

AMERICANISM CROSSES THE RIO GRANDE

On January 21, 1928, the two leading morning newspapers in Mexico City featured an article written by the eminent Mexican attorney, Lic. Luis Esquivel Obregón, apropos of a speech which had just been delivered at the Sixth Pan American Congress by that great American statesman, Calvin Coolidge.

"Many have critized President Coolidge's speech", wrote Señor Obregón, "as a medley of commonplaces combined with a weighty literary style. I, nevertheless, believe that this speech is most profound. It all depends on how you look at it. Since Mr. Coolidge has set the example of treating of serious things in the language of poetry, I feel that it is fitting that I should recall a fable of our immortal José Rosas which I studied as a boy in my school books. This fable relates:

Once, when a gentle lamb did feed
Within a wide and spacious mead,
She saw approach her fettered gate
The crafty wolf - disconsolate.
Thé lamb enquired of her visitor
With timorous glance that did abhor -
"What can I do for you, Señor?"

"I come to seek," the wolf replied,
"The herbs that in the forest bide,
The sparkling water in the spring;

For a frugal life is a noble thing!"

"But I know full well that you devour
The flesh of lamb - when in your power!"

"All that belongs to times long past,
My barbarous progenitors I blast.
Succulent roots form my repast,
A vegetarian am I at last."

"That you are no longer a cannibal
Is little short of a miracle."

"You'll admire, I'm sure, my noble life,
Devoted to study and avert all strife,
I detest all slaughter and despise a plot,
For with the good life I have cast my lot.
Of my good intentions I would give proof
So, good lamb, hold not aloof,
But in yon forest of dark green fir,
Softened with needles and smelling of myrrh,
Let's pasture together, my good sister."

"Since you are so kind, I gladly consent."
And she lifted the bars, - poor innocent ...

"I do not think that it is necessary for me to complete the fable. From what has been said it is plain that Mr. Coolidge's speech is more profound than it appears at first glance.....

"Why does the great and powerful United States pre-

fer to parody the fable quoted above? ... Why does Mr. Coolidge prefer to pass as ignorant of history and to lie openly when he says, for example, that the wars on this continent have had as their object the enlarging of the horizons of liberty, and to say this in the presence of an audience that knows that the war which most disturbed the American continents, the invasion of Mexico by the United States, had for its purpose to widen the horizons of negro slavery and to despoil a neighboring nation? The answer is simply that the United States, powerful as she is, does not find it convenient to honestly declare the omnipotence of her power and thus gain the hate of mankind."

In the same month of January 1928, 12,000 people in Mexico City swarmed in a great mob around the doors of a large building in the center of the business section, knocked down policemen, broke windows, pulled each others hair, pushed and shoved and trampled -- What? Another revolution? No, they were simply trying to catch a glimpse of the latest model of a certain well known automobile which a very prosperous citizen of Detroit, Michigan, United States of America, had finally revealed to an expectant and breathless world. In the seven days following, during which the "mechanical marvel of the age" was exhibited, in all 40,000 Mexicans came to pay their respects and some 2,000 of them left orders for cars.

FORMAL
VS
INFORMAL
RELATIONS

If I were asked to state what is the most important, the most significant, the most fundamental fact bearing upon the destinies of the Mexican people, I would answer without hesitation: the transcendant fact about Mexico is the United States.

And by this I do not mean the United States as a sovereign state, a political entity or a military power. Many books and articles have been written and many speeches have been made on the subject of Mexican-American relations in terms of boundary disputes, diplomatic controversies, military interventions, claims conventions etc. I do not wish to minimize the importance of these matters which everywhere enter into the regular traffic between neighboring nations. I believe, however, that what we may call the documentary and formal relations between two countries are in large part the outgrowth of and are determined by their undocumented and informal relations.

In this lecture, accordingly, I propose to give only slight emphasis to the relations between the two sovereign states, Mexico and the United States, and to place major emphasis upon the relations of these two countries conceived as economic and cultural entities. When I say, therefore, that the most important fact about Mexico is the United States what I mean is: Mexico happens to live next door to the most powerful economic and industrial machine in the world; the implications of this proximity both for the present and future life of the Mexican people cannot be overemphasized.

In other words, I feel that the threat for Mexico of further territorial conquest and political domination on the

part of the United States as implied in the remarks of Luis Esquivel Obregón is much less to be feared and of much less significance for the future of Mexico than the menace of the conquest of American machine culture illustrated by the incident of the excitement over Model A of the products of Mr. Ford's factories.

In the words of the Mexican writer, José Juan Tablada, Mexico is threatened by

"a plague more terrible than the Cocoliztli and the Maztlazahuatl which decimated the ranks of our Indian forefathers, and more fatal than the colera which devastated us in later times - [a plague] which is diluting our blood, softening our bones, turning our marrow to water and, worst of all, weakening our wills.....

