peruvian students. However, he maintained that their goal was to motivate peasants to take over land forcibly. He even claimed that the group sold machine guns to villagers. I registered my dismay when he named several of the Peruvians and reminded him that many of the people he had named were now working for SINAMOS. Nevertheless, he claimed that his was a true story and that I was paying for their revolutionary activities. What I did not tell the official was that I had been a part of the research team along with the Peruvian students. Selling machine guns and organizing violent land take-overs had been the furthest thought from our minds. Another theory was that the teachers' opposition was a counter-revolutionary movement—a phrase that has become the catch-all for any event that is not to the liking of bureaucrats. Yet another attributed my difficulties to plain ignorance. I do not think that any of these simplistic explanations is adequate. The situation was much more complex.

I mentioned earlier that the development of political consciousness among teachers had greatly increased since 1970. A class consciousness has arisen that has moved the political realities of teachers further away from those held by comuneros. Both groups see different issues before them, and communication between the two groups, which was not good to begin with, is declining.

Teachers are often impatient with the peasants' reluctance to change. Moreover, peasants are suspicious of the teachers' motives when they advocate change. Politicized teachers belong to the larger world, while the comuneros deny that that world is rapidly beginning to affect their lives. I found that the one aspect of proposed change that comuneros perceive as critical is any effort to encroach upon their autonomy and their territory (see 10.3.3).

By concentrating on the defense mechanisms utilized by Chuschino comuneros to protect the closed corporate nature of their community, I
came to believe that I too was protected by their defense mechanisms from the outside world. June Nash (1974: 498) has come to the same conclusion in analyzing the political difficulties she experienced in the field in Bolivia. She states: "I realized that the defensive insulation of the people against the outside world protected me from coming to grips with the political issues just as it seemed to protect the people from the conflicts of the wider world. In Bolivia it was not possible to choose the role of an impartial observer. . . . The polarization of the class struggle made it necessary to take sides or to be cast by them on one side or the other. In a revolutionary situation, no neutrals are allowed."

I had not taken any sides on any issues because I too felt that I was somehow protected by peasant ideology from the outside world. Therefore, for the teachers I was defined as a capitalist CIA agent, and for the SINAMOS official I was a potential revolutionary. I became a potential "convenient enemy" for everyone. One of the teachers explained to me that he was willing to talk to me about my political position in the privacy of my house but that in public I was his ideological enemy. In order to explain failures and frustrations, all movements, especially revolutionary ones, need convenient enemies. Anthropologists are extremely convenient targets.

As class polarization continues and groups define their needs and begin to articulate their demands, the position of the anthropologist will become increasingly more difficult because factionalism will increase. It appears that in Peru's current revolutionary climate, class polarization will continue to increase as various segments of the society become aware of the potential benefits a rapidly changing social system under economic development has to offer them. One of the serious problems is that economic development cannot keep pace with the expectations of the various self-interested classes. The incidences of violence described in chapter two demonstrate the rising tensions in Peru's effort to propel the country into the industrialized world. As reforms are enacted without adequate funds to make benefits available to all segments of the society, class struggles will increase. The peasants of Chuschi have chosen a strategy of protecting what they have, while the radical teachers of Chuschi have chosen strategies to gain what they do not have—better wages, increased social mobility, and the power to influence decisions. In part, this explains the lack of involvement of the teachers in the current struggles of the comuneros against their old familiar enemies—the government, the church, and hacendados.

10.3 Changes in Chuschi since 1970

All of the major changes that I found on my return to Chuschi were
concentrated in the areas centered in conflicts with the above-mentioned institutions: the government, the church, and the only hacienda on Chuschi's borders. These conflicts will be briefly described below. One of the most interesting changes that I found when I returned to Chuschi in 1974 was that the community had reinstituted the *hatun varayoq* organization that had been abolished in 1970 (described in 4.5). The reason for the reestablishment of this traditional organization was to protect the community's cofradía animals from becoming incorporated into a cooperative.

