

"WHAT UNDER THE SUN?" IS A PRIVATE VIEW OF MEXICO AND IT'S HISTORY UP TO THE PRESENT, LOOSELY BASED ON BERNAL DIAZ'S ACCOUNT OF CORTEZ'S CONQUEST OF THE AZTECS. OTHER INFLUENCES INCLUDE THE WRITINGS OF D.H. LAWRENCE, ALDOUS HUXLEY, GRAHAM GREEN, MALCOLM LOWRY, AGUSTIN YANEZ, OCTAVIO PAZ, AND OTHERS. THE WORK WAS INITIATED BY A DESIRE TO APPLY "ELECTRONIC STREAM-OF-CONSCIOUSNESS TECHNIQUES" AS UTILIZED IN PREVIOUS WORKS, TO A SPECIFIC TOPIC- IN THIS CASE MEXICO.

THE WORKING OUTLINE FOR A ONE HOUR 3/4 INCH VIDEOTAPE IS AS FOLLOWS:

1. PREPARATIONS- THE OUTSIDER-TOURIST VIEWPOINT, LOOKING IN ACROSS THE BORDER.
2. (a) HALLUCINATIONS- CONTACT WITH THE HARSH HOSTILE FORCES OF NATURE  
(b) HALLS OF MONTEZUMA (SONG)- THE CONQUEST OF PRIMITIVE POWERS
3. (a) MACHINATIONS- THE COLONIAL PERIOD. CIVILIZATION WORKING IT'S FORCES AGAINST MEN.  
(b) THE DAY OF THE DEAD (SONG)- A MEXICAN HOLIDAY AND PREOCCUPATION.
4. (a) PENETRATIONS- THE SUBJECT IS MALINCHE, MEXICAN WOMEN, AND ALL WOMEN.  
(b) COLD-HEARTED SENORITA (SONG)- A MACHO MALE'S SONG OF REJECTION BY A HEARTLESS WOMAN.
5. (a) VIOLATIONS- A LAMENTATION AND DESCRIPTION OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION, UTILIZING THE PRINTS OF POSADA.  
(b) JESUS-CHRIST MOSQUITO (SONG)- CANTINA-STYLE CATERHAULING
6. (a) SALIVATIONS- A VIEW OF MODERN MEXICO  
(b) NEXT TO NADA (SONG)- A BITTERSWEET EPILOGUE

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S T U D I O

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THE FOLLOWING IS THE SCRIPT FOR THE VIDEOTAPE "WHAT UNDER THE SUN?", A PRIVATE VIEW OF MEXICO AND IT'S HISTORY UP TO THE PRESENT.

ITEM: THE SPANISH ARMADA (WHICH WAS COMMANDED BY AN ORANGE GROWER FROM SEVILLE WITH NO PRIOR NAVAL EXPERIENCE), WAS SUNK, AND A POTATO WASHED ASHORE ON THE ENGLISH COAST. REALIZING THE POTENTIAL OF THIS "SPUD IN THE SUDS" FOR FEEDING THE POOR, THE BRITISH CARRIED THIS TUBER TO IRELAND WHERE IT TOOK ROOT.

### 1. PREPARATIONS

- I YAM, I YAM CRIES THE DIVINE POTATO IN THE NEW WORLD. I HAVE THE FEELING WE'RE NOT IN LINDISFARNE ANYMORE.
- DRIFTING LIKE WRAITHS, GHOSTS IN A CLOUD OF DUST... INTO THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH... WE WERE IN A TIAJUANA MOOD... I WILL FEAR NO EVIL
- LEAVING GRINGOLANDIA... TO DISCOVER WHERE WE WENT ASTRAY... WE STARED INTO A SILENCE FILLED WITH VOICES... INTO A WILDERNESS OF MIRRORS... AND TURNED EVERYONE TO HIS OWN WAY...
- THY ROD AND THY STAFF ARE NO COMFORT... IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW... ALL WE LIKE SHEEP HAVE GONE ASTRAY...
- TRAVELLING WITHOUT MAPS... SPEAKING IN TONGUES... SPEAKING IN TONGUES SO NO-ONE WOULD UNDERSTAND... CROSSING A ZIRCON WITH A RUBY WE GOT A RUBICON... WHICH WE CROSSED...
- A HANDFUL AGAINST THAT MIGHTY NATION... TRINI LOPEZ, QUINN THE ESKIMO, SENOR WENCHAS, AND THE MAN IN THE BLACK BOX...
- TELL THE TALL DARK STRANGER TO COME DOWN FROM HIS CROSS, SO THAT WE MIGHT WASH HIS FEET... YOU SEE WE WERE DROWNING IN OUR RIO GRANDE...
- TO DISCOVER KING SOLOMON'S MINES OR THE HEART OF DARKNESS, YOU KNOW YOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN...
- WE KISSED AND KILLED THE BURROS, LEFT THEM IN THE DUST, YOU KNOW THE EYE CANNOT BE BELIEVED... IN A CACTUS HELL, PIRATES KIDNAPPED THE PRINCESS CHINA POBLANA, IN A GOWN OF RED AND GREEN...
- WE SAW AN AUSTRIAN KING FLY BY IN BROAD DAYLIGHT... WE SAW HANDS STRETCHED TOWARDS THAT VAST AND EMPTY SKY...
- AND THREE CHINAMEN SITTING, ON A MOUNTAIN OF LAPIS LAZULI... AND WE SAW STORMS OF ARROWS IN THE SKY...
- YOU KNOW WE MENTIONED YOUR NAME TO EVERYONE, BUT NO-ONE ANSWERED... WORDS MEAN DIFFERENT THINGS IN DIFFERENT PLACES AND TIMES...
- EATING CORNFLAKES WE SEARCHED FOR CEREAL IMMORTALITY... YOU'RE DRIFTING LAWRENCE, YOU'RE DRIFTING
- AND WE GAZED IN AWE AT AN ADOBE WALL, PAINTED BY SOMEONE'S NEPHEW...
- DEPICTING FEDERALES STANDING GUARD ON REVOLUTIONARIES DRESSED AS AVOCADOES... IN AN ORCHARD OF BLAZING OBSESSIONS...
- AND YOU CAN GO TELL MONTEZUMA WE'VE GOT AN ACHING IN OUR HEART WHICH ONLY ONE THING WILL SATISFY... AND THAT'S GOLD MY BEAUTIFUL DOOMED CHILDREN... TEAT'S GOLD...
- AND WE TIED A CABLE TO A ROCK AND CHARTED A COLLISION COURSE THRU OUR SAHARA...
- AS THE RUSSIAN NOVELISTS USED TO SAY... MAKE IT STRANGE... MAKE IT STRANGE...

