

LAST100: Introduction to Latin American Studies

Midterm Examination, October 26, 2020

For *each* of the following six passages, identify the title, the author(s) (if the text has one), and the approximate date of writing and/or publication (within ten years). Then 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.

You have 24 hours to write this exam (until 2pm Pacific Time on Tuesday, October 27), but in total it should not take you more than an hour and a half of focused concentration. You may consult the textbook and/or any other material, but I do not particularly recommend you do so, as it will only slow you down. I expect you to write half a page or so (depending on font, size, and spacing etc.) or a couple of short paragraphs for each passage, that most of your attention will be on a close reading of the passages themselves.

When you are finished, email me your exam script at jon.beasley-murray@ubc.ca.

- 1) Our motto is an egalitarian, sovereign, and independent republic, without racial divisions or social antagonisms. All Cubans who are worthy should be able to be named to the diplomatic corps, and, as a matter of important and urgent necessity, citizens of the race of color should be named, so that the republic can be represented in all its hues.

We believe that all court trials that take place in the Republic should be trials by jury, and that the duty of serving on the jury should be mandatory and free.

We call for

The abolition of the death penalty, and for the creation of penitentiaries that fulfill the needs of modern civilization.

The creation of correctional School-ships (*Barcos-escuelas*) for youthful offenders who, according to the law, cannot suffer greater penalties.

Free and compulsory education for children from ages six to fourteen.

- 2) "It is a mistake to suppose that the future of democracy in Mexico has been endangered by the long continuance in office of one President," he said quietly. "I can say sincerely that office has not corrupted my political ideals and that I believe democracy to be the one true, just principle of government, although in practice it is possible only to highly developed peoples."

For a moment the straight figure paused and the brown eyes looked over the great valley to where snow-covered Popocatepetl lifted its volcanic peak nearly eighteen thousand feet among the clouds beside the snowy craters of Ixtaccihuatl—a land of dead volcanoes, human and otherwise.

- 3) Fray Vicente entered with his own, carrying a cross in his right hand and a breviary in his left. And he told the Inca Atagualpa that he was also an

ambassador and a messenger from another lord, a very great one, a friend of God, and that he should be his friend and that he should adore the cross and believe in the Gospel of God and not worship any thing, that all the rest was mere mockery. The Inca Atagualpa responded, saying that he had to worship no one but the Sun, who never dies, nor his wacas and gods, who are also in his law: that he did keep.

And the Inca asked Fray Vicente who had told him so. Fray Vicente responded that the Gospel had told him, the book. And Atagualpa said: "Give me the book, so that it will tell me." And so he gave it to him and he took it in his hands and began to look through the pages of the book. And the Inca said: "Well, why doesn't it tell me? The book doesn't even talk to me!" Speaking with great majesty, seated in his throne, the Inca Atagualpa threw the book down from his hands.

- 4) I took a pair of scissors and a needle and thread, I took some of the pieces of eight that were lying there, and the keys to the convent, and I left. I went opening doors and closing them carefully behind me, and when I came to the last one I shook off my veil and went out into a street I had never seen, without any idea which way to turn, or where I might be going. I struck out, in what direction I cannot say, and came upon a chestnut grove just beyond the walls, on the outskirts of the convent grounds. There, I holed up for three days, planning and re-planning and cutting myself out a suit of clothes. With the blue woollen bodice I had I made a pair of breeches, and with the green petticoat I wore underneath, a doublet and hose—my nun's habit was useless and I threw it away, I cut my hair and threw it away, and on the third night, wanting to get as far from that place as I possibly could, I set off without knowing where I was going.
- 5) Colonialism was not defeated by the accumulation of tears of sorrow, or by the repentance of colonialists, but by centuries of heroic battles for independence and sovereignty in which the resistance, tenacity and sacrifices of our peoples worked wonders.

Here in South America, we commemorate this very year the 180th anniversary of the Battle of Ayacucho, where people united in a liberating army after almost 20 years of revolutionary wars under the inspired leadership of José de San Martín, Bernardo O'Higgins, José Inacio de Abreu e Lima, Simón Bolívar and Antonio José de Sucre, expelling a Spanish empire that had hitherto extended from the warm beaches of the Caribbean to the cold lands of Patagonia, and thus ending 300 years of colonialism.

Today, in the face of the obvious failure of neo-liberalism and the great threat that the international economic order represents for our countries, it is necessary to reclaim the Spirit of the South.

- 6) Above them, a swarm of blue-and-white gulls, drawn back to the slaughterhouse by the smell of flesh, fluttered in the air, blanketing the slaughter yard's din and babble with dissonant squawks and casting a shadow over the field of gruesome carnage. Such was the scene at the start of the butchering.

However, as the slaughter continued, the scene began to change. The groups broke apart and new ones formed, which took on assorted attitudes, and then the people scattered at a run, as though a stray bullet had hit where they stood or the jaws of a rabid mastiff had burst into their midst. In one group, a butcher hacked at a slaughtered animal's flesh; in a second, another butcher hung up the quartered sections on wagon hooks. One skinned a carcass here, another trimmed off the fat there. And from time to time, from among the ranks of the mob that eyed and waited for a piece of offal, a grimy hand holding a knife would dart out to slice a piece of fat or meat from a steer's quarters. This would set off the butcher's shouts and explosions of anger, the renewed swarming of the groups, and the young boys' jeers and jarring shouts.

Good luck!