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Dear Peter,

Legend, history, and religion rarely exclude one another in the Andes. Even before Francisco Pizarro set foot on the western coast of South America, the legend and fame of riches beyond belief had spread from Mexico to Spain. When Pizarro found himself in trouble with local authorities in Panama in 1524, the logical answer to his prayers was to emulate the success of Cortez in Mexico. From the south there arrived tales of a great Indian civilization that controlled vast parts of the New World. This civilization was the Inca Empire, and at the height of its power and dominion before the Conquest, the Empire included what is today Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and parts of Chile and Argentina. Pizarro embarked on various exploratory voyages in 1526 and 1527 with little luck; fate was not to smile on this brigand from Trujillo, Spain until 1532 when he landed finally on the coast of Peru, near Tumbes. Though Pizarro was unaware of any rift between the Incas when he began his journey, the Inca Empire had been divided only recently by a civil war fought between the half-brothers Atahualpa and Sapa Inca Huáscar. Atahualpa had defeated Huáscar near the city of Quito, Ecuador, thus securing for himself the unapproachable power of the Inca. Nevertheless, the strength of the Empire had been weakened by the war. Historians still disagree as to why Atahualpa allowed Pizarro to advance unimpeded from the barren coastal desert, into the equally arid foothills of the northern cordillera, and ultimately, to climb the 13,000 feet necessary to descend back down into the cultivated valley of Cajamarca where the Inca had retired to rest from battle. Perhaps Atahualpa thought to gain an ally by the arrival of these strange white and bearded men, armored in breastplates, armed with blunderbusses, and astride horses. Contemporary chroniclers relate the distress felt by Pizarro and his fellow conquistadores upon looking out upon the great Inca army assembled below. There was no turning back now, however, and Pizarro adopted the same brazen strategy of Cortez. He would enter the lion's den for the greater glory of Spain and convert the pagans to Christianity or die in the attempt. One Father Valverde tried to teach Atahualpa the value of the Bible; disdainful, Atahualpa threw the Holy Book to the ground. Thereafter ensued a massacre that left hundreds of Indians dead due to the Spaniards' superior weaponry. Pizarro enslaved the Inca in order that he and his compatriots would not be slaughtered themselves. In order to secure his freedom, Atahualpa offered to fill a storeroom to the ceiling with the treasures of gold and silver that had been the catalyst of Pizarro's courage. But not even the fortune of the Inca could save Atahualpa from the conspiracies of the Spaniards; in 1533 he was accused of fomenting rebellion and sentenced to burn at the stake. In show of mercy, Father Valverde interceded and offered to reduce the sentence to death by garrote -- an end the Inca found less humiliating -- if only the Inca would recognize Christ as his savior. This done, Atahualpa's head was removed promptly from his body.

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And, as legend would have it, the head and body of Atahualpa have drifted apart for the last four centuries, a broken spirit ever waiting to be reunited by the reemergence of the Indian over the Spaniard.

I have not been in Peru since the fall of 1986. Stepping off the plane in Lima last week, it was not long before I saw that the state of affairs in Peru has worsened greatly in the last two years. Whether one analyzes Peru from the standpoint of its economy, its politics, or its society, one wonders whether the head and body of Atahualpa are not bound to meet, if not today, then one day soon. Lima once claimed for itself the title, La Ciudad de los Reyes -- The City of Kings. When Lima became the seat of the ViceRoyalty of Spain in the New World, New York did not exist. Much has changed since the belle epoque of the colony. No longer do viceroys arrive from Madrid to govern the New World with authority second only to the Spanish throne and God; today, the Plaza de Armas is bare of persons, cordoned off by heavily armed members of the Guardia Civil and Guardia Republicana. Inside the government palace resides President Alan Garcia Perez. Best known to the United States as the upstart Latin American politician, Garcia has tried to take on the international financial community by himself, limiting debt payments to 10% of the earnings from the gross national product. When I first arrived in Peru in August 1985, the country was full of hope for this young and dynamic man who spoke so forcefully on behalf of the poor. Rising through the ranks of the Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana (APRA party), President Garcia had been the protegé of Raul Haya de la Torre, the founder and head of the party since the early 1920's until his death earlier this decade. If Garcia's concern for the poor and marginalized Indians living in the highlands of the provinces or the mestizos living in the pueblos juvenes of the cities was interpreted by some as empty rhetoric and demagoguery, it was tolerated by even more because no one really wanted to see Atahualpa's head and body reunite with a violent shock.

