

LAST100: Introduction to Latin American Studies

Midterm Examination, November 10, 2015

Select *five* of the following seven passages. In each case, identify the title, the author(s) (if the text has one), and the approximate date of writing and/or publication (within ten years). Comment briefly on how this passage relates to the text from which it is taken, examining the thematic significance of the passage for the text as a whole and, where it may be useful, noting issues of form or style. Discuss also the broader historical context and what the passage has to say about some of the themes we have been discussing in the course.

- 1) O men with Saxon eyes and barbarous souls,
our America lives. And dreams. And loves.
And it is the daughter of the Sun. Be careful.
Long live Spanish America!
A thousand cubs of the Spanish lion are roaming free.
Roosevelt, you must become, by God's own will,
the deadly Rifleman and the dreadful Hunter
before you can clutch us in your iron claws.
And though you have everything, you are lacking one thing:
God!
- 2) We have been harassed by a conduct which has not only deprived us of our rights but has kept us in a sort of permanent infancy with regard to public affairs. If we could at least have managed our domestic affairs and our internal administration, we could have acquainted ourselves with the processes and mechanics of public affairs.
- 3) They immediately tied him down in a crucified position and began the work of pulling off his clothes. That was when the blood gushed out, bubbling out of the young man's mouth and nose, then trickling down both sides of the table. The thugs stood motionless; the onlookers were dumbfounded.
"The savage Unitarian burst with rage," said one.
"He had a river of blood in his veins," muttered another.
"Poor devil, all we wanted was to have a bit of fun with him, and he took things too seriously," the judge declared, his tiger's brow contracted in a frown. "A report must be filed. Untie him, and let's go."

Turn over the page...

- 4) The loveliness of this country, Your Majesties, is so marvelous; it surpasses all others in amenity and beauty as daylight exceeds night. I have said repeatedly to my men that, whatever efforts I make to tell Your Majesties about it, my tongue could not tell the whole truth, or my hand set it down. Truly, I was dumbfounded by the sight of so much beauty, and find myself unable to describe it adequately.
- 5) Look there, in that chaste and sublime poem of Love for the real and most beautiful type of women, true daughters, wives, and mothers, and you will find them profiled with fragrance, with a magnetic attraction that will make you exclaim--blessed be the woman under the guardianship of man. And in concluding my article I will say to you: love women in their true form, exalted in their homes, absolute queens of the hearts of men, exercising their unequalled mastery, on their immovable diamond thrones, strong, colossal in the midst of their weakness.
- 6) There is not a more romantic or heroic figure in all the world, nor one more intensely watched by both the friends and foes of democracy, than the soldier-statesman, whose adventurous youth pales the pages of Dumas, and whose iron rule has converted the warring, ignorant, superstitious and impoverished masses of Mexico, oppressed by centuries of Spanish cruelty and greed, into a strong, steady, peaceful, debt-paying and progressive nation.
For twenty-seven years he has governed the Mexican Republic with such power that national elections have become mere formalities. He might easily have set a crown upon his head.
- 7) What a vision we were: the chest of an athlete, the hands of a dandy, and the forehead of a child. We were a whole fancy dress ball, in English trousers, a Parisian waistcoat, a North American overcoat, and a Spanish bullfighter's hat. The Indian circled about us, mute, and went to the mountaintop to christen his children. The black, pursued from afar, alone and unknown, sang his heart's music in the night, between waves and wild beasts. The campesinos, the men of the land, the creators, rose up in blind indignation against the disdainful city, their own creation. We wore epaulets and judge's robes, in countries that came into the world wearing rope sandals and Indian headbands. The wise thing would have been to pair, with charitable hearts and the audacity of our founders, the Indian headband and the judicial robe, to undam the Indian, make a place for the able black, and tailor liberty to the bodies of those who rose up and triumphed in its name.

Good luck!