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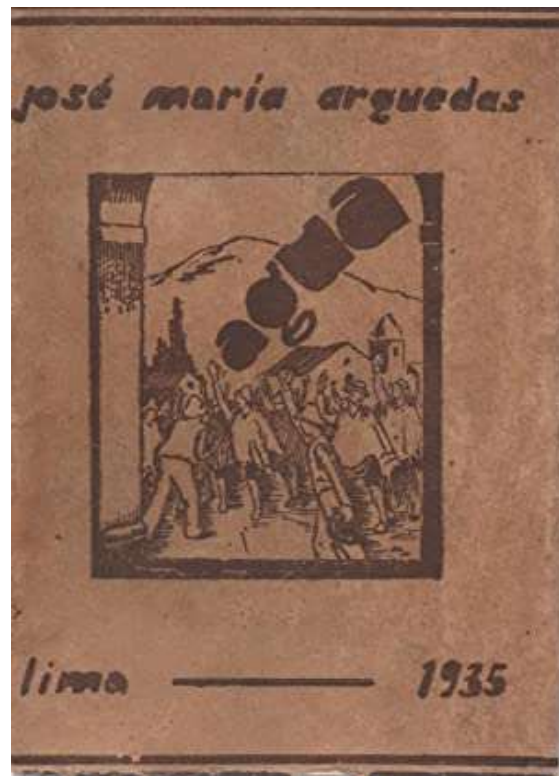
Institut für Sprache, Literatur  
und Medien  
Romanisches Seminar

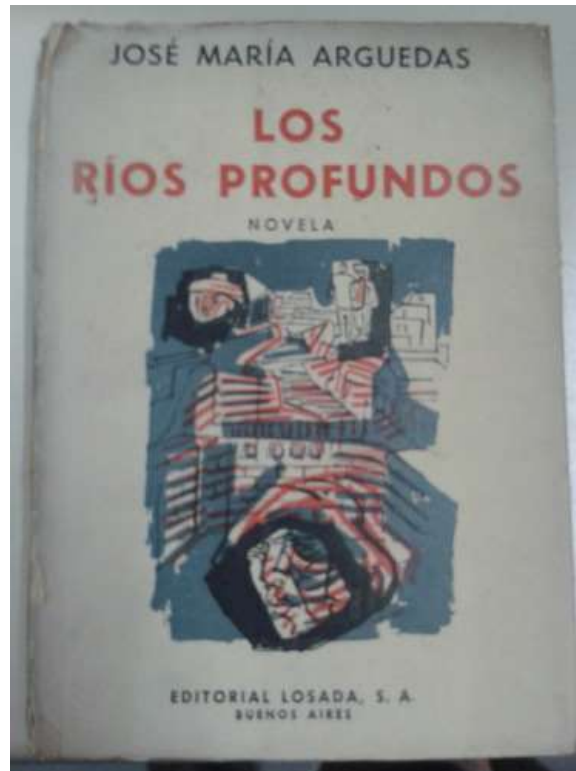
# Traces of *(yawar) unu*: Arguedas and the water