"I do not exaggerate.... the vast majority of Mexico is contaminated with Americanization, and an untoward gringoism..... We are attacked by the vain megalomania of an elephant inflated with pure air... Telephones, radios, victrolas, tin Lizzies, typewriters - mechanisms all, not to make life easier but to complicate it, not to liberate us but to enslave us.... Machines which poison us with their smoke and brutalize us with their deafening noise.... And all this material and moral bankruptcy, polarized around Wall Street and the gangrenous [institution of] prohibition, and having for its equator the girdle of the Venus of Hollywood, that citadel of sex appeal -- that is what we take for grandeur, what we judge to be a worthy

model and what grotesquely and fatefully we imitate".

Now these are hard and bitter words but they illuminate a social process and they express an attitude which is becoming more and more common in Mexico. It is my purpose in this lecture to seek to analyze both the process and the attitude.

What evidence, if any, exists to warrant a tirade such as that which I have just quoted? Is the process which the anthropologists call cultural migration and which the victims thereof call cultural imperialism a ponderable reality in Mexican-American relations? What are the Mexican reactions to the outworkings of this process, real or imagined? In order to answer these and similar questions, let us first examine the facts in the case. What is the evidence in support of what may be called the logic of economic and cultural imperialism?

The Testimony of trade statistics of the United States Monopoly of Mexican Commerce

The history and present status of trade relations between the United States and Mexico may be summarized as follows:

(a) For twenty years and more the United States has been far and away Mexico's best customer. Since 1900, the United States has never failed to buy each year at least 60% of all that Mexico had to sell to foreign countries and in some years, notably 1920, more than 85% of Mexico's exports have gone to the United States.

(b) At the present time, although all Mexican exports have fallen off markedly since 1926, the United States is still buying on the average (i.e. for the five year period 1926 - 30) 65% or around 387,000,000 out of the total of 582,000,000 pesos worth of goods which Mexico exports each year.

The next best customer which Mexico has is England. But England has only been buying on the average about 9% or around 52,000,000 a year of the 582,000,000 pesos worth of goods which Mexico has to sell.

(c) On the import side the story is essentially the same. Since 1904, the United States has always sold Mexico more than half of all that Mexico bought from foreign countries and in some years (notably 1924) almost three-fourths of Mexico's purchases abroad have been made in the United States.

(d) At the present time the United States is selling to Mexico on the average of 69% or around 249,000,000 out of the total of about 364,000,000 pesos worth of goods which Mexico buys each year from foreign countries.

The only other countries which have even a "look in" on the Mexican market are Germany and England and these two countries combined account for only about 15% of all the goods imported each year into Mexico.

The preponderance of the United States in Mexico's commerce and trade relations is so great as to amount almost to a monopoly. For many years the United States has been Mexico's best customer and gradually and inevitably the United States has become Mexico's best market. What Mexico sells, for the

most part, she sells to the United States; what Mexico buys, for the most part, she buys from the United States.

The charts before you represent the distribution by percentage of Mexico's foreign trade from 1900 to 1930. A comparison of the black sections indicating the United States' share in Mexico's imports and exports, with the sections colored red, blue etc representing the share of various other countries are a vivid and striking demonstration of what I have just tried to put into words.

The testimony of investment statistics - or the domination of the dollar

In the absence of thorough and complete studies it is impossible to state with more than approximate accuracy the extent of the American financial stake in Mexico. But of the fact that, over a long period of years, despite revolutions, political disorder and whatnot, the flow of American capital into Mexico has been steadily and persistently growing in volume there can be no doubt.

In 1925 the United States Department of Commerce estimated the total investments both direct and indirect of citizens of the United States in Mexico to be about \$1,280,000,000.

Dr. Max Winkler in a recent study published by the World Peace Foundation raises this figure and states that "a conservative estimate" would place the total indirect and direct investments of American citizens in Mexico at a cool billion and a half dollars.

A still more recent study by the United States De-

partment of Commerce of direct investments only (i.e. not including government bonds and other types of so-called "portfolio" investments) indicate that Dr. Winkler's figures for the amounts invested in agricultural lands and the oil industry, for example, are probably too high.

According to the United States Department of Commerce, our direct investments in Mexico in 1930 were distributed in round numbers as follows:

Manufacturing	\$ 6,000,000
Wholesale and retail selling	9,000,000
Oil	206,000,000
Mining and smelting	230,000,000
Agriculture	59,000,000
Communication and transportation	164,000,000
Miscellaneous	8,000,000
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Total	\$ 682,000,000

If we add to these figures the Mexican federal, state, municipal, and railroad bonds held by American citizens, the grand total of all investments, direct and indirect, by Americans in Mexico will undoubtedly reach the billion dollar mark -- and with room to spare.

At the turn of the century, according to the best estimate available, American investments in Mexico amounted in round numbers to \$185,000,000. In less than 30 years this sum grew to over a billion dollars -- an increase of somewhere around 450%.

A billion dollars! And still the dollar marches

merrily on to new conquests and to bigger and better investments. In the last three or four years, for example, the American and Foreign Power Company has poured American capital into Mexico to the tune of millions of dollars a year, buying up British, Canadian, and native light and power plants and other public utilities.

