

Sample Written Work for Plot Mixtape

See the directions and tracks before looking at this.

concept: Crime and Punishment

total time: 63:11 (seventeen tracks)

decades represented: five (1960s, 1970s, 1980s, 1990s, 2010s)

continents: four (North and South America, Europe, Australia)

multi-genre: yes

deus ex machina: yes

non-English lyrics translated: yes

Track One

“Police on My Back” (from *Sandinista!* - 1980)

By the Clash (Europe)

Literary term: flashback

Connection to mixtape concept:

Though somewhat ill-defined in terms of detail, the flashback in the Clash’s cover of “Police on My Back” (originally recorded by the Equals in 1967) helps to establish the speaker’s attitude toward the law. The set-up is simple enough: there has been a murder, and the police are looking for the speaker (who is on the run). The flashback (“I been running Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday / Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, runnin”), however, reveals that far from an isolated incident, these sorts of issues with the law are a persistent problem. Though one is tempted to ask why the police seem so interested in the speaker (both now and then), the speaker deflects any sort of responsibility with the question, “What have I done?” This, coupled, with the speaker’s perception of the seven-days-a-week police harassment, help to characterize the speaker as someone unwilling to question his own behavior, instead blaming others (in this case, the law) for his problems. Whether this is, in fact, a reasonable stance is an open question.

Well I’m running police on my back
I’ve been hiding police on my back
There was a shooting police on my back
And the victim well he won’t come back

I been running Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, runnin’
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday

What have I done?

Yes, I'm running down the railway track
Could you help me? Police on my back
They will catch me if I dare drop back
Won't you give me all the speed I lack?

Track Two

“X-Offender” (from *Blondie* – 1976) By Blondie (North America)

Literary term: setting

Connection to mixtape concept:

Blondie's "X-Offender" uses an extended metaphor to compare a love affair to the perpetration of a crime and subsequent apprehension by the law. As such, the setting becomes a metaphor for the different stages in a relationship. For instance, when the speaker sees her target "standing on the corner," it becomes the scene of the crime-- the point at which she is read her "rights" and "cuffed" to her lover's side. Attraction, then, becomes the transgression and attachment a kind of detention. Later, when the speaker has committed herself to her lover, it is like a prison "cell" (signifying the constraints of exclusivity) in which the speaker waits for trial. That she is guilty (of loving him) is a foregone conclusion, and she happily acknowledges her status as sex offender (presumably implying they will be doing more than holding hands). In all of this, love is conceived as transgressive and forbidden, a way of subverting norms rather than affirming them (a crime). That love is described in this manner is suggestive of both the speaker's frankly sexual designs on her prey and the fact that the female (rather than the male) is the one acting as protagonist in the relationship.

I saw you standing on the corner, you looked so big and fine.
I really wanted to go out with you, so when you smiled,
I laid my heart on the line
You read me my rights and then you said "Let's go" and nothing more
I thought of my nights, and how they were
They were filled with

I know you wouldn't go
You'd watch my heart burst then you'd step in
I had to know so I asked
You just had to laugh

We sat in the night with my hands cuffed at my side
I look at your life and your style
I wanted nothing more
I know you wouldn't go
You'd watch my heart burst then you'd step in
I had to know so I asked
You just had to laugh

Walking the line, you were a marksman
Told me that law, like wine, is ageless
Public defender
You had to admit
You wanted the love of a sex offender

I know you wouldn't go
You'd watch my heart burst then you'd step in
I had to know so I asked
You just had to laugh

My vision in blue, I call you from inside my cell
And in the trial, you were there
With your badge and rubber boots

I think all the time how I'm going to perpetrate love with you
And when I get out, there's no doubt I'll be sex offensive to you

Track Three

“Burnin’ And Lootin’” (from *Burnin’* - 1973)

By Bob Marley and the Wailers (North America)

Literary term: atmosphere / mood

Connection to concept:

That the speaker of Bob Marley and the Wailers' 1973 “Burnin’ and Lootin’” seems more like a victim than a criminal is largely due to the mood of the lyrics-- making the Kingston ghettos seem utterly oppressive and fully worthy of destruction. First, the speaker explicitly identifies as a “prisoner,” and the police who oppress him wear “uniforms of brutality.” Second, he must beg from a position of inferiority; the speaker looks for a “boss” to petition for redress, having lost “all that we got” (presumably to those outside the ghetto). Finally, he calls for burning “pollution” (implying something that needs to be excised for health or well-being). Later in the stanza, the speaker links this pollution to the idea of “illusion,” which not only suggests an ephemerality to the oppressive structures that depress the aspirations of the people, but it connotes an insubstantiality to the damage the people might cause (as if it were insignificant). Thus, because Marley works so hard to associate the ghetto with overbearing gloom, its loss or damage to violence creates more sympathy than fear.

