for the first time the sensation of complete manhood, initiated us in the ways of physical love.

Some have suggested that the inclination of white males toward black women in slave-holding societies resulted from the intimate relations between white children and their enslaved wet-nurses. Scholars may be correct on this point, given that psychologists now emphasize the enormous impact of breast feeding on children. But the truth is that the social conditions surrounding the development of all children on the sugar plantations of Brazil (as on the antebellum plantations of Virginia and the Carolinas) are sufficient explanation of this predilection.

2. The Power of Indigenous Community ◆ Ciro Alegría

In countries with large indigenous populations, twentieth-century nationalism brought a reassessment of what it meant to be "Indian." Assimilation into the larger society remained the overall goal, but indigenous culture took on a new meaning. Neocolonial ideologies had cast Indians as brutish and culturally debased beings who had lost all trace of past Inca or Aztec glory. Nationalists, on the other hand, identified distinctive virtues in indigenous villages. Where neocolonial ideology had dictated the dissolution of Indian communities to promote individual ownership of property, nationalist ideology revered the powerful community ethos of indigenous people. Latin American novelists such as Peru's Ciro Alegría made the point in fiction. The following passage from his 1941 novel Wide and Alien Is the World *gives a lyrical picture of indigenous villagers harvesting their crops but then depicts the exploitation of Indian labor outside their communities. Where neocolonial authors had portrayed the Indians as beaten and fatalistic, Alegría paints them as future revolutionaries.* Wide and Alien Is the World *was the most influential in a long line of Latin American* indigenista *novels.*

The villagers of Rumi began the harvest. Men and women, old and young, even children, went out into the cornfield. Their dark faces and brightly colored clothing leapt to the eye amid the pale gold of the ripening crop. The morning was soft, warm, and luminous, and the land itself seemed to glow with satisfaction at having made the grain swell so fat.

The harvesters broke through the heavy leaves encasing each ear of corn with a fingernail or with a wooden point that they carried, attached to their

From Ciro Alegría, *El mundo es ancho y ajeno* (Caracas: Biblioteca Ayacucho, 1978), 108–9, 130–32. Translated by John Charles Chasteen.

wrists with a string. Then they pulled the leafy casing apart to reveal the dry, shiny grains, yellow and white, but also red and purple, finally pulling the ear free and letting it tumble into the cloth bags that they carried over their shoulders. Other harvesters gathered the bean pods that hung from vines that climbed the stalks of corn. Still others gathered the large white melons that grew there, too. The ears of corn were carried to a structure where they were stacked on end and exposed to the sun to dry. The name of the structure (*cauro*) and the name of the operation (*mucura*) were words from Quechua, the language of the Incas. The Spanish spoken by whites and mestizos had tended to displace Quechua in northern Peruvian villages like Rumi, but the agricultural vocabulary had remained Quechua, rooted in people's hearts the way their plants were rooted in the ground. The cauro full of stacked corn stood in front of the mayor's house on Rumi's modest plaza. Other fruits of the harvest were heaped beside the cauro. The harvesters who watched the heaps rise as they returned repeatedly to empty their sacks praised the bounty of the earth.

Everyone harvested, from the very young to the very old. Old Rosendo, the mayor of Rumi, moved more slowly than most, but worked right alongside them. He did not seem like the mayor at all, only a happy, hard-working grandfather. Anselmo, the harp player, seated on a stool to one side of the cauro, his large instrument reclining on his shoulder, played for the harvesters. The notes of the harp, the sounds of laughing voices, the rustling of dry corn shucks, the crack of ears coming loose from the stalk—all mingled to form the happy sound of the harvest. Girls carrying gourds went back and forth between the harvesters in the field and the large earthenware jugs of chicha corn beer, distributing the red, celebratory brew. The chicha sang in the harvesters' veins of its fermented-corn origins. And the cornfield, shorn of its pregnant fruits, was gradually transformed into a patch of forlorn stalks robbed of their former plumes.

