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Wanderer: A Special Publication of El Mestizo, Fall 2010

Columbia College Chicago

WANDERER

A SPECIAL PUBLICATION OF EL MESTIZO

SURF BY SEA, BY SKY

THE TRUE PISCO SOUR?

AT HOME WITH GRAMMY WINNER SUSANA BACA

STREET MUSIC AT BOHO BARRANCO

RED LIGHT LIMA

WALKING ON THE SEVENTH MODERN WONDER OF THE WORLD

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letter from the editors

THE FIRST TIME it crossed my mind to take students to Peru I remembered my days living with the Shining Path, the not so democratic Fujimori government and the galloping inflation. But so much has changed since then. Today Peru presents the fastest growing economy in South America and the terrorist movements have been so weakened that they are almost gone.

When many think about Peru, Machu Picchu is the first thing that comes to mind. But there is so much more to the third largest South American country. It's a mesmerizing and chaotic place with a rich culture located in a unique geographical part of the world.

It was time to go there and provide students an opportunity to explore new lands.

With the invaluable collaboration of my colleague Teresa Puente, who had already taken students to Mexico and Italy in semesters past, we decided to embark on this travel writing adventure.

Would students be interested in Peru? It didn't take too long to find out they were, even before we started advertising the class that took place over J-term in January of 2010.

We selected 13 students who came from the journalism, graphic design and photography departments. They were excited to travel abroad and even more during the South American summer while in Chicago snow was piling up.

We spent 11 days in Lima, founded in 1535 with the name of "City of the Kings,"and three days in Cusco, "the archaeological capital of the Americas," that was built over 2,000 years ago.

Students reported, wrote, blogged, photographed and produced multimedia stories. Even though the course is called "Travel Writing" the scope of their work went way beyond that. Every visit to markets, museums, cultural and archaeological sites was fully documented. They experienced life with the local Peruvians by sharing stories, food and dance. They produced a body of work that explored aspects of daily life, social issues, entertainment and culture.

But we wanted a print example of their work, so we chose 15 stories that appear in this magazine, each one visually edited and designed by students from another class: Visual Journalism SP 2010. These pages are their final project. Teresa and I hope you enjoy what this talented group of 27 students, who worked in collaboration with each other, bring to you.

Elio Leturia and Teresa Puente

create... change

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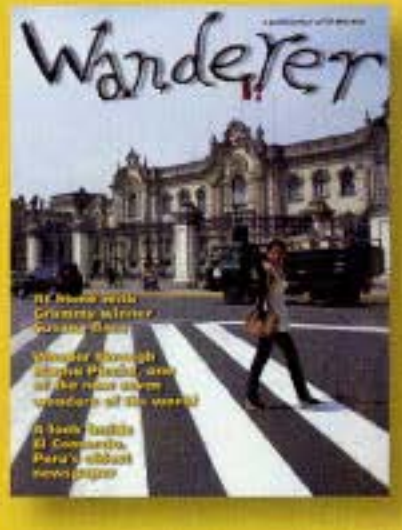
PLEASE RECYCLE

Student **Wanderer** magazine is a student-produced publication of the Columbia College Chicago Journalism Department and the Hispanic Journalists of Columbia student organization. It does not necessarily represent, in whole or in part, the views of college administrators, faculty or the student body.

A llama wandering in Machu Picchu, Cusco. The bohemian restaurant bar *Songoro Cosongo*. *Rosa Naútica* restaurant on the sea in Miraflores. Presidential palace in downtown Lima. Typical Peruvian buffet at *Mango's* Restaurant . Chimú gold piece at *Larco Herrera* museum. Stone jewelry at *Mercado Indio*. Barranco's main old Library. Alpaca textiles at *Mercado Indio*. Street vendor sells fruits in Miraflores.

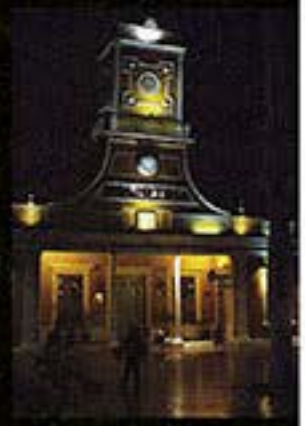
Wanderer magazine is a collaborative project produced by the Spring 2010 **Visual Journalism** students, Department of Journalism of Columbia College Chicago. Each student edited, designed and laid out each story as their final class project. The articles and the photography were produced by the students who took the JTerm class **Travel Writing: Peru** and spent two weeks in Lima and Cusco, Peru in January 2010.

RIGHT *The two covers for this issue were designed by Stephanie Saviola and Jorell Espinoza.*








inside

SEPTEMBER 2010

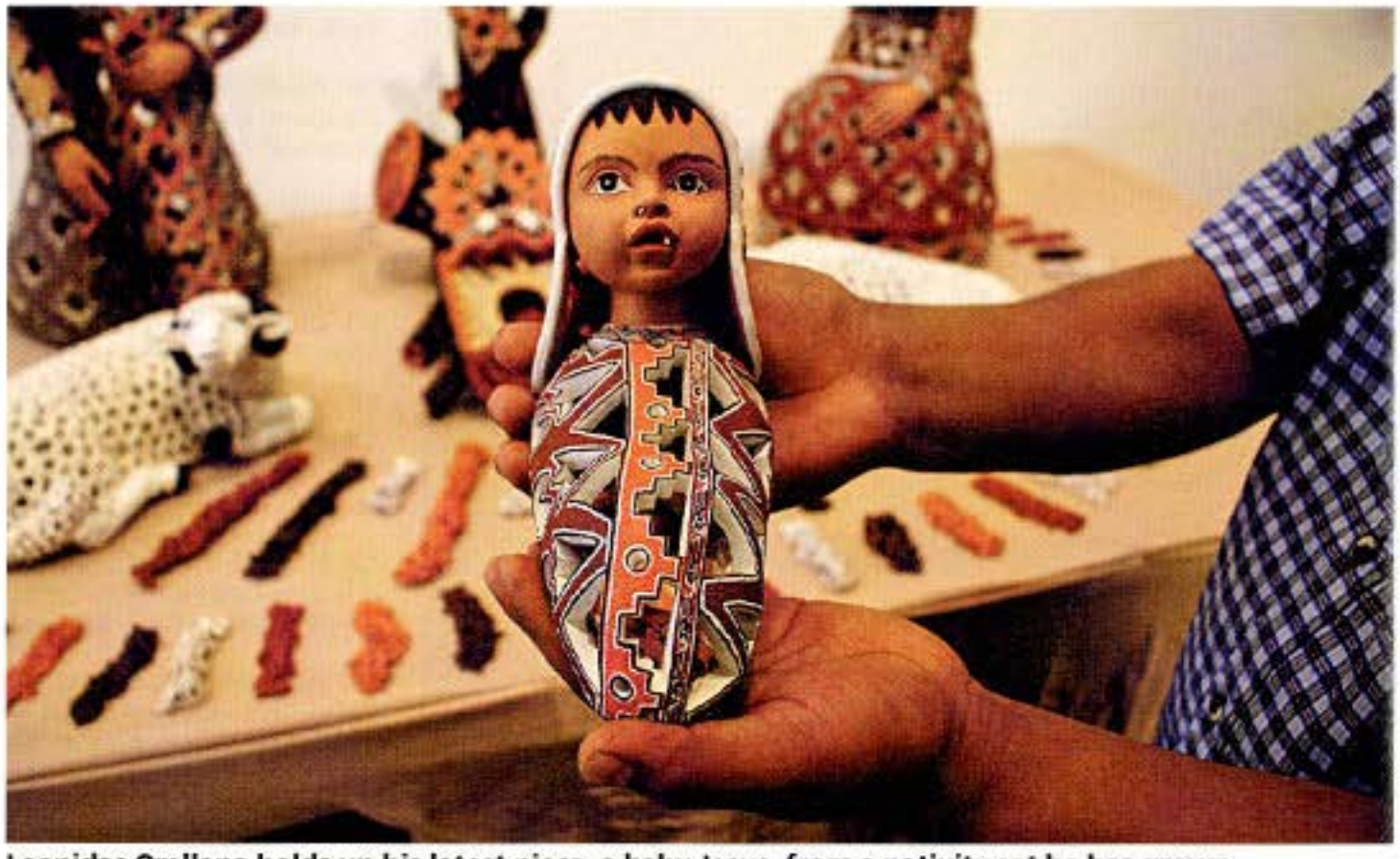
PHOTOS by KRISTA HINES, AMBER PORTER, LAURA NALIN, EMI PETERS, LAUREN BROSTOWITZ

If it's pottery you're after, nothing matches the unique style Peruvian artist and teacher Leonidas Orellana has developed over 13 years of practice.

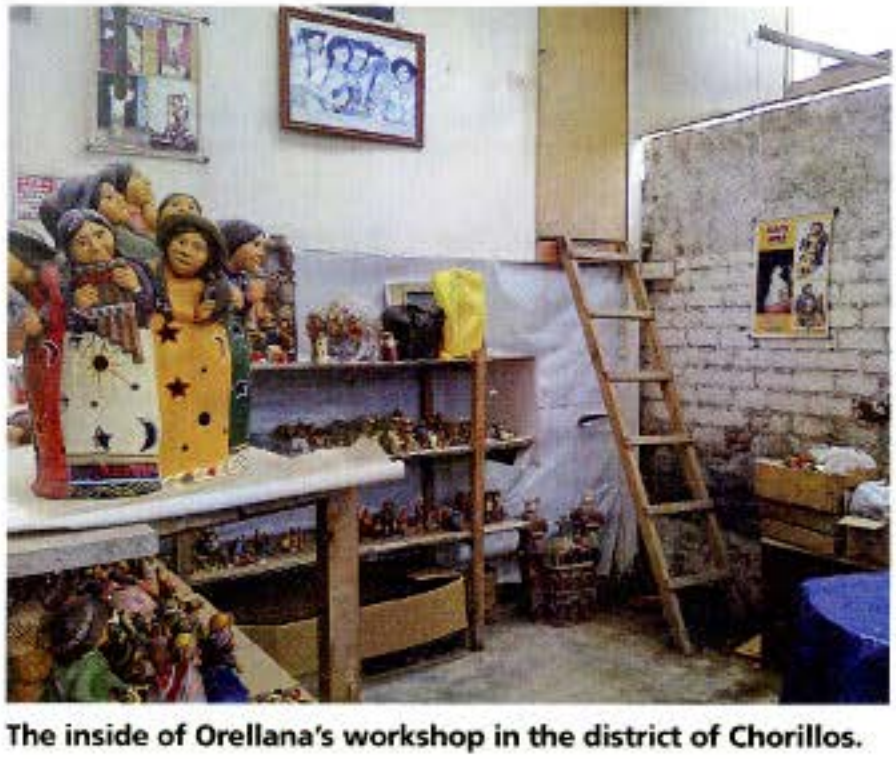
ALPA RUNA-STYLE FOLK ART

PHOTOS AND STORY BY LAUREN BROSTOWITZ

In the district of Chorillos, in Lima, Peru, labyrinths of cleverly constructed houses line the street. Where calamines, or large metal plates, formed the roofs of maze-like Peruvian homes, Leonidas Orellana Castro, a Peruvian ceramics artist, sat in his lime-colored office and juggles a mass of clay between his hands. Surrounded by dozens of flawless nativity scenes and tiny hand-painted Noah's arcs, Orellana discussed



Leonidas Orellana holds up his latest piece, a baby Jesus, from a nativity set he has grown locally famous for creating.



The inside of Orellana's workshop in the district of Chorillos.

what has been his family's life's work for over 100 years.

Orellana, 45, was born in Ayacucho, which is an artists' village where 36 churches stand tall. It's no surprise that his work has a strong religious inspiration. He has been creating art for 13 years, and his work was recently featured in the exhibit *Instituto Cultural Teatral y Social's* yearly contest, *Navidad es Jesús.*

The fusion of Catholic imagery and Peruvian styles expressed throughout his intricately crafted ceramics has been a custom within his family over the years. Six of his seven brothers and sisters are also folk artists. He began sculpting when he was a child and has upheld the family tradition, working side by side with his son and wife, Pilar Guisado Gonzáles who help hand paint the abundant creations that are conceived, molded, fired and painted in his home. He also has four children, two chickens, three dogs, two pigeons and a guinea pig. These, he tells me, are his children's pets.

"I try to make an artistic work with my own feelings and also of Peru," Orellana said, as he looked at a tiny round box his grandfather, Daniel Castro, made. Inside were delicate hand made Quechua Indians, beautifully constructed with a potato paste that has quite a past. The paste is composed of glue, water, flour and potatoes,

and this style referred to as *imaginero*, or one who imagines, has been passed down to him.

"All my work comes from a tradition, but it's also a fusion of all the techniques," Orellana said.

"The Peruvian culture is the richest culture in all of South America."

Orellana has thrived off a humble life by exporting his art throughout Peru and countries around the world. Fifty percent of his exports go to the United States, 30 to 40 percent to Europe, and only 10 percent are sold locally. An order of 200 Noah's arcs sat waiting in his office to be sent to Switzerland. Aligned in neat rows, the little blue boats overflowing with animals sat waiting to be shipped overseas.

According to Orellana's friend, Aldo Díaz Lozano, who is the curator of the museum in which his work was displayed, Orellana's work is very original despite similarities in style among other artists.

"He is a good person with a big heart and a powerful fate," Díaz said. "His drive and compassion is always expressed in his work."