ITEM: BASED ON RECENT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES, SOME HISTORIANS BELIEVE THAT THE WHITE GOD QUETZACOATL WAS ACTUALLY ST. BRENDAN, AN IRISH MISSIONARY, WHO JOURNEYED TO THE NEW WORLD FIVE CENTURIES BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF COLUMBUS.

## 2. HALLUCINATIONS

- SONS OF THE ANTI-CHRIST... FEEL YOUR NORDIC PERSONALITY MELT AND EXPAND... CONQUESTS, UPRISINGS... AT THE ROOT OF IT ALL IS THE DESIRE TO GET LAID
- AND IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE HERD... AND THEY SAY THE ANIMALS COULD TALK, AND THEY SAID: "BADGES, WE AIN'T GOT NO STINKIN' BADGES"... THE TONGUE OF A SILVER SNAKE COULD NOT MAKE THE TRUTH MORE PALATABLE THAN THIS... HERE ARE MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS... HERE ARE FREUDIAN SCENES FROM REPRIED BEANS... HERE, THE FINGERS OF STONE GODS SEEK SOFT THROATS TO STRANGLE...
- A BAND OF LOCO ILLUMINOSO... OUR PURPOSE ON EARTH IS TO SEND RAVING THE RACE OF MAN... WE PUSH WESTWARD IN SORROW AND IN HOPE... PAST THE MUSTANG GROTTA, PAST A BAR CALLED HORSE'S SOMETHING OR OTHER... WITH THE SOUL OF MAGPIES, WE ARE TROUBLED BY THOUGHTS OF LIFE AND DEATH... LIKE A JUGGLER WITH HIS BLACK AND WHITE BALL...
- THRILL SEEKERS IN TOURIST PERSONA, WITH THE FEVER DREAM OF A SEMIOLOGIST, WE STUMBLE AROUND IN A DUSKY, CHOKING, FLOWERING GARDEN DOWN IN HADES... WE MAY LOOK LIKE ITINERANT PROPELLER SALESMEN, WE MAY BE EXPONENTS OF CATATONIC EXPRESSIONISM, BUT LOOK OUT... OUR HEARTS ARE PLATED WITH CHROME... WE TOO WILL BUILD OUR PYRAMIDS OF IMAGES AND SKULLS, BUT OUR ORDERS COME FROM ROME...
- KNOCK AND IT SHALL BE OPENED, SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND, ASK AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN... BUT NOT HERE... IN THIS LAND OF PICTO-BABBLE AND THE MADMAN'S KALEIDOSCOPE, THE PEOPLE SMILE WITH THEIR LIPS, BUT NOT WITH THEIR REPTILIAN GLITTERING EYES...
- SOMETIMES WE KNOW WE ARE GOING CRAZY... INSTEAD OF WATER WE DRINK ALCOHOL... THE MIND BLINDS ITSELF THINKING ABOUT DRINKING ABOUT THINKING ABOUT DRINKING ABOUT THINKING... GANGS OF WILD CHIHUAHUAS TEAR AT OUR ANKLES, JAWS AT OUR ACHILLES HEEL... WE WILL NOT PASS THIS WAY A GAIN... THE TRAGEDY OF IT IS OVERWHELMING... WE WILL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN...
- WITH EYES FILLED WITH TEARS FROM BURNING SAND, QUETZACOATL CAME IN FEATHERED CLOAK AND COWL, TO THIS TIME-RIDDEN ANGRY LAND, TO DANCE ON FIELDS OF FIRE... AND EVEN THOUGH HE WAS A GOD, HE DEPARTED FROM HERE EXHAUSTED AND DEFEATED... WITH BLISTERS ON HIS FEET AND A SUNBURN...
- NOBODY GOES TO TIBET ANYMORE, DON'T YOU REALIZE, NOBODY GOES THERE ANYMORE... ANGELS RUN UP MY PANTLEGS, THEIR WINGS GET CAUGHT IN THE FRUIT OF THE LOOM... AND HERE, DREAMERS WHO HAVE MASTERED DEATH, SINK DEEP WITHIN THE TWILIGHT OF THEIR NIGHTMARES, AND WALK TOWARD US DRESSED IN THE FEATHERS OF SCREAMING TROPICAL BIRDS IN AGONY...
- AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR A LITTLE THEORY... INSANITY IS THE MOST AUTHENTIC METAPHOR FOR PASSION... AND DREAMS AND DREAM-LIKE STATES MUST END IN VIOLENCE... WAKE UP, WAKE UP I SAY... BLOOD MUST BE SHED FOR OUR MUTUAL REDEMPTION... (BUT OF COURSE MORE OF YOUR'S THAN MINE)...
- IN MAN'S TRIUMPH OVER TIME AND MATTER, AND THE TRIUMPH OF TIME AND MATTER OVER MAN, THE CALL OF THE WILD TOUCHES ME INSIDE... AND THE LORD ANSWERED AND SAID... BEWARE... TAKE THIS FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH... STEP LIGHTLY ON THE EARTH... YOU ARE WALKING... ON THE DUST... OF AN EMPIRE...

