Chicano literature & art

Voices of Mexico

MEXICAN PERSPECTIVES ON CONTEMPORARY ISSUES

CISAN • UNAM

The Franz Mayer Museum

John Reed and the Mexican Revolution

American political expatriates in the '50s

How presidential succession works in Mexico

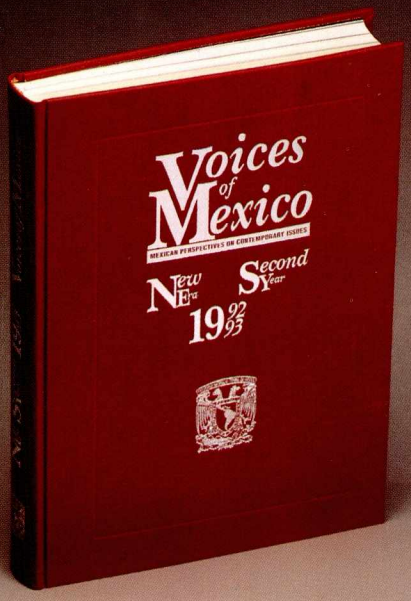
ISSN 0186 • 9418

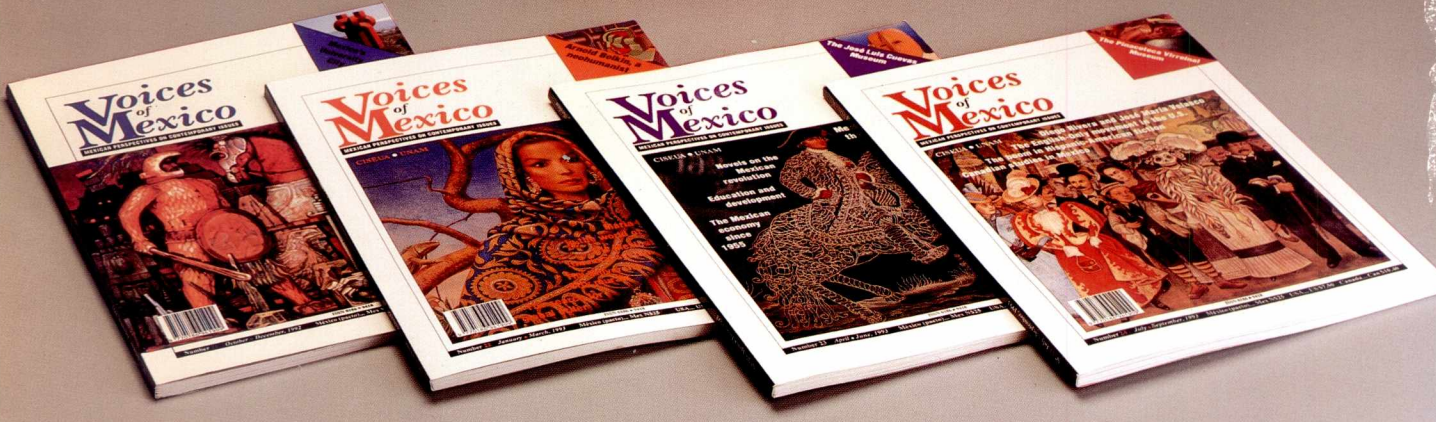
Number 26 *January • March, 1994* México (pacto)... Mex N$25 USA... US $7.50 Canada... Can $10.40

Listen to the Voices of Mexico

Learn about Mexico, its people and culture.

Order your bound copy of the second year of the new era of





An indispensable collection of documents for your library... a handsome gift for your friends.

Revista ***Voices of Mexico***
Miguel Angel de Quevedo 610
Col. Coyoacán, 04000 México, D.F.
Tel: (011-52-5) 659-23-49 y 659-38-21. Fax: (011-52-5) 554-65-73.

More than ever before, there is a need for in-depth and up-to-date coverage in English of Mexico's social, cultural, political and economic life. *Voices of Mexico* seeks to meet that need, bringing you analysis of vital issues, as well as thought-provoking opinion and debate. As the most widely-read English-language quarterly published in Mexico, we seek to increase knowledge and understanding of our country. We welcome your letters, inquiries and manuscripts.

Voices of Mexico

MEXICAN PERSPECTIVES ON CONTEMPORARY ISSUES

Voices of Mexico is published by *El Centro de Investigaciones sobre América del Norte, CISAN* (Center for Research on North America), of the Office of the Coordinator of Humanities, *Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México, UNAM* (National University of Mexico).

Address letters, advertising, and subscription correspondence to: **Voices of Mexico**, Miguel Angel de Quevedo 610, Col. Coyoacán, 04000 México, D.F. Tel: 659-2349 and 659-3821. Fax: 554-6573. Annual subscription rates: Mexico N$90, USA US $26, Canada US $28, other countries US $30, prepaid in US currency to **Voices of Mexico**. Opinions expressed by the authors do not necessarily reflect the views of **Voices of Mexico**.

Publicación trimestral, año ocho, número 26, enero-marzo de 1994. ISSN 0186-9418. Certificado de Contenido No. 2930 y Certificado de Título No. 3340, expedidos por la Comisión Calificadora de Publicaciones y Revistas Ilustradas. Reserva al uso exclusivo del título No. 569-88, expedida por la Dirección General del Derecho de Autor. Correspondencia de segunda clase. Registro 0851292. Características 220261212. Revista trimestral impresa por Artes Gráficas Panorama, S.A. de C.V., Avena 629, Col. Granjas México, 08400 México, D.F.

CONTENTS

Voices of Mexico

MEXICAN PERSPECTIVES ON CONTEMPORARY ISSUES

Number 26 *January • March, 1994*

INTERVIEWS

SCIENCE, ART & CULTURE

POLITICS

LANGUAGE

CURRENT WRITING

REVIEWS

Cover: Colonial patio of the Franz Mayer Museum. Photo by Jorge Pablo de Aguinaco.

Our voice

The Franz Mayer Museum is one of Mexico City's most important, housing one of our country's richest collections of art. Mayer was financially successful in Mexico and used his wealth to acquire works of art from our past. He enjoyed living amidst the works he collected in his house in Mexico City's Las Lomas district.

His collections of Colonial screens, ceramics from various parts of the country, silver extracted from our mines and transformed into works of art, and the religious sculptures known as estofados *are among the most important to have been gathered by private collectors. Rare books made up part of his splendid library. All this he left to the people of Mexico.*

For its part, the government organized, restored and arranged Franz Mayer's collections in the Women's Hospital building which dates from the Colonial period. The remarkable Franz Mayer Museum is located in Mexico City's "Historic Center," where it provides our country with the example of the generosity of a foreigner, who will always be remembered with admiration for the cultural appreciation reflected in his collections, and with gratitude for the legacy he left us. The museum's director gives us a more complete picture in this issue.

Adela Breton was a distinguished Englishwoman who came to Mexico at the end of the last century. She fell in love with the Maya region, making special trips to paint and photograph the ruins of that great civilization, as well as painting and photographing the Mexican cities of her day. She was always accompanied by a Maya guide who watched over and cared for her whenever she visited Mexico. Thus, even when working incommunicado in the middle of the jungle, she was never in danger. She always fondly remembered Mexico's people for the kindness she experienced here.

Her magnificent work has been of considerable assistance to students of the Maya region, providing a realistic picture of the cities she depicts. Her paintings were exhibited in Chapultepec Castle. The large crowds that went to see them admired Adela Breton as an Englishwoman who made our treasures known in Europe.

John Reed was an American journalist and writer who was present during the Revolution that toppled the dictatorship of Porfirio Díaz. He met Villa and learned of his hopes for social progress. He heard the revolutionaries' demands: "Land and freedom," "Bread for all." Through his writing, Reed supported the movement's social demands. In this issue we take note of his work.

Mexico City's Cathedral, built in the center of old Tenochtitlán, was the continent's first. In addition to being the country's most important church, it holds within it treasures of our past and altars from the Colonial era. The cathedral is sinking visibly, and this has affected its domes and pillars. A team of technicians, engineers and builders has undertaken large-scale works aimed at restoring the foundations of this invaluable national monument.

The figure of Santa Anna covers a period extending from Mexico's Independence through the middle of the last century. An agile interview with the author of the most recent book on this figure describes the history of President Santa Anna. The work, which will fill two more volumes, covers one of the most important eras of Mexico's history: Spain's attempted reconquest by means of

the Barradas expedition, the 1836 war with Texas and the United States military intervention which carved up our territory in 1847.

The writer Andrés Henestrosa has been awarded the Belisario Domínguez Medal, named for a senator who championed freedom of speech and was assassinated during the reign of Victoriano Huerta.

Henestrosa, one of our magazine's most distinguished collaborators, has written an interesting article on language for this issue.

Mexican-American writers have produced a trend known as "Chicano literature," an increasingly dynamic contemporary expression of the cultural syncretism of communities of Mexican origin in the United States.

Chicanos' cultural expression has been so outstanding as to become a subject of study and admiration both within the United States and here in Mexico. This community has striven to maintain its identity in the midst of a hostile environment, and has succeeded in doing so thanks to such men as Cesar Chavez.

In this issue we also highlight the Nobel Prize for Literature awarded to Toni Morrison, which is of special note since this is the first time the prize has been awarded to an Afro-American woman writer. Morrison's sensibility demonstrates the ability to overcome, and deserves to be admired worldwide VM

Hugo B. Margáin
Editorial Director.

The Mexico of Santa Anna, the seducer

Enrique González Pedrero, who has served as Governor and Senator from the state of Tabasco, Mexico's Ambassador to Spain and president of the Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI), is a prominent figure not only in Mexico's contemporary politics but in the field of historiography as well. Among his many books are Filosofía política y humanismo *(Political Philosophy and Humanism) and* Riqueza de la pobreza *(The Wealth of Poverty). We conducted the following interview with him on his new book* País de un solo hombre: el México de Santa Anna *(One Man's Country: Santa Anna's Mexico).*

We haven't heard about you for some time. After you retired from politics did you decide to keep quiet?

Quiet? Yes and no. I write history, and you need quiet in order to write about sound and fury. But isn't writing a way of speaking? Yes and no, right?

Could you be more explicit?

With pleasure. I'm writing a long book which covers half a century: *País de un solo hombre: el México de Santa Anna* (One Man's Country: Santa Anna's Mexico). The first volume just came out: *La ronda de los contrarios* (The Opponents' Circle), which covers the period from 1794, when Santa Anna was born, to the invasion of Barradas in 1829, when Santa Anna became the most popular figure in Mexico. The next volume will be *La siesta de un fauno* (The Siesta of a Faun), which I'm writing now and which will cover the period from the Plan de Jalapa regime —the Alamán administration— up to the Texas War in 1836. Or it might go up to the Pastry War. The third volume, *El brillo de la ausencia* (The Splendor of Absence), will deal with the stage beginning in 1836 (or 1839) and ending in 1854 with the Revolution of Ayutla. That will be the longest one.

Why write about Santa Anna?

Why not?

Because it would seem there are more uplifting figures and topics.

I like the reference to uplifting themes. It takes me right back to Plutarch, one of the most thought-provoking things I read in my youth.

And so?

Just for that reason. Because, *à rebours*, Santa Anna will lead me by the hand to the vital ethical contents of politics, which are so important.

Ethical contents of politics through Santa Anna? In Mexico? Well, this is beginning to get interesting. Would you like to elaborate on that paradox?

Certainly. I say Santa Anna is not immoral, but so absolutely amoral that with his actions he reveals to us, to begin with, the indispensable need for moral limits to any political action. Without those limits it seems inevitable that there will be disorientation and, consequently, the loss of the long-term goals that must characterize politics. In the long run, navigating without a compass leads to shipwreck. Morality, however, marks out the path; it shows the path.

You said "to begin with." Let's go more into depth.

All right. Because then we would have to talk about other points: about juridical principles, the country's geography, history and culture, its regions and towns, its

small communities. But all of that began anew with independence. Moreover, Santa Anna was quite simply unaware of it all. And so he acted so freely. With no limits. Now I think that, through his behavior, Santa Anna shows Mexicans what can be done and what is impossible. Naturally you cannot act as Santa Anna did without running the risks that he ran both in individual and collective terms.

And nevertheless...

That's right. His "style" has turned into a sort of school. Why is that? That is precisely what led me to work on this book. The idea that Mexican politics is impregnated, bespattered, with Santa Annaism. Perhaps this is due to the knowledge of the figure and the era being not just partial but absolutely superficial, anecdotal, so to speak. And as is well known, sometimes a superficial knowledge of something is worse than total ignorance. In any case, Santa Anna was so successful after the capitulation of Barradas that this image of self-realization and plenitude which Mexico was so badly in need of, together with lack of knowledge on what happened afterwards (which became a subject for specialists and experts), that the myth of the providential man remained like an invisible visitor, a ghost, creeping around the corners of the national house. Here and there it can still be found, moving around, expropriating, substituting for politics, like in the period before the foundation of the state.

Antonio López de Santa Anna, oil on canvas, anonymous artist.

Do we know Santa Anna better?

We think we know him. Rather, we know him anecdotally. For example, we know about his love of gambling. Santa Anna spent long periods of time in San Agustín de las Cuevas, in public view, gambling. He adored cock-fights. At other times he gambled in private, on his haciendas —at Manga de Clavo or El Encero. He was, in the words of that *corrido* about "Juan Charrasqueado,"[1] a lover, a fighter and a gambler. In other words, really a national symbol. But what is the meaning of this angle, which was so important in the personality of such a powerful man —the *mandamás* (boss)— of Mexican politics for almost thirty years? I think that in my book I've started to take a look at that aspect.

Did Santa Anna think of politics as a game?

Not just politics. Politics is part of life. Santa Anna played with everything: cards, money, parties, women, ideas, the country itself. In the beginning he had a huge fortune, in all senses of the word. Later... Santa Anna played, pretended, acted. There was, or there almost was, a different Santa Anna for each person he spoke to. I remember the remarkable portrait —portraits would be a better way of saying it— that the Marquesa Calderón de la Barca did of him. Despite the historical reservations the Marquesa puts forward, this was a romantic, *blasé*, pallid character, who had retired to his hacienda to think about the men and the things of Mexico, almost like a philosopher.

It seems like a sketch by Chasseriaux (one of Ingres' disciples). And I'm talking about one of the most intelligent women who has written about this country. She's dazzled from the beginning:

> In a little while entered Santa Anna himself; a gentlemanly, good-looking, quietly-dressed, rather melancholy-looking person, with one leg, apparently somewhat of an invalid, and to us the most interesting person in the group. He has sallow complexion, fine dark eyes, soft and penetrating, and an interesting expression of face.

Since her feminine sensibilities had been awakened, perhaps too much so, and she let Fanny talk too much, Madame Calderón must intervene, However, the duet is inevitable:

> Knowing nothing of his past history, one would have said a philosopher, living in dignified retirement —one who

[1] A *corrido* is a popular Mexican ballad. Juan Charrasqueado translates roughly as "Juan Who's Been Stabbed." (Editor's note.)

had tried the world, and found that all was vanity— one who had suffered ingratitude, and who, if he were ever persuaded to emerge from his retreat, would only do so, Cincinnatus-like, to benefit his country.

The Marquesa Calderón de la Barca finally prevails:

It is strange, how frequently this expression of philosophic resignation, of placid sadness, is to be remarked on the countenances of the deepest, most ambitious, and most designing men.

Is the author of these lines, in which a change of key is attempted, the Marquesa or Fanny?

Calderón gave him a letter from the Queen, written under the supposition of his being still President, with which he seemed much pleased, but merely made the innocent observation, "How very well the Queen writes!"

I ask the question since the observation, put into the general's mouth, is anything but innocent. The portrait reaches its high point:

Otherwise, he made himself very agreeable, spoke a great deal of the United States, and of the persons he had known there, and in his manners was quiet and gentlemanlike, and altogether a more polished hero than I had expected to see.

Once again the lady Calderón feels she must seek a balance, this time through the *casual*, familiar knowledge of history, and she even "risks" making a prophecy:

To judge from the past, he will not long remain in his present state of inaction, besides having within him, according to Zavala, "a principle of action forever impelling him forward."

I would not like to impute anything more than the observant sensitivity of Frances Erskine Inglis to the following paragraph:

En attendant, breakfast was announced. The Señora de Santa Anna led me in.... The breakfast was very handsome... served in white and gold French porcelain.... After breakfast, the Señora having despatched for her cigar-case, which was gold, with a diamond latch, offered me a cigar, which I having declined, she lighted her own, a little paper "cigarito," and the gentlemen followed her good example.

Although I would love to, I can't continue to read endless quotations from the spiritual sister of Charlotte and Emily Brontë, but allow me this last (very English) observation, which returns the Marquesa Calderón de la Barca to the strictest neutrality, thereby concluding her portrait:

We then proceeded to look at the out-houses and offices; at the General's favourite war-horse, an old white charger, probably a sincerer philosopher than his master; at several game-cocks, kept with especial care, cock-fighting being a favourite recreation of Santa Anna's; and at his litera, which is handsome and comfortable....

(*Life in Mexico*. Letter the fifth.)

This being said, Santa Anna is the man of a thousand faces —the man with the most faces in Mexican politics. Faces? Most faces? Masks. [2]

Player,[3] actor...

Absolutely. An actor gambles when he acts. The more of an actor I am, the more I gamble. In the final analysis, who is an actor? Everyone and no one. He only has a presence (and existence) on the stage. Now, if you corner me, asking me "Is Santa Anna a good actor?", then I have to answer honestly: yes and no. I have to show the nuances. Santa Anna seeks to be a player, on the stage and at the cock-fights, but in reality he is not a good player. On the stage he plays various roles, he acts, but at bottom he's always the same: a character who does not look for himself in the game of playing, who is too tied up in the part he's acting and, at the same time, always wants to play the role for which he feels himself predestined. It seems to me that an actor needs to show that he acts. He needs to distinguish himself from life. Not to be so "natural" that he winds up merging himself into his role. He always has to show that he is an actor on stage, that today he is playing this part and tomorrow another one. But he cannot, or rather, must not be perfect. That is where his mastery of the art lies. Santa Anna plays at many roles but always wants to be Macbeth. So he cheats. Like in gambling, he always has cards up his sleeve. He doesn't think it over, he doesn't take risks. He takes the point out of the game, he doesn't walk the tightrope unless there's a net underneath. And when he fences he files down the tip of the sword, he turns it into a prop sword and then it's not a duel, a challenge, but an exhibition. He only does things "as if," he fakes. He's a phony, a swindler. In short, Santa Anna is an actor, but not a good one. He's not a perfect actor.

And so?

So I go back to politics in order to conclude, for the time being, recalling the paradox of one of the wisest men of all time in politics, the Baron de Montesquieu: "In politics, the lesser evil is best." I left unwritten another idea which has come out now in this interview. Santa Anna was a seducer. He seduced the Mexican society of his day. But what I don't leave unwritten is the goal of the book, its message.

To reclaim history is really to reclaim destiny. This book is a plea for reclaiming memory. A people without a past is a people which cannot understand its present and cannot choose its future.

The past is not to be feared. It should not be buried. Because if we try to do that, what happens is that the dead

[2] In Spanish this is a pun: *caras* (faces), *más caras* (most faces), *máscaras* (masks). (Editor's note.)

[3] The word used here is *jugador*, which in Spanish means both "player" and "gambler." (Editor´s note.)

Antonio López de Santa Anna (1794-1876)

Army officer and statesman who was the storm center of Mexico's politics during such events as the Texan revolt (1836) and the Mexican war (1846-48).

The son of a minor colonial official, Santa Anna served in the Spanish army and rose to the rank of captain. He fought on both sides of almost every issue of the day. In 1821 he supported Agustín de Iturbide and the war for Mexican independence, but in 1823 he helped overthrow Iturbide. In 1828 he backed Vicente Guerrero for president, only to help depose him later.

Santa Anna gained much prestige in 1829 when he fought against Spain's attempt to reconquer Mexico, and he became known as the Hero of Tampico. This surge of glory helped him gain the presidency in 1833 as a Federalist and opponent of the Roman Catholic church; in actuality, however, he established a centralized state. He remained in power until 1836, when he marched into Texas to quell a rebellion by U.S. settlers there. During the course of this punitive expedition, Texas declared its independence from Mexico (March 2). Santa Anna, after defeating Texan forces at the Alamo and Goliad, then moved eastward to the San Jacinto River, where he was defeated and captured by Sam Houston on April 21. He was sent to Washington, D.C. for an interview with President Andrew Jackson, who returned him to Mexico, where he was forced into retirement.

In 1838, when the French navy seized Veracruz and demanded an indemnity for injuries to French citizens in Mexico, Santa Anna led forces to Veracruz, only to shoot at the ships as they departed. He lost a leg in the skirmish. He gained enough prestige from this event to act as dictator from March to July 1839, while the president was away. Two years later he led a revolt and seized power, which he held until he was driven into exile in 1845.

When war against the United States broke out, Santa Anna contacted U.S. president James Polk, who arranged for a ship to take him to Mexico for the purpose of working for peace. Santa Anna took charge of the Mexican forces upon his return; but instead of acting for peace, he led his men against the United States until he was routed by U.S. forces under General Winfield Scott. Santa Anna again retired, moving to Jamaica in 1847 and to New Granada in 1853. Ten years later he sought U.S. support in an attempt to oust the emperor Maximilian, whom the French had placed on the Mexican throne; at the same time, he offered his services to Maximilian. Both proposals were refused. Two years before he died, poor and blind, Santa Anna was allowed to return to his country.

Santa Anna possessed a magnetic personality and real qualities of leadership, but his lack of principles, his pride, and his love of military glory and extravagance, coupled with a disregard for and incompetence in civil affairs, led Mexico into a series of disasters and himself into ill repute and tragedy.

Taken from *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 1993, Vol. 10, p. 423.

walk among the living and we don't even realize it. And that's much worse. We must look them in the face, recognize them, and then, yes, we will be able to bury forever the dead who do not deserve to continue side by side with the living. And we can reclaim those who do deserve to, so they may help us choose the future.

Fate lies like a dead weight only on peoples which don't know where they come from and when they accept, fatalistically, that what has always happened must continue to happen.

To reclaim destiny is to reject the supposedly inescapable fate of fate itself. *One Man's Country* is an appeal to look straight into the mirror of our history, precisely in order to reveal its dark side and, only then, to be able to make its bright side our own.

As Frank Tannenbaum said, Santa Anna is "the evil genius of Mexican destiny." His ghost continues to haunt us each time the country loses another opportunity to assert its own will and to take on, as a nation of adults, the exercise of its free will.

One Man's Country is a long book and the first in a series of three, the rest of which will also be long. I would like to think that the weight of this first "brick" won't prevent you from trying to read it. Because I am sure that, if you decide to go beyond the first few pages, you will begin to be caught in the web of a seduction similar to Santa Anna's seduction of the society of his day, the same one which caught me in its web, more and more, as I delved into the vicissitudes of our first attempts to shake off dependency, the fruition of a definitive discovery... the discovery of Mexico VM

John Reed arrived in Mexico eighty years ago

Miguel Angel Sánchez de Armas *

In memory of Miguel González González, who rode with Pancho Villa.

I

For those of us born at a time when heroes are sooner put down than praised, and those who are different are repressed rather than imitated, John Reed's biography can seem as overwhelming as a full-length movie played at high speed. We are dragged along by the film's overlapping images, facts and anecdotes, at twice the normal speed, a pace for which we are little prepared.

John Reed died three days before his thirty-third birthday, on the opposite side of the world from where he was born, honored by the flags of another country. He took part in two of the first revolutions of the century and published books explaining to the world the full implications of the social changes they brought. In his own country he fought passionately, with that youthful ardor that combines hope, idealism and innocence, to improve the lot of the oppressed.

At an age when most men are only just beginning to take charge of their own lives, Reed had already created a legend about himself. And when Reed's feverish life as a writer and rebel came to an end in a hospital bed in Moscow and the news went around the world, there were as many sighs of relief as demonstrations of grief in his homeland.

We do not know what kind of man Reed would have become if he had lived another twenty or thirty years. He started very young —Walter Lippman remembers him as a legend just five years after he left university— and his life was sketched in large and occasionally awkward strokes, rather than with meticulous brushwork. However, we can imagine that the tide of McCarthyism that could be foreseen even in his day would have marked him as one of its first targets; and that the response from this passionate, volcanic spirit would have been fierce indeed —even from within the prison cell where he would doubtless have landed.

Introduction to the author´s translation of *Insurgent Mexico*, to be published shortly by Fundación Manuel Buendía.

* Journalist.

Perhaps Jack, acclaimed as the finest journalist of his time at the age of 26, and a consummate writer and social activist by the age of 32 —Kipling is reputed to have said that Reed's articles made him "see" Mexico— also managed to die at just the right time.

II

The afternoon of Saturday October 23, 1920 was cold and rainy, as befits a Russian fall. A grayish fog from the Moskva river swirled around the Kremlin walls. In the great Red Square, flags fluttered in the mist when the huge procession arrived from the Temple of Labor to the sound of a funeral march, while the drumming of boots on the flagstones added a note of nostalgia.

John Reed had died of typhoid, and the procession was carrying his remains to the geographic and emotional heart of the Soviet peoples, with honors befitting a hero of the proletariat.

Three funeral speeches were made in memory of the dead man. When the coffin was placed inside the Kremlin walls under a red flag emblazoned with gold letters reading "Leaders die, but the cause lives on," banners were lowered and the air was filled with a fusillade of gunshots, followed by a deep silence.

Louise Bryant observed the final moments of the ceremony, her grayish-green eyes blazing intensely. She had barely reached Moscow in time to hold Jack in her arms as he died, and had stayed by the coffin throughout the days of official ceremonies in honor of her companion. This frail-looking woman had been the great love of a man who found it easier to understand countries than fathom the mysteries of the opposite sex.

What thoughts crossed Louise Bryant's mind that cold and rainy afternoon? Perhaps the memory of their nights together in the cabin at Croton, or images of that great clumsy man, bursting with energy and wit, haranguing a crowd of workers while impatiently sweeping his unruly hair out of his eyes, or immersed in endless

alcoholic discussions with his friends in a Greenwich Village garret.

Louise Bryant may have felt that the *enfant terrible*, poet, journalist, writer and social activist, who had finally found rest, had also, in the last analysis, found eternal victory.

"True revolutionaries," Reed had written, "are those who reach the limit."

III

John Silas Reed was born on October 22, 1887, in the bosom of a wealthy, conservative family from Portland, Oregon, and was baptized in the Episcopalian Church. He lived the protected life of a sickly child in his maternal grandparents' house, "...a great, lordly mansion, in the style of a French chateau, with a huge park, carefully manicured gardens, meadows, cow sheds, greenhouses and vines that climbed up around the windows, docile deer grazing among the trees.... At the end of the house there was a lawn terrace surrounded on three sides by firs with gas tubes concealed in the bark. In the summer, they used to put up a marquee, and people used to dance in the light of the fairy lights that seemed to have grown out of the trees," as Reed recalls in his autobiographical essay, "Nearly Thirty Years."

In 1887, Portland was a bustling Puritan community whose leaders exalted the value of work, religion, decency and moderation. A chronicler of the time defined the city fathers as "prudent and worthy, with a morality, religious conviction and strength of character unsurpassed by any other social class in America."

Reed's father and grandfather were prototypes of such civic virtues, although the former was eventually rejected by the Portland bourgeoisie because of political ventures that had what they viewed as "unfortunate" consequences.

Although Reed's mother regarded herself as a "rebel" and was one of the first women to smoke in public, she despised the working classes, foreigners and radicals. Years later, as a penniless widow, she went so far as to refuse money from Reed since she did not want to be supported by a pro-Soviet son.

Reed's grandmother was also a rebel. Widowed at a time when women were supposed to be models of devotion, discretion and submission, she set off on voyages to exotic places like China as well as turning her Cedar Hill parlor into a center of intense social activity.

The atmosphere of righteousness, prudence and calm that prevailed in the Reed household was disturbed only by the occasional visits of a brother of Jack's mother, Uncle Horace, who —no doubt to the horror of that Christian abode— embellished his globe-trotting adventures with fantastic stories portraying the uncle as a key figure in revolutions, coups d'état and all kinds of escapades.

John Reed
(October 22, 1887 - October 19, 1920)

U.S. poet-adventurer whose short life as a revolutionary writer and activist made him the hero of a generation of radical intellectuals.

Reed, a member of a wealthy Portland family, was graduated from Harvard in 1910 and began writing for a Socialist newspaper, *The Masses*, in 1913. In 1914 he covered the revolutionary fighting in Mexico and recorded his impressions in *Insurgent Mexico* (1914). Frequently arrested for organizing and defending strikes, he rapidly became established as a radical leader and helped form the Communist Party in the United States.

He covered World War I for *Metropolitan* magazine; out of this experience came *The War in Eastern Europe* (1916). He became a close friend of Lenin and was an eyewitness to the 1917 Bolshevik Revolution in Russia, recording this event in his best known book, *Ten Days That Shook the World* (1919).

When the U.S. Communist Party and the Communist Labor Party split in 1919, Reed became the leader of the latter. Indicted for treason, he escaped to the Soviet Union and died of typhus; he was subsequently buried with other Bolshevik heroes beside the Kremlin wall. Following his death the Communist Party formed many John Reed clubs, associations of writers and artists, in U.S. cities.

***The New Encyclopaedia Britannica Micropaedia*, 1993, Volume 9, pp. 990-991.**

One can imagine the effect that these tales had on the young John. The uncle not only claimed to have led a popular revolt in Guatemala that ended with his seizing power for a few days (which he allegedly took advantage of, in his capacity as Secretary of State, to confiscate the national treasury and organize a lavish state dance, before declaring war on the German empire in revenge for his having failed a high-school German class!), but insisted that he had been crowned king of a South Sea island.

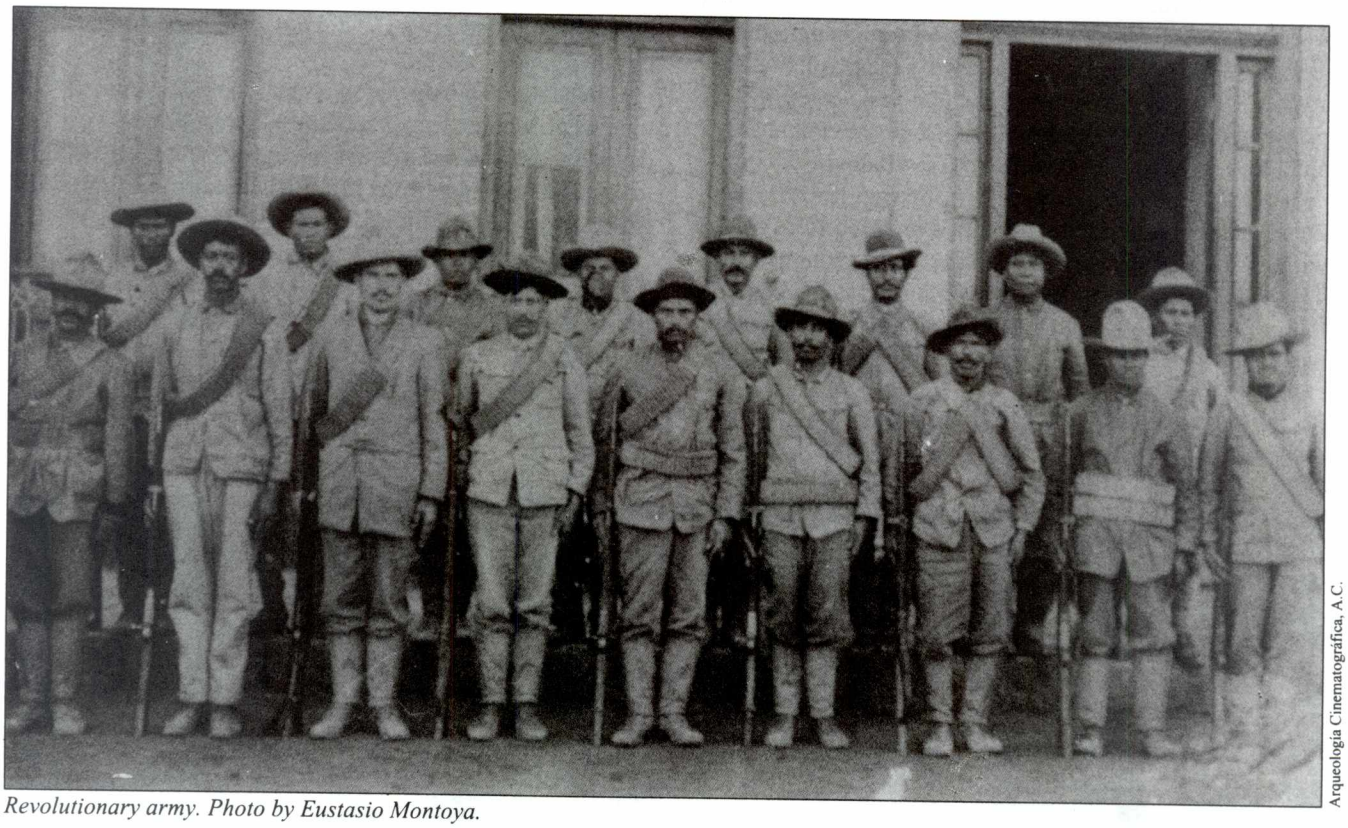
Jack was then a dreamy child much given to fantasizing; years later he remembered being "different from others." Still, he seemed destined for the life of a peaceful gentleman, a pillar of the community and the Episcopalian Church.

When the time came, his father, Charles Jerome Reed, better known as C.J., spared no expense or effort to send his son to the finest university, that would not only provide him with the professional tools to achieve a comfortable standard of living but also an aura of prestige that would be crucial to his future social life. The choice —after a two-year stay at an exclusive prep school in Morriston, New Jersey— was obviously Harvard.

But it was during those student years away from his family home that Jack realized he was not destined to return to Portland and that commercial and industrial success held no attraction for him. He had a different nature and would not follow in his father's footsteps —even if this made him feel guilty.

Reed's time at Morriston and Harvard is a story in itself. It was there that he began to stand out —albeit not as a model student, since his grades were barely adequate. Once his studies were over, he travelled to Europe and back, and at the age of 23 found a job at New York's *American* magazine, and began writing for other publications as well.

John Reed, journalist and writer, was about to make his mark on the great concrete city.



Arqueologia Cinematográfica, A.C.

Revolutionary army. Photo by Eustasio Montoya.

IV

When Jack Reed crossed the border from Texas to Chihuahua, on an afternoon in late 1913, and climbed onto the roof of the Presidio post office to get his first look at Mexico, he already bore the double mark of being a great journalist and social activist.

His work in the radical magazine *The Masses*, his activities in Socialist and bohemian circles, his explosive, unpredictable personality and his account of the great strike in Patterson, New Jersey —where he was able to experience the warm atmosphere of the local prison— had given him a name by the time he was 26.

Nevertheless, Reed did not come to Mexico on his own account. He was commissioned by *Metropolitan* magazine and the *World* newspaper to cover the revolutionary events

La tropa on the march

"What are you fighting for?" I asked....

"We are fighting," said Isidro Amayo, "for Libertad."

"What do you mean by Libertad?"

"Libertad is when I can *do what I want!*"

"But suppose it hurts somebody else?"

He shot back at me Benito Juarez' great sentence: "Peace is the respect for the rights of others!"

I wasn't prepared for that. It startled me, this barefooted *mestizo's* conception of Liberty. I submit that it is the only correct definition of Liberty —*to do what I want to!* Americans quote it to me triumphantly as an instance of Mexican irresponsibility. But I think it is a better definition than ours —Liberty is the right to do what the Courts want. Every Mexican schoolboy knows the definition of peace and seems to understand pretty well what it means, too. But, they say, Mexicans don't want peace. That is a lie, and a foolish one. Let Americans take the trouble to go through the Maderista army, asking whether they want peace or not! The people are sick of war.

John Reed, *Insurgent Mexico*, Greenwood Press, New York, 1969, pp. 37 and 40.

south of the border, particularly the actions of the rebel leader Francisco Villa, whose movements so near the U.S. border had made him front-page news.

Yet while there is no evidence that Reed had a moral commitment to the Mexican revolutionaries before entering the country, it is clear from his book on Mexico that he made that commitment very soon.

Years later, Reed was to say that Mexico was the place where he found himself. This clumsy, explosive gringo, who was simultaneously lucid, warm-hearted and brave, not only wrote articles on Mexico of an extraordinary quality, which were recognized as such by the obsessive Walter Lippman, but also provided his American readers and their government's decision-making conclaves with a view of Mexican revolutionary events that no doubt influenced U.S. attitudes to Mexico's internal conflict.

His descriptions of Francisco Villa, whom he knew and profoundly admired, raised Villa from bandit to hero

The rise of a bandit

Everywhere he was known as The Friend of the Poor. He was the Mexican Robin Hood.... Villa lived in El Paso, Texas, and it was from there that he set out, in April, 1913, to conquer Mexico with four companions, three led horses, two pounds of sugar and coffee, and a pound of salt.

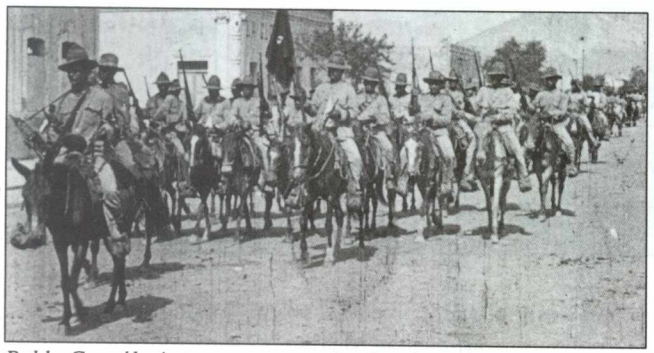
There is a little story connected with that. He hadn't money enough to buy horses, nor had any of his companions. But he sent two of them to a local livery stable to rent riding horses every day for a week. They always paid carefully at the end of the ride, so when they asked for eight horses the livery stable man had no hesitation about trusting them with them. Six months later, when Villa came triumphantly into Juarez at the head of an army of four thousand men, the first public act he committed was to send a man with double the price of the horses to the owner of the livery stable.

John Reed, *Insurgent Mexico*, pp. 118 and 121.

status in U.S. public opinion. Reed managed to transmit the deepest feelings of a people in arms to the rest of the world.

Reed was obviously not a reporter in the traditional sense; he was a far cry from the humdrum special envoy. John would plunge into the lives of the men and women involved in the revolution to see the conflict from their point of view.

He took the side of "the men" so he could experience for himself the promise of a new dawn that the bloody conflict would bring to Mexico: a free nation where there would be no underclass, no oppressive army, dictators or Church at the service of the powerful. Together with the Mexican people, Reed lived through a painful but necessary war that would make Mexico a free country.



Arqueología Cinematográfica, A.C.

Pablo González's troops on parade after their victory at Villaldama, Nuevo León.

Reed was remarkably perceptive. In less than four months he was able to capture the essence of an armed conflict that was transforming a nation, and absorb the idiosyncrasies of its protagonists —something that modern correspondents with several years' experience in this country have not managed to achieve, as shown by their "portraits" of the Mexicans.

This degree of understanding of the motivations of a country in arms was reflected in the reports that John Reed sent back to the newspapers for which he wrote. These chronicles were later compiled in *Insurgent Mexico*, published in July 1914 by the D. Appleton Company.

In his essay "The Legendary John Reed," Walter Lippmann wrote: *"The public realized it was able to experience what John Reed saw, touched or felt. The variety of his impressions and the color and sources of his language seemed unending. The articles he sent from the Mexican border were as passionate as the Mexican desert and Villa's revolution... he began to capture his readers, submerging them in waves of a marvelous panorama of land and sky.*

"Reed loved the Mexicans he met, just as they were. He drank with them, ran with and risked his life with them.... He was not too boastful, or too cautious or too lazy. Mexicans were people of flesh and blood to him.... He

The dream of Pancho Villa

It might not be uninteresting to know the passionate dream —the vision which animates this ignorant fighter, "not educated enough to be President of Mexico." He told it to me once in these words: "When the new Republic is established there will never be any more army in Mexico. Armies are the greatest support of tyranny. There can be no dictator without an army.

"We will put the army to work. In all parts of the Republic we will establish military colonies composed of the veterans of the Revolution. The State will give them grants of agricultural lands and establish big industrial enterprises to give them work. Three days a week they will work and work hard, because honest work is more important than fighting, and only honest work makes good citizens. And the other three days they will receive military instruction and go out and teach all the people how to fight. Then, when the Patria is invaded, we will just have to telephone from the palace at Mexico City, and in half a day all the Mexican people will rise from their fields and factories, fully armed, equipped and organized to defend their children and their homes.

"My ambition is to live my life in one of those military colonies among my *compañeros* whom I love, who have suffered so long and so deeply with me. I think I would like the government to establish a leather factory there where we could make good saddles and bridles, because I know how to do that; and the rest of the time I would like to work on my little farm, raising cattle and corn. It would be fine, I think, to help make Mexico a happy place."

John Reed, *Insurgent Mexico*, pp. 145 and 146.

The army at Yermo

At dawn next morning General Toribio Ortega came to the car for breakfast —a lean, dark Mexican, who is called "The Honorable" and "The Most Brave" by the soldiers. He is by far the most simple-hearted and disinterested soldier in Mexico. He never kills his prisoners. He has refused to take a cent from the Revolution beyond his meager salary. Villa respects and trusts him perhaps beyond all his Generals. Ortega was a poor man, a cowboy. He sat there, with his elbows on the table, forgetting his breakfast, his big eyes flashing, smiling his gentle, crooked smile, and told us why he was fighting.

"I am not an educated man," he said. "But I know that to fight is the last thing for any people. Only when things get too bad to stand, eh? And, if we are going to kill our brothers, something fine must come out of it, eh? You in the United States do not know what we have seen, we Mexicans! We have looked on at the robbing of our people, the simple, poor people, for thirty-five years, eh? We have seen the *rurales* and the soldiers of Porfirio Diaz shoot down our brothers and our fathers, and justice denied to them. We have seen our little fields taken away from us, and all of us sold into slavery, eh? We have longed for our homes and for schools to teach us, and they have laughed at us. All we have ever wanted was to be let alone to live and to work and make our country great, and we are tired —tired and sick of being cheated...."

John Reed, *Insurgent Mexico*, pp. 179 and 180.

didn't judge them. He identified with the struggle and what he saw was gradually blended into his hopes. And whenever his sympathies were in accordance with the facts, Reed was splendid."