And as if his heart wasn't already big enough, Orellana has converted his home into a quaint pottery school, Alpa Runa, which also is living quarters for four young artists who are looking to master his skills. These artists not only learn the trade, but also gain a sense of camaraderie as they live and work for a moderate wage. Eight of his former students have already opened their own galleries, workshops, and studios.

Richard Ichaccaya Pariona, a student at the institute, sat painting details on a fired piece of pottery where rows of identical donkeys riding motorcycles and skeletons wearing doctor's outfits sat scattered across tables waiting to be sold. Ichaccaya is currently spending his last week at the institute as he prepares for his studies at *Bellas Artes* school in Huamanga.

Ichaccaya said his time at Alpa Runa has adequately prepared him for his future and he owes this opportunity to Orellana. Without him, none of it would have been possible.

A student of Orellana, Richard Ichaccaya Pariona, is thankful for the skills he has picked up making pottery at Alpa Runa.

Edu Orellana, 7, who hid behind the wall of his father's office as he listened to the foreign words of our interview, said he loves his work very much. Edu wants to be a policeman when he gets older because he wants to "catch the bad guys" but he enjoys watching his father work despite his own future aspirations.

For Orellana, working with his family has made him a happy, successful artist. He eats breakfast and lunch with his wife and children every day and considers himself lucky and content because of this.

"It's about family unity," he said. "My wife and my children make my art stronger."

—Design by Luis Arriaga

AS THE WAVES ROLL IN

Peruvian natives find solace in riding the waves of the Latin American coast

PHOTOS AND STORY BY SARA ROSENBLUM

THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE said about being "one with the elements." Yet how often do we have the chance?

As I gazed out over the Pacific Ocean from the shoreline of Lima, Peru, the sun cast its shadow over the curling seas, I found myself an observer in the temple of wave riders who glide on water piercing the air with their tanned torsos and sleek boards.

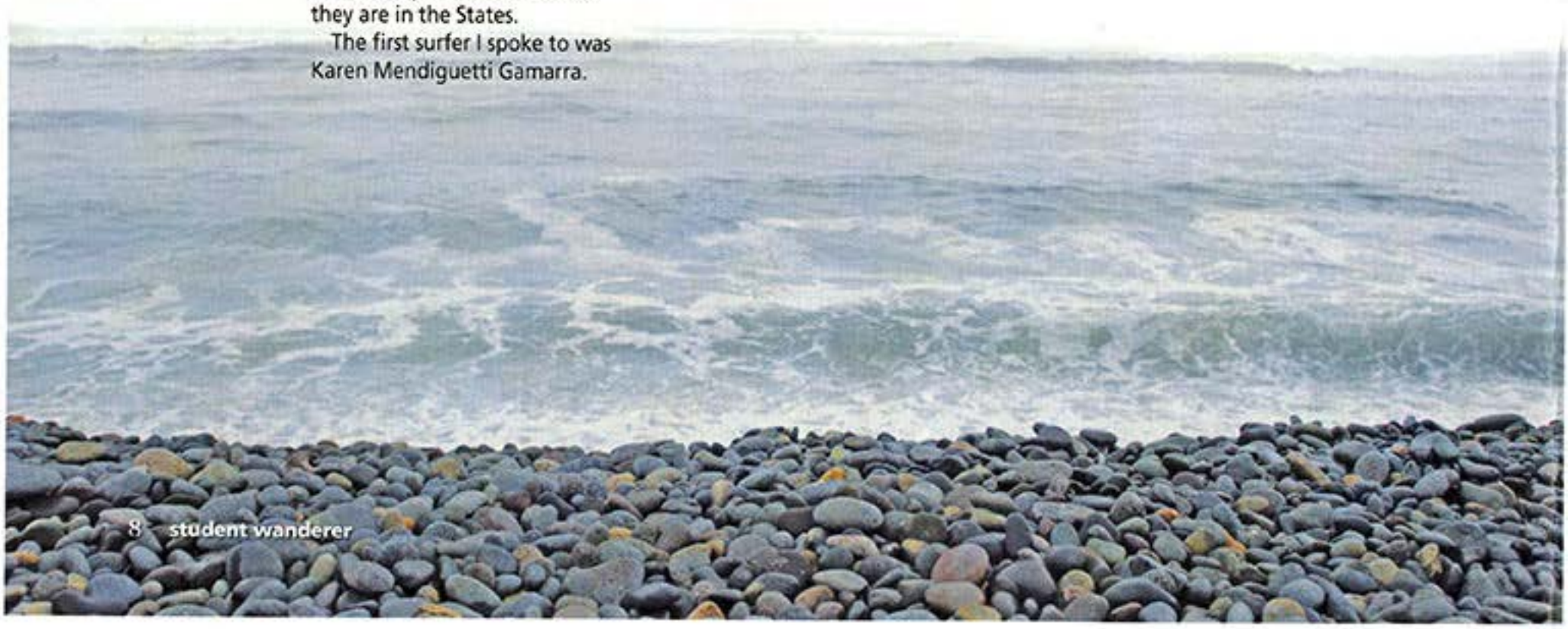
To many, surfing is considered more of a religion than casual sport where understanding and respect for your surroundings leads to the redemption of riding the "perfect wave."

These are the stories of three such individuals whose devotion and dedication have become the very center of their lives.

As I entered the beach I was immediately excited to see the numerous surfboards lined up and the countless bodies sitting upright in the ocean on short and long surfboards.

People gave each other the "hang ten" hand signal and there were hugs all around. Instantly, I knew the surfers in Peru were just as laid back as they are in the States.

The first surfer I spoke to was Karen Mendiguetti Gamarra.



She is currently ranked the number two female surfer in all of Peru.

As I walked over to speak with her, I became very nervous and intimidated by her skill.

I sat down in front of her, with my translator, and in my best Spanish possible said, "thank you so much for helping me with my interviews."

I must have said something incorrectly because she laughed a little which also broke the tension.

Karen is a 25-year-old surfer and has been riding waves for 10 years.

"I didn't know anything at first, but now I can read the ocean and the waves and it is easy to surf anywhere," she told me.

Karen also informed me that she competes and has traveled many places to represent Peru in competitions.

She has surfed in such places as Chile, Portugal and the Margarita Islands.

"I continue to surf because it is my life," she said with a huge grin on her face.

I proceeded to ask her what her favorite surfing memory was and was happily surprised with her answer.

She told me, only a few miles away from where we were sitting, she was surfing while completely surrounded my dolphins.

"I feel peacefulness, freedom, and a connection with nature when I am in the ocean," she told me as she gazed far off the coast.

I could see the immense passion in her eyes and knew she was truly one with the surf.

I sat for a while facing the crashing waves, listening to the rocks get pushed and pulled by the rough water.

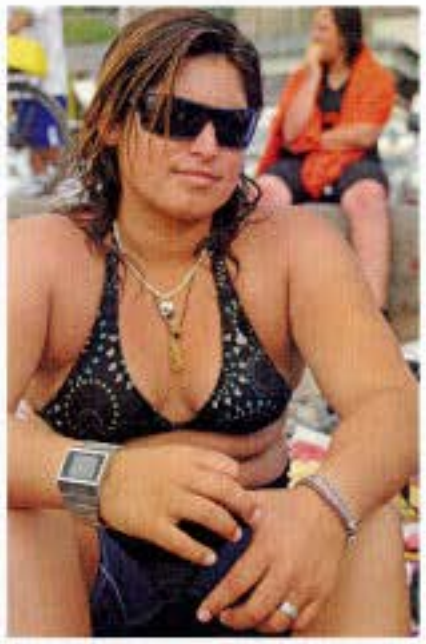
I then began speaking with a man named Ricardo Garcia Hozboa, more commonly known as Doc.

Doc is a 57-year-old man who is a third generation surfer in his family.

He was very proud to tell me this and added his son is a fourth generation surfer.

"The most important part is the feeling... I dance with the waves and walk on water"

—RICARDO GARCÍA HOZBOA, *third generation surfer*



"Surfing helps me get rid of my stress all the time. It is just me and the ocean, you know"

—DAVID VARA AMES, *native Peruvian, surfer for four years*

He has been surfing for 50 years and I could tell by his dark tan he knew more about the waves than anyone else at the beach.

"Surfing is always the same, the most important part is the feeling, the feeling is always the same. I dance with the waves and walk on water," he said.

Also, Doc has traveled all over the globe to surf.

He has been to Mexico, Hawaii, Ecuador, Chile, and the Galápagos Islands, just to name a few.

"I feel peacefulness, freedom, and a connection with nature when I am in the ocean"

—KAREN MENDIGUETTI GAMARRA, *ranked number two female surfer in Peru*

Even though Doc has traveled all these places he made it a point to make sure I knew his favorite waves were in Peru.

"My favorite memory surfing was the first day and the last day. Every day," Doc sighed with wide eyes.

I could tell he was longing to be where he felt most at home, among the waves.

As I snapped a few photographs of Doc, I saw the water captivate him as if it was calling his name.

Soon he would be answering.

I once again found myself getting lost in the waves.

I began walking down the sandless beach balancing on the millions of small rocks that make up the coast.

I then began talking to David Vara Ames, a 35-year-old surfer who has been surfing for only four years.

"I am still improving, every time I get into the water I get a little better and more confident," he laughed.

He then proceeded to tell me when surfing first came to Peru it was something mainly the wealthy did.

This was because surfboards weren't made in Peru, so it was expensive to buy them.

David looked out to the water, back at me, out to the water, and back at me again, then finally said, "Surfing helps me get rid of my stress all the time. It is just me and the ocean, you know. There are many places here but the ocean in consistent."

From the tone is his voice it was clear that he truly loves the ocean and to surf.

"I feel really connected to nature, I feel I am a part of nature when I am out there," he explained as he pointed towards the water with his head.

David's connection to the waves was apparent and strong and clearly reciprocated by the ocean for him.

I myself felt like an outsider after hearing these stories and began to look at the Peruvian shoreline differently.

As I watched the waves roll in, I heard its call and wondered what it was trying to tell me.

I saw the surfers as though they were choreographing a dance in worship of the music being conducted by the rolling waves.

And yet, despite the fury, I marveled at their inner peace and calmness.

I suppose it came from understanding that the only thing you can control in life is not what occurs but how you choose to react.

—Design by Lucy Froemmling

View of the Miraflores district from above the Pacific Ocean.

PERU

The Miraflores district of Lima, Peru, is more than a place to fall in love. It's a place to fly. But unlike most international trysts where people don't want strings attached, you'll want strings attached as you soar over skyscrapers.

BY LAURA NALIN

People often yearn to travel to fall in love and get swept off their feet. On the other hand, some prefer to embark on bold journeys in hopes of fulfilling the intense adrenaline high they crave on a daily basis. In *Parque Del Amor,* both lovers and adventure fanatics become the perfect recipe for a melting pot where it can happen. Literally.

On a small patch of grass located on Avenida de la Aviación in Miraflores, tourists flock to witness pillow-like structures carry the paragliders into the air over Lima's *Costa Verde,* also known as the green coast. For 150 soles (approximately $50 U.S. dollars), thrill-seekers are escorted to their pilot, who, for the next 10 minutes of their lives takes them on an aerial adventure among buildings and 200-foot high mountain peaks that unite the Pacific Ocean's coastline with the

Miraflores district of Lima.

Infamous for my fear of heights, I decided let go of any impending worries that otherwise might have been hindering me from pulling off such a personal feat. I felt the harness fasten around my waist as my nervous hands gripped the rough, canvas handles as I stared my instructor nervously in the eye.

"On the count of three, you are going to sit down, Ok?" he asked, with a reassuring smile that slighted my nerves into an unexpected trust.

Next thing I knew, he swept me off my feet. This was not the love that most stumble upon when traveling to the *Parque Del Amor,* but rather a newborn admiration for the airborne delight that this man was taking me on.

Each day hundreds of people stand in line to experience the excitement of zig-zagging through the air, reaching altitudes of 700 feet above sea level. Sure this may sound unappealing to some, but to others, this is the perfect getaway from the daily reality that keeps them grounded.

As I soared above the coast, I could not believe what I was seeing. Tall skyscrapers that towered over me on land were now getting smaller as my pilot and I elevated through the air. After my 15 minutes of flight time, I could totally see how people do this on a regular basis.

Sebastien Czaka, 28, trained pilot and tourist from Zurich, Switzerland is one of those people. Czaka said that he thinks paragliding is the "best sport out there." He added that he comes to South America, primarily Lima, during the wintertime because it is too cold in Switzerland.

For more information on paragliding in Lima, visit Parapente.com/pe

"With the glider you are closer to nature," he said. "You are flying with the wind through the sky. This is freedom."

Not everyone that works in the business knew what paragliding was. Enzo Muñoz was walking through the park when he saw a sign that read "manager needed." Muñoz, a native of Argentina smiled as he said he came to Peru for work, but mostly for love. "I moved here 10 years ago, and I stayed," he said.

The pilots at the Miraflores location belong to APIT, an association for Peruvians trained in tandem flights. The park isn't just for the pilots to take those interested soaring through the sky. It is open to anyone who meets the qualifications to operate paragliding equipment.

"Right now it's a public park, people need to show they are trained pilots and a flying license in order to fly here," Muñoz said.

One of the pilots who takes the adventurous patrons flying is Riner Binek, 27, a native of Lima. Binek has been paragliding for the past 13 years, and said that he has been interested in aerodynamics since he was a child.

"When I was very young I would build airplanes," he said. "As I got older my friends and family would say, 'it's time for you to fly like a man,' and the rest is history."

—Design by Angélica Chávez

Fresh from the skies, this paraglider safely lands.

PARAGLIDING IN LIMA

Peru's capital Lima lays on the Pacific Ocean. Paragliding takes place in the Miraflores district area, next to the Larcomar mall.