Americans own 8% of all the privately held land in Mexico or a little more than half of all the foreign holdings. Over 17% of the money invested in manufacturing and industrial establishments is American capital. We control well over half of the oil industry in Mexico. We own or control about 80% of Mexico's gold and silver. With the exception of Canada and Cuba, the direct and indirect investments of American citizens and corporations in Mexico exceed by many millions of dollars our investments in any other country in the world. Our dominance of Mexico's foreign trade is more than equalled by our dominance of the Mexican investment field. The American dollar reigns supreme.

The Testimony of Cultural Penetration or the Ascendancy of Americanization

Up to this point in our consideration of the case of the Mexican people vs. American economic and cultural imperialism, we have heard the testimony of two star witnesses. We have before us the facts in the case in so far as these facts are revealed by the statistics of trade and investment. But these figures are only indices - they merely indicate the bare bones of the structure of Mexican-American socio-economic re-

lations. We must now turn to another aspect of the case and review another type of evidence. We must shift the emphasis from economic statistics to cultural traits and see what this flow of American goods and dollars means for Mexico in terms of the habits and customs of the people. To what extent are things, modes, attitudes and ways of life typically American crossing the Rio Grande?

QUALIFI-
CATIONS

Before seeking to answer this question I would like to remind you that any attempt to estimate the influence of the culture of one country on that of another necessarily involves a certain amount of traffic with imponderables. If you were to back me up against a wall and ask me point blank: What do you mean by "typically American ways of life?" I am sure I could not give you a rigidly scientific answer and to an even less degree would it be possible to say what is meant by "typically Mexican". When I seek, therefore, to indicate the extent to which the typically American is changing or supplanting the typically Mexican, I am, in the absence of detailed and almost impossibly complicated anthropological studies of a large number of carefully defined separate cultural traits, perforce dealing somewhat in personal impressions.

Moreover, I should like to recall to you the fact that due to lack of communications, and to geographical and historical factors, a large part of Mexico is still relatively untouched by any outside influences, be they American, Spanish or otherwise. The evidence which I am about to present to you, therefore, of American cultural penetration below the Rio Grande

applies mainly to the larger urban centers and, generally speaking, it becomes less and less significant as we move down the scale of population from the metropolis of Mexico City to the small Indian settlement tucked away in the mountains or tropical forests.

Finally, we must remember that the United States is not by any means the only country engaged in the great outdoor sport of imposing with or without malice and forethought its kultur on other folks.

MEXICAN
CULTURAL
IMPERIALISM

As a matter of fact, if time and the logic of my subject permitted, I might make out a very good case proving the diabolic attempt of our neighbor to the South to Mexicanize the United States! I might point out, for example, the fact that during the last fifteen years hundreds of thousands of Mexicans have been pouring across the border so that at the present time there are, in all, probably 1,000,000 Mexican citizens living in the United States, or approximately 500 times as many Mexicans in the United States as there are American citizens living in Mexico.

As Paul Taylor has put it:

"The Mexicans are here - from California to Pennsylvania, from Texas to Minnesota. They are scattered on isolated sections along our western railroads... they are established in colonies in the agricultural West and Southwest which form, in places, from one to two-thirds of the local population. They have penetrated the heart of industrial America; in the Calumet steel region on the south-

ern shores of Lake Michigan they are numbered in thousands; in eastern industrial centers by hundreds. And they have made Los Angeles the second largest Mexican city in the world.... The stamp of the Mexican migration [on American culture] will be visible for generations."

I might point out that there are over a hundred newspapers published in Spanish in these United States. One of these newspapers in the state of New Mexico, bears on its mast-head the motto "To Create Interest in the Language of Our Fathers" - and they don't mean Pilgrim Fathers, either.... According to a recent Associated Press dispatch over 50,000,000 tamales are consumed each year in Los Angeles, 20,000,000 in Chicago, and 10,000,000 in San Francisco..... Who can estimate the insidious effect on our American culture of Ramón Novarro, Dolores del Río, Lupe Vélez, Lupita Tovar, Delia Magaña, José Mújica and all the rest of the charming Mexicans who seem to be supplanting both Nordics and Semitics on our movie screens? What would Vanity Fair be without the drawings of José Covarrubias? What about the invasion of the United States by the Mexican artists, Luís Hidalgo, Matías Santoyo, Clemente Orozco and Diego Rivera? What nation but Mexico ever had two American book clubs select within a month of each other reports on its people, its customs and its life?

No, it's a poor rule which doesn't work both ways and we may yet see the day in the United States when books, newspaper editorials and public demonstrations will cry out to the high heavens against the "Colossus of the South", "the Mexican peril", and the "conquest of the tamale".

I say we may, but as a matter of fact, I doubt it; for although the cultural influence of Mexico on the United States is much more profound and far-reaching than has been generally recognized, it is hardly the proverbial drop in the bucket compared with the great and growing stream of cultural influences flowing in the other direction.

ADVERTISING

Pick up the Sunday edition of either one of the principal morning newspapers in Mexico City and what do you find? Let us look at the advertisements first. Does this sound familiar to you:

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream (Keep Your White (sic!)