The election of the APRA candidate in 1985 promised leadership governed by sixty years of party organization and discipline. APRA grew up from the early alliance of Haya de la Torre and the Peruvian essayist and political philosopher José Carlos Mariategui. In Mariategui's Siete Ensayos Sobre La Realidad Peruana, (Seven Essays on Peruvian Reality), the author argued that there actually existed two distinct countries in Peru. The dominant Peru was made up of whites and mestizos who could trace their ancestry to Spain and controlled the nation's economy from Lima and Trujillo on the coast. The other Peru was made up of the Indian, with his seemingly infinitesimal capacity to suffer, who served the economy in a state of feudal servitude. Haya de la Torre and Mariategui split in the mid-1920's when Mariategui became head of the Peruvian Communist Party. Borrowing heavily from Mariategui's ideas, Haya de la Torre pushed for his own indigenous reform movement, which became APRA. The Party's program does not differ terribly today from that outlined in the 1920's: increased industrialization (a kind of nascent import substitution strategy, later made famous by Raul Prebisch); the improvement of the Indian's lot through land reform, syndicalization, and state funded assistance programs in health, education and welfare; and last, a loudly proclaimed nationalism blamed imperialism for Peru's social and economic ills. Haya de la Torre and early APRA leaders were careful to point out that imperialism was global in scope, and did not emanate solely from the United States. Nonetheless, because the APRA platform favored nationalization of foreign companies in Peru, the Party was identified early on with the radical left. President August B. Leguia y Salcedo (1908-12, 1919-31) declared APRA illegal during his tenure in office. Until President Alan Garcia's election in 1985, APRA operated in an on-again, off-again legal or clandestine manner. Haya de la Torre was elected President in 1931 and contested the election of 1962. In both cases, he was prevented from taking office by the military who feared the consequences of the APRA platform. But as APRA had survived all of these efforts to destroy it, the

consensus prevailed that within the Party existed the means to resolve the economic crisis facing the country, and dilemma of Sendero Luminoso -- the shadowy, Maoist-inspired terrorist group which burst onto the national scene in 1980.

When I left in 1986, public confidence in Alan Garcia had begun to wane already. For as much as Latins deserve their "always tomorrow" reputation, they are equally idiosyncratic in that political solutions must pass quickly or patience wears thin. In the summer of 1986, Garcia's government was responsible for the massacre of more than 300 Sendero Luminoso prisoners in the prisons of Lurigancho and El Frontón. Public sentiment among the poor changed little, however. Subsidized and controlled prices for foodstuffs, real wage increases, and a government sponsored period of consumer led growth financed by increased imports kept the lower middle class and lower class content.

Two years later, the outward appearance of Lima has remained the same. Along the Pan-American Highway still sit the great pueblos jovenes, where straw shacks and adobe houses cling for life to great cerros of sandstone and dust. In the center of Lima, crowds still pack the Plaza San Martín. And in the wealthy neighborhoods of Miraflores and San Isidro, there are still Peruvians taking time for coffee and cigarettes. But behind the garden wall that separates the Peruvian house from the foreign observer on the street, the flowers seem to be dying for lack of water. Lima in the winter is not a cheery city; a gloomy mist settles over the coast, with what little moisture is left from the drop of rain over the Pacific's Peru Current, which then picks up speed and humidity again as the air rises over the sierra and lets go its precipitation in the Cordillera Blanca. The black carbon exhaust which smokes from unregulated tailpipes belonging to cars without windshield wipers (Limenños keep them inside the car for fear of theft) darkens even the brightly painted orange walls of the French Academy along the Avenida Arequipa. If one tries to seek refuge from the traffic by submitting oneself to the experience that is public transportation, one pits oneself against the body of Atahualpa. To get on a bus in Lima is to feel the hot breath of troubling statistics on one's nape. The irritated mestizo woman to one's left is trying to keep one of her 4.7 children from being swept out the door every time the bus jerks to a stop to the cry of "¡Sube! ¡Dale! ¡Entre!" The young boys who collect the ten Inti note (6 cents) before it falls apart in one's hand is just another boy making up the approximately 8 million Peruvians under the age of 14. Nearly 11 million are under 20 years of age. The old Indian to one's right whom one tries not to jostle, but has no choice, is one of millions who have migrated from the highlands to the coast in search of work. In 1940, 65% of Peru's population resided in the sierra. Today, the situation is reversed almost exactly: 65% of Peru's 21,255,900 citizens live in the coastal towns and cities. And the baby who stares perplexed at the white face above him may wonder why the infant mortality rate in Peru is 34.2 per 1000, as compared to 30 per 1000 in South America as a whole.