GLIDING

Executive editor Hugo Guerra leads a group of Columbia College Chicago students in the heart of El Comercio's headquarters in downtown Lima.

KRISTA HINES

Students chat with Guerra in El Comercio's "vault." KRISTA HINES

From old to new, El Comercio keeps updated through its newsroom. KRISTA HINES

HEART OF A NEWS

An in-depth look at the impact of El Comercio, Peru's oldest daily

BY EMI PETERS

A man dressed in a black, pin-striped suit with a light blue dress shirt and dark blue tie carefully leads a tour group of Columbia College Chicago students through a noisy construction area inside an aging but graceful gray stone building. The man takes the group up a winding, dark mahogany staircase to a second-floor landing, where the group stops to view and take pictures of an impressive, glass mosaic ceiling. With a thick and husky Spanish accent, Hugo Guerra gives a brief history of how a small newspaper establishment turned into Peru's premiere source for news and information.

El Comercio, the oldest and most prominent newspaper in Peru, has been the main source of news for over 170 years. El Comercio has a rich, in-depth history and has flourished above 23 other daily newspapers in Lima alone.

Guerra, the executive editor of the paper, continues the tour, leading the group past a large room full of reporters, graphic designers and photographers busy at work on their computers. At the end of a deserted hallway, Guerra stops in front of a large, dark wooden door, arms crossed and legs spread, as if guarding some impressive secret.

"We usually don't show this, but thanks to our friendship, we're going to open our treasury," he quips. After a brief pause, another man arrives with a key to open the forbidden door, allowing everyone inside of a dark, regal-looking room. The room is coated in rich, dark woods and ceiling-high shelves are packed with leather-bound books. These books hold the immense archives of every issue of El Comercio ever printed, dating back to the paper's very first issue, published in 1839.

Hardships to headlines

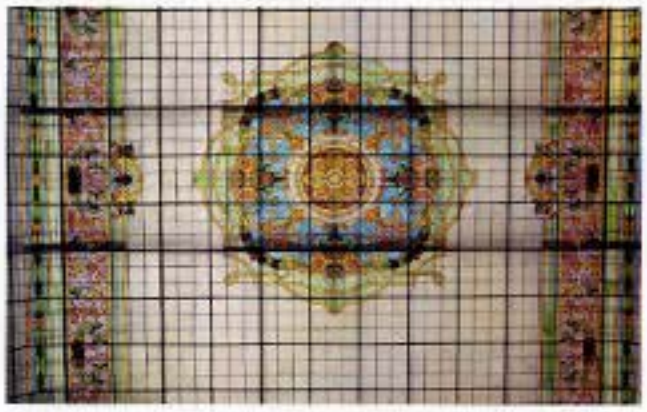
It was in that year that Peru's prominent Miró Quesada family established the newspaper. In the seventies, left-wing dictator Juan Velasco Alvarado seized the paper from the family in an attempt to create a socialist revolution. In 1980, democracy was re-established in Peru under the presidency of Fernando Belaunde and El Comercio was returned to the Miró Quesada family. It was President Belaunde's first official act upon assuming the presidency.

"This is very symbolic for us," explains Guerra as he points to a hanging glass display of the historic 1980 issue detailing Belaunde's achievement.

However, in the 1990s, El Comercio was again in danger of being taken over and brutally censored, this time, under the corrupt and authoritarian rule of Alberto Fujimori. Fujimori took a repressive stance on the opposition and attempted to crackdown

El Comercio's first issue in 1839 and 2010's current issue

PAPER



The glass ceiling right after entering through the main doors is a stunning piece of art.

on the free press. Despite this, independently owned newspapers like El Comercio and La República played critical roles in bringing down the Fujimori government. Because of the papers' journalistic professionalism, the Inter American Press Association honored them with the freedom of expression award for their symbolic labor during difficult times.

Standing strong in the digital age

Today, El Comercio is independently operated under the ownership of one main corporation, Empresa Editora El Comercio S.A. In addition to El Comercio, Empresa Editora produces a number of other Spanish-language publications, including Peru 21, Gestión and Trome, a popular tabloid with a daily circulation of 600,000.

El Comercio's own daily circulation of 80,000 during the week (200,000 on weekends) reaches a broad audience. Newsstands located on almost every block in Lima sell sizable quantities of El Comercio and its sister publications. Newsstands like the one on the corner of Grimaldo Del Solar and Alfredo Benavides in Lima's Miraflores district receive a shipment of about 70 issues of El Comercio on a daily basis. The woman who sells these papers behind the counter, Anali Escobar, says the reason why El Comercio is so popular is because "it has a history and the most information. It's the most recognized paper here," she says.

Unlike the U.S., where newspapers are a dying breed and cities like Chicago only have two main dailies standing, Lima's admirable newspaper count of 24 citywide dailies seems to be flourishing, and for good reason.

"The majority of them are tabloids and owners are usually involved in politics or are close to politicians and/or political parties," says Virginia Rey-Sánchez, former senior writer of business and economy at El Comercio. "Tabloids are used by the owners as a political tool. Its main objective every day is to have a front page with the political target or objective of the day. Newspaper *kioskos* [stands] are characterized here during the day to show just the front pages, hanging them up, where people stop by and read them," generating popularity.

WIKIPEDIA COMMONS

Front of El Comercio main building, opened in 1924.

Escobar noted that another reason people in Lima read newspapers more is because of the lack of Internet in homes, which is where nearly half of all U.S. consumers obtain their news, according to a Zogby Interactive online poll.

"Not everybody can afford the Internet here," says Escobar. "That's why newspapers are more popular. Here, there are more divisions in culture and not everybody has as much money" to afford that service.

But for struggling journalists in the United States who have dreams of becoming the next Carl Bernstein or Bob Woodward and love the excitement of print journalism but fear its quick demise is hindering that dream, maybe moving to the "City of Kings" would be the next best thing.

"Who knows, maybe you will find yourself working for El Comercio someday," Guerra tells the group of students with a sly smile. You never know.

—Design by Jorell Espinosa

Cloudy drink, cloudy past

The Pisco Sour's foamy appearance is caused by the egg whites blended into the concoction.

Bar Maury has seen international celebrities, sports stars and politicians come through its doors and order the Pisco Sour.

STORY AND PHOTOS BY DEREK KUCYNDA

From the first step inside Bar Maury, an upscale bar located in Hotel Maury in downtown Lima, oversized paintings of opulent individuals dancing animatedly and pisco sours adorn the red oak walls of the historic bar.

There are leather chairs and fine wood tables that fill the bar with decadence and class. The bartender, Eloy Cuadros Córdova, 68, dressed in a button-down white dress shirt and slacks, wipes off the clean counter where I can see my reflection through the oak finish. I sit down and ask him for Peru's national drink: the pisco sour, which Cuadros has been serving to bullfighters, sports stars, journalists, politicians and entertainers alike for almost half a century.

He mixes the ingredients in a blender with surprising efficiency and pours slowly, as to not fill the glass with too much froth, and sprinkles Angostura bitter drops and cinnamon on top, to give my libation an added kick.

"Everybody comes here for the pisco sour," Cuadros said. "This is why people come to this bar. Pisco sour was invented here."

Some of the patrons that have been served by Cuadros include singer and composer Alicia Maguiña, Gladys Zender, Miss Peru 1957 (who later became Miss Universe that same year) and former President Fernando Belaunde. It's no surprise that even politicians such as former U.S. President George W. Bush and Alan García, the current president of Peru, have been caught sipping this popular South American drink. Though there might be some conflict as to who created pisco sour and popularized it, there's no question that Peru's capital city of Lima serves up a tasty pisco cocktail, and a storied history about its origins.

In the 1500s, Spanish conquistadors planted grape vines in the Viceroyalty of Peru. The grapes flourished in the rich climate and soon, they were processed into a brandy called pisco. The former Viceroyalty of Peru was a large region that comprised parts of present-day Chile. In 1818, Chile claimed their independence, but both countries continued to produce pisco, according to Héctor Vega, the owner of Songoro Cosongo, a Criollo-style restaurant in Barranco.

"Before the Spanish [conquered] the Incas, there were no grapes in South America," Vega said. "The Spanish [conquistadors] with their big ships brought the grape. And from the grape, they started to prepare the liquor."

The drink I ordered was slightly sweet and tart. I would opt to go for a mixed drink instead. Vega says that the Machu pisco, a fruity/minty mix of rich

While the history of the drink's creation remains a national conflict, the Pisco Sour will always be Peru's most beloved cocktail

Bartender Eloy Cuadros Córdova mixes the Pisco Sour today in Bar Maury the same way he did upon the drink's invention 50 years ago.

THE PISCO SOUR

INGREDIENTS

3 parts Pisco
1 part *jarabe de goma* (or bar syrup)
1 part lime juice
1 egg white
Crushed ice

PREPARATION

1. Mix the pisco with the jarabe de goma in a blender.
2. Add the lime juice.
3. Add in crushed ice and egg white.
4. Blend until texture is smooth and creamy and the egg whites are foamy.
5. Serve in a small glass and add Angostura bitter drops and cinnamon to taste.

colors served cathedral-style (large size), and the Coco pisco, made with Coconut milk (and replacing the juice), are popular choices at his restaurant. He brings out the drinks right away and tells us, "It's an aperitif and goes well with *cancha* [roasted corn]. An excellent appetizer."

Cuadros echoes this statement, and says that pisco "opens your appetite" and goes well with radishes, green onions and celery sticks with salt, as well as *cancha*. "With that, you can have four, five, six pisco sours and you would be OK."

However, the origins of pisco sour remain cloudy, like the spirit itself. Rumors that a man named Gringo Morris created the drink on a whim in downtown Lima still run rampant at many of the bars I visited in Peru. But according to Cuadros, the originators were Graciano Cabrera, Aquiles Condori and Cuadros himself. At the time, he was 17 years old and washing glasses at Bar Maury and whenever the bartenders would go on vacation, Cuadros would take reign of Bar Maury.

"They were some barmen whom I worked with," Cuadros said. "I was their disciple. I am the youngest. These barmen were very restless and they would go out to play dice and they would start thinking about how to mix piscos and create something."

The first attempts at pisco sour left the cocktail tasting like lemonade. It also lacked a full-bodied taste, so the barmen added extra lime juice, sugar and even egg whites to create an entirely different drink altogether. According to Cuadros, measuring the egg white was the most difficult part because too much would make the drink too foamy and sometimes, the pisco sour would curdle.

"The egg is the body of the pisco sour," Cuadros said.

Though Cuadros is the last survivor of the original pisco trio, the myth about Gringo Morris is still very much alive. The rumor started when Morris used pisco instead of Whisky to make sours for the bar patrons and the drink garnered popularity for Morris, according to Cuadros, who was slightly annoyed at the mention of Gringo Morris, whom he never met.

"People are not going to tell me stories about pisco sour because I have been part of [the history]," Cuadros said. He also scoffs at the idea of Chile originating the pisco sour, stating that Chile does not have pisco; they have *aguardiente*, which burns the throat due to the lesser quality of the alcohol. Cuadros looks at me incredulously and simply states, "How can Chile have pisco sours when they don't have real pisco?"

Adding tension to the conflict, pisco sour is declared a national drink by both Chile and Peru, despite controversy regarding who created the drink first. However, the fact is that Peru was slow to act, since Chile patented the pisco 50 years ago. Cuadros thinks Chile was "sneaky" with pisco and certain native Peruvian fruits, but blames the Peruvian government on how they handled the situation.

"We fall asleep on our laurels," Cuadros said. "We have to blame the fathers of our country, or, as they call themselves, the government. The government hasn't done enough. If it wasn't for Raúl Vargas [from Radio Programas radio station] and myself, we wouldn't celebrate the day of the pisco sour," which began on February 7, 2002.

Though the day of pisco sour has just reached its eighth year, things are looking up for Peruvian pisco. Despite Chile's commercialization and exportation of pisco around the world, Peru remains to be a contender: "The process is very slow, but we're getting there," Cuadros said.

Pascal Richer, the owner of 615 Bar and Grill, located in Miraflores, compliments the government's efforts to export pisco and popularize Peruvian cuisine around the world. "I discovered Peru, where I found a beautiful wife and amazing food and drinks," he said.

It's a place he calls "home," though he was born in Canada. Even as he worked in bars in Miami and Houston, he said pisco sours were a popular "off-the-menu" item in regular supply in large cities. However, he says pisco has yet to be introduced to many areas of North America, with the exception of many metropolitan cities such as Miami, Houston, Vancouver, Los Angeles and Chicago, which already serve pisco at select bars. He said that in nearly every city, one can at least find bottles of pisco at select stores, which was not the case in the 1990s, when Peru's exports were considerably lower.

"Peru just came out of a bad few years of political problems," Richer said. "Now, they are actually growing very fast so their exports and imports with the United States and Canada are better now."

—Design by Brianna Wellen

SUSANA BACA'S

AFRO-PERUVIAN FLAVOR

How her passion for music and poetry won her a Grammy

BY EMI PETERS

It is not every day that a group of 13 college students and two instructors are invited to spend the afternoon in the home of a Grammy Award-winning singer. One would imagine that most internationally known Afro-Peruvian chanteuses would pass on the opportunity to play hostess to such a sizeable group. Susana Baca, however, was an exception. Warm and inviting, Baca was authentic and tender to the core. She greeted the group of students from Columbia College Chicago outside of her striking Chorrillos home, giving each one a welcoming smile, a hug and a quick peck on the cheek—the customary Latin American greeting. She then led everyone inside of her home, past a beautiful front foyer with lively, Spanish-style windows, and into an open, naturally lit dining area. The walls were painted with a cheerful blue and adorned with native Peruvian art. A feeling of relaxed comfort filled the room, and as the group rearranged chairs to create a cohesive circle for addressing questions and answers, Baca's enormous great dane, Madame Boo Boo, made her way to the center, and rounded herself out before carefully lying down on a large doggy pillow for a sound *siesta*. As the interview begins, Baca's homemade *chicha morada*, a sweet beverage made from purple corn, is passed around.