And whom did we see chatting over there but Juan Medrano, son of a village official, and Simona, one of the young women we saw helping with the cows on a certain morning. The two were beginning to feel close in the last couple of days. And the afternoon, shimmering with heat, had just begun. A penetrating fragrance was rising from the earth to mingle with the smell of overall ripeness. Juan was strong as a tree limb, Simona, succulent as a fruit, and neither was over twenty years old. They began to tussle, slowly separating from the other harvesters. Simona ran away laughing and Juan pretended he couldn't catch her. Finally, he did catch her, and they looked deeply into each other's eyes.

"Bet I can trip you."

"Bet you can't."

They struggled playfully for a moment—Simona was strong, too—finally rolling amid the stalks of corn. The corn patch covered the joyous

alliance of their brown bodies with its interminable rustle, its obedient ears, its yellow beard. Above arched the deep blue heavens, bending harmoniously over the earth. Simona discovered the joy of her own body and of a man's, and Juan, who had tripped up many young women in his travels, discovered that powerful call that eventually leads men to settle on just one woman.

The setting sun struck the corn flowers and the brown faces now in profile. The long shadow of the neighboring Andean peak grew longer, creeping over the ground to cover the corn field. The day's work was finished, and the harvesters returned to the village. In the plaza stood the cauro, brim full, and the towering heaps of beans and melons.

The harp is still playing. Someone sings. All the villagers of Rumi feel happy and, without stopping to think about it, they are fulfilled at having used their days for peace, cultivating the earth for the common good.

Meanwhile, far away, Rumi's native son Benito Castro suffered greatly as a salaried hacienda laborer. Benito remembered Rumi and his heart ached. He remembered his horse, Lucero, and his heart ached even more. The agricultural labors of the hacienda were *so* different from those of the indigenous community. In Rumi, people worked quickly, laughing and singing, and their daily labors were a pleasure to them. On the haciendas, they moved slowly and sadly, like stepchildren of the land. They might have a little strength left, but they had no spirit left at all.

Time passed and, not suspecting what grave events were occurring in Rumi, Benito labored with a hundred other indigenous workers in the mud under heavy rains, cultivating the crops of the *patrón* who owned the hacienda. The hacienda was enormous, and the huts provided for the workers were so far away from the field that Benito and the others had to sleep together in a large shed while they worked there. In these quarters, he came to know Indians from all over, people who spoke Quechua (when they spoke, which was not often), and had mostly melancholy things to say. Benito had not been raised speaking Quechua, which sounds sometimes like a raging wind and sometimes like water seeping through the earth, but now he began to learn.

Their stories were rarely the old folktales, but rather, lamentations of their labors and sufferings. In low voices, a tight circle of listeners gathered around them, and the oldest of the group told of the great rebellion led by Atusparia more than a generation earlier.

Here is the story: The year was 1885. The Indians were groaning under the weight of the oppression they suffered. Each of them had to pay a personal tax of two *soles* twice a year. They had to contribute their labor without pay to build roads, barracks, cemeteries, churches, and public buildings in the name of the Republic. The overseers devastated the indigenous communities to force them to work. The Indians had to work for nothing just to escape persecution. They had to endure in silence.

But one time they protested, presenting a petition in Huaraz [Huarás]. No one paid any attention. Instead, Pedro Pablo Atusparia, an indigenous mayor who led the petitioners, was insulted, jailed, and whipped. Fourteen mayors of indigenous communities went to protest this abuse. They, too, were insulted, jailed, and whipped.

They pretended to give in. And then on March first the Indians came down from the mountains toward Huaraz carrying bundles of straw to roof a building—public work for the Republic. But at a signal they pulled clubs and machetes from the bundles of straw, and the fight began. They told this story in the present tense.

The first wave of Indians is thrown back. A squadron of cavalry charges, scattering their forces. Encouraged by this success, the squadron attacks Pumacayán, a steep-walled Inca fortress where the Indians have taken shelter. Pumacayán has beautiful stone carvings of mating pumas on walls that the government prefect of Huaraz intended to dismantle, planning to use the materials for the city cemetery and several private mansions. Pumacayán is defended by Pedro Granados and a handful of brave men. Granados wields a huge leather sling with which he hurls rocks the size of a person's head with deadly accuracy. Alone he topples seventy of the attacking cavalry. The squadron falls back, and the Indians besiege Huaraz. It falls the next day. The Indians drink the blood of the most valiant of their enemies to feed their own valor. They want to destroy the families of the rich who cower in their houses. But Atusparia, the leader of the rebellion, is against that. "I do not want crimes," he says. "I want justice."

