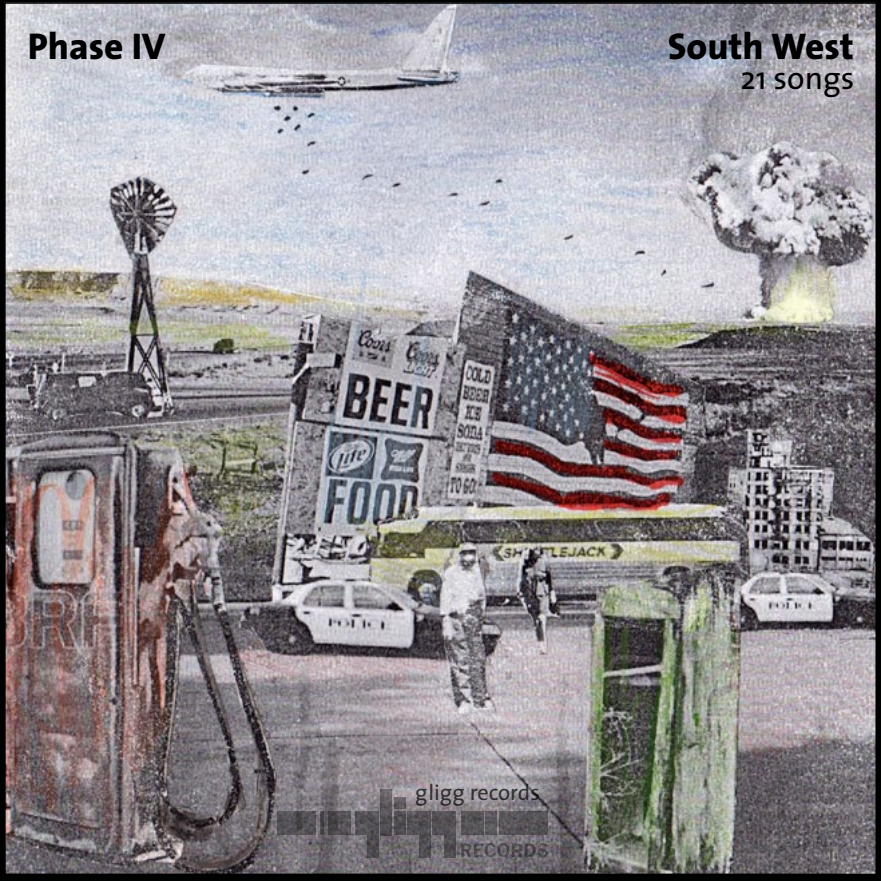


Phase IV

South West
21 songs



gligg records

RECORDS

WILDERNESS

take with you a gallon
of water and enough gas
there is wilderness
real wilderness
the Ranger says

to be on your own
for days and days
nobody helps you
nobody will help you
the Ranger says

nobody around you
for days and days
nobody to speak to
nobody will listen to you
the Ranger says

there is no street
no cobble stone under your
feet
that 's wilderness
real wilderness
the Ranger says

there is you and only you
and nothing and nobody who
that 's wilderness
real wilderness
the Ranger says



FULL MOON OVER DURANGO

Durango full moon behind
the hills his face shows
grinning it seems it seems he
laughs at us or what or how
sleeping in a Motel named
DAYS END right so days end
the door we cannot lock
the door stays open the whole
night TV a monster movie
very American with Gooks
and big boy he always wins
the good goddamned blond girl
to bad the end its not so good
he drives along is talking not
seeing the big evil on his back





READING A NOVEL AT LOS ALAMOS

Unitarian Church Los Alamos
could here be a church a church
after visiting Puje Bandeliers
Monument
after a day in the hot sun under
an unreal blue sky to blue, to blue
and the red rock dreaming of
ancient music Indians play and sitting
around in Kiowas fireplace
laughing dancing listening talking
after all that:
reading a novel
in the German American society
Los Alamos
my first potlatch what did
I eat! Karin and Jim did also
Oh yeah! the words drumbeats
my ears so tired so open so
opened up