Throughout *Insurgent Mexico*, what emerges time and time again is John Reed's commitment to the struggle he was sent to report on, a struggle he identified with deeply. Reed's accounts seem so modern and up-to-date, and on a par with those of the best chroniclers of the Mexican Revolution.

My generation are the grandchildren of the men with whom Reed rode and shared tortillas, chili, beans, meat and brandy. Many of us learned of the great battles of Villa's Northern Division through talking with those ghosts of the past who kept their uniforms, hats, cartridge belts and 30-30s in a wardrobe with plate-glass mirrors, and showed the bullet marks on their bodies with a smile; whose eyes lit up when they recalled their general, Francisco Villa.

Villa was the man they did not hesitate to follow, even though Death beckoned from the battle-field and there were more bullets than flies buzzing around a three-day-old body, because following the leader of the Northern Division was the only conceivable route toward the other Mexico they hoped they could one day call their own. The grandchildren of those men, who read *Insurgent Mexico* in our adolescence, when their memory was like the smell of the drawers in wardrobes with plate-glass mirrors and the dull gleam of the barrel of a 30-30, discovered this thanks to Reed's pen.

V

In the pages of Reed's book, journalism and literature jostle for space, each providing a marvelous background to the other. This friendly quarrel is complemented by Reed's message, which we read sometimes between the lines and sometimes directly: here is a man who has reached the great luminous deserts of Durango and Chihuahua, in a country called Mexico, to reaffirm his own revolutionary convictions, and find himself among ragged, semi-literate, poorly-armed men, undisciplined and free, whose instinct, more than an ideology, told them that war was the only possible means, at the time, of transforming a situation in which some lived by exploiting others, even while they realized that they themselves would not be able to enjoy this new order, and perhaps not even their children either; only their children's children.

It is no exaggeration to say that the John Reed who returned to the United States in April 1914 was not the same as the one who saw Mexico for the first time from the post office roof in Presidio.

In Mexico, Reed perfected the tools for his great work, *Ten Days that Shook the World*, an account regarded by Lenin himself as one of the finest books on the October Revolution and to which he wrote the foreword, in the hope that it would be read by the workers of the world.

To say that Reed died too young is a cliche. He did indeed die young, yet his work was complete. It might be better to say that his demons abandoned him so that he could die in time VM

Quotations taken from: Robert A. Rosenstone, *Romantic revolutionary, a biography of John Reed*, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1975, 430 pp.

Mexico for the political expatriate: haven or last resort?

Diana Anhalt *

I

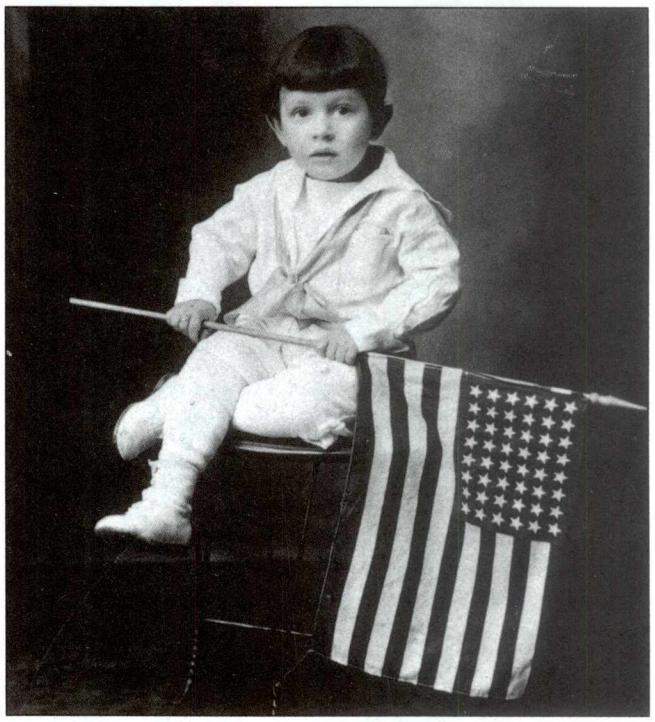
My parents died a few years ago, before they got around to telling me whether they had ever been Communists, and before I got around to asking. (*Communist* was a word that was never used in my house.) However, the possibility had occurred to me.

Back in 1956, I was not terribly surprised when a fellow student at the American School in Mexico City announced to a group of classmates, as we changed shoes after gym: "My parents say her parents are Communists." At that time such accusations were not made lightly, and it certainly helped me understand why in 1950 we had suddenly left New York City and a secure, if not prosperous, life in the Bronx for an uncertain future in Mexico.

While estimates vary, we were one of perhaps fifty families from the United States whose hasty arrivals and departures crissscrossed and overlapped throughout the '50s. Despite these comings and goings, a definite sense of community existed among us.

Some of us had been friends in the past or were referred to each other by mutual acquaintances. We offered moral support, loaned each other money, socialized and shared a progressive political outlook. Understandably, we were generally discreet, rarely disclosing —even to each other— too much about our political pasts. We shared a certain distrust of strangers, which was probably healthy under the circumstances. Some were or had been members of the Communist Party; other had not.

But since then I have learned that in those days American citizens didn't have to be Communists for what happened to us to happen to them. As the flush of good will toward the Soviet Union —our WWII buddy and ally— waned, there was an upsurge of the strident anti-Communism, anti-socialism and anti-labor rhetoric which had been as much as a part of the American scene in the 1920s and '30s as McDonald's and Nintendo are today.



Meyer Zykofsky at the age of four.

Thousands found themselves persecuted for their political beliefs. By the second half of the 1940s, Southern Democrats and right-wing Republicans were stepping up the pressure on presidents Truman and Eisenhower to quell the "Red Menace." A world trembling in the wake of the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and just beginning to grasp the destructive potential of atomic power, was all too ready to listen.

Politicians and government officials such as J. Edgar Hoover, Joseph McCarthy and Richard M. Nixon found they could now bring disparate groups together by stirring up

* Currently working on a book about the American expatriate community in Mexico from 1947 to 1960.

sentiment against the "Reds" and lashing back against the progressive policies set down during Roosevelt's New Deal.

Still, seditious behavior is hard to verify. Individuals found themselves harassed for suspect words, thoughts and associations, presumed guilty unless they could prove otherwise. The weapons used against them were the blacklist, the loyalty oath, laws of dubious constitutionality, FBI investigations and the assertions of professional informers.

"Being named" was enough to cost your job, no matter what you did for a living. Long lists of "suspects" were published by "patriotic" organizations, famous columnists, business groups and the like. Once blacklisted, clearing one's name entailed public recantation and the naming of others to show true repentance. Sometimes even that was not enough. Nothing conquers individual valor more effectively than fear, and fear proved a powerful deterrent to resistance.

And yet, despite the fear, some did resist, often at a great personal price. Some were named but refused to name others, even when jailed for contempt. Others would not sign loyalty oaths, as a matter of principle. Many knew it was only a matter of time before they, too, would be questioned by congressional or state committees. If it were a choice between not finding work and risking imprisonment, or going to Mexico and making do, some chose Mexico.

II

The choice of Mexico over France or England, where a number of self-exiled families also settled, was based on three types of considerations: political, economic and cultural. From a political point of view, options were limited. Since the U.S. government, using its power to issue and revoke passports, frequently refused to grant travel documents to the politically suspect, Mexico and Canada, which American citizens could enter freely without passports, sometimes became the only viable alternatives to remaining in the United States.

Up until June of 1958, when the Supreme Court limited the State Department's ability to use this sort of bias to restrict individual movement, many political pariahs had nowhere else to go.

At the same time, Mexican President Lázaro Cárdenas' progressive policies toward Spanish Republican refugees and his highly publicized tolerance of the left wing during the '30s still shed a powerful aura. For political activists on the run, this image could be comforting, even if it was no longer completely realistic.

There was enormous ignorance about Mexico in the United States, greater even than today's; but those who chose to come here were usually better informed. Some had visited previously or had friends and acquaintances in the artistic community or among the Lincoln Brigade[1] vets and Spanish Civil War refugees living here.

Meyer and Belle Zykofsky with daughter Diana in 1944.

Most adored the country and praised Mexico for its temperate weather and generally tolerant political climate, best reflected in the indifferent attitude ordinarily shown them by the government. If a prevailing opinion could be said to exist, it was that Mexico was a country where, "if the heat were on, things could be arranged." For the undecided, in a crunch the decisive factor could be a lawyer's recommendation to leave the U.S. and choose Mexico.

And then there was the question of money. Most of the self-exiled had few resources, and some of the previously well-to-do had spent more than they could afford in costly legal battles. The best known among those few who were independently wealthy were probably New York financier Alfred Stern and his wife, Martha Dodd Stern, daughter of William Dodd, President Roosevelt's ambassador to Nazi Germany during the 1930s.

Fred Vanderbilt Field, an heir to the vast Vanderbilt fortune, would only inherit a small amount of what was due him. He was comfortably well-off but not nearly as rich as people claimed.

Then there were the black-listed writers or disenchanted artists who, on discovering they were unemployable in the United States, figured that given the nature of their work, they could just as easily free-lance in Mexico as anywhere else while living a lot more cheaply.

[1] The Lincoln Brigade was made up of U.S. volunteers on the Republican side in the Spanish Civil War. (Editor's note.)

Poet George Oppen, who was to win a Pulitzer Prize in 1969, earned a very modest living as a furniture maker. Some owned small stores or businesses, invested in construction, raised chickens, made ice cream, sold screenplays through "fronts," wrote articles and books, opened guest houses, produced films, taught at the American School or Mexico City College, or exercised a profession.

While some did extremely well in this country, they appear to have been in the minority. In his book *The Great Fear*,[2] David Caute cites a *New York Herald Tribune* article of September 2, 1957: "There [in Mexico City, Cuernavaca and San Miguel de Allende] they tended to launch successful business enterprises and make a lot of money." While Caute's book is extraordinary, his source is mistaken on this point. Most of these expatriates made enough to live comfortably, but not luxuriously.

Before coming to Mexico other determining factors besides money were weighed by those who had the luxury of looking before leaping. (Coming to Mexico was, to a certain extent, a matter of choice. After all, a majority of the politically suspect remained in the U.S. And however unpleasant their experiences, they did survive the witch hunts.) Still, in the majority of these cases, the situation had become —or threatened to become— so difficult that they really had nothing to lose.

For the optimist, Mexico's geographic proximity to the States meant it would be possible to consider going back as soon as the heat was off. Many left behind homes, businesses, elderly parents and college-aged offspring. Those whose youngsters accompanied them were able to send them to the American School, which offered a course of study compatible with programs in the United States, although a good number did not learn this until they arrived.

Then there was the problem of language. Most of the expatriates spoke some Spanish. But finding out that many Mexicans spoke English made the move more feasible.

I don't suppose that feasibility was uppermost in my parents' minds. In their early thirties, as far as I know Belle and Meyer (Mike) Zykofsky had never been out of New York. They arrived with their life savings of one thousand dollars, two daughters aged five and eight, their jazz recordings, and the address of their old friend Eddy.

They also brought their typewriter and two oil paintings by my uncle Herman. My mother, whose culinary efforts rarely went beyond opening a can of tuna fish, insisted on packing her *Settlement Cookbook*. I was allowed to bring my Brownie camera, my ice skates and a gray corduroy jumper with red hearts and flowers on it, of which I was particulary fond.

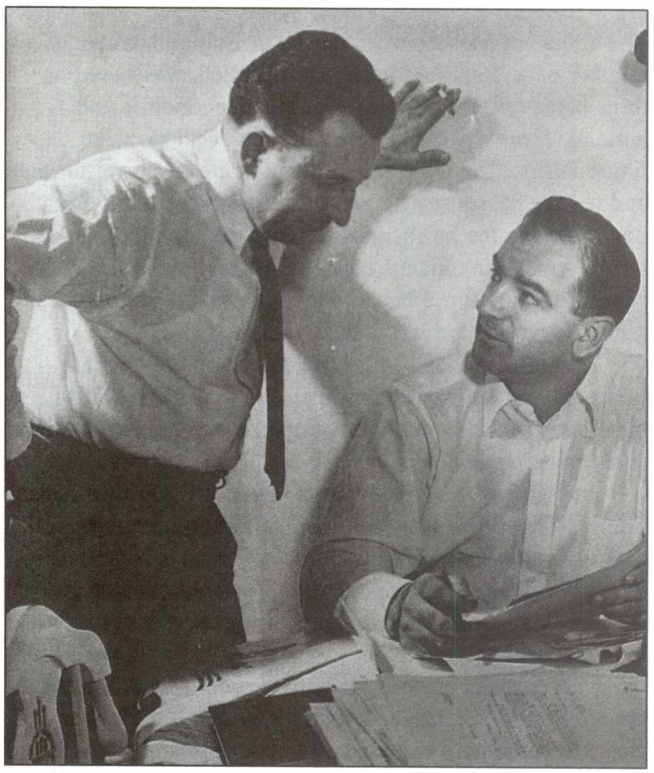
Although I am still unsure, I imagine that our coming to Mexico was related to my parents' involvement in the left-wing American Labor Party, their liberal political stance on just about everything, and the fact that they were convinced that it was only a matter of time before the United States became another Nazi Germany.

Although all the politically motivated expatriates who landed in Mexico during the '50s shared a liberal outlook, there was a peculiar blend of backgrounds and personal histories. The early arrivals were connected to the film industry and had been implicated, either directly or marginally, in the trials of the "Hollywood Ten."

In 1947 ten well-known screen writers and directors, when called before the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC), refused to answer questions about their political affiliations on grounds that such interrogations were unconstitutional. As a result they went to jail.

Movie industry blacklists soon cost hundreds their jobs. Three of the "Hollywood Ten" writers who came to Mexico for varying lengths of time were Albert Maltz, Dalton Trumbo and Ring Lardner Jr., whose wife's career as an actress was seriously affected as well. At least ten other blacklisted and therefore "unemployable" writers, producers and directors arrived in the early '50s, settling mostly in Mexico City and Cuernavaca.

Another group, from the Miami area, arrived in 1954 following a series of investigations into Communist activities in the South. A good number of those called to testify during the virulent, widely publicized trials were



Ray Kiermas and Joseph McCarthy (right) in 1947.

[2] New York, Simon & Schuster, p. 212.

The Hollywood Ten and two of their attorneys stand outside district court in Washington on January 9, 1950.

denounced by paid government informers. They pled the Fifth Amendment, refused to name people known to them as Communists and, as a result, were cited for contempt. They too went to jail. No proof of any illegal activity was required.

All those who chose to leave held political convictions which could and sometimes did make them prime targets for the investigating committees. They had been active in the drive for racial integration, the labor movement, or the Spanish Civil War, or were closely involved, in one capacity or another, with the Soviet Union, China, Roosevelt's New Deal, Henry Wallace's presidential campaign —even with folk music.

Former resident Edna VanderSchelling told me that she and her husband Bart —an opera singer in his youth who had been seriously injured during the Spanish Civil War— held folk singing sessions in their home in Laurel Canyon. "We made a lot of noise singing, but we didn't care because we didn't have any ulterior motives."

But that was 1950 and in progressive circles the mood was strained. When a friend told them "Someone's been asking about you guys," they got out, with the intention of spending a few weeks in Mexico. They stayed for more than 12 years.

III

The irony is inescapable. Once here, these highly politicized individuals, unlike earlier political expatriates such as Bertram Wolfe, an active member of the Communist Party of Mexico (PCM), lived lives completely detached from Mexican politics. (There may have been some exceptions among those few individuals who became Mexican citizens.) This did not mean, however, that their lives in this country would be free from official interference on the part of both the Mexican and American governments.

In general, Mexico's attitude could best be described as embarrassed ambivalence. Much like the parent confronted by a disgraced daughter knocking on the door with a babe in arms, Mexico simply accepted the expatriates and looked the other way. Benign neglect, rather than autocratic supervision, seems to have been the rule, and today most expatriates speak positively of their experiences with the Mexican government. There are even glowing stories of sympathy from some local officials. In his book *From Right to Left,*[3] Fred Vanderbilt Field writes:

> *... on the afternoon of September 6, 1958 a neighbor ran over to tell me that he had just received a telephone call (we had no telephone at that time) from a Mexican lawyer in the middle echelons of the bureaucracy with an urgent message for me. Orders had been issued by Gobernación, the government department responsible for foreign residents, for my arrest and deportation. The police had already gone looking for me at an apartment I had once occupied. I discovered later that a sympathetic friend in the government had removed my present address from my government file, leaving only the old one.*

Others were not as lucky as Field. In September 1958, close to forty people, including about ten Americans as well as some Spanish, Yugoslav and Polish refugees, were rounded up in a series of raids ordered by President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines. An American partner in a local construction firm, who was a friend of some of the politically motivated

[3] Connecticut, Lawrence Hill & Co., p. 289.

Dalton Trumbo and John Howard Lawson (right) borne aloft by a crowd of a thousand supporters.

expatriates, was deported. (Ironically, the deportee was a member of the American Legion and was not here for political reasons.) A screenwriter and a producer-director were deported along with him.

According to newspaper reports at the time (see *The New York Times*, September 14, 1958) the round-up was a result of labor agitation —clashes between the police and dissident factions of the oil workers' union as well as protests by the grade-school teachers' union— and strikes by university students protesting bus fare increases.

Aside from distracting attention from the strikes and other disturbances, such arrests were generally believed to be a result of pressure on *Gobernación* (the Department of the Interior) by the American Embassy, which would have liked to see Mexico take a tougher stance toward the self-exiled.

However, this was just one of many examples of collaboration between the two governments in dealing with "subversives." On August 18, 1950, Mexican agents turned Morton Sobell, a defendant in the Rosenberg case, over to the FBI, only two months after he had come here with his family. Gus Hall, a leader of the Communist Party USA who had jumped bail in New York in 1951, was apprehended in Mexico City after four months at large and handed over to U.S. officials at the border, after FBI agents tracked him down through the local Communist network.

Mary Oppen, poet George Oppen's wife, in her book *Meaning: A Life,*[4] writes:

> *We noticed two men hanging around our house day after day, checking on us. On one visit from these surveillants, George and I were sitting on the patio with the man who was interrogating us. We were curious as to what questions he would ask. He had the same dossier, with all the same background that the FBI men had had in California and all the same errors, but these were Mexican men, supplied with dossiers that the CIA and FBI had compiled.*

Upon consulting a lawyer, they learned that the plainclothesmen were either from the secret police or Gobernación. Unable to identify their pursuers from file photographs which their lawyer procured from Gobernación, the Oppens were then taken to the steps of the building where the secret police congregated in the mornings. Once they had identified the men who had followed them from among the group milling about on the stairs, the lawyer reprimanded the two agents and asked them to report directly to her if any additional information was required. Mary Oppen writes that "We never saw the men again."

We Happy Few: A Journal of the Blacklist Years, a work in progress by writer Jean Rouveral Butler, wife of screenwriter Hugo Butler, includes this account of her confrontation with her postman, Señor Flores, after their desperately-needed checks from the States had not arrived:

> *Embarrassed, he muttered something about our mail being* revisado *—a word I didn't know.* Algo político, *he explained.... He suggested I meet him at the post office when he went off duty that afternoon, and he would take me to his supervisor.*

Upon arrival, she repeated her story of the missing checks and, "in the middle of the recital, burst into tears of

[4] Oakland, California, Black Sparrow Press, p. 198.

desperation." Her emotional appeal, along with her advanced state of pregnancy, appeared to move both men. "The supervisor said he'd see what he could do." That afternoon Señor Flores returned with several weeks' accumulation of mail.

The vulnerability of the expatriates, combined with Mexico's unpredictable responses, made them easy prey for the agent out to make a quick buck. One resident remembers a small-time operator who would drop in periodically, request a modest gratuity in exchange for "protection," and then disappear.

At the same time, Dalton Trumbo could throw a huge party —which people still talk about— and invite a large group of politicians, who not only came but spent the evening dancing with the wives of the blacklisted writers. (Those who didn't had brought their mistresses.)

When Fred Vanderbilt Field escaped arrest by Mexican agents during the September 1958 roundups, he spent ten days in the Acapulco home of a member of a government commission, where he was joined by another fugitive a few days later. He writes:

> *My reaction to the episode was astonishment at the complexities of Mexican society. One branch of the government had ordered my expulsion while certain officials had saved me from arrest. Yet another official had offered his vacation house in Acapulco until the matter was resolved."*[5]

While a certain surreal humor characterized a few of these situations, in general there was nothing funny about them. Among the more harrowing incidents was the attempt to deport two local American businessmen. They were seized by agents on the morning of December 18, 1957. One of them tells of being taken to Gobernación and questioned about his business activities, immigration status and political affiliations by Mexican authorities.

Morton Sobell in Atlanta Penitentiary in 1961.

Through a window opening onto the courtyard he caught sight of his lawyer and was able to attract her attention. Though she was not allowed to speak to him, she was able to notify his family and bring him some money and warm clothes.

Around midnight, accompanied by government agents, he was driven to Laredo and told to walk across the border and give himself up to U.S. officials —only to discover, after a series of lengthy interrogations, that the Americans were unwilling to receive him because he lacked the proper documents.

Speaking virtually no Spanish, he was left in the dark as to the charges against him and the intentions of his abductors. After a miserable night in a Mexican jail, he was returned to his original captors, driven to Monterrey, returned to Nuevo Laredo and switched from one hotel to another, sometimes crossing paths with the second American businessman, who was travelling in another car.

A few days into his ordeal he was allowed to read a newspaper in Spanish from which he was able to surmise that "Sam and I were the most dangerous Communist spies in the world." After a week, thanks to the intervention of his lawyer, he was finally returned to Nuevo Laredo and released into the custody of local officials.

> *After some more haggling, he [a Nuevo Laredo immigration official] decided to permit us to report at 9 a.m., 2 p.m. and 9 p.m. That was our routine; get up in the morning, sign in and then have breakfast. We were constantly being followed —if we walked, we were followed by walking "tails," if we rode, we were followed by a car. The only thing I couldn't understand was why we were being followed in Mexico by a car with Texas license plates.*[6]

The two were eventually allowed to return to Mexico City.

IV

Behind the occasional round-ups and other incidents lurked the long shadow of Uncle Sam. According to Philip Agee:

> *The [Mexico City] station also collects information about Communists from the U.S. living in Mexico. Many of them arrived during the McCarthy period and have subsequently become citizens. Information about them is mainly of interest to the FBI which calls*

[5] *From Right to Left*, p. 289.

[6] Personal correspondence with the author.

them the American Communist Group in Mexico City (ACGMC). Information collected about them includes that obtained through the LIENVOY (Joint CIA-Mexican Security Service telephone-tapping operation).[7]

A financial consultant, prominent in the American community in Mexico City, told me of an expatriate shop-owner who would politely ask his pursuer to remain in the outside office. At one point the financial consultant was questioned by the Mexico City head of the FBI, a personal friend of his, regarding his dealings with the shop-owner. "I told him that he knew me well enough to know he shouldn't ask."

The far-flung FBI surveillance network appears to have kept tabs on dozens of families living in this country. Today, under U.S. law, information compiled by the FBI in Mexico during this period is available under the Freedom of Information and Privacy Acts.

Hundreds of pages in the dossier of an expatriate New Yorker, for example, trace address changes, visits with friends, his daughters' comings and goings, private conversations and his family's social life over a period of many years. The item for March 23, 1954 states:

In February 1954 (blacked-out) reported that Hugo and Jean Butler had invited a number of their close friends to a picnic and softball game at their home on the afternoon of February 13, 1954. According to (blacked-out) the Butlers arranged the afternoon to give an opportunity for a number of American Communists to get together without arousing suspicion. (Blacked-out) advised that the following individuals were in attendance at the above-described picnic. (A list of 8 names follows.)

In a somewhat different account, included in his unpublished article "Growing up Blacklisted," science fiction writer Crawford Kilian, whose father Mike worked for Mexico's Channel 2 television station, states:

The focus of our week was the Saturday-morning softball game in the big vacant lot next to the Butlers' house on Palmas. By 10:00 we had a gathering of kids and adults.... We would play for a couple of hours, then convene on the Butlers' glassed-in front porch for lunch. The kids were quite welcome in the adults' conversation, but we were just as likely to go into the living room to play records or up to Michael's room to fool around with toy soldiers, or back out into the lot to chuck spears at one another while screaming, "Dog of an Aztec! Pig of a Toltec!"

Where did the FBI get its information? Aside from wire taps and periodic surveillance, paid informers were probably a major source. Several people I spoke to believe that a former friend and business associate of theirs was responsible for the leaks.

Following the government round-ups in September 1958, my parents distanced themselves from their politically progressive friends and established closer ties with some Mexican acquaintances and a group of apolitical Americans who shared their enthusiasm for playing bridge.

Just recently, my sister Judith mentioned that my mother once confided that she and my father had kept their distance from their political friends for a number of years, convinced that there was one informer, and perhaps two, in their midst.

"Guilt by association" worked as effectively in Mexico as it did in the U.S., aided by "leaks to the press" that might have originated in the U.S. Embassy. A translator who accompanied his wife, a professional dancer and guest of the government, to Mexico told me that his reasons for leaving the United States were never political. There is no reason to disbelieve him. Politically progressive and a close friend to many of the self-exiled, however, he was named as a political expatriate in the September 2, 1957 *New York Herald Tribune* article.

In the March 20, 1961 issue of *Newsweek*, Fred Vanderbilt Field was reported to have attended a Mexico City Latin American Conference for National Sovereignty, Economic Emancipation and Peace supported by the left wing. Field writes that:

I had had a lot of publicity, some based on fact, some based on half fact and half invention, and some, like this one, a complete and deliberate lie. I was angry. I had been angry before and done nothing about it. Protests to magazine and newspaper editors in those days were useless. But this time I had to do something. I was living in Mexico as the guest of the government and if I was to stay, I had to conform to its rules.... The important rule for foreigners was that they could not interfere in the internal affairs of the nation, and of course, attending a conference on national sovereignty could be so interpreted... many persons had been thrown out of the country on less evidence.[8]

Field then proceeded to investigate who had written the article —which, like many of its ilk, was unsigned. Upon discovering that the author was one Harold Lavine, he arranged to have himself invited to a party that Lavine was attending. After Field plied Lavine with bourbon until early the next morning, Lavine said his information had come from the FBI.

As Edna VanderSchelling, an American School music teacher for approximately ten years, was to learn, the press could be a powerful weapon against the "politically suspect." The September 19, 1960 issue of *U.S. News &*

[7] *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*. New York, Bantam Books, p. 542.

[8] *From Right to Left*, p. 293.

World Report listed her as a member of the "American Communist colony in Mexico."

The school year had just begun, but shortly before the end of the fall semester she was given notice that her employment was being terminated. Mrs. VanderSchelling then filed a suit for libel against *U.S. News & World Report.* After a prolonged court battle and a series of appeals, the case was eventually denied a hearing by the U.S. Supreme Court, on grounds not of merit but of jurisdiction.

Since Mrs. VanderSchelling was no longer a citizen of a particular state, the case could not be heard in any state court. The federal courts, on the other hand, were authorized to hear only cases between citizens or entities of two different states or two different countries. In order to be heard in a federal court it was necessary for her lawyers to establish a "diversity of citizenship." This was not accomplished to the Court's satisfaction and the case, as such, was never heard.

The long arm of the law could and occasionally did reach over the border to Mexico City. Fred Field received a summons from James O. Eastland, chairman of the Senate Internal Security Committee, instructing him to appear and testify in connection with an investigation of Jacob Javits, who was then running for the U.S. Senate. Field simply ignored the summons, Crawford Kilian remembers accompanying his father to the American Embassy, and his father "telling us that he'd lost his passport because he was a Communist. I remember him saying only, 'Well, boys, they lifted my passport.'"

V

Throughout the 1950s, families continued to arrive as others dribbled back to the States, but by the early '60s the fiery rhetoric which characterized the witch-hunt era had started to fizzle. McCarthy and the crusade which bore his name had, for the most part, been discredited. The State Department could no longer deny passports arbitrarily, and the Hollywood blacklists were soon to become a thing of the past. Most of the Hollywood crowd had left Mexico by then, and the few who remained soon began returning to the United States.

Those who had established businesses and prospered —like my parents— stayed on. The years passed. Their children were moving out, going to college, moving to the States. A few of their number died and were buried in Mexico. Others, like my parents, retired as their lives continued to change. By the time my brother Paul, born in 1955, went off to college, both my parents had become full-time students at Mexico's University of the Americas.

Mexico City had also changed. The laid-back, small-time city of 1950 had become an overgrown metropolis, and the rapidly growing population brought with it the attendant problems of pollution, traffic and stress. No longer young, my parents worried about their health, the

Luis Sánchez Ponton, eminent Mexican attorney, in New York in 1957 to argue the Sobell case.

altitude, medical attention and costs. (Just a few years short of 65, they would, if they returned to the United States, soon qualify for Medicare.)

In 1981, at the height of Reagan's popularity, my parents moved to San Francisco after spending more than 30 years in Mexico. Although a few of the political expatriates still remain, most of them left for similar reasons either in the late '70s or the early '80s.

During their years in Mexico the expatriates had sometimes felt unsafe, and many had known times of economic uncertainty. No doubt this would have been true no matter what country they had chosen. They returned to the United States with their Mexican paintings and furnishings and a taste for pre-Columbian art, spicy cuisine and Mexican music.

Although I cannot speak for the others, I do believe my parents' attitude towards their years in exile was fairly representative. If you had asked, Belle and Mike would have told you that they never lost their gratitude, respect and affection for Mexico and the Mexican people for taking them in, no questions asked.

As I look back on those years, I remember our first days in Mexico City. We were living at Shirley's Courts, and I recall leaving the motel with my parents at about 10 o'clock on a cool, sunny morning in November. As we stepped out of the hotel's back entrance into the street, a young man wearing a red shirt whizzed by on a bicycle. On his head he balanced an enormous basket heaped high with *bolillos* (rolls) and, for a moment, I caught the scent of freshly baked bread.

For a child newly arrived from the Bronx, it was like something out of the circus or a dream. It was as if I had been given one swift glimpse of what Mexico would be like for my parents and many like them: a precarious and exotic adventure that required a certain naïveté, some skill and not a little courage —but all in all a strangely satisfying experience! VM

The Franz Mayer Museum

Héctor Rivero Borrel *

MUSEO FRANZ MAYER

Franz Mayer, an outstanding collector

In 1905 a young German arrived in Mexico City, eager to conquer success. Franz Mayer was his name and he was 23 years old. Tireless and persistent, one day he would reach his goal.

With a great talent for business, he had no trouble making his way in financial circles, and by 1908 he was registered as an independent stock broker, thereby beginning what would turn into a highly successful career.

In 1920 he married Doña María Antonieta de la Macorra, only to be left a childless widower when she died two years later. He was nationalized as a Mexican citizen, after having sought to become one for many years, on December 29, 1933.

In addition to his work, to which he devoted himself with tenacity and determination, he dedicated his free time to a number of activities. He practiced several sports, among them hiking, rowing, skiing, hunting and fishing. Photography was one of his favorite pastimes, and one which he mastered with flying colors. The marvelous collection of photographs which he took in every corner of Mexico bears witness to his great love for this country.

But what truly absorbed his interest and time was his passion for art, which led him to become an outstanding collector. He made innumerable trips both within Mexico as well as abroad, where he recovered, for our cultural heritage, many works of great value which had been taken out of the country years before.

* Museum Director.

Sergio Dorantes.

Colonial patio and fountain.

Franz Mayer

He was born in Germany in 1882 and enjoyed all the advantages of the *belle époque*, one of the happiest epochs for Western man. You could travel from country to country without problems, and work wherever you wanted. At the age of 19 he was already in London, striving to learn business and finance. After two years he was looking for broader horizons.

At that time, the beginning of the 20th century, the United States was the promised land, the destination for millions of Europeans displaced from their own countries. It was the land of open sky, immense territories, democracy, freedom, and opportunities for making money.

Young Franz set his sights on New York City. Yet despite all the appetizing features of life in the United States, it did not turn out to be the land Franz Mayer was looking for. He decided to visit Mexico. From the vantage point of his offices in the Merrill Lynch stock brokerage, Mexico seemed to satisfy two of his requirements for a potential new motherland: the opportunity to make money, and the exoticism and beauty of the objects found in a land laden with history.

Mayer arrived in Mexico in 1905, during the reign of General Porfirio Díaz, at a time when a thousand multi-millioned business projects were underway in the capital city —still small at that time, with less than half a million inhabitants— which did everything it could to look like Paris. The peace prevalent in Mexico, together with the security of life and property guaranteed by Don Porfirio's government, meant the country was in the full swing of prosperity. Franz Mayer found the Mexico of those times to be to his taste, and decided to stay on as the local representative of the company he had worked for in New York.

He demonstrated his financial know-how and a great capacity for work. Investors eagerly heeded his advice, and in short order he had founded a stock credit company which soon became part of the National Bank of Mexico, the most important bank of the day. When the Mexican Revolution overthrew General Díaz, the young financier had to suspend operations for two years, which he spent in the United States. But at the end of this period he returned to Mexico to take up where he had left off.

Mayer liked the Mexico that arose anew from the Revolution and began a new life in the 1920s. His financial genius found new outlets, led to new relationships and began to bring him the fortune which, over time, would become considerable indeed, but which he spent on the passion that ruled his life: collecting beautiful objects and living amongst them.

He was a collector of great passion and great resources, which allowed him to gather an impressive variety of Puebla ceramics, marble which had been brought from China, quilts and wood carvings, furniture of various periods, paintings, books (his collection of different editions of *Don Quixote* came to approximately 800 volumes), textiles, timepieces, nautical instruments and cooking utensils.

These objects filled more than 30 rooms at his house in the upper-class Lomas de Chapultepec neighborhood. Mayer organized a network of suppliers throughout the world, while regular trips to La Lagunilla —Mexico City's Sunday bric-à-brac market— were *de rigueur*. He also made constant trips to other parts of Mexico in search of objects for his collection.

He died in Mexico City at the age of 93, bequeathing his rich collection to the country he had adopted as his own.

Felipe García Beraza.

Sergio Dorantes.

Tray made by Mattehus or Markus Wolff of Augsburg, ca. 1680, partially gilded silver.

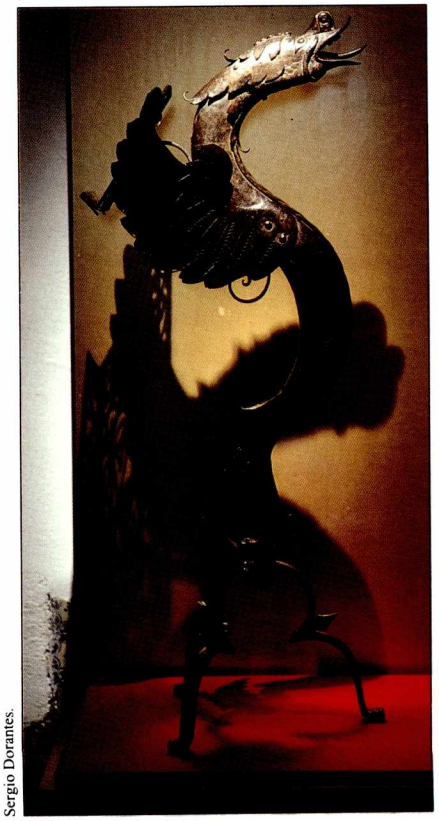
As a young man he had already begun to collect ceramics from Puebla, traditional shawls from San Luis Potosí, *sarapes* from Saltillo, and other examples of the applied arts.

With much dedication, patience and the knowledge he acquired over time, he put together an impressive collection of a great variety of objects of different materials, styles, periods and areas.

Aware of his collection's importance, he decided to organize and inventory it. With the aid of several advisors, he finished the huge inventory project in the early 1960s. By that time he had already decided to pass on his collection in order to promote interest in the fine and applied arts.

He chose the Bank of Mexico as trustee for a contract which stated his "desire to constitute a trust for the establishment and maintenance of an art museum in Mexico City."

This trust was established on December 3, 1962, with a Board of Trustees appointed by Franz Mayer himself.



Sergio Dorantes.

Forged iron lectern in the shape of a griffin, Spain. 16th or 17th century.

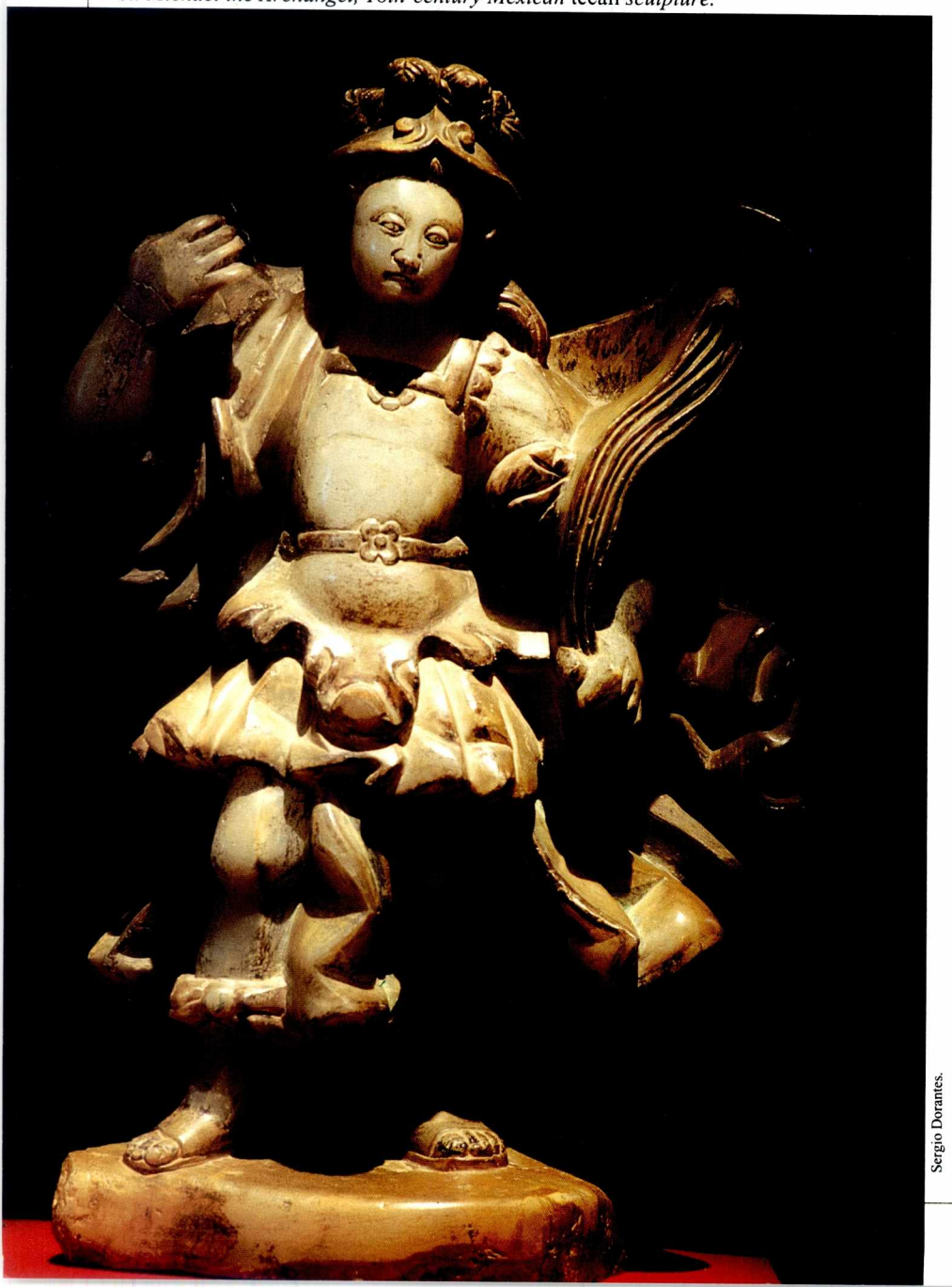
The contract specifies that the museum would be located in Mexico City and that pieces from the collection could be lent to other recognized institutions whose objectives were similar to those of the museum. It also categorically prohibits the transfer, sale or exchange of any of the objects making up the collection, and states that the trusteeship shall seek to found a library, organize exhibitions, contests, conferences and courses, carry out publishing activities and promote by any suitable means the development of the fine and applied arts.

The position of the Board of Trustees can be summed up in the following words of its president, Rogelio Casas-Alatriste: "I have always maintained, and I believe I express the feeling of the other trustees, that the Franz Mayer Museum should be 'a living museum.' In other words, we want to maintain an institution which will generate culture, not just a warehouse of cultural goods."

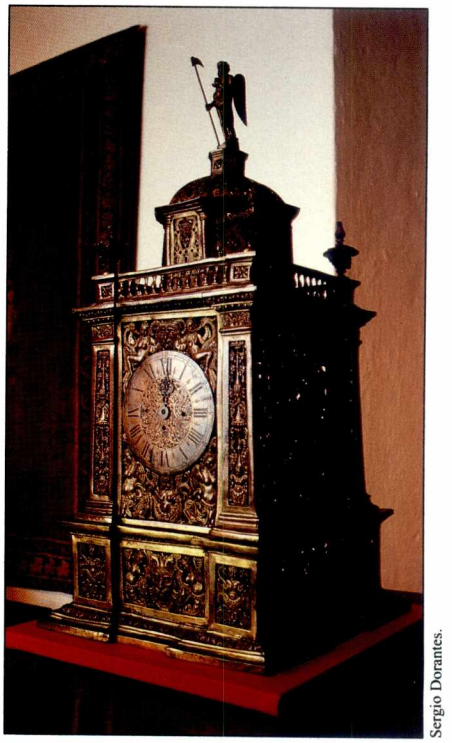
Sergio Dorantes.

Carved wooden sculptures.

St. Michael the Archangel, 18th-century Mexican tecali *sculpture.*



Sergio Dorantes.



Sergio Dorantes.

Engraved bronze clock, Germany, 17th century.

Sergio Dorantes.

"Talavera"-style pottery from Puebla.