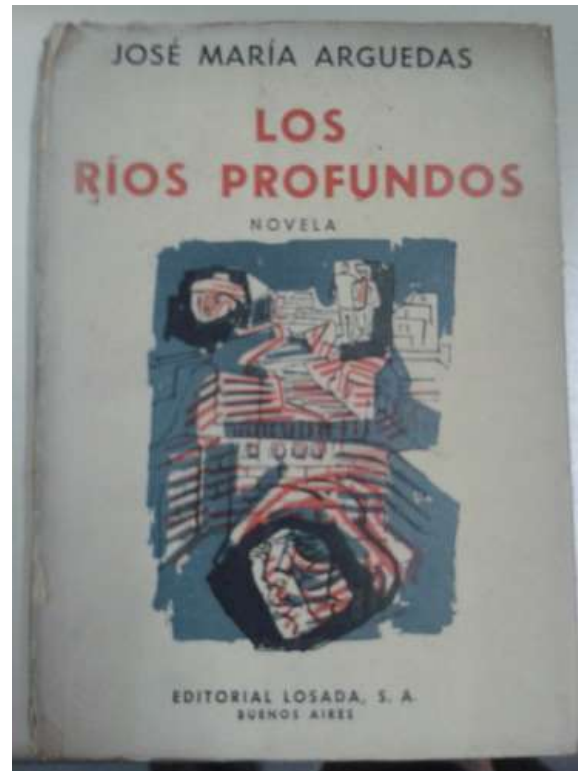
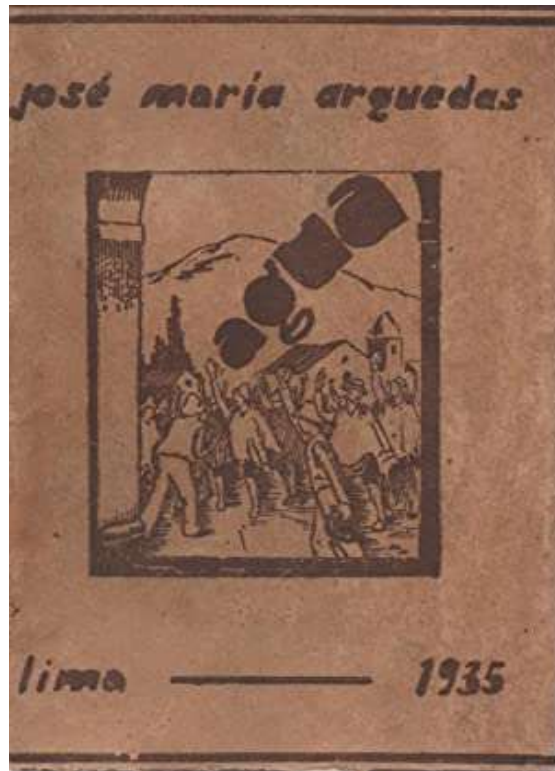
Prof. Dr. Marco Thomas Bosshard



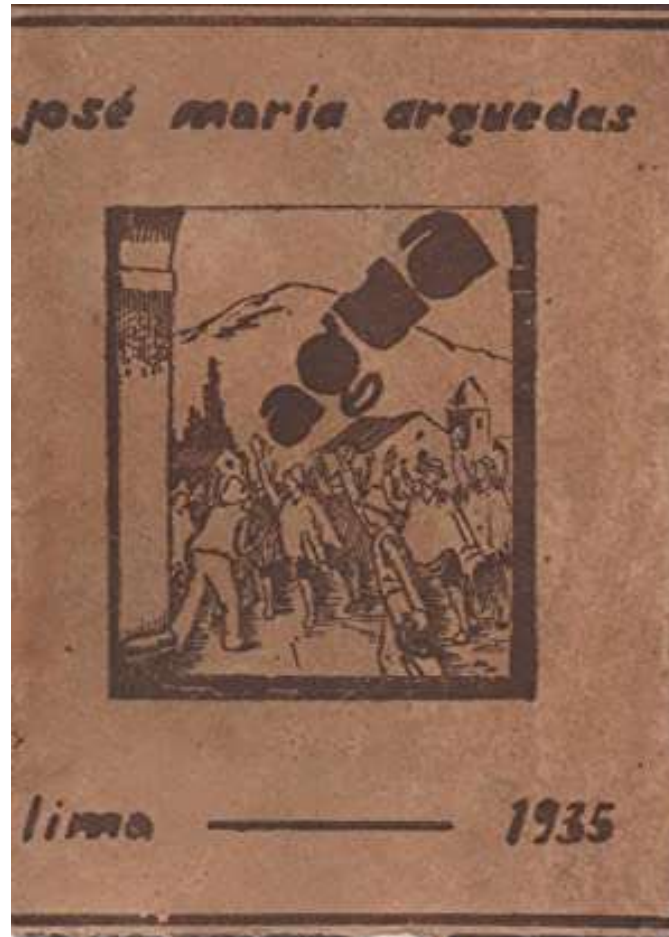








# José María Arguedas: *Agua* (1935)



## José María Arguedas: *Agua* (1935)

—Agua, niño Ernesto. No hay pues agua. San Juan se va a morir porque Don Braulio hace dar agua a unos y a otros los odia.

Pero Don Braulio, dice, ha hecho común el agua quitándole a Don Sergio, a Doña Elisa, a Don Pedro.

- Water, kid Ernesto. There is no water. San Juan is going to die because Don Braulio orders to give water to some and hates the others.

But Don Braulio, apparently, has made water communal by taking it away from Don Sergio, Doña Elisa, Don Pedro.

## José María Arguedas: *Agua* (1935)

Tayta: ¡que se mueran los principales de todas partes!