This morning I woke up in a curfew;
O God, I was a prisoner, too - yeah!
Could not recognize the faces standing over me;
They were all dressed in uniforms of brutality. Eh!

How many rivers do we have to cross,
Before we can talk to the boss? Eh!
All that we got, it seems we have lost;

We must have really paid the cost.

(That's why we gonna be)
Burnin' and a-lootin' tonight;
(Say we gonna burn and loot)
Burnin' and a-lootin' tonight;
(One more thing)
Burnin' all pollution tonight;
(Oh, yeah, yeah)
Burnin' all illusion tonight.

Oh, stop them!

Give me the food and let me grow;
Let the Roots Man take a blow.
All them drugs gonna make you slow now;
It's not the music of the ghetto. Eh!

Weeping and a-wailin' tonight;
(Who can stop the tears?)
Weeping and a-wailin' tonight;
(We've been suffering these long, long-a years!)
Weeping and a-wailin' tonight
(Will you say cheer?)
Weeping and a-wailin' tonight
(But where?)

Give me the food and let me grow;
Let the Roots Man take a blow.
I must say: all them - all them drugs gonna make you slow;
It's not the music of the ghetto.

We gonna be burning and a-looting tonight;
(To survive, yeah!)
Burning and a-looting tonight;
(Save your baby lives)
Burning all pollution tonight;
(Pollution, yeah, yeah!)
Burning all illusion tonight
(Lord-a, Lord-a, Lord-a, Lord!)

Burning and a-looting tonight;
Burning and a-looting tonight;
Burning all pollution tonight.

Track Four

"Aloha Steve & Danno" (from *Radios Appear* - 1978)

By Radio Birdman (Australia)

Literary term: closure

Connection to concept:

“Aloha Steve & Danno” is Australian proto-punk band Radio Birdman’s tribute to the CBS police procedural *Hawaii Five-O* (1968-1980), not only referencing the characters directly (Steve McGarrett played by Jack Lord, Danny “Danno” Williams played by James MacArthur, and Chin Ho Kelly played by Kam Fong Chun) but utilizing the show’s iconic theme song as a bridge some 2/3 of the way through the song. As such, the catch phrase from the show, “Book him, Danno, murder one!” is not only the signal that the forces of law have triumphed over the forces of lawlessness in the television series, it provides closure in the song as well, functioning as a sign that it too has come to conclusion. In this, it is part of a pattern of appropriation of elements from the show as tribute to its power over the speaker-- the chorus juxtaposed with alternating stanzas that compress a typical plot from the show.

Got to get a line to Danno
Got to pick up his gun
Get out an APB
Chinn is going to tell you why

Government says it’s high priority
Washington say’s so too
Tell him to get here fast
50’s on the move

Steve I gotta say thank you
For all you’ve done for me
The nights are dark and lonely
When you’re not on TV

There’s an agent in the field
I wanna have him tailed
He’s staying at the Hilton
He should be staying in jail

He’s working for the KGB
And here’s his dossier
The Feds won’t be happy
If this guy gets away

Steve I gotta say thank you
For all you’ve done for me
The nights are dark and lonely
When you’re not on TV

Don’t talk about espionage

Hands on a bale of White
Steve is one cool guy
Danno's gonna tell you why

Steve and Danno, they made the scene
The agent had done his deed
They saw the stiff
They saw the gun
They said "Book him, Danno, murder one!"

Steve I gotta say thank you
For all you've done for me
The nights are dark and lonely
When you're not on TV

Book him, Danno, murder one

Track Five

"Killer in the Home" (from *Kings of the Wild Frontier* - 1980)

By Adam and the Ants (Europe)

Literary term: epiphany

Connection to concept:

The lyrics to Adam and the Ants' "Killer in the Home" is structured around an epiphany that the warrior inside you should be embraced, not rejected. This warrior spirit-- identified early on with the Apache guerilla leader Geronimo-- is identified as a "killer in the home," that is: a killer inside each one of us (home being a metaphor for the spirit or soul). This killer, in turn, wages battle to overcome, to become the dominant portion of the psyche, as the speaker must "fight him in my dreams." However, in a world where "They cut you in half with a gun / And give you a band aid," only the warrior can survive it, leading to the realization that the "Killer / Is the home" [emphasis mine], a shift from earlier verses where the killer merely resides in the home. Far from a negative, then, this warrior spirit is what allows each individual to overcome in the face of an environment that strives to destroy the individual. In short, we should become the killer to survive.