2. HALLUCINATIONS (CONTINUED)HALLS OF MONTEZUMA (SONG)

INSIDE THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA, THE WOMEN'S TEARS FALL DOWN LIKE RAIN  
UPON THE WALLS OF MONTEZUMA, THE SUN WILL NEVER SHINE AGAIN  
INSIDE THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA, THE TIME HAS COME, THE HOUR OF SHAME  
UPON THE WALLS OF MONTEZUMA, CARRION PLAY THEIR WAITING GAME

INSIDE THE WALLS OF MONTEZUMA, WHITE GODS ARE WALKING DOWN THE LANE  
UPON THE WALLS OF MONTEZUMA, A LIZARD CRAWLS INSIDE A FRAME  
INSIDE THE WALLS OF MONTEZUMA, WATCHING GOLD RUN DOWN THE DRAIN  
UPON THE WALLS OF MONTEZUMA, BLOOD IS DRIPPING FROM A VEIN

## INSTRUMENTAL BREAK

INSIDE THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA, NEW MASTERS NOW CONTROL THE GAME  
UPON THE WALLS OF MONTEZUMA, VOICES CALL OUT SOMEONE'S NAME  
INSIDE THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA, A FEW FOOLS PULL AGAINST THE CHAIN  
UPON THE WALLS OF MONTEZUMA, HUMAN CHAFF IS CRUSHED LIKE GRAIN

INSIDE THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA, THE EVENING LIGHT BEGINS TO WANE  
UPON THE WALLS OF MONTEZUMA, THE RAIN IN SPAIN FALLS ON THE PLAIN

ITEM: MEXICAN MILITARY PRESS RELEASE- THE PRISONER DIED COMMITTING SUICIDE WHILE ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE.

### 3. MACHINATIONS

- WALKING THROUGH HELL IN A GASOLINE SUIT... EVERY EVENING LOOKS LIKE A VAST ASSASSINATION IN THE SKY... AND EVERY LAND AND PEOPLE GET THE HISTORY THEY DESERVE....
- IS THERE NO END TO THE AESTHETIC TRIALS?... ALMOST EVERY DESIRE A MAN HAS IS A PUNISHABLE OFFENCE... THORNS IN THE HARACHIS AND THE COLD BLUE BLADE AT THE NAPE OF THE NECK...
- IF THEY ARE GOING TO KILL ME TOMMOROW, I'D MUCH RATHER THEY KILL ME TODAY... JUST TELL ME WHEN MY SKIN TURNS YELLOW AND WHEN MY FOGLIGHTS GO ON... SOMEONE ELSE SAW THE FIGURE FIVE IN GOLD, BUT I SAW A HORSE BRANDED WITH THE NUMBER SEVEN...
- IN THIS COUNTRY, BEDSIDE MANNERS ARE EXTRA... AND CORTEZ THOUGHT HE WAS MAD, ONLY WHEN IT WAS WRITTEN IN A BOOK... DYING, BITTEN BY COYOTES IN THE DESERT... AT LAST, CALLING FOR HIS GUITAR... STRUMMING TO THE END... YOU HAVE TO SAY, HE HAD A LOT OF SNOUT...
- LANDS AND PEOPLE GET THE HISTORY THEY DESERVE... THE LAST TWIST OF THE KNIFE... THE VIRGIN FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOBODY WITH... WILD COOKING WITH CHOCOLATE AND PARROT FEATHERS ... CRAWLING UP THE AISLES IN CATHEDRALES OF GOLD... THE HILL OF THE BELLS... SISTER JUANA INEZ DE LA CRUZ... THE UNBANDAGING OF GREAT GIANTS... THE SILVER SECRET MINES... THE HILLS STANDING ROUND, INHUMAN... AFRAID THE MOON'S STONY COLD LIGHT WILL FALL ON THEM...
- AND THE SIGNS SAY: NO ENTRY TO PEOPLE IN AN INCONVENIENT STATE... IN VINO VERITAS... MI VIDA LOCO... QUO VADIS... WHITHER GOEST THOU?... CAW, CAW, CAW, MY EYES WERE BURIED UNDERGROUND... THE COFFIN, THE LAST LITTLE ROOM... OUR FINAL DWELLING PLACE...
- I COULD NOT FORSEE THE HORRIBLE BAD BREATH... WERE YOU PREPARED?... NOT MERELY THE WHITISH SKULL IN THE SIX FOOT HOLE... NOR THE TWO WORMS MAKING LOVE IN DEAD ERNEST... BUT ALSO THE STAINS... THE RIEBONS... THE PRESSED FLOWERS...
- JACK KEROUAC GOT UP AND DRESSED UP AND WENT OUT AND HAD A SHAVE THEN HE DIED AND GOT BURIED IN A COFFIN IN A GRAVE...