"I made this *chicha morada* for everyone, but if you don't want to drink it, don't feel obligated," Baca said in a sincere and soothing tone.

It was such gracious hospitality that proved Baca to be a paradox in a world full of self-important musicians.

The first Grammy came as a surprise.

In 2002, Baca won a Latin Grammy Award for Best Folk Album for her record *Lamento Negro*, an album comprised of previously unreleased material recorded in Cuba. The first Peruvian to receive a Grammy, Baca garnered well-deserved attention in her home country. She was even invited to the government's palace and asked to do the honors of raising the flag in her hometown of Chorrillos, a district of Lima, Peru.

"I was crying and crying and crying because it was all for me. It was so, so touching," she said. "People would tell me, 'Because of you, we [Peru] are known in the world.'"

Born into humble beginnings in Chorrillos' predominantly black coastal village, Baca grew up in a house filled with music and dance.

"Music was life," Baca said, recalling fond memories of her

Fotos ELIO LETURIA

Susana Baca at her studio in Chorrillos singing "Copla de la O" with excitement on her face.

ABOVE Grammy Award-winning singer, Susana Baca entertains the Peru Travel Writing Class from Columbia College Chicago in her home. BELOW "Lamento Negro," the album that got her the Grammy in 2002.

family singing and playing makeshift instruments made from furniture and silverware to pass the time. "We had no electricity, and no access to radio, so we would just play and sing."

Baca grew up surrounded by the rich sounds of traditional Afro-Peruvian music, a genre that has roots in the communities of black slaves brought to work in the mines along the Peruvian coast. Deeply connected to the spirit of black Peruvian music and culture and dedicated to its ongoing research, Baca co-founded the Instituto *Negrocontinuo* (Black Continuum Institute) along with her husband, sociologist Ricardo Pereira.

"People would always tell us that there was no public for Afro-Peruvian music; they would not pay attention to it," she said.

World exposure of Afro-Peruvian music is something that has always been of importance to Baca, who says she greatly admired the musical talent of Chabuca Granda, a legendary Peruvian singer and later mentor to Baca. Granda became a great inspiration for Baca, and she worked hard to achieve recognition in Peru, where opportunities for black women were slim. Finally, in 1995, Baca was introduced to an international audience after a fateful encounter with former *Talking Heads* front man David Byrne.

After Byrne saw a video of Baca singing *María Landó*, a touching folk song adapted from a poem written by César Calvo and composed by Granda, he was immediately intrigued and tracked the artist down. He then asked Baca if she would include the song on a compilation album, *The Soul of Black Peru*, which was produced under his world music label, *Luaka Bop*. Baca said yes and signed with the label that same year.

"I was crying and crying and crying because it was all for me. It was so, so touching ... People would tell me, 'Because of you, we [Peru] are known in the world.'"

"*María Landó* opened the doors for me," Baca says.

In 2005, Baca wanted to further her music research through a fellowship at Tulane University in New Orleans. After the tragedy of Hurricane Katrina, the singer's plans became virtually impossible, that is until the University of Chicago provided an affiliation for her through its Center for Latin American Studies and the Department of Music. There, Baca researched jazz through the university's acclaimed Jazz Archive in the Joseph Regenstein Library and presented her findings during a presentation entitled "A Trajectory of Poetry in Afro-Peruvian Music."

A year later, Baca was back in Chicago to collaborate on a dance piece with the famed Luna Negra Dance Theater. She worked directly with the Latino dance company's founder, Eduardo Vilaró, and together they choreographed *Mi Corazón Negro* (My Black Heart). The performance celebrated both black and Latino cultures, and Baca's music was presented as the inspirational centerpiece.

Michelle Manzanales, artistic director of Luna Negra and rehearsal director for *Mi Corazón Negro*, said working with Baca was a very fluid experience. "Susana was really great because she connected with the dancers," Manzanales said. "She was actually on stage dancing with us and was very open to what Eduardo was asking her to do. She just really wanted to be a part of it. She was integrated throughout the piece."

On April 23, 2010, Baca performed at the Old Town School of Folk Music in Chicago, her second performance at the venue. Nick Macri, concert marketing manager for Old Town, says Baca's music embodies an essence of folk music that Old Town tries to bring to its all-inclusive stage.

"We use the term "folk music" on a more world-stage sort of way, meaning there's folk music from every country and it's all different," Macri said. "It's not all just bluegrass and banjos. Folk music in Peru is of course going to be different from Virginia."

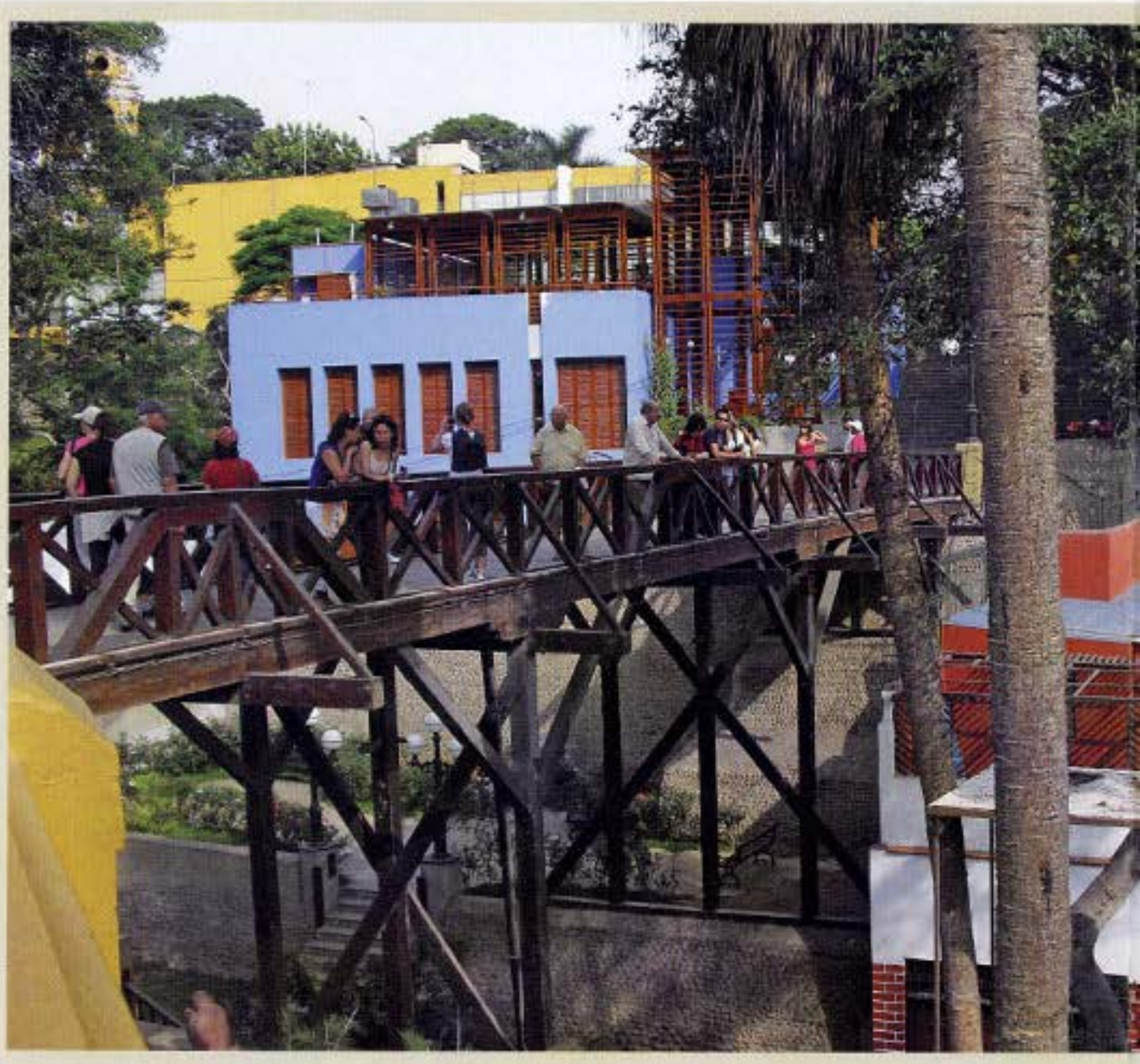
Afro-Peruvian folk music is exactly where Baca feels most comfortable expressing herself and thinks that in order to build an authenticity in her music, she needs to reconnect with her past, something she does through her continual research on traditional black music in Peru.

"In order to be able to move forward, I need to know what traditional music is," she said. "Who is to say that this music doesn't have a soul and an expression that also speaks about Peru and how profound the country is."

—Design by Ashley McGuire

Boho beats i

Two street musicians follow their passion by performing in artsy neighborhood in Lima



BY BENITA ZEPEDA

During the weekends, two young men walk around the neighborhood of Barranco with a guitar and a flute plastered to their sides. They smile coyly at all the beautiful girls in the street and nod respectfully at the gentleman that pay attention to them.

Once they arrive to their street corner venue, Peruvian natives Samuel Vilca, 25, and Ronald De La Cruz Castro, 28, unpack their instruments in less than a minute and begin playing songs many tourists recognize that create the perfect soundtrack to supplement Barranco's picturesque landscape.

The charming neighborhood is located along the coast of Lima. At the top of a long, cobble stone path lined with a colorful string of houses and restaurants, one can view the ocean, flowers, mountains and trees that creates the ideal blend of natural beauty and architectural distinctiveness.

While Barranco bustles with both tourists and locals, music is echoed throughout the town. One can sit at a restaurant and be serenaded with Latin American music or more familiar tunes of the Beatles or Simon and Garfunkel.

Vilca and De la Cruz said they play songs that are more commercial, which is not really what they desire to do.

"My passion really is Latin American music," said Vilca. "We play more American songs for the tourists. We make more money that way."

Vilca and De La Cruz have been playing together in Barranco for the past 10 years. Vilca plays a wooden flute while De La Cruz strums on his guitar. They both play various instruments, but the blend of the flute and guitar is that works the best for these two friends to show off their nameless mobile duet.

The duo can be found out on the street or on the balconies of various restaurants. They also play on the top of the walkway overlooking the ocean and beach in Barranco for tourists hoping for a tip.

They said that they aren't exclusively musicians there, but travel in neighboring areas including Miraflores. However, there is something about playing in Barranco that they prefer.

"I love native instruments and this place is really interesting because there are many tourists that like to hear native instruments," said Vilca. "Here in Barranco, the people prefer to hear more native music. They also like to hear songs from their country."

"Playing the street started out as something that was a necessity... but then that necessity turned into a passion."

—RONALD DE LA CRUZ, *street performer in Barranco*

Playing music in the streets for tourists was not the first idea De La Cruz has for his life. "I never thought I would be a musician," said De La Cruz.

He eventually noticed how easy it was to make money for playing some of his favorite songs, and then he started letting his passion shine through.

"Playing the street started out as something that was a necessity, because of the economy, but then that necessity turned into a passion."

During the week, both teach less fortunate students how to play music at a local school because both went to school to study music.

"The music has been giving a lot of things," Vilca said. "It has opened doors for me in a lot of places."

n Barranco

BENITA ZEPEDA

formers don't need to have any type of license to perform and added that the music is really enjoyable for the area and doesn't bother their business.

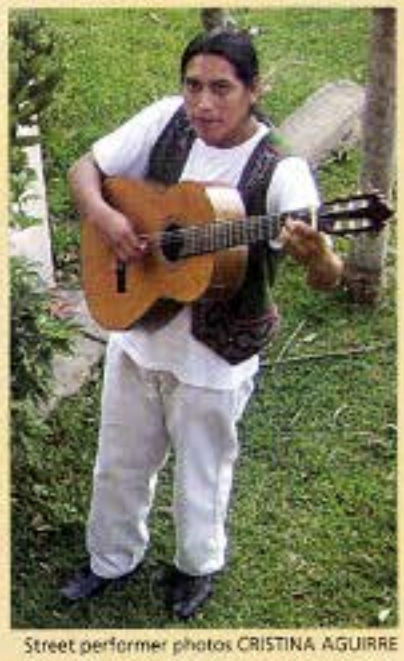
"The music is very pretty," he said. "But it depends on the client. It's a lot of Latin American music but there is also Bolivian, Colombian, and North American music."

Pinto said that when it comes to musicians playing in the actual restaurants it depends on whoever is running the house, or the kitchen on that night.

Vilca and De La Cruz said they will continue playing music in Barranco by the water.

"I won't ever leave the music," Vilca said. "The music is my element, my soul and spirit. It has given me a lot of inner tranquility, and it helps me become calm... knowing that you can give happiness to others, it makes me feel very special."