I live the life that I've been left
I leave most things unspoken
But deep inside Geronimo is tearing me apart
I've seen him in the streets
And I've seen him in the pictures
Killer in the home
Killer in the home
Now's the time I must digress
From going through the motions
Take my head out of its sling

Free the warrior
I'll fight him in my dreams
And I'll fight him till he kills me
Killer in the home
Killer in the home
They cut you in half with a gun
And give you a band aid
They gut you in half with a gun
And give you a band aid
Killer in the home
Killer in the home
Killer
Is the home

Track Six

“La Culpable” (from *La Pipa de la Paz* - 1997)

By Aterciopelados (South America)

Literary term: conflict (internal)

Connection to concept:

Andrea Echeverri sings about a potential criminal (herself) who does not wish to commit the crime of love and commitment. An “unbridled soul,” she sees herself as free and untamable, potentially guilty of “damaging [the] heart” of her potential lover were she to “settle down.” This caution, in turn, becomes the excuse for refusing conventionality, for not becoming wife and mother, as she strives to overcome the feelings that could tame her wild spirit. In this reversal, criminality is conflated with conventionality, and exemplifying social norms takes on a distinctly negative connotation.

Soy como el armadillo,
como un avión, como un ratón

No quiero ser la culpable
de dañar tu corazón
no es por ser mala persona
ni por mala vibración
no quiero sentar cabeza con un varón,
con un varón

No quiero ser la culpable ...

Soy alma desafortada
A mi no me calma nada
Ponganmen el tatequieto
O estaré en graves aprietos

Soy una locomotora
En riel de montaña rusa
Soy gallito de pelea
De larga y mortal espuela
Nadie se muere de amor
No armes drama mi sol
A otra cosa mariposa
Que la vida es azarosa

No dañare mi silueta
Con un bebé
Con un nené

No quiero ser la culpable

I'm like the armadillo,
like a plane, like a mouse

I do not want to be guilty
of damaging your heart
of being a bad person
or creating bad feelings
I do not want to settle down with a man,
with a man .

I do not want to be the guilty one ...

I am an unbridled soul
I do not want to be calm
To end my bad behavior
Or I will be in deadly peril.

I'm a locomotive
On a rail rollercoaster
I'm a fighting cock
With long and deadly spurs
Nobody dies of love
No troubles can cloud my sunshine
Like a butterfly,
Life is random

Do not harm my silhouette
with a baby
with a babe

I do not want to be the guilty one ...

Track Seven

“Pretty Boy Floyd” (from *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* - 1968)

By the Byrds (North America)

Literary term: frame narrative

Connection to concept:

Like many folk ballads, the Byrd's cover of Woody Guthrie's "Pretty Boy Floyd" is covertly didactic. As such, the frame narrative of an older person relating the adventures of the notorious outlaw to a group of children moves this idea from subtext to text, as the biographical details in the lyrics subvert the official narrative of Floyd as outlaw to a more ambiguous place--one in which criminality is celebrated rather than condemned. The dominant narrative is acknowledged explicitly when the speaker has Floyd relate how, "You say that I'm an outlaw, you say that I'm a thief." However, the listener's potential censure is undermined by the next line, when the outlaw gives a portion of his loot to the poor and dispossessed. In appropriating the form of the Robin Hood legend, Floyd becomes a folk hero who admittedly commits crimes (murder and robbery are acknowledged in the text), but these crimes are only committed against those who deserve punishment (a sheriff who insults Floyd's wife by using foul language or bankers who hold the mortgages of poor farmers). The "children" who listen to the song, then, learn a lesson about the injustice of a system that arbitrarily grants authority to those who would abuse their privilege to exploit others. In such a system, the "outlaw" is a hero because he is the only true guardian of justice.

Well gather round children, a story I will tell
About Pretty Boy Floyd the outlaw, Oklahoma knew him well

Was in the town of Shawnee on a Saturday afternoon
His wife beside him in a wagon as into town they rode

And along come a deputy sheriff in a manner rather rude
Using vulgar words of language and his wife she overheard

And Pretty Boy Floyd grabbed a long chain, and the deputy grabbed a gun
And in the fight that followed, he laid that deputy down

Then he ran through the trees and bushes and lived a life of shame
Every crime in Oklahoma was added to his name

He ran through trees and bushes on the Canadian River shore
And many a starving farmer opened up his door

It was in Oklahoma City, It was on a Christmas Day
A whole carload of groceries and a letter that did say

Well you say that I'm an outlaw, you say that I'm a thief
Well, here's a Christmas dinner for the families on relief

As through this life you travel, you meet some funny men
Some rob you with a six-gun, some with a fountain pen

As through this life you ramble, as through this life you roam
You'll never see an outlaw take a family from their home

Track Eight

“Rocky Raccoon” (from *The Beatles* - 1968)

By the Beatles (Europe)

Literary term: anticlimax

Connection to concept:

From the way Paul McCartney sets up “Rocky Raccoon,” one would expect a conventional folk ballad in which the protagonist becomes outlaw after a climatic gun battle for the love of his woman. Instead, the Beatles subvert the form for humorous effect, ending with an anticlimax where nothing has been learned or accomplished. The set-up, a wronged man whose woman is stolen by another, is exactly the sort of stereotyped conflict often found in folk narrative, as is the development of this conflict whereby the protagonist chooses to embrace revenge to assuage his wounded pride. Where the song departs from convention, however, is the moment when Rocky (and not Dan) “[collapses] in the corner” from a bullet wound. The resolution, in other words, is not rooted in triumph, but defeat. Rather than meet expectations, the plot becomes about something else entirely: Rocky’s convalescence and (implied) embrace of religious virtue. Although this may be more laudable in terms of conventional morality, it certainly is not the stuff of legend that the set-up would seem to promise.