**Unitarian
Church**
www.uulosalamos.org

Books n Books

Ah...
back there than San Francisco
city light book store afternoon
stairs down an ocean full of books
after desert California household
my wife's parents books, books
now come on!
here there they were kill me
with books I said I think
Ah!
Jack Kerouac biography
and Gary Snyder Interviews
and Lawrence Ferlinghetti
"Endless life "selected poems
and "of the farm"
John Updikes "finest novel"
Ah!
I 'v got to buy those books I must!
I 'v let I lost these books I took
from San Francisco's city light book store
when I broke up broke down
my marriage and my past America
Ha!

SANTA FÉ SHOPPING

Good God look
there they are those
moccasins of yellow deerskin
oh my gosh
look all those books
i'll have to buy
Jack Kerouac biography
and Gary Snyder Interviews
and Lawrence Ferlinghetti
"Endless life" selected poems
and "of the farm"
John Updikes "finest novel"
oh me, oh my!
that T-shirt with the indian
sign right in the middle
i got to got to have it
oh my God
that stone, that holy stone
made just for me shaman
packed up and thanks
American Express card
old Europe pays it all...

THOSE CARS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT
(Saturday night at Santa Fé Motel 06.06.87)

cross-road -bridge
no signs no red or green or yellow
light nothing except
police cars and police
man oh so many
and cars are coming in and
going out of Santa Fé
Saturday night free night
I think but
those police cars those police
man oh so many
they stop the cars what do
they do i'll newer know
but think they cut them
short of freedom money
they start real slowly back
into the desert night
where they all came from

DEAD HORSE

Dead horse lying
there on the side
of the street
nothing to hide
just a piece of dead meat
once I think flying
over the prairies wide
open space
now in the summers heat
a thousand flies in his face
and I was crying
crying
crying



DIXIE
National Forest
NATURE WALK
Pink Ledges Trail

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE


PETRIFIED FOREST

Come to the forest
my secret forest
take a wild walk
in the holy wood

There are no leaves on the trees
no shadows no birds
open your eyes and
close your ears

Time has put a spell on it
over a million of years
made it a forest of
rainbow trees

But your fantasy's kiss
will awaken it let
explode thousands of colors
fill your eyes and your head



SANTA FÉ MOTEL
07.06. 1987 Santa Fé
Motel Carillos road 510 on top deck

Adobe walls all over
queen sized bed
hot water day and night
TV right level
with the eyes bedside
black coffee in the morning
at the reception a
German speaking woman
mental block my German
books are still all packed
since university she says
the air condition to to loud
thin air hard breathing
walk slow think nothing
let it be the mountains
snow on top one thousand feet
Las Vegas boxing late at night
eight rounds and heavy weight
the winner laughs and claps
his hands still packed in gloves
a song no name goes through
my had is spinning singing
again old Europe gone and
and on and on and on and on

ADOBE
house

Built out of mud
go back to where you came from
no bones no blood
but what a handmade form

the heavenly breath
came out of you
no better address
the best thing to do

Against every tempest
it stands like a man
gives you shelter and rest
as good as it can

WILDWILDWEST

In every childhood
there is a wild
wild West

In every childhood
there are horses
running free

In every childhood
there is a wonder
wonderful sky
and an endless prairie

THIS OR THAT LITTLE BLACK BOX

Yes: just a little push
you touch it
with your fingertip
and click or clack
you've got it

Hold it
in this little box
black box
you fixed that
very moment
played trick or treat
with time