10.3.1 An Attempt to Form a Cooperative

In chapters 2, 4, and 8 I have discussed the impact of migrants on their community. Two returned migrants became the first presidents of administration and of vigilance. One of their concerted efforts was to take over the church's cofradía of 250 head of cattle and 1,500 head of sheep. The battle with the church had been a long one and several migrants had been repeatedly jailed before the migrants' power became legitimized.

The agrarian reform officials supported the migrants' efforts but never directly intervened in the conflict. When the migrants successfully expelled the village priest in 1972 (to be discussed in 10.3.2) they realized the plans they had formulated in 1970 to organize a cooperative of the cofradía animals (see 8.5). The agrarian officials from Ayacucho inaugurated the new cooperative. However, the venture lasted only two weeks.

Comuneros asserted that the migrants had acted unilaterally without the consent of the community. Membership in the cooperative was based on a fee of 50 or 100 soles (reports differed). The community members maintained that the cofradía animals belonged to them and could not be incorporated into a cooperative that outsiders, such as bureaucrats and technicians, would control. They closed the cooperative and reinstituted the *hatun varayoq* to protect the community's animals.

I interviewed several other people about the failure of the cooperative and got varying stories. Many people told me that one migrant had absconded with eight head of cattle the first week the cooperative functioned. A returned migrant told me that outsiders had come to ruin the cooperative. An agrarian official said that he was not sure what had happened, but he stated that Chuschi had always been a difficult place into which to introduce new ideas and changes. The priest's version was quite different.

10.3.2 The Expulsion of the Village Priest

In February of 1972, the migrants led a movement in the community to
expel the village priest. The conflict over the animals and property controlled by the church had been going on for several years. But with the support of the community, the migrants were successful. Such disputes were common in the region at the time. The church usually lost due to the support given by the agrarian office in the peasants' efforts to take control of the wealth in land and animals held by the church. Usually such take-overs were thereafter organized into cooperatives under the direction of the agrarian reform office. However, in Chuschi, we have seen that such efforts to form a cooperative directed toward the national market failed. The community feared loss of their communal wealth at the hands of outsiders. The cofradía animals were under direct community control when I left in 1975. However, a disease had depleted the herds considerably. The Agrarian Reform Office was putting pressure on the community to form a cooperative so that the community could take advantage of the technical assistance they had to offer. Some favored doing so, but the majority prevailed in their conservative position. They preferred to sell a few animals at a time when a consensus decided that cash was needed for some communal project.

When I interviewed the priest, he was mystified by his expulsion from Chuschi. He had been there for fifteen years and felt that he had served the community well. He realized that new ideas and forces were at work but could not exactly understand them. He felt that the action of the community was like stealing from the church. He argued that the cofradía had belonged to the church since early colonial times, and he had the documents to prove it. However, comuneros felt that the church had illegally taken what had belonged to their ancestors. The community was therefore receiving what had been rightfully theirs all the time.

People said that the priest had worn a pistol the last few months he was in Chuschi. He told me that he had feared for his life. In 1974 he was serving the community of Pomabamba, which is in the district of Chuschi. However, he refused to officiate at any religious functions in Chuschi, and very few people traveled to Pomabamba to seek out his services. Most people waited until a priest passed through to contract masses for the dead, weddings, or baptisms.

I attended a meeting of the migrant association in Lima in August of 1975 when a special commission reported on its findings after a special visit to Chuschi. The migrants were petitioning for electricity to be installed in Chuschi, and they were also searching for ways to finance the completion of the health center and the secondary school. However, one of their central concerns was to monitor the progress of the litigations over the cofradía animals and the case of the disputed land occupied by an hacendado (see 10.3.3).
One of the investigation delegates reported on a conversation that he had had with a visiting priest who had arrived to preside over the special mass to inaugurate the newly instituted district educational nucleus. The priest asked when the community was going to return the parish house to the church. At that time the parish house was being used for the vocational school. The occupation of the parish house has been a bone of contention because the bishop argues that a priest cannot be sent to Chuschi until he has somewhere to live. The migrant replied that he had kept an account of how much the priest had collected during his two-day visit in charges for masses. He calculated that the priest had collected over 15,000 soles. He replied to the priest that with such revenue the church could well afford to build a new parish house. He also asserted that the church could use its portion of the cofradía to finance its needs. Evidently an agreement had been reached by which the community was to keep 70 percent of the confiscated cofradía and the church was to receive 30 percent. However, the agreement was not to be enacted until a new priest was installed in the village. The migrant association feels that the church exploits their home community to an extreme. In Lima, fewer services are charged for, even though the migrant population has greater access to cash.