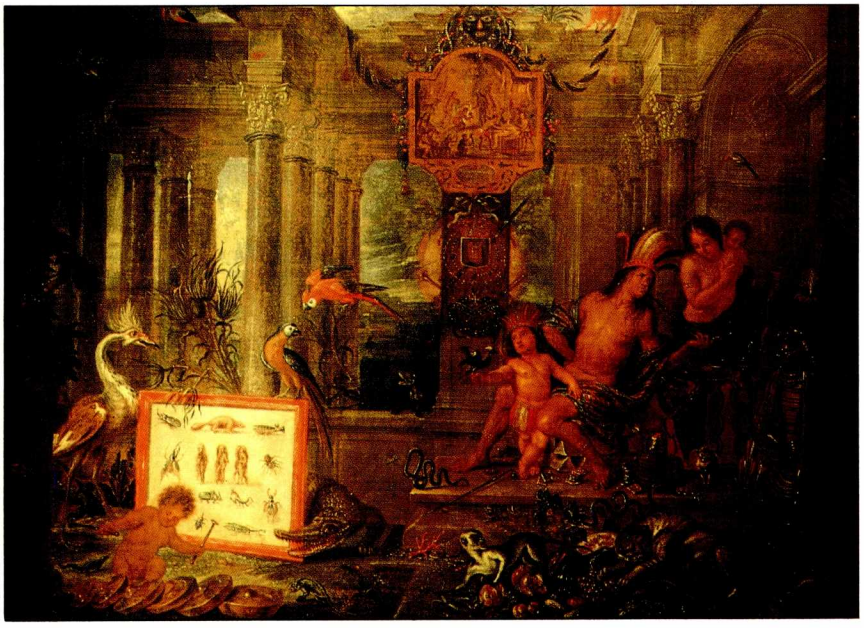
Sergio Dorantes.

The Virgin of Guadalupe, painting with mother-of-pearl incrustations, 17th century.

Sergio Dorantes.

The Eternal Father with Christ in His arms, wooden sculpture, Mexico, 17th century.

Ferdinand van Kessel, *Brazilian Allegory, oil on canvas, Flemish school.*



Sergio Dorantes.

Diego Velázquez, *Unknown Woman, oil on canvas, Spanish school.*

Sergio Dorantes.

Sergio Dorantes.

Reproduction of 17th-century pharmacy bookshelf.

A museum devoted to the applied arts

The Franz Mayer Museum is an important member of Mexico City's magnificent community of museums. No other museum is devoted to the applied arts; in those cases where examples of the applied arts are exhibited, it is within the context of an exclusively historical message.

The applied arts are distinguished from "pure art" because, while reflecting an ideal of beauty, they are subordinated to functional objectives.

Most objects considered to be examples of the applied arts are works of anonymous authors which illustrate the creativity of a people, its sensibility and way of life, at the same time that they enrich the cultural legacy of humanity as a whole.

One of the most noteworthy aspects of the Mayer Collection is the section devoted to Mexican Colonial ceramics. Although the ceramics of Puebla —the main pottery center of New Spain (as Mexico was known in Colonial times)— were originally known as *loza blanca* (white earthenware), they later came to be known as *talavera poblana* ("Talavera"-style pottery from Puebla). The vases, trays, bowls, urns and tiles made of this ceramic provide a magnificent example of Colonial art.

Chinese porcelain and Spanish ceramics are also found in the collection, illustrating the background to the ceramics of Puebla.

An important part of the museum's holdings consists of beautiful and interesting Mexican and Spanish furniture: chairs, chests of drawers, tables, consoles, corner-cupboards. The outstanding Mexican furniture pieces come mainly from Chiapas, Michoacán, Oaxaca and Puebla. Of the Spanish pieces, the elegant cupboards are particularly striking. This valuable section is filled out with many pieces of 18th- and 19th-century Central European furniture.

The section devoted to gold and in particular silverwork is of special importance, containing a rich variety of objects, whether liturgical, utilitarian, sumptuary or simply decorative in nature. Most of these pieces are from Spain and Colonial Mexico.

The collection of 115 timepieces is noteworthy for the rarity, quality, beauty and above all the sheer quantity of the items exhibited. It consists of 15 grandfather clocks, 35 table clocks, 4 wall clocks, 23 pocket watches, as well as 31 sundials and 7 sandglasses. The oldest piece in the collection is a "lantern-clock" dating from approximately 1680.

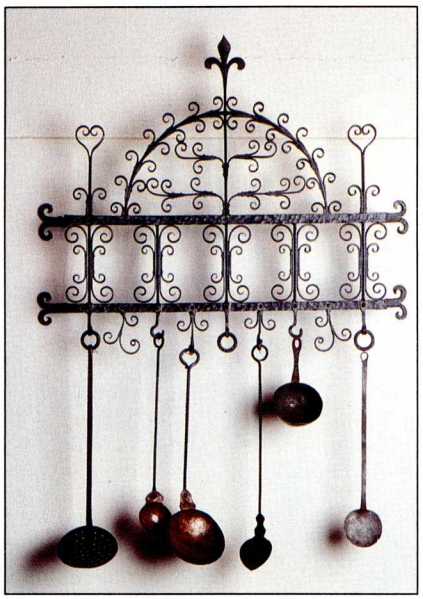
Classic *sarapes* and traditional shawls (*rebozos*) are among the most striking pieces in the textile section. This collection includes European tapestries and carpets from various countries, as well as some extremely beautiful examples of religious attire.

The museum also includes a valuable set of paintings, engravings and sculptures. The painting collection is divided into two large groups: European works, mainly of the Spanish, Italian and Flemish schools; and Mexican works, mainly from the Colonial period as well as a number of paintings from the 19th and 20th centuries —featuring works by such artists as Cabrera, Villalpando, Arellano and Correa.

Also striking are the "feathered" pictures and paintings which include applications of mother of pearl, especially a splendid Virgin of Guadalupe and a four-panel folding screen displaying scenes of the Conquest.

Sergio Dorantes.

"Talavera" urns and bronze mortars, 17th and 18th centuries.



Sergio Dorantes.

Ironwork objects, Mexico, 18th century.

The museum´s building

While the contents of the museum are important, the building itself is interesting as well. The museum occupies a building from the latter part of the 16th century. The changes, extensions, reconstructions, multiple adaptations and modifications it has undergone in its 400 years of existence have left but few of the building's original components.

In 1586 the municipal government gave Dr. Pedro López, a learned physician and philanthropist, a building which had been devoted to "the weighing of flour," so that he could use it as a "hospital for the poor and the care of children." Rearranging the house and naming it the "Hospital of the Epiphany," he provided care to blacks, mulattoes and *mestizos* (people of mixed Indian and Spanish ancestry); one section, designated the "Hospital of the Abandoned," was made into a refuge for abandoned children. Dr. López founded the confraternity of Our Lady of the Abandoned Ones, located in a small hermitage which he had built for the purpose.

When the doctor died, his son Jusepe López sought to continue his father's work, but due to economic difficulties he had to turn over the trusteeship to King Philip II of Spain. By that time the orphanage had become more famous than the hospital, and its name, Hospital of the Abandoned, had eclipsed that of the Hospital of the Epiphany.

In 1604 the institution was turned over to the Friars of St. John, who converted the run-down old building into an extensive general hospital for all the sick and the poor. In 1734 they inaugurated a large church, the Church of St. John of God, which replaced Pedro López's small chapel.

In 1766 the hospital was almost destroyed by a fire. The friars rebuilt it, but in the year 1800 it was damaged by a powerful earthquake, only to be reconstructed once again by the friars.

In 1820 a decree of the Spanish Cortes (assembly) suppressed the monastic hospital orders, as a result of which the building was closed. Four years later it was converted into a convent for teaching nuns, until the nuns were transferred to the Bethlemite order and the building became a hospital once more, this time for contagious diseases, staffed by the Sisters of Charity.

In 1865 the Emperor Maximilian regulated prostitution and created a hospital for women suffering from venereal diseases. This institution was installed in the St. John of God building, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, until 1874, when President Benito Juárez decreed the suspension of religious orders. In 1875 the name was changed to Morelos Hospital. In 1937 it was declared a national monument.

In 1969, a presidential decision turned the building over to the Secretariat of Commerce and Industry, which used it to house a museum and an arts and crafts market. In 1980 the building was given to the Secretariat of Housing and Public Works, which gave the Franz Mayer Cultural Trusteeship authorization to use it to house a museum of art.

The museum's inauguration made real the dream of Franz Mayer, who had carefully assembled the objects that make up its collection, with the noble objective of increasing the Mexican people's cultural legacy and knowledge of itself as well as humanity as a whole VM

Sergio Dorantes.

Reproduction of an 18th-century Puebla kitchen.

Un impulso para el progreso.

¡Con nuestra Unión... ya la hicimos!

Cuando nos pidieron 10,000 vajillas, la vimos muy difícil, pero mi nieta me dijo: "Cómo que no abuelo, vamos a unirnos con otros productores".

Así lo hicimos; fuimos a Nacional Financiera, ahí nos dieron información sobre cómo y dónde formar nuestra Unión, y luego, nos apoyaron con un crédito.

Todo salió bien. . . ¡entregamos el pedido justo a tiempo!

¡Con la Unión, ya la hicimos!

I M P U L S O

En Nacional Financiera, nuestro compromiso es impulsar el progreso de la Micro y Pequeña Empresa de México, por eso promovemos la asociación de pequeños productores para facilitar su acceso al crédito, a la capacitación, a la asistencia técnica y a la asesoría especializada.

Para asociarte o formar tu Unión de Crédito, consúltanos; te orientaremos.

nacional financiera

Impulso para el Progreso de la Empresa de México.

The uncertain course of finance

Abelardo Arroyo *

The financial world is experiencing great changes that will doubtless affect Mexican financial markets.

Securities markets, of which the best-known form is the stock exchange, are one of the areas of economic science where academic developments have had the most practical results.[1]

Samuelson, Friedman, Markowitz, Miller, Sharpe and Tobin, Nobel Prize winners whose names are all well known in Mexico, are also famous as pioneers whose academic work has transformed the business world. Used in tandem with Wall Street's sophisticated instruments and technology, their models have made the financial world an exclusive, lucrative club for "the initiated." [2]

These developments have given rise to a paradigm based on the rational expectations theory, known in financial circles as the "strong version of the efficient market theory." According to this theory, the market will be able to absorb all relevant information immediately, making it impossible to predict stock exchange behavior. In other words, the route taken by the market is simply, as they say in New York, a random walk down Wall Street.

However, this conception has recently produced a number of criticisms. By way of example, one can cite studies by L. Lowenstein,[3] M. Porter and E. Fama, among others, that have been published in the *Harvard Business Review*, the *Journal of Finance*, *The Economist* and the *Journal of Corporate Finance*.

These studies question the objectivity of modern financial theory, casting doubt on the bestsellers that proclaim absolute equality among investors,[4] thereby starting what could well be —following the expression of the American philosopher Thomas S. Kuhn— a scientific revolution that will modify the face of finances even further once it reaches Mexico.

The basis of efficient markets

The Capital-Assets Pricing Model (CAPM), central to this debate since it quantifies the relationship of the basic binomial of risk return finance in Betas (volatility indices), allows one to predict the behavior of the typical rational, risk-averse investor, who aims to maximize profits. Determining the cost of capital, it provides guidance for corporate investment strategies.

The development of CAPM was followed by the theory of portfolio diversification, based on the idea that an investor who diversifies will be able to reduce his risks to the standard level of market or systemic risk.

The intuition behind this conception has served as the basis for the successful market in mutual funds, which are "baskets" of different companies' shares. During the first eight months of 1993, this market accounted for 165 million dollars, making it one of the most powerful and influential institutional investors in the world.

A revolution begins

Disagreements and criticisms come from various sources. The advantages of investing in "small caps" —while contrary to prevailing theory— are well-known among stock-market operators. Surveys conducted by *The Economist* (October 9, 1993) and the *Harvard Business Review*[5] provide an excellent summary of these criticisms.

One could say that it all started in the '80s, when some experts found a partial explanation for American

1 Peter L. Bernstein, *Capital Ideas: The Improbable Origins of Modern Wall Street*. New York, The Free Press, 1992.

2 Abelardo Arroyo, "Simplificando el mercado," *El Financiero*, May 10, 1993.

* M.A. in Banking from The American University, Washington, D.C.

3 See Louis Lowenstein, *Sense and Nonsense in Corporate Finance*. New York, Addison-Wesley Publishing Co. Inc., 1991.

4 See, for example, Peter S. Lynch, *Beating the Street*. New York, Simon and Schuster, 1993.

5 Nancy A. Nichols, "Efficient? Chaotic? What's the New Finance?" *Harvard Business Review*, March-April 1993.

HIGHLIGHTS OF EIGHT YEARS

March 1985
U.S. President Ronald Reagan and Canadian Prime Minister Brian Mulroney meet. They request their respective trade ministers to explore the possibilities for reducing and eliminating trade barriers.

September 1985
President Reagan and Prime Minister Mulroney exchange letters of resolution to negotiate a Free Trade Agreement (FTA).

October 1987
U.S. and Canadian negotiators sign a draft of the Agreement.

December 1987
The heads of both delegations ratify the text of the Agreement. The final version is sent to the U.S. Congress and the Canadian Parliament.

January 1989
The FTA between the U.S. and Canada goes into effect.

March 1990
The *Wall Street Journal* publishes an article asserting that Mexico and the United States have agreed to initiate negotiations to develop a Free Trade Agreement.

April 1990
The Mexican Senate establishes a forum for consultations on the FTA.

June 1990
The U.S. Senate opens hearings on a "fast track" bill that would allow President George Bush to negotiate directly with President Carlos Salinas. Both presidents issue a joint communiqué announcing their intention to negotiate an FTA, and instructing their respective trade representatives to explore the possibilities.

August 1990
The Mexican Secretary of Commerce and the U.S. trade representative meet and issue a joint recommendation to President Bush, urging that the U.S. and the Mexican presidents initiate FTA negotiations.

September 1990
President Salinas appoints an Advisory Committee for FTA negotiations and informs President Bush that Mexico intends to sign a Free Trade Agreement. President Bush sends a bill to Congress to open negotiations. Canada expresses its desire to join the largest trade bloc in the world.

February 1991
President Salinas, President Bush and Prime Minister Mulroney agree to start trilateral negotiations for a North American FTA.

May 1991
The U.S. House of Representatives votes in favor (231 to 192) of approving the "fast track" for negotiating the FTA with Mexico. The U.S. Senate also approves the motion (59 to 36) to give President Bush the authority to negotiate.

June 1991
Trilateral negotiations between Canada, Mexico and the U.S. open in Toronto, Canada. The issues discussed include access to markets, trade regulations, investment, technology transfer, services and settlement of disputes.

August 1991
The ministers of commerce of the three countries meet in Seattle, Washington. They agree on a gradual reduction of tariffs, to be carried out in three stages, on all products to be imported and exported between the three countries. They resolve to make an in-depth analysis of the restrictions on government purchases in the three nations. The governors of the fifty U.S. states express their support for the negotiations.

October 1991
The ministers of commerce of the three countries meet in Zacatecas, Mexico. They review the progress of the working groups assigned to each of the nineteen major sections of the agreement and call for a draft by January of 1992. They agree to approach labor and the environment as parallel issues, but not to include them in the text of the agreement.

OF FREE TRADE NEGOTIATIONS

February 1992
Presidents Bush and Salinas meet in San Antonio, Texas. Progress was reported by 8 of the 18 working groups. Differences persist in such key areas as energy, agriculture and the automotive industry.

March 1992
Agreement on 14 subjects in the general text is sought at meetings hold in Mexico, Canada and the U.S. Joint declaration, by the three chiefs of state, after a telephone conference call, to the effect that negotiations are proceeding as planned.

April 1992
Trade representatives meet in Montreal to discuss and eliminate differences in the key areas of energy, agriculture and livestock, automotive products and conflict resolution, as a step toward the final phase of negotiations.

May 1992
Most working groups finish, leaving only energy, rules of origin, and agriculture and livestock pending. The automotive sector is reported to be almost concluded.

August 1992
The end of negotiations is formally announced, after 200 meetings between negotiating teams and 7 ministerial sessions. Complete agreement is reached on the agenda's 22 points, and final revision of most chapters already closed is completed. In a three-way telephone conversation, the U.S. and Mexican presidents and the Canadian prime minister express their approval. They issue a message to their respective nations announcing the result of the negotiations.

October 1992
The trade representatives of the three countries "initial" the final legal text of the treaty in San Antonio, Texas. Presidents Bush and Salinas and Prime Minister Mulroney are present as witnesses. It is agreed that NAFTA will enter into force on January 1, 1994, but the date remains subject to two further requirements: its signature by the chiefs of state of the three countries and ratification by their respective congresses.

December 1992
In their respective countries, presidents Bush and Salinas and Prime Minister Mulroney sign the final NAFTA agreement.

January 1993
President Salinas and President-elect Clinton meet in Austin, Texas, where they agree that the NAFTA will not be renegotiated.

March 1993
The formal negotiation of agreements running parallel to the NAFTA begins in Washington.

May 1993
Canada's House of Commons approves the text of NAFTA by a vote of 140 to 124. The treaty is turned over to the Senate for consideration.

August 1993
Negotiators for Mexico, Canada and the United States announce the conclusion of NAFTA's parallel agreements on labor and environmental issues, begun in March of this year. Negotiations produce a two-in-one accord. Mexico and the United States decide to apply commercial sanctions in extreme cases of repeated non-compliance with environmental and ecological standards; Canada rejects this mechanism, while agreeing to open its courts to hearing Mexican or U.S. complaints.

November 1993
The governments of Mexico and the United States agree on three adjustments to the text of the treaty, relating to tariff reduction, citrus products and sugar. U.S. Vice President Al Gore debates NAFTA on television with Texas billionaire Ross Perot. On the 17th, the U.S. House of Representatives ratifies NAFTA by a vote of 234 to 200, after more than 12 hours of debate in which 245 congressmen participate. The U.S. Senate also ratifies the treaty (61 to 38), on the 20th.

firms' loss of competitiveness vis à vis German and Japanese companies.

The gap was based on a distortion of U.S. firms' priorities and investment levels, due to the demands of the U.S. securities markets —in other words, a managerial approach aimed at maximizing shareholders' profits.

In this context, a company which had lower standards for investment returns and access to cheaper capital than its American competitor could undertake a broader range of investments (research and development, organizational development, etc.), thereby creating a broader competitive advantage in a corporate culture of higher indebtedness (Germany or Japan) and long-term relations with banking.

Thus American companies are faced with the choice of competing against companies that demand lower investment returns or responding to shareholders' demands.

The efficiency of the world's most highly-developed and important financial system has been questioned by several academic trends, of which three are particularly important.

The first comes, paradoxically, from one of the Founding Fathers, Eugene Fama, an unorthodox financial guru from the University of Chicago. After carrying out a number of analyses, Fama and K. French concluded that markets are probably not efficient in the ways the theory sets forth, which calls into question the risk-return linkage as predicted in the CAPM theory.

The second comes from a hard-line practitioner, Louis Lowenstein, president of a supermarket chain and professor at Columbia University. Lowenstein, who has a more pragmatic style, despite being branded a revisionist by some critics, argues in favor of firms with high investment and modernization requirements which, having a high Beta level, are faced with high capital costs and severe restrictions on their investment schemes —precisely because of the high demands of the market that give wrong signals and distort the distribution of investment resources, seriously damaging the firms' competitiveness.

The last trend, perhaps the first to provide an alternative paradigm, has its roots in physics and mathematics faculties: the chaos theory, which, transferred to the field of finances, has become the hypothesis of fractional markets.

Proponents of this idea[6] argue that although market behavior is unpredictable, it can at least be deciphered. Their analysis is based on the fact that, contrary to CAPM predictions, investors' behavior obeys a logic, because of its heterogeneity, that cannot be reduced to linear equations. For example, an individual's aversion to risk is not the same in situations where he may win as in those where he may lose.

Some of the studies in this area are based on the idea of reproducing this non-linear behavior in computers.

Empirical evidence

This debate —which, far from being over, is currently in progress at several American universities (USCD, Chicago, Harvard, Wisconsin, Colombia, etc.)— bears a relation to the daily changes and events on Wall Street. One example of this, for which there is no hard empirical evidence, is the well-known impact of technological changes and new financial instruments on the market.[7]

There is discussion of the effect that new arbitration techniques, automatic programs for buying and selling shares, globalization and portfolio insurance strategies have on market volatility. Indeed, the impact of institutional investors' automatic programs on the 1987 crash is well-accepted: these programs control vast amounts of shares, and their combined action can destabilize the market.

Another anomaly causing great controversy was the merger boom of the eighties. Although it arose from a combination of factors, such as pressures to compete for markets, a loose application of anti-monopoly laws and changes in industrial regulation, it is also true that it found fertile ground in the new company assessment techniques, according to which the replacement value of company assets is greater than a firm's stock market value. This undervaluation is a result of the market's own inability to appreciate the intrinsic value of assets, giving rise to a wave of raiders and junk bonds, which reached its peak with the Federal Court trial of Michael Milken, the junk-bond czar.

Conclusions

It can be argued that all alternate theories, albeit with different bases and methodology, coincide in the fact that markets do have a certain predictability and memory, although the results of the discussion and its effects on markets' daily tasks have yet to be seen.

At the same time, this revolution comes to Mexico at a crucial point, since it stands in the way of the Mexican government's goal of allowing market laws to control the financial system's behavior, as well as the Mexican financial sector's explicit attempt to expand by finding new niches in the market. Achieving this requires the stability provided by a consensus among participants as to how the market operates VM

[6] See N.A. Nichols, *ibid.*

[7] D. Davis and P. White, "Stock Market Volatility." Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve Document, August 1987.

Elías Nandino, a poet of vitality and talent

The poet and physician Elías Nandino Vallarta, one of the outstanding figures of 20th-century Mexican literature, died on October 2, 1993, in Guadalajara. At the age of 92, after a life of intensity and joy, the poet lamented the ravages time had wreaked on his body. He protested against old age "because age really means being deprived of everything"; he said the young man living inside him could no longer stand the old man he had become. Only poetry could console him:

I myself do not understand
If now I am made of ice,
why then do I go on burning...
not in my loins
but in my brain?

Nandino was born on December 19, 1900, in Cocula, Jalisco. Elías and his two sisters were the children of Alberto Nandino, a merchant, and his second wife, María Vallarta. Despite his father's intolerance, from an early age the poet was open about his homosexuality, expressing it fully and freely throughout his life, confronting the social prejudices of his day.

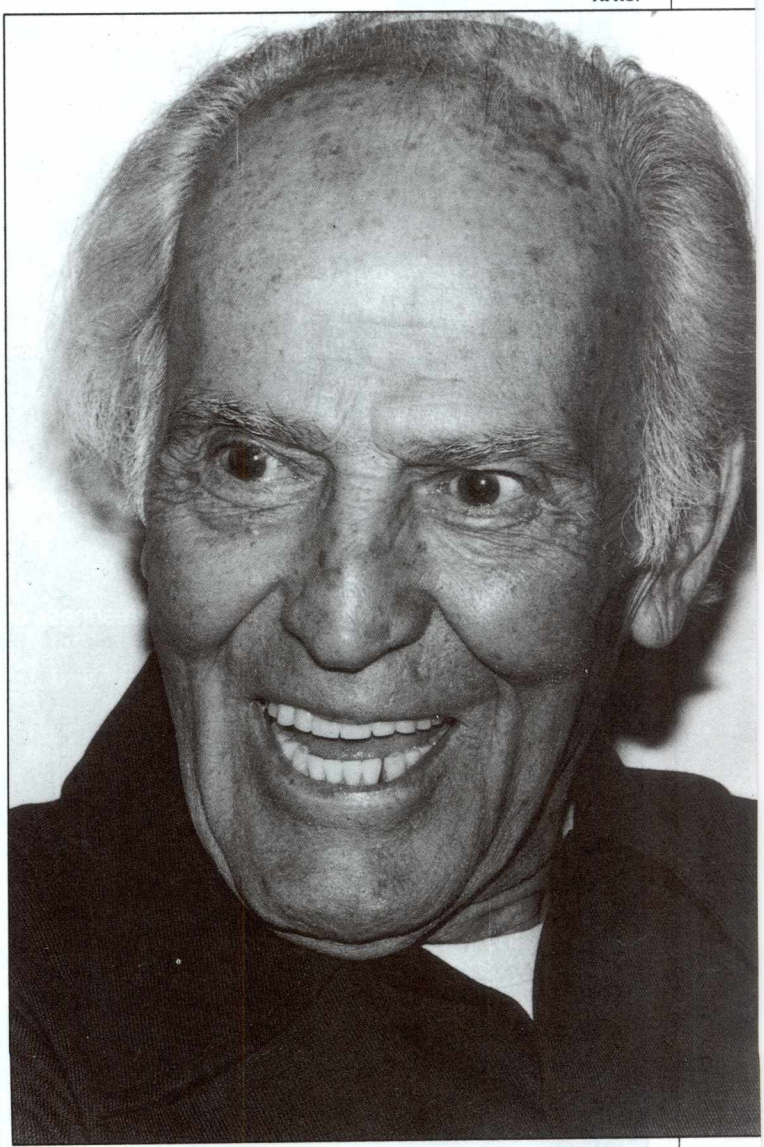
He attended high school and the first year of medical school in the city of Guadalajara. Yet the first time he visited Mexico City it seduced him. "When I got to know the city I realized that this is where I wanted to live, and I made up my mind to do so." He enrolled in *UNAM*'s National School of Medicine, graduating in 1930. He later specialized in gynecology and abdominal surgery.

His interest in poetry began during his adolescence. Reading Manuel Acuña and Manuel M. Flores inspired him to write his first poems. At the School of Medicine he put out a journal called *Allis Vivere*. During the same period his friend Delfino Ramírez introduced him to the poets Salvador Novo and Xavier Villaurrutia, who were in the vanguard of a group of young people who wanted to rescue Mexican literature from the stereotyped, solemn and provincial schemas that prevailed at that time.

This meeting was a turning point in Nandino's intellectual and poetic education. Among others, he also met Gilberto Owen, Jorge Cuesta, Enrique González Rojo, Jaime Torres Bodet and Roberto Rivera, with whom he shared cultural interests, existential and sentimental conflicts, as well as an intense nocturnal life.

Years later this group of friends came to be known as "The Contemporaries." While Nandino's name would always be associated with this circle, he was never considered a member of the group, as he was studying in Europe when it was formed. In reality, Nandino's poetry

APRO.



Passion was fundamental to Nandino's writing.

To a dead poet *

If you had been what in the shadows, last night,
climbed down the staircase of silence
and lay down beside me
to create the channel of accents in a vacuum
which, I imagine, will be the language of the dead.
If you had been, truly, the single cloud
which in its journey paused beneath my sheets
and molded itself to my skin
lightly; breeze, aroma,
almost dreamed angelical contact...
If you had been
what parted the dark stillness and
appeared, as if a spiritual
drawing which wanted to convince me
that you go on, bodyless, living in the other life.
If you had been the hushed voice
which infiltrated the voice of my conscience,
seeking to incorporate yourself into the word
which arose from your death, through my lips.
If you had been what in my dream
descended like mist, little by little,
and was imprisoning me
in a vague tunic of expired flight...
If you had been the flame
which unburning passed through my wakefulness
without stirring the lake of astonishment,
just as the image is submerged
in the mirror, without wounding the limpid freshness of
its epidermis.

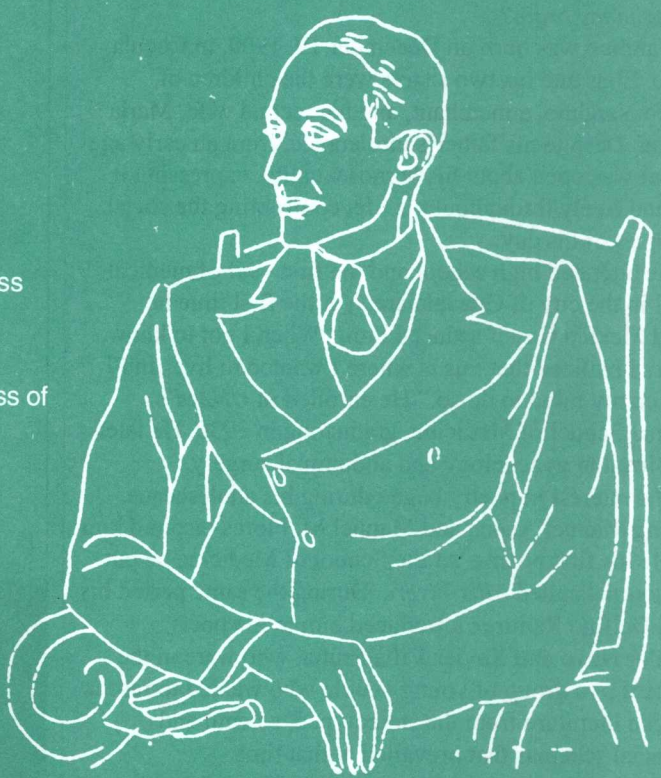
If it had been you...

But our senses
cannot identify souls.
The dead, if they do return, have lost
all that could
give us the pleasure of recognizing them.

Who else could have come to visit me?
I remember that, with you alone,
I often spoke of the dread
in which death's constant siege
keeps us buried,
and the two of us spoke guessing,
conjecturing, posing questions,
inventing answers, only to be submerged in defeat,
dying in life from thinking of death.
Now you know how to decipher the mystery
because you are in its bosom; but I know nothing...

In this uncertainty I secretly think
that if it wasn't you that in the shadows,
last night, climbed down the staircase of silence
and lay down beside me,
then perhaps it was
a visit from my own death.

* Dedicated to Xavier Villaurrutia.



Xavier Villaurrutia, drawing by Carlos Orozco Romero. Taken from Luis Mario Schneider, *Xavier Villaurrutia, entre líneas*, Ediciones Trabuco y Clavel, Mexico City, 1991, p. 7.

did not follow the Vanguardist line of the rest of the group, and his interests had more in common with Modernist, "Stridentist" and Romantic poetry.

Nandino himself denied that his poetry had anything in common with "The Contemporaries." He had many differences with them: "I had my enthusiasm, my passion, while they were cold; they thought." Passion was fundamental to Nandino's writing; his poems were born "from within," while "The Contemporaries" "were sitting there correcting and correcting, thinking."

According to Nandino, there was a certain attitude of condescension towards his poetry; his work did not meet with a lot of literary acclaim, so that on a cultural level he felt like the "ugly duckling" of the group. "One time they made a kind of list, putting poets in order as to who belonged to the first, second and third categories. They put all their own names in first rank, in second rank they put a lot of people I knew, and I was in third rank."

This attitude formed the backdrop to the ups and downs of the poet's relationship with the group, but it did not affect his literary output. "I began to understand that what I held on to, what I believed, was valuable.... I didn't want to lose the provincial spirit. So I published my books without them finding out about it. Then I would show them the books and they would just smile."

From 1930 to 1950 he carried out graduate studies in medicine, acquiring a well-deserved prestige in the field. He served as personal physician to several key figures of Mexico's artistic world, among them María Félix, Pedro Vargas, Dolores del Río and the dancer Yolanda Montes, known as "Tongolele." He was also Chief of Residents at the Juárez Hospital, where Villaurrutia often visited him.

For Nandino, poetry and medicine were both substantial activities. "I made a perfect symbiosis between medicine and poetry. I approached the practice of medicine with love, with duty, as a kind of marriage, so that when the poet in me observed an operation, he trembled and I felt emotion; and, on the other hand, when I contemplated the thinking object, the surgeon would feel emotion as well."

The author of songs and epigrams as well as poems, his publications include *Canciones* (Songs), *Espiral* (Spiral), *Color de ausencia* (Color of Absence), *Eco* (Echo), *Río de sombra* (River of Shadow), *Sonetos* (Sonnets), *Suicidio lento* (Slow Suicide), *Nudo de sombras* (Knot of Shadows), *Nocturno amor* (Nocturnal Love) and *Eternidad de polvo* (Eternity of Dust), among others. In the field of publishing, he was co-founder —together with Alfredo Hurtado— and publisher of the journal *Estaciones* (Seasons), which printed the work of a number of young writers who were to occupy an important place in Mexican letters, such as José Emilio Pacheco, Sergio Pitol, Gustavo Sáinz, José de la Colina, Carlos Monsiváis and Elena Poniatowska. The magazine also published the first reviews of works by the painter José Luis Cuevas, a virtual unknown at the time. Twenty issues of *Estaciones* were published over a five-year period.

From 1960 to 1964 he served as editor of the *Cuadernos de Bellas Artes* (Fine Arts Journal). In 1979 he was awarded the National Prize for Literature as well as the Aguascalientes Poetry Prize. The Aguascalientes prize was awarded him without a contest, as the jury decided to confer it on him in recognition of his literary achievements.

As a passionate man, full of life, the subjects of love and death were recurring themes in his poetry. An erotic poet, in 1983 he unveiled a literary form that he had invented and named *alburemas*. Alburemas were poems filled with mischief, sensuality and word-play. An example of this form can be found in the book *Erotismo al rojo blanco* (White-Hot Erotica). What was new about alburemas was the attempt to give a poetic dimension to the popular word-play called *albur* (punning). Nandino noted that this particular use of words made alburemas hard to translate into other languages.

In 1975, tired of the hustle and bustle of Mexico City, he moved to Guadalajara and then to his home town of Cocula. Due to his advanced age he thought the end was fast approaching. Nevertheless, death waited almost twenty years before coming for him.

During this last period the poet continued to be active, giving recitals and readings, organizing workshops on literature. For a number of years he continued to practice medicine as well. Six months before his death he was still working, together with the University of Guadalajara's Luis Medina, on an anthology of Mexico's best poetry, from Sor Juana to the present day.

Poetry was the consolation of his final years: "Without poetry, I might have tried to take my own life." He suffered the ravages of time, which left him physically unable to read and write. He awaited death with patience, and recited from memory the epitaph he wanted inscribed on his tombstone:

In the dark solitude
of closed eyelids, of this hole
are kept
the remains of my figure.
This is all that is left
of my burning flesh,
which, from burning without measure, expired
and made it my lot
not to die from death:
it was life that killed me VM

Elsie L. Montiel
Assistant Editor.

UNIVERSIDAD NACIONAL AUTONOMA DE MEXICO
COORDINACION DE HUMANIDADES
Direccion General de Fomento Editorial

EDICIONES UNAM

Mexico is a country of great natural wealth. This has attracted the interest of many specialists from around the world for several centuries. They have attempted to understand and to explain its different forms of cultural expression. Artists, writers and researchers from UNAM, have shared these same interests. An exceptional editorial program has provided an outlet for their academic production on a wide variety of subjects. These subjects include the history of human populations; social relationships as seen through languages, legends, myths and artistic expressions, the mixture of pre-Hispanic roots and Spanish.

Vendors for international market

- IBEROAMERICA / VERLAG VERVUERT
  Klaus Dieter Vervuert
  Wielandstra Be 40 D-6000
  Frankfurt 1, Alemania Tel. 49-69/599615
  Fax 49-69/5978713
- FONDO DE CULTURA ECONOMICA
  Lic. Héctor Murrillo, Gerente Internacional
  Carretera Picacho Ajusco No. 227,
  Col. Bosques del Pedregal C.P. 01000 México, D.F.
  Tel. 227-4626 al 28
- DISTRIBUIDOR Y SERVICIOS EDITORIALES
  S.A. DE C.V. (SCRIPTA)
  Lic. Bertha Alvarez
  Copilco No. 976 Edif. 21-501
  C.P. 03430 México, D.F. Tel. 548-3616 Fax 548-1716

Library Network in México, D.F.

- LIBRERIA CASA UNIVERSITARIA DEL LIBRO
  Orizaba y Puebla, Col. Roma
  C.P. 06700 México, D.F. Tel. 207-9390
- LIBRERIA CENTRAL CU
  Corredor Zona Comercial, Ciudad Universitaria
  C.P. 045510 México, D.F. Tel. 622-0271
- LIBRERIA JULIO TORRI
  Centro Cultural Universitario, Ciudad Universitaria
  C.P. 04510 México, D.F. Tel. 622-7135
- LIBRERIA JUSTO SIERRA
  San Idelfonso No. 43, Col. Centro
  C.P. 06000 México, D.F. Tel. 702-3254 ext. 225
- LIBRERIA PALACIO DE MINERIA
  Tacuba No. 5, Col. Centro
  C.P. 06000 México, D.F. Tel 518-1315

New Books UNAM

POESIA INDIGENA DE LA ALTIPLANICIE. BEU 11
Selección, versión, introducción y notas de Angel María Garibay K.
6a. edición: 1992, 197 p.
Coordinación de Humanidades
ISBN 068-36-1770-0
Clave: 016444 RP Precio: N$20.00

SUMA INDIANA. BEU 42
Fray Bernardino de Sahagún
Introducción y selección de Mauricio Magdaleno
Segunda edición: 1992, 214 p.
Coordinación de Humanidades
ISBN 968-36-1768-9
Clave: 016445 RP Precio: N$20.00

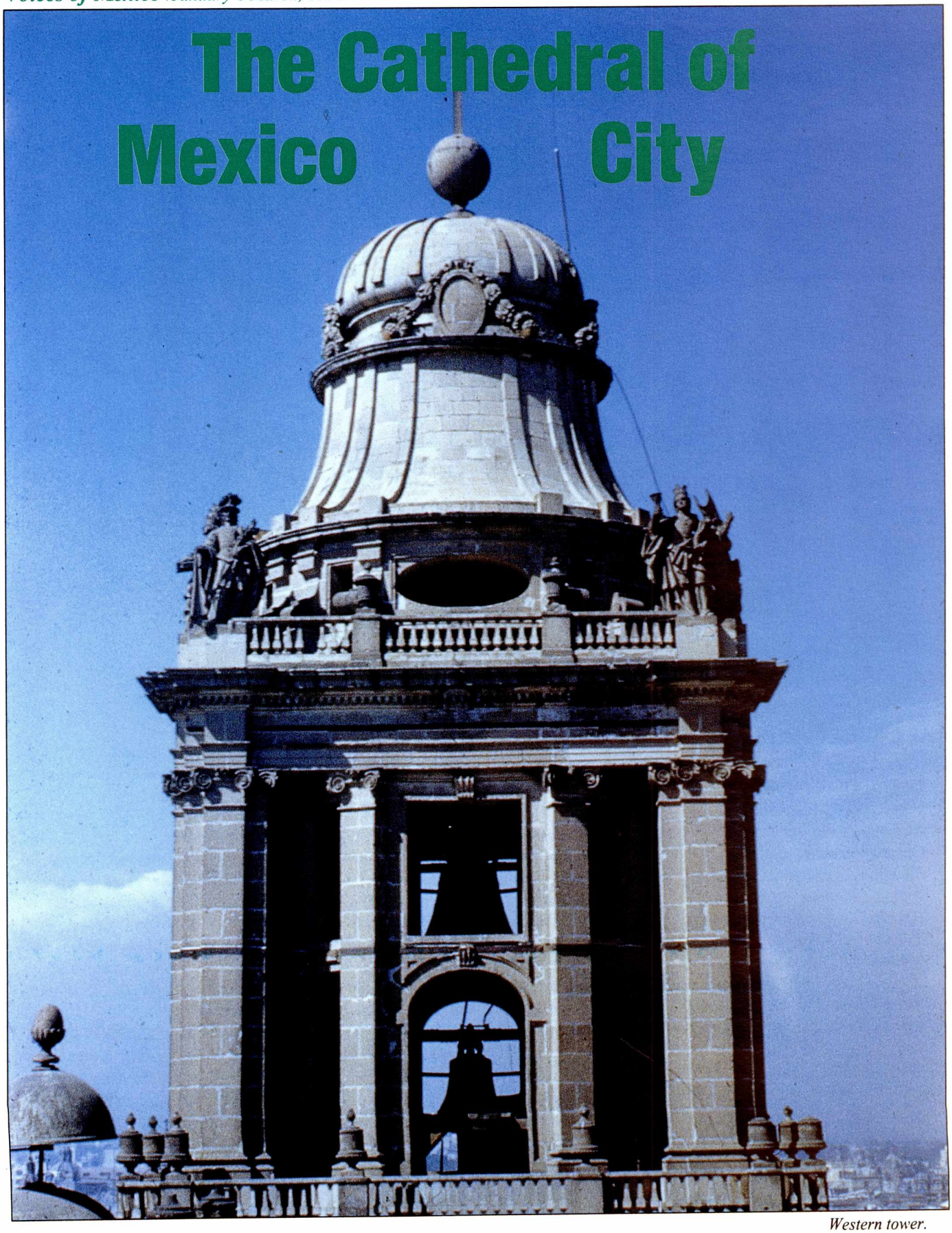
EL DESARROLLO REGIONAL DE MEXICO ANTE LOS NUEVOS BLOQUES ECONOMICOS
Javier Delgadillo Macías
1a. edición: 1993, 142p.
Instituto de Investigaciones Económicas
ISBN 968-36-2920-2
Clave: 016668 RC Precio: N$30.00

RECLAMOS JURIDICOS DE LOS PUEBLOS INDIOS
José Emilio R. Ordóñez Cifuentes
1a. edición: 1993, 180p.
Instituto de Investigaciones Jurídicas
ISBN 968-36-2918-0
Clave: 016719 RC Precio: N$45.00

ZONA METROPOLITANA DE LA CIUDAD DE MEXICO: COMPLEJO GEOGRAFICO, SOCIOECONOMICO Y POLITICO. QUE FUE, QUE ES Y QUE PASA
Coordinación de Angel Bassols Batalla y Gloria González Salazar
Compilación de Javier Delgadillo Macías
1a. edición: 1993, 439p.
Instituto de Investigaciones Económicas UNAM-
Departamento del Distrito Federal
ISBN 968-36-3000-6
Clave: 016723 RC Precio: N$90.00

FOR MORE INFORMATION:
Av. del IMAN No. 5 Ciudad Universitaria, C.P. 04510 México D.F.
Tel. 622-6572 Fax (525) 550-7428

The Cathedral of Mexico City



IIE / UNAM.

Western tower.

IIE / UNAM.

Façades of the Cathedral and Shrine.

The old Cathedral

Once the great Templo Mayor of the old city of Tenochtitlán had been destroyed during the Conquest, Hernán Cortés ordered that an enormous quadrangle be laid out, in what is today the Main Square of Mexico City. The Conquistador ruled that this would be the site of the first Great Church of the capital city, predecessor of today's Metropolitan Cathedral.

Close by the ruins of the Aztec ceremonial center, and using some monoliths from the Aztec temple for foundation stones, master of works Martín de Sepúlveda directed construction from 1524 to 1532, when the building was finished thanks to the determination of Fray Juan de Zumárraga.

