

Baustelle 4

Hanky Panky Punk Bird
Songs by Peter Grund

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Peter Grund

Hanky Panky Punk Bird

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Hanky Panky Punk Bird

Roach(ing) Robbin (Cock Rob Bites)

At night he feels uh so alone
Nothing happens (its so empty) its just a cocoon
Eve the kitchen - its nothing there (inside)
He thinks by himself - thats not fair
No one calls him - on the phone

After a while he begins to grow
Then he decides to crawl to the park
But there's nothing - just empty and dark

He roaches, roaches but its just ridiculous
So he headed back to his old cocoon
He waits there for the morning dew

In the morning - he puts on his shoes
And all of the rest you need as a business man
(Gypie, Brooker)

He enters the 14th floor
Its that building that fucking door
And he aims

He enters and - he wants to run away
Frozen smile - computers and D.A.
200 Million - who cares (more or less)
After a day - producing bullshit
He crawls back to his marked (wit?) place

This night - he makes a decision
"Wanna know - how other people lives"
(He wants to know - ")

Ich hätte gern viele Gedichte so einfach geschrieben wie Songs.

Rolf Dieter Brinkmann, Westwärts, 1974

A Walk through the Park

Got my own jungle in my head
While I smell the trees, flowers on earth
Got my own ocean in my heart
When I hear a brook flowing on by

Feeling the rain, sun, and the wind
Tasting the dew, tears in the dawn

Walk through the park
Watching the dark

Little red spaceship in my mind
Hey, alien, take me by the hand
Take off, we're gliding through the sky
Oh Lord, from above, creatures on earth

Feeling the rain, sun, and the wind
Tasting the dew, tears in the dawn

And by the way, before leaving planet earth
Would you mind dashing around my place
And pick up my guitar?

Walk through the park
Watching the dark

Walk through the park
Watching the dark

I Don't Know

I don't know
I don't know
I don't know
I don't know

I don't know what's wrong or right
Baby I don't know
I don't know if I love you
Baby I don't know

I don't know
I don't know
I don't know
I don't know

I don't know what's wrong or right
Baby I don't know
I don't know where I can go
Baby I don't know

I don't know

Chatterbox

You say
Almost anything I do is a losing game
Even before it's done it's bits 'n pieces
You say
I put a curse upon everyone I meet
Just by getting in touch with – I must be a teaser

But before you keep on talking and talking
And being oh so wise
There's just one thing I can reply
And that's the reason why

Hold on, baby
Hold on, baby
Hold on, baby
Hold on!
Oh, you're a chatterbox
Chatterbox
And I'm your target

You say
Belief in the future and in the good in men
Would bless me with a sudden change and a brighter point of view
You say
My negative and pessimistic thoughts
Make a situation much worse than it actually is

But before you keep on talking and talking
And being oh so wise
There's just one thing I can reply
And that's the reason why

Hold on, baby
Hold on, baby
Hold on, baby
Hold on!
Oh, you're a chatterbox
Chatterbox
And I'm your target

And I'm your target – uh uh uh
And I'm your target – uh uh uh
And I'm your target – uh uh uh

Cold Stones

A thousand ravens I've asked
I crawled through miles of desert
And tried to move the sand

In bitterness I've ended
Now that I've found out
Now that I've found out
Your wooden bed beneath the ground

Your final sleep
Will definitely last forever

Guarded by
Cold Stones
Dead flowers

My silent scream died away
My tears turned brooks to saltlakes
Life's turned its back on me

The host of heaven – all Gods
Now turned to stone
They turned to stone
No one's left in this world behind

Just empty space
Your sleep is the final answer

Guarded by
Cold stones
Dead flowers

8 Ohs (Eight Oooooooooos)

Please help me little girl
You look so cute
In your worn out leather trousers

Oh you could ease my pain
But you talk so rude
Just talking 'bout the other boys

That you have loved them all
That you have had them all
That you have ditched them all
That you have made them crawl

I wanna touch you now
'cause you look so mean
I wish that you could love me so

Oh you could ease my pain
But you talk so rude
Just talking 'bout the other boys

That you have loved them all
That you have had them all
That you have ditched them all
That you have made them crawl

I feel so insecure
The ignorance in your eyes
Is like a needle sticking in my heart

Oh-oh, oh-yeah
Oh-oh, oh-yeah
Oh-oh, oh-yeah
Oh-oh, oh-yeah

Oh-oh, oh-yeah
Oh-oh, oh-yeah
Oh-oh, oh-yeah
Oh-oh, oh-yeah

Hanky Panky Punk Bird

Me and my fool – we're sitting on a rock – rock
The sea is cool – round and round splash – crash
A wavy jewel – is slapping 'gainst our seat – beat
A stormy mule – parading on the sea – see!