—Design by Stephanie Saviola



Street performer photos CRISTINA AGUIRRE

RIGHT **Street performer Samuel Vilca;** ABOVE **Ronald De La Cruz Castro;** BELOW **A typical street lined with houses and trees**

BENITA ZEPEDA

LEFT ***Puente de los Suspiros,* a famous bridge in colorful Barranco** BOTTOM **The Barranco neighborhood is hilly with bridges and sidewalks curving through houses and shops.**

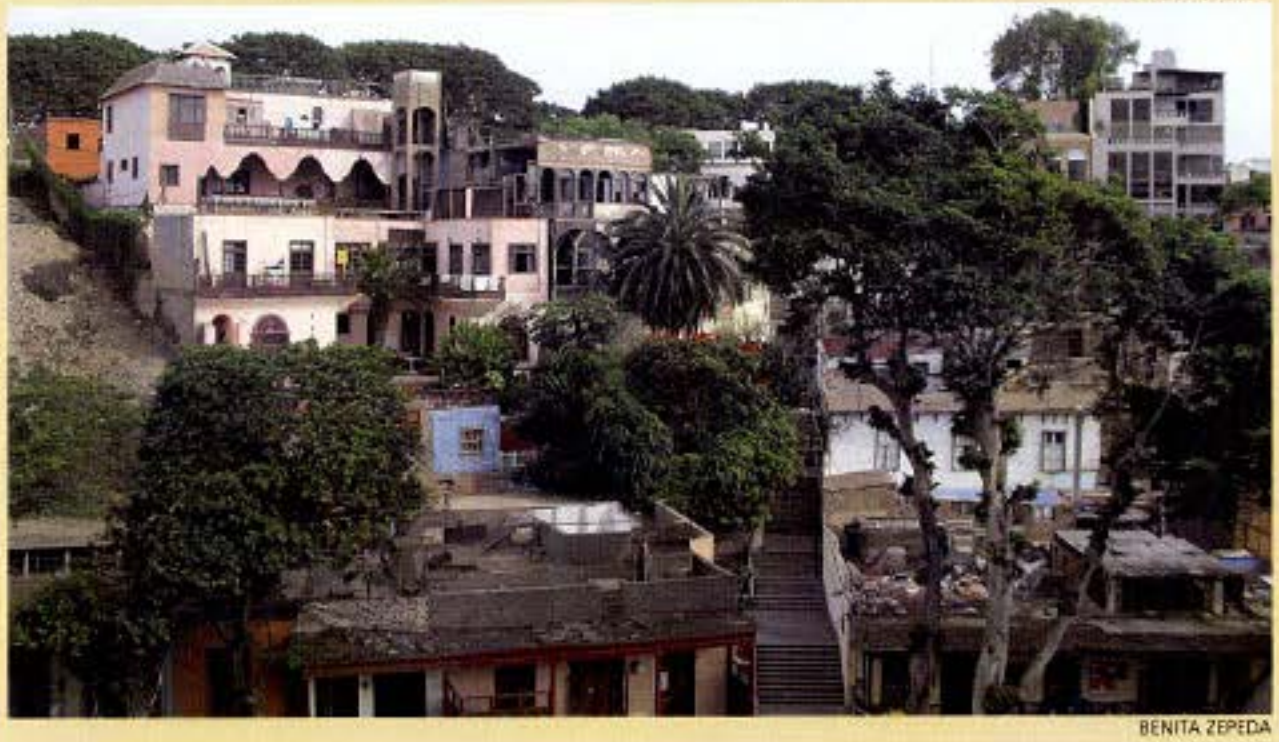
The duo said they have competition with a lot of street performers, but there are so many different places to play music it is never really an issue. Each group has a different musical element to it.

Some musicians work in duos, like De La Cruz and Vilca, some are entire families and others are solo musicians.

Unlike street performing in the United States, musicians don't need to have a permit to play in different establishments.

Storeowners have an understanding that these musicians will come, play for their patrons and leave quietly after a song or two.

Jorge Omar Pinto, 41, a server and chef at *La Posada Del Mirador Pub* in Barranco, said street per-



BENITA ZEPEDA

Machu Picchu: Window to the world

BY LAUREN WILLE

The seventh wonder of the modern world was not originally discovered by Hiram Bingham

KRISTA HINES

LAUREN BROSTOWITZ

TOP Rómulo Lizárraga explains the history of Machu Picchu and his connection to it. LEFT Machu Picchu, as seen in many postcards.

Four women from Chicago line up with their arms around one another, posing with the scenery of Machu Picchu glowing behind them. One of them tells me this has been one of the places on her list to see for 20 years and she finally made it. Another says, "It's one of the most beautiful spots in the world. Why wouldn't I come?"

"I came here so my husband can watch my daughter over winter break," Barbara Wing laughs at her own comment as she hands me her camera. "She goes to Columbia College." I fit a background of mountains and green space into the digital screen, and wonder how out of all the people in Peru, I meet four women from not only my home country but also from my city.

Recently acclaimed as the 7th wonder of the modern world, Machu Picchu, will be nothing more than a landscape on a postcard for many people. But by taking a plane, a train and bus, that landscape can become a reality and an experience to cherish for a lifetime. The reasons people visit this extraordinary landmark range from simple sightseeing to spiritual enlightenment. But for natives it's home.

Romulo Lizárraga was born just outside of Machu Picchu 52 years ago.

"Over there," he points towards the mountains while standing at the top of the ruins.

Lizárraga is a short man, dressed in jeans hemmed to accommodate his height, and a Patagonia fleece. He wears a white hat, equipped with pins and patches from the places he has visited. For him, Machu Picchu and the city of Cusco hold a special meaning in his heart, and everyday he feels lucky to be a part of it. Two of his relatives, who were farmers at the time, were the first to discover Machu Picchu in 1901. Years later, they led Hiram Bingham there and he excavated it in 1911.

"My connections with Machu Picchu are very powerful," Lizárraga said. "Plus it's very spiritual. And not only is it the location or physical construction, it's the vibrations of the spirituality here."

According to Lizárraga, Machu Picchu attracts over 2,000 visitors each day, sometimes 3,000 during the fall months of high tourism, and is considered one of the spiritual centers of the world.

"Many important people from the world come everyday," he said. "Here were many presidents of many places of the world, here was Pope John Paul II, many years ago. Here was the Dalai Lama. Important people from all over the world used to come here thinking this is one of the healing centers of the world in a very spiritual way."

Lizárraga believes the Incas were led to Machu Picchu by spiritual forces emanating from the mountains, and that the spiritual power of these mountains still vibrates everyday. But with the amount of tourism, Lizárraga and other natives fear those energies will grow weaker and weaker.

Lima to Cusco takes one hour by plane. From there it takes 3.5 hours by train to Machu Picchu.

OLIVIA CASTAÑEDA

"We encourage tourists not to take from here the rocks," Lizárraga said. "Everyday there are many tourists. They put one small rock in their pockets, 3,000 tourists are going to put one small rock of three or four grams in their pockets, how much kilograms are traveling around these places outside of Machu Picchu?"

Travelers from all over the world come to see this ancient ruin with over 25 trains carrying 300 passengers arriving from Cusco each day. And the one thing on their minds is that the real sight of Machu Picchu will live up to their expectations.

"I was concerned this might disappoint because everyone has seen one thousand pictures of this," Wing said, as her peers from the Northwestern Alumni Tour Group nod in agreement. "And it doesn't disappoint. It's even more spectacular in person."

You look out at the mountainous Andean landscape and all you can see is fog. You look again and the breathtaking view of never-ending green and wonderment becomes clear. You listen to voices around you speaking a language more foreign than any you've heard before. You climb and explore to reach an emotion you may not know exists.

"It's a mystic place," said Francis Turk, from Buenos Aires. "It's full of energy and sacred stories."

—Design by Olivia Castañeda

LAUREN BROSTOWITZ

Saleswoman Cristina Berduzco is a soft-spoken woman who sells her products at the Inca Jungle market in Cusco.

RUMBLE IN THE "INCA JUNGLE"

Journey through Cusco's colorful marketplace

STORY AND PHOTOS BY AMBER PORTER

It's called, "The Inca Jungle." As as soon as you walk in you feel like you're in a foreign maze of Alpaca sweaters,jewelry, and small trinkets that will remind you of your trip to Cuzco, Peru. Something colorful in your peripheral vision catches you off guard. You turn to look at it, seconds pass, and before you can turn away, someone is calling you to come into their small cubicle-like shop. You don't want to be rude so you start to walk in, but then someone else taps you on the shoulder. They want you to buy a sweater. You're overwhelmed.

"The Inca Jungle," a flea market-like shopping center has more than 15 vendors, mostly Indian women, all competing to sell goods to tourists, who are according to vendors, the majority of their clients. It looks like most of the Indian markets in Peru. Shelves are stacked with hand-knitted scarves, blankets, socks, and sweaters. Items can be as cheap as 5 soles ($1.75) for a small key chain to 60 soles ($21) for an Alpaca sweater.

Most of the shops have similar items, but the vendors have different opinions on why their shop is better.

"There is no competition for me, I create my own designs so I don't have a competition," said Yaneth Alvarez, while leaning back and forth in her rocking chair knitting. Behind her are her hand-made key chains and head bands. The walls of her shop are lined with earrings, necklaces, and rings. Some of which are 100 percent silver that she prices depending on how much it weighs.

Another vendor Cristina Berduzco said it's all about customer service. "It depends on how you treat the client. You need to have a lot of patience and will of selling," she said. Her booth is smaller but her shelves are stacked high with the hand-made jackets that she makes. She also sells blankets, sweaters, and book bags.

The Inca Jungle is located in Calle Plateros 334, Cusco

At the Inca Jungle you can get from alpaca sweaters, ponchos and hats to leather goods, pottery and jewelry.

"You have to have a lot of patience and will of selling"

—CRISTINA BERDUZCO, *Inca Jungle salesperson*

You would think that with all the competition the vendors would be at each other's throats, but that is not so at "The Inca Jungle." The ladies who work there have known each other for years and have a real camaraderie.

"Everybody is friends, we all know each other," said Janeth Mamani. Her shop is longer and narrow, with shelves filled with Alpaca sweaters, shawls, and gloves.

Berduzco agreed, "We are like a large family the ones who work here. Even (though) there is competition, we all sell."

Most of the little stores have the same basic things, but usually they have their own specialty to add to it. In Alvarez's shop, her specialty is jewelry. "I make everything that is jewelry, stones, necklaces, everything. We work from 9 a.m. until 10 p.m. I am a producer more than a saleswoman," she said.

Alvarez has been a "producer" for 12 years and for good reason. "I worked for a school for 10 years but the pay is not good. Doing this I make more. I make 5,000 soles a month."

5,000 soles is more than $1700 in United States currency. According to *www.mapsoftheworld.com* a monthly wage of $500 in United States currency is enough to live comfortably in Peru.

Not every vendor makes as much as Alvarez. Berduzco has a different story. "I went to school and there were no jobs so I started my own business. I've been doing this for 15 years. I never do the math, but I make enough to pay the rent and to have a regular lifestyle," she said.

—Design by Erika Davi

Zoyla Zevallos Leyva, 67, chats with Columbia students about her life at Los Martincitos. She joined the community seeking a more active lifestyle and a family atmosphere.

Elder care program gives hope to the "Abuelitos" of Peru

BY CRISTINA AGUIRRE

PHOTOS BY GRACE SADTLER-TAYLOR

Watch a video at http://columbiachronicle.com/lunch-lessons-care-at-los-martincitos/

WITH BOTH OF HER PALMS stretched out slightly off her body, Zoyla Zevallos Leyva, 67, begins to sing a song in Quechua, a Native American language spoken primarily in the Andes of South America. She sways back and forth in a blank stare singing in a beautiful high-pitched but raspy voice. This is how she forgets her worries and problems she faces back home when she comes to Los Martincitos.

Zevallos is one of the senior citizens or *abuelitos* (grandparents) that take part in the Los Martincitos program at Oscar Romero Center located in Villa El Salvador, one of the most impoverish areas outside of Lima. The program is designed to help some of the most vulnerable people living in Villa by providing them with meals three times a week, physical activities, and medical care.

"I came here sick, but I feel good here. I am happy at the moment, it's a good thing," Zevallos said. "I like it here because I don't feel the sadness that is my home."

Many of the *abuelitos* come to Martincitos after their family were unable to take care of them. Zevallos came to the program 10 years ago after becoming ill and was unable to sell *pan* (bread) on the streets. Her church notified her about the program, where Zevallos could get the care she needed.

"I have three daughters, the older one doesn't come to visit, that hurts me," Zevallos said. "My husband is dead..I came here myself since I always went to church...and one of the mothers recommended me to come here."

Before coming to Los Martincitos, Zevallos' daughter was sick and had no choice but to find more help. Antonio Palomino Quispe, executive director and founder of Los Martincitos, received her. "He was a good person, and well... everyone here was good for me," said Zevallos. "Everyone knows how to respect and care for each other in a noble way."

Palomino said the program was started back in 1987 with his three friends, who saw the need to have a place dedicated to helping out poor senior citizens in Villa El Salvador. There are around 112 grandparents in the program but more than 80 *abuelitos* come to the program each week. The rest are too delicate in their health to come out. "We go out and check to see how they are doing. We always have to see what's going on with them," Palomino said.

"I came here sick, but I feel good here. I am happy at the moment, it's a good thing ... I like it here because I don't feel the sadness that is my home."
—ZOYLA ZEVALLOS LEYVA, 67

To keep them healthy and moving, volunteers take the *abuelos* to the park to do recreational activities, such as playing catch with each other or running. Marilyn Rude, a volunteer from Canada, is spending her vacation helping out.

"The elderly are so friendly and very out going and outspoken. But I really enjoy all their personalities...their greeting is to hug and give a kiss on the cheek, it's very touching."

WANT TO VOLUNTEER?
Cross-Cultural Solutions is a non-profit organization that offers volunteer opportunities to those looking to help. Visit www.crossculturalsolutions.org for more information.