Skin Smooth and Youthful)

Pebecco Tooth Paste (Mothers and Children Prefer It

Because of Its Agreeable Taste)

Cutex (Beautiful Nails in Five Minutes)

Flit (Do Not Accept Imitations)

Crane Co. Bathroom Furnishings (Service, Quality,

Economy)

Elizabeth Arden Will Make You Beautiful

Stein's Emulsion (Will Invigorate Your Organism)

Parker's Duofold Fountain Pens (Pressureless Writing)

Dr. Scholl's - Zino Pads (No More Corns!); or if you

prefer, Baur and Black's Corn Plasters (Goodbye Corns and

Pains)

Remington Cartridges

Elgin Watches

Stu@dbaker Automobiles (Free-Wheeling)

Arrow Shirts for the Well-Dressed Man

Crown Corks and Seals
Scott's Emulsion (Will Make You Robust)
Dr. Lovett's Pills
Brunswick Balke Callendar Billiard Tables
Chevrolet Automobiles
John Deer Tractors
Vigorlina (For Weak Men and Women)
Vick's Vaporub
Pontiac Automobiles
New Method Oil Stoves
Quality Batteries
Standard Plumbing Fixtures
General Electric Refrigerators
Palm Olive Soap (Will Conserve the Natural Beauty
and Freshness of Your Skin)
Bayer Aspirin
Fairbanks Scales
Princess Pat Powder (Tell the World That You Are
Beautiful!)
Ford Trucks
Automatic Record Company of Chicago Will Teach You
English
R.C.A. Radios
Westinghouse Radios
Clarion Radios
Atwater Kent Radios
Victor Radios
etc. etc. etc.

An analysis which I made recently of the advertising in the Sunday edition of one of the leading morning newspapers in Mexico gave the following results: out of a total of 1,659 column inches of unclassified advertising 940 inches, or 57%, were devoted to the advertising of American products; 570 inches, or 34%, of the total to Mexican products and the remaining 123 inches, or 9%, to German, French and other foreign products.

FEATURES

Now let us look at the magazine section of the paper and list what we find:

(a) Four pages of comics. Moot y Jef (Mutt and Jeff) you will perhaps recognize at once even with the Spanish pronunciation which I am giving it. But what are these: Educando a Papa, Maldados de dos Pilluelos and La Taquígrafa que no Trabaja? Nothing more or less than your old friends: "Bringing Up Father", "The Katzenjamer Kids", > "Polly and Her Pals".

(b) A page of Rompecabezas, literally "head-breakers" and actually the familiar animal puzzle drawings of A.W. Nugent which appear in dozens of American papers every Sunday.

(c) A special feature article entitled "New York by Day and Night" which each Sunday supplies new evidence of the decadence and iniquity of Mr. Walker's home town.

(d) A two page spread with lurid illustrations of a serial supplied by the King Feature Syndicate entitled "Revelations About Classic Crimes - Police Mysteries from the Secret Archives of the Pinkertons".

(e) A page devoted to "Life in Hollywood" containing all

the latest and juiciest gossip including the real inside dope on Edwina Booth la notable artista of "Trader Horn".

MOVIES

And now that we have mentioned the subject of the movies, allow me to give you a few more facts about this highly significant index of American "kultur" in Mexico.

Are you a Mexican living in Mexico City and are you seeking amusement? All right, turn to the pages of the Sunday morning paper (as I did recently) and you will find that you have the choice of the following:

Of the two largest movie houses in Mexico City, (each with a seating capacity of 3,500) one offers:

Marlene Dietrich, Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou in Morroco - The Film Without Precedent; the other presents: Oh For a Man - A Delicate Romance of Exotic Loves, with Jeanette MacDonald and Reginald Denny.

In another equally high-class (albeit somewhat smaller) downtown movie you may see:

Helen Twelvetrees; the Empress of Drama in Millie - The Most Sensational and Electrifying Success of the Year.

If you don't like any of these, then there are:

4 theatres in which you can see That Epic of the Forest: Rango;

6 theatres showing Ruth Chatterton in The Right to Love, and Clara Bow in The Sky is the Limit;

5 theatres presenting That Master Work - Lummo;

1 theatre in which you may watch Constance Bennett, Adolphe Menjou and Anita Page perform in The Sinner - A Soul Stirring Drama.

And finally in one small suburban theatre you can see somebody or other in The Woman Who Surrendered, or perhaps something else equally uplifting in the 50 or more neighborhood theatres which do not advertise in the particular papers which we are examining.

Now if you are a highly patriotic Mexican and do not care for any American movie, then you are, in the language of the street, more or less "out of luck" for although Mexico has 70 movie palaces, there are only 7 legitimate theatres and tonight only five of these have shows: two Spanish dramas, and three variety entertainments.

In order to feed the some 700 movie theatres scattered over the Republic, Mexico imports from the United States each year around nine and a half million linear feet of film, or, on an average, about 600 "feature films" and 800 "short subjects" annually. Ninety-eight percent of all the movies ^{shown} in Mexico are made in the United States.

