

mais dançar! . . . " // E ri-se a orquestra irônica, estridente . . . / E da ronda fantástica a serpente // Faz doudas espierais . . . / Qual um sonho dantesco as sombras voam! . . . / Gritos, ais, maldições, preces ressoam! / E ri-se Satanás! // . . . // VI / Existe um povo que a bandeira empresta / P'ra cobrir tanta infâmia e cobardia! . . . / E deixa-a transformar-se nessa festa / Em manto impuro de bacante fria! . . . / Meu Deus! meu Deus! mas que bandeira é esta, / Que impudente na gávea tripudia?! / Silêncio! Musa . . . chora, e chora tanto / Que o pavilhão se lave no teu pranto! . . . // Auriverde pendão de minha terra, / Que a brisa do Brasil beija e balança, // Estandarte que a luz do sol encerra / E as promessas divinas da esperança . . . / Tu que, da liberdade após a guerra, / Foste hasteado dos heróis na lança / Antes te houvessem roto na batalha, / Que servires a um povo de mortalha . . . // Fatalidade atroz que a mente esmaga! / Extingue nesta hora o brigue imundo / O trilho que Colombo abriu nas vagas, / Como um íris no pélago profundo! / Mas é infâmia demais! . . . Da etérea plaga / Levantai-vos, heróis do Novo Mundo! / Andrada! arranca esse pendão dos ares! / Colombo! fecha a porta dos teus mares!

Chile

Rosa Araneda (1850-1894, Chile)

Born perhaps in Machali or Tagua-Tagua, in Chile, Araneda was part of the great migratory movement that brought peasants into the big cities, where city and people were mutually transformed, creating what is now called the "national culture." They brought a way of speaking and singing called "*la lira popular*," or the popular lyre: a vernacular, colloquial speech, inherited from the oral traditions, which contrasted with the cultivated poetry of the cities. Araneda managed to make a living from her verses by having them printed, and illustrated as "*pliegos de versos*," broadsides she sold in the city streets. The only woman among her circle, she was scorned, ridiculed, and envied by her peers for her immense popularity. Her vast oeuvre comprises poems "by literature," cosmic meditations, political denunciations, and erotic love songs, where she held fast to the ambivalent voice of the liberated women of her time, who were entering the work force as streetcar conductors or migrant workers, while affirming their own sexuality and worldview.

Cueca* of the Lady Conductors / *Cueca de las conductoras*

Rosa Alcalá, trans.

When all the loving
Lady conductors
Ride their streetcars
They resemble roses.

[*Chilean courting dance]

tridente . . . / E da ronda
 Qual um sonho dantesco as
 s ressoam! / E ri-se Satanás! / . . .
 / P'ra cobrir tanta infâmia
 festa / Em manto impuro
 s que bandeira é esta, / Que
 . . . chora, e chora tanto / Que
 de pendão de minha terra, /
 rte que a luz do sol encerra / E
 , da liberdade após a guerra, /
 ouvessem roto na batalha, /
 alidade atroz que a mente
 o / O trilho que Colombo abriu
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de las conductoras

Rosa Alcalá, trans.

Resemble roses, yes,
 A garden of flowers
 Mosquitoes hover
 With so much desire.
 Yes, so much desire,
 Young men chase
 After the conductors' loveliness.

It's true, it's so, sweet
 Little mosquito.

A hot-blooded conductor
 Told her co-worker
 I want for my own
 A little mosquito.

I would hold him, yes,
 As my treasure
 And day by day
 Caress him all over.

Yes, day by day,
 If I maul him too much,
 People no doubt
 Will have something to say.

That's what I call living, ladies,
 The lady conductors.

Todas las conductoras / Son amorosas, / Cuando suben al carro / Parecen rosas. //
 Parecen rosas, sí, / Jardín de flores, / Abrazan los zancudos / Con mil amores. /
 Con mil amores, sí, / Por lindas i bellas / Andan los jovencitos / Detrás de ellas. //
 Así es, así es, bonito / Un zancudito. // Una conductora lacha / Le dijo a su
 compañera, / Un zancudo chiquito / De buena gana tuviera. // Yo lo tuviera,
 sí, / Por prenda mía, / Para hacerle cariño / Día por día. / Día por día, sí, / Es
 evidente, / Si me le atraco mucho / Habla la jente. // Así es vida, señoras, / Las
 conductoras.

Chile

Andrés Bello

Beautiful tree, who brought you
to these laughing countryside
that you decorate with your glass
and your pleasant shade?
They say that sweet Dalmiro,
Dalmiro, the one that the jungles
and of these fields the children
do not remember without tears,
bought from
your wild youth your threatened existence;
In this mountain, these valleys,
live your eternal memory.
From the helpless orphan,
from the unhappy zagaleja,
from the needy old man
he comforted the sorrows.
Spread, samán, your branches
without fear of the fierce fate,
and may your
walker- friendly shadow protect.
There will be other ages
that see you more crazy,
and other pastors and others
fleeing like a light shadow;
More of the virtuous Dalmiro
the sweet name preserves,
and say it to those who step on
these beautiful banks.
Say, of your giant father,
who rises in other fields,
witness that time keeps a
thousand dire stories, did you
see the cup in the valley
disabling the storms?
The expensive names perhaps
of the zagal preserves
that in centuries of blissful peace
populated these banks,

and that the horrific death,
spreading the immense wing,
to the stolen cabins
that left their breaths wasteful? ...
Your father contemplated one day
the enviable scenes;
you violate mourning tornadoes,
blood inks las vegas;
since then lonely
in a secluded place queen,
of the distant lagoon
that bathes the foot of Valencia.
It pleased him in the waters to
see his beautiful shadow float,
while they kissed his plant
while playing in the meadows.
From the pure Catuche on the sidelines,
the heavens want
that, happier, do not hear
sad wailing of war;
before, of happy zagales
the pleasant songs,
and when more their sighs
and their jealous complaints.

FOLLOWING THEIR CHILDREN INTO BATTLE:

WOMEN AT WAR IN PARAGUAY, 1864-1870.

*Ella impulsó a su hermano a la pelea,
ella siguió a sus hijos al combate. . .
En medio de la noche, su silueta
se destacó en el campo funerario de la
batalla, pues buscaba, inquieta
el cuerpo de su amor entre el osario.*

*E igual que con su esposo compartiera
el tálamo nupcial en la morada,
con su esposo cayó, fiel compañera, en el lecho mortal de la jornada.*

She encouraged her brother to fight
she followed her children into combat. . .
In middle of the night, her silhouette
stood out in the funeral battlefield
for she was restlessly searching for
the body of her love in the burial grounds.

And just as she had shared the nuptial bed
with her husband in the shelter of their home,
with her husband, she fell, faithful companion,
on the death bed of the day's journey.¹

From "La mujer paraguaya,"
written in 1899 by a
Paraguayan poet, Ignacio A. Pane.

Paraguayan women played a significant role in Latin America's most devastating conflict, the War of the Triple Alliance, also known as the Paraguayan War, 1864-1870. A number of Paraguayan women actively sought involvement in the struggle against the allied armies of the Triple Alliance, Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay. A much larger number of women, especially rural women of the lower classes, found themselves caught up in the struggle, and had no choice but to become involved, especially in the military campaigns, once the foreign troops had invaded their homeland. Still others, numbering in the thousands, and including women of every social class, were among the victims and casualties of that conflict. How did Paraguayan women respond to the challenge of war? Did the war lead to a significant change in the definition of a "women's work" in the country? To what extent were women able to build a sense of themselves as citizens of a "nation"?

