



BLACK LAND,
RED LAND.

**Give us rain, we shall
give you blood.**



The utter collapse of the Amerindian civilizations of America in the face of Spanish challenge increasingly fascinates modern historians, because it was a phenomenon experienced nowhere else during the four-hundred-year European mastery of the outer world. The single greatest reason was probably the stagnation and the inherent brittleness of the indigenous civilizations. To destroy nations, the Spanish conquistadores had only to destroy the lordly-priestly elites.









They bore life patiently, often callously; like all men they possessed a great spirit and they were capable of collective greatness or collective horror. For the moment they were trapped in an endless cycle, in a self-contained universe that smelled both of flowers and hot blood.





All primitive peoples have tended to see natural forces as gods, or like more sophisticated folk, ruled by gods. But the great peculiarity of the Meso-American mind, so great a difference that it was almost one of kind, was that the precariousness of life caused these men to see their gods mostly as monsters.





The history of Mexico is not a story of heroes and villains, martyrs and oppressors, good against evil, or different rationales and interests pitted against each other, so much as the story of a struggle by very human men and women to make a liveable present and future out of an intolerable past.

Throughout my life I have been fascinated with indigenous cultures, even majoring in Anthropology at University. I often wonder what the world would look like if these cultures had survived repeated attempts to have their ancient faiths debarred from popular practise.







The past is not frozen in stone monuments or buried with old bones and artifacts. It lives on in this village.









Human history by nature is random and disorderly, like any organic growth. Its grandeur is made by its essential tragedy.







**The darkness, it's swallowing
everything.**









**I did not tell half of what I saw, for
I knew I would not be believed.
—Marco Polo**







**Because it is sometimes so
unbelievable, the truth escapes
becoming known.
—Heraclitus, 500 BC**











**Savages we call them, because
their manners differ from ours,
which we think the perfection of
civility; they think the same of
theirs. — Benjamin Franklin,**









You must give the Sun your enemies' blood. You must feed the earth with corpses. Your house, your fortune, and your destiny is in the House of the Sun. Serve, and rejoice that you may be worthy to die the Death of Flowers!
- From the prayer of the Mexica midwife.

A person is standing on a beach at night, illuminated by a bright light source, possibly a flare or a fire. The scene is dark, with the light creating a strong glow and casting long shadows. The text "THE END" is overlaid in white, bold, capital letters at the bottom center of the image.

THE END