This first church, which originally served the Franciscan order and was later turned over to the lay clergy, was considered modest and insufficient in light of the growth of the Colonial capital, and inadequate for the seat of government of a large country in which Christianity was rapidly expanding.

On August 8, 1544, a communique was therefore issued in Valladolid ordering the creation of another church, of larger dimensions and greater majesty.

The new Cathedral

The Metropolitan Cathedral, located near the National Palace in Mexico City's *Zócalo* (Main Square), is the master work of Mexican Colonial architecture. This building contains the most representative examples of the arts from the three centuries of the Colonial period.

The construction (1573-1813) was carried out according to plans drawn up by Claudio de Arciniega and a model made by Juan Miguel de Agüero. But there is a long list of architects who were responsible for the works over a period of more than two centuries. Among them

were Juan Gómez de Trasmonte, Francisco Antonio de Roa, Pedro de Arrieta, and Miguel Espinosa de los Monteros, to name but a few. A large number of artists also made their mark on this architectural monument, such as Jerónimo de Balbás, Alonso Vázquez, Simón Peryns, José Nasare, Cristóbal de Villalpando and Juan Correa.

Above and beyond the different schools and styles, all of these artists and architects subordinated themselves to a "single idea" which guided the work. Neither the mannerism of 17th-century Baroque nor the excesses of the following century's Churrigueresque style —excesses which were, in fact, highly representative of the Colonial spirit— found their way into the building's fundamental elements.

The participation of Indians in building the temple, which replaced their former ceremonial center, was massive but anonymous. Fray Jerónimo de Mendieta wrote in 1592: "But if 100 or 200 Indians are clearly enough for building the great church of Mexico City, then why must thousands be taken there, with so much violence and sorrow?"[1]

Abuse, neglect and suffering are among the words to describe this participation; imprints in time without which such grandeur would not have been possible.

Architectural treasures

A description of the Cathedral's outstanding features gives an idea of the magnificence of this historical monument. In the main entranceway, in front of the vestibule, we find a mixture between the classic Doric of the first part and the beginnings of Baroque, embodied in the decorative reliefs and Solomonic columns of the second part of the doorway. The upper area displays a number of important creations by Manuel Tolsá, including the national seal with spread-winged eagle.

On one of the side doors we see the relief of *Jesus Giving the Keys to the Church to Saint Peter*; on the other, *The Ship of the Church Plying the Seas of Eternity*.

The east and west towers, created by the great Mexican architect Damián Ortiz de Castro, hold two enormous, oval-shaped stone bells.

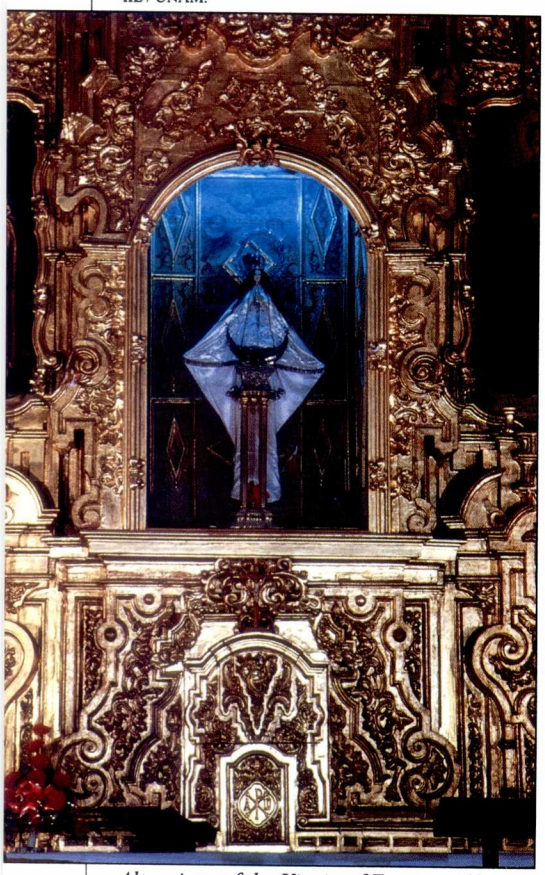
In the interior, the cathedral has five naves. The central nave is the highest and features a barrel vault, bounded by the Great Altar and choir. This "obstruction" was an old custom in Spanish Renaissance and Baroque

IIE / UNAM.

Main portico of the Shrine.

[1] *La Catedral y el Sagrario de México* (The Cathedral and Shrine of Mexico City). Monografía de Arte, INBA.

IIE / UNAM.



Altarpiece of the Virgin of Zapopan (detail).

cathedrals, giving a greater feeling of weight to the liturgy.

The choir is bounded on the southern side by the Altar of Forgiveness; on the north, by a magnificent grille of tombac (an alloy of copper, bronze and gold), which was made in Macao in the early 18th century.

The choir houses a number of rich works of art, among them the Altar of Forgiveness, a fine Churrigueresque altarpiece built by Jerónimo de Balbás in the years 1718-1736. It was given this name because it was said to provide souls in purgatory with perpetual pardon for their sins. The walls feature two monumental organs, which were finished in 1736. One was built in Spain by Don Jorge de Sesma and assembled here by Don Tiburcio Sáenz. The other was built in Mexico by José Nasare; it has sixty-nine stops. Each organ has five hidden blowers. Their soundboxes, grand examples of Baroque engraving with sculptures of angelic musicians, measure 52 feet in width and 31 feet in height. All this is finished off with 3,350 metallic pipes and majestic carvings in precious wood adorned with marble figures.

Together with the choir, the first great altar made its debut in 1673. In the 18th century it was replaced by another extraordinary creation of Jerónimo de Balbás. However, in the mid-19th century, motivated by the desire to follow the artistic fashions of the times, the Cabildo (ecclesiastical governing board) decided to replace it with another structure in the neo-Classical style, designed by Lorenzo de la Hidalga. This one too eventually disappeared, as it was dismantled due to the restoration of the Cathedral in 1943, and was never returned to its original location. An alabaster altar, consisting of a table and altar step, was put in its place.

At the sides of the main nave there are two processionals, generally used by the churchgoing public. Each of the lateral naves consists of seven chapels. Only two of these still have the original wooden baluster bars; the rest of the grilles are recent copies.

Outstanding among the chapels on the eastern side of the Cathedral are those of Our Lady of Anguish, distinguished by its Solomonic altarpieces, and of the Holy Christ of the Relics, which features a large altarpiece and a number of paintings by Juan de Herrera. On the western side, the Chapel of Solitude has a magnificent Solomonic altarpiece.

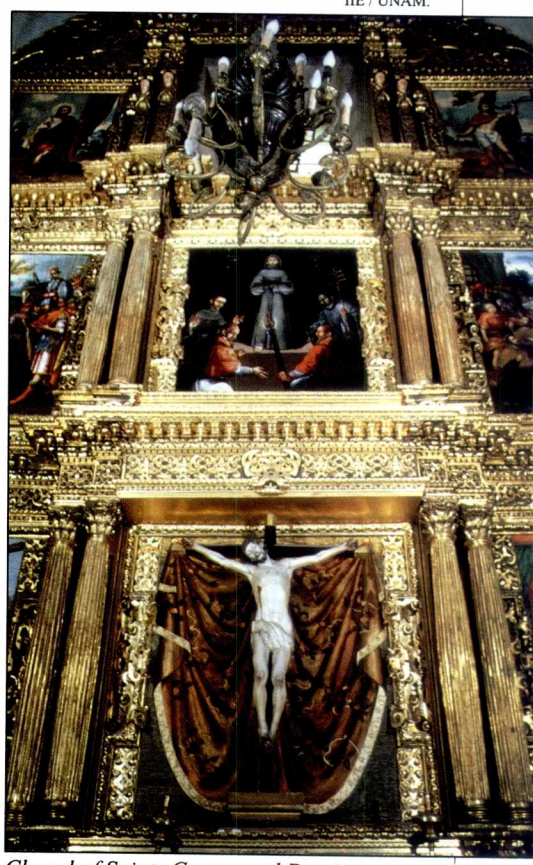
In the apse one finds the monumental Altar of the Kings, built by Jerónimo de Balbás during the years 1718-1725. The altarpiece features four great pilasters in the shape of inverted pyramids. These were the first to be made in Mexico and later had a great influence on the Baroque architecture of New Spain.[2]

This altarpiece may be the most important artistic treasure found in the Metropolitan Cathedral.

In the center there is a black Christ, which inspired the following legend: in the Dominican temple of Porta Coeli, a priest, in his daily worship before the figure of a white Christ, would pray for an enemy who hated him. At the end of his prayers he would piously kiss the feet of the Crucified One.

Filled with hatred, the enemy smeared deadly poison on the white feet of the Christ. The next day, when the priest tried to kiss the feet of Jesus, the Christ figure pulled its legs up and began to turn completely black. The revenge-seeking enemy, repentant before this miracle, begged the priest's forgiveness and converted. Since that day, great veneration has been bestowed on the figure popularly called the "Lord of

IIE / UNAM.



Chapel of Saints Cosmo and Damian (detail).

2 Mexico was known as New Spain when it was part of the Spanish empire. (Editor's note.)

IIE / UNAM.

Altarpiece of the left lateral nave (detail).

Poison," the image considered to be the most miraculous in the Metropolitan Cathedral.

The sacristy, which was finished in 1623, has a doorway in the Herrera style; its ceiling is Gothic with gilded ribs. It is adorned with beautiful 17th-century murals painted by Cristóbal de Villalpando and Juan Correa.

The Chapter House, whose lathed wooden grille recently served as the model for the new Sacristy grille, displays the iconography of the archbishops of Mexico.

The Metropolitan Shrine, a building constructed in the shape of a Greek cross, is located to the northeast of the Cathedral. Its main altar was made in the Churrigueresque style by the Indian artist Pedro Patiño Ixtolinque.

The area between the choir and the presbytery holds the pulpit, which, according to Francisco de la Maza, is the oldest still existing in Mexico. It was first used on August 15, 1683.

Unfortunately, despite the efforts of various ecclesiastical and government institutions, not all of these treasures have weathered the ravages of time and events.

Of losses and looting

More than a dozen inventories of the treasures of the Mexico City Cathedral have been preserved. While incomplete, they provide a record of the quantity and value of the Cathedral's riches, their importance for the history of Mexican art, and the inevitable losses brought about by the passage of time.

It is interesting to note some of the causes of these losses. A recurrent one during several periods was the replacement of pieces due to the inescapable influence of fashion. Thus, some works were melted down to provide material for the creation or restoration of others.

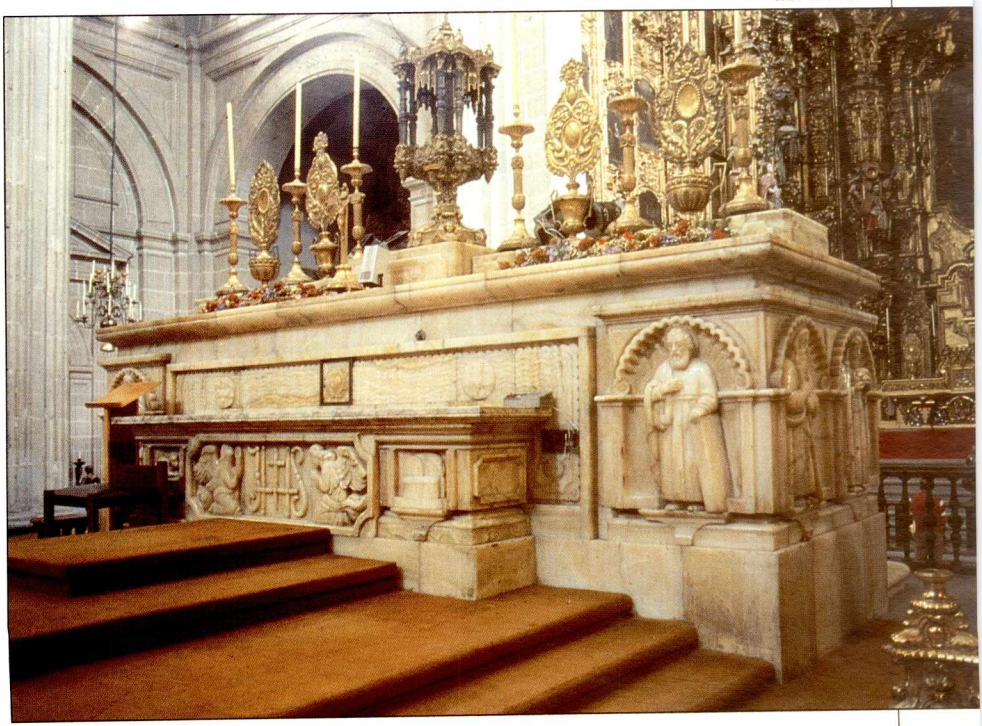
Political changes also led to looting. After Independence, many of the Cathedral's treasures were destroyed by members of the Liberal and Conservative factions, whose need to support their troops left them little option but to violate even the holiest of precincts.

During the era of Mexico's civil wars, the federal government imposed a forced loan on the Cathedral to help pay military expenses.

Priceless jewels of 17th- and 18th-century art were melted down for this purpose. But since the most highly-prized booty was precious stones, gold and silver, many other objects and works of art managed to be preserved.

The fire which broke out on the night of January 17, 1969, due to a short circuit, also caused serious losses in the Metropolitan Cathedral. Among the objects destroyed were: the structure and decorations of the Altar of Forgiveness, including paintings by López de Herrera, Juan de Zumaya and Peryns; in the choir, 75 of the 99 chairs, a painting by Juan Correa, the central structure, which had been brought over from Manila, and most of the books; the interior and exterior

IIE / UNAM.



Main altar.

façades of the organs, whose pipes and trumpets melted, as well as two magnificent paintings —Rafael Jimeno y Planes' *Assumption of the Virgin* and Juan Correa's *Assumption and Coronation of the Virgin*. Two of the paintings from the Altar of the Kings, both by Juan Rodríguez Juárez, were damaged: the *Assumption of the Virgin* and the *Coronation of the Kings*.

Despite these losses, the Cathedral's stock of treasures has grown through donations from private individuals, the acquisition of some pieces and the transfer of others from churches which were closed to worshippers but whose works of art were salvaged.

Restoration and new foundations

The history of the Metropolitan Cathedral is also the history of its improvements. Changes in secular and ecclesiastical government, the building's age, the inclemencies of time, the clayey soil on which the cathedral was built —all this has led to many works of restoration and the laying of new foundations.

A detailed description of these efforts would go beyond the scope of this article. As an example of these works we will limit ourselves to a brief listing of the efforts carried out after the fire of 1969 and the current work of laying new foundations.

In 1972, under the direction of the architect Jaime Ortiz Lajous, a program was undertaken for laying new foundations, structural rehabilitation, conservation of masonry and roofing, restoration of the towers as well as the Chapel of the Souls, the altars of Forgiveness and of the Kings, the choir, the organs, and the paintings in the sacristy, as well as other works.

An interesting facet of the restoration was that when the organs' pipes and conduits were dismantled for repair, a number of documents were found behind the paper which served to prevent air leaks. Among these was a copy of the document appointing Hernán Cortés Captain General of New Spain, made from the 1529 original. 51 paintings were found behind the Altar of the Kings.

A serious problem which the Cathedral currently faces is the slow sinking of the edifice, resulting from the clayey ground on which it was built; the extent of this sinkage has become alarming indeed. The southwest side of the building has sunk more than six feet below the original level.

In August 1992, due to the seriousness of the sinkage, the Metropolitan Shrine shut its doors to the public; the work of laying a new foundation still continues. In order to cause controlled sinkage which would allow a gradual settling of the building, excavations have been made and large quantities of clay have been removed. The spaces created thereby have been made into crypts which are sold to the public. The funds acquired from these sales help pay the costs of Cathedral reconstruction.

Religious and cultural activities

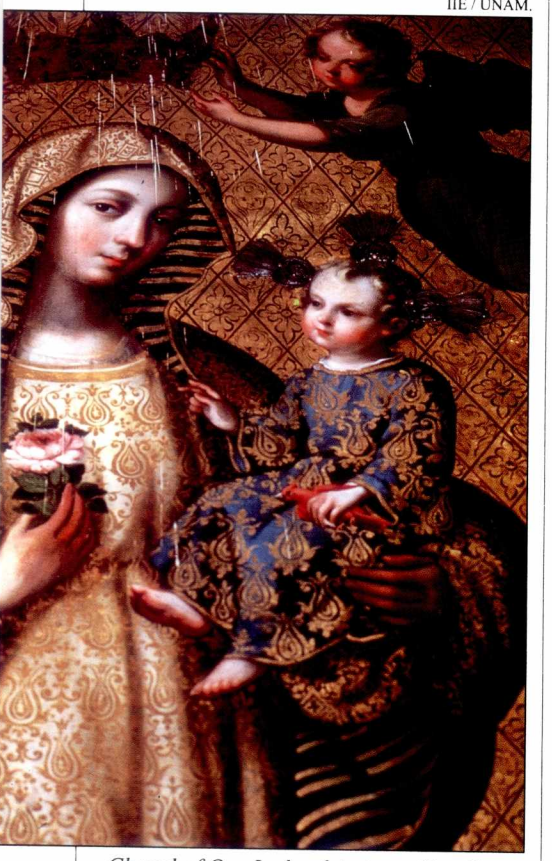
Activities connected with religious worship, such as masses, confirmations, weddings, first communions and baptisms, continue to be held in the Cathedral, as in any church.

During August of each year there is a season of concerts given by Mexican organists invited by church authorities. On special occasions the Cathedral choir gives recitals or provides accompaniment to religious activities.

However, the Cathedral's most significant cultural activity has to do with the great number of Mexican and foreign tourists who come to visit. Alone or in guided tour groups, visitors take in this monumental "museum" which is a home to marvelous objects and works, representative offspring of Mexican culture and art.

Maricarmen Velasco Ballesteros
Staff Writer.

IIE / UNAM.



Chapel of Our Lady of Antigua (detail).

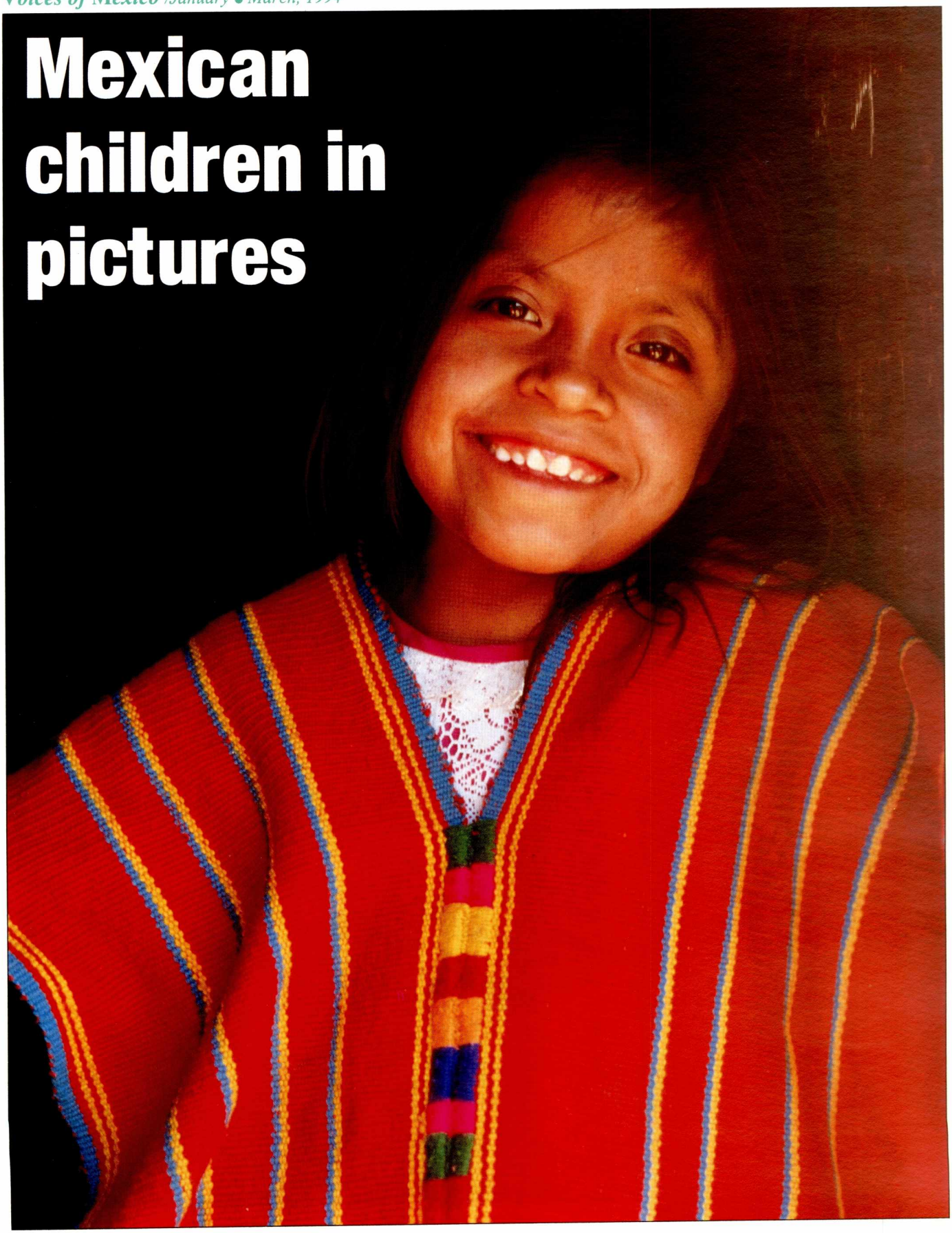
Bibliography

"Catedral de México," (The Metropolitan Cathedral) en *Enciclopedia de México*. Mexico City, Vol. III, SEP, 1987, pp. 1430-34.

Jorge Olvera, "La Catedral Metropolitana" (The Metropolitan Cathedral). *Artes de México,* No. 32, 1960, pp. 11-20.

Manuel Toussaint, *La Catedral de México y el Sagrario Metropolitano. Su historia, su tesoro, su arte.* (The Mexico City Cathedral and Metropolitan Shrine. Their History, Treasures and Art). Mexico City, Editorial Porrúa, 1973

Mexican children in pictures



Los Niños de México

Photos by José Pablo Fernández Cueto.
Fernández Cueto Editores, Mexico City, 1991, 143 pp.

Mexican sovereignty

For Mexicans, sovereignty is not a value which has gone out of fashion nor a principle that can be discarded. On the contrary, it is the very essence of our national being.

Two reasons justify this pre-eminence of sovereignty. The first resides in our millenia-old culture, in our historical roots, in our collective identity. We are not a mere collection of communities or peoples. We are a genuine nation, because of the sense of belonging generated by our traditions and values, and because of our decided will to be and remain Mexicans.

Throughout our territory, in the midst of our diversity, there are no unbridgeable antagonisms of race, language or belief such as those which have come to the fore and pulverized other countries. The political borders of our motherland coincide with the area of our common culture.

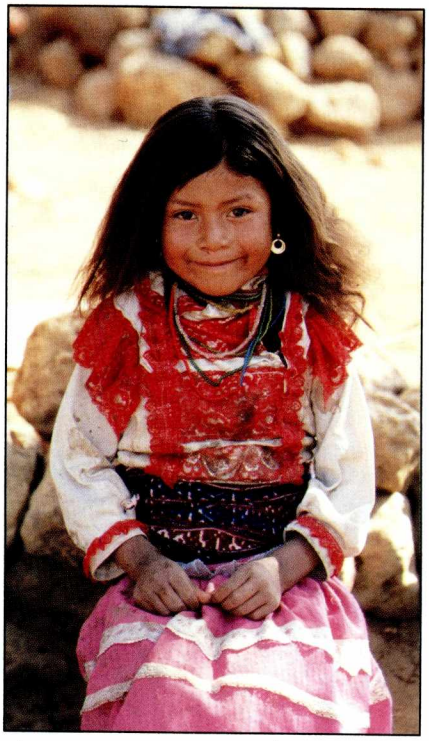
During the first half of the past century we ceased to be a fragile, fractured society without goals, becoming a strong, united and conscious nation. Let me reiterate that in Mexico there has been and there is a nation of enormous spirit, of great and proven abilities.

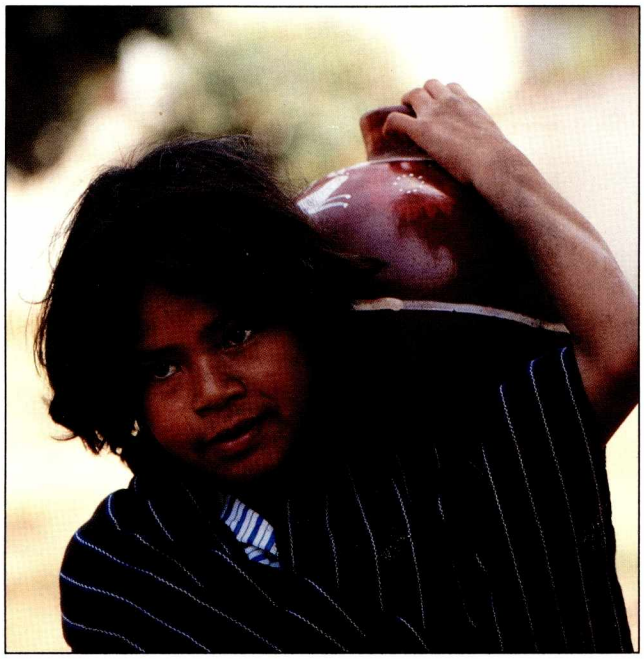
Our history was forged through confronting aggressions, resisting pressures, winning our place in the world. Justly and deservedly, history has shown our people to be in the right, giving us a well-founded security with which to confront all challenges. This is why sovereignty is so important to us; because of it, today we are changing, and we do this because we want to continue being Mexican. That is our greatest source of pride.

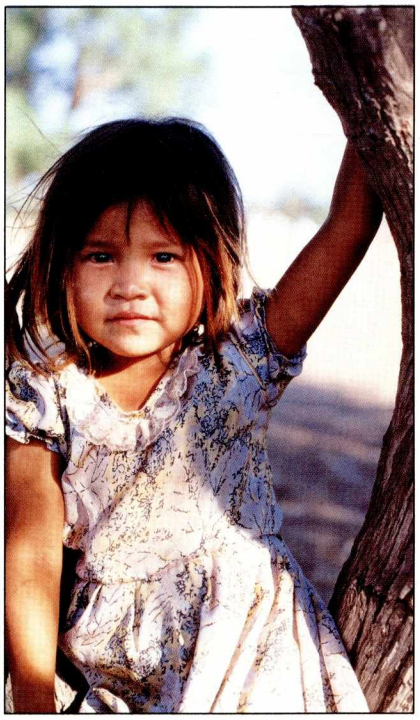
The priority we give to the independence of our motherland is also founded on a second reason, which derives from our geography. We are, inevitably, neighbors of the greatest world power emerging from the end of the Cold War.

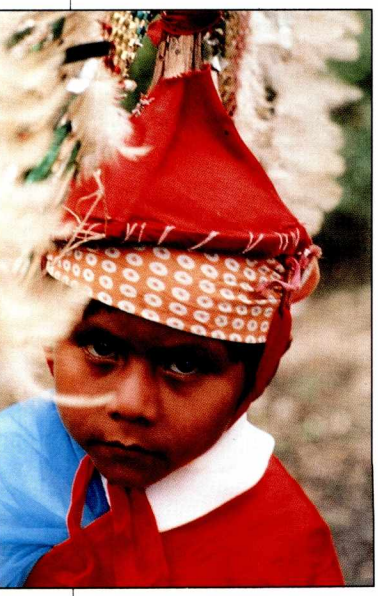
Historical experience has made us deeply jealous of our territorial integrity, of our will to remain sovereign. Today, when voices in other countries are raised to single out our country's insufficiencies —which only shows a profound ignorance of our own vitality— it is worth recalling that we do not want to be like others, nor to share their deficiencies. We learn from the world, but we do not imitate it; our wish is to improve ourselves, not to assimilate M

Carlos Salinas de Gortari.
(Excerpt from the President's Fifth Report to the Mexican Nation, November 1, 1993.)









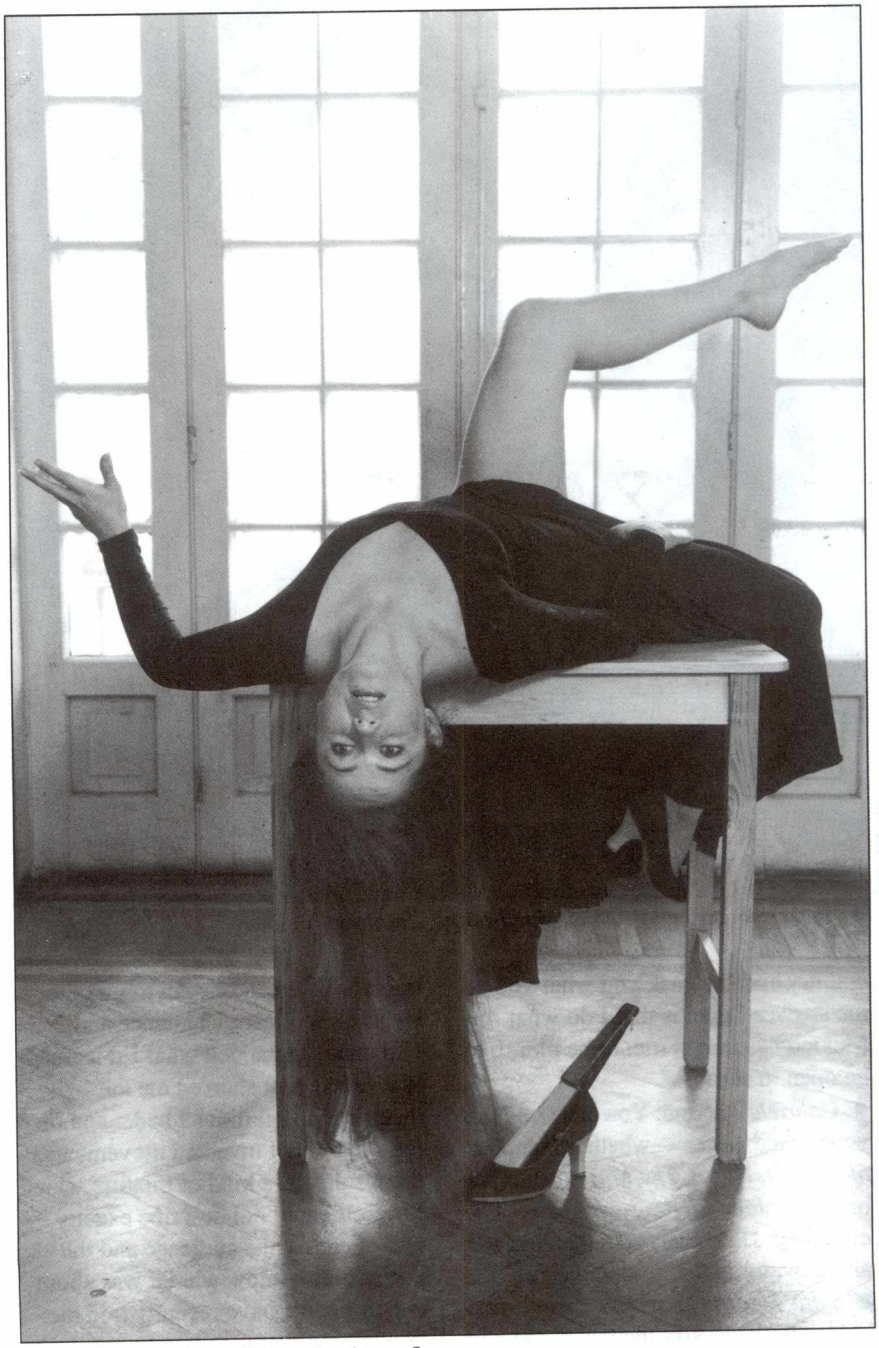
Pilar Medina and the ear of corn

The studio is warm and the walls are covered with mirrors which multiply the image of Pilar Medina. A serene face which is frequently lit up by a smile. A grave, thoughtful, flowing voice....

"Our system is put together in such a way that the individual lacks that great possibility of exposing his or her body in an unusual, unrepeatable and almost fleeting act —the spectacle of dance. For the spectator, the only way of holding on to the performance is through memory and the ability to learn so as to keep it inside his veins. As a spectacle, dance has a great fragility; paradoxically, this is what gives it enormous power. It's not a canvas or a book which can always keep us company: it's part of your memory, with all that implies.

"Sometimes, when watching my performances, the audience starts asking itself whether this dance — which is not folk dance— is Mexican, and while they ponder this they miss half the performance. In Mexico, any kind of artistic manifestation belongs to us. If it's Spanish dance combined with classical dance, if you use techniques from India, if you use your voice in a particular way, if you make a surrealist statement or do something traditionally Mexican, in any case it is an expression of Mexico.

"All the colors are inside of us. We have all the fruits, the sun, rain, cold, heat, light.... It's not easy being an artist if you're Mexican, because many hours of your life must be given over to all sorts of influences which are constantly transforming your being. When you go to another



Elsa Escamilla.

I like to work with people who let things flow.

Elsa Escamilla.

When the choreography is in its initial stages, I'm virtually alone.

country and they ask you what you do, the answer I give is that I do what Mexico has taught me: to be plural, to be open to stimuli."

● *Gabriela Rábago*: You once said that your dance pieces —whether *Wedding of Sorrow*, *Hymn*, *The Mass Inside You* or *The Golden Eagle*— cannot be classified. Does this mean that you are an innovator in the field of dance?

■ *Pilar Medina*: It means there is a tendency to classify the technique with which you live or in which you are trained. So when I began to mix the techniques of classical dance and flamenco, and added what I'd learned in a course that showed me the theatrical possibilities I had... and on top of all this I invented movements, the result was a kind of mixture which I myself could not describe exactly —and of course the audience and the critics didn't know what it was about either. People have recently told me: "Following you is following the dance which you work out, which is an individual being, something original which belongs to Pilar Medina." I think my work has gone beyond the stage of classifications. Now when an artistic or creative expression can't be pigeon-holed, that causes anxiety, it produces a very particular kind of nervousness. So people either tend to minimize the supposed quality of the performance, or they feel attracted by it. I know that orthodox audiences don't like my work. But others enjoy the syncretism of what I've created. It seems to me that in art we have to learn to mix the different elements that life sets before us.

A moment came in my life when I decided I was definitely not going to cultivate Spanish dance. But what was I going to do, given that my body had already assimilated that technique? The alternative was to feed it with something else, and I began to feed myself with classical dance, Graham's modern dance, theater.... Also, since I was a child I've been intrigued by canvases, and that could be applied to costumes. I write what I dance. It was very easy for me to begin to feel that this is the milieu I liked to move in, even if it was very far from what I learned as a dance student.

● *GR*: Who are the members of your group and to what degree do they participate? Is Pilar Medina a dancer-orchestra?

■ *PM*: When the choreography is in its initial stages I am virtually alone. I don't discuss the project —so I won't tell you what I'm working on now; I don't mention it or open it up. But I try to see where the impulse came from. When I did *The Golden Eagle*, the eagle took me over. I felt that I had to spring towards the sky, that I had to work out organically how to go up without ceasing to be on the ground, and that perhaps I was responding to part of what I observed in my reality, my world, my time, the contemporary life that surrounds me, and I thought it was necessary to talk about these subjects —to dance them.

I was anxious to know why I was beginning to make air movements, movements of elevation, the result of which would obviously be freedom. When I did them I hurt my shoulders a lot, but I kept on going and going. Later I started to find the music and then I started to write how it was all coming out. I observed the Sun and the Moon.... In short I looked for the nature which an eagle could look for, and later I realized that when our ancestors found the legendary eagle, they founded a city, and I interpreted this with the desire to found my own interior city.

In the course of all these experiences and reflections, in Zacatecas I met somebody who takes care of eagles. He showed me the eagles in the mountains and, among other things, how they fly. On this basis I continued to work on my idea in the studio.

Once I have the idea clear, I talk it over with my music arranger, Luis Lavalle —a wonderful person— and I ask him for the sounds I need. He never asks me why or what for. I like to work with people who don't have prejudices about my work and who let things flow. Then, working together, we find out whether or not the thing has unity, and that's really beautiful. People who don't let that choreographic motivation flow do not enrich the work. I always tell the people who are close to me that they are working not with Pilar Medina but with the work I'm creating, which needs all of us.

Along with the music I think about the costumes, and in thinking about the costumes I think about the lighting. I can't buy green cloth if I know there's going to be a red light above; it will come out purple. At this point a territorial phenomenon begins to show itself. Right now I'm working with two extraordinary technicians. They listen to my ideas on how the lighting will be, and tell me if it's achievable in terms of structure.

Elsa Escamilla.

Along with the music I think about the costumes and lighting.

Throughout my career I've made mistakes, I've worked with people who haven't been right —who maybe did not respect, or were lacking in, the mystique of the theater. Or perhaps I worked with egos and not persons. Many times there are individuals who want to work with me but try to get me to follow their design rather than that of the work itself. So I can't dance the costume design of So-and-so or tap-dance on the scenery that Such-and-such liked. To a certain degree I am a woman-orchestra, but that doesn't cause me problems. I have gotten used to directing certain vectors that lead to the same objective. I adore the musical part, I can't stand the administrative part, I still don't know how to sew a cloth. Some things are easier for me than others; but yes, I'm involved in all of it.

● *GR*: What happens after a performance debuts?

■ *PM*: Then there is what's called the operational part of the work. During

performances, the show must continue to grow, or else it stagnates. It doesn't always grow with you. So the team involved in the performances has to be very good at helping the work keep protecting itself. For me, this means that I have to be very sure of the work before I go out and seek help in producing it or keeping it going.

It took me a long time to understand that the most important thing is the dance in itself. What I mean is that if at a certain point there's no lighting, that doesn't matter. That if the floor is not in good condition, it won't change the result. That if the performance is in the morning rather than at night, that's immaterial. The essential thing is to give enough power to the dance part, to the body, to the organic projection that the dance can have —and if I also have the technical back-up, that's great. In another sense, although I work as a soloist, behind me there are always people working so I can go out on the stage with more energy. When I don't have a solid team I'm insecure when I go out.

● *GR*: Is the work more important than Pilar Medina?

■ *PM*: Both have been equally important. Long ago I accepted that I was not only a dancer but an artist. For my generation it was hard to say the word "artist," and for me it was somewhat taboo. But when I accepted it I realized that my life and being a woman corresponded to the works I was doing; that the works gave me feedback to keep going. And one performance led me to the next.

Wedding of Sorrow would not have come into existence if I hadn't had such passionate and wonderful teachers, who taught me Spanish dance. *Hymn* would not have existed without the primitive cry that was *Wedding of Sorrow*, because *Hymn* was already a more intellectual structure, a more methodological work when it came to the creation of choreography. And in turn, *Hymn* could only give way to *Immediate Delivery*. *The Mass Inside You* obviously had to do with a moment in which I was imploring, praying, asking for a code of ideas, of emotions and instants of woman in relation to the world. At that point, I had to understand what spirituality is, what it means to reach a supreme being, what it is to stand side by side with your own guilts, what it is to make things clean, and after that cleaning, to find the void.

Elsa Escamilla.

A moment came in my life when I decided I was definitely not going to cultivate Spanish dance.

● *GR*: How important is it to you whether the spectators do or don't understand your presentation? Would you dance in an empty theater, only for Pilar Medina?

■ *PM*: The audience is the complement of my work. I do the first part because it is absolutely indispensable for me: if I don't dance I wither. But, so as not to be in a closed circuit, the most convincing part is when I take the dance out to the public and give it to them. I have

struggled a lot —and suffered, if one can speak that way— when I've put forward a dance which was not just about a divertimento or the aesthetics of the body, because my performances require that the audience work with me and that there be a combination of energies between them and me. Obviously not all of the audience is ready for that, and not everybody is willing to do it. I used to feel responsible for opening a path. Now I feel that when someone comes to a dance performance, they're wondering whether they'll see a divertimento or something which will put them to work on other areas of their brain and their sensibility.

I am against trying to understand everything that happens on the stage. Some artists don't give you the option of feeling and not understanding. I do, but I like working with the audience. If four or five spectators are following me, if they perceive and open their pores to my work, that's enough for me. I feel profoundly light, content and untired, when this unity is achieved at my performances.

● *GR*: Has working "alone" been beneficial or harmful to you, or hasn't it had consequences?

■ *PM*: Working as a soloist has its pros and cons. One of the down sides is that you don't share the fullness of those moments with a group, that you don't get help when you are most in need of it. The up side of being alone is that I don't have to be in a system which would probably not allow me to develop; that I can make use of my time, that I can come and go when I want, and try to live the life I prefer. And if at some point the quality of my energy should decrease, then I have the responsibility to rest so it will rise again.

In other words, I depend more on my own cycles, my internal reactions, and perhaps because of this I will last longer and will be able to give my performances with more power and quality. But if you are in a particular system, the system doesn't care if you're going through a transitional stage in your own life, or if you have an injured knee. You have to be a productive element for the company; that's what matters.

Being a soloist is a big responsibility. You must always try to have your body and the image you project on stage be alive. I'm a soloist because I was "born that way." This doesn't make me better or worse than other dancers. It means that since I was a child my teachers treated me as a soloist because I knew how to move very well on stage without having to be with anybody else. And that characteristic was reinforced for me through Spanish dance and the teachers who teach you to be yourself, even if you are part of a group.

● *GR*: What would you say is the main difference between dance and any other artistic expression?

■ *PM*: Time. The body has a maturity which is written in time. At a certain age, the body no longer responds in the same way, although you can't say the individual has "declined" and is no longer worth anything. So the passion and intensity a dancer lives between the ages of 20 and 45 are completely different from the life of a painter, a doctor, an orchestra director or a writer. We know the time will come when the body is not in optimal condition, and this produces a very rapid sensual, sexual, intellectual, motor and spiritual development.... We can't afford the luxury of losing a night, or a day, and still less four months.

People often say we are very neurotic and obsessive, but it's not so. We're upset by time because for us time does have an end, and before that end comes you have to prepare yourself for your second stage. What I mean is that when you feel your body is at its peak and you're a great dancer, you have to figure out what you will devote yourself to offstage, so you don't confront the horror of old age, drugs, death, or living off your memories. This is why I think the dancer should be given support while he is still dancing, not when he disappears and somebody remembers that he existed once upon a time.

● *GR*: What will you devote yourself to when the time comes to retire?