Hi – ho
Hanky Panky Punk Bird
Let's cheer up for a heavenly world
We all live in a heavenly world

We're full of bliss – waiting for the moon – soon
A sudden wish – to be a little mean – clean
Electric fish – are nibbling out my toe – hoe
Couldn't miss – them sipping out my brain – drain

Hi – ho
Hanky Panky Punk Bird
Let's cheer up for a heavenly world
We all live in a heavenly world

My friend, you fool – don't jump into the flood – blood
Your wooden stool – got room enough for me and you
Divide'n rule – calm down, enjoy the dull – lull
Back in school – you used to think – pink

Hi – ho
Hanky Panky Punk Bird
Let's cheer up for a heavenly world
We all live in a heavenly world

Waiting

I sweat myself through the night
And the morning still hides
Nightmares are haunting my place
The seventh inferno gaze
No relaxation now
I don't even know how

Waiting for the good times late at night
There'll be new hope when the day gets bright
Me sit in the corner – covered with rags
Troops of roaches – marching 'cross my legs
I feel the dirt – well I don't care
'cause time will come – I'll be well prepared

I feel like a living dead
The fear is in my head
The darkness gliding down
My skin and all around
It reaches for my soul
I'm a fighter on my own

Waiting for the good times late at night
There'll be new hope when the day gets bright
Me sit in the corner – covered with rags
Troops of roaches – marching 'cross my legs
I feel the dirt – well I don't care
'cause time will come – I'll be well prepared

Waiting for the good times
Late at night
Waiting for the good times

Tragedy

There are so many different ways
Believe me more so nowadays
To treat a poor musician's heart
He's working oh so hard

He's the one who runs the show
He's fair and square from head to toe
So treat him nice and pay the price
Don't play with loaded dice

Support your local garage band
They need some money in their hands
This should become a rule to you
And show them that you love them true

His life's an awful tragedy
Oh such an awful tragedy
Tragedy, tragedy
His life's an awful tragedy
Oh such an awful tragedy
Tragedy, tragedy

Such a fucking tragedy

Noise & Trouble

One of these days, when you – get out of bed
Everything's grey while you – look out the window
First thing that strikes you – *What am I doin' here!*
Then a bad feel, it's your – everyday headache

Someone's tryin' to put you on the index, Lord
Doesn't want you to get things straight
And you don't wanna lose
You just don't wanna lose

You realize that – it's not too much you own
Y'ain't got no friends so far – it's time for changes
You turn around and – kick down a full can
There goes your whole life – in a big puddle

Someone's tryin' to put you on the index, Lord
Doesn't want you to get things straight
And you don't wanna lose
Yeah, you don't wanna lose

And you feel it
Yes, you believe it

You know that there's a lot of trouble coming up
And there is no one else to face it
You feel like cracking up
Born at the wrong time, born at the wrong time

Rain

Rain
Is dripping on my brain
Oh, isn't it insane
I'm listening to the rain

Born To Die Young

Hurt me – beat me – break my heart
Little lover – too much – too smart
Give us a chance to dive in pain
Gratefully crying in the rain

Hold me – bend me – waste my time
Pretty body – too cruel – too fine
Do all the things to guide me down
Howling winds chasing through the ground

Yeah, you're taking over babe
Yeah, you're taking over babe
Yeah, you're faking lucky babe
But losers are born to die young

Hurt me – beat me – break my heart
The ace of spades – show me your card
Don't feel too sorry – don't ask why
Enjoy the end – 'cause so do I

Hold me – bend me – waste my time
Sweet surrender – too cool to shine
Time has passed – a snow white screen
Now turns to red – in an everlasting scream

Yeah, you're taking over babe
Yeah, you're taking over babe
Yeah, you're faking lucky babe
But losers are born to die young

Disaster

Fine clothes
Cute looks
 You are my treasure
Nice make-up
Pretty trap
 It's for your pleasure
Sweet shoes
Good food
 Uh so delicious
Champagne
No pain
 Like to be vicious?