Determined to make it into the basket, Zevallos holds a soccer ball with both of her tiny, fragile hands and stops looking up at the rim. With the other *abuelitos* watching her from the side, Zevallos makes it into the netless rim and starts to recruit other *abuelos* to join.

"¿A quién le toca, Dora?" said Zevallos who tries to lure in more *abuelos*, who at first look intimated. *"¿A quién le sigue, Mario? Mario?"* She grabs him as he joins her on the court.

Zevallos favorite activity is playing basketball with the other *abuelos* and said that it keeps her going. Activities like these are the reason why she doesn't miss a day at Los Martincitos. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, she comes in from 9 a.m to noon, sometimes earlier, by bus. Always with a smile on her face, she anticipates all the recreational activities of the week.

"I love to participate in everything. When there is an invitation, I would always go," said Zevallos. "It gets me happy for a while...like going to the beach. We are going in February!"

Los Martincitos has changed many of the *abuelos* lives by giving them a place to leave their worries. Zevallos with tears slowly forming on her eyes still hopes one day that her daughter will come to visit her, but for now she'll continue to sing until that day comes.

"It is how it is sometimes... but the others [*abuelitos*] are with me, no?"

—Design by Melanie Galván

Dalila smiles at the camera. Some of the *abuelitos* at Los Martincitos discuss their path to the program openly with Columbia students. Many come seeking a more fulfilled lifestyle.

BEGGING TO LIVE

The story of Peruvian "street kids," forced by poverty and disadvantage to become providers for their families much too soon.

BY SARAH OSTMAN

Writer Sarah Ostman smiles with 11-year-old Delia as she displays the miniature dolls she sells every day.

PHOTOS BY DEVIN KATAYAMA

HAYDEÉ

It's a warm summer night and Haydeé has her strategy down pat. A sturdy, outgoing girl of 11, she fearlessly works the rounds in the Parque Central in Lima's Miraflores district, clutching a red fast food cup that has gone soft around the edges. It's far from home, but tourists are abundant in this neighborhood, many of whom sit coupled on benches, necking or eating ice cream.

Haydeé tucks her cup under her arm, parks herself in front of a couple of *gringos*, pouts her lips and waits.

Sometimes, it works. At the end of the night, she goes home to San Juan de Lurigancho, known as one of the poorest neighborhoods in Lima, where her mother runs a bodega out of their home. She has 20 *soles* - a little less than $7 - in her pocket.

Thousands of children like Haydeé eke out a dangerous living on the streets of Lima every day, begging, stealing or selling trinkets to anyone with a *sol* to spare.

Many have run away from home because of abuse, neglect or drug addiction, setting up camp near garbage dumps or

under bridges outside of town. Others say they live with their families, but are sent out alone by their cash-strapped parents to work the streets of more affluent neighborhoods.

For many *turistas*, these "street kids" are simply a nuisance, yet another reason to keep a firm grip on their purses in this land of haves and have-nots. But for some, the kids are emblematic of something deeper — a gaping riff between rich and poor, city and shantytown,

Héctor Juárez, 12, works daily "until the gum is gone."

those with beds and those with cold, hard floors.

Street kids are plentiful in *centro de Lima*, where narrow streets choked with exhaust give way to vibrant, wide-open plazas of yellow and red. Between the tour buses that hum outside the *Catedral de Lima* and the crowd that gathers at the president's palace for the daily changing of the guards, the historic *Plaza de Armas* makes for a smart market for street kids.

The square is quiet at first on this Saturday morning; on the church steps sit only a silent Andean family dressed in layers that seem too heavy for the heat and a solitary Peruvian strumming a guitar.

HÉCTOR

Then a boy climbs the church steps and hesitantly starts approaching strangers as they exit the church. He wears dirty jean shorts emblazoned with Daffy Duck and has with him a plastic bag, which he swings awkwardly around his skinny wrist. He is gripping packets of chewing gum in his fist as if he is trying to hide them there.

He is hesitant to talk at first, but eventually says his name, Héctor Juárez, and his age, 12. In a quiet voice he says he, too, is from San Juan de Lurigancho, where he lives with his parents and five siblings; he boards a bus in the morning for the half-hour ride downtown. He says he works "until the gum is gone."

Héctor seems relieved to escape any more questions.

Not a minute after he does, a tiny girl appears, holding in her little hands a crucifix on a nylon cord and a photocopied prayer card. She is clean-faced and fawnlike — all legs and light on her feet, as if she could blow over or take off running at any moment.

JACQUI

This girl, Jacqui Bazán Carrera, is 7 years old, but could pass for 5. She is happy to have a seat on the top step of the church and leans in, wide-eyed, eager to hear every question.

She says on this Saturday that she works "only from Monday to Friday," adding unprompted that she does it "for milk for my little brother."

She said she came to the *plaza* this morning alone on public transportation, and that she will give the money she collects to her father, who works in a print shop, and her mother, who cleans houses.

DELIA

Jacqui flits away and soon appears Delia Escobar Antizana, a mischievous, toothy 11-year-old who is selling a selection of tiny Peruvian dolls pinned to a sheet of cardboard. She holds the sheet delicately, as if it were a tray full of China.

Delia says she has been selling dolls since she was "very little," and that she buys the *cholitas* down the street and sells them here. Like Jacqui, she says she traveled here alone on public transportation.

"Yes, it's very easy!" Delia declares.

"Then he would look for garbage on the way home and his mother would cook garbage soup on the wood cuttings he brought home."

-BRUCE THORNTON, *owner of Agenda SOS International*

Is she ever afraid of *personas malas*?

She insists she is not; in fact, she says, she enjoys riling up the occasional grump.

More questions: What has her day been like so far? Where are her 10 brothers and sisters?

"My mom is doing badly," is her response. "She has fallen. She has fallen down the stairs."

Delia could be lying to garner sympathy — her mother might be in perfect health. Likewise, Jacqui may be feeding a line about buying milk for her baby brother.

And while all three children claim to attend school, that too may be untrue; it is estimated that more than a quarter of Peruvian kids drop out to go to work.

THE CAUSE

Bruce Thornton, a Trujillo resident who has worked with street kids in Latin America for 50 years, says that street kids' chaotic home lives often set them further off track.

Most live with their mothers, Thornton said, who are responsible for teaching them the tricks of their trades. Their fathers tend to be absent or they're only part-time, as they often have multiple families to support.

The kids often suffer from malnutrition, lack emotional support, and go to sleep at night on sheets of plastic in their homes.

Some situations are more dire. Thornton recalls one child who started eating at one of his organization's soup kitchens at the age of 8. Workers were impressed that the boy stayed late to clean up, but soon noticed that he was sneaking garbage from the trash cans and bagging it to take home.

The boy, they learned, was the sole breadwinner for his mother, who had tuberculosis, and his five younger siblings.

"He would get up early and go to work in a woodcutter's shed," Thornton said. "Then he would look for garbage on the way home and his mother would cook garbage soup on the wood cuttings he brought home."

Street kids' lives are harsh, but there are some alternatives available. Organizations like Thornton's Agenda SOS International as well as Aldeas Infantiles SOS offer programs to get kids off the streets and back into school.

Thornton began opening schools for street kids in 2002, and today his organizations operate 27 schools throughout Latin America, including six in Peru.

The children spend two years in small classrooms designed by the organization before they are transitioned to public schools; after they are integrated into the larger system, they attend monthly check-in sessions to give them a sense of community.

More than 5,000 children have gone through Agenda SOS International schools, including 900 in Lima alone, Thornton said.

Aldeas Infantiles SOS, also known as SOS Children's Villages, takes a different approach, providing new home environments for kids in high-risk situations. The organization currently runs eight group homes in Peru and provides parenting classes for parents.

Still, the problem sometimes seems overwhelming.

"It's nothing. We help 8,000 children, but there are so many more," said SOS Children's Villages Sponsorship Director Laura Aguirre. "We hope someday to see that our work is really making a difference."

—Design by Erin Edwards

Want to help? Visit agendasos.com, aldeasinfantiles.org.pe, or bruceperu.com

A take to the streets of Lima, Peru to explore the business of prostitution

BY DEVIN KATAYAMA

Peruvian ladies of the night

Illustration MELISSA EHRMEYER

I tell her no sex, only questions.

On Jirón Quilca, in downtown Lima, I find Fabiana Marie, 18. Guarded figures inhabit these streets after dark, when business goes home. I approach a group of five women; one says, "Vamos?" She moves quietly, almost with grace if not for her purpose. We decide on a price of 20 soles (US $7) and walk past the other girls, slouching against the dilapidated building. It's dark and I don't know where I'm going.

Fabiana is not alone. Thousands of Peruvian women are involved in voluntary and non-voluntary forms of sexual exploitation. Lax laws and regulations coupled with the lack of infrastructural attention to significant organizations puts pressure on women who need income but who lack the resources necessary to opt for alternatives other than trades of the flesh. Certainly, this leaves more women vulnerable to be trafficked both domestically and internationally.

"I won't be working on this [prostitution]. I am going to do some other work," said Fabiana when asked if she felt safe. She wants to be a nurse technician. For five months she's been selling her body for income—not just for herself.

"(I have) little sisters, two little ones. They are at home. They are small and I work for them," she whispered, afraid the madam of the hotel would hear.

Lack of opportunities and education make women like Fabiana more susceptible to sexual exploitation. And for some, options in the Third World are few and far between, leaving them exposed to be taken advantage of.

"I think trafficking is very much linked to poverty, lack of opportunities," said Dolores Cortés, program officer for counter trafficking at the International Organiza-

tion of Migration (IOM) in Lima. "The more vulnerable you are, the more likely you are to fall into any sort of propositions."

What about the law?

Also unhelpful, is the absence of any clear definition of law and regulations that monitor sexual exploitation. When several residents were asked whether or not prostitution was legal, there was no unanimity.

"The authorities go to the prostitutes and they say move. But they sometimes give some money and the authorities leave," said Gino Stejibar, a 32 year-old resident of Lima, just one of the many Peruvians who pointed to locations like Avenida Arequipa and La Victoria neighborhood, in the hunt for sexual pleasure.

Officers, who were asked how the national police react to prostitution, seemed lenient on punishments. Women in custody who are brought to the station will be back on the streets in a matter of hours, working again. Other women are simply displaced from one location to another. While some local police see prostitution as tedious paperwork, certain organizations are working to protect women from negative exploitation and preventing them from becoming victims to human trafficking.

Peru has been a member of the intergovernmental organization IOM since 1966, but has only worked in human traffic prevention for six years. The last year Peru published trafficking research was 2005, when IOM teamed with Movimiento El Pozo, a non-governmental organization aimed at empowering women involved in prostitution through education and support. On September 23, 2009, IOM presented an unpublished report at a press conference for the International Day for Sexual Exploitation.

Of the 466 cases of human traffic registered between 2006 and 2009 with RETA—Peru's National Police database—around 100 are currently being investigated by authorities. Women like Fabiana are less at risk living in Lima, which holds 4 percent of the total registered cases. Areas outside the city, where resources lack even more, have the highest percentages. But human trafficking may not necessarily be prosecuted as such, and can exist under different names, said Cortés.

"If you are using other people, you are exploiting other people sexually for sexual commercial industry, that's what would be penalized," she said.

An international liaison

And that's what Harry, (he didn't want his last name published) a bartender at the Flying Dog Hostel in Miraflores, experienced in early 2009.

"This was prostitutes that wanted a better prostitution life. So I provided that service through luxury modeling agencies in Germany, Spain and Zurich. I was a liaison," he said.

But as liaison, he was able to profit from vulnerable women by negligently creating an environment for voluntary sexual exploitation. The service charge for extracting these women from his agency was 300 euros. Outside the agency, the women would be asked to perform sexual acts for additional money, he said.

> **"I think trafficking is very much linked to poverty and lack of opportunities"**
>
> —DOLORES CORTÉS, *program officer for counter trafficking at International Organization of Migration (IOM) in Lima*

"The whore house paid 1,500 euros to get them to Europe. The girl only had to work two months, which that means they'd be making 4,000, 5,000 euros depending on the girl. And the house kept that, and the girl could stay in Europe," said Harry.

But INTERPOL, an international criminal police organization, didn't see eye-to-eye with Harry and in April of 2009, they invaded his house. He was charged with human trafficking and was forced to pay Interpol $3,000 for his release out of Bolivia, he said.

IOM is attempting to strengthen laws so trafficking penalties consist of harsher, more easily enforceable punishments. But the Peruvian government isn't treating trafficking with the speed that IOM had hoped.

"It's the way things work in the country. I guess it's not enough political will. They haven't committed to this," said Cortés.

Work in progress?

In 2007, a five-year plan titled, The National Plan Of Action Against Human Trafficking: 2007-2013, was prepared for the Ministerio Interior de Perú for implementation. Today, it has yet to be approved, said Cortes.

"They don't last," she said of Peru's ministers, those responsible for the legislation. "There is one minister. Then there is another one; and the new minister will come with their own stuff (agenda) and you'll have to start all over again."

Until the Peruvian government begins to take seriously the impact of sexual exploitation and human trafficking, hotspots like Cusco and Iquitos will continue to utilize the uninformed.

For now, Fabiana works because she has to—with the hopes of making enough money to afford an education; and if she's lucky, her sisters won't have to spend the same years, seven days a week, on the streets of Lima.

I sit uncomfortably careful on the ledge of the bed, aware of the sheets folded carelessly over for aesthetics. Fabiana holds the condom in a folded napkin; and me, with questions in one hand and a recorder in the other. Sex is the purpose of why we're there, but it doesn't happen.