3. MACHINATIONS (CONTINUED)

THE DAY OF THE DEAD (SONG)

ON THE DAY OF THE DEAD, EATING SKULLS OF CANDY  
OUR MACHETES HANDY, HEARTS WERE FILLED WITH DREAD

ON THE DAY OF THE DEAD, A PARTY DOWN AT THE CEMETERY  
LEAVING FROM THE MORTUARY, I WISH I WAS HOME IN BED

ON THE DAY OF THE DEAD, THE FAMILY SITS TO DINE  
SHIVERS UP AND DOWN THE SPINE, AS WE EAT OUR DAILY BREAD

ON THE DAY OF THE DEAD, CANDLE VIGIL THRU THE NIGHT  
TURNING FACES GHOSTLY WHITE, POUNDING IN OUR HEAD

INSTRUMENTAL BREAK

ON THE DAY OF THE DEAD, LOVED ONES SIX FEET UNDER GROUND  
LISTEN TO THEIR GROANING SOUNDS, FROM THEIR COFFINS MADE OF LEAD

ON THE DAY OF THE DEAD, OBITUARIES LISTED OUR NAME  
BORDERED BY A SIMPLE BLACK FRAME, THE FUTURE'S BRIGHT THE PAPER SAID

ON THE DAY OF THE DEAD, CROSSES CARVED OF WOOD AND STONE  
HEAR THE SOUND OF RATTLING BONES, ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD

ON THE DAY OF THE DEAD, EATING SKULLS OF CANDY  
OUR MACHETES HANDY, HEARTS WERE WILLED WITH DREAD

ITEM: MALINCHE, CORTEZ'S INDIAN MISTRESS, IS REGARDED AS THE FEMALE JUDAS AND THE INDIAN EVE, FOR ASSISTING THE SERPENT SPANISH IN BRINGING ABOUT THE DOWNFALL AND IGNOBLE SLAVERY OF THE INDIAN PEOPLE.