Now somewhere in the black mountain hills of Dakota
There lived a young boy named Rocky Raccoon
And one day his woman ran off with another guy
Hit young Rocky in the eye Rocky didn’t like that
He said I’m gonna get that boy
So one day he walked into town
Booked himself a room in the local saloon

Rocky Raccoon checked into his room
Only to find Gideon’s bible
Rocky had come equipped with a gun
To shoot off the legs of his rival
His rival it seems had broken his dreams
By stealing the girl of his fancy
Her name was Magil and she called herself Lil
But everyone knew her as Nancy
Now she and her man who called himself Dan
Were in the next room at the hoe down
Rocky burst in and grinning a grin

He said Danny boy this is a showdown
But Daniel was hot, he drew first and shot
And Rocky collapsed in the corner, ah

D'da d'da d'da da da da
D'da d'da d'da da da da
D'da d'da d'da da d'da d'da d'da d'da
Do do do do do do

D'do d'do d'do do do do
D'do d'do d'do do do do
D'do d'do d'do do do d'do d'do d'do d'do
Do do do do do do

Now the doctor came in stinking of gin
And proceeded to lie on the table
He said Rocky you met your match
And Rocky said, doc it's only a scratch
And I'll be better I'll be better doc as soon as I am able

And now Rocky Raccoon he fell back in his room
Only to find Gideon's bible
Gideon checked out and he left it no doubt
To help with good Rocky's revival, ah
Oh yeah, yeah

D'do d'do d'do do do do
D'do d'do d'do do do do
D'do d'do d'do do do d'do d'do d'do d'do
Do do do do do do

D'do d'do d'do do do do, come on, Rocky boy
D'do d'do d'do do do do, come on, Rocky boy
D'do d'do d'do do do d'do d'do d'do d'do
The story of Rocky there

Track Nine

“Goons of Hazard” (from *Frankenchrist* - 1985)

By the Dead Kennedys (North America)

Literary term: foreshadowing

Connection to concept:

Like most Dead Kennedy songs, “Goons of Hazard” is a completely unsubtle and over-the-top critique of the conservative values that the band sees as having gained ascendancy in the wake of the election of Ronald Reagan in 1980. The narrative involves a group of “thugs”

who engage in what, in any other context, would be criminal behavior (wantonly destroying property, bashing gays and other outsider populations, murdering individuals from racist motives). However, in context of an America that embraces violence in popular culture and marginalizes non-conformity and dissent in the name of patriotism, this criminality is celebrated (rather than reviled). Thus, the "Goons of Hazzard" (a reference to the early-80s television show *The Dukes of Hazzard*- the epitome of the mindless celebration of a red-neck culture that the band despised) are "glorified on your TV," foreshadowing the fact that though the goons "leave you in a pool of blood" they "always get off scot-free." They get away with it, in other words, because America has embraced the values of the bully (rather than the oppressed).

Happy hour belongs to America's best-loved thugs
Here comes the 4-wheel prosthetic penises
Got yer gun racks, tractor tires and lynch mob drivers
We couldn't find a chick to sit in the middle
So we drink ourselves sick
Lean out the windows and pinch ass instead

We are the Goons of Hazzard
Glorified on your TV
We run down bikes and hitch hikers
And we know we'll get off scot-free
We're the vigilante heroes of your tough-guy flicks
Bashing punks & bums and fags
With our baseball bats
No deer to blow away in the woods today
So we go to Oroville and shoot a black kid down
Or waste demonstrators in Greensboro instead
We are the Goons of Hazzard
Glorified on your TV
We leave you in a pool of blood
Cos we know we'll get off scot-free
Let's get him:
C'mere
C'mere
Say something to me?

We've got him cornered
We've got him cornered
Is anybody looking?
Does anybody even care?
No!

Local papers paint us up to be big heroes
City fathers & Chamber of Commerce want us deputized
The stoner gestapo keepin' your town clean
Get a shave, kid
We'll pay you as a strike-breaker

Maybe you'll make Tac Squad for the L.A.P.D.