The revolution begins to spread. The Indians cover themselves with sheep fleece and crawl on all fours to take the city of Yungay by surprise. The countryside of Huaylas, too, rises up, and assaults all the towns there. In some of them, the rich form "urban guards" and fight bravely. Other indigenous leaders emerge.

Emissaries are sent to other parts of the highlands asking for help, asking for revolution. But the battalions of the government arrive with good rifles, with artillery. They massacre the Indians like so many ants. To save ammunition, the army stands indigenous prisoners in rows to execute six at a time with one bullet. The leaders of the rebellion are captured and executed, too. As the blows and bullets rip the body of José Orobio, the White Condor, he sneers at his executioners: "A little more. Give me a little more." Uchcu Pedro, who brought dynamite from the mines to arm the revolution, turns his bare buttocks to the firing squad and bends over. Atusparia falls wounded, and his bodyguards fall dead on top of him, defending him even in death.

These are the things that were whispered among the workers, exhausted by their days of ceaseless toil, in the nights when they gathered together. They remembered the victories more than the defeats. And the night was filled with hope and tragedy, with images of legendary heroes, with the memory of those who struggled shrewdly and powerfully against their tormenters. They were not yet beaten. Any day now, the revolution would begin again.

3. The Poetry of Anti-Imperialism ◆ Pablo Neruda

Artists of all kinds gave expression to nationalist sentiments in the middle years of the twentieth century. One of Latin America's most celebrated poets, Chile's Pablo Neruda, voiced the anti-imperialism of the period in a number of his poems. The two featured here are taken from his book-length Canto General *(1950). Neruda depicts U.S. multinational corporations such as Standard Oil operating in Latin America as powerful economic predators, buying governments, stealing national wealth, and using violence to repress any protests against them. The mention of Paraguayans and Bolivians in "Standard Oil Co." refers to the Chaco War, 1932–1935, in which Paraguay and Bolivia disputed a desolate territory where oil had been discovered. In "United Fruit Co.," Neruda refers to the U.S. giant that controlled banana plantations in many countries of the Caribbean basin but particularly on the isthmus of Central America, where it maintained proverbially warm relations with petty dictators whom he scorns as "flies" and "small-time Caesars." In weighing the significance of Neruda's anger, consider that he was probably the most popular Latin American poet of the twentieth century. Also note that, as is often the case in anti-imperialist writings, Neruda's nationalist sentiments do not focus on his own country of Chile alone but extend to Latin America as a whole.*

Standard Oil Co.

When the drill bored down
toward the stony fissures
and plunged its implacable intestine
into the subterranean estates,

From Pablo Neruda, *Canto General, Fiftieth Anniversary Edition*, ed. and trans. Jack Schmitt (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1991), 176–77, 179. © 1991 by the Fundación Pablo Neruda and The Regents of the University of California. Reprinted by permission of The Regents of the University of California and the University of California Press.

and dead years, eyes
of the ages, imprisoned
plants' roots
and scaly systems
became strata of water,
fire shot up through the tubes
transformed into cold liquid,
in the customs house of the heights,
issuing from its world
of sinister depth,
it encountered a pale engineer
and a title deed.

However entangled the petroleum's
arteries may be, however the layers
may change their silent site
and move their sovereignty
amid the earth's bowels,
whenever the fountain gushes
its paraffin foliage,
Standard Oil has arrived beforehand
with its lawyers and its boots,
with its checks and its guns,
with its governments and its prisoners.

Its obese emperors
from New York are suave,
smiling assassins
who buy silk, nylon, cigars,
petty tyrants, and dictators.

They buy countries, people, seas,
police, legislators,
distant regions where
the poor hoard their corn
like misers their gold:
Standard Oil awakens them,
clothes them in unforms, designates
which brother is the enemy,
and Paraguayans fight its war,
and Bolivians are undone
in the jungle with its machine guns.

A President assassinated
for a drop of petroleum,
a million-acre
mortgage, a swift
execution on a morning
mortal with light, petrified,
a new prison camp for