#### 4. PENETRATIONS

- HERE'S A GREAT OPENING LINE... "AREN'T YOU THE DAUGHTER OF CIRCUS PEOPLE?"... OR HOW ABOUT "THERE IS HOT BREATH COMING FROM THAT MOUNTAIN WHICH IS SHAPED LIKE A SLEEPING WOMAN?"... A TERRIBLE BEAUTY IS BEING BORN WHO WILL CAUSE EXOTIC SUICIDES WITH PULLEYS, AND WITH ROPES IMPREGNATED WITH GLASS... WITH THE FEMALE NATURE EVER BE COMPREHENDED?...
- THE INDIAN PRINCESS TEQUILLA SUNRISE... WAS IT FOR LOVE HER SONG WAS SUNG?... BURIED IN HER COFFIN OF OBSIDIAN... EXPOSED THROUGH ALL THOSE ANCIENT DAYS, TO CHROMASOME-ALTERING VIOLET RAYS... AND AFTER HER, MALINCHE... SELLING OUT HER RACE AND GENE-POOL FOR 30 SCREWS... SHE PLAYED NEW TUNES ON AN OLD VIOLIN... NOT THE RIGHT FINGERING OF COURSE, BUT CLOSE ENOUGH FOR A BUNCH OF SPANISH CUT-THROATS FROM SEVILLE OR SOME SIMILAR SOMEWHERE...
- LIKE OTHER GREAT CORTESANS BEFORE HER, SHE HAD A WILLINGNESS TO EXPERIMENT, LOVED TO TRAVEL, HATED MEN AND OTHER WOMEN, AND HAD AN INSATIABLE APPETITE... IN FACT, SHE SIMPLY SEDUCED A NATION... WALKING ALL NIGHT TO VERACRUZ, THE BLOOD STREAMING DOWN HER LEGS SHE SCREAMED "I'LL MAKE THEM PAY... I'LL MAKE EVERYONE PAY"...
- AFTER THAT, SHE LIVED IN A LUXURIOUS BLACK SHACK... WITH TIN CHANDELIERS... DRIPPING CUT-GLASS TEARS... AND VEGETABLE WALLS... AND FIGHTING COCKS IN THE HALL... THERE WAS NO PLACE QUITE LIKE IT... THE SPIKY PLANTS AT THE PERIMETER WERE HER BEST DEFENSE AGAINST UNWANTED INTRUDERS WHISPERING TABOO TOPICS...
- THE ONLY FLAW IN HER PERFECTION... THE MOLE ON HER COMPLEXION... SHE COMBED HER HAIR IN THE REFLEXION... IN THE WINDOW OF THE HOUSE OF TILES... AND SHE SAID: "YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO SNEAK AROUND FOR PESOS FOR ONE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS WITH A BUNCH OF EUROPEANS... AND NOT PICK UP A FEW NASTY HABITS AND SOCIAL DISEASES BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD NOW CAN YOU?"... I MUST ADMIT, SHE HAD ME THERE...
- CUNNING, COQUETTISH, AND CONNIVING, SHE MADE HERSELF INTO A CYMBAL SO SHE COULD JOIN A TRAVELLING BAND... IF THERE IS ONE AMONG YOU WHO DISPUTES THESE FACTS, I URGE YOU TO CONSULT THE MARGINS OF THE AZTEC CODICES... FOR THOSE WHO TAKE THE TIME TO LOOK, THE TRUTH IS PLAIN TO SEE...
- AND TODAY, SHE IS A VENUS WITH A FAT CIGAR FROM CUBA... LISTENING TO HER LOVERS FROM NORTH AND SOUTH... SHE KEEPS CHANGING HER MAKE-UP, YET SHE MOVES LIKE A GODDESS... WATCH HER ON SUNDAY AFTERNOONS AT THE BULL RING IN GUADALAHARA AND YOU WILL KNOW WHAT I MEAN...
- DRIVING DOWN PASEO DE REFORMA IN HER '52 PONTIAC (A DISTANT RELATIVE), A SET OF JUMPER CABLES HANGING OUT OF THE TRUNK, THE WINDSHIELD OBSCURED BY DECALS AND DINGLE BALLS, A WIRE COATHANGER ATTACHED TO THE ANTENNAE, SHE PULLS IN EVERY MARIACHI AND NORTENO STATION FOR MILES AROUND... OOH, OOH, FATHER HIDALGO... OOH, OOH, FATHER HIDALGO... OOH, OOH, FATHER HIDALGO... OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH...
- SHE HAS TURNED OUR RELATIONSHIP INTO A TRAMPOLINE ACT... HER MOTHER SAYS, THAT AS A CHILD SHE WAS IMPOSSIBLE... FOR CHRISTMAS SHE WANTED A MOSQUITO, AND AS A YOUNG LADY SHE LOOKED UPON THE SON OF GOD AS JUST ANOTHER ELIGIBLE BACHELOR TO CONQUER...
- WATCHING HER OUTSIDE OF ROACH MOTEL, SHE TOSSED ROCKS AT THE VULTURES AND USED HER FLY SWATTER ON THE NATIONAL BIRD... I SAT, SULKING, LIGHTING MATCHES IN DARK CORNERS, THINKING ABOUT RUE SEBASTAPOL, THE ENGLISHER GARDEN, AND THE MORTE SABITE... THEN SHE EXTENDED HER ARMS LIKE ENCHILLADAS, OFFERED TO TRADE HER SERAPE FOR MY SOMBRERO... AND PROCEEDED TO DRAW A PICTURE OF A GRASSHOPPER FOR HER AUNT...



4. PENETRATIONS (CONTINUED)

- IF OUR MINDS WERE NOT SO ADDLED... BY THE HOT SUN AND THE TECANTE... WHICH MAKES THE LANDSCAPE SHIMMER... AND THE ROAD SEEMS FOUR FEET HIGH... WE WOULD REALIZE IMMEDIATELY ... THAT THIS IS HIGHER MATHEMATICS... THE KIMONOS IN DISARRAY... THE SENSUOUS BINARY NUMBERS... THE SAMURAI SWORDS LYING AKIMBO... THE TWO MICE FORNICATING BY THE AUTOMATIC TORTILLA MAKER... THE VELVET PAINTINGS... THE STREAKED MASCARA... THE POINSETTA IN THE JETBLACK HAIR... THE CREAMY THIGHS... THE STAMPING FEET OF THE DANCERS ... THE CLICKING OF THE CASTENETS... THE GIGGLING OF THE VOYEURS... THE SHADOW OF THE WOODCHUCK ON THE SNOW IN THE BACK YARD... THE BLACK SATIN UNDERWEAR... THE FROSTBACKS SNEAKING ACROSS THE CANADIAN BORDER IN THE DEAD OF WINTER... NO ONE, I SAY, NO ONE... FROM THE COW-SHEDS OF CAMBRIDGE TO THE ROOT-CELLARS OF RAPALLO, WOULD EVER DARE TO COMPOSE LINES SUCH AS THESE...

COLD-HEARTED SENORITA (SONG)

SENORITA, I WAS JUST A YOUNG BOY, WHEN BY CHANCE YOU SUNK YOUR CLAWS INTO ME  
 LIKE A VAMPIRE IN A HORROR MOVIE, YOU SUCKED AWAY MY CHILDLIKE INNOCENCE  
 THEN YOU TREATED ME LIKE ALL THE OTHER WOMEN, OF YOUR KIND TREAT YOUNG BOYS JUST LIKE ME  
 NOW IT'S TIME FOR ME TO COME AND TELL YOU, TO YOUR FACE, EXACTLY WHAT YOU ARE