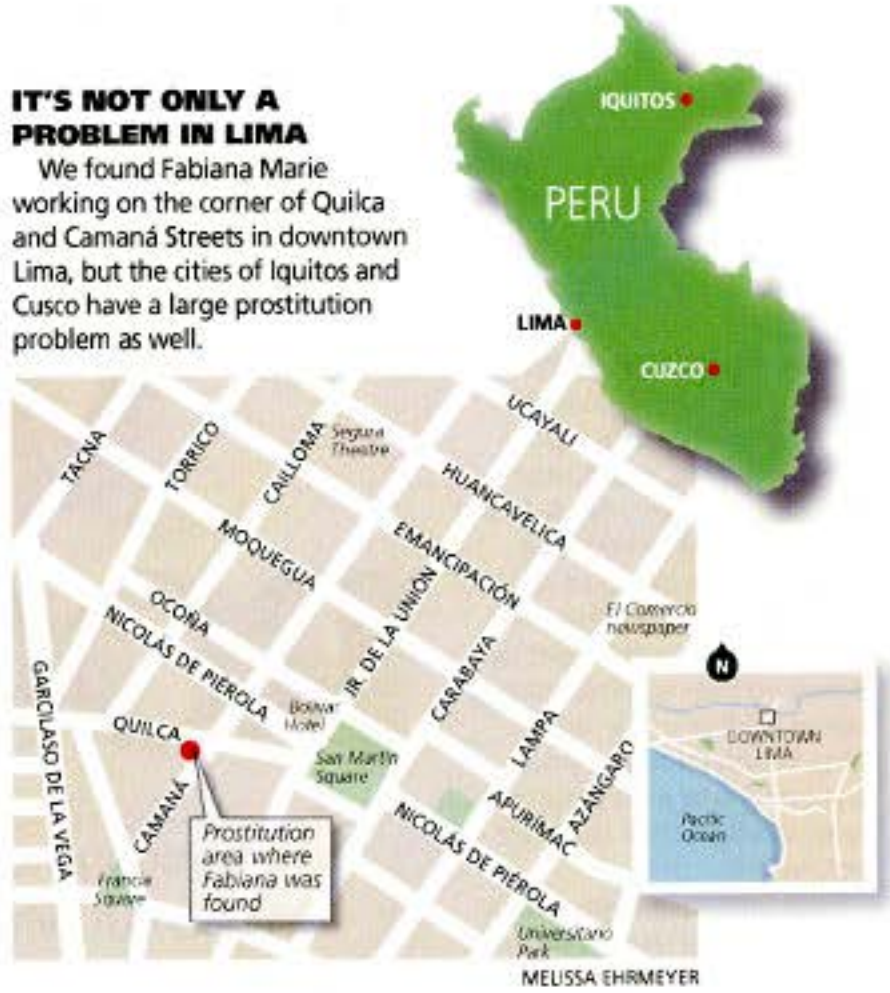
"If you want to stay with me you have to pay something more, twenty, something more," Fabiana says. She's still about business. I'm one of few clients she expects tonight and I'm taking up her time.

She's used to the recorder's levels pulsing with the sound of her voice; and the small red light, staring at her. Before I leave, I ask her what she wants in the future. She says to travel. I ask her where. She says, "I don't know.... somewhere away from here."

—Design by Melissa Ehrmeyer

IT'S NOT ONLY A PROBLEM IN LIMA

We found Fabiana Marie working on the corner of Quilca and Camaná Streets in downtown Lima, but the cities of Iquitos and Cusco have a large prostitution problem as well.



MELISSA EHRMEYER

FINDING MY ROOTS

A young woman's journey
to find out where she was born
and reflect on the life she was given

STORY BY KRISTA HINES | ILLUSTRATION BY ERIK RODRÍGUEZ

After multiple addresses and intersections, disconnected six-digit phone numbers, and an emotional loss of hope, I finally found myself standing in front of a gated yellow building on Arequipa Avenue in Lima, Peru. This empty building, surrounded by flowering trees and free-spirited, young families sent a rush of deep breath through my nose and brought to me a sense of comfort which I had never felt before.

I was born here at the *Clinica de Lourdes* and I had never been this close to my past. Since I was 5 months old, I grew up in a life where anything I needed was never too far out of reach.

I was born in Peru, yet adopted into the United States where I have lived for nearly 20 years. I must say thanks to my mom and dad, I love everything they brought me into.

When I was 2 months old, I met the people who would end up raising me, providing for me, sending me to school, and finally later in life, the woman who sold her gold jewelry to help me pay for this trip. I know them as my

parents and they are the only people that I would ever call Mom and Dad. They are divorced now, but married when they were contacted on January 29, 1990, the day I was born. At this time, they were told to come and get me.

"It was a dream come true because I always wanted to adopt a child of my own," my mother told me as she raised her hand to my cheek, rubbing it gently with a smile on her face.

Growing up in the United States my mother made sure to keep in contact with other families that adopted from Peru. Some of them had already been back to the country, and my parents knew that the day was coming when I'd find my way back.

Finding this class and the option to go on this journey into a Third World Spanish-speaking country for two weeks, was presented to me by my good friend Lauren Brostowitz, who was also my roommate during the trip.

"I knew this would be an experience of a lifetime and I wanted to share my special moments with you," she told me as I smiled bashfully turning my face making sure she didn't see the tiny droplets building in my eyes.

I'm a pretty emotional person. Some of the slightest things said to me can bring a tear out of my eye. I was pretty amazed in the end, after seeing the clinic where I was born, of the fact that I never shed a tear.

On a mission

My one personal goal on this trip to Peru was to find and visit the *Clínica de Lourdes*. Little did I know it would be such a hunt. Finding the clinic came after many speed bumps. Every day I would get myself a little closer but in the end I would fall asleep just as lost as I was when I woke up.

I continually would look up in the phone book the name Marisol Ferreyros and would find no one. The first few days I had a misspelled last name. Thanks to Facebook, I was able to reconnect with a few people back at home and they gave me the correct name and supposedly her email address, but I never heard back from her. Later I found out that her name was listed in the phone book as María S. Castañeda Ferreyros, which is why I had such difficulty getting a hold of her. Ferreyros was the adoption attorney that helped my parents during their stay in Peru. My mother told me, "She took a lot of interest in you, Krista, over all the other kids." I wasn't able to get in contact with Ferreyros. I had figured that if I had talked to her she could point me in the right direction to the *Clínica*. (I ended up finding it through other means. Keep reading.)

I hadn't given up yet on contacting Ferreyros. She did a lot for my family and I wanted her to know that I am grateful for all her work.

If I were born anywhere else, my journey to find the clinic probably wouldn't be as fun to tell. The helpful hand of complete strangers in Peru sent me on a wild goose chase, but without it, it wouldn't have been as amazing to stand outside the building in the end.

Derek Kucynda, a journalism student I met on the trip, was always open to walk right up to a stranger and, in choppy Spanish ask, "Do you know of the *Clínica de Lourdes?*"

"I saw glances of all the photos my parents had shown my of their stay in Peru. I felt like all their memories were merging with mine, overlapping in a way I cannot describe."

One of the times he even walked right up to a cop and asked. I was surprised to see from a distance that the cop had gotten on the phone to call a buddy of his that may know more information. Cops in Chicago would definitely not stop to help you out like this. The officer ended up not finding an address, but instead informed me that the building is still standing, however, it is abandoned.

Making progress

When we went out to eat, he still didn't stop. "Larco y Shell," a waiter at a Chinese buffet told Derek as he promptly wrote it on a napkin. When Derek brought me that napkin with the address, my eyes lit up and I was ready for that day's tour.

Later that night my friends Lauren, Daniel and I, went to that intersection. I looked around and thought, "Wow, apparently I was born in the shopping district, probably right there by that bank." My eyebrows clinched in confusion and I felt, once more like there was nothing more I could do. I didn't want to give up, and Daniel wasn't going to let me give up. Daniel, my teacher Elio Leturia's nephew, was a big help on this journey. He lives in Peru, so he speaks perfect Spanish, and on top of that knows and understands English very well. After making a few phone calls at the *Telefónica*, we decided to head in for the night and continue our searching online, and start again the following day.

In Peru, it seems like everything you need is made easier based on who you know. But, perhaps, I'm just here with a professor who just happens to know all the right people. Like him, his nephew Daniel, just happened to have access to an online database of information. Once we found the building code for the clínica, 457749, all he had to do was plug in the numbers and it gave him an exact address and telephone numbers. "You didn't even have to leave the room," Daniel said to me after he explained that the six digit numbers we had found are old and not in use anymore.

Since I now had an exact address, I immediately pulled the yellow pages maps book out from under the bed, opened it quickly, and flipped page after page until I found the page reading Miraflores. After noticing the page I needed could not be found in my book for it was torn out, I was in shock by the irony of the situation. I ran down two floors, to my classmates Emi and Lauren's room, in a rush to find the page I needed: Ave. Arequipa 4225, Miraflores. I had finally found it.

"Finding the clinic came after many speed bumps. Everyday I would get myself a little closer, but in the end I would fall asleep just as lost as I was when I woke up."

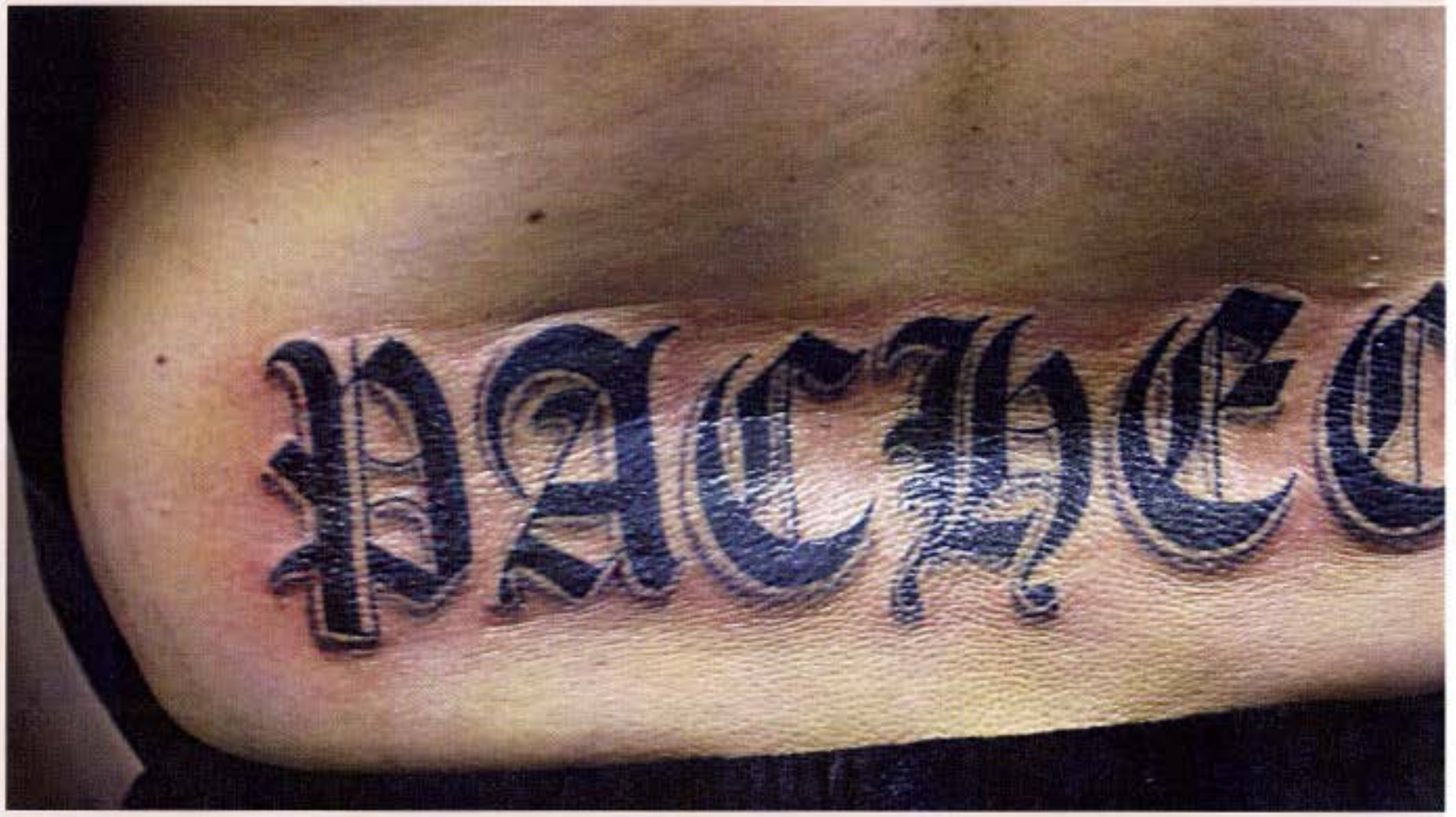
Mission accomplished

I made it there. Standing in front of the three-story tall, yellow painted building with sienna borders, the paint jobs reminded me of my house back home. I couldn't help but to envision my 10 roommates walking in and out of the arched doors that stood nearly 20 feet away from me. As I slowly took deep breaths I wished I could recognize the smell of the building, as I do the one I live in Chicago.

I stood with my head pressed against the metal gates, trying to see the inside of the building. I saw glances of all the photos my parents had shown me of their stay in Peru. I felt like all their memories were merging with mine, overlapping in a way I couldn't describe. I wondered what the rooms on the inside looked liked; I wondered if it smelled like a typical American hospital. I imagined if in a smaller clinic there was a more personal connection with the people who come in and out.

I'll never really know, but I can only hope and tell myself that Gladys Madeleine, my birth mother, had some connection to the clinic as I feel now. I wonder if she ever thinks about her time there, giving me life. I wonder if she thinks about me. As more and more questions fill my head and salty tears build up in the corner of my eyes I tell myself, that's a trip to be made in the near future.