You did it
once and once again
you do it
pictures taking
pieces out
of time

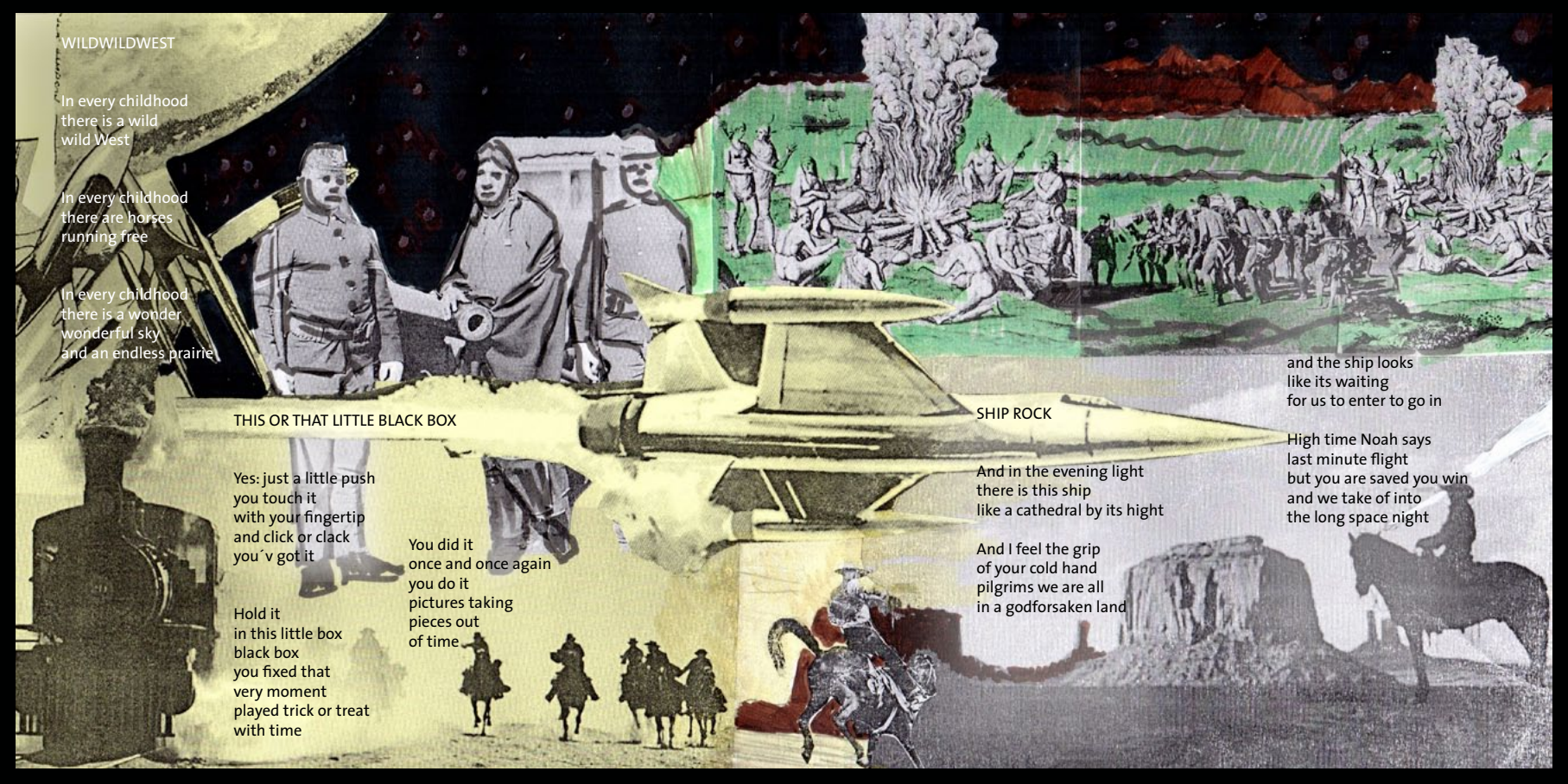
SHIP ROCK

And in the evening light
there is this ship
like a cathedral by its height

And I feel the grip
of your cold hand
pilgrims we are all
in a godforsaken land

and the ship looks
like its waiting
for us to enter to go in

High time Noah says
last minute flight
but you are saved you win
and we take of into
the long space night