One of the side effects of the absence of a local priest is that the small Protestant sect that was brought to Chuschi by migrants has grown since 1970. They claim some three hundred members. Rivalries between Protestants and Catholics were also on the increase. I noted that two extremes of comuneros—the wealthiest and the poorest—were being attracted to Protestantism. With the Protestant ideology of personal advancement, comuneros can escape the obligations of participation in the complex of reciprocity and displays of generosity that consume so much of their economic surplus.

Nevertheless, even though a schism is developing in the religious ideology of the community, Catholics and Protestants alike presented a solid front against their common foe—the one hacendado within the district’s territory.

10.3.3 The Invasion of an Hacienda

On April 6, 1975, the comuneros held a public meeting and decided that the cofradía animals would be moved onto the land of the only hacienda bordering on Chuschi’s communal lands. A twenty-year old dispute over the land that the hacendado was occupying was finally coming to a head. The consensus of the community was that if they invaded the hacendado’s land, the agrarian reform office would take quicker action in deciding the case. I believe that this tactic of invasion was borrowed from their migrant relatives’ experiences in Lima. In fact, several migrants participated in the organization
of the invasion.

It was agreed that the invasion would take place on April 16 and that any household that did not send one male to participate would be fined 3,000 soles. The hacienda is located near Niñobamba and adjacent to the communal lands of Chuschi, which are called Inga Wasi. The invasion was well organized, and over fifty men accompanied the movement of the herds. The hacendado's potato crops were damaged. One of his men shot and killed a dog, but that was the only act of violence.

The invasion did indeed speed up the review process of the litigation. On May 28 the agrarian reform office sent a national land judge to inspect the boundaries in dispute and hear formal arguments presented by both sides. We asked the community if we could accompany them and videotape the proceedings. They agreed, believing it would be advantageous to have such an event recorded.

Before May 28, we journeyed to Ayacucho to request permission from the office of the agrarian reform and from SINAMOS to film the proceedings. At first SINAMOS officials were reluctant, but we invited them to view some of our tapes and argued that such a document would be good public evidence of the workings of the revolution. They arranged an appointment with the national land judge and suggested that we secure his permission as well. He not only granted us permission but felt adjudication of land disputes was a public matter.

Over two hundred men rode a full day's hard ride from Chuschi across the cold puna to attend the hearing. We traveled by road to Ayacucho with our equipment and then on to Niñobamba, where we were housed for the night with a number of Chushinos from the village and from Lima. The next morning the judge began the hearing and inspection of boundaries at 7 A.M. It was a most impressive sight to see all of the mounted peasants unified to protect their territory. The hacendado was a very lonely figure with his handful of men and his lawyer.

The judge worked continuously from 7 A.M. until dark. He first heard the arguments from both sides while a secretary typed the depositions, using the hood of a truck as his desk. Each side presented evidence for its claim. The president of administration of Chuschi offered documents dating back to the seventeenth century as evidence of the legal boundaries of the community including the hacendado's land. The lawyer for the hacendado argued that the land had been sold to the present owner's great-grandfather. He presented an impassioned argument concerning the capitalistic exploitation by the comuneros in their effort to deprive one man of his land and livelihood. I was amazed to hear the term capitalistic exploitation extended to a recognized peasant community's attempt to recuperate its communal land. The
lawyer for Chuschi argued that the bill of sale was false and that the ancestor of the present owner had illegally occupied the land.

We returned to Ayacucho in the back of the land judge's truck in the pouring rain and then on to Chuschi, where the comuneros were celebrating certain victory, although when I left Peru in August of 1975 a decision had not yet been handed down. However, given the current attitude of the government in favor of returning land to recognized communities, I believe that if Chuschi can prove the land will be utilized, the community stands a very good chance of recuperating a part of its communal herding land that has been alienated from the community for three generations.