CHOROUS

COLD-HEARTED SENORITA, YOU JUST WANT MY PINK CHIQUITA  
 YOU BITE HIM WITH YOU BIG CAJETA, COLD-HEARTED SENORITA

I WAS ABANDONED TO A FATE SO CRUEL, MY WHOLE LIFE BECAME AN AWFUL STRUGGLE  
 SUFFERING FROM THE HARSHNESS OF THE WORLD, I WAS BEATEN, WEAKENED, AND DEFEATED  
 BUT IN TIME YOU HEARD ABOUT MY DOWNFALL, HOW MY LIFE BECAME A LIVING HELL  
 OUR FRIENDS ADVISED, WHY DON'T YOU SHOW SOME PITY, BEING YOU, WHY ALL YOU DID WAS LAUGH

CHOROUS

COLD-HEARTED SENORITA, YOU JUST WANT LITTLE PEPITA  
 YOU BITE HIM WITH YOUR BIG MORDITA, COLD-HEARTED SENORITA

TIME PASSED BY US, MAYBE TEN YEARS LATER, I LIVED DEEP WITHIN A WORLD OF SHADOWS  
 YOU PASSED BY ME WITH ANOTHER WOMAN, SHE SAW ME, THESE WORDS I HEARD HER SAY  
 WHO'S THAT BOY? TELL ME, DO YOU KNOW HIM? AND YOU ANSWERED "HIM, HE'S JUST NOBODY"  
 ALL YOUR INSULTS AND HUMILIATIONS, ONLY PROVE EXACTLY WHAT YOU ARE

CHOROUS

COLD-HEARTED SENORITA, YOU WANT ME GROVELLING AT YOUR FEETA  
 YOU ALWAYS TAKE, GIVE NO RECEIPTA, COLD-HEARTED SENORITA

REPEAT FIRST VERSE AND CHOROUS

ITEM: THE DICTATOR PROFIRIO DIAZ OPENED THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF FATHER HIDALGO'S REVOLT AGAINST THE SPANISH, WITH THE DEDICATION OF A NEW MADHUS. THE REVOLUTION OF 1910 ERUPTED IMMEDIATELY, KILLING TWO MILLION PEOPLE

### 5. VIOLATIONS

- WE SING IN A LOW VOICE, BECAUSE WORDS OF REBELLION CANNOT BE HEARD WELL BETWEEN CLENCHED TEETH.... HERE MADERO WAS MURDERED... HERE STRIPPED... HERE FELL HIS SILVER SAXAPHONE AND THE MUMMIFIED FRENCH AMBASSADOR... HERE LITTLE BEAVER KICKED THE LEG OUT FROM UNDER THE MILLIONAIRE FROM VIENNA...
- HERE, THEY CANNOT STAND TO SEE MEN AND WOMEN'S CLOTHING BLOWING TOGETHER ON A CLOTHES-LINE... YET THEY QUICKLY BLAME THE DEFLOWERING OF CHILDREN ON VIOLENT EMOTIONS CAUSED BY NATIONAL CRISIS... LET ME TELL YOU HORATIO, THERE ARE MORE THINGS ON HEAVEN AND EARTH, THAN ARE DREAMED OF IN YOUR PHILOSOPHY...
- I SAW EISENSTEIN'S FILM JUST LIKE YOU DIDN'T... THE MONTAGE... THE COLLAGE... THE DECOLLETAGE IN THE GARAGE... THE MIRAGE... BUT WHO WILL CHRONICLE OUR CUSTOMS, OUR GRIEF, OUR CATASTROPHIES, OUR MIRACLES... WHO WILL X-RAY OUR SOCIETY?...
- OUR THOUGHTS ARE SPLASHED ON ADOBE WALLS IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT... OR SCRATCHED IN SECRET SCARS IN SACRED SECTIONS OF THE YUCCA PLANT... YOU WILL HAVE TO TEAR OUT OUR HEARTS TO READ OUR MINDS... THIS IS THE SECRET OF OUR FOREFATHERS...
- WE CAST OUR FATE TO THE WIND, AND OUR DESTINY IN LEAD... THE FIRING SQUAD AT DAWN HOLDS NO FEAR FOR US... BESIDES, PETUNIA HAS PROBABLY ALREADY MOVED IN WITH JUAN AND FORGOTTEN ME... AT LEAST THERE IS SHADE AND PEACE BELOW THE GROUND...
- NEVERTHELESS, SOMEONE COULD GET MURDERED FOR AN INCONSEQUENTIAL WORD OR GESTURE... AND THEY ARE... THE HOWLING OF DOGS... COCKS CROWING ALL NIGHT LONG... THE MOANING OF SORROW THAT NEVER SLEEPS... OFF IN THE DISTANCE, THE SOUND OF A THOUSAND CARPETS BEING BEATEN... I AM ON THE LEVEL...
- WALKING DOWN THE STREET OF THE FORTY THIEVES, I WROTE A SONNET ABOUT A DOG FIGHT I SAW, BUT IT WAS REJECTED BY THE MEXICO CITY NEWS FOR LACK OF BITE... DEATH TO BAD GOVERNMENTS... BURN DOWN THE HACIENDAS... IN TIMES LIKE THESE, THE MOVIE SALOON FIGHT IS THE ONLY ACCEPTABLE MODEL TO FOLLOW...
- KILL THEM ON THE SPOT... LET THEM HANG IN THE WIND AND TWIST SLOWLY... GIVE THEM BREAD OR THE STICK... THE BIG ENCHILADA... DEEP SIX THEM... A DOG WITH A BONE NEITHER BARKS NOR BITES... NO GENERAL CAN STAND THE CANNONADE OF 100,000 PESOS... THEY USED YAQUI INDIAN TECHNIQUES TO EXTRACT CONFESSIONS... STAKING MEN ON ANTHILLS TO BE EATEN ALIVE... OR THROWING MEN UNDER THE WHEELS OF TRAINS...
- AND IN THE LAUNDRY PASEO, FEMALE MATADORS PLANT BANDERILLAS WHILE RIDING ON BICYCLES... AND THE BULL CHARGES FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT... WITHOUT FEAR OR RESPECT FOR ROYALTY, THIS SKELETON WILL OBSERVE THEIR LAWS WITH LOYALTY...