—Design by Benita Zepeda



Inexpensive ink

Looking for a tattoo but don't have the funds for fresh ink? Lima offers affordable prices.

Coyote Tattoo's artist Luis Velásquez has been tattooing for eight years.

PHOTOS AND STORY BY LAUREN BROSTOWITZ

The deafening sound of Latin electronic music hardly drowned out the yells and teeth clenching moans of a young American as he sat gripping the fabric of his seat. The buzzing of needles pumping up and down into thick layers of skin echoed off the walls of the small white room. Dripping with sweat, the five of us decided whether to add shading to his puffy, bleeding tattoo.

For prospective clients passing by, the sound alone of the tattoo shop may be enough to deter their confidence. However, one of the many quirky things tourists do when they visit Lima, Peru is to take a permanent and painful souvenir home with them. Who could resist when the price is practically a third of what you pay in the United States?

At Coyote's Tattoo, a small tattoo shop located at Bajada Balta 147 in the tourist area of Miraflores, anyone from camera-hugging travelers to native Peruvians can come and get "inked."

For tourists, especially Americans like Anthony Pacheco, 28, the price is just too good to ignore.

"I'm addicted to tattoos . . . and it's so cheap here," Pacheco said just before letting out another juicy moan, as an eclectic tattoo artist filled seven gothic letters. The letters spell out Pacheco and are placed on his lower back.

When I asked if Pacheco was going to tip, a customary and expected form of gratitude in America, he shook his head from side to side, puckered his lips and let out a modest laugh. Fortunately for many tourists, Peruvians don't share that custom.

Luis Velásquez, a wild haired, Peruvian with his ear lobes gauged, or stretched and filled with hoops, said the shop's minimum is 60 soles, which amounts to approximately $20. American tattoo parlors in urban areas typically charge anywhere from $60 to $100 with the price fluctuating based on size, style and color.

Velásquez, who has been tattooing for eight years, began

TOP **Anthony Pacheco, 28, got his last name tattooed on his lower back.** BOTTOM **Coyote Tattoo's minimum price is about $40 less than the average American pricing.**

drawing when he was a child. Unknowingly, he practiced the art of reproducing images, which has become his career today. His arms are covered in an organic style that consists of imagery that resembles tentacles and plant life. Velásquez said tattooing is like painting, only the skin is the canvas and the ink is paint.

Although many tourists frequent Coyote's Tattoo, Velásquez' clientele is predominately Peruvians. He said most often customers decide upon tribal art, such as the trendy tribal armband. Ironically, most Peruvians decide upon Aztec imagery, which I find confusing considering the Incas resided in Peru, an area far from the ancient Aztec empire that dominated North and Central America in the 14th through the 16th centuries. Despite the similarity in symbols and style among these ancient civilizations, the desire among Peruvians to permanently carry these images remains unknown. By contrast, in the United States, popularity demands traditional, or neo-traditional styles, such as sugar skulls, hearts with banners, anchors and skulls.

Like American artists, Velásquez encourages newly "tatted" people to wash their tattoo often with soap and water and avoid swimming until the work has healed. Oddly enough, he also urges customers to avoid eating spicy foods as it has the ability to infect the healing area. I myself, having been tattooed multiple times, found this to be especially remarkable. I ate a fiery burrito from Taco Bell after my third tattoo.

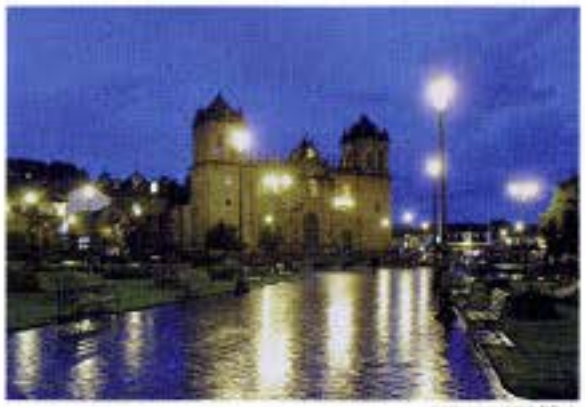
If safety and sanitation are holding you back from getting a tattoo in this culturally rich country, fear not. One thing Peruvian tattoo artists do share with American artists is the system of sanitation.

Although Peru may be a Third World country, Coyote's Tattoo still steam cleans their machines and uses disposable needles in order to prevent the transmission of bacteria and disease. Tattoo artists and piercers are also certified in sanitation and must obtain and renew certificates annually that verify their practice.

For the most part, Peruvian student Daniel Leturia, 19, said tattoos are more prevalent among Peru's younger generations, but a handful of the adult population has and continues to invest in the taboo form of expression. Although tattoos may not be as ubiquitous as in the United States, there are numerous places near the *Parque del Amor*, a park dedicated to lovers, where a curious traveler can receive a one of a kind purchase that will last a lifetime.

—Design by Becca James

"I'm addicted to tattoos ... and it's so cheap here."



BENITA ZEPEDA

The cathedral at the main plaza in Cusco is located at 11,023 feet above sea level. RIGHT **Coca tea, served at a Cusco restaurant, helps prevent altitude sickness symptoms.**

ELIO LETURIA

You may need some help when you are at 11,000 feet above sea level. Coca tea can definitely do it

COCA, NOT COCOA

BY GRACIA SADTLER-TAYLOR

This is my third visit to Cusco and I have come prepared. But let me tell you what happened on my previous trip.

After a short flight from Lima I arrived to Cusco for the second time. The airport was small and filled with people ready to help tourists. When exiting the airport I realized it was a beautiful day, very sunny and clear. I noticed the mountains surrounding me. When heading towards my hostel we saw how gorgeous Cusco was, the streets were narrow, steep and it looked so picturesque. I couldn't wait to put my luggage down and get to experience this ancient city.

We checked into our hostel and immediately went out to walk around. There was a parade by one of the churches so we decided to follow. We were all taking pictures and just enjoying all the views. Suddenly, I began to feel out of breath, my heart beat faster as I walked up the street. I realized my friends started to walk slower too. I asked them if they felt if it was harder to breathe and they agreed.

We decided to take the day slower.

Everyone wanted to see the cathedral but at that point I felt very dizzy. We stopped to take pictures and I felt that I couldn't even stand so I sat on the sidewalk. My head and heart were pounding and everything seemed to be moving around so I told them I had to go back to the hostel. They wanted to come with me but I didn't want them to miss out on Cusco. I got back and just fell asleep. I had no energy. I was experiencing altitude sickness and it got worse.

Courtesy CRESPAL

Sorojchi pills are available at Peruvian drug-stores without a prescription.

This time I was prepared

When I visited Cusco for the first time I was 8 years old I didn't feel anything, so my second visit surprised me. So I prepared myself for this third visit by taking some altitude pills I bought in Lima prior to the flight. I still felt a little dizzy but I was much better compared to my second visit.

Cusco is actually located at an altitude of 3,360 meters (11,023 feet) above sea level. Many people come to stay there on their way to the famous Machu Picchu. When in such an amazing place, of course you would like to feel your best. Unfortunately, when being so high up certain symptoms can occur. Usually they are dizziness, headache, lack of appetite, vomiting and loss of energy. These symptoms are caused by altitude sickness and are actually very common for tourists visiting Cusco.

What tourists say

Melanie Vento, originally from United States, has been living in Cusco for one year and a half. "I definitely had trouble at first, especially walking up and down the streets. But recently when I did go home for Christmas I came back and had to start all over again," she said.

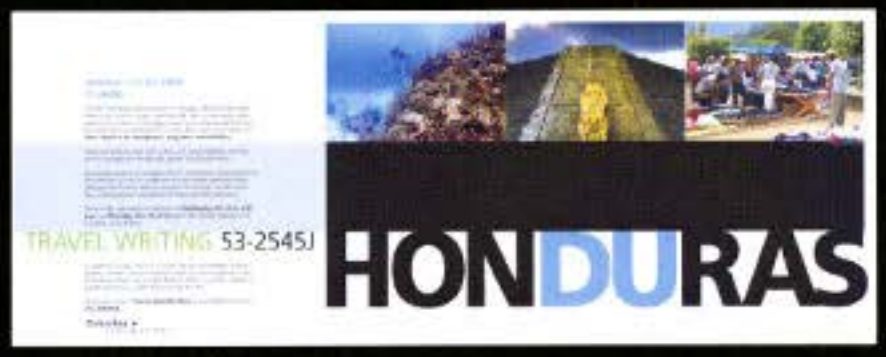
Altitude sickness (called *soroche* in Peru) is very common especially if you aren't used to being so high up. There is less oxygen in the air. Viviana Brancos from Argentina said, "I don't feel anything because I took the pills. I came out today because it's sunny but I heard it's good to just rest the first day."

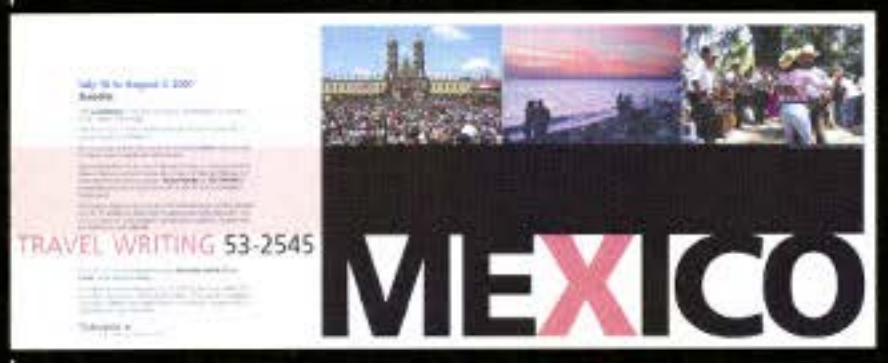
Some people don't like to take medication such as Claire Harton from England. " I felt lethargic and headachy, but now I've been here for a week so I don't feel it anymore. I avoided getting pills because I heard it can give you tingling in hands and fingers but we of course took coca tea," she said.

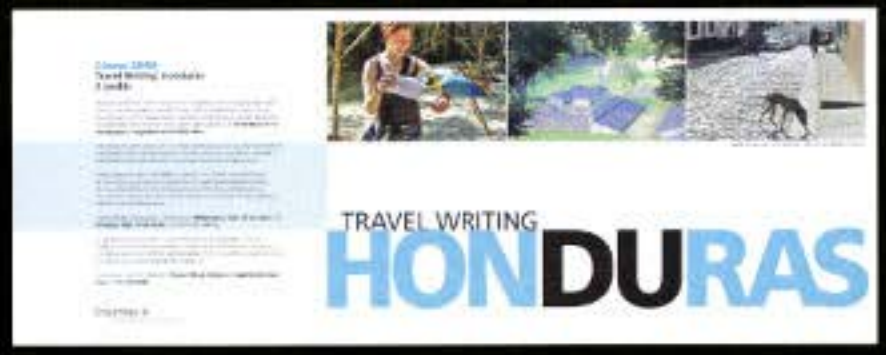
All tourists try different medications. I asked pharmacist Doris Espinoza which where most popular and she said, "most tourist take *Sorojchi* so they won't feel the altitude. [This] is a pill that stops headache and vomiting."

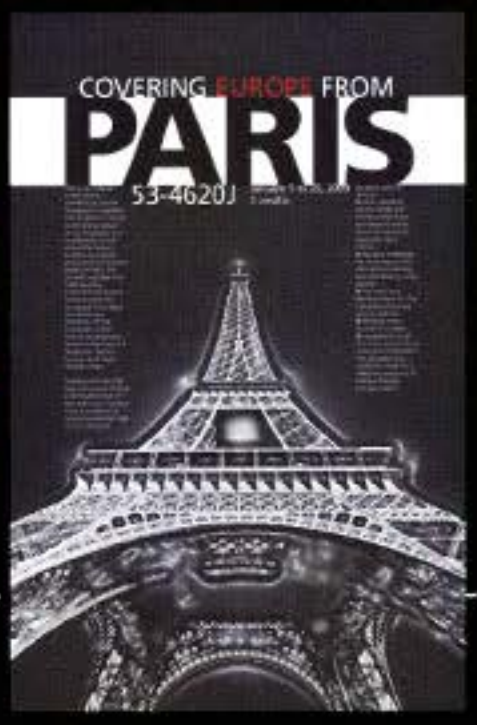
There are many things you can do to avoid getting really sick, such drinking plenty of water before you arrive, taking pills and drinking coca tea. Also, if the altitude sickness gets too bad, some restaurants and hotels offer oxygen. What you need to do is to take everything slower on the first day. Normally you will feel out of breath when walking up a steep hill or climbing up stairs, so avoid too much activity and you'll be fine.

Explore the world with us.









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For more information, contact the Journalism department,
33 E. Congress, Chicago, Illinois 60605 or call 312.369.8900

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Latino Heritage
CELEBRATION 2010

multicultural affairs
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Welcome Reception

Thursday, September 9, 2010
6:00 p.m. - 8:30 p.m.
Conaway Center, 1104 S. Wabash, 1st floor

Join Latino Cultural Affairs as we kick off this year's Latino Heritage Celebration. Meet fellow Latino students, alumni, faculty, and staff. This will also be the official call for work for the 13th Annual Columbia College Chicago Latino Student Short Film Festival. Mingle, enjoy authentic Latino cuisine, and all Columbia College Chicago students who finish the "ArtCrawl" enter a raffle for an IPAD! This event is free and open to the public.

unity • inclusion • celebration

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