Is it any wonder that the Mexicans who see their wives bobbing their hair and shortening their skirts a la Bebe Daniels, their daughters affecting Greta Garbo slouches and Clara Bow curves, and their sons Adolphe Menjou moustaches and Harold Lloyd collegiate cut pants should be somewhat concerned about loosing their souls? Is it any wonder that thoughtful Mexicans are saying (to quote only one out of many articles which have appeared on the subject):

"Our relations with our powerful neighbor (on the North) are very cordial, but this does not mean that our nation-

ality is not in grave danger..... The 'peaceful conquest' has been renewed.... The American talking movie is penetrating to every city of the Republic..... and is molding the minds of our children and our youth.... The danger is imminent and the damage being done to the Mexican people is far-reaching. Will the Ministry of Education combat this danger? Or is it willing that our children shall receive their ideas, their philosophy and their conception of civilization from the United States?"

RADIOS
PHONOGRAPHS

I have dwelt at some length on the newspapers and the moving pictures because these, being at once both indices and instruments of cultural penetration, are highly significant in revealing the force of the impact of Americanism upon Mexico. Hardly of less importance as an illustration of and an agency for the spread of American ideas and American ways of life, however, is the radio and the phonograph.

There are 28 broadcasting stations in Mexico and the number of receiving sets in 1930 was estimated at 100,000. In 1929 Mexico imported from the United States over \$1,000,000 worth of radios and radio equipment. More than 90% of all radios in Mexico are of American manufacture. In 1929 Mexico was the second best foreign market in the world for American phonograph records with total imports from the United States of around \$600,000.

Consider these figures and perhaps you will understand why in one of Mexico City's leading newspapers there appeared recently a cartoon showing an American tourist trying to buy a parrot from a Mexican laborer. Under the cartoon were

Gringo (in broken Spanish): "Me want parrot with very Mexican habits."

Mexican Laborer: "Sure boss. This is the most Mexican parrot you ever saw. He knows how to sing: Mamy, Broadway Melody and Hot Mamma!"

Perhaps you will also understand why, just a few weeks before I left Mexico for the United States, I heard the following speech over my own radio by the announcer for one of the official government broadcasting stations:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: The program tonight is dedicated to the National Prosperity Campaign which the Government has been carrying on for the last few weeks. Every patriotic Mexican must consume products made in Mexico. The only salvation of the nation is to stop importing foreign goods etc etc.... The next number on our musical program will be a "jazz fox-trot titulado 'Los San Luis Blues'", Victor record por Paul Whiteman y su Orchestra."

ENGLISH

It would easily be possible for me to go on in this vein for another hour or more citing illustrations of how the virus of Americanization is being shot into every aspect of Mexico's life. I might point out how the overall is supplanting the traditional picturesque white costume of the Mexican farm laborer, how the Mexican young bloods are adopting the hatless mode of our American colleges; how Mexico in the language of my friend Lee Simonson is becoming "Chicle conscious".

I could describe the inroads which the English language is making upon Spanish with such words as girls, flappers,

lider, mitin, los smokings (for dinner jacket), boicot, quick lunches, socket, sweetch, contacto (and other electrical terms), basbol, futbol, basket bal, tennis, umpire, promotor, (and sporting terms generally).

Molina Enriquez, a well-known Mexican writer said in 1908:

"Everyone in Mexico receives English language publications, everyone advertises in English, everyone studies English, everyone even wants to think in English. Signs worded in English are in evidence everywhere; English names are used everywhere, and even our Aztec proper names have been transformed, such as Popocateptl to "Popo", so as to sound English."

Quoting these words of Enriquez recently in a public address, the prominent Mexican lawyer, Sr. Luis Cabrera, went on to add:

"The propagation of English (during the last 20 years) has grown until at present the problem not only presents itself in the existence of a new language generally used in commerce and society, but worse still, English has begun to corrupt Spanish in such a manner that it is a real menace to ... our tongue. Several factors have contributed to the corruption of Spanish by English:the development of Anglo Saxon sports the nomenclature of which cannot be translated. the talking moving pictures.and the worst offenders of all, the newspapers of Mexico City. Aside from the purely English pages and the sporting sections whose Anglicisms may be

numbered by the thousands, in the rest of the text of these newspapers there are at least a hundred Anglicisms to each page."

Perhaps even more significant than this statement of Luis Cabrera's is another cartoon which I cut out of the paper not so long ago. Two Mexico peons are shown talking to each other:

1st Peon: ¡ Ay, compadre, vengo muy enojado: afigúrese asté que mi vieja sestá agringado mucho, ya les dice a las tortillas "hot-cakes - y

2nd Peon: ¿ Y adónde vas 'té compá?

1st Peon: ¡ Pos horita voy a jugar en mi burrito un partido de "polo" en el Ixtapalapa Estádium, y si asté quere después le invito a un five o'clock tea ... !!!

Of which an approximate translation would be:

1st Peon: Hi there, old man! I'm as sore as the devil.

Can you imagine -- my old woman has become so Americanized that she calls tortillas "hotcakes" and

2nd Peon: And where are you going?

1st Peon: Oh right now I am going to play a chucker of polo on my little burro in the Ixtapalapa stadium; but, later on, what would you say to a cup of tea about five o'clock?