5. VIOLATIONS (CONTINUED)JESUS CHRIST MOSQUITO (SONG)

1. I'VE HEARD SOME PEOPLE SAY THE FLY'S THE NATIONAL BIRD OF MEXICO  
THEY LIKE A NICE AND CLEAN VACATION DOWN IN SUNNY ACAPULCO  
SEE THEM BY THE HOTEL POOLS, SKIN WHITE AND GREASY LIKE A SLUG  
ALL THOSE GRINGOES LOOK QUITE GLUM CUZ THEY'VE GOT MONTEZUMA'S BUG
  
2. NOW ROSALITA SHAKES HER AMPLE CHARMS DOWN AT THE FALDEROL  
SHE KEEPS ON LOOKING BETTER WITH EACH GLASS YOU TAKE OF ALCOHOL  
HER ARMS, HER CHEST, THOSE SHAKIN' HIPS, THOSE LEGS THAT SHE KICKS HIGH AND WIDE  
WHEN ALL OF THE TEQUILLA'S GONE, WE START TO DRINK INSECTICIDE
  
3. NOW PANCHO VILLA WAS A MAN KNOWN FAR AND WIDE THROUGHOUT THE LAND  
HE MADE HIS REPUTATION KILLING FEDERALES WITH HIS OUTLAW BAND  
ONE DAY AT THE CANTINA, WHY HE LET OUT A MIGHT YELL  
CUZ HE GOT BITTEN ON THE LIP, BY THE LITTLE WORM IN HIS MESCAL
  
4. NOW JESUS CHRIST IS OUR REDEEMER, JESUS CHRIST HE IS OUR LORD  
WITH THE GUADALOUPE VIRGIN, ON THE DASHBOARD OF OUR FORD  
BUT 2000 YEARS AGO, WHY IT WAS TIME FOR HIM TO DIE  
HE GOT SKEWERED ON HIS CROSS EXACTLY LIKE A BUTTERFLY

CHOROUS

JESUS CHRIST IS A MOSQUITO, JESUS IS A SPIDER  
ANTENNAE WAVING IN THE AIR, HE KNOWS WHO IS A LIAR  
LONG LEGS TAKE HIM EVERYWHERE, HIS MILLION EYES CAN SEE THROUGH WALLS  
KING OF ALL THE INSECT WORLD, HIS VELVET WINDS ENFOLD US ALL

REPEAT

ITEM: MEXICO CITY IS THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD, WITH A POPULATION OF FOURTEEN MILLION. AT THE PRESENT BIRTH RATE, THE PROJECTED POPULATION FOR THE YEAR 2000 WILL BE FORTY MILLION PEOPLE.