With so many mouths to feed, and so many sectors of the population to satisfy, it is not surprising that President Garcia could not keep everyone happy. As inflation approaches the 300-400% range this year, the body of Atahualpa has taken to the streets. The day after I arrived, I accompanied my companion and host in Lima, Federico Field, to the Plaza 2 de Mayo in Central Lima. The once proud Plaza is now covered with the same soot and grime that masks every other building. Hanging from the second story windows of the Republican architecture styled edifices are signs and banners representing every conceivable type of union in the country. While Federico conducted his business, a sharp noise from the street brought me to the balcony to witness the sight of members of the Guardia Civil,

bedecked in riot gear, breaking up the attempted meeting in the Plaza of the national teacher's union, SUTEP. As I found out later, SUTEP was not allowed to meet because permission for the assembly had not been sought through the proper channels. Even so, the appearance of the Guardia Civil in the Plaza 2 de Mayo did not stop them from initiating a nation-wide strike. As I continued to watch the Guardia Civil man the Plaza, a Peruvian described his feelings. "This government has not kept it's promises. Prices have soared -- look at the price of sugar. Meanwhile, a professor only earns 7-9000 Intis per month. That barely covers the first two weeks." At today's street exchange rate of 172 Intis to the dollar, this is less than \$50 a month.

The state of public education in general begs improvement. In Lima, public schools are little more than empty halls used to keep students in one place for an afternoon. When students and teachers do meet, the methodology employed is one of rote memorization. A teacher speaks, the students listen. A teacher inquires, the students recite. And there are distractions. Just this week, the Lima prefecture ordered the closure of a whorehouse doing business in front of a secondary school. Headmistress Nubila Tella had accused the brothel's prostitutes of catering to minors, including her students. In the sierra it is not uncommon for a teacher to leave an isolated town on Thursday evening to visit the coast before returning for class on Tuesday.

Sendero Luminoso fills the vacuum left by dissatisfied teachers and bored students. Recently the police detained a young student of a national secondary school in Ayacucho. The student had replaced pages from the text of his official History of Peru with pages from a book entitled Young Guerillas. One press report attributed the latter book to Moscow, but what strikes me as more important is the manner in which the student had assembled a chaotic collage of legend, history, and religion in his notebook. On the cover of the notebook, the student had pasted a large photo of Bruce Lee, the North American martial-arts film star; in the lower right hand corner, Bruce Lee's shoulder had been covered by a stamp of the Virgin Carmen. As if Bruce Lee were not enough to turn this society on its head, Sendero Luminoso distributes leaflets to schoolchildren. One such leaflet read, "No one nor anything will be able to stop the popular war that burns each day more strongly, approaching victory, extending itself throughout our country and developing a power yet to be seen. The popular war will avenge the blood spilled (perhaps a reference to the 1986 prison massacres; in general a reference to the Army's presence in the Emergency Zones)...Alan Garcia: genocide. The Armed Forces: genocide."

Last month, in the center-right weekly OIGA, there appeared excerpts from the draft of a book written by Brigadier General Roberto Clemente Noel. General Noel was commander in the Emergency Zone including Ayacucho from 1982-83. General Noel relates his own experience in the Emergency Zone and his knowledge of the origins of Sendero. The appearance of Sendero Luminoso in May 1980 was masterminded by the former professor at the Universidad San Cristóbal de Huamanga in Ayacucho, Abimael Guzmán Reynos. As Guzmán's students left the confines of the University to work in the surrounding countryside and puna, there began to form "Popular Schools", dedicated to teaching the poor in the early 1970's. Guzmán and other professors within the faculties of Law, Anthropology, Education, and Sociology formed a group then known as the "Red Flag." Guzmán established himself as the leader of the Ayacucho base, but by 1972, his group and another local committee called "Jose Carlos Mariategui" left the "Red Flag" camp and gave birth to their own, more radical, sect. Today, this is Sendero Luminoso.