SPORTS

I might tell you the story of the invasion of American sports: on a recent Sunday in Mexico one morning paper announced 2 boxing matches, 3 tennis matches, 20 basket-ball games, and 115 baseball games. The days of bullfighting as the national sport of Mexico are numbered. More than once dur-

ing the last bullfighting season did I note that the bullfighting news had yielded the first page of the sporting section of the newspaper to reports of base ball and basket ball games. And an American consul in Mazatlan on the West Coast reports:

"On two occasions during the past year a bull fight and a base ball game were held on the same day. The base ball stadium was packed, but the promoters of the bull fight did not even make expenses. ... Base ball is the most popular sport in this district. The City of Mazatlan has had a base ball team for the last 30 years and at present has a league of five teams, two of which are composed of girls."

I would like to tell you a lot of nice stories which I know about the Boy Scouts, the Rotary clubs, the Lion clubs, the Chamber of Commerce, and, yes, even the Ku Klux Klan -- for all these have at one time or another been added unto us in Mexico. The Ku Klux Klan, I should probably say in passing, wasn't exactly what you would call a hot success: some say because the victims which the Klan selected to terrorize wouldn't play properly and insisted on shooting the leaders of the Knights of the Burning Cross, others claim that it was the high cost of bed sheets.

RURAL

Time is passing and I must bring this section of my lecture to a close. Before doing so, however, I must make one more point. I have already warned you that it is the larger urban centers in Mexico which for obvious reasons are bearing the brunt of this American cultural invasion; and that the great

rural masses of the Mexican people are relatively free from the American contamination.

I use the word "relatively" advisedly, however; for I have in mind a three weeks horseback trip which I made recently through one of the poorest and most isolated parts of Mexico. I remember arriving, after three long days of gruelling riding into the heart of the great Guerrero mountain range, at the little Indian town of Tlapa. Hardly had I dismounted from my horse before a native Indian band came marching down the street with a little boy in front holding aloft on a stick a lurid bill board poster announcing to the world that on that very night there would be shown in the local movie house a "Stirring and Adventurous Drama in Eight Parts Entitled: The Reporter of Hollywood"!

In this same village I found the next morning that I could buy in one of the stores: Spaulding's Boxing Gloves, Kodaks, Palmolive Soap, Everready Flashlights and Batteries, Kellogg's Cornflakes, Pebecco Tooth Paste - to mention only a few of a long list of American factory-made products.

It was on this same trip in the little mountain village of Malinaltepec that the local Catholic priest told me the story of how, in a certain neighboring village where he was holding mass, just at the most solemn part of the ceremony when he was about to raise the host, the native Indian band in the back of the church, in all seriousness and reverence, began to play "My Man"!

I have in mind also an anthropologist friend of mine who, while puttering around a church in an old Aztec town in

Guanaajuato, ran across a painted wooden figure of Saint James and discovered to her amazement that under the traditional costume of a Spanish gold braided cape the poor Saint was wearing loud tan American shoes with bulging tips and American socks held up by American garters (no metal can touch your skin!)

And then there is that priceless story of two other friends who while making a horseback trip through the interior of Yucatan, stopped for a few days at a little Maya Indian village. While they were there two messengers appeared from a neighboring village twelve hours away by horseback to invite my friends to come and visit them and to see the new open-air rural school which had just been built. My friends, feeling that this would take them too far out of their way, declined the invitation with appropriate regrets. Two days later the messengers appeared again. And this time they played their trump card, for very seriously and very formally they said: "You have refused to visit our village; you have refused to inspect our school; but surely you cannot refuse to come and see our brand new W.C." and indeed my friends could not. They rode all the next day and arriving at the village at twilight they were greeted by the town officials and accompanied by most of the population they very solemnly inspected the handiwork of the local Maya "Specialist" and declared it good.

SUMMARY

We now have before us a fair example of the evidence in support of the charge implicit in the phrase cultural imperialism. I think I can restate and summarize the whole case

in a few ~~short~~ sentences:

Mexico stands in the presence of a profound and far-reaching change,- a change which a large part of the western world has already undergone. Eighty years ago the first 13 kilometers of railroad were opened to traffic in Mexico. Fifty years ago Porfirio Díaz had already launched his program of economic development, the first step in a process destined to undermine the old landed aristocracy and destroy the essentially feudal agricultural system which dominated the economic life of the country - thus sweeping away the last bulwark against the pressing forces of the outside world. The twenty years and more of political upheaval and social disorder which were ushered in by the Madero revolution served to retard but not to stop the inevitable onrush. Now at last the flood-gates are wide open and the tide begins to flow across the face of the land.

By reason of geographical contiguity and other factors this flood is coming from the north. Mexico is being Americanized, but this is only another way of saying that Mexico is being industrialized. Whatever the United States may mean in other contexts, the Americanization of Mexico, reduced to its simplest and most obvious terms means the mechanization of Mexico. In one sense the political entity known as the United States is a mere incident, or better said, an instrument in the process of inducting Mexico into the great society. Inevitably Mexico is being caught up and drawn into the system of industrial civilization and both the irresistible attractive force and the unopposable propulsive force is the

United States. Mexico is in the birth throes of the Industrial Revolution.

