

THE MEXICAN PROBLEM

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The Mexican problem by Clarence W. Barron

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CLARENCE W. BARRON

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PROBLEM**

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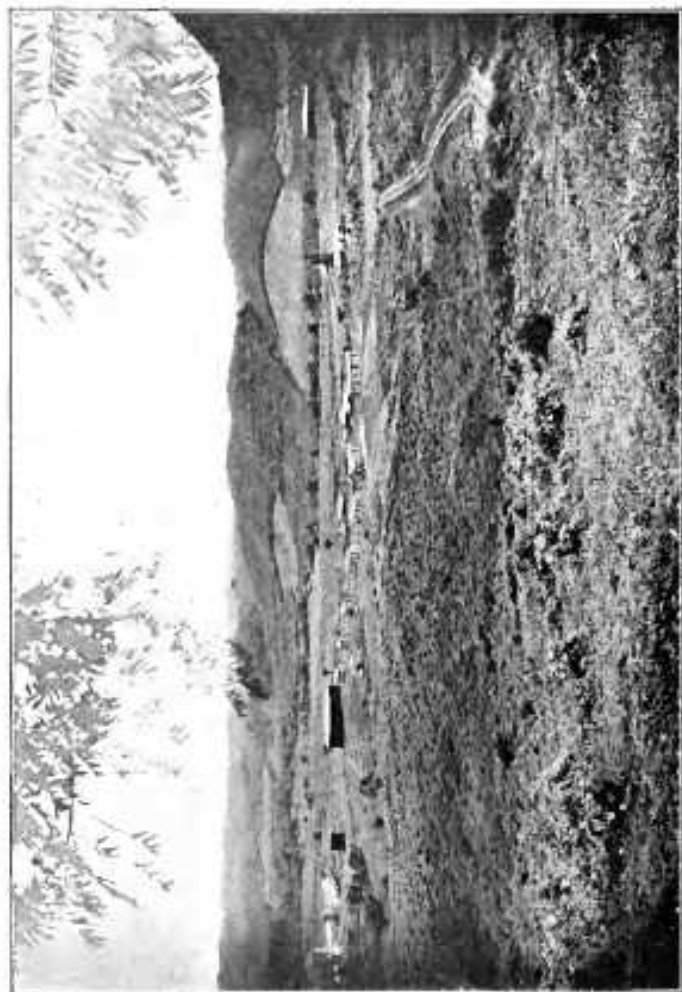
THE MEXICAN PROBLEM

THE AUDACIOUS WAR

TWENTY-EIGHT ESSAYS ON THE FEDERAL
RESERVE ACT

THE MEXICAN PROBLEM





A. PETROLEUM CAMP IN MEXICO

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“Á AMERICA LOCA”

BY SANTOS CHOCANO

*Peruvian, and Colonel in the Constitutionalist Army in Mexico
(Late 1913)*

Peoples tumultuous. Feverish countrysides.
Latin America, sunstruck and mad.

(Prehistoric)

Empires decked in the pomp of the warrior, blinded with
luxury, deafened by sound,
Stolid priests backing out entrails and viscera — wild
sacrifices to Gods of the mound.
Martinet masters who drag out the hours in low sensuali-
ties foreign to Love,
Fatuous peoples all, like to their posts: heartless, whom
only their fancies can move.

(1520)

Then arrives Spain with her cross and her sorrows, after
her centuries seven of strife.
Phantomlike multitudes (fair gods on horses) lay waste
the Andes and strip them of life.
Pizarro and Almagro cross their keen rapiers in fratricide
strife that runs on till to-day —
Hernan Cortéz in the arms of Marina, mingles two bloods
that are marked for decay.
Offspring, a Gryphon; futile, insane —
Eagle of feather, and lion of mane.
Moorish depression comes out of the desert, clinging all
time to the strange Spanish horse.
Wailing, its sadness finds echo in Andes, mountains now
silent and dumb with remorse.

Back of the priest and his furious ritual, Inquisitorial phan-
toms arise.
Then, amid suffering, hunger and misery, flourishes Caste,
built on terror and lies.

(1580)

Fray de las Casas by mad liberation loads on America
burdens more great;
Blood of the African now is commingled with that of the
Gryphon, the curse of the State.
This new decadence gives flowers anæmic, rich in their
color, but odorless, stale;
Women inspiring but sensual agonies; bards who in all
but their fantasies fail.

(1520-1810)

Cycles of history reading like fairy tales; viceregal bril-
liance of color and tone.
O the adventures of silvery eventides! Silken rope-ladder
and Moorish *balcon* —
Falsest of vows given — furtivest coquetry — heads nod-
ding "Yes" to the tryst of the slayer —
Swords sacrilegiously hiss from their sheathes in the very
Cathedral and break off the prayer.
All the vile elegance, then of Don Juan —
Piety, decency, sanity, gone.

(1810)

Prophets, self-styled, raise the grito of Liberty. Over one
century, lost are their cries.

(1913)

Comes, now, this meaningless, bloodletting orgy, from
which our Lord God turns his pitying eyes.
Peoples tumultuous. Lands of hot fever.
Latin America, sunstruck and mad.