■ *PM*: I plan to continue working with my body always, because it can be very destructive organically if you don't work with it. I also think I could teach many things I've learned about dance.

I also like to write. I think I am also a communication theorist in the field of the arts. And something will come of all this.

● *GR*: What do you hope to achieve? What would you like to do if you had the means?

■ *PM*: I would like to investigate the sense of humor, which we need so much; and that would doubtless lead me to work on something for children. I am also a funny person, I like to make people laugh, and I've already begun to work out some characters that do that. When I feel that my body is starting to get tired of dancing, I'm going to do work with children, because it will be important not to wither, not to die out, and children never let you do that.

● *GR*: Your greatest dream in dance....

■ *PM*: To dance every night. In any country of the world. It's my way of giving everything I have inside. There are moments when I feel stranded, without anything to say, without motivation or interest. Then I worry and ask myself what's going to happen, I have nothing to say. At those times I dedicate myself completely to technique, to caring for the body. And then, when I least expect it, comes the ear of corn which sheds its kernels for you to pick up. I begin to hear sounds everywhere and I start gathering the kernels. That is the beginning of a new performance VM

Gabriela Rábago Palafox
Staff Writer.

James Wilkie, Mexico studies and current border issues

James Wilkie is a well-known scholar of 20th-century Mexico whose life confirms the saying that "once the dust of Mexico settles on your heart, your soul will have no rest."[1] After a year at the University of Southern California, Wilkie travelled to Mexico to attend Mexico City College (now the University of the Americas), completing his Bachelor of Arts there in 1958. He has been studying Mexico ever since.

"As a graduate student at Berkeley, I soon found that I was the expert on Mexico's history, the only one who had been here recently!" He acquired a mission: recording oral history from Mexican leaders, such as Vicente Lombardo Toledano, Ezequiel Padilla and Manuel Gómez Morín. As the project grew, he and his wife Edna developed a methodology for recording life histories. Their study was published in 1968 as *México visto en el siglo XXI* (Mexico Seen in the 21st Century). Three more volumes are ready for publication.

Measuring the Mexican experience through statistics

Wilkie began his doctoral research on statistics to help put the era of President Lázaro Cárdenas (1934-1940) into perspective. He discovered that no one had looked at the Mexican Revolution in terms of expenditures related to social change.

The systematic study of budget expenditures from 1910 to 1963 (later extended to 1976) was a pioneering example of the use of statistical series for the interpretation of history. In *The Mexican Revolution: Federal Expenditure and Social Change Since 1910*, Wilkie attempted to measure the decrease in poverty and link it with the process of modernization and social change.

He developed a "Social Poverty Index" based on a complex combination of factors (including diet, footwear, and other items). The data show that government funds dedicated to social expenditures are less effective than economic expenditures which achieve social change so that fewer people go barefoot and more people can afford to include wheat in their traditional diet of *tortillas* and beans.

The elaborate study of budget expenditures allowed Wilkie to evaluate each presidential administration's emphasis on social issues. Contrary to popular beliefs regarding Cárdenas, it was during the presidency of Adolfo López Mateos (1958-1964) that actual social expenditure reached more than 20 per cent of total outlay.

Wilkie found that President Díaz Ordaz (1964-1970) distributed a large amount of land to Mexico's campesinos. Although Díaz Ordaz was not particularly identified as a "revolutionary president," he made significant strides toward fulfilling the "statist" goals identified with the Mexican Revolution from 1917 on.

Wilkie's book was awarded the prestigious Bolton Prize for the Best Book in the Field of Latin American History. The Spanish edition, published by the Fondo de Cultura Económica in 1978, updates the information to 1976.

Sharing the experience of "the real revolution"

Wilkie continues to follow state expenditures in pursuit of his interest in measuring the role of government in the economy. He seeks to test reality —although he adds with a smile that reality "doesn't exist."

"Mexico has made tremendous strides in privatization and attracting foreign capital investment in the past three years. President Salinas has brought about the real revolution by turning away from statism, which reached its peak under presidents Echeverría [1970-1976] and López Portillo [1976-1982], who used state power to gain government control of more than half of Mexico's GDP.

"The PRI,[2] with a record of ever increasing statism, has taken a new route since 1982 and especially since

[1] Brenner, Anita. *Idols Behind Altars*. New York, Payson and Clark, 1929.

[2] Partido Revolucionario Institucional (Institutional Revolutionary Party), the ruling party for more than fifty years.

1989. This is revolutionary, if you define revolution as adapting to new conditions. Ironically, institutional revolution continues as it converts to anti-statism.

"The PRI is really 'revolutionary' now as it does away with the traditional power of its own statism. It is a model for many countries as they seek to divest themselves of state-owned enterprises. Countries such as Argentina and Russia as well as those in Eastern Europe can look to Mexico, as a success story in the process of anti-statism."

Mexico has sold more state-owned agencies than any other country in the world. Wilkie initiated contacts he hopes will assist in the application of the Mexican model to Russia. As this example indicates, where many scholars have held that Mexico follows, he argues that Mexico leads.

Wilkie's original concept of developing a non-profit foundation infrastructure for Russia was turned into a Mexican project. He has been working at clearing the jungle of bureaucratic procedures so that "Mexico can interface with the largest non-profit capital market in the world.

"U.S. foundation executives needed to become familiar with the complexity of Mexico, so I took them to Oaxaca. There we met natives who barely spoke Spanish, yet asked for help to break into the international market. They are tired of being exploited and used by middlemen who control everything, from raw materials and transportation to market and price. They want direct sales, which seems simpler than dealing with *caciquismo*[3] in Mexico."

The process of creating the new non-profit sector in Mexico involves everything from increasing understanding, so that international non-profit relations can be opened, to consultations with IRS officials in the U.S. so that attorneys can draft proposals for new legislation.

The result is that the Double Tax Treaty recently sent to the U.S. Congress includes U.S. recognition of Mexican foundations. Once the treaty is passed, business enterprise will be able to fund social change projects in Mexico with resources that will be tax-deductible in both Mexico and the United States.

A consortium for research on Mexico

The process of applying information generated by students in academic institutions to bringing about change is part of James Wilkie's role as President of PROFMEX —the

James Wilkie participated in the Conference on Political, Economic and Social Problems in California hosted by CISAN.

[3] Feudal-derived system of control by a *cacique* (local boss).

Consortium for Research on Mexico. Together with friends long involved with Mexico, among them Clint Smith, formerly of Stanford University, Wilkie created PROFMEX as the U.S. Consortium for Research on Mexico in 1982. PROFMEX soon dropped the "U.S." from its title to accommodate Mexican colleagues who wanted to join.

PROFMEX is a worldwide network for Mexico policy research. It includes about 80 member institutions and more than 500 individual members who collaborate on contemporary issues in U.S.-Mexican relations.

Mexico Policy News, the PROFMEX quarterly newsletter, identifies fifteen specific purposes of the organization, which include: providing a means for individual members and institutions to communicate through electronic mail; sponsoring research; hosting meetings; publishing the PROFMEX Monograph Series and the newsletter. There are currently offices in Arizona, Beijing, Cairo, El Paso, Los Angeles, Moscow, New York, Ottawa, Paris, Toronto and Mexico City.

As a non-profit organization, PROFMEX can receive donations and fund specific projects. The Ford Foundation is currently funding a PROFMEX project entitled "A Case Study of Issues Along the Mexico-U.S. Border." The project is considered a major breakthrough in U.S.-Mexico border studies, since it is the first such effort based on collaboration between scholars from universities on both sides of the border.

The participating universities include the University of Texas at El Paso, the University of California at Los Angeles, San Diego State, the Autonomous University of Ciudad Juárez, the Autonomous University of Baja California, as well as Mexico's Colegio de la Frontera.

Problems emerging from water and industrial waste management are also being examined, so that solutions can be identified in a timely fashion. Another study funded by the Ford Foundation is looking into housing in the Tijuana-San Diego area.

UNAM's international seminar on California

James Wilkie and his wife Edna were among the participants in the two-day Conference on Political, Economic and Social Problems in California hosted by *UNAM*'s Center for Research on North America (*CISAN*) in October.The meeting focused on the impact of current economic and social conditions on immigration issues. Experts attended from the University of California at Irvine, Berkeley and Los Angeles as well as San Diego State and the National University of Mexico.

The seminar featured a lively exchange on the underlying motives for funding requests by California Governor Pete Wilson and Senators Barbara Boxer and Dianne Feinstein. Mónica Verea, Director of *CISAN*, and Manuel García y Griego, from the University of California at Irvine, collaborated on a study which analyzed research on local and state public assistance costs. They referred as well to recent controversy over "Operation Blockade" and the scapegoating of "illegal immigrants" in California.

The in-depth analysis of estimates regarding costs of social services provided to undocumented workers concluded that no accurate figures are available. Together with Paul Ganster (San Diego State University), Wilkie presented a paper that included updates of specific studies.

Among the border issues identified were environmental conditions, such as hazardous and industrial waste, water, and sewage on the Tijuana-San Diego border. Ganster highlighted the positive effects of the North American Free Trade Agreement on the regulation of such conditions, stressing that treaty opponents cite unsolved problems in these areas as key indicators of Mexico's track record.

Wilkie mentioned findings from his current study on the tax and Social Security payments made by undocumented workers. Not only does the amount they pay exceed estimated costs, but the use of false identification cards to pay Social Security and taxes has created an interesting dilemma. Payments are being made to accounts which do not exist, or to "legal" individuals whose Social Security accounts are being credited through the use of their numbers on false cards.

Such payments do not benefit the "illegal" workers but are unfairly pooled to benefit legal beneficiaries of U.S. Social Security. The U.S. Federal Government would seem to have a net gain, which should be remitted to areas where it is immediately needed, such as Southern California, where state and local funds do not meet the accumulated social needs of undocumented workers.

Wilkie's opinion is that "illegal immigration problems can be solved by developing employment sources in Mexico so that the country can absorb its own labor force rather than exporting it. Legal immigration to the United States can be adjusted to meet the needs of both the U.S. and Mexico."

He continues: "The border is open, except for people who want to cross legally. Only 50 per cent of those who cross illegally are caught; thus the ones who are returned by the Border Patrol keep trying and eventually get through." Wilkie is known in the academic community as the first to call for an open border, in an article in *Forbes* magazine in 1977 VM

Susannah Glusker

Doctoral candidate at the Union Institute studying the relationship among U.S. and Mexican intellectuals.

Adela Breton, a British artist in Mexico

Mario de la Torre y Rabasa

Adela Catherine Breton was born in Bath, England, in 1849. She died in 1923 in Kingston, Jamaica. She spent 14 years (1894-1908) in Mexico out of the 74 years of her life. During this period, in addition to making extensive journeys —mainly on horseback— she returned to the city of her birth at least 14 times in order to take care of personal matters and build her archive. Here in Mexico she wrote, drew and painted the things she saw.

Her work was divided into two currents: an artistic one, which

Pyramid of the Niches in Tajin. *This is one of the most interesting pre-Hispanic constructions in Mexico. It is made up of seven superimposed bodies made of "tablero" or frontage and "talud," including sections terminating in flying cornices. Each body is decorated with niches, which add up to 365, including those under the steps. All this identifies the monument with the calendar that rotates around the water god. The sculptures that appear in the foreground were jambs or columns that supported the original upper temple. These are exhibited today in the local museum of Tajin.*

During her stay in Chichén Itzá, Adela Breton made watercolours of several buildings, such as the Church and a small part of the east annex of the Nunnery. The Church has a façade decorated in Puuc style. This consists of a smooth section, a frieze and a roofcomb adorned with stone mosaic work. Projecting from the front of the frieze are three masks of the god Itzamna and two panels with four carvings of seated gods with animal masks. These have been identified as the four Bacabs who carry the heavens on their shoulders. The façade is topped by a roofcomb decorated with grecas surmounted by masks.
The exterior of the eastern annex of the Nunnery is rather different, being entirely decorated with stone mosaic work in what is known as the Chenes style of architecture. The lower part is limited by an elegant but fragmented moulding which frames the entrance, representing the mouth of the Earth Monster. On each side are eight masks of the god Itzamna, one above the other. Above these carvings in the center is a ring of carved feathers framing a important individual —Kukulkan, flanked by two masks on both side. Close by, the back section of the Church can be seen.

required great perception; and a scientific one, which required study and dedication.

Her father, William Breton (1799-1889), was a naval commander. As a traveler he developed a great interest in learning about new places —an interest he passed on to his daughter. Her mother, Elizabeth D'Arch (1820-1874), dedicated herself to the education of her children in a very conservative atmosphere. Adela's education included learning to paint watercolors, which she did very well indeed.

Having devoted herself to her education and family matters, after her father's death Adela made a number of trips to the United States between 1889 and 1894. In the U.S. she decided to come to Mexico in order to verify facts and scenes she had learned about from the works of Daniel Thomas Egerton and Frederick Catherwood, as well as from reading Humboldt.

She arrived in Mexico in 1894, most likely having traveled by sea to Veracruz and from there —probably by rail— to Mexico City, soon moving on to the western part of the country. She traveled to Michoacán, where she met an Indian named Pablo Solorio, from the town of Churumuco, whom she hired as horse groom, companion and valet.

At that time in Mexico, the extensive journeys she undertook could be made only through long and tiring rides on horseback. She traveled through fifteen Mexican states (the Federal District, State of Mexico, Puebla, Tlaxcala, Hidalgo, Veracruz, Morelos, Guerrero, Michoacán, Guanajuato, Jalisco, Aguascalientes, Zacatecas, Oaxaca and the Yucatán) during the 14 years she stayed in our country.

She always carried notebooks, a camera and film, materials for drawing and for painting watercolors. We know that she spoke Spanish fluently, and even learned some Indian languages so as to be able to communicate better with the people she met.

Her landscape work is detailed and beautiful. At times she added human figures to give an idea of proportion and size. Her architectural drawings, while not so numerous, are just as precise and meticulous.

The study of archeology was a second stage in Adela Breton's career. Her works on this subject bear witness to her vigorous interest in presenting what she saw, just as it was. She made her paintings genuine documents on ruins or pieces which have now disappeared or been seriously damaged. She also used a camera for studying the details of what she observed. When she took an especially representative or interesting photo, she made a watercolor of it, always copying the original piece's real colors.

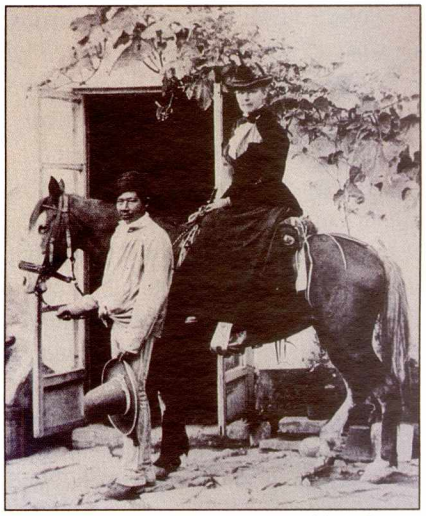
She personally met, or contacted by letter, the most prominent archeologists of her day: Auguste Le Plongeon, Alfred Tozzer, F.W. Putnam, C. Bowditch, Zelia Nuttal, Alfred Maudslay and Eduard Seler. She maintained a voluminous correspondence with all of them, first in order to follow their recommendations, later in order to compare what they had seen previously with what she was able to observe herself.

It was Alfred Percival Maudslay who awaked her interest in visiting the Maya region of the Yucatán, asking her to verify the correctness of his own drawings and photographs of Chichén Itzá.

She began her trip to the Yucatán in 1900. She must have traveled from Veracruz to Progreso by coastal trading ship, accompanied by Pablo Solorio and her two horses, El Chico and El Moro. Her main objective was to see Chichén Itzá, which had been purchased by the American consul in Mérida, Edward Herbert Thompson. An avid archeologist, owner of the Hacienda of Chichén and the ancient ruins, Thompson considered the area to be his personal property and found any interference highly disagreeable.

Since the laws on archeological property had not yet been enacted, Thompson —with a subsidy from Harvard University's Peabody Museum— dredged the *Cenote Sagrado*[1] and sent the objects he found to the United States.

It is easy to understand why there was a clash of personalities upon the arrival of Adela, who devoted herself to drawing and describing the things she saw. Conflicts erupted between her and Thompson, and each of them complained to foreign archeologists about the other's interference. The horse groom Solorio kept an eye on what Thompson was extracting from the *cenote*, running to tell Adela. The scene turned into a real farce.



Adela Breton with horse groom Pablo Solorio.

Adela Breton's other great contribution to Mexican archeology was in the so-called Upper Temple of the Jaguar, in Chichén Itzá's Ball Game area. This ruin consists of two high walls, each of which holds a hoop made of engraved stone. Adjoining one of these walls is a two-story building. The first floor has been named the Lower Temple of the Jaguar, since it features the image of a jaguar in carved stone. The second floor, built on top of the broad wall and consisting of a temple with two naves, covered with a pyramidal roof, is known to us as the Upper Temple of the Jaguar.

One of these naves had collapsed, but the other contained a profusion of fresco paintings representing scenes of battle in which the warriors of Itzá are always victorious. The interior featured an altar consisting of a stone bowl held up by fifteen Atlases, vividly-painted warriors in a series of different outfits.

Cholula, Great Pyramid and Church of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios. *Although it seems to represent a hill with a church on top, built during Colonial times, it is a large pyramid built by the Toltecs and superimposed on previous pyramidal constructions. Recently, important excavations around the pyramid have revealed other pre-Hispanic constructions resting on the sides of the old pyramid.*

[1] *Cenote Sagrado:* Natural well considered sacred by the Mayas, who threw holy objects and sacrifices into the pool. (Editor's note.)

When Adela arrived, these warrior figures had been removed by the archeologist Le Plangeon, who hid them so as to be able to remove them later. However, Le Plangeon had left the country and was unable to return. Adela found out about the hidden warriors, but did not know the location of the hiding place. She told the story to the Yucatán educator Pablo Bolio, who accompanied her to the site and noticed a place on top of the broad Ball Game area wall, where stones had been clumsily piled one atop another. They started digging, and soon enough found the fifteen Atlases.

Adela made drawings of them, filling in the original colors exactly, despite having little time to do her work, since Bolio decided to send the figures to the National Museum in Mexico City. Unfortunately, when the statues were lowered by rope, they were scratched. Then they remained on the dock at Progreso for six months, exposed to the weather, before being shipped to Veracruz, where they remained in the customs house for more than a year. As a result they lost their coloring; today, only Adela Breton's drawings remain to show us what these figures once looked like.

Another of Adela's wise moves was to meticulously copy the interior paintings of the Upper Jaguar temple; with the passage of time and mistreatment these have disappeared entirely. Adela's watercolors, some of them full-sized, others of reduced scale, are all that remain to us as testimony to what existed in this site. They portray the colored stucco door jambs and the battle scenes of Itzá warriors in attitudes of victory over the peoples they conquered.

In 1904 the horse groom Pablo Solorio fell ill in the Yucatán and had to travel by boat from Progreso to Veracruz, where he contracted yellow fever and died, without being able to return to his native Michoacán.

Adela remained without news of the state of Pablo's health. She wrote several letters complaining that she did not know the whereabouts of her faithful companion. When she later found out the sad outcome of the illness, she lost her desire to stay in the Yucatán, but the work she had begun there was too important to leave unfinished. When she returned to England in 1908 she continued her work on Mexico, but never returned here.

Adela Breton presented a professional study on Mexico to the Congress of Americanists, writing a series of articles. She also traveled extensively through Asia, the Near East, South America and the United States.

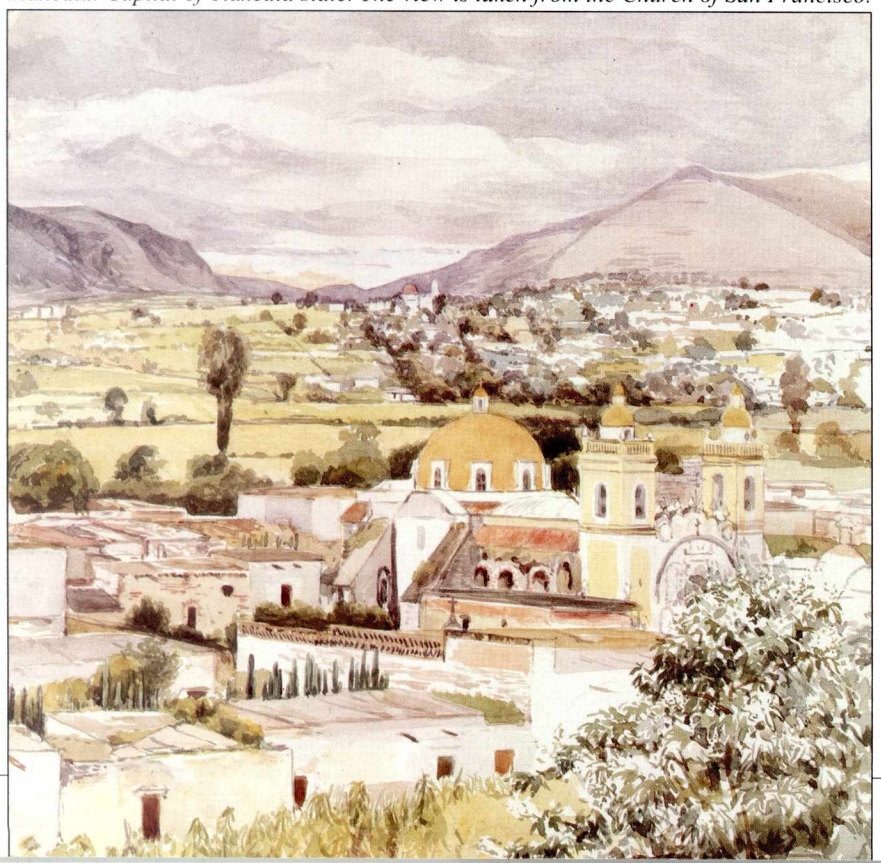
In 1922 she was invited to the meeting of the Congress of Americanists in Rio de Janeiro. During her stay in Brazil she fell ill — she had reached the age of 73— and decided to return to England. She did not succeed in doing so; while passing through Jamaica on her way home, she was so sick that she had to disembark. She died there the following year.

During the trips she made to her native city of Bath, she proposed to leave her work there so it could be studied. Unfortunately this idea met with little interest, leading her to make the same proposal to the Museum of Art in Bristol, England. The museum authorities there were interested and, although all her paintings, photos and other materials were kept under lock and key for many a year, an exhibition on her work was finally organized in 1985.

In early 1993 a selection of her work was brought to Mexico to be exhibited at the National History Museum in Chapultepec Castle. The Prince of Wales inaugurated the exhibition. The curator responsible for promoting Breton's work was Sue Giles.

With this history as background, the Smurfit Cartón y Papel company of Mexico published the book *Adela Breton, artista británica en México* (Adela Breton, A British Artist in Mexico) in late 1993. The book was not sold commercially but was distributed free of charge by the publishing house to its clients and to public libraries VM

***Tlaxcala**. Capital of Tlaxcala state. The view is taken from the Church of San Francisco.*



Rescue of a cameraman: The lost images of Eustasio Montoya

Fernando del Moral González *

Film archeology is a practice whose theory is in the process of being defined, on the basis of its achievements and failures and the peculiar circumstances of its development in our country. Standing in its favor are the efforts (not always recognized, to be sure) of those rare specialists in this field who have faced obstacles and challenges in order to promote the work of rescuing and preserving motion pictures. In all justice we must also mention the contributions of the skilled personnel, infrastructure and technology available in Mexico.[1]

For our purposes old movies are those produced between 1896, the year that cinematography arrived in Mexico, and 1931, the year when the formal beginning of "talking" pictures was marked by the appearance of the second version of the movie *Santa* (Saint), directed by Antonio Moreno.

A more detailed version of this article will appear as a Renato Rosaldo Lecture Series Monograph, Mexican-American Studies and Research Center of the University of Arizona, Tucson.

[1] Fernando del Moral González, "Arqueología cinematográfica," in the film journal *Nitrato de plata*, No. 14, Mexico City, 1993, pp. 59-60.

* Documentary film director and specialist in film preservation. Recipient of the National Institute of Anthropology and History's Paul Coremans Prize in 1986 and 1988.

Arqueología Cinematográfica, A.C.

Eustasio Montoya, Mexican-Texan cameraman and photographer.

Arqueología Cinematográfica, A.C.

The arrival of Manuel Acuña's remains at Saltillo, Coahuila, November 2, 1917.

More than 90 per cent of Mexican films from this period have been lost. This is a lamentably high figure if we consider that the nation did not produce nearly as many movies as other countries which had a powerful film industry but nevertheless suffered considerable losses. In France and the United States, 80 to 85 per cent of films from the 1895-1918 period have been lost, while the figure for 1919-1929 is approximately 75 per cent, as the French specialist Raymond Borde reports in his book *Les cinémathèques*.[2]

The main cause of these losses was the fact that at that time cinema was not viewed as having cultural value and being a testimony to contemporary society. Shortly after cinematography was unveiled by the brothers Lumière in Paris in 1885, the Polish cameraman Boleslas Matuszewski stated, in his visionary article "A New Source of History: The Creation of a Storehouse of Historical Cinematography,"[3] that movies should be conserved because of their documentary and social value. The year was 1898 and the idea was quickly forgotten.

The oldest film salvaged in Mexico during the 1980s was *La Decena Trágica en México o Revolución Felicista* (Ten Tragic Days in Mexico or the Felicista Revolution), made in 1913. The film describes the coup d'état which overthrew the constitutional government of Francisco I. Madero, in which the nation's capital suffered the only bombardment it has undergone in the 20th century. I had the privilege of salvaging this film, succeeding in carrying through to a happy ending the work of cinematographic conservation which, in 1985, saved this invaluable historical document from destruction.[4]

I was unaware that shortly thereafter, in 1987, I would have to undertake a new project, also related with film preservation but technically much more difficult and complex. This was an interdisciplinary effort to assist in the restoration and preservation of a set of movies, photos and documents by an unknown pioneer of documentary film-making in Mexico and the United States. This man, about whom we knew nothing at the time, was Eustasio Montoya. He had worked as a photographer and cameraman recording the history of northeast Mexico and part of south Texas, from 1914 to 1921.[5]

We found these items in a truly lamentable state that called for urgent salvaging; in addition to chemical deterioration, they had suffered the depredations of rodents and other external agents as well as the ravages of time. We were faced with almost fifty rolls of film which were almost unrecoverable because of the degree of their decomposition, approximately one hundred photographs which were partially destroyed or in the process of fading, and about fifty rather badly deteriorated documents.

The preservation project came to an end in 1988 after three and a half years of patient labor and an expenditure of 25,000 dollars. The cost would have been higher had it not been for the assistance of *UNAM*'s Centro de Estudios sobre la Universidad (Center for University Studies —CESU/UNAM), which took on the task of restoring Eustasio Montoya's photographs and papers by means of a method developed by the experts Nicolás Gutiérrez and Roberto Montores.

When we examined these documents we found that, already in 1938, the Mexican consul in Laredo, Texas —where Montoya was living— had informed the Secretary of Foreign Relations [6] of Montoya's efforts over the preceding year to have the Mexican government (via the

[2] Éditions L'Age d'Homme, Lausanne (Switzerland), 1983, pp. 22-23.

[3] This article was originally published on March 25, 1898, in the Parisian newspaper *Le Figaro*. It was translated into Spanish and published by Margarita De Orellana in her book *Imágenes del pasado. El cine y la historia: una antología* (Images of the Past. Cinema and History: An Anthology). Premiá Editora, Tlahuapan (Puebla, Mexico), 1983, pp. 29-33.

[4] Fernando del Moral González, "La Decena Trágica en México 1913. Un caso de preservación cinematográfica," in *Ala* No. 2, April-June 1987, Asociación Latinoamericana de Archivos, Mexico City, pp. 40-52.

[5] Fernando del Moral González, "Eustasio Montoya: imágenes perdidas. Una experiencia interdisciplinaria en la preservación de documentos históricos" (lecture). II Seminario de Conservación y Restauración, Centro de Estudios sobre la Universidad, *UNAM*, Mexico City, 1991.

[6] Consul Efraín G. Domínguez to the Secretary of Foreign Relations, Laredo, Texas, January 8, 1938.

Secretariat of the Interior) acquire his films —which at that time totaled 45,000 feet (ten hours of projection time at the then-current speed of 24 frames per second).

More than an offer, this was the entreaty of a man during the twilight of his life:

... I traveled through different parts of Mexico, going without many things and exposing myself to grave dangers, having twice escaped being shot. As you will understand, throughout the period of the Revolution, and at risk to my life, I filmed all of the important things that I could. What I seek is reasonable, as the price of the aforementioned negatives; that is, that I be paid the value of what I paid, as noted in this letter, and that the Government consider what might be the just value of my photographic work, taking into account the eight years I spent in order to acquire all this. For these reasons, I leave to the Government's consideration the compensation it judges to be adequate. Since for some time I have found myself in very difficult economic circumstances, and given that these films are all the capital I possess for maintaining my existence and that of my children, I wish to sell all of it for the considerations mentioned above. I am willing to accept any offer that our Government makes me and hope it will be reasonable. I am old now, and without money, and hope to receive some remuneration or consideration from the Government of Mexico.[7]

To make a long story short, Montoya spent eleven years, starting in 1933, in useless appeals to the government bureaucracy. Thirty years after his death, there appeared a Señor Servando Arael Escobedo, in Nuevo Laredo, Tamaulipas, who had struck up an acquaintance with the photographer's son, Simón Montoya.

Escobedo was in possession of a box containing what remained of the unfortunate cameraman's materials and did his best to get the attention of functionaries from Mexico's Secretariat of Public Education (SEP). This time they did pay attention and showed an interest in the films, subsequently financing the preservation project through what was at that time the Subsecretariat of Culture.

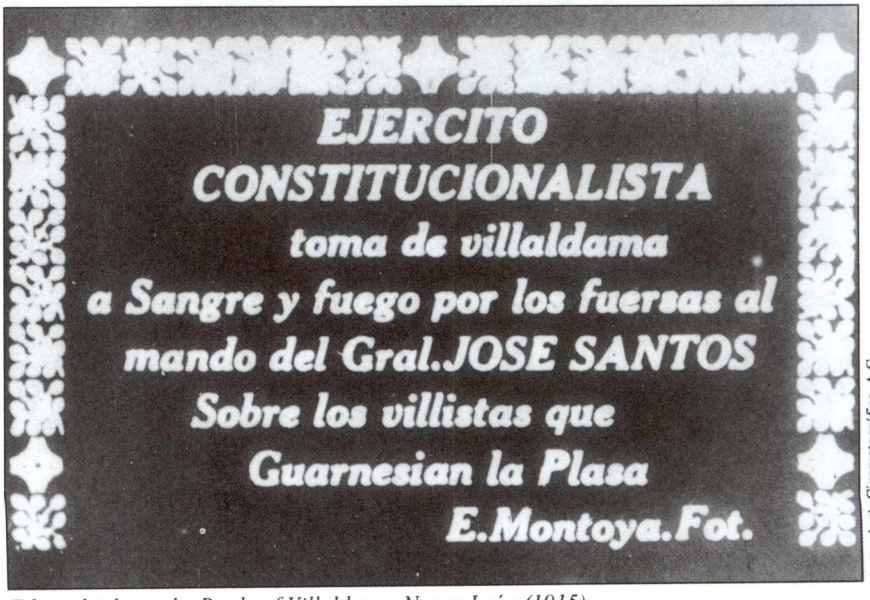
More than fifty years had passed since Montoya's first efforts, and when his films began to be salvaged in 1987 the irreversible process of decomposition which affects old nitrocellulose-based films had almost destroyed these treasures.

Great technical efforts made it possible to salvage about 10 per cent (around 20 minutes of current projection time) of the approximately 12,000 feet that remained out of the original 45,000 feet. Nevertheless, this 10 per cent included historical images which, albeit fragmented, give us an idea of the invaluable work carried out by this pioneer of cinematography in Mexico and the United States. Thus, Eustasio Montoya's images have not been entirely lost to the history of the 20th century.

The first thing we were able to project on the silver screen, in order to reflect part of the historical rescue operation, were segments of *La batalla de Villaldama, Nuevo León* (The Battle of Villaldama, Nuevo León [1915]), a clash which while little known was of strategic importance for the Constitutionalist faction in the Mexican Revolution, since it aimed to cut the Francisco Villa faction's rail links to the border at Laredo, Texas.

At the same time, I was carrying out documentary research on the basis of the information contained in Montoya's logs, his images, photos and papers. But this was far from sufficient. Servando Arael Escobedo reported that Montoya's son Simón was living in Laredo. I thought it would be important to interview him and record his testimony.

In addition, the scarcity of references to the Battle of Villaldama in works on the Mexican Revolution motivated me to visit this town about 27 miles north of Monterrey, Nuevo León, in search of more information, as well as to interview Señor



Arqueología Cinematográfica, A.C.

Film subtitle on the Battle of Villaldama, Nuevo León (1915).

[7] Eustasio Montoya to Consul Efraín G. Domínguez, Laredo, Texas, January 5, 1938. Quoted by Domínguez in his letter to the Secretary of Foreign Relations.

Escobedo in Nuevo Laredo, in the neighboring state of Tamaulipas.

Then it occurred to me: why not use all this to make a documentary which would publicize the work of Eustasio Montoya, on the basis of the salvaging of his images, lost to us for so long, and which at the same time would stress the importance of conserving our historical cultural legacy?

The cinematographic project was expanding. My idea was well-received and there was no objection to my taking on the work of historical research, the script and direction of the movie, at the same time as coordinating the preservation project which was under my technical supervision. These efforts would be a vindication of the memory of Eustasio Montoya, whose work had never received recognition and remained a blank spot in the history of the cinema, both in Mexico and the United States. So nothing would be better than to present his contributions through the medium of film itself, using his own images to describe his life and work.

I found Simón Montoya in precarious health due to his advanced age. His memory was not always clear, but he was firm and serene when interviewed in front of the camera. He remembered when he and his father worked together showing films as they traveled through Texas and Tamaulipas, as well as details of their work in preparing movies. He referred to a documentary film that compiled episodes of Mexico's history from 1900 to 1920, which Eustasio Montoya had allegedly made; however, the logs we found indicate that the film never went beyond the script-writing stage.

Although Escobedo became very nervous while we were filming his recollections, his view of Montoya is quite significant. His final comment on the film maker was "Justice should be done to him for his work, his courage and his merit."

In Villaldama we dusted off the municipal archives, but in the records for 1915 there is no reference to the battle that occurred there on April 27 of that year. I interviewed possible informants without results until I found exactly the one I needed: Señor Luis Pérez Pérez, 87 years old, who had been a civilian witness to the battle. We filmed his brief, concise and lucid description of the fight for the town plaza that pitted followers of Villa against followers of Carranza on that day so many years ago. Unfortunately Pérez died shortly thereafter and was unable to see how his testimony became part of the film.

The testimony received in face-to-face interviews was crucial in providing the background to Montoya's images. The testimony of Escobedo, as custodian of the historical materials and a decisive factor in their salvaging, is presented right before a prologue explaining the importance of conserving images of this kind:

When a roll of film is destroyed, part of cinema is lost and a fragment of our history is destroyed.

When an image is not adequately conserved it deteriorates very quickly, and if it is abandoned it will almost certainly be destroyed.

The preservation of images in motion which are in danger of being lost forever is an urgent necessity as part of salvaging the cultural testimony of our contemporary era. This is possible only through the combined work of technicians and cinematographic specialists as well as experts in restoration and conservation of historical documents, joining efforts to prevent the disappearance of these materials.

The images filmed by Eustasio Montoya belong to the archeology of cinema, and have survived, like many ancient ruins, in a fragmented state, like parts of a statue which is missing the arms or the head. [8] *So while these*

Arqueología Cinematográfica, A.C.

Eustasio Montoya's photo credit (1914).

[8] Shortly before writing the script for the documentary, I read a very interesting book by the cameraman Néstor Almendros (1930-1992): *Días de una cámara* (The Days of a Camera, Seix Barral, Barcelona, 1982). On page 26, in the section entitled "Some Considerations on My Profession," I found a passage which helped provide a key to Montoya's images: "I like silent movies enormously. I am fascinated by the magic of silence. I know now that those pictures were not originally completely silent. They were

images have felt the imprint of time, what has remained of them helps us discover hitherto unknown testimony about social, political and cultural life, in the latent time of circumstances brought to life by film.

Simón Montoya's testimony is also key in providing an idea of his father's activities in the fields of photography and cinema as well as pointing out that he originally came from San Antonio, Texas, where he is buried.

The testimony of Luis Pérez Pérez furnished precise references on the Battle of Villaldama, which were not to be found in any of the books on the Mexican Revolution that I was able to consult. It was extraordinary to observe how Señor Pérez had retained the memory of events that occurred 72 years previously. Having been obliged to witness that bloody 27th of April, 1915, he remembered it without hesitation at the time of the interview, without the questions and answers being worked out in advance.

The documentary closes with the image of General Pablo González's victorious troops parading through one of Villaldama's main streets, followed by scenes of that same street today, while on the sound track we hear the sounds of the revolutionary cavalry's parade, like an echo of historical time.

The historical time of Eustasio Montoya's images is that of the military and political predominance of Venustiano Carranza in the Mexico of 1915-20, after Carranza's forces defeated Francisco Villa's army at Celaya. Other key events during this

always accompanied by piano or orchestra music. Still, I like the way they are now, without music and in high-contrast contratype copies. A bit like the beautiful ruins of antiquity, like the Greek statues which now consist only of remains, without arms or head, without their original varied colors. I am hypnotized by these characters who gesture, who mouth words without a single sound being heard. There is something dreamlike and strange about them that I find fascinating."

Arqueología Cinematográfica, A.C.

Members of the National White Cross, photo by Eustasio Montoya.

period included the last U.S. military intervention in Mexico —the so-called "punitive expedition" led by General John "Black Jack" Pershing in 1916, which did not succeed in its objective of capturing Villa as punishment for his troops' incursion at Columbus, New Mexico— as well as the Constituent Congress held in 1917.

As a free-lance documentary film maker, Eustasio Montoya thought it important to record the political, military and diplomatic events he had the opportunity to capture with his camera.

The documentary we made is structured around the testimony of Servando Arael Escobedo, Simón Montoya and Luis Pérez Pérez, together with four events which the movie reconstructs organically. In order of their appearance in the documentary, they are (using the titles of original works by Montoya): *La llegada de los restos de Manuel Acuña a Saltillo, Coahuila* (The Arrival of Manuel Acuña's Remains at Saltillo, Coahuila [1917]), *Gran desfile en Laredo, Texas* (Big Parade in Laredo, Texas [year unknown]), *Entrevista Carranza-Ferguson* (The Carranza-Ferguson Interview [1915]) and *La batalla de Villaldama, Nuevo León* (The Battle of Villaldama, Nuevo León [1915]).

The Carranza-Ferguson interview was an important foreign policy event during Carranza's regime. While it was unfortunately impossible to recover all of Montoya's footage due to the chemical decomposition of much of the film, we were able to reconstruct the event using remaining fragments from another border meeting between Mexican and U.S. officials, and thanks to the resemblance of Nicéforo Zambrano, then governor of the state of Nuevo León, to Carranza. In fact Zambrano could have been Carranza's double, except for being a bit shorter, as seen in a photo related to the original interview which was inserted together with a photo of Ferguson.

As described in the documentary, there were other crucial events which recent historical research has helped unveil: [9]

On November 23 at the Nuevo Laredo international bridge,

[9] See especially "Border Raiding and the Plan of San Diego," chapter 4 of Don M. Coerver and Linda B. Hall, *Texas and the Mexican Revolution: A Study in State and National Border Policy, 1910-1920.* Trinity University Press, San Antonio, Texas, 1984.

Carranza —whose government had just received de facto *recognition from the United States— met with the governor of Texas, James Ferguson, for the purpose of normalizing relations in this border area, which had seen a number of armed clashes and furtive incursions originating on both sides of the Rio Grande. In 1915 the government of the state of Texas had discovered a revolutionary plan, the Plan of San Diego, which aimed at winning independence for California, Arizona and New Mexico and ultimately creating a Republic of Texas which would include the territories Mexico lost after the U.S. invasion of 1847. The Plan of San Diego was promoted by Americans of Mexican origin and apparently had some support from Mexican revolutionary groups. In the Laredo discussions, Governor Ferguson received assurances of Carranza's collaboration in watching over the border area and restoring order. Transgressors would be classed as bandits and the attempt would be made to punish them. The United States had in turn allowed pro-Carranza troops to cross U.S. territory in order to attack Villa in Sonora. In terms of maintaining stability along Mexico's northern border, the diplomatic success of the Laredo talks did not last for long. The balance was broken soon enough when Francisco Villa's forces launched their surprise attack at Columbus, New Mexico on March 9, 1916, provoking the punitive U.S. Army intervention at Chihuahua.*

When discussing the documentary's structure, mention must be made of the music which flavors this "stew" of images. The composer Antonio Avitia wrote the score using a number of genres characteristic of those times: a "schottische," a march and a *corrido*, evolving progressively from expository to epic style.

Arqueologia Cinematográfica, A.C.

Portrait of a revolutionary on horseback by Eustasio Montoya.

If films had sound during their "silent" years it was thanks to a musical structure which accompanied them, and this was an important ingredient in bringing back to life the images of Eustasio Montoya, which up until this point had never been brought to the public as part of an integrated whole. The composition of special music for this presentation reflected our desire to give recognition to Montoya's work.[10]

I had suggested that the movie be titled "Rescue of a Cameraman: The Lost Images of Eustasio Montoya." But officials at the SEP chose a shorter title —*Eustasio Montoya: imágenes perdidas* (Eustasio Montoya: Lost Images).

In all, 75 people, half of them skilled technicians, participated in the Montoya Project: 15 devoted to restoration and preservation, 26 to the documentary film, and 34 carrying out functions which complemented these areas of the project's work.

The restored documentation included 49 photos. Those dated July 23 and 30, 1914, San Luis Potosí, with the credit "Phot. E. Montoya of the National C.B.," helped established a key date which might mark the beginning of Montoya's activities documenting the Mexican Revolution.

The photographer's papers include five letters bearing dates from 1915 to 1944, a memorandum and three typewritten and handwritten lists; an untitled screenplay for a historical documentary film —the one his son Simón referred to in the interview— and an unidentified newspaper clipping, coming to a total of 56 sheets.