RED SKIN

They called me Red skin
they called me Indian
they called me wild man
to kill me was no sin

They are the white man
came over the ocean
learned me to shake hand
took most of my land


I lost my deerskin leggings
my feathers and my moccasins
my tomahawk my medicine
my Hogan and the place within
my mustang and my sacred pipe
my Indian name also my tribe
my arrow and my bow
my prairies and my buffalo
my teepee and my totem pole
my kinnik kinnik my katchina to
my powwow my canoe
my holy mountain Manitou
my war paint and my knife
but I am still alive

I am a Navajo
live in so called New Mexico
live in a Tourist pueblo
in reservation
Navajo Nation

BLESSED COUNTRY

It's a blessed country
the Texas- ass hole says
(the ass hole from Texas says)
believe me believe me
driving in his icebox mustang fast
as hell through the hot South West

Its a blessed country
the Texas- ass hole says
(the ass hole from Texas says)
believe me believe me
no niggers no niggers nowhere
I like it I love it there

A collage of four images. On the left, a stylized Native American figure with a green face and red body. In the top center, an aerial view of a city with a tall tower. In the bottom center, a group of Native Americans in a landscape. On the right, a scene with a large fire and people.

ASHES IN STONE
D.H. Lawrence

Ashes in stone
your ashes in stone
what a mix up
you're not alone
it's not a trap
you're at home
at Kiowa Ranch
in the hills near Taos

In those hot summer days
in those cold winter nights
in wind and rain and snow and ice
you will dance dance dance
totally naked naked and free
of all body weights

The Hopi dance snake dance
you know you were writing
about and the stone will speak to you
the Indians say the Indians sing
yes it will do will sure do
and you are in it and listening
easy listening

HANDS UP! SLOT MACHINES

In the middle of this deserted land
in the middle of this almost nothing
there is this golden city
where you get almost everything
with only enough money in your hand

What do you want here, man?!
What are you looking for?!
You're in the worst part of town
get out of here as fast as you can!

(the police man said to me
when i told him what i just had seen)

Hands up! The one armed bandit
takes your money eat it
up sometimes he let you win
but in the bitter end
you're just a loser with an empty hand.

STORYTELLER

Words words like an arrow they are flying
from mouth to ear
whispering laughing crying
from storyteller to hear

Words words like birds they are flying
on the wings of the air
telling the truth are not lying
what we are what we were

storyteller oh storyteller who's going
taking with him the wisdom of time
everything he is knowing
is gone is gone its a crime



WESTERN

It's always the same
old story the story of old
times just with another name
and only in other ways told:

Abel is killed by Cain
Abel is killed by Cain
Abel is killed by Cain

Abel the shepherd walking with his
animals in the prairie
under a great big sky feeling happy and
free.

Cain the peasant working the whole day
hard on his land
being jealous of his brother in every
moment:

God does he love Abel more?
God does he love Abel more?
God does he love Abel more?

Maybe not with a stone
maybe not in the field
maybe not on his way home
Abel is being killed
by his own brother
by his own brother
by his own brother