We are the Goons of Hazzard
Glorified on your TV
We leave you in a pool of blood
And we always get off scot-free

Track Ten

“Tired Eyes” (from *Tonight's the Night* - 1975)

By Neil Young (North America)

Literary term: conflict (person vs. nature)

Connection to concept:

Neil Young's album *Tonight's the Night* is haunted by the heroin overdoses of Crazy Horse guitarist Danny Whitten and roadie Bruce Berry in the months leading up to the recording of the album. Like the rest of the songs, then, “Tired Eyes” is influenced by the funereal pall of Young's mood, explicitly meditating on death due to drugs. Though it ostensibly recounts the bloody aftermath of a violent cocaine deal gone wrong, the lines, “He tried to do his best / but he could not,” seem more addressed to Whitten and Berry than the characters in the narrative, and Young has admitted that the “tired eyes” of the chorus refers to death (the biological force of nature who contends with us all). In view of this, the conflict is less about violence among individuals than about the violence one does to oneself in the throes of addiction and the violence of death claiming those who should be alive.

Well he shot four men
in a cocaine deal
And he left them
lyin' in an open field
Full of old cars
with bullet holes
in the mirrors.
He tried to do his best
but he could not.

Please take my advice,
please take my advice
Please take my advice.
Open up the tired eyes,
Open up the tired eyes.

Well, it wasn't
supposed to go
down that way.
But they burned his brother,
you know,

And they left him lying
in the driveway.
They let him down with nothin'.
He tried to do his best
but he could not.

Please take my advice,
please take my advice
Please take my advice.
Open up the tired eyes,
Open up the tired eyes.

Well tell me more,
tell me more,
tell me more
I mean was he a heavy dooper
or was he just a loser?
He was a friend of yours.
What do you mean,
he had bullet holes
in his mirrors?
He tried to do his best
but he could not.

Please take my advice,
please take my advice
Please take my advice.
Open up the tired eyes,
Open up the tired eyes.

Please take my advice,
please take my advice
Please take my advice.
Open up the tired eyes,
Open up the tired eyes.

Track Eleven

“Gangsters” (single from 1979)

By the Specials (Europe)

Literary term: *in medias res*

Connection to concept:

Almost completely missing context, the Specials' 1979 single “Gangsters” recounts how the band’s equipment was held hostage by a hotel manager until they accepted responsibility for the damage done to a hotel room by another English band and their manager (Bernie

Rhodes) trying to negotiate with the hotel on their behalf. Beginning *in medias res*, the disorientation experienced by the listeners parallels the reaction of the band to the accusation of a crime for which they were not responsible. In this sense, the appellation “gangsters” reflects establishment view toward the band-- a charge they would reverse when those in power “use the law to commit crime” (steal guitars and ultimately force the Specials to pay for the damage caused by others).

Bernie Rhodes knows don't argue

Why must you record my phone calls?
Are you planning a bootleg LP?
Said you've been threatened by gangsters
Now it's you, that's threatening me

Can't fight corruption with con tricks
They use the law to commit crime
And I dread, dread to think what the future will bring
When we're living in gangster time

Don't call me scar face

Can't interrupt while I'm talking
Or they'll confiscate all your guitars
And catch 22 says if I sing the truth
They won't make me an overnight star

Don't offer us legal protection
They use the law to commit crime
I dread to think what the future will bring
When we're living in gangster time

Bernie Rhodes knows don't argue

Track Twelve

“El sombrero” (from *Postales* - 2012)

By Gaby Moreno (North America)

Literary terms: conflict (person vs. person), ambience
Connection to concept:

El Sombrero is a sort Guatemalan bogey-man who bewitches young women through his song, causing them to forgo food and drink until they expire. Gaby Moreno captures both the ambience of his world and the underlying conflict, as she details the allure of his romantic call toward death. That el Sombrero haunts alleyways and empty streets is obviously important to his allure, for his “melodious voice” fills a void in the hearts of his unsuspecting victims, just as succumbing to his charms results in “a sick absence,” an emptying of attachment of this world in

favor of the next. The somber ambiance the world of el Sombrerón, then, is perceived by his lonely victims as fulfilling, rather than a lack, paralleled by their own longing for connection that the enchantment of el Sombrerón promises to correct. After all, what could be more enchanting than a mysterious stranger wooing you with song? That this enchantment ultimately results in death, that el Sombrerón is actually antagonistic toward his victims, that he is a killer and not a lover, is perceived only by the neutral observer and not by the target of his affections.

Al caer la tarde por el callejón
Las calles vacías, sale El Sombrerón
Con guitarra en mano, melodiosa voz
¿Quién se puede resistir?

Entró en gran silencio a sus oídos sus pensamientos
Quedó hipnotizada, sin palabras, atrapada.

La luz de la luna brilla en su guitarra
El viajero solitario busca bellas damas

De cabellos largos y ojos muy grandes
En la negra noche la acaricia mientras canta

Entró en gran silencio a sus oídos sus pensamientos
Quedó hipnotizada, sin palabras, atrapada.