Once their restoration was completed, Eustasio Montoya's photos and papers were deposited in the Constituyentes Museum (Carranza House) to be cared for as a historical collection. The cinematographic materials preserved on security film, as well as the negatives of *Eustasio Montoya: imágenes perdidas*, were stored in the special warehouse for

[10] The music composed by Avitia was complemented by the march "La Filomena," interpreted by the Municipal Band of Torreón, Coahuila (Disco INAH, DF-22 1978), which we used for the scenes of the "big parade" in Laredo, Texas.

Guillermo Rosas / Arqueologia Cinematográfica, A.C.

Fernando del Moral (right) interviews Luis Pérez Pérez in Villaldama, Nuevo León (1988).

original negatives at the Churubusco-Azteca Studios. Both institutions, headquartered in Mexico City, are affiliated to the National Council for Culture and the Arts, which is part of SEP.

I submitted the work of salvage and preservation of works by this master of cinema to the National Institute of Anthropology and History (INAH). INAH awarded us the Paul Coremans Prize,[11] the highest distinction in the field of "salvaging, restoration, conservation and dissemination of materials" —in this case cinematographic materials of cultural importance— giving our work group as a whole a diploma and gold medal. The diploma features the name of Eustasio Montoya —the first posthumous recognition given to the film maker. When Montoya's son Simón saw the documentary, including his own testimony, with a mixture of enthusiasm and emotion he said "It's very well told." He was given a copy of the diploma, in which his own name naturally appeared as well.

Eustasio Montoya: imágenes perdidas was shown publicly for the first time at the 16th International Cervantine Festival in the city of Guanajuato on October 21, 1988. Since then it has been shown to specialized audiences among the cinematographic community, at universities, institutions and as part of cultural programs, both in Mexico and the United States.

In the United States the appreciation of Eustasio Montoya began in 1992. The historian Antonio Ríos-Bustamante became interested in Montoya and referred to the film maker in his work on the contributions of Latins and people of Mexican origin to U.S. cinema during the first half of the 20th century.[12]

The first U.S. showing of *Eustasio Montoya: imágenes perdidas* in an academic framework took place on March 10, 1993, under the auspices of the Mexican-American Studies and Research Center of the University of Arizona, Tucson.

At the Second Meeting of Chicano and Mexican Film and Video Makers, held in Mexico City in May 1993, colleagues from north of the Rio Grande discovered in Eustasio Montoya —whose moving images continue to be unique today— the oldest pioneer of movies made by Mexican-Americans.

As Ríos-Bustamante has demonstrated through his historical research, Montoya's work can be compared only with that of another forerunner: Frank Padilla, a photographer and cameraman from the northern part of California. Padilla worked for the California Motion Picture Corporation from 1914 to 1920. Unfortunately, only a handful of photos have survived to document his work.

Meanwhile, *Eustasio Montoya: imágenes perdidas* crossed the Atlantic for the first time when it was shown in Spain —on its way to other countries— as part of the great Chicano Film Retrospective during the International Film Festival in San Sebastián.[13]

The lost images of Eustasio Montoya have found their place in the world VM

[11] Named in honor of Paul Coremans, director of the Royal Institute for the Artistic Patrimony of Belgium and UNESCO representative during the 1960s. In Mexico, Coremans promoted the creation of a Latin American Center for Study and Training in the Conservation and Restoration of Cultural Materials, with the participation of INAH.

[12] Antonio Ríos-Bustamante, "Latino Participation in the Hollywood Film Industry, 1911-1945," in Chon A. Noriega (ed.), *Chicanos and Film, Representation and Resistance.* University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, 1992, pp. 18-28.

[13] *Eustasio Montoya: imágenes perdidas* (35 mm., 27 min.) is a non-profit film whose distribution is promoted by Arqueología Cinematográfica, A.C., a Mexican cultural organization. Interested parties should write: Fernando del Moral González, Director, Apartado Postal 76-062, México, D.F., 04201, Mexico.

The censoring of *Birth of a Nation*

The exhibition of motion pictures is a business pure and simple, organized and conducted for profit...not to be regarded, nor intended to be regarded by the Ohio Constitution, we think, as part of the press of the country or as organs of public opinion. They are mere representations of events, of ideas and sentiments published or known; vivid, useful, and entertaining no doubt, but...capable of evil, having power for it, the greater because of their attractiveness and manner of exhibition.

U.S. Supreme Court Justice McKenna's ruling on *The Birth of a Nation* in the case of Mutual Film v. Ohio Industrial Commission.

They say that one cold March morning in 1915 Carl Laemmle, head of Universal Film Manufacturing Company, left his Broadway office to open his new studios in California. It was the way the movie industry was destined to develop. But the National Board of Review —that haven for prosperous New York Protestants, symbol of the industry's complex commitments to pressure groups and the federal government— would not follow the industry to the West Coast. And that worried Laemmle even more than the move Pat Powers was making to dethrone him using his West Coast contacts. The Supreme Court had just found against the distributor Mutual Film, banning D.W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation* in the state of Ohio. Laemmle knew that from then on, movies could be treated like interstate trash by local conservative censorship boards in the hands of pressure groups anxious to control such a dangerous and powerful medium and drown it in the deep waters of Prohibition.[1]

On January 4, 1993, concerned about reactions from the black community, Jill Brett, head of public relations for the Library of Congress, published a letter to the editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, explaining and apologizing for the Library's decision to preserve *The Birth of a Nation* for posterity. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), still going strong but constrained by the resurgence of black nationalism, is spending part of its time fighting the past by charging the Library of Congress with insulting the black community. Jill Brett is more than cautious in her letter: she argues that the racist film has been chosen as a historical lesson, a reminder of the dark side of U.S. history. Perhaps what's really at work is the memory of the recent disturbances in Los Angeles, together with the dilemma posed by today's racial divisions which many thought had been overcome. The film's message is simply too offensive. It was not a prudent time to pay homage to Griffith's work.[2]

Building on early Italian achievements, *The Birth of a Nation* (1915) is a landmark in the history of film. Griffith forged all the latest cinematographic innovations into a dramatic unity, overcoming many limitations, and giving film a language all its own. Simultaneously, he brought new meaning to the word *spectacle*. Both epic and daily life fit into this film odyssey.

Despite its small size and relative unimportance, the fledgling NAACP attacked Griffith's films from the start. Its members marched against the movie houses that premiered the film, organized different protests asking whites and blacks alike to boycott it, preached against it in their churches and criticized it in their press. Its members felt that the film justified the activities of night riders and vigilantes who were terrorizing blacks, Jews and Catholics all through the South. They blamed it for the increase in lynchings and other violence and for the resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan and its spread to some Northern states. All this was mere speculation. But the film did cause significant unrest: Boston police battled a whole day with a crowd in 1915, and similar disturbances were reported in New York and Chicago.

Naturally, the direct pressure of the NAACP helped get the film banned, but it was the local censorship boards who had the last word, and they saw in the unrest a reason for opposing the film, as the mayor of Minneapolis said, "in the interest of the public welfare and the peace and good order of the city."[3] Not only was it offensive to the black community, but it also repudiated the imposition of the North's authority over the South. Only fifty years had passed since the Civil War, an open wound better left alone.

The film is clearly divided into two parts. In the first part, Griffith

[1] Richard Koszarski, *An Evening's Entertainment: The Age of the Silent Feature Picture. 1915-1928.* Charles Scribner's Sons, 1990, pp. 1-2.

[2] "*The Birth of a Nation* Documents History," *Los Angeles Times*, January 4, 1993.

[3] Richard S. Randall, *Censorship of the Movies. The Social and Political Control of a Mass Medium.* University of Wisconsin Press, 1968, p. 25.

spares no effort in recreating the customs and culture of the South through the portrayal of the Northern Stonemans' visit to the wealthy Cameron family. We see the work on the plantations, the peaceful and refined life in the master's house, the cotton economy, Southern whites living alongside blacks, a different but happily-adjusted community in the Southern system. With the coming of the Civil War, provoked by ambitious politicians, the two families separate, each fighting for its own side. A series of "historic facsimiles" are presented on the screen, a succession of reconstructed military episodes and, finally, the assassination of President Lincoln. The struggle is presented in all its splendor and cruelty, the abrupt interruption of peace, brotherhood and prosperity in the United States.

The script then moves on with a storyline taken from two books by the Reverend Thomas Dixon, a representative of the literature tainted by racial hatred that poured out of the South at the end of the 19th century, *The Klansman* and *The Leopard's Spots*.[4] The second half abandons the moderation of the first part, giving free reign to Griffith's resentments as a Southerner whose family was ruined by the war. The film becomes polemical, vengeful and propagandistic, obliterating definitively the fine line between past and present.

The film shows how the defeat of the South and the assassination of Lincoln led to the break-up of black brotherhood. South Carolina suffers the horrors of the vengeance of former slaves, put in power by ambitious congressmen and corrupt politicians who take advantage of the lack of a strong, paternalistic executive to humiliate and exploit a vanquished South.

Flora's death scene, in which she, barely an adolescent, resists the attack of a black soldier, and Elsie Stoneman's kidnapping by black political leader Sylas Lynch use the old Klan discourse which portrayed the rape of Southern white women as a metaphor for the downfall of white rule in the South and the attacks against race privilege and regional autonomy. Klan apologists argued that black vengeance was carried out not against their former masters but against their former masters' daughters, wives and mothers. Without the Klan, white men were incapable of defending them and preserving their exclusive rights to masculinity.[5]

The scene in which a Klan cavalry troop supported by two ex-Union soldiers comes out of nowhere to save the main characters' families from the black militia's siege reminds us that white supremacy and brotherhood are inviolable Southern traits. The return of political power to the whites and the exclusion of the blacks in the final scenes, show the audience the return of normality after the disorder imposed on Southern life by the invaders.

Griffith's message is clear: the United States was not consolidated after the end of the Civil War; the North did not impose equality but vengeance. Southern whites rose up as a result of simple instinct for self-preservation when the blacks, insolent and ignorant of the art of government, were manipulated by corrupt Washington politicians to subordinate states rights to the interests of darkness.... This is how Griffith celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the fall of the Confederacy.

The film projects the fear of the subversion of society's racial hierarchy, the revenge of the inferior orders and the loss of the white majority's monopoly over political power. Order will be replaced by chaos, brother divided from brother because of non-whites, traditional values broken down and the nation weakened.

But no, Griffith's film did not resuscitate the Klan. The image of the rural, strictly-male, Southern Klan was already a thing of the past. The new Klan embraced the old ideology and some of the rituals, but it spread beyond the old South, included women and took root predominantly in small urban communities.[6] *The Birth of a Nation* had more impact in another way: it prolonged the romantic myth of plantation life and the Southern aristocracy as opposed to the images created by *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. That was not Griffith's aim; all he wanted was to vindicate the South. But his movie extolled revenge and the public got the message: the film gave whites a clear conscience, a moral certainty that was a far cry from the doubts that had plagued the previous generation; it gave them a way of accepting both the previous century's anti-Reconstruction violence and the continued lynching of non-whites as forms of racial and national redemption.[7]

At the same time, it was a reflection of a collective, irrational fear of the period, the same fear that made the second Klan possible. It was a popular movement that sprang up everywhere, particularly in the Midwest, including Ohio. Small urban Midwestern communities, which just like their Southern counterparts were socially very homogeneous and proudly conservative, felt threatened by the enormous wave of domestic and foreign immigration and by the social and technological changes that were taking place in the big cities. The call for continuity, for brotherhood among whites faced with the threat of

[4] Edward L. Ayers, *The Promise of the New South. Life After Reconstruction*. Oxford University Press, 1922, pp. 339-372.

[5] Kathleen M. Blee, *Women of the Klan. Racism and Gender in the 1920's*. University of California Press, 1991, pp. 15-18, 154-155.

[6] *Ibid*, "Organizing 100% American Women," pp. 11-41.

[7] Ayers, *op. cit.*, p. 372.

an eventual take-over by people of color and the imposition of a way of life foreign to them, was timely and irresistibly appealing.

Besides being racist, the second Klan was "nativist": it said "no" to immigrants, Catholics, Jews and to any kind of mixture between races. It consciously used the symbols of its predecessor, exactly as portrayed in *The Birth of a Nation*, to better preserve white Protestants' religious, national and racial supremacy from the cultural, political and economic influence of non-whites. Its members proceeded to preach that blacks were inherently stupid and socially inferior, and that they should be sent back to Africa; they emphasized all this by showing Griffith's film at their meetings.[8]

[8] Blee, *op. cit.*, p. 173.

The pressure groups which saw morality dragged through the mud in the world of film were only partially correct; their crusade aimed at preserving a way of life threatened by change; their slogan was the return to normalcy. To a certain extent, the film was the target of the accumulation of charges leveled at the whole movie industry, a suspect business in the eyes of Prohibitionist groups and not highly regarded among members of the Establishment. At the same time, movies were above all entertainment and not vehicles for ideas or means of expressing public opinion; even the producers saw them that way. The First Amendment could not protect them. Censorship was considered a need; what had to be decided was simply the correct criteria and the right judges. Judge McKenna's opinion attacked the avarice of the movie moguls and their total lack of the spirit of public service. The censors exaggerated when they said that Griffith's film corrupted public morals; at the same time they were incapable of understanding its political and social message. It would take a few years for censorship to include the ideological content of films. Griffith's written defense of the freedom of expression in film was incomprehensible to them, but that did not make their sentence any less hypocritical.

Seven decades later —and four decades after film's right to First Amendment protection was recognized— censorship is not a government question, but up to pressure groups. In this context, the NAACP persists in its persecution of Griffith's work in the name of a militant —and retroactive— multiculturalism that also satanizes *Huckleberry Finn*, and demands that Americans look at their history with a guilt complex. The only thing silenced in the discussion is the artistic merit of Griffith's work; interest groups cannot talk about that sort of thing.

Carlos Cruz

Research Assistant at *CISAN*.

Further source material consulted:

American Quarterly, December 1992. (An issue dedicated to censorship in Hollywood.)

William F. Gibson, "Library of Congress Recognition Undeserved for *Birth of a Nation,"* in *Los Angeles Times*, December 28, 1992.

Gabriel Ramírez, *El cine de Griffith* (Griffith's films), ERA, Mexico, 1972.

The American South: Portrait of a Culture. Voice of America Forum Series, 1980. (Several issues.)

How presidential succession works in Mexico

"The system of presidential succession was perfected during the administration of Ruiz Cortines in the 1950s, with the advent of the *dedazo* and *tapadismo*,[1] which refer to the broad margin of maneuver enjoyed by the serving president when it comes to naming his successor and to the fact that aspirants to the highest political office do not openly declare themselves as such —that is, the discipline of the political elite with regard to the president's decision."[2]

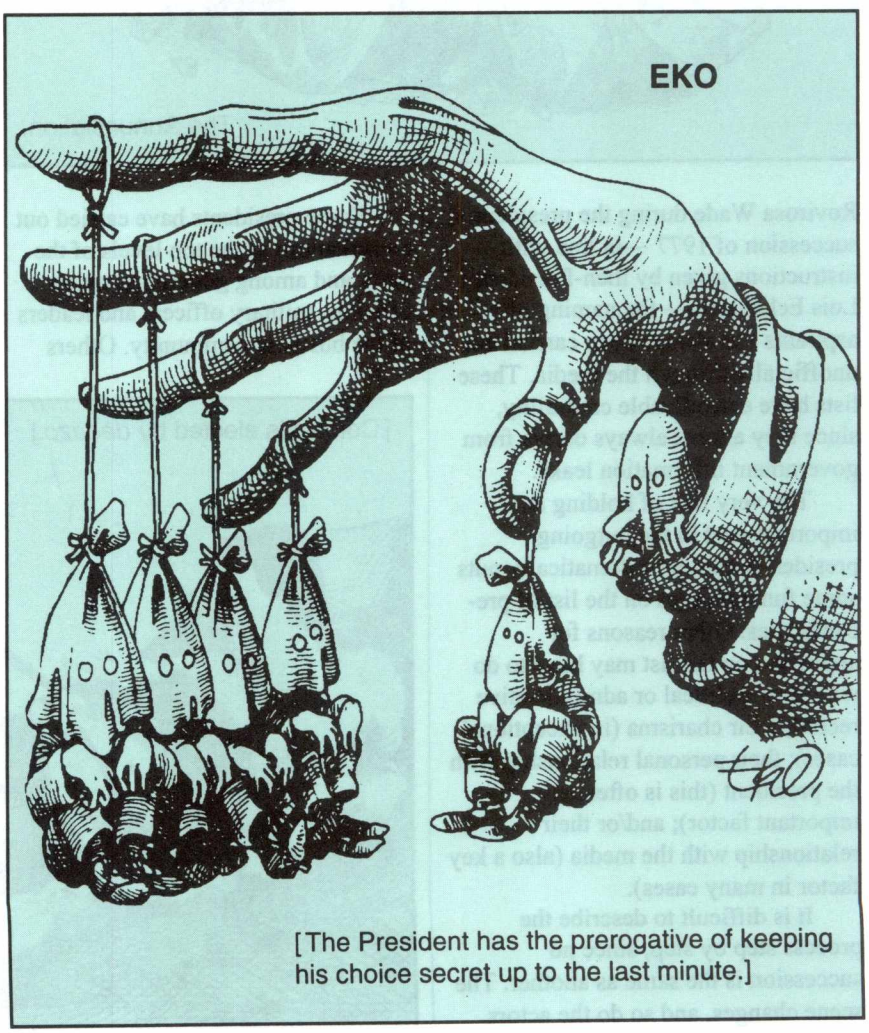
The enigma of the *tapado*[3]

Every six years politicians, journalists, political scientists and observers devote themselves to deciphering the enigma of the *tapado* —in other words, figuring out who will be designated the presidential candidate of the Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI), which has been in power since it was founded in 1929.

Nevertheless —notwithstanding all their analytical techniques, the "privileged" information they get hold of and the experience and political intuition they have acquired— they will necessarily be mistaken: in more than fifty years, nobody has managed to discover the name of the *tapado* before the party unveiled him.

The reason for this is simple. In Mexico, the President of the Republic, with the unquestioned support of his party (the PRI), has the unwritten —and indisputable— prerogative of naming the presidential candidate and keeping his choice secret up to the last minute. Since the person he chooses has —up to the present day— the greatest chances of winning the election, the president's decision is one of the most anxiously awaited political events of the fifth year of his term.

The president emits signals, both tacit and explicit, which the entire official world goes wild trying to interpret. Still, there is no infallible guide to the accurate comprehension of these signals. Except for the list of "pre-candidates" revealed by Leandro



[The President has the prerogative of keeping his choice secret up to the last minute.]

1 *Dedazo*: see glossary. *Tapadismo*: the practice of keeping a presidential candidate *tapado* (see glossary). (Editor's note.)

2 Jacqueline Peschard, "Entre lo nuevo y lo viejo: la sucesión de 1994," in *El Cotidiano*, Mexico City, October-November 1993.

3 **Source:** Oscar Hinojosa, *La sucesión presidencial 94 en la recta final* (The Presidential Succession of 94 Enters the Home Straight). Ediciones Raya en el Agua, Mexico City, 1993.

The Annunciation.

Rovirosa Wade during the presidential succession of 1977 —in line with instructions given by then-President Luis Echeverría— the naming of aspirants has always been carried out unofficially through the media. These lists have considerable credibility, since they almost always derive from government information leaks.

The very fact of holding an important post in the outgoing president's cabinet automatically puts some functionaries on the list of pre-candidates. Other reasons for appearing on the list may have to do with their political or administrative record; their charisma (in exceptional cases); their personal relationship with the president (this is often an important factor); and/or their relationship with the media (also a key factor in many cases).

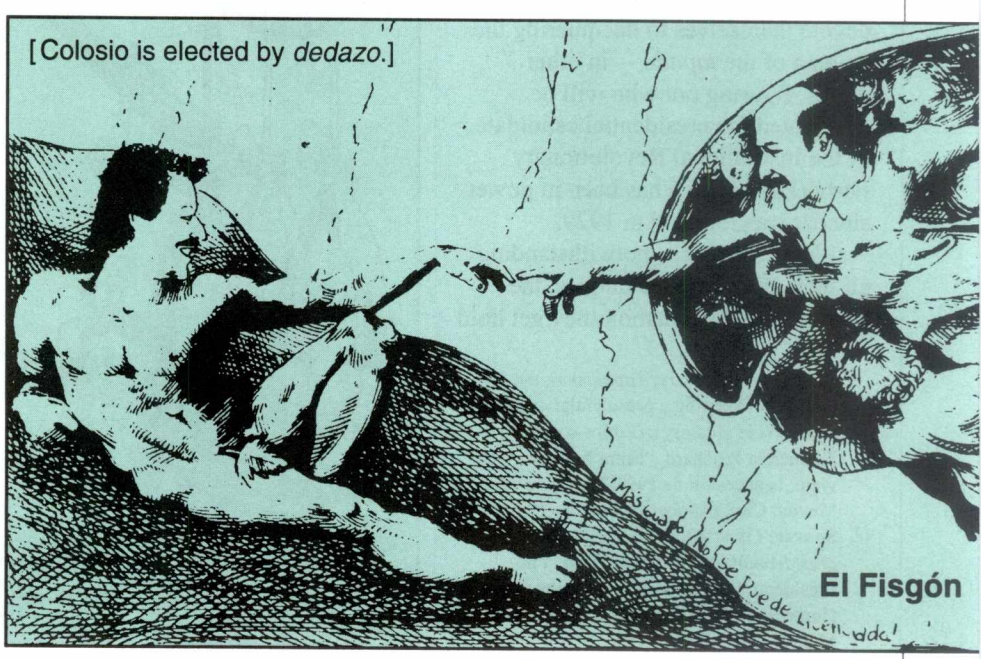
It is difficult to describe the process step by step, since no succession is the same as another. The scene changes, and so do the actors.

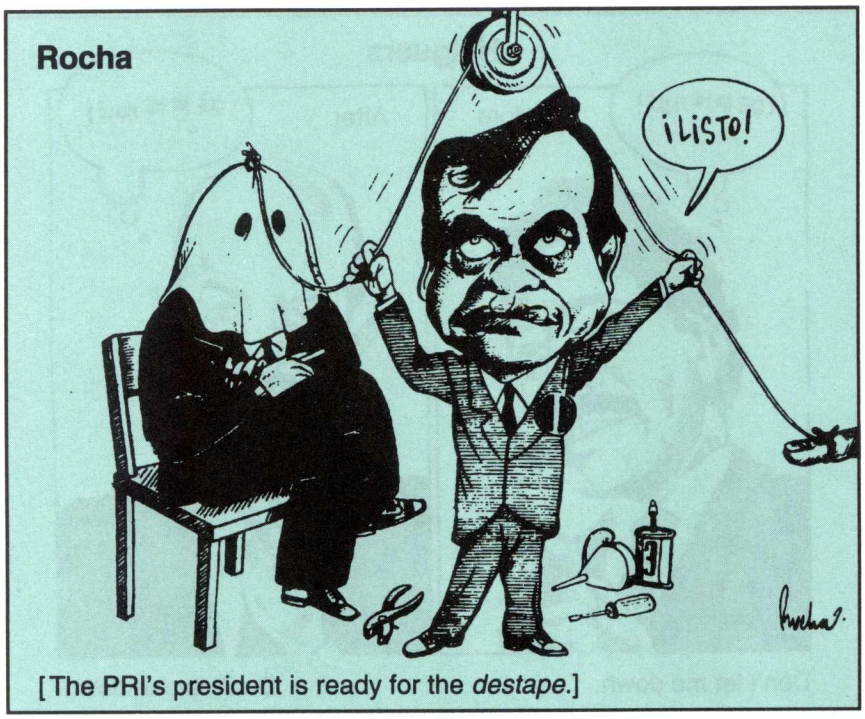
Some presidents have carried out consultations at the top levels of the party and among governors, union officials, military officers and leaders of the business community. Others have made their decision without soliciting opinions, advice or admonitions from anybody at all.

In those cases when consultations have been carried out, experience shows that those consulted play it very safe indeed before venturing an opinion or expressing their preference. This caution is one of the most common collective guidelines of Mexico's "political class." Openly declaring yourself in favor of one of the pre-candidates, without being sure (and nobody can be) of who the choice will be, means putting your political future in jeopardy.

Thus, being a passive supporter means gambling with the odds in your favor. If your "rooster" turns out to be the winner, you can tell the world that you knew it all along. But if the chosen one ends up being somebody else, you'll be in the clear when the time comes to offer him your loyalty. In reality, the only active supporters of each pre-candidate are his direct collaborators, since they have no choice but to hope that their boss will wind up on top.

"Futurism" is another recurrent phenomenon characteristic of the succession process in the phase prior to





[The PRI's president is ready for the *destape*.]

the *destape*.[4] Futurism refers to the efforts of various political groups, as well as the aspirants themselves, to influence [and benefit from] the sexennial decision. The "official" response is to issue a call for discipline and order, although it is difficult to prevent hidden struggles between various interest groups. Another tactic is to give off false signals in favor of one of the pre-candidates in order to confuse the *presidenciables*[5] as well as other politicians.

At the end, the enigma is resolved in favor of one of the aspirants. The chosen one is informed beforehand by the chooser himself. Party leaders are told of the decision and publicize the news by proclaiming the *destapado* (he who has been unveiled) to be the party's official candidate. And then the long-prepared electoral machinery is started up so as to ensure the ex-*tapado*'s victory.

4 *Destape*: unveiling of the candidate, who has been *tapado* until that moment. (See glossary.)

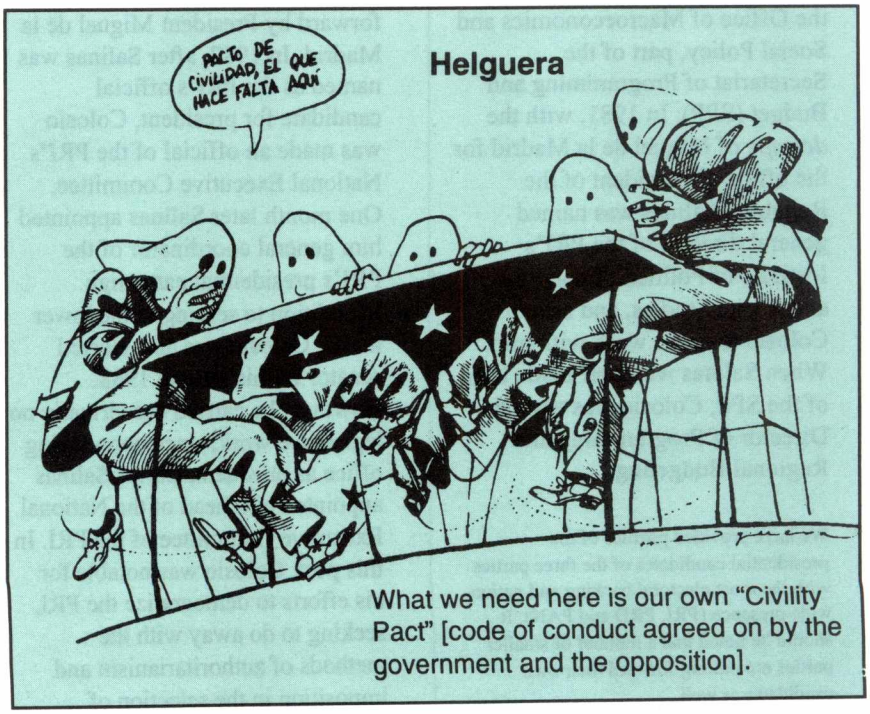
5 *Presidenciables*: politicians considered to be "presidentiable," i.e., who could be named successor to the outgoing president.

The PRI chooses its presidential candidate

Contrary to official declarations that the *destape* (unveiling) of the PRI's presidential candidate would not occur until December or January, on Sunday, November 28 at 10:36 a.m., the National Executive Committee of the PRI announced that Luis Donaldo Colosio Murrieta had been chosen.

Calling Colosio the candidate of "unity and hope," the text of the nomination is signed by the party's president and secretary, the leaders of the PRI's three sectors (the labor, peasant and people's sectors), and the presidents of the Revolutionary Youth Front and the Council for Women's Integration, both of which are affiliated to the PRI. On the following day the call was issued for the party's Eighth Regular National Convention, which formalized the nomination on December 8.

In his acceptance speech Colosio stated his intention of guaranteeing the continuity of outgoing President Carlos Salinas de Gortari's economic and social policies, using the advantages of free trade, and a stable, growing economy, as well as maintaining the Solidarity program in the struggle to eliminate extreme poverty. With regard to national politics, the candidate expressed his confidence in the democratic process



What we need here is our own "Civility Pact" [code of conduct agreed on by the government and the opposition].

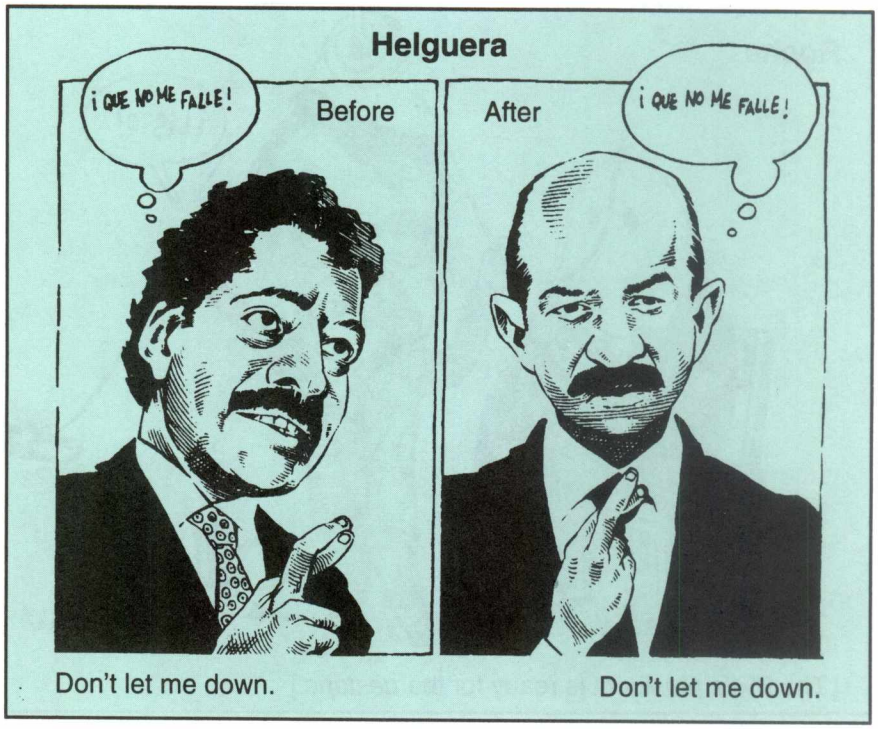
and issued a public invitation to other parties' candidates to debate their ideas and programs in open forums.

Profiles of three candidates[6]

Luis Donaldo Colosio Murrieta

Colosio was born in 1950 in Magdalena de Kino, Sonora. He carried out his primary, secondary and preparatory-school studies in public schools, since his family was unable to afford private-school tuition. At the age of twelve he had the best grade average in his primary school and was rewarded with a trip to Mexico City to meet then-President Adolfo López Mateos.

- His discipline and high grades won him a scholarship to the Monterrey Technological Institute for Higher Education, one of Mexico's most exclusive and expensive private universities. In 1972 he received a degree in economics, with honorable mention. In 1974 he carried out master's studies in regional development and economics in Pennsylvania, once again as a scholarship student.
- In 1979 he met Carlos Salinas de Gortari after becoming advisor to the Office of Macroeconomics and Social Policy, part of the Secretariat of Programming and Budget (SPP). In 1981, with the *destape* of Miguel de la Madrid for the office of President of the Republic, Salinas was named general director of the PRI's Institute of Political, Economic and Social Studies, and asked Colosio to come work with him. When Salinas was later made head of the SPP, Colosio was named Director of Programming and Regional Budgeting.



- Five years later, in 1985, Colosio's meteoric career in national politics took off. Designated candidate for deputy (member of the house of representatives) from the state of Sonora, he was elected to the 53rd Legislature, where he defended the economic austerity policy put forward by President Miguel de la Madrid. In 1987, after Salinas was named as the PRI's official candidate for president, Colosio was made an official of the PRI's National Executive Committee. One month later Salinas appointed him general coordinator of the PRI's presidential campaign.
- In addition to serving in the lower house, Colosio was also elected senator for his state in 1988. However, he carried out virtually no legislative work, since upon taking office as president, Carlos Salinas appointed him head of the National Executive Committee of the PRI. In this post, Colosio was notable for his efforts to democratize the PRI, seeking to do away with the methods of authoritarianism and imposition in the selection of candidates, and broadening rank-and-file participation. These hopes evaporated in 1991 when the first attempt was made to elect candidates for seven governorships, since the old methods of imposition and party discipline prevailed. He is also remembered as the first president of the PRI to recognize his party's defeat in a gubernatorial election, when the PAN (National Action Party) won the Baja California governorship in July of 1989.
- In 1992 President Carlos Salinas put him on the list of *presidenciables* by making him head of the Secretariat of Urban Development and Ecology, later renamed the Secretariat of Social Development. This ministry is in charge of the Solidarity public works program as well as programs related to housing, urban development, Indian rights and ecology.
- Unlike other cabinet ministers, Luis Donaldo Colosio has had a political career, and this has put him in direct contact with the populace.

[6] We have provided profiles of the presidential candidates of the three parties with the most electoral backing and nation-wide presence (PRI, PRD and PAN). It should be noted that a number of smaller parties are putting forward their own candidates as well.

Nevertheless, his detractors cite as managerial errors post-electoral conflicts in the states of Guanajuato and San Luis Potosí, where PRI candidates elected as governor had to resign in the face of heavy pressure from opposition parties.

Cuauhtémoc Lázaro Cárdenas Solórzano

On October 17 the national convention of the Party of the Democratic Revolution (PRD) chose Cuauhtémoc Cárdenas as its presidential candidate. The PRD leader thereby became the first candidate to run in two successive presidential elections.

The only child of former President Lázaro Cárdenas, he was born in Mexico City on May 1, 1934, during his father's election campaign. He carried out his primary, secondary and preparatory-school studies in secular schools in Mexico City and the state of Michoacán. He received a degree in civil engineering from *UNAM* after presenting a thesis on the use of resources in the lower Río Balsas area, subsequently carrying out postgraduate studies in planning and steel production in France, Germany and Italy.

- Although Lázaro Cárdenas came to distance himself from the upper echelons of government, Cuauhtémoc met all the presidents who succeeded his father. He also accompanied his father on trips through Mexico and to other countries, as well as appearing with him at commemorations, civic ceremonies and diplomatic gatherings. Between 1958 and 1970 Lázaro Cárdenas placed himself at the margins of the PRI's system —although he never broke with his party— because of his activities in favor of the democratization of the political system and his anti-imperialist activities in defense of Cuba and Vietnam. This was to have a decisive influence in the political and ideological molding of his son.
- From 1961 to 1964 Cuauhtémoc participated in the National Liberation Movement, an organization led by his father.
- In 1974 he sought to be nominated candidate for governor of Michoacán, but did not receive the PRI's backing. From that time on he began to disagree with the processes for choosing candidates in the PRI.
- He worked as an engineer on the Río Balsas Project. In 1975 he was made president of the PRI's Institute for Political, Economic and Social Studies. That same year he was designated candidate for senator from the state of Michoacán. However, he did not hold this post for long, since President López Portillo appointed him Subsecretary for Forest Resources in the Secretariat of Agriculture, where he served from 1976 to 1980. In 1980 he was elected governor of Michoacán.
- In 1987 —together with a number of other high-ranking members of the PRI— he organized the Democratic Current within the PRI, which sought to democratize the processes by which candidates are chosen to run for elected office. His expulsion from the PRI —together with other members of the Current— after he attempted to register as a "pre-candidate" for president from that party, made him one of the most controversial figures in Mexican politics.
- Presented as candidate by the Authentic Party of the Mexican Revolution (PARM), three leftist parties and several other political and social groups, he ran for president in the elections of 1988. Together with the economic and social problems Mexico was experiencing, the fact that he is the son of "Tata" (Father) Cárdenas —the name with which the people of Mexico pay tribute to the president who nationalized the oil industry— gave Cuauhtémoc a surprising ability to mobilize support during the campaign, as shown in the large number of supporters who came out on election day. The 1988 vote has been called one of the hardest-fought and most controversial in Mexico's history. Cárdenas and his followers continue to assert that they were cheated out of victory by fraud, although they have not been able to prove this charge.

Diego Fernández de Cevallos Ramos

Chosen as presidential candidate of the National Action Party (PAN) at the party's national convention on November 21. Analysts maintain that

The slang of presidential succession: a glossary

Caballada: Literally, "drove of horses." The slate of *presidenciables* (possible choices for presidential candidate), who as a general rule are members of the outgoing administration's cabinet. This term is related to that moment at the racetrack when the horses are lined up at the starting gate (a moment that, by analogy, may come halfway through a president's six-year term). After the race between possible "pre-candidates" begins, the contenders may carry out public works or projects that put them in the limelight, or deliver low blows to their rivals.

Caballada flaca: "The skinny drove of horses" i.e., "slim pickings at the racetrack." This term is used when the *presidenciables* are considered lacking in experience and professional ability. Attributed to Rubén Figueroa, governor of Guerrero in the '70s, it also refers to pre-candidates with little chance of becoming the presidential candidate of the PRI.

Caballo de hacienda: "Ranch horse." Applied to functionaries whose political star is rising.

Caballo negro: "Black horse." Similar to the American political term *dark horse.* Used to describe a surprise candidate in the choice among various pre-candidates for the presidency; also applied in races for elected posts such as member of congress, senator and governor.

Cargada: "The bandwagon." Groups or contingents who demonstrate their support immediately after the *destape* (see below) of a presidential candidate. In general this occurs at political events carried out by sympathizers or "friends" of the candidate. It is common knowledge that the division of cabinet posts and top-level positions tends to be carried out before the *destape.*

Debajo del agua: "Underwater." When attacks or agreements between the heads of political groupings are carried out secretly, people say "They're attacking underwater" or "They're smoothing things out underwater."

Dedazo: "The pointing of the finger." This term refers to the nomination by designation of a public official or the choice among "pre-candidates" for an elected post. Continually used during periods of presidential succession, when the outgoing president chooses his successor. Its origin lies in the religious significance of the finger of the lord (God), who points out his elect or chosen ones.

Destape: "Unveiling." The moment when the designated candidate for president is announced publicly, usually by the three sectors —"worker," "peasant" and "people's"— of the PRI. The leader of one of the sectors, or the president of the party, is given the task of announcing the decision to the citizenry.

El bueno or *el elegido:* "The good one" or "the chosen one." Terms applied to a functionary who has been designated or a candidate who has been selected to hold public office or stand for election.

Futurismo: "Futurism." Making proposals or promises for the future, usually during the presidential election period. The term also refers to professional politicians staking their future on a particular "pre-candidate" for president. ("Pre-candidates" are those top officials who may eventually be chosen as the party's official candidate.)

Madruguete: "Getting up at daybreak." A surprise early *destape* of a presidential candidate, whether or not he is *el bueno.* Undertaken by leaders or members of political groups, a *madruguete* is meant to pressure the outgoing president to favor the group's *gallo* (see *mi gallo*, below).

Mi candidato: "My candidate." Phrase used by a public official when he is sure that the person he supports will be the candidate for president, although preferences are rarely aired in public.

Mi gallo: "My rooster." Term used by a public official who is "betting" on a possible candidate in the belief that this person has the best qualifications to be president, although the official isn't sure his "rooster" will actually be chosen to run.

Pasarela: "Runway" or "catwalk" (as in fashion shows). Applied to any forum where the pre-candidates appear, either together or separately, for public scrutiny as presumed *tapados* (see below). Such events are often the occasion for detailed observation of their attitudes, gestures and statements, in order to discover virtues, defects, preferences, enmities, or any indication which might make it possible to identify *el bueno.*

Se autodescartó: Literally, "he discarded himself"; he withdrew from the running. When "presidentiable" public officials say they are not on "the list." Despite appearances, the purpose of such declarations is not to lessen one's chances of being chosen but to enhance them.

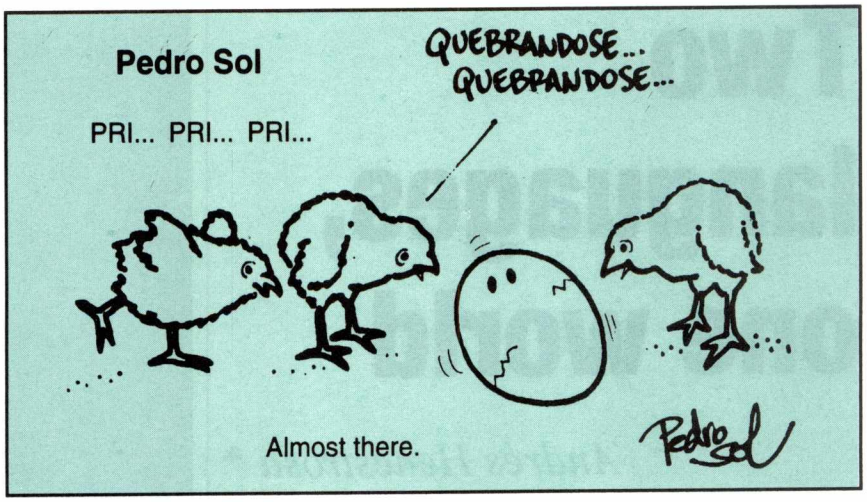
Tapado: "The covered one." The image is of a head concealed by a hood or cloth. Refers to the PRI's presidential candidate before the moment when he is publicly named. This term is rooted in the language of cockfighting, specifically to when gamblers bet on a cock who is being displayed, while his opponent is kept hidden or hooded.

the PAN's strategists do not believe the party will win the 1994 elections, setting their hopes instead on a sweeping victory in the year 2000.

Fernández de Cevallos was born in Mexico City on March 16, 1941. His family was affiliated to the PAN, and Diego joined the party at the age of 18.