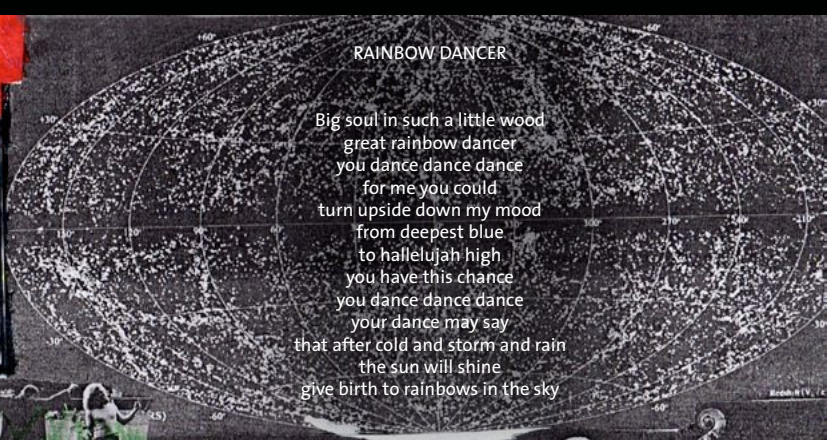
BROTHER O BROTHER

what do you want here in ice and snow
sitting there in the cold on the floor
holding the wall with your back
what are you doing that for
hey hey brother oh brother

don't you feel the icy cold
don't you feel the falling snow
time does n't matter to you
you'r just sitting there getting old
hey hey brother oh brother

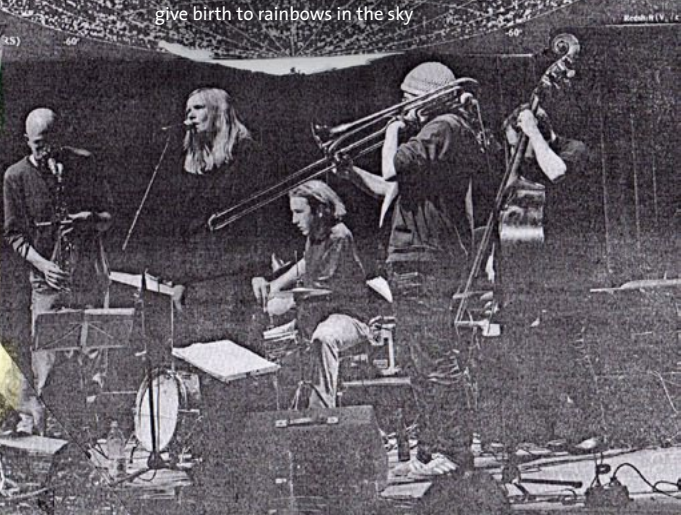
why are you drinking so much
looking up to the sky
what do you see up there
maybe an eagle free so free
why don't you talk to me
hey hey brother oh brother





RAINBOW DANCER

Big soul in such a little wood
great rainbow dancer
you dance dance dance
for me you could
turn upside down my mood
from deepest blue
to hallelujah high
you have this chance
you dance dance dance
your dance may say
that after cold and storm and rain
the sun will shine
give birth to rainbows in the sky



CD 1

1. WILDERNESS (4:38)
 2. FULL MOON OVER DURANGO (3:19)
 3. READING A NOVEL AT LOS ALAMOS (7:20)
 4. BOOKS N BOOKS (2:36)
 5. SANTA FÉ SHOPPING (2:57)
 6. DEAD HORSE (1:33)
 7. THOSE CARS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT (4:34)
 8. PETRIFIED FOREST (4:28)
 9. SANTA FÉ MOTEL (8:48)
 10. ADOBE HOUSE (3:28)
- total: 43:46

CD 2

1. WILDWILDWEST (1:09)
 2. THIS OR THAT LITTLE BLACK BOX (3:02)
 3. SHIP ROCK (5:17)
 4. BLESSED COUNTRY (1:34)
 5. RED SKIN (4:41)
 6. ASHES IN STONE (4:41)
 7. HANDS UP! SLOT MACHINES (3:34)
 8. STORYTELLER (2:51)
 9. WESTERN (3:37)
 10. BROTHER O BROTHER (4:22)
 11. RAINBOW DANCER (6:18)
- total: 41:11

South West

21 songs

Music by Christof Thewes
Lyrics by Alfred Gulden

Phase IV

Sabine Noß - Vocals
Hartmut Oßwald - Bass Clarinet
Christof Thewes - Trombone
Jan Oestreich - Bass
Martilal Frenzel - Drums

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Spielraum Studio Heiligenwald
Artworks by Christof Thewes
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