I want to add one final note to my discussion of the changes I had found in Chuschi. In looking at the conflicts that the comuneros became engaged in during the four-year period between 1970 and my return, I found that all of their activities were directed toward protecting their autonomy and closed corporate status. The ideology of the military reformist government lent support for the community's position against the church and the hacendado. However, while government planners probably see these activities as consistent with increasing integration into the national culture, I am sure that Chuschinos perceive their activities as protecting their isolation.

Migrants have an interesting structural position vis-à-vis the community. They provide tactical support from Lima by handling most of the legal paperwork for the community. However, they are attempting at the same time to introduce important changes, such as improving education and health. Even so, the migrants have a vested interest in helping to protect the community's communal land. They also value the degree of isolation the village maintains from outside interference from bureaucrats, because most of them still control privately-held agricultural plots in the community.

In 8.5 I discussed the structural position of returned migrants and offered three logical possibilities for resolving their ambiguous position vis-à-vis the community. When I returned in 1974-1975, I found that indeed two of these predicted possibilities had occurred serially. The traditional moieties opposed the migrants' attempt to organize a cooperative in 1972. They re instituted the hatun varayoq in an effort to protect the community's interests. In 1975, however, when the village invaded the only hacienda on its frontiers, the migrants and the traditional moiety members united to confront a common foe—the hacendado. When I left in August, the migrant association had pledged to handle all of the necessary legal paper work in Lima for the litigation with the national Agrarian Reform Office. The migrants demanded that the president of administration of Chuschi appear at one of their formal meetings in Lima to explain his handling of the case. They exert considerable political power in village affairs.
I see little indication that the community of Chuschi is losing its closed corporate status. Rather than perceiving the possibilities of national integration favorably, the comuneros appear to be attempting to strengthen their mechanisms of defensive isolation. Nevertheless, new ideologies are being developed in the Lima migrant settlement that will ultimately have great effects on the traditional community.

10.4 Migrants’ Manipulation of Symbols to Construct an “Upper Class”

In August of 1974 I attended the festivities dedicated to Santa Rosa, the patron saint of the Chuschino invasion settlement. Comparing the 1974 celebration with the one I attended in 1970 (see 8.5), I noted that several important symbolic elements had been added.

The most striking addition to the celebration was organized by a group of the most economically successful and upwardly mobile families among the migrants. Several of these families no longer live in the settlement, but they remain active in the migrant association. All of them have mobilized compadrazgo ties and other important social links with persons outside of the migrant community. The group consisted of only about four or five families who sponsored what is called a qaru chullay. One of the sponsors explained to me that this was an annual custom of Ayacucho hacendados, in which the land owners would ascend to their balconies and throw gifts to the gathered laborers who lived on their land. Qaru means distant and chullay signifies to clarify, to sanctify, or to cleanse. Therefore, the celebration sanctified and clarified the social distance between the hacendados and their subjugated laborers. The handful of upwardly mobile migrants consciously emulated the landed classes’ actions in an effort to likewise separate themselves from the other migrants. They were attempting to place social distance between themselves and the migrants who have not been so successful in the capitalistic urban economy.

The qaru chullay sponsors wore costumes depicting the dress of hacendados, cotton ponchos and wide brimmed straw hats. They festooned themselves with red ribbons with money tied to them. As the procession of Santa Rosa made its way through the invasion community from the nearby church, these affluent members of the migrant community marched in front of the saint. The procession stopped to pay homage at three houses owned by one of the sponsors on its way up the hill to the Chuschino club. In front of the sponsors of the qaru chullay, the various familiar caricatures of foreign dominators and invaders paraded and performed their comic antics: the chunchus shot their miniature arrows into the crowd, the naqaq pretended to castrate men with his wooden sword, and the hamites sold magical herbs and potions. As in the
1970 celebration described in 8.5, the representation of the military was absent. However, the caricature of the priest had been changed to represent a bishop. The dancer playing this role wore a large red plastic bishop's hat and a white plastic cape. He performed mock baptisms and marriages along the route of the procession. The contrasts afforded by the solemn procession of the patron saint and her devoted followers, the sponsors of the qaru chullay with their airs of an “upper class,” and the comic antics of the dancers leading the procession were extraordinary. While the traditional order of social power was ridiculed in front of the procession, a new order immediately followed, with the devoted crowd bringing up the rear.