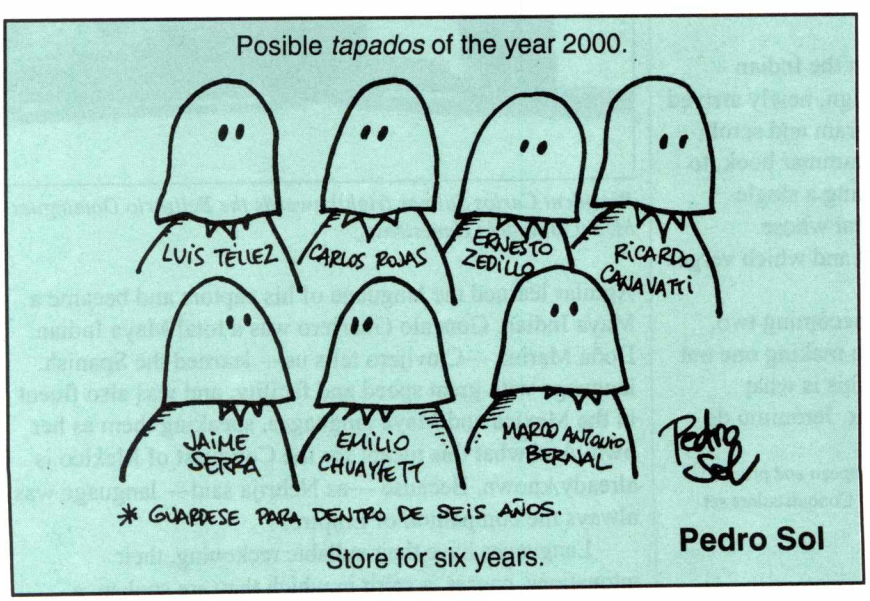
He went to preparatory school at the Western Technological Institute for Higher Education, in the city of Guadalajara. He enrolled at the Iberoamerican University but transferred to *UNAM*, where he studied law. His renown as an orator goes back to his student days.

- Fernández de Cevallos worked in the law offices of Manuel Gómez Morín, founder of the PAN. He later opened a practice in association with Hiram Escudero, another PAN lawyer. At the present time he has his own law offices.
- He has held several posts in the PAN's National Executive Committee, National Council and Political Commission. After the presidential elections of 1988 he was appointed Secretary of the Interior of the "alternative cabinet" which his party set up in protest against a government it considered devoid of public support.



- He won considerable political prestige as a member of the 55th Legislature. He was coordinator of the PAN's parliamentary bloc in the Chamber of Deputies (lower house) and a member of the Permanent Commission of Congress.
- During the first part of his political career he stood out for his intransigent head-on struggle against the methods of government established by the official party (PRI), as well as his criticism of what he viewed as the cautious and over-tolerant attitude of his own party. Nevertheless, he came to abandon his intransigent stance, becoming one of the main promoters of political negotiations with the PRI, from the controversial year 1988 up to the present day. While this has earned him some biting criticism both from within and outside his party, it did not prove to be an obstacle to his nomination as candidate of the PAN for the 1994 elections.

Graciela Cárdenas
Elsie L. Montiel



Bibliography:

Diccionario biográfico de los servidores públicos (Dictionary of Public Officials). Fondo de Cultura Económica, Mexico City, 1988.

Luis Javier Garrido, *La ruptura, la Corriente Demócratica del PRI* (The Break: The Democratic Current of the PRI). Editorial Grijalvo, Mexico City, 1993.

Oscar Hinojosa, *La sucesión presidencial 94 en la recta final* (The Presidential Succession of 94 Enters the Home Straight). Ediciones Raya en el Agua, Mexico City, 1993.

"Los presidenciables" (The Presidentiables), series published in the Mexico City daily *La Jornada*, November 1993.

Jaime Ramos, *Los de arriba, la cultura y el ejercicio del poder entre los mexicanos* (The Overlords —Culture and the Exercise of Power Among the Mexicans). Editorial Planeta, Mexico City, 1993.

Teodoro Rentería Arroyave, *Los hombres de la sucesión 1994* (The Men of the 1994 Succession). Book published by *Excélsior* newspaper, Mexico City, 1993

Two languages, one world

Andrés Henestrosa *

The Meeting of Two Worlds[1] was also the meeting of two men, of one man with another. One event was the discovery of another land; another event, no lesser and perhaps greater, was encountering another man. History would have been different if all that was found were another world. Different indeed without the encounter with another man. There would be no New World without a new man.

And he who says man says language, blood, spirit; in a word, he is saying culture. From the conjunction of all this, from its harmonization after violent conflicts, was born a new man, one who was half Indian and half white: the Latin American, the Hispano-American, the Ibero-American or the Indo-Spaniard, as I like to say.

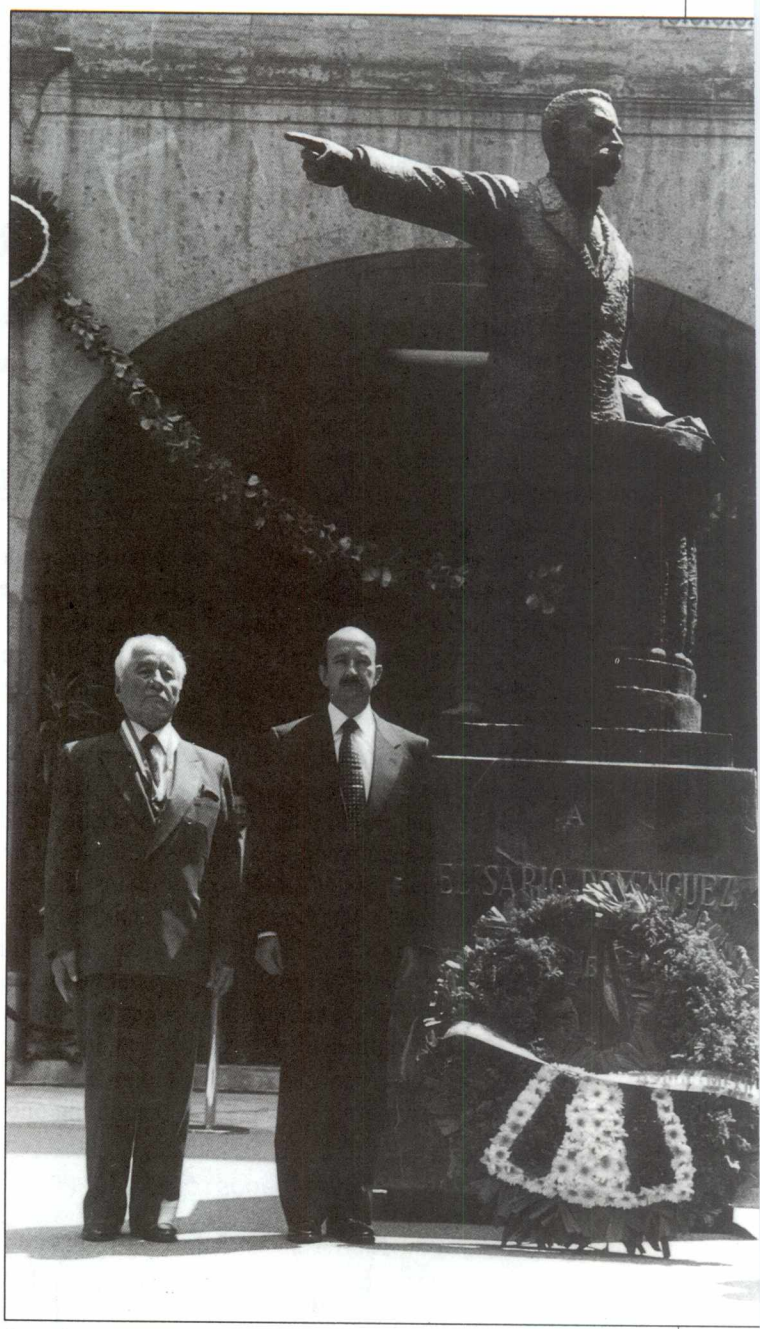
He who succeeded in making peace among and bringing together his bloods and his souls is the all-round American. And what is said of the Indian is said of the white man too: he who accepts that from a certain day onwards Spain cannot be explained or understood at all without the presence of America is the Hispanic in the full sense.

Those who succeeded in passing from the Indian language, their mother tongue, to the foreign, newly arrived language, going from the glyph, the ideogram and scroll, which were their alphabet, spelling and grammar book, to the letter, and making them brothers, making a single whole of them all, carried out a cultural feat whose magnitude has still not been fully grasped and which verges on the marvelous and providential.

This business of being one man and becoming two, one for each language you speak, and then making one out of two, has the appearance of a miracle. This is what happened with the native and the foreigner. Jerónimo de

[1] Meeting of Two Worlds: the combination of European and pre-Columbian cultures that began when the Spanish Conquistadors set foot in the Americas. (Editor's note.)

* Writer, essayist and journalist.



President Carlos Salinas (right) awards the Belisario Domínguez Medal to Andrés Henestrosa.

Aguilar learned the language of his captors and became a Maya Indian. Gonzalo Guerrero was a total Maya Indian. Doña Marina —Clavijero tells us— learned the Spanish language with great speed and facility, and was also fluent in the Mexica and Maya languages, speaking them as her own. And what this meant for the Conquest of Mexico is already known. Because —as Nebrija said— language was always the companion of Empire.

Languages have their syllabic reckoning, their intonations, pauses, a spirit in which they are spoken; a

physical as well as emotional effort which every word, sentence, paragraph demands of the speaker and which there is no way to evade or get around, since they are impossible to cancel out. Without this, no language is possible.

In my native language, Zapotec, there are monosyllables which have the duration of a polysyllable, of a whole phrase. The language consumes that physical and emotional force already mentioned. All languages —we have been speaking only of the Indian ones— have particularities which defend them and characterize them. Particles and even entire words which have no meaning, but without which there would be no language.

Columbus said one of these languages was the softest, the sweetest, the happiest of all, since those who spoke it were always smiling. This is well known by those, like me, who speak one of these languages.

One can recall the first Nahuatl-speaking Indians who went over to the Spanish language. They were pure in blood but *mestizo* in spirit and culture. One of them, Fernando de Alva Ixtlilxóchitl —the sole rival of the Inca Garcilaso— was called Tito Livio del Anáhuac by José de la Riva Agüero. Another, Hernando de Alvarado Tezozómoc, was an author in both Spanish and Nahuatl; both, Alva Ixtlilxóchitl and Alvarado Tezozómoc, members of the Indian nobility, were trained in the schools established by the Conquistadors, where, in addition to the Christian religion, they learned the Spanish, Latin and Italian languages.

One more, this time from Peru, a *mestizo* in a double sense through both blood and language, was Garcilaso de la Vega, the Inca, son of a *ñusta* (Inca princess), Isabel Chimpuc-Ocllo, and of the Spanish captain Sebastián Garci Lasso de la Vega Vargas, who was in turn the son of Alonso de Henestrosa, an Extremaduran from Badajoz. At one maternal breast Garcilaso learned Spanish and at the other, Quechua. In the living room he heard and learned of the grandeur of his paternal lineage, in Spanish; in the kitchen, from his mother, grandparents, aunts, uncles and servants, he learned the grandeur of his maternal ancestry, in Quechua.

As a man, when he wrote the *Royal Commentaries of the Indians of Peru*, he did it with equal pride in his two bloods and his two languages. And if at times he seemed more inclined towards his maternal lineage, this was because it was on that side that injustice fell. Garcilaso, the Inca, so called in order to distinguish him from his namesake of Toledo, was equally expert in his two languages, although he wrote only in Spanish, while his works are full of Quechuaisms, which enrich the language without straying from the essence of either tongue.

In 1493, five hundred years ago, Antonio de Nebrija's *Vocabulario* (Vocabulary) was published, in which he said of his *Arte de la lengua española* (Art of the Spanish Language): "I learned the Spanish language, my second tongue; I gained the other half of my soul; I became the *mestizo* that I am. To say this and proclaim this on this day fills me with pride."

Andrés Henestrosa awarded the Belisario Domínguez Medal

The Mexican Senate has awarded the Belisario Domínguez Medal to the Oaxacan poet and historian Andrés Henestrosa, for his contributions to the nation and his work in favor of our identity, roots, and national values.

Henestrosa was born in Ixhuatán, Oaxaca, on November 30, 1906. He became known as a literary critic through numerous essays, articles and stories, in addition to his books. The theme of his work has been the exaltation of the Indian past, the defense of the liberal spirit and the study of the expressions of national culture.

In 1929 he participated in the presidential campaign of José Vasconcelos. In 1936 he received a scholarship from the Guggenheim Foundation of New York to study the significance of the Zapotec culture in Mexico. For 40 years he taught Language and Literature at the National University of Mexico *(UNAM)*; he also served as congressman and senator. *Voices of Mexico* has the honor of having him on our Editorial Board.

Among his most important works are *Los hombres que dispersó la danza* (Men Scattered by the Dance, 1929), in which he recreates the stories and legends of the Zapotec people; *Los cuatro abuelos* (The Four Grandparents, 1960); *Una confidencia a media voz* (Half-Spoken Confidence, 1973); and *El maíz, riqueza del pobre* (Corn, Wealth of The Poor, 1981).

Raquel Villanueva
Staff Writer.

Without letters there is no fatherland, there is no republic: Andrés Henestrosa.

I prolong everyone, I prolong myself. I have not been their copier, their follower, their epigone

On August 13, 1521, the great city of Tenochtitlán-Mexico fell to the Spanish. From that day on Spanish was the official language. After the silence which followed the din of the city's defense and fall, the word which was heard was new, dyed in the two bloods of the Indian and the white man: the *mestizo* word of Mexico.

The Indian languages did not die out; they are alive, victorious survivors of the persecution and negation aimed against them. That which praised idols was not a language. Language was that which praised the true God. They called them dialects, and chatter, little but noise. And if these languages were learned it was because they discovered that without mastering them it would be impossible to penetrate, and thus defeat, the Indian cultures.

The Indian languages revealed what the Conquest concealed. It was as if they had broken a polished vase and then bent over it lovingly, gathering the pieces and putting it back together. This is the origin of the Sahagúns, the Motolinías, the Gantes, with Nahuatl. That of Landa with Maya. And that of Córdova with Zapotec. All in the 16th century. The knowledge of Indian languages is what made possible the excellence of the works on Mexican antiquities, by such as Clavijero, who worked in the 18th century; and Garibay Kintana, in the 20th.

My literary work is but the signs and tokens of an apprenticeship; one which has been arduous, constant, tenacious, devoted. It began when, leaving adolescence behind me, I arrived in Mexico City, almost seventy years ago. Like two others I knew, I soon realized that without knowing the Spanish language I would not be the man I darkly dreamed of being. And that meant reading books, memorizing lessons, consulting the dictionary. And I'm still at it.

I come from Indian languages. One person for each language I spoke. One more man was I when I learned Spanish. To bring together my languages, to make the men I was one, that could be the feat of the soul which I would like to claim as my own.

What did I do, what do I do, what do I seek to keep on doing with this wealth, these gifts and these tools? What every writer has to do: to serve those like him; to unravel the mystery of his people; to raise, with his songs, the walls which will defend the fatherland; to shore up and fortify the Constitution. Because without letters there is no fatherland, there is no republic; one does not exist without the other, or neither of the two exists. Because of this it was said that the pen and the sword are brothers. The one does not blunt the other. As far as I have been able, this has been my literary work VM

Contemporary Chicano literature

It's true that my poetry has a message: a Chicano wrote this poem; but it is also true that almost everything I read carries a message which announces the culture, gender and class of its author.

Benjamín Alire Sáenz

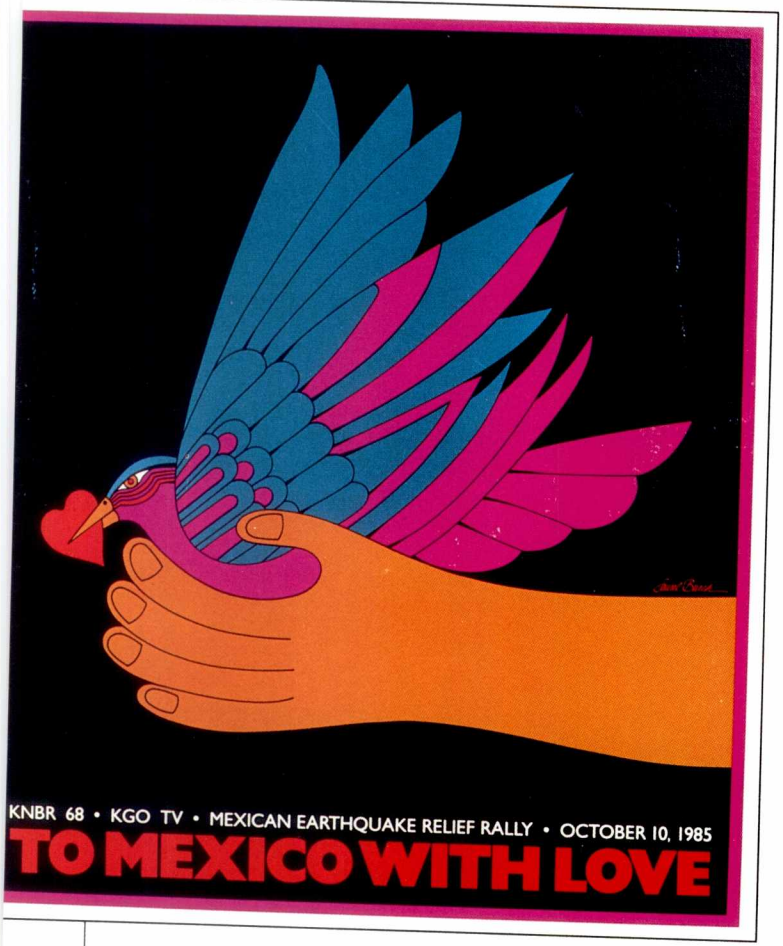
The definition of American literature has changed as a result of increasing publication of writing by so-called minority groups in the U.S. Afro-Americans, Asians, Latinos and Chicanos have used the pen as an instrument of subversion, of struggle against a nation which rejects cultural and ethnic diversity. Through their work, they demonstrate that many literary and cultural traditions coexist in North America; that there are many who — although they write in "English"— do not necessarily and by decree follow the Anglo-American literary tradition.

The literature written by Chicano men and women over the last twenty years reflects a clear consciousness of the aesthetic contribution they can make to Anglo society. With an increasingly pure technique, as well as a sophisticated use of language, they reveal the contrasts and conflicts between Anglos and Chicanos, with irony, humor, charm or desperation. They explore ever more deeply the mysteries that make up their protagonists' personalities. They open themselves to new experiences, producing a literature which is at once distinctive and universal.

Life and writing

The novels, stories and poetry produced during the 1960s and '70s illustrate the difficulties Chicanos face in surviving within the Anglo world. Steeped in the Chicano political movement, they display the reality of a country (the U.S.) in which Mexicans never cease to be foreigners. In their attempt to define a political identity, the act of writing constitutes a rejection of the tradition of waiting shared by many oppressed peoples, and declares their desire to intervene, to transform their reality and demonstrate the fragmentation and alienation prevalent in the Anglo world.

More than other genres, the novel seeks to relate fiction and reality. Fictional happenings are firmly rooted in historical events. In describing the lives of Mexican-Americans —especially those in the lowest socio-economic strata— they reveal a social reality in which poverty, exploitation and difficulties in understanding the Anglo world are elements of daily life.



Also revealed is the differential value structure to which they are submitted, which also has an impact on relations between the generations. The third generation confronts value systems which are in constant conflict: those of the mother country —reinforced by parents and grandparents— and those of Anglo society.

The authors resolve the conflict by using their characters as a weapon. Through them, they win the freedom to create their own history. When the characters become conscious of the forces ruling their lives, they turn critical of these forces. Thus both characters and real individuals perceive that the only viable solution is to gain control over their own destiny and on that basis strengthen their own ability to do and undo.[1]

[1] Without seeking to provide an exhaustive list, we may cite such works as *Bless Me, Ultima*, by Rudolfo Anaya; *Y no se lo tragó la tierra* (And the Earth Did Not Part), by Tomás Rivera; *The Plum Plum Pickers*, by Raymond Barrio; *The Revolution of the Cockroach People*, by Oscar Zeta; and *Pocho*, by José Antonio Villareal. The latter, considered to be the first contemporary Chicano novel, has been criticized as "assimilationist" for not taking on such subjects as prejudice and racial discrimination.

"Speak Spanish?"

By Sandra Cisneros

The old proverb was true. Spanish was the language to speak to God and English the language to talk to dogs.

My father worked for the dogs and if they barked he had to know how to bark back. Father sent away for a home course in English. He practiced when speaking to his boss. "Good morrning sir," or when meeting a woman, "How du yu du!" If asked how he was coming along with his English lessons, "Very guell thank you."

Because Uncle Fat-Face had been in the States longer he gave Father advice: "Look, when speaking to police always begin with 'Hello my friend.' "

In order to advance in society, Father thought it wise to memorize several passages from the "Polite Phrases" chapter.

"I congratulate you," "Pass on sir," "Pardon my English," "I have no answer to give you," "It gives me the greatest pleasure" and "I'm of the same opinion."

But his English was odd to American ears. He worked at his pronunciation and tried his best to enunciate correctly: "Sir, kindly direct me to the watercloset," "Please, what do you say?," "May I trouble you to ask for what time it is?," "Do me the kindest to tell me how is."

When all else failed and Father couldn´t make himself understood he could resort to "Speak Spanish?"

So strange was English, rude and to the point; no one preceded a request with "Ah, would you not be so kind as to do me the favor of" as one ought; they just asked!

Where did they add "if God wills it" to their plans? As if they were in audacious control of their own destiny.

It was a barbarous language, curt as the commands of a dog trainer: "Sit!" "Speak up!"

And why did no one say "You are welcome?" Instead to be granted "Ajá" without looking him in the eye and without so much as "You are very kind, mister, and may things go well for you."

Excerpt from *Caramelo* (work in progress), read during the Seminar on Literature Written by Chicana Women, *UNAM*, Mexico City, June 25, 1993.

In the mid-1970s, Chicano literature[2] took on a more universal character. Without losing the distinctive features of the literature of the political movement, social commentary became more subtle, appearing implicitly in the text. This allowed for a more personal and less communal artistic expression, where aesthetic considerations prevail over political demands —a trend most evident in poetry.[3]

Over the past decade there has been an increase in the number of Chicano and Chicana authors who have received prizes on the national level and whose work has drawn the attention of important publishing houses. These authors are also more frequently published in literary journals whose pages were previously closed to the work of minority-group writers, such as *The American Book Review, Antaeus, North American Review, American Literature Review, Poetry, Quarry West,* etc.[4]

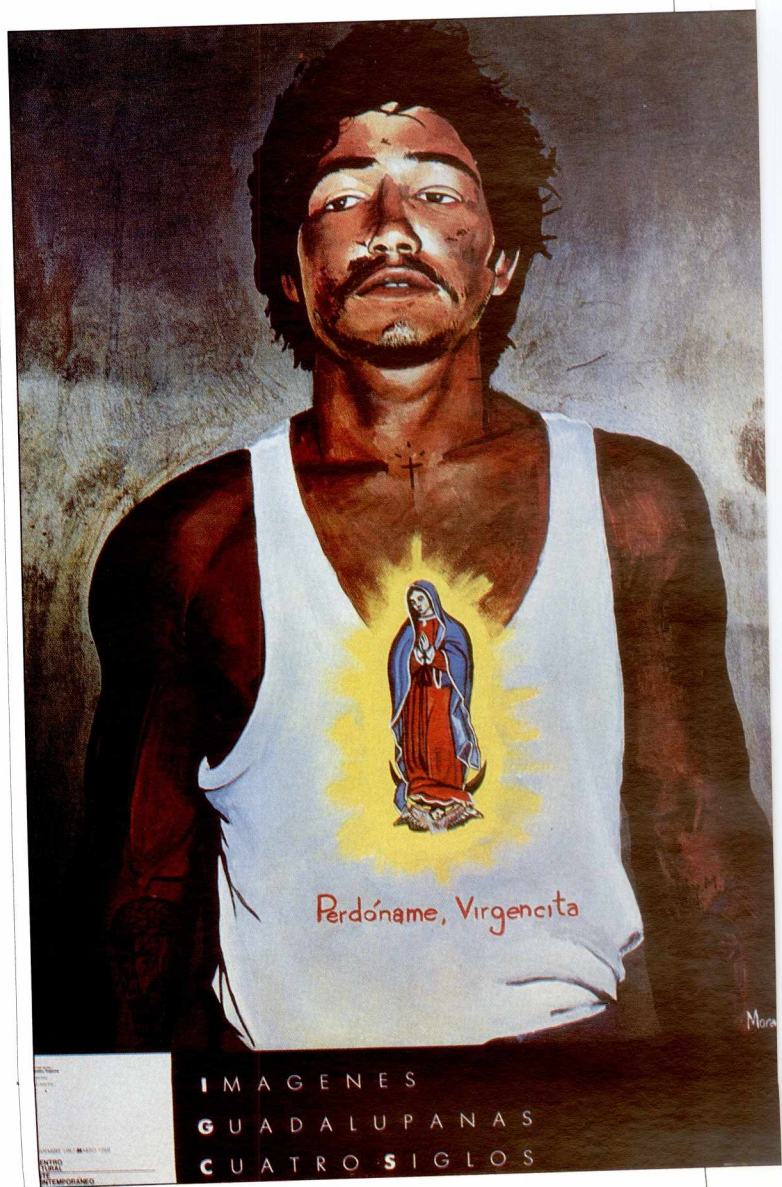
American writers of Mexican origin are increasingly conscious of their legitimate right to take their place in American culture. However, a number of obsessions stand out as motor forces of their work, the result of their personal experience as Chicanos in the United States.

Identity and bilingualism

The generations of Chicanos born in the post-war period faced serious difficulties in establishing their identity. In their writing they express their need to recover their identity, maintaining a relation with the Mexican as well as American contexts. "The dialogue between cultures" —states the artist Guillermo Gómez Peña— "unchains the demons of history. Genuine communication with cultural otherness is an extremely painful experience, which causes terror. The territory of cultural dialogue is rugged and labyrinthine, full of chasms and geysers, of intolerable phantoms, surrounded by invisible walls."[5]

The process of recovering and encountering one's identity passes through the reconstruction of the past. This has meant reconstructing the facts which led to their oppression, taking into account economic alienation, forced dependency, the lack of power, defense and protection in the face of the demands of Anglo society. For this society, the terms *Hispanic* and *Mexican* both denote inferiority. Material success does not save them from discrimination and prejudice. Even obtaining a respectable socio-economic status does not do away with the pressure caused by belonging to a minority group.

The generations born between the '30s and '50s lived suspended between two cultures. Maintaining the values of the mother country or opting for assimilation to the so-called "American way of life" seemed to be mutually exclusive options. The third generation returns to its roots seeking to demolish the role assigned to "Mexicans" by the socio-economic patterns of North America, emancipating themselves from the stereotypes of ethnicity which underlie this role. At the same time, they seek to combine the old values with the new, freeing themselves from enslaving myths and absolute truths.



2 Authors such as Carl R. Shirley and Paula W. Shirley (*Understanding Chicano Literature*, University of South Carolina Press, 1988) characterize the Chicano writing of the past twenty years as "post-movement" literature.

3 *Understanding Chicano Literature*, p. 29.

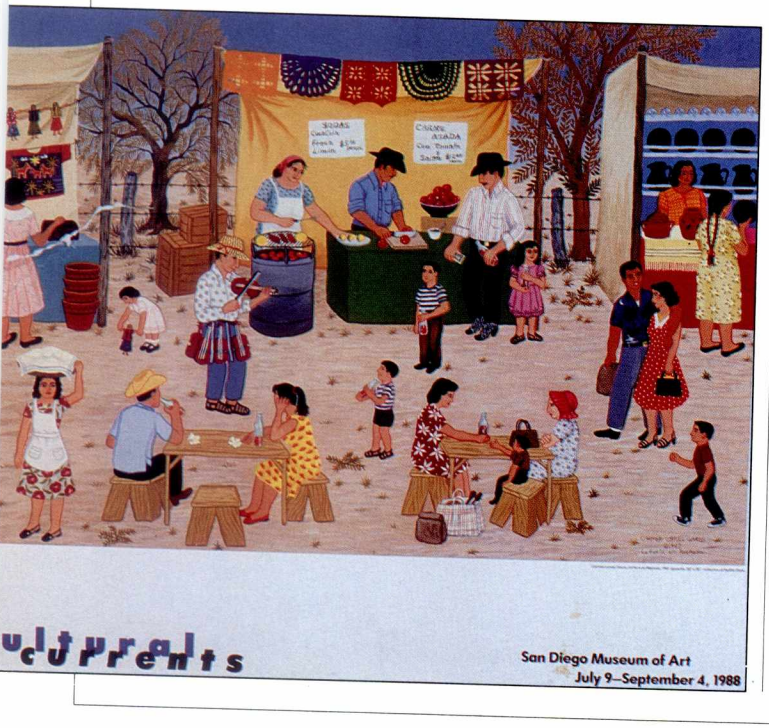
4 Introduction to *New Chicana/Chicano Writing 1*, Charles M. Tatum (editor). The University of Arizona Press, Tucson and London, 1992.

5 "Cultura chicana: un arte sin fronteras" (Chicano Culture: An Art without Borders), in *Memoria de Papel*, Consejo Nacional para la Cultura y las Artes, Mexico City, No. 3, April 1992, pp. 87-88.

The use of symbols derived from Mexican culture is a reminder of these writers' rich historical, poetic and cultural heritage. It is a means of understanding their past and its relation to the present. Chicano writers, both male and female, in recognizing their Amerindian heritage, are impressive not only because of the richness of their metaphors and the particular angle of vision which this gives them, but also because they appeal to the collective memory of Chicanos, pointing them towards the sources of their own cultural wealth.

As part of this effort, language stands out as an important cultural signifier. In this case, having one's own language represents escape from an insensitive world's lack of understanding. It is a positive artifact with which to sustain the cultural struggle. Referring to poetic work, José Antonio Burciaga states: "Despite the difficulties in finding adequate means of expression, Chicano poets, in this last decade of the century, are spearheading an aesthetic revolution based on the cultural rebirth of that which is Chicano and Latin American. We struggle to maintain our way of expressing ourselves without being manipulated." [6]

Linguistic variety is the trademark of Chicano literature. Written in Spanish, in English, in a combination of the two languages, or mixing *caló* (slang) with both, it shows the multiple possibilities inherent in their writing, and explains why their skill and art enrich the entire body of North American literature. One of the main examples of linguistic experimentation is the work of the poet Alurista (Alberto Baltazar Urista), who mixes English, Spanish and *caló* so skillfully that his writing has been called "interlingualism." [7]



Bilingualism is essential to the perception and expression of experience. This experience is felt, conceptualized and recreated within the synthesis of two cultures and languages. At the same time, bilingual expression provides these writers with a much larger stock of linguistic resources.

But language is also a source of pressure; the inability to express oneself in the language of the powerful (English) prevents one's voice from being heard and one's sacrifices and dedication from being recognized. This dilemma, which was particularly acute in the experience of the first generations, is clearly felt by their children when they gain access to formal education. Sandra Cisneros, a Chicana writer whose work —according to Gary Soto— "has awakened a major renaissance in Chicano literature," [8] describes, with marvelous irony and humor, the confusion and difficulties confronted by the generations whose mother tongue was Spanish.

School, that assimilating institution par excellence, clearly shows the power associated with knowledge of the language. As the Chicano poet Benjamín Alire Sáenz explains: "The language I was educated in is English; it was the language of power —the one which gave power— and of intelligence. Speaking Spanish was 'stupid' in every sense of the word.... My task as a student was to receive the word and, having done so, to forget the language of my home." [9]

[6] "Cultura chicana: un arte sin fronteras," p. 92.
[7] *Understanding Chicano Literature*, p. 31.
[8] Introduction to *Pieces of the Heart, New Chicano Fiction*, Gary Soto (editor), San Francisco, Chronicle Books, p. x.
[9] "Quiero escribir un poema americano" (I Want to Write an American Poem), in *Plural*, No. 256, Vol. XXII-IV, January 1993.

Se me enchina el cuerpo al oír tu cuento...

(My body curls up when I hear your story)

By Norma Cantú

How the day after graduating as valedictorian from the high school in the Rio Grande Valley you helped your family board up the door and windows of the frame house and pack the old pick-up truck to make your annual trek north. After three days on the road arriving at the turkey farm and being led to your quarters. The family, tired, looks to you. "What's this?" you ask, for you, the favored son, speak English, you can communicate with the bosses

"This is where you're gonna live."

Perplexed, you say, "But it looks like a chicken coop."

"It is, but it's not good enough for the chickens," the Anglo responds with a sneer.

And you take it, and you suffer as your mother and your sisters make the best of the chicken coop. They hang curtains and sweep the floor and burn candles to the Virgen.

Then the work, arduous and demeaning, begins. Working night shifts after long days...plucking feathers, forcibly breeding the toms and the hens, and your Dad ages from day to day before your very eyes.

Until one day you've been working hard, and you look for your Dad, and barely see his head in one of the buried barrels full of feathers, working away. Suddenly he's gone, and you think you're imagining things: how could he disappear? and you remove your gloves and risk the foreman's wrath. You run to your father; jump in; he is almost smothered by feathers, and you say, "Enough!"

You take control and pack the family off. "No pay for all your work if you leave."

And you say, "We're leaving." The favored son, who speaks to the bosses, has spoken. And driving the Midwest farm road almost crossing the state line you spy a sign "Labor Relations," and you stop. And, yes, you are owed your wages, and the bosses pay reluctantly. No one had ever done that before. But you read the language of the bosses. You move on with your family, and your father is pleased; your mother beams but is afraid in her heart for her son who speaks the language of the bosses.

Years later a lover will wonder why you refuse to sleep on feather-filled pillows, and you want to tell, to spill your guts, but you can't, you refuse. You hold your words like caged birds.

Memory's wound is too fresh.

And more years later when you tell the story, I cringe and get goosebumps; you tell your story and are healed, but there's still a scar and like an old war wound or surgical scar it hurts when the weather changes or the memory intersects with this time and place.

Read during the Seminar on Literature Written by Chicana Women, *UNAM*, Mexico City, June 25, 1993. (Published in *New Chicana/Chicano Writing 1*, Charles M. Tatum [editor]. The University of Arizona Press, Tucson & London, 1992.)

But to erase a language is to erase a culture. Chicanos and Chicanas responded with the representation of that culture which others sought to ignore by converting it into the essence of their work, without necessarily disdaining what they had learned. To write in English is not automatically proof of assimilation; it is a way to be recognized, to leave the imprint of their triumphs and difficulties in the dominant language of the country where they live.[10]

On the other hand, the use of two cultural legacies, expressed in their respective languages, is a source of pride as well as a necessity, as the poet and novelist Sandra Cisneros states: "As a writer I need to hear the two languages. I can't live in Mexico, because I need English, and the other way around. I live in San Antonio because Spanish is public there; it goes side by side with English, they're interacting, changing and shaping each other." [11]

[10] See Ilán Stavans, "Lust in Translation: The Boom in Hispanic-American Fiction," *Voices of Mexico* No. 24, July-September 1993, pp. 23-27.

[11] These words were part of Cisneros' presentation at the Seminar on Literature Written by Chicana Women, *UNAM*, Mexico City, June 25, 1993.

Toni Morrison, 1993 Nobel laureate for literature

APRO.

Toni Morrison, author of six novels, translated into fourteen languages, as well as numerous essays, is the eighth woman and the first black woman to win the Nobel Prize for Literature. On hearing the news, she said that the most wonderful thing was that the Nobel prize had finally been awarded to an Afro-American.

Her books —which she defines as small-town writing aimed at a black audience— revolve around racial discrimination and the oppression of women in a world dominated by white men. Death is a constant theme in Morrison's work, since all Afro-Americans know that if they have a son, he is unlikely to reach old age. "I have two sons and the possibility of either of them reaching forty, I mean of not being killed, is one in thirty, because the Ku Klux Klan is still around."

One of Toni Morrison's aims as a writer is to restore the original power of black language. "Standard English is sterile. Black English has been ridiculed as a sign of stupidity, as though it were a low-class thing, but I find it very powerful. The metaphors are great. They use wonderful images. Black English doesn't get its power from subject-verb agreement or pronunciation. It comes from rhythm and stress, where there's a set sound. If you use adverbs all the time, the prose gets diluted somehow. But if you can portray cruelty, humor, threats or ambivalence in a sentence, you don't need anything else. Black English is extraordinary; it's a really theatrical language."

Education and subversion

Memory recovers, for the present, the reality of a childhood in which bronze-colored skin and the use of the Spanish language automatically marginalized the children of Mexican immigrants.

The consciousness of inequality and lower status were reinforced by the hostility and oppression suffered in institutions such as the schools, which take on the task of teaching how to function in society. Criticism and mockery for not speaking English, on top of such humiliations as the so-called sanitary inspections, were a source of pain and anguish.

The obsession of mothers and grandmothers for their children's "cleanliness" was useless when faced with a society which looked down at them and declared them to be "dirty." "We really lived in two worlds: the safe *barrio* which encouraged and accepted us, and the other world of institutions such as school which were there to transform us through cultural assimilation, to disinfect and Americanize us. And also to delouse us once a year...." [12]

Nevertheless, the prohibition against speaking Spanish in school also became an instrument of consciousness-raising and subversion. The children —educated in the English language— gained the control provided by the ability to read, write and speak the language of those who sought to rule their destiny. The story "Se me enchina el cuerpo al oír tu cuento" (My Body Curls Up When I Hear Your Story), by Norma Cantú, is an excellent example of the importance the English language acquires as a means of demanding the right to equality.

Knowledge —a source of power— gives the new generations a weapon for developing their own intellect, under the influence of which they are able to create, for their cause, a personal and cultural identity.

As children they discover that books are a priceless treasure. Nothing is more important than reading, since it allows one to travel without moving, to emancipate oneself, to build a bridge between individual fantasies and collective realities.

As the Chicana writer Helena María Viramontes explains, "Writing is a tool for building, for repairing, for recreating, a subversive and powerful weapon." When they write, Chicanos are not narrating an individual episode, but

[12] Mary Helen Ponce, excerpt from "Los piojos" (The Lice), a story read at the Seminar on Literature Written by Chicana Women, *UNAM*, June 25, 1993.

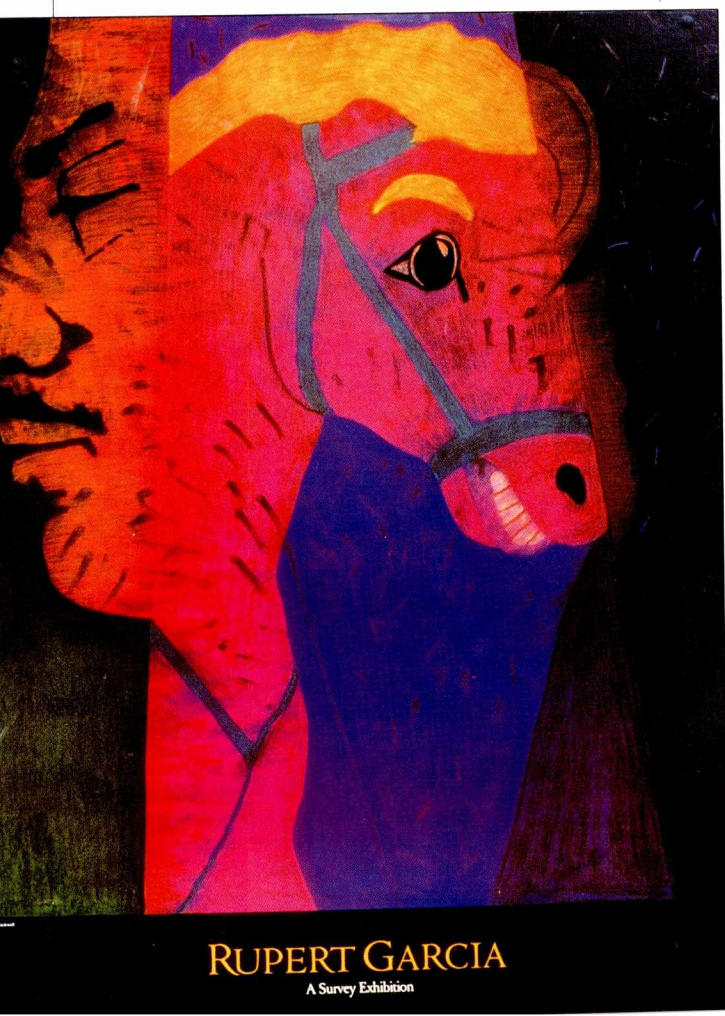
the experience of a generation. Making use of their possession of the word, they knock down and clear away obstacles, building their own history, gaining a legitimate place in the archives of the multiple versions of the history of the United States.

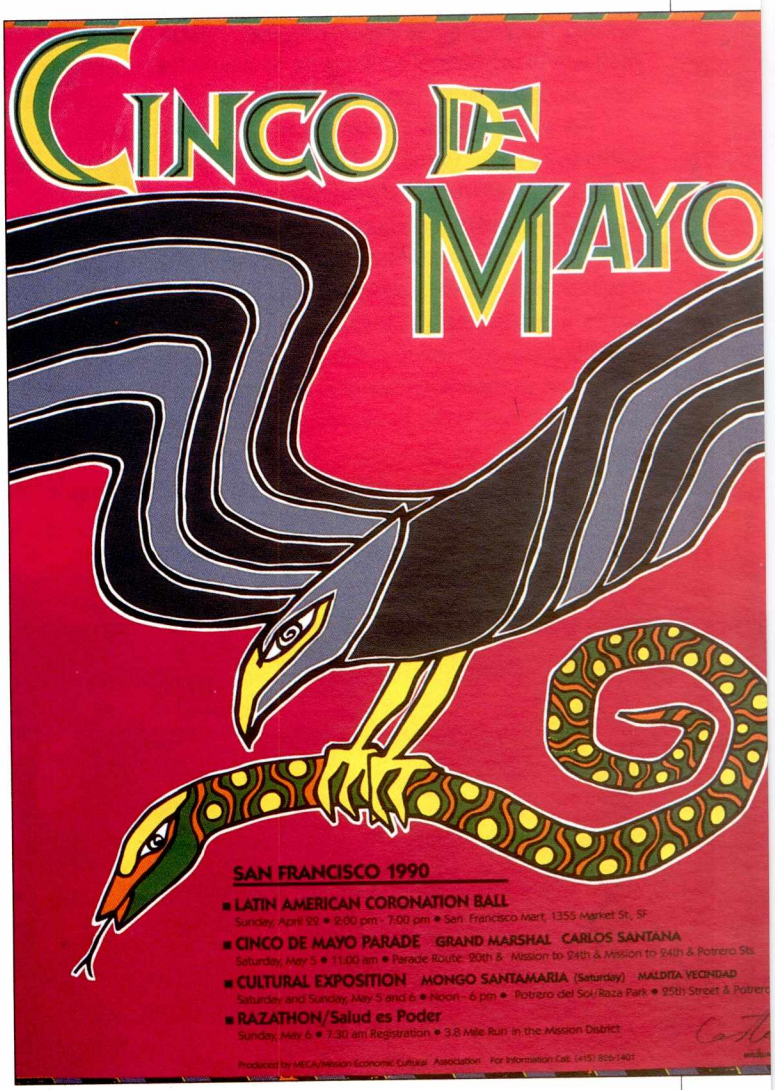
Literature written by Chicanas

A minority within a minority, Chicanas began to publish their work after male Chicano writers did. Few have received the sort of family, social or editorial support which would help them dedicate themselves to their work. Nevertheless, the circulation of their work which began in the mid-'70s shows their intention of participating in the recovery, definition and forms of their culture.