Su ausencia la enferma, entre mundos desvanece
Pobre desdichado... llora su mala fortuna.

Al caer la tarde por el callejón
Las calles vacías, sale El Sombrerón.

In the late afternoon, in the alley
And the empty streets, comes The Sombrerón
With guitar in hand, a melodious voice
Who can resist?

He goes into the great silence between your ears, your thoughts
You are mesmerized, speechless, caught.

The moonlight shines on his guitar
A lonely traveler looking for beautiful ladies

With long hair and big eyes
He sings and caresses the black night

He goes into the great silence between your ears, your thoughts
You are mesmerized, speechless, caught.

A sick absence, between worlds, fading
Poor unhappy one... crying over her misfortune.

In the late afternoon, in the alley
And the empty streets, comes The Sombrero

Track Thirteen

“Hey Joe” (single from 1974)

By Patti Smith (North America)

Literary term: denouement

Connection to concept:

Patti Smith's reworking of the traditional "Hey Joe" interpolates the story of Patty Hearst, the wealthy newspaper heiress kidnapped by the radical Symbionese Liberation Army (a left-wing urban guerilla organization) and who would eventually go on to willingly participate in a series of robberies on the group's behalf. Beginning with a series of salacious observations about the sorts of activities with which Hearst may be engaged with her former-captors/current-comrades, Smith ends by adopting the persona of Hearst herself in which she equates criminality with freedom, in the denouement choosing for herself the way to define her life. For example, near the end of the first section of Smith's free association monologue, Hearst's daddy's point of view is expressed in the observation that "sixty days ago she was such a lovely child." This is contrasted with the words of the Patty Hearst persona at the end who rejects this neat objectification by noting "I'm nobody's million dollar baby, / I'm nobody's patsy anymore / And I feel so free." She has, in other words, embraced her criminal identity as a way of shedding the labels that others have chosen for her. Thus, the conflict that the song resolves is not about violence *per se*, but rather about an affirmation of a freely chosen identity. No matter what happens to Hearst after that point, she will be free (in the most meaningful sense of the word).

Honey, the way you play guitar makes me feel so
Makes me feel so masochistic
The way you go down low deep into the neck
And I would do anything, and I would do anything and Patty Hearst

You're standing there in front of the Symbionese
Liberation army flag with your legs spread
I was wondering will you get it every night
From a black revolutionary man and his women or whether you really did

And now that you're on the run what goes on in your mind
Your sisters they sit by the window
You know your mama doesn't sit and cry and your daddy
Well you know what your daddy said

Patty, you know what your daddy said
Patty, he said, he said, he said

Well, sixty days ago she was such a lovely child
Now here she is with a gun in her hand

Hey Joe, hey Joe, where're you going with that gun in your hand?
Hey Joe, I said where're you goin' with that gun in your hand?
I'm gonna go shoot my ol' lady
You know I found her messin' around town with another man
And you know that ain't cool, watch me

Hey Joe, I heard you shot your woman down
You shot her down to the ground, you shot her
Yes I did, yes I did, yes I did, I shot her, I shot her
I caught her messin' round with some other man
So I got on my truck, I gave her the gun and I shot her
I shot her, shoot her one more time for me

Hey Joe, where you gonna, where you gonna run to?
Where you gonna run to, Joe, where you gonna run to ?
Go get a cover, I'm gonna go down south
I'm gonna go down south to Mexico

I'm going down, down, down to Mexico where a man can be free
No one's gonna put a noose around my neck
No one is gonna give me life, no
I'm goin' down to Mexico, I'm going down

You're not going to hear 'em stand there
And look at the stars as big as holes in the arms
And the stars like a back truck electric flag
And I'm standing there under that flag with your carbine

Between my legs, you know, I felt so free of death beyond me
I felt so free, the F.B.I. is looking for me baby
But they'll never find me, no, they can hold me down like a
And I'm still on the run and they can speculate what I'm free

But daddy, daddy, you'll never know just what I was feelin'
But I'm sorry, I am no little pretty little rich girl
I am nobody's million dollar baby, I am nobody's patsy anymore
I'm nobody's million dollar baby, I'm nobody's patsy anymore
And I feel so free

Track Fourteen

“Bad News” (from *I Walk the Line* - 1964)

By Johnny Cash (North America)

Literary term: *deus ex machina*

Connection to concept:

If a *deus ex machina* is defined as the un-foreshadowed (and at least partially unbelievable resolution) to a major conflict, then the breaking of the rope (twice) used to hang the protagonist of Johnny Cash's "Bad News" certainly qualifies. Far from a structural weakness, however, it merely reinforces the identification of the protagonist with a force of nature. Even from the beginning, for instance, Cash's speaker compares himself to "wildfire," travelling fast and out of control like the titular "bad news," and like these near personifications, the protagonist's behavior is both predictable and uncontrollable. He always finds himself in trouble with authority, and he always leaves the women begging for more. In this, he is unstoppable, as if he were a fire that consumes everything in its path. Given this, it is just as impossible to strangle "bad news" as it is to hang the protagonist.