In the eight years since Sendero began its terrorist campaign, killing members of the Guardia Civil, Guardia Republicana, or even campesinos who were not prepared to agree with the peculiar blend of Maoist philosophy advanced by Sendero, the group has succeeded in creating an atmosphere of fear and anxiety. Without speaking to the need of positive reform through a legitimate political process, Sendero members claim that change cannot take place until the entire structure of modern Peru has been wiped out. Very few observers here believe that Sendero has taken to heart the message left by Pope John Paul II during his visit to Peru. The signs still stand commemorating his visit with the words, "La Violencia solo engendra la Violencia, Muerte, y Destrucción (Violence only engenders more violence, more death, more destruction). This week, the second anniversary of the 1986 prison massacre, has been a week of tense expectation. Members of Peru's special antiterrorist unit, DIRCOTE, have arrested Osman Morote Barrionuevo, thought to be second-in-command of Sendero Luminoso. The capture of this former anthropology professor and personal friend of Abimael Guzmán, has given rise to the worry that Sendero Luminoso will try to kidnap a foreign national or increase its activity in order to secure Morote's release. The killing last week of an American engineer working on a development project in Huancayo (attributed to Sendero) and the mortar shelling of the U.S. Ambassador's residence (attributed to MRTA, or the Movimiento Revolucionario Tupac Amaru) have left visitors more than a little unsettled.

In my conversations with representatives of mining firms here, it has been made clear that the atmosphere created by Sendero is an obstacle to foreign, and indeed, domestic investment in the mining sector. According to this month's Andean Report, the foreign business community has started to react as well. The Japanese government advised Japanese businessmen to send their wives and children home after a Nissan distributor was attacked in Huancayo last month. Toyota's new chairman for Peru will arrive in Peru alone, preferring to leave his family behind.

Sendero has marked for attack those very persons who are trying to accelerate the development of Peru. At the end of March, a sugar cooperative in Andahuasi suffered millions of dollars in damages and the death of its manager. Compared to the larger coastal haciendas, such as those in the Napeña Valley -- which are always bogged down in political maneuvering within the cooperatives -- the Andahuasi project had been very successful, producing 800-850 tons of sugar cane a day. Yesterday afternoon, I sat down to talk with another member of the Field family, Enrique. Enrique is in his third year of dentistry school. Earlier in the day I had spoken with Señora Field about the difficulties of maintaining one's middle class status in the face of such economic uncertainty. The Fields are descendents of an Englishman who came to Peru in the 19th Century and made his fortune selling crackers and sweets. Though one still sees signs all over Lima advertising the company, the Fields long ago sold their shares in the firm. Señor Field chose to be a doctor, and as Señora Field laments, "When we were children, one became a profession, bought a house, and lived a comfortable life. But now it's different. If you don't dedicate yourself to business, you are lost." Enrique is filled with the same worry, and even greater ones. Next year he will spend six months in the sierra as part of a mandatory practical training period. He wonders what life will be like in a small mountain village, and given the rash of Sendero attacks on development projects, voices his concern. "Up till now, Sendero has left doctors alone. They realize that to touch the health sector would be a mistake. At the very least, who would take care of the emergencies? But I worry that there will come a day when Sendero will enter a rural medical post and ask me, 'Are you with us or are you with them?'"

While Enrique frets about his practical service, he will serve his time in the sierra. There are others, however, who have already decided that neither the APRA party nor President Alan Garcia has the key to unlock the future of Peru. Friends here tell me that the Canadian Embassy has been besieged by visa applicants wishing to immigrate to Canada, sometimes up to 300 per day. One young man I met here noted with regret that if he had only chosen a other profession than computer science, he might have received his visa. There is no shortage of Peruvians applying for visas to the United States. While I am not certain of the number trying to immigrate, there were easily 150 persons waiting to speak to the Consulate when I registered this week.

If one tries, one can ignore for a moment the tension in Lima. One can laugh at the millions of different fares cab drivers dream up to reach the same destination. One can marvel at the more than 500 money changers lining the streets of San Isidro and Miraflores alone, all with a calculator aloft. But before long, the city snaps back. Earlier this week, I hid out in a Kentucky Fried Chicken for a while, just to cool off about one particularly irritating cab driver. As I left, the Pacific breeze moved me to stop in front of an apartment building, reach into my daypack, and pull out a sweater. I did not see the man behind me trying to enter his building until I turned around to hear him joke, "Aha, I thought you were going to pull out a bomb." I did my best to muster up a smile and respond with a fast quip, but I could only frown and manage a short "No." Sometimes, the head and the body, they simply do not work together.

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