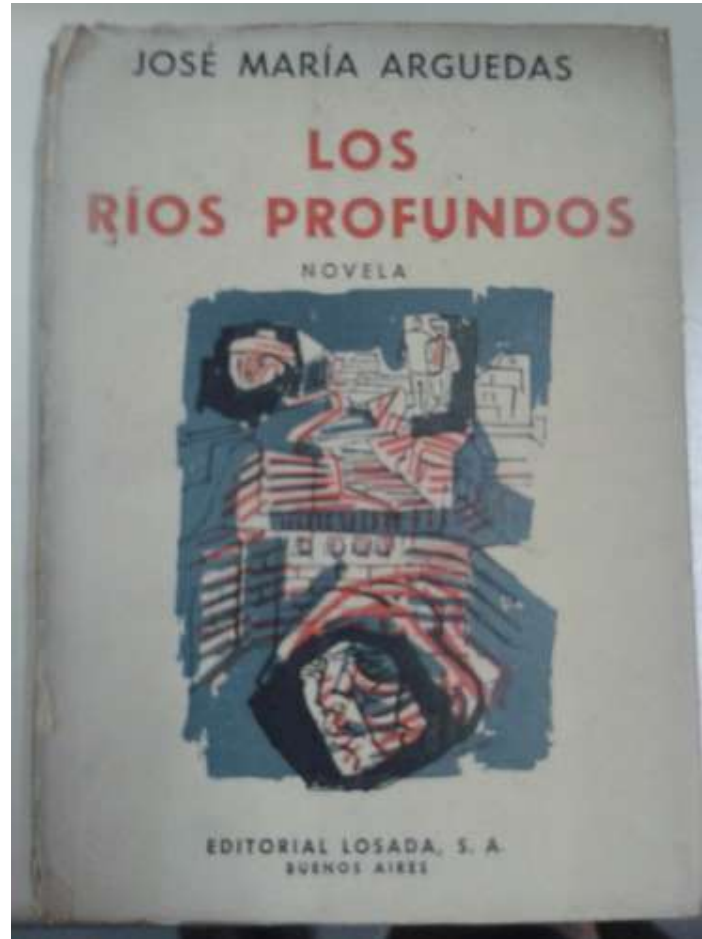
Y corrí después, cuesta abajo, a entroparme con los comuneros propietarios de Utek'pampa.

Tayta: may the principals everywhere die!

And then I ran, downhill, to hide between the commoners that owned Utek'pampa.



# José María Arguedas: *Los ríos profundos* – *Deep Rivers* (1958)



## José María Arguedas: *Los ríos profundos* – *Deep Rivers* (1958)

“I recalled, then, the songs in Quechua that constantly repeat a pathetic phrase: “yawar mayu”, river of blood; “yawar unu”, bloody water; “puk-tik’ yawar k’ocha”, lake of blood that boils [...] The indigineous people call these muddy rivers “yawar mayu”, because they reflect the sun’s shine moving, similarly to that of blood.”

## José María Arguedas: *Los ríos profundos* – *Deep Rivers* (1958)

“They also call the violent times of feisty dances “yawar mayu”, when dancers battle each other.”





## **José María Arguedas: *Los ríos profundos* – *Deep Rivers* (1958)**

“I picked some fruits and headed on, chewing them, while I saw the Father getting closer to the bridge. He crossed it at the slow pace of the beast. Later, I found the moron, the school’s crazy girl, running, precariously hiding between the bushes, at some distance behind the Father. I managed to see Doña Felipa’s shawl over the stone cross on the bridge; the wind shook it. It was orange. The moron arrived at the bridge, always on the run; she stood on the roadway and stopped in front of the cross. She looked at the shawl’s Castillian fabric.”



**José María Arguedas:**

***El zorro de arriba y el zorro de abajo – The Fox From Up Above and the Fox From Down Below (1969/71)***



**José María Arguedas:**

***El zorro de arriba y el zorro de abajo – The Fox From Up Above and the Fox From Down Below (1969/71)***

“Like in the wind of Andean abysses, at the bottom of which blood-filled water flows; so it is presented, indeed, in that novel, the constrained Indo-Hispanic world. There is man, free from bitterness and skepticism, who was begotten by Peruvian ancestry and also emerged, grew and found the Devil in the plains of Spain. [...] That battle appears in the novel as won by *yaway mayu*, the bloody lake, which is what we call the first rebound of rivers that carry the extracts formed in the summit and abysses by insects, the sun, the moon and music; in Quechua. There, in that novel, the Andean *yawar mayu* defeats, and does so convincingly. It is my first victory.” (104-105)