Come on, bad news
Well, bad news travels like wildfire
Good news travels slow
They all call me 'Wildfire' 'cause everybody knows

I'm bad news, everywhere I go
Always gettin' in a trouble
And leaving little girls
That hate to see me go

They tried to hang me in Oakland
And they did in Francisco
But I wouldn't choke, I broke their rope
And they had to let me go

Cause I'm bad news everywhere I go
Always gettin' in a trouble
And leaving little girls
That hate to see me go

Now from north to southeast
To west the story is the same
From one state to another
I have to change my name

Cause I'm bad news everywhere I go
Always gettin' in a trouble
And leaving little girls
That sure hate to see me go

Well, now I've picked peaches in Georgia
I lumber jacked in Maine
I've been hired, fired and jailed
In any town you can name

Cause I'm bad news everywhere I go
Always gettin' in a trouble
And leaving little girls
That hate to see me go

Track Fifteen

“Ice El Hielo” (from *Treinta Días* - 2013)

By La Santa Cecilia (North America)

Literary term: subplot

Connection to concept:

Whether they are seen as parallel plots or subplots, the vignettes interspersed between the choruses of La Santa Cecilia's “Ice El Hielo” serve to dramatize the conflict of the main narrative, namely that undocumented workers should be viewed as people just trying to make a living (rather than as criminals). The domestic servant Eva, for instance, must make sure she makes no mistakes, for she knows she will not be reported to the authorities only to the extent that she is useful to her wealthy employer. Similarly, Jose takes pride in his work and is dependable and credentialed (in his home country), but none of that matters to a government that is only interested in papers. Finally, Marta works hard to succeed in school, but it is very possibly in vain because she is not a citizen. In all three cases, the plight of the undocumented immigrant is portrayed in a sympathetic way to illustrate the human face of an impersonal immigration policy.

Ice. Water Frozen Solid.

ICE. Immigration Customs Enforcement.

Ice. El Hielo.

Eva pasando el trapo sobre la mesa ahí está
cuidando que todo brille como una perla.
Cuando llegue la patrona, que no se vuelva quejar.
No sea cosa que la acuse de ilegal.

José atiende los jardines, parecen de Disneyland
Maneja una troca vieja sin la licencia.
No importa si fue taxista allá en su tierra natal
Eso no cuenta para el Tío Sam.

El Hielo anda suelto por esas calles
Nunca se sabe cuando nos va tocar
ahora los niños lloran a la salida
Lloran al ver que no llegará mamá
Uno se queda aquí, otro se queda allá,
Eso pasa por salir a trabajar.

Marta llegó de niña y sueña con estudiar.
Pero se le hace difícil sin los papeles.
Se quedan con los laureles los que nacieron acá,
Pero ella nunca deja de luchar.

El Hielo anda suelto por esas calles
Nunca se sabe cuando nos va tocar
Ahora los niños lloran a la salida
Lloran al ver que no llegará mamá
Uno se queda aquí, otro se queda allá,
Eso pasa por salir a trabajar.

Eva polishes the table
She makes sure everything shines like a pearl.
Hopefully when the boss arrives, she won't complain again
And accuse her of being illegal.

Jose takes care of the gardens that look like Disneyland
He drives an old truck, without his license.
It doesn't matter that he was a taxi driver in his homeland
That doesn't count for Uncle Sam.

ICE is loose on these streets
One never knows when it will take us
How long do the children cry in the doorway
Cry to see that mom is not coming back
One stays here, another stays there
This happens because one goes out to work.

Marta came as a child and dreams of studying
But it's difficult without papers
Those that were born here get the laurels
But she never stops fighting

ICE is loose on these streets
One never knows when it will take us
How long do the children cry in the doorway
Cry to see that mom is not coming back
One stays here, another stays there
This happens because one goes out to work.

Track Sixteen

**“The Mercy Seat” (from *Tender Prey* - 1988)
By Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds (Australia)**

Literary term: climax

Connection to concept:

Nick Cave's "The Mercy Seat" concerns a death row inmate who must reconcile himself to the fact that he is to be executed. Maintaining his innocence from the beginning, the speaker expresses righteous indignation at being held to account for a crime that he did not commit, in an environment that is as corrupt as it is corrupting. Thus, he's "got nothing left to lose" and is "not afraid to die." There are hints, however, that all is not as he claims, for his "good hand / tattooed E.V.I.L. across its brother's fist," doing "nothing to challenge or resist"-- begging the question of what temptation it was that he couldn't resist? This question is answered, however, at the climax of the narrative, in which he undermines all his denials of wrongdoing by admitting that he is "afraid [he] told a lie." With this admission, the song shifts from the story of a man wrongly accused to a psychological portrait of someone who cannot accept responsibility for his own criminal deeds.