MEXICAN REACTION

Well, how does Mexico feel about all this? Is Mexico pleased with the prospect of Americanization? What are the Mexican reactions to the coming of the machine?

As might be expected, the reactions are manifold and they vary with persons and circumstances. It is possible, however, to identify two main types, one negative and the other positive:

FEAR

1. The first, and perhaps the most natural and spontaneous reaction to Americanization is fear. And here, again, I do not refer to the fear of the loss of territory to the United States or to the fear of the American domination of the political life of the country by virtue of the power of American investments. No one, I believe, who knows the sorry story of the march of American Empire in the Caribbean or who has followed the course of events in Mexico during the last twenty years can deny the reality of the danger which has given rise to this type of fear in Mexico. If I do not enter into the question of the American threat to Mexican political sovereignty, it is not because I wish to deny the existence of such a threat. But simply because that is another story to be told, perhaps, on another day.

For the moment, I am concerned with another type of fear called forth by another kind of danger. I mean the fear of the machine, the machine way of life and the whole complex of industrial culture.

For the rank and file of Mexicans this fear is largely an incoherent blind reaction to something which is sensed as different and hence uncomfortable and perhaps dangerous. For the Mexican intellectual, it is a fear which springs from his love of all those pleasant customs, those habits and traditions which together make up the cultural milieu which he knows as Mexico and which he sees on every side changing and giving way before the ceaseless pressure of an alien culture. The Mexican intellectual, like his brothers the world over, has read the books of Belloc, Chesterton, Siegfried, Spengler, Santayana, Wells, Keyserling and all the other prophets of doom and the picture of the machine and machine culture which he finds in their pages only serves to increase his nostalgia for his own fast disappearing familiar world, and to confirm his worst fears of what the future holds.

The Mexican sees his family life changing under the impact of American movies and American jazz; he sees his ethical and moral values being altered by the religion of science and the theology of pragmatism; he sees the Mexican love of leisure - the spirit of mañana - being buried under an avalanche of American steel filing cabinets, adding machines and card catalogues and himself jammed in between the hours of an American time clock; he sees Mexico's oil, minerals and other natural resources laid waste and exhausted to feed the insatiable maw of the American machine; he sees the incomparable beauty of the Mexican countryside already beginning to be blighted with American billboards; and cluttered with the Mexican interpretation of Dew-Drop Inns, hot dog stands and those unspeakable

monstrosities - gasoline stations which are Mexican imitations of American imitations of Mexican imitations of Spanish architecture; he sees his country standardized, quantified, mechanized, classified, regimented, Taylorized and Fordized. In short, he sees or thinks he sees his country Americanized. And he is afraid.

NATIONALISM

2. But the negative attitude of fear is not the only reaction on the part of the Mexican to the process of Americanization. As I have already stated, there is also a very strong and clearly defined positive reaction, perhaps best described by the term nationalism. The marked resurgence of nationalistic sentiment in Mexico during the last decade, although, to be sure, not entirely due to the pressure of the United States, undoubtedly in large part has been called forth and sustained by the menace of Americanization.

The new Mexican nationalism in its Anti-American phases has manifested itself in many ways -- some serious and important, others childish and ephemeral. The newspapers have been loud in their protests against the invasion of Mexico of American jazz, quick lunches, flappers, "happy-ends", chewing gum, psychological tests, foot ball, college sweaters, balloon pants and the American (XIX) custom of young men appearing on the streets without their hats. A former sub-Secretary of Education waged a campaign to put the ancient Aztec God Quetzalcoatl in the place of the German-American Santa Claus as the principal secular symbolic figure and focal point of Christmas celebrations. The advent of the American talkies called

down a storm of protest and bitter denunciation of this "new instrument of imperialism" threatening the "denationalization of our people and the corruption of our language and our youth." In the good old American fashion Mexicans have tried to combat the competition of United States products by ballyhoo and beating on the bass drums of nationalistic pride. There have been "National Prosperity Weeks", "Consume What You Produce" weeks, and "Save the Nation by Using Only Mexican Products" weeks -- with the usual accompaniment of parades, brass bands, speeches and fireworks.

Students have fanned the flames of national consciousness by solemnly declaring that Mexico must be:

"freed from the ridiculous and eccentric customs transplanted from the United States. We want a Mexico with a Mexican soul! A Mexico which is not ashamed of its brown face and of its homespun clothes. We reject all that is foreign and we embrace with love all that is ours. We defend our nationality and the religion of nationalism.. ... We must struggle against imperialism of every sort - whether it come masked in moving pictures, the English language, jazz bands or in good-will! Mexico - only Mexico with her myths, her legends, and her fiestas. Mexico with her folk songs ... her Indian bands, her pottery of Tonalá, and Tlaquepaque, Uruapan and Quiroga, with her textiles of Oaxaca, Saltillo and Santa María del Río..... When Mexico is really Mexico, we will have nothing to fear. Then we will not admit the vile imitations of Texas and Arizona.