Life is one big disaster
It's getting worse that faster
Don't take the wrong direction
'cause you need a-a-a-action!

Cool drinks
Greying minks
 Petite fleur
Low bows
 Bauhaus
 Intérieur
Nice chaps
Big cars
 So ordinary
Neat shows
Clean nose
 Your sanctuary

Life is one big disaster
It's getting worse that faster
Don't take the wrong direction
'cause you need a-a-a-action!

My friend
Good friend
It's all corruption
It's time
Real time
Time for destruction
So lone
Alone
You are a lone star
Get down
Low down
Bring out the monster

Life is one big disaster
It's getting worse that faster
Don't take the wrong direction
'cause you need a-a-a-action!

Small lie
All lies
But great effects
In fact
New facts
Perfect d-d-defects
Cool job
Snob mags
Crying for lifestyle
Scrubbed floors
Fat tykes
You think it's worthwhile?

Broken-Hearted

You left me behind
Bleeding in misery
Drowning in tears
You laughed at my sorrows
I asked you to stay
But your answer was *no*

All the movies we watched together
Remaining tragic forever
All the good times we had together
Remaining tragic forever

That's why I'm
Broken-hearted
Broken-hearted
Broken-hearted

I've lost all my pride
Give me a little tenderness
The smell of your perfume
No sounds in the air
Sweet violins
Now they're gone, gone ...

That's why I'm
Broken-hearted
Broken-hearted
Broken-hearted

Coconuts

Coconuts
Are good for head banging
Coconuts
Are good for head banging
Coconuts
Are good for head banging
Bang bang bang-a-bang

Coconuts
Don't have no bad conscience
Coconuts
Don't have no bad conscience
Coconuts
Don't have no bad conscience
Cou cou cou-cachou-conuts

Looking at You

One of these days, in summertime, when the heat takes your breath
We were hanging around, some friends and me, waiting for
the sun to set
Electrified we started staring when she passed by
It was that new girl in our neighbourhood, never seen such
a wild cat before

Like a nuclear stroke, I couldn't believe it, she broke into my life
Transparent top, a leather miniskirt, curves like a cover girl
I was hypnotized, she knew it, she set me on fire
When I noticed a twinkle, I was losing control

And my blood
Boiling hot
'cause I'm looking at you

For thirteen long days I tried to meet her and have some fun
downtown
And thirteen long nights I spent without her, no sleep'n no success
She brought confusion into town, she was so goddamn cool
She fooled around and turned me down

But my blood
Still boiling hot
'cause I'm looking at you

Let's make a full stop and think about it, that's going much too far
Just cool down a bit and then you'll realize her glitter is getting dull
Hey girl, listen close to me, time is on my side
You won't play no more dirty tricks, ice age's setting in

Your face is a disgrace, your nose's too long, your body's out of shape
Your flashing of sex that I expected – a missfire instead!
You're no limited edition, c'mon baby, get lost
You're rather some kind of mass production . . . forget about you

Beverly Hills

See the fat flat man balance on the wall
We're all keen to watch him fall
Open a can and then we all
Drink to Stan 'cause it's his ball
And then we move down to Beverly Hills

Chipped like a cup he rattles on the stones
Cheer him up – now he groans
A fall and a flap – he lands on the lawn
C'mon chap let's collect his bones
Wrapped up in papers we all move him down to Beverly Hills

We got into town on a traffic island
We gathered around – Stan in the centre
Full page pattern and a lot of wire
Bone by bone we put him together
It happened down, down in Beverly Hills

Curious picture – Stan the scarecrow
We raise the weather and sniff some petrol
Lightning and thunder – give Stan some more
Got to start again the dance on the wall
So let's move out of Beverly Hills

Apple Tree

If your problems grow too big
And your neighbour's such a pig
If your lover's gone away
And you don't know what to say
And you don't know what to say
I do have a solution for you

Hey c'mon, don't be shy
Hang yourself in an apple tree
Hey c'mon, don't be shy
Hang yourself in an apple tree
Hey c'mon, don't be shy
Hang yourself in an apple tree

If they fool and booze around
And then rip off your *négligé*
If they smash your pretty face
So you doubt the human race
So you doubt the human race
I do have a solution for you

Hey c'mon don't be shy
Hang yourself in an apple tree
Hey c'mon, don't be shy
Hang yourself in an apple tree
Hey c'mon, don't be shy