## 6. SALIVATIONS

- DARK IS THE GRAVE WHEREIN MY FRIEND IS LAID... I CONSIDERED ALL THE OPPRESSIONS THAT ARE DONE UNDER THE SUN... AND SAW THE TEARS OF THE OPPRESSED... WHEREUPON I PRAISED THE DEAD MORE THAN THE LIVING... IT IS BETTER NOT TO BE BORN, THAN TO SEE THE EVIL WHICH IS DONE UNDER THE SUN...
- IN THIS SHATTERED WINDSHEILD WORLD, BOXCARS ARE TURNING OUT OF TOWN... AND ON AN AVENUE BEARING THE INITIALS OF CHRIST IN THE NEW WORLD, THE HANDS OF ORLAC PLAY UPON THE KEYS... AND PETER LORRE LOOKED ON AND GIGGLED...
- AND I SAW THE COLLISION OF TWO TAXI-CABS... AND OUT OF ONE JUMPED A TAXI-DERMIST LOOKING FOR A FIGHT... WHO ATTACKED AND MOUNTED THE OTHER... AND I SAW A BREATHER OF FIRE... HIS NOSTRIL HAIRS ABLAZE... LIGHTING UP THE MOTIONLESS VALLEY WITH MOTIONLESS LIGHT...
- I HAVE SEEN ALL THE WORKS THAT ARE DONE UNDER THE SUN... AND BEHOLD ALL IS VANITY AND VEXATION OF SPIRIT... OH CISCO, OH PANCHO... TO QUALIFY FOR SUCCESS RUB YOUR FACE IN THE DIRT... AND YOU TOO CAN HAVE A MULE WITH A SILVER SADDLE... AND IF NOT, WELL AT LEAST A JACKASS...
- THESE ARE OUR CHOICES... THE INSANITY OF CIVILIZATION... OR THE LUNACY OF THE PRIMITIVE ... AND CARLOS CASTENEDA COULD NEVER SEE THE FOREST FOR THE TREES... STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS CIRCLE IN THE SONORA DESERT...
- TONIGHT WE SLEEP IN SEPARATE DITCHES... TONIGHT THE ZONA ROSA IS CLUTTERED WITH AGING BABIES... TONIGHT THERE IS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT BELLINGHAUSEN'S... TONIGHT I'LL WALTZ ACROSS TEXAS WITH YOU... IF THE SEA WERE PAVEMENT FOR US, AS FOR OUR REDEEMER, THEN WE COULD BE TRULY LUMINOUS AS TROTSKY, BRETON, AND RIVERA...
- I SAW UNDER THE SUN THE PLACE OF JUDGEMENT THAT WICKEDNESS WAS THERE... AND THE PLACE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS THAT INIQUITY WAS THERE... UNDER PALM TREES SURROUNDED BY ROTTING CRATES OF CATHOLIC THEOLOGY, WE CURSED THE ANGLO-SAXONS FOR THEIR GODLESS MATERIALISM AND SUCCESSES...
- WEAVING OUR WAY AROUND THE STATUE OF CUATEMOC... IN THE WARP AND WOOF OF CARBON MONOXIDE AND SQUEALING RUBBER... THE RACE GETS FASTER AND FASTER... AND THE END GETS NEARER AND NEARER... EMILLIANO ZAPATA, WHOSE SHOES WE ARE UNWORTHY TO WALK IN... WHOSE HANDLEBAR MOUSTACHE WE ARE UNABLE TO GRASP... LEAD US ON... AS WE ROAR DOWN INSURGENTES TO OUR FIERY DESTINY...
- PLANTING CROSS AFTER CROSS AFTER CROSS, AFTER CROSS AFTER CROSS AFTER CROSS, AFTER CROSS AFTER CROSS AFTER CROSS, BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD...
- AND THEY TOOK ME TO THE DWELLING PLACE OF HIM WHO WAS OLD AND BLIND... AND HE SAID: "ATTACH HIM TO THE ELECTRIC TRAIN TRANSFORMER", AND I WAS TRANSFORMED... THEN HE PUT HIS KNARLED HAND ON MY CHEST AND SAID: "THE INDIANS ARE IN HERE... SMOKE RINGS ETERNAL WITHIN THE HUMAN BREST... AND AS CHARLES DARWIN SAID... A SMILE IS A MODIFIED SNARL"...
- PLANTING CROSS AFTER CROSS AFTER CROSS ETC., ETC.  
TONIGHT I'LL WALTZ ACROSS TEXAS WITH YOU, ETC., ETC.

## 6. SALIVATIONS (CONTINUED)

NEXT TO NADA (SONG)

DOWN AT MANANA HACIENDA, A SENORITA LOVES YOU FOR A FEE  
THERE A FALLEN PRIEST SERVES YOU A DOUBLE, HE'S LOST HIS FAITH IN TRINITIES  
THE PLACE STANDS RIGHT NEXT TO NADA, BUT MUCHACHOS, THAT'S ALRIGHT WITH ME

LAST NIGHT I HEARD NORTENO MUSIC, FROM THE CITY MADE OF CARDBOARD AND OF TIN  
HOT RODS RACING TO GOLGOTHA, IN A RACE THAT THEY CAN NEVER WIN  
HERE THERE'S LOCAL COLOR BY THE SHOVELFUL, BUT NOWHERE CAN YOU FIND RELIEF FROM SIN

YOU CAN KEEP YOUR DANCING DONKEYS, YOU CAN KEEP YOUR COWS UP IN THE TREES  
YOU CAN KEEP YOUR FEELTHY POSTCARDS, SOME THINGS IT'S BETTER NOT TO SEE  
THOSE BASTARDS AT THE MOUNTAIN WITHOUT PITY, HAVE ME CRAWLING DOWN UPON MY HANDS AND KNEES

## INSTRUMENTAL

HERE A FUNERAL FOR A GENERAL, HE LIVES, HIS LEG IS BURIED IN THE GROUND  
A STREAM OF WHORES FLOW THROUGH HIS CHAMBERS, BUT LOITERING IN THIS GARDEN'S NOT ALLOWED  
THE CHILD-BRIDE WAITS FOR THE PRESIDENT TO TOUCH HER, AND SEW HER IN HER SATIN SHROUD

GREEN VEINS FLOW THROUGHOUT THE TURQUOISE, BROWN DUST BLOWS THROUGHOUT THE LAND  
ORANGE GLOW THE BURNING EMBERS, WHICH FLAMES OF REVOLUTION FANNED  
RED BLOOD FLOWED THROUGH ALL THE MILLIONS, WHO BY THIS WALL WERE MADE TO STAND

## INSTRUMENTAL

VOICES FLOAT UPON THE WATER, CLOUDS DRIFT LOW UPON THE LAKE  
YOU HAD BETTER PASS NO FURTHER, THEY FIGHT WARS HERE OVER CAKE  
HERE, YOU TAKE WHAT YOU DESERVE, HERE, YOU DESERVE WHAT YOU CAN TAKE

DOWN AT MANANA HACIENDA, THERE LIFE IS CHEAP, BUT LIFE IS FREE  
IF YOUR STOMACH AND YOUR SOUL CAN PAY THE PRICE, THERE'S NO PLACE YOU'D RATHER BE  
YOU'LL FIND IT STANDING NEXT TO NADA, BUT MUCHACHOS, THAT'S ALRIGHT WITH ME