When the procession reached the club, the sponsors of the qaru chullay ascended to the roof and threw their gifts to the crowd below. They held their own celebration on the roof of the club, with their own band, while the masses celebrated below, inside the club. Perhaps the most interesting facet of this conscious manipulation of symbols to construct a class structure is that the sponsors of the qaru chullay literally separated themselves spatially. They raised themselves above the other migrants spatially in their effort to establish their social distance. Throughout this book we have noted the use of space as a framework in which Chuschinos act out their important cultural concepts. It therefore is not surprising that these affluent migrants also used the metaphor of space in codifying their new concept of themselves. Upward mobility had been codified on the familiar Andean cognitive map of spatial relationships to communicate a new structure—class differentiation.

10.5 What Does the Future Hold?

Not wishing to play the role of a soothsayer, but nevertheless realizing that an examination of the dialectic between structures and activities and events can enable us to understand some of the dynamics of change, I am going to offer a few predictions concerning the direction of change for Chuschi in the near future.

We have seen that the community has rejected the formation of a cooperative that signified interference from the outside world, which would in turn endanger autonomy and social closure. Given the current situation in Peru, I believe that such efforts to resist incorporation into the national economy and culture will continue in the immediate future.

The migrants continue to play an important role as cultural brokers, but given the events of 1972, when the attempt to form the cooperative failed, the community will probably be more cautious about accepting any further drastic changes proposed by the migrants.

The impact that the radicalized teachers will have on the community will
be minimal because, as discussed earlier, they do not share the political concerns of the comuneros, who are attempting to protect their cultural isolation. However, the teachers exert considerable influence on their students, and if the development of class consciousness continues to be the teachers’ ideology, we can expect changing attitudes to be acquired by the younger generations.

The community’s positive experience with the Agrarian Reform Office in regard to their litigation with the neighboring hacendado could predispose them toward accepting further cooperation from governmental offices. However, I predict that Chuschinos will retain their conservative attitudes in regard to becoming incorporated into the national structure of cooperatives. One possible event could change that position, however.

My Peruvian research assistant returned to Chuschi in February of 1976. He reports that no one in the community wants to accept the position of caretaker of the suspension bridge that connects Chuschi with the villages across the Pampas River. The salary for the position is 1,500 soles a year, and people feel that it is too low for the work involved. The community is not maintaining the bridge, which means that villagers from across the river cannot reach the weekly Chuschi market. There is talk of moving the market up the valley to Pomabamba, where another village maintains a suspension bridge in good repair.

Many of the comuneros cannot imagine that the market would ever be moved from Chuschi; they say, “But it has always been here.” However, the market vendors feel differently because the larger part of their business comes from members of other communities, who often travel a day’s walk or further to reach the market. If Chuschi loses its market, an economic decline could force the community to search for other sources of cash to augment its subsistence economy. It might then reconsider its position concerning the formation of a cooperative.

Consumerism and new cultural values due to increased out-migration and education may in time cause changes in the perspective of the community. Although the pressures for change have increased since 1970, we have seen that traditional defenses have also increased. The return to traditionalism in the form of reinstituting the hatun varayoq structure and rejecting the cooperative is an attempt by the comuneros to protect their economic autonomy. The close integration of ecological exploitation and political and social organization with ritual processes is both a strength and weakness in the defenses of the community against the encroachments of the outside world. As long as the structural relationships, the variations on the themes of dualism, are functioning to maintain economic and social closure, the community will withstand change. But, with such an integrated system, a change in one structure will cause changes in all of them. The comuneros say: “To defend
ourselves is to defend our traditions." Whether they will be able to do so in the future depends on the outcome of the dialectical process between structural principles and historical events.