Then we will realize that civilization does not mean Americanization, but nationalization."

These sporadic manifestations and rather sentimental gestures, however, are but the surface expression of a deeper and more significant protest which has been gathering headway in Mexico against foreign and especially American influence ever since the revolution of 1910. The Constitution of 1917 and the subsequent oil, labor, mining and agrarian legislation are but a few of the more formal demonstrations of a determination on the part of the Mexicans to protect their country against unplanned and uncontrolled industrialization.

PLANNING

But the story does not end here. The more serious and thoughtful of Mexico's leaders in the face of the challenge of the machine are beginning to be aware of the necessity for something more than either political protest or the protection of laws and constitutions. Mexico must take the bit in her mouth and guide her own destinies. The only real alternative to drift is mastery. Would Mexico avoid factory spawned slums, the devastation of her natural resources, the enslavement of her workers? Then let Mexico take thought before these things are thrust upon her. Would Mexico conserve the good in her own culture and stem the inflowing tide of the false and meretricious elements of alien and exotic ways of life? Then let Mexico tear down the high walls of ignorance and nescience and open wide the way for free expression and the development of national consciousness. Would Mexico be politically effective? Then let Mexico become economically efficient. Would

Mexico save her soul? Then let Mexico fight fire with fire and build strong the bulwarks of nationhood.

These are the questions which the more far-sighted of Mexico's leaders are asking and these are the answers they are making. Not all Mexicans are wasting time in futile and bitter tirades such as the one I quoted at the beginning of this lecture. Not all Mexicans are given to sentimental vapors and wailing over the passing of the good old days and the loss of the dear familiar ways. There are some Mexicans who are content to leave this sort of thing to ex-patriots living in New York and Paris or to the small army of American journalists who rush around Mexico and then rush home again to write books filled with nostalgia for the rose gardens of Motezuma and advice to the Mexicans to sprinkle carpet tacks on their new national highways.

Not all Mexicans are trying to hide their heads in the sand in order to shut away from their sight the spectacle of modern industrialization or sticking out their tongues at Mr. Ford or punishing their children by telling them on rainy nights that the machine will get them if they don't watch out.

There are some Mexicans who are stubborn enough to think that there may be things more important than preserving their country in quaint and picturesque poverty for the entertainment of tourists. There are some Mexicans, and I could call their names for you, who are hard-boiled and realistically minded. There are a few economists, a few engineers and a few political leaders who realize that it is both foolish and useless to talk about keeping the machine out of Mexico. They know

that Mexico has things that the world needs and wants and they know that other countries have things that Mexico wants and needs. They realize that Mexico inevitably and irresistibly is being drawn into the great society.

But does this frighten them, or does it make them withdraw into ivory towers to spend their days writing poetry about the pottery of Oaxaca or the sarapes of Saltillo? No! These folks are busy doing some good old fashioned thinking and as a result of this thinking they see that it is possible to distinguish between means and ends, between industrialism and capitalism, between a technique and a way of life which may or may not be a necessary concomitant of that technique.

The question of whether Mexico will or will not have the machine is no longer a debatable one: Mexicans who know their country, who know the economic inefficiency and backwardness of Mexican agriculture, the technological incompetence of Mexican industry, the ineffective and wasteful exploitation of Mexican resources, the miserably low standard of living, the high death-rate and the long hours of back-breaking toil to which the majority of the Mexican people are condemned by ignorance and antiquated and inadequate methods of production are fully aware of the urgent necessity of the machine and the pressing need of modern science.

But they are determined that the machine must come to them on their own terms. They are determined to bend the machine to their own purposes. There are, in short, some Mexicans who are moved and sustained by the faith that, in the words of the President of Mexico's National Railways, it is possible

to look to the future, to take thought, to know Mexico's problems and to define its goal -- in a word, to plan and control the destinies of the Mexican people.

There is a Mexican legend which relates how once in ancient days there appeared in the land of the Toltecs a strange and beautiful man, "white of skin, tall of stature, broad of forehead and with long, flowing hair and luxurious beard", who went among the people teaching them to work in silver and precious stones, to build houses, and to till the soil " so that maize grew like trees, and cotton sprang forth in all colors of the rainbow". "And during his time, prosperity covered the land and it was the age of abundance."

After a while this fair and lovely person went away, but before going, he promised that some day he would return. And to this day Mexicans await the return of Quetzalcoatl, God of the Plumed Serpent and Giver of Industrial Arts.

There are some who see in the machine only a menace of death and in industrialization only a threat of devastation and destruction. And it may be that this is Mexico's ordained fate. But I prefer to take a different view and accept a different interpretation. In the hour of Mexico's need, it may be that once again the God of the Plumed Serpent will revisit the land and once more walk among the people teaching them. Mexico has long waited the second coming of Quetzalcoatl, the Giver of Industrial Arts, and it may be that he has returned unannounced and unheralded. Gods are strange beings and they come in many

guises -- their gifts are for those brave enough and strong enough to lift up their eyes and recognize them for what they are.