It began when they come took me from my home
And put me in Dead Row,
Of which I am nearly wholly innocent, you know.
And I'll say it again
I... am... not... afraid... to... die.

I began to warm and chill
To objects and their fields,
A ragged cup, a twisted mop
The face of Jesus in my soup
Those sinister dinner deals
The meal trolley's wicked wheels
A hooked bone rising from my food
All things either good or ungood.

And the mercy seat is waiting
And I think my head is burning
And in a way I'm yearning
To be done with all this measuring of proof.
An eye for an eye
A tooth for a tooth
And anyway I told the truth
And I'm not afraid to die.

Interpret signs and catalogue
A blackened tooth, a scarlet fog.
The walls are bad. Black. Bottom kind.
They are sick breath at my hind
They are sick breath at my hind
They are sick breath at my hind
They are sick breath gathering at my hind

I hear stories from the chamber

How Christ was born into a manger
And like some ragged stranger
Died upon the cross
And might I say, it seems so fitting in its way
He was a carpenter by trade
Or at least that's what I'm told

Like my good hand
tattooed E.V.I.L. across it's brother's fist
That filthy five! They did nothing to challenge or resist.

In Heaven His throne is made of gold
The ark of his Testament is stowed
A throne from which I'm told
All history does unfold.
Down here it's made of wood and wire
And my body is on fire
And God is never far away.

Into the mercy seat I climb
My head is shaved, my head is wired
And like a moth that tries
To enter the bright eye
So I go shuffling out of life
Just to hide in death awhile
And anyway I never lied.

My kill-hand is called E.V.I.L.
Wears a wedding band that's G.O.O.D.
'Tis a long-suffering shackle
Collaring all that devil blood.

And the mercy seat is a-burning
And I think my head is flowing
And in a way I'm hoping
To be done with all this weighing up of truth.
An eye for an eye
And a tooth for a tooth
And I've got nothing left to lose
And I'm not afraid to die.

And the mercy seat is waiting
And I think my head is burning
And in a way I'm yearning
To be done with all this measuring of proof
An eye for an eye
And a tooth for a tooth

And anyway, there was no proof
And nor a motive why.

And the mercy seat is waiting
And I think my head is burning
And in a way I'm yearning
To be done with all this measuring of proof.
A life for a life
And a tooth for a tooth
And anyway there was no proof
And I'm not afraid to die.

Now the mercy seat is waiting
And I think my head is smoking
And in a way I'm hoping
To be done with all these looks of disbelief.
A eye for an eye
And a tooth for a tooth
And anyway I told the truth
And I'm not afraid to die.

And the mercy seat is waiting
And I think my head is burning
And in a way I'm yearning
To be done with all this measuring of proof
An eye for an eye
And a tooth for a tooth
And anyway I told the truth
And I'm not afraid to die.

And the mercy seat is waiting
And I think my head is burning
And in a way I'm yearning
To be done with all this measuring of proof.
A eye for a eye
And a tooth for a tooth
And anyway I told the truth
But I'm not afraid to lie.

And the mercy seat is waiting
And I think my head is burning
And in a way I'm yearning
To be done with all this measuring of proof
An eye for an eye
And a tooth for a tooth
And anyway I told the truth
But I'm afraid I told a lie.

Track Seventeen

“Shoplifting” (from *Cut* - 1979)

By the Slits (Europe)

Literary term: conflict (person vs. society)

Connection to concept:

Straightforward in its presentation, the Slits’ “Shoplifting” is a unrepentant documentation of an individual refusal to obey the law. There are no evasions here, merely criminal intent. Even the victim (presumably the shop owner) is characterized as “Babylonian,” suggestive not only of wealth, but of corruption (alluding to biblical narratives of the Babylonian captivity of the Jews); in any case, the song excuses the theft by noting the shop owner “won’t lose much.” To reduce it to its simplest formulation, stealing is fun, and the victims deserve it anyway.

Put the cheddar in the pocket
Put the rest under the jacket
Talk to the cashier, he won’t suspect
And if he does...
Do a runner!

Ten quid for the lot
We pay fuck all
Babylonian won’t lose much
And we’ll have dinner tonight
Do a runner!

Camera’s trying to watch us
Mirrors and TV
But they’re not gonna catch us
‘Cause we’re gonna gonna gonna run run run
Do a runner!
Run!

Ten quid for the lot
We pay fuck all
Babylonian won’t lose much
And we’ll have dinner tonight
Do a runner!
Run!

(I’ve pissed in my knickers)