Writers such as Ana Castillo, Sandra Cisneros, Lucha Corpi, Lorna Dee Cervantes, Pat Mora, Mary Helen Ponce, Evangelina Vigil and Alma Villanueva, among others, represent a challenge to the male domination of literature. Women's participation shows their concern for the life that surrounds them, their integral connection to their environment.

Domestic violence, social oppression, assigned roles, family traditions, identity, time, death, are all explored





from the standpoint of being women, writers and Chicanas. Through a brilliant use of language they convey conflict, ambiguity, irony and power relations —elements common to the Chicano cause— with the particularity imparted by a feminine view of things and events.

Redefining themselves, they explore new territory and topics that men have not covered. They use their Mexican cultural heritage in a subversive and provocative way. They relocate female mythical figures like La Malinche, the Virgin of Guadalupe and La Llorona in contemporary contexts different from those recounted in history, myth and legend.[13]

The modern Chicana woman criticizes not only the Anglo world but also some of the traditions and social structures which are present in the Chicano world, such as *machismo*, dependence on men, and the repression of

[13] See, for example, "Tears On My Pillow," by Helena María Viramontes, in *New Chicano/Chicana Writing 1*, pp. 110-115.

women's sexuality. In expressing their desire to reinvent themselves while still holding on to their Mexican culture, they confront the subversion of their own family traditions.

As writers, their characters and their work seek authenticity and identity. They bear witness to having suffered racism and discrimination because of their peasant and working-class origins. They manifest their vulnerability *vis à vis* the opposite sex, but also their desire to struggle against the double oppression they suffer as women and Chicanas.[14]

Nevertheless, even if their work may be a secondary extension of their own history, it is not valid to assume that everything they write is autobiographical. Sandra Cisneros explains this in the following way: "People assume that our characters speak for us, that we only write autobiographical novels, that this is all we can do as writers, women, Chicanas. But that's not accurate; as a writer I like to

separate myself from my characters, to move events around, to take things from various histories and put them together, cut them up and give them form."[15]

The difference in ways of living and recreating experiences as men and women in the Chicano world constitute a proof that Chicanos do not speak with one voice; rather, there are many voices of Chicanos and Chicanas who seek to be witnesses to a history which has been unrepresented or under-represented in U.S. literature.

These men and women have shown the value of language in the struggle against ethnic determinisms and stereotypes, articulating language through experiences and values both new and old. Their readers —Anglo, Chicano or Mexican— can never be indifferent to the results VM

Elsie L. Montiel
Assistant Editor.

[14] Ana Castillo's book *The Mixquiahuala Letters* sheds light on a number of very important aspects of the relations between men and women, both in Mexico and the United States, in an attractive, captivating and innovative way. (*Understanding Ghicano Literature*, p. 139.)

[15] Seminar on Literature Written by Chicana Women, cited above.

For a linguistic policy without borders

A form of discrimination which has arisen anew in the United States is that relating to language. In the belief that bilingualism is the main threat to the integrity of the North American nation, ten years ago the "US English" organization was founded for the purpose of winning converts to the "English Only" movement (see *Voices of Mexico* 24, July-September 1993, pp. 17-21).

"Don't go to movies by Arnold Schwarzenegger, one of the founders of the 'US English' organization"

Those who maintain that bilingualism can cause future problems for the United States cite as an example the desire of Francophone residents of Quebec to separate from Anglophone Canada. However, it is worth recalling that Switzerland, a country which has been an example of democracy for 700 years, has four official languages, and that despite this the relations among its inhabitants are stable and harmonious.

Another case of successful linguistic diversity can be found in a young country: Australia. There, English is the language which unites the population, but the government finances and promotes bilingual education as well as providing immigrants with translation services and bilingual publications. As good pioneers, since the early 1980s the Australians have been broadcasting television programs in several languages with subtitles in English, and these programs are widely enjoyed, including by the English-speaking audience. This is a demonstration of an authentically borderless linguistic policy.

Excerpt from a presentation to the national meeting in commemoration of Cesar Chavez, as part of the round table "Politics Without Borders: New Relations Between Chicanos and Mexicans," held on October 1, 1993.

The defense of the vernacular language is not a cause of conflicts, but rather a consequence of racial, cultural and religious discrimination and intolerance. In other words, conflicts arise when that part of the population which has suffered discrimination rebels and fights to obtain the same economic, political and social opportunities as the part of the population which has discriminated against them —and not because different languages are spoken.

There have, in fact, always been polyglot societies. During the Roman Empire, Latin was not adopted by all of the conquered peoples. Nevertheless, the Romans never attempted to impose a policy of "Latin Only" and, despite the linguistic diversity of their dominions, they maintained their power for more than 500 years.

But in North American society today we can see the psychological effect which produces the equation "the predominance of a language is equal to dominance."

Anglo-Saxons living in Miami say they feel like foreigners in their own land because they hear Spanish being spoken everywhere and all the time. This may be why this city is considered the cradle of "English Only."

"Never buy at Sears, a company which has forbidden its employees in the United States to use any language but English"

The fear and determined rejection of the Spanish language on the part of Anglo-Saxons resident in Miami were manifested in July of 1980, with the formation of the Dade Citizens' Union, which in just four weeks was able to gather more than 44,000 signatures, almost twice the number required to put an anti-bilingualism referendum on the ballot that year.

The majority of those who voted for this proposition said they wanted to make Miami a less attractive place for

Cubans and other Hispanics. They did not achieve their goal. In 1980 Miami's population was one-third Hispanic, while today more than half the city's residents speak Spanish as their first language. As for the decree prohibiting the use of languages other than English, it was struck down last May.

The promoters of "English Only" in the United States seem unaware that immigrants end up adopting English as their vernacular tongue by the second or third generation.

And the social context demands this. Immigrants need to speak the language of the country where they have chosen to live, in order to gain equal conditions. But if they also take care to preserve the language of their forebears they will not only have greater opportunities but an immense cultural richness as well.

I recently heard a Chicana writer say that she uses English for everything except writing poetry and talking to God. What a pleasant surprise, since we appreciate the beauty of a language when we explore it and when we understand that in the beginning was the word.

As a last thought, I would like to remind you that geographic distance tends to create idioms. If this occurs within our own national territory, what can we expect to be the result of greater distance and the influences which logically arise when one is in contact with another language?

The Spanish spoken by Mexican-Americans has its own idioms, which are the product of that geographical distance and cultural influence, as well as the natural evolution undergone by any language. And it is important to be aware of this so that we ourselves will not be another source of discrimination, and so as to bring about closer relations between Mexicans and Mexican-Americans.

Finally, and in tribute to that great leader Cesar Chavez, who sacrificed his own welfare and that of his family to improve the living and working conditions of farmworkers (see *Voices of Mexico* 24, pp. 81-82), I propose that we make use of a tool which he used very successfully —the boycott— in order to provide support from Mexico to our emigrants.

Two examples: never buy at Sears, a company which has forbidden its employees in the United States to use any language but English; and don't go to movies by Arnold Schwarzenegger, one of the founders of the "US English" organization, the main promoter of "English Only." VM

Marybel Toro Gayol
Managing Editor.

The birthday party

L. F. Valero *

Kiki watched the sunlight swim through the leaves of the mulberry tree. Hanging from a limb was the piñata, a bright yellow parrot that sat on its own perch. A bird bigger than life, bigger than five-year-old Kiki.

She knew she was five because her sister told her so. Early that morning a small voice whispered to Kiki. She stirred in the bed she shared with her two sisters. Her eyes opened; the voice continued: —Kiki, what's your favorite food in the world? Without hesitation Kiki replied —Hot dogs. Her sister shook her head sadly and said —You're supposed to say cake because that's what we're having today. It's your birthday.

Kiki's eyes widened and she asked solemnly, —How many am I? —Five— her sister said.

Today would be the day to break the piñata. That made Kiki sad because the parrot piñata had hung in their house for months now since her father brought it from Tijuana, and it had become a friend to Kiki.

Later her friends arrived for the party and everyone had cake, presents were opened, and then the children took turns getting blindfolded and trying to break the piñata that hung in the mulberry tree. When the parrot finally broke open, candy wrapped in brilliantly colored cellophane flew out, mixed with a lot of cockroaches. The combination of candies and cockroaches made the children scream but still they pushed and shoved to grab as much as they could carry.

The main part of the party was over and Kiki's Mama and Tata went into the house. Little brown and white hands sticky from candy joined together and the kids sang "Ring Around the Rosie" over and over. Terri Lynn had new shoes. She was Kiki's best friend, a tiny little girl like a doll or an imp, with freckles, blond pigtails and a nose that swooped gently upward. She was dressed in pink and white from head to toe. She asked Kiki did she like the new shoes. They were white patent Mary Janes and seemed like the shoes of a princess. Still Kiki thought to herself that red shoes were the prettiest. But she wanted to make her friend happy so she said —Terri Lynn, you have the prettiest *choos* in the world.

Terri Lynn abruptly turned away and called to her older brother: —Hey Mark, c'mere, listen to Kiki talk! Mark was the boyfriend of Kiki's sister Carmen and he was tall for eight years old, golden-skinned with green eyes and dark blond hair. Mark and Terri Lynn often played with Kiki and Carmen long days until the sun disappeared in the purple summer nights.

Terri Lynn started to giggle and soon all the children gathered around. Kiki wondered what was so funny, then Mark started asking her to say different words. Why was she supposed to repeat the words *shoes* and *choo-choo train*? Why did they all laugh at her when she said those words? She began to feel something dark and heavy in her heart, something that made her wish she could disappear. This thing called shame found a home in the heart of a small girl as she realized she sounded different from other children.

It got worse. One child said —Hey, you sound just like a Messican. Then —Your daddy is a wetback. —Dirty Messican, greaser!

Wetback, Messican, greaser? These words she did not understand, but she knew there was something dirty and disgraceful in them.

Kiki ran away from the children and hid in the almond orchard. She wept hot bitter tears. She rocked herself and wept until, exhausted, she began to think. Why did they laugh and call names? Why did she speak differently? She thought of Tata and Mama, how they talked different too. They even had their own special talk, a language they refused to teach the children. Kiki remembered that her older sisters knew some of it but got in a lot of trouble if they spoke it at school. So now it was Mama and Tata's special grown-up language that they used between themselves and some other grown-ups like Tío and Tía.

That must be it, she reasoned, Messican talk. Yes Messican talk is bad. So bad that even if she couldn't talk it some of her talk sounded like the bad language.

Kiki did not tell Mama what happened, and she would never tell Tata for he was sure to become very angry. Instead she began to listen carefully to the way everyone spoke and practiced every day the words that had brought her shame. Until she sounded like Mark and Terri Lynn.

She dared not tell Mama and Tata that she hated their music and secret language. She only knew it was bad and different, something called Messican, and she began to hate everything that went with it, the food, the music, the strange friends of her parents who could only speak the Messican language, her Abuelita with her strange customs and even Abuela's prayers in that ugly strange language.

This is how Kiki learned to hate M

* Chicana writer and former farmworker from Northern California.

Reviews

The Mexicans

Patrick Oster
Perennial Library
Harper and Row, New York, 1989.
336 pp.

The current *Reader's Guide* to periodicals lists Mexico more than ten thousand times. Mexico is a popular subject and "Mexico-bashing" is particularly popular, especially among foreign correspondents. Patrick Oster's book *The Mexicans* is no exception.

Those of us who live here and read the English-language press easily recognize what has come to be known as the "mirror curtain" phenomenon. Mexico and its inhabitants are written about within the context of a series of cliches: corruption, poverty, pollution, unemployment, machismo, and the threat of a torrent of poor people flooding across the U.S. border in search of jobs. The practice of looking at a country and its people with U.S.-based criteria blurs the senses when it comes to listening, learning and reporting —that is, what is supposed to be the journalist's role.

There are exceptions to the rule. Anita Brenner, a well-known correspondent for periodicals such as *The Nation* and *The New York Times*, describes the process of looking at Mexico this way: "The need to live, creating with materials; the need to set in spiritual order the physical world; the sense of fitness —these are components of an artist's passion, and these [constitute] Mexican integrity. That is why Mexico cannot be measured by standards other than its own, which are like those of a picture; and why only as artists can Mexicans be intelligible." [1]

[1] Anita Brenner, *Idols Behind Altars*. Boston, Beacon Press, 1970, p. 31.

Patrick Oster: correspondent for the *San Jose Mercury*

When the *San Jose Mercury* sent Patrick Oster to cover Mexico, he was not enthusiastic about the assignment. During his four-year stay, he and his wife adopted a Mexican baby. Reading his book, I was torn between anger and sympathy for the author. Although his description of Mexico is generally negative, he occasionally forgets this slant and capitulates, indicating an understanding and sympathy for the Mexican people.

The book's introduction is laden with veiled threats, misleading information, incomplete facts and extensive bad news. In contrast, I was struck by the sympathetic and constructive remarks that Oster makes in his "Conclusion." Unfortunately the negative comes first.

Patrick Oster did his homework. He read the right Mexican authors, such as Octavio Paz, Carlos Fuentes, Carlos Monsiváis and Juan Rulfo. All are well-known and highly respected intellectuals. His preparation shows when he writes about Mexican politics. This material is professional, unbiased and well written.

Changes in the world scenario have made some of Oster's data obsolete, I would even say bizarre. The issue of the Soviets using Mexico as a gateway to spy on the U.S. clearly is no longer relevant, if it ever was! The update written for the pocket-book edition is well done, indicating the author's continuing interest.

While Oster cautions his readers about the difficulty of obtaining precise figures in or about Mexico, throughout his text he uses figures supplied by Mexican, U.S. and international organizations. The sources are indicated at the back of the book; no footnotes are provided. The Notes to the text are incidental and annoying.

Who are the Mexicans and what are they about?

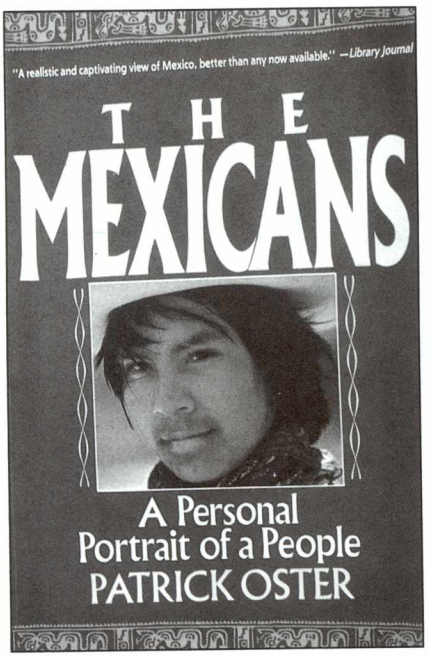
The Mexicans portrays the people of Mexico in twenty chapters, each a vignette of a different person. The book is divided into three parts: "Conditions," "Politics" and "Values."

The first section, "Conditions," includes Oster's servant, a "junior" (the Mexican equivalent of "yuppie"), a streetcorner fire-eater, an undocumented worker, a doctor and a member of a punk gang. All, except the undocumented worker, live in Mexico City, a true megalopolis.

"Politics" describes individuals from the ruling party (the PRI —Institutional Revolutionary Party), the conservative opposition (PAN —National Action Party), a smuggler, a garbage sorter, a peasant, a policeman, a journalist and an evangelist. Again, four of these eight people live in Mexico City.

The people in the third section, "Values," include a comedian, a gay man, a spiritualist, a blond woman, a feminist and an expatriate. Four of the six live in Mexico City.

In general, the people in each chapter are credible; they exist. However, once Oster describes their circumstances, he begins to ramble and repeat his negative positions about Mexico. The text could have used a good blue pencil to edit out the repetitions. For example, the hardships imposed on people who live in cities with more than 15 million people could be omitted; they are not unique to Mexico City. Tokyo, New York and other metropolises suffer as well. Fourteen of the twenty vignettes are about people who live in Mexico City,



whose estimated population currently stands at more than twenty million.

The Mexicans written up in the "Values" section share universal values. Mexican gay men aren't very different from their American or French brothers in finding it difficult to tell their families about their sexual preferences, or "come out," as it is often called in the U.S.

Oster is successful in documenting similarities among the peoples of the world. Mexicans are indeed not different from their brothers and sisters in other countries who are gay, who read your aura, who fight for women's rights or prefer to live exiled in other countries after a bad business experience. Even the "incredulous critical author" admits that he was spooked by his visit to the spiritualist.

What he doesn't include

Mexicans are a polite people. The imprint of having been conquered and living under Spanish domination for four hundred years remains. When a "foreigner" or "white man" says something, the guideline is: "Agree with him; he is our guest!" Oster is aware of Mexico's history —he knows about it "intellectually." What he seems to have overlooked is that the very fact that "an American journalist" was asking the questions would have an effect on the answers. The maid, the fire-eater, the evangelist all know who they are talking to. They might get a raise or some extra help if only they make the man believe their sad stories.

The same critique can be made of Oscar Lewis' work, which Oster quotes in some of his vignettes. At times the description of an individual soars into the realm of unreality. The undocumented worker is a wonderful example. Oster says: "Make no mistake. Miguel did want to go home. He had come to like the life he found in Dallas. The salaries were enough to buy nutritious food. The police were honest, not always demanding bribes like the cops in Mexico. Health services were good. And he felt he got something for the U.S. and Texas taxes he paid. He didn't even mind paying Social Security, though he knew, as a Mexican, he'd never get a dime in benefits. He had encountered real democracy" (p. 64).

First, undocumented workers are often hired for less than the minimum wage. Is that enough for "nutritious food" in Dallas? And second, where does Oster hide when Mexican-Americans, blacks and other minorities are abused by police?

The Mexican government is a favorite target for the "Mexico-bashers." What they forget is that while the government is not perfect, Mexico has been governed by the same party for 60 years —a party that for better or for worse has avoided coups, army takeovers and widespread guerrilla activity.

Mexicans know they live next door to the most powerful nation in the world; this isn't just ancient history. Mexico has its share of expatriate U.S. citizens. Some are retired people; some fled to Mexico to escape McCarthyism and wound up staying. The country absorbs refugees, like an accordion, stretching with Argentines and shrinking to welcome Chileans. Years ago the refugees came from the Spanish Civil War, World War II and social unrest in Lebanon.

Oster says more about his blind spots than about Mexicans. He by-passes art, music, food, color —and warmth. Where are the organ grinders, the weavers, the potters, the muralists, the cartoonists? Mexico has wonderful women intellectuals —why does Oster interview a soap-opera actress and not a poet?

The city of more than twenty million people has a sense of humor; it laughs at itself. Political cartoonists take digs at the tax system: "the fee for breathing lead is...!" The Group of 100 intellectuals is mentioned, *en passant*, but not chosen for a full chapter. The Mexican picnic at every corner; the vendors hustling everything from tissues to toys; the jugglers, pantomime artists and vendors at most stop lights also transmit a Mexican flavor. Radio programs cover the sounds of Mexico's streets. Exhibition halls are full of Mexican art and the markets are full of people buying beautiful folk art.

Patrick Oster and I know different Mexicans. I know the ones who run public health campaigns, teach physics at MIT, paint, dance, sing, participate with colleagues in international study groups. The old Mexican saying, "Poor Mexico, so far from God and so close to the United States," should be complemented with the recent notion that the Mexican border will soon be a chaotic gridlock of Mexicans going across for "fast bucks" and U.S. citizens fleeing from consumerism, seeking the excitement of the Latin way of life VM

Susannah Glusker

Doctoral candidate at the Union Institute studying the relationship among U.S. and Mexican intellectuals.

RADIO
EDUCACION
XEEP 1060 KHZ
XEPPM-OC 6185 KHZ

Cultura con imaginación

DEL CAMPO Y DE LA CIUDAD

Un espacio abierto a la participación de los grupos sociales, bajo la conducción de Héctor García Robledo

Lunes
Productor: Ricardo Montejano

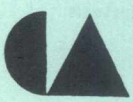
Martes
Productor: Alejandro López

Miércoles
Productor: Marco Antonio Díaz

Horario:
de 5:00 a 7:00 horas

Jueves
Productor: Froylán Rascón

Viernes
Productor: Angélica Ferreira



Consejo Nacional
para la
Cultura y las Artes

SEP

CISAN

PUBLICATIONS

EL CENTRO DE INVESTIGACIONES SOBRE AMERICA DEL NORTE CISAN now has the following books available:

El Tratado de Libre Comercio. Entre el viejo y el nuevo orden

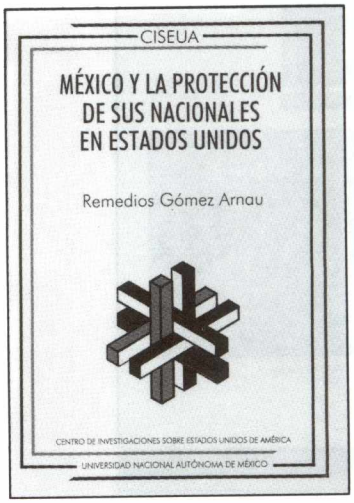
Mónica C. Gambrill y Bárbara Driscoll de Alvarado (eds.), 1992, 283 pp.

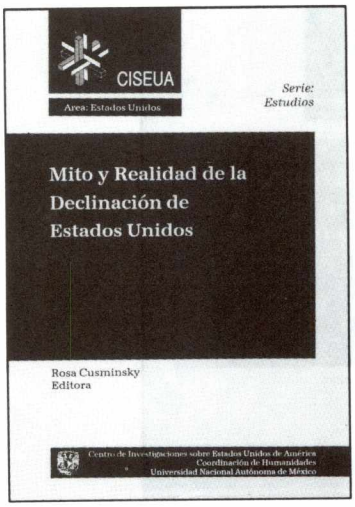
This book analyzes the likely impact of NAFTA on: the energy industry, agriculture, geographical regions, in-bond industry; labor rights, immigration to the U.S., social classes, democracy, diplomatic relations, telecommunications and higher education. NAFTA is considered in light of other trade agreements, U.S. economic requirements and political processes.

México y la protección de sus nacionales en Estados Unidos

Remedios Gómez Arnau, 1990, 245 pp.

A chronicle of the Mexican goverment's efforts to protect the rights of Mexican migrant workers in the United States. An impressive study that sheds new light on the issue. Recommended for experts and non-experts in U.S.- Mexican relations and human rights.

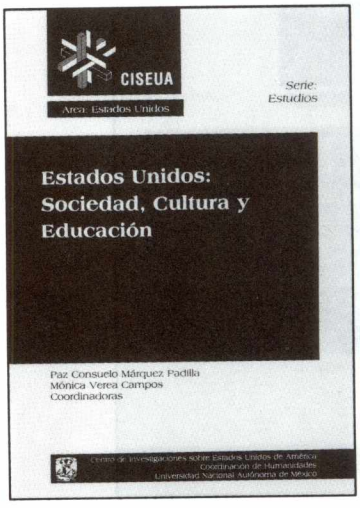




Mito y realidad de la declinación de los Estados Unidos

Rosa Cusminsky Mogilner (ed.), Serie: Estudios, 1992, 180 pp.

This book contains the contributions of lecturers from various countries who participated in the seminar "The Myth and Reality of the Decline of the United States of America," on the present academic debate about the crisis of the United States' hegemony.



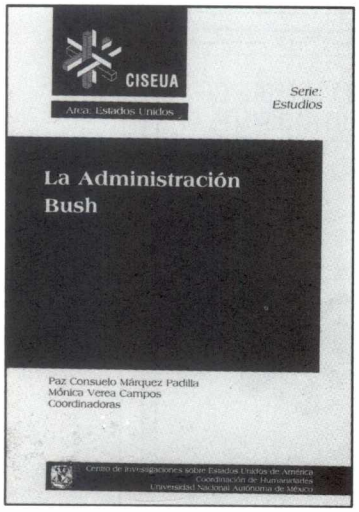
Estados Unidos: sociedad, cultura y educación

Paz Consuelo Márquez Padilla, Mónica Verea Campos (coords.), Serie: Estudios, 1991, 177 pp.

Thirteen Mexican and U.S. specialists analyze from different perspectives the socio-cultural components of the U.S. as a rich mosaic of cultures and their main forms of expression, the complex social fabric, and the highly- debated U.S. education system.

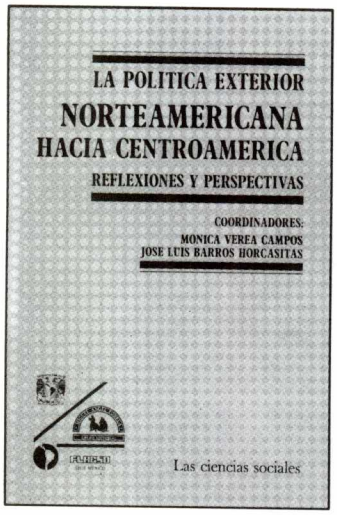
La administración Bush

Mónica Verea Campos, Paz Consuelo Márquez Padilla (coords.), Serie: Estudios, 1991, 210 pp.
Fifteen Mexican and U.S. specialists examine the main events of the first year of the Bush administration. This includes studies on minorities, arms control, the war on drugs, the economic crisis, foreign policy, and the North American Free Trade Agreement.



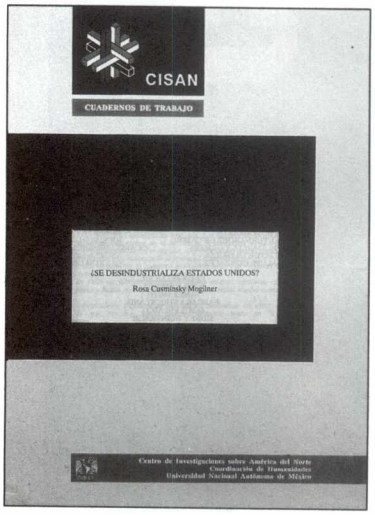
La política exterior norteamericana hacia Centroamérica: reflexiones y perspectivas

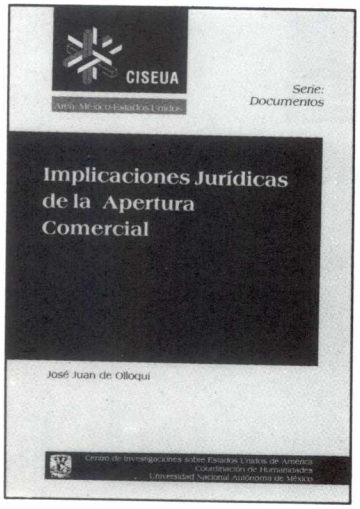
Mónica Verea Campos y José Luis Barros Horcasitas, FLACSO, CISEUA-UNAM, Editorial Miguel Angel Porrúa, Serie: Las Ciencias Sociales, 1991, 442 pp.
This book contains various articles written by North American and Central American specialists regarding the role of the United States in Central America's recent history.



¿Se desindustrializa Estados Unidos?

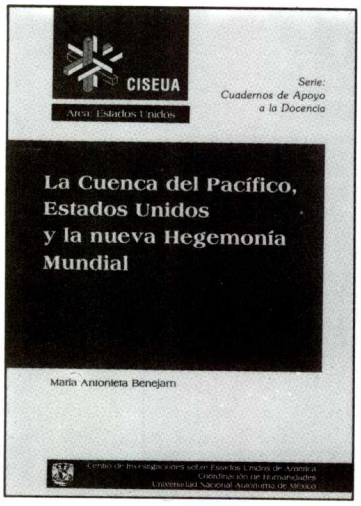
Rosa Cusminsky Mogilner, Serie: Cuadernos de Trabajo, 1993, 139 pp.
Fears relating to the industrial decline of the United States are associated with questions about the ability of the U.S. to maintain its position of influence and world leadership.
This book summarizes current debates on whether U.S. industry has ceased to be competitive.





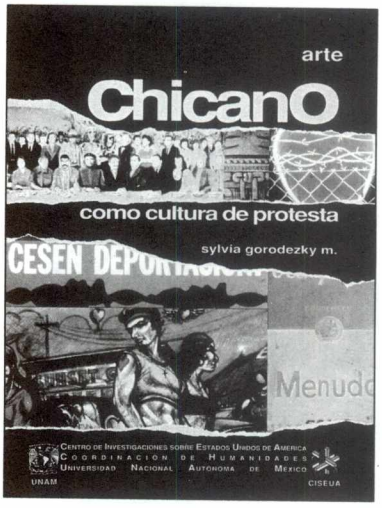
Implicaciones jurídicas de la apertura comercial

José J. de Olloqui, Serie: Documentos, 1991, 42 pp.
An in-depth analysis of legal issues concerning free trade. Olloqui examines trade and legal developments under President Salinas' administration, within the framework of the Mexican Constitution, trade in Mexico, the internationalization of the financial system and other topics of interest.



La Cuenca del Pacífico, Estados Unidos y la nueva hegemonía mundial

Ma. Antonieta Benejam, Serie: Cuadernos de Apoyo a la Docencia, 1991, 106 pp.
A book on the leading role played by the United States in the geopolitical processes of the Pacific Rim countries, a region of decisive importance to the future World Order.



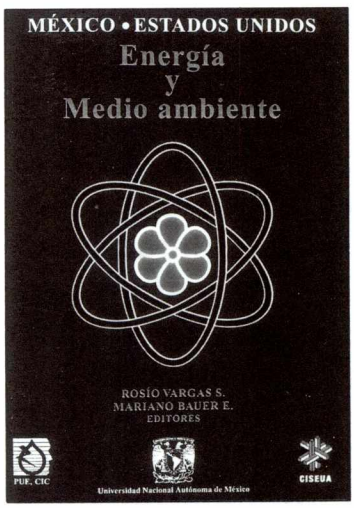
Arte chicano como cultura de protesta

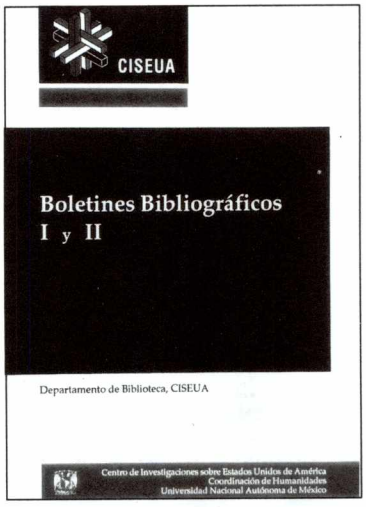
Sylvia Gorodezky, 1993, 169 pp.
An incisive analysis of how Chicanos give artistic expression to the effects of the social and political oppression they experience within "mainstream" society. Includes photographs of key murals, sculptures and other works of art.

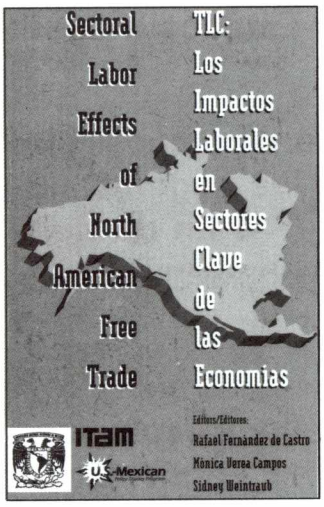
México-Estados Unidos. Energía y medio ambiente

Rosío Vargas and Mariano Bauer (eds.), 1993, 259 pp.

An overview of Mexican and American environmental legislation as well as its social, political and economic implications in the context of NAFTA. Also analyzes the relation between energy policy and environment in both countries.







Sectoral labor effects of North American Free Trade/TLC: Los impactos laborales en sectores clave de las economías

Rafael Fernández de Castro, Mónica Verea Campos and Sydney Weintraub (eds.), 1993, 368 pp.

This book examines possible effects on the labor force of the countries involved in NAFTA, particularly in such industrial sectors as autos and textile as well as in agriculture and the *maquiladoras*. Some of NAFTA's legal implications are also reviewed.

Boletines bibliográficos I y II

Centro de Investigaciones sobre Estados Unidos de América-Coordinación de Humanidades, 1991-92 edition, 212 pp.

These bibliographical bulletins catalogue the materials which the library of the Center for Research on the United States of America (now Center for Research on North America) has been collecting since its creation in June of 1989. This collection is composed of recently-published works, so as not to duplicate the efforts already carried out by other libraries in Mexico. Our main objective is to put together a collection of the most up-to-date books possible on different aspects of the United States and its relations with Mexico, as well as on Canada.

For further information contact ***CISAN: CENTRO DE INVESTIGACIONES SOBRE AMERICA DEL NORTE***
Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México
Torre de Humanidades 2, piso 11
Ciudad Universitaria
04510
México, D.F.
FAX: (011-52-5) 623-0300

México INTERNACIONAL

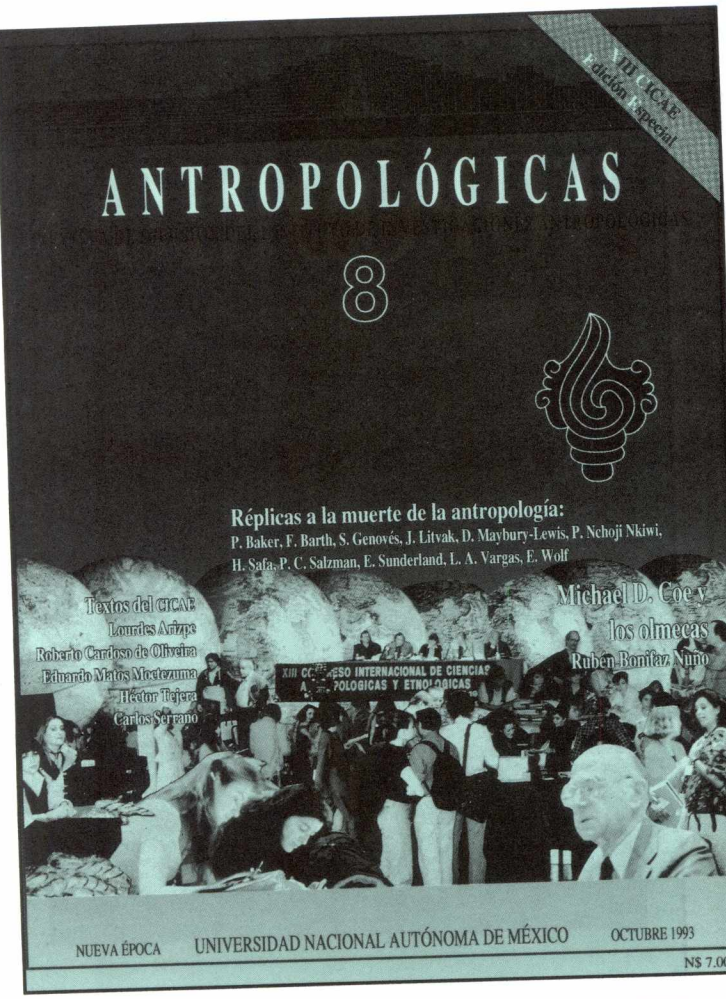
DIRECTOR: CARLOS CALVO ZAPATA

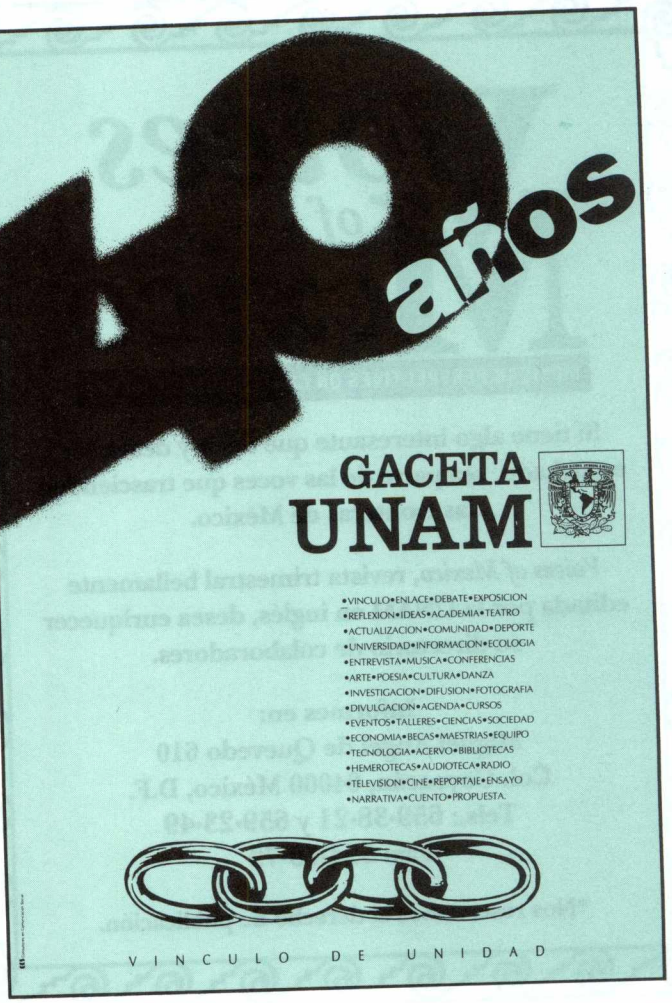
AÑO 5
NUMERO 51

SUBDIRECCION EDITORIAL: GRACIELA ARROYO PICHARDO, MANUEL BECERRA RAMIREZ, RAUL BENITEZ MANAUT, JOSE ANTONIO CRESPO, LUIS GONZALEZ SOUZA Y JUAN CARLOS MENDOZA

PRECIO PACTO: N$2.00
NOVIEMBRE DE 1993

Suscripciones Petén Norte 116-8, Col. Narvarte 03020 México, D.F. Tel.: 538-87-44, 519-40-23





MEXICAN STUDIES/ESTUDIOS MEXICANOS

Volume 8, Number 2 Summer 1992

Articles

Quinto Centenario: Tomar en cuenta a los otros Miguel León-Portilla

Modernizing Visions, *Chilango* Blueprints, and Provincial Growing Pains: Mérida at the Turn of the Century Gilbert M. Joseph and Allen Wells

Schisms in the Mexican Political Elite and the Technocrat/Politician Typology Juan D. Lindau

La difícil transición política en México Rogelio Hernández Rodríguez

Measuring Legitimacy in Mexico: An Analysis of Public Opinion during the 1988 Presidential Campaign Franz A. von Sauer

Review Essays

The Emergence of Mexican Business History John E. Kicza

Los factores del retraso de la industrialización en México: Reflexión historiográfica Pedro Pérez Herrero

In Mexico, contact:
Mexican Studies/Estudios Mexicanos
UNAM, Instituto de Investigaciones Históricas
Circuito Mario de la Cueva
Ciudad Universitaria
04510 México D. F.

In the US, contact:
University of California Press
Journals Division
2120 Berkeley Way
Berkeley, CA 94720
FAX: (510) 643-7127

Acueducto de Matlala

de Eugenio Landesio (Altessano, Italia 1810-París 1879)

La obra **Acueducto de Matlala**, de Eugenio Landesio, no es sólo un hermoso paisaje de corte romántico. Es mucho más: una obra maestra que puede ser admirada en el Museo Amparo de la ciudad de Puebla.

Eugenio Landesio escogió el acueducto de Matlala como tema y recreó la luminosidad celeste, un riachuelo, lomas de distinta altura, escenas campiranas y, por supuesto, la estructura del acueducto en diferentes planos.

Es en el extremo derecho de la obra en donde Landesio hace de un retrato de época una filigrana regional. Para ello, recurre a la vegetación de Puebla y así ante nosotros vemos cactus, nopales, biznagas. Con técnica magistral, el autor representa un espectacular ''candelabro'' de los llamados ''órganos''. Al fondo, podemos ver el Popocatépetl nevado, símbolo vigilante de nuestra nacionalidad. Todos los anteriores son temas que recreará posteriormente su discípulo José María Velasco en quien Landesio dejó profunda huella.

En el mismo extremo de la obra, y con extraordinarias dotes de observación, el artista retrata a la familia de La Hidalga con el magnífico ropaje que servirá para enriquecer el folclor mexicano. Así, la obra es un retrato de los usos y costumbres de la época.

En la obra hay diversos personajes. Haremos referencia a algunos de ellos:

Recostado, en una manta que parece sarape, un joven cito acaricia a su mascota. De pie, un adulto luce panta lones con botonadura a los lados y podemos aprecia sus espuelas de plata. Más allá vemos a una pareja d muchachas: una lleva un vistoso mantón rojo y larg falda; tras ella, una jovencita, de tez blanca y cabell castaño, viste una blusa alba, de largas y holgada mangas, de tela fresca. Esta muchacha gesticula par señalar lo que está sucediendo frente a ella: Landesi pintando su autorretrato.

Eugenio Landesio elige esta rica, variada y luminosa at mósfera para pintarse a sí mismo. Lo vemos con el ca bello ondulado, entrecano, sosteniendo en su mano iz quierda la paleta con diversos colores y podemos ve que en la bolsa de su chaqueta lleva un trapo para lim piar sus pinceles.

Acueducto de Matlala es una obra ambiciosa, de belle za incuestionable.

Eugenio Landesio fue un artista italiano que vivió e México desde 1855 hasta 1877 y que cedió a la huma nidad este legado como testimonio de su original pe cepción del paisaje poblano y de los personajes de s época.

Acueducto de Matlala es una breve y seductora lecció de la vida mexicana en el siglo XIX y forma parte de un de las colecciones del Museo Amparo, ubicado en centro histórico de Puebla de los Angeles.

MUSEO AMPARO

Encuentro con Nuestras Raíces

2-Sur No. 708 Puebla, Pue.
Centro Histórico de Puebla
Teléfono: 91 22 46 4646
Fax: 91 22 46 6333

Abierto de miércoles a lunes
Horario: 10:00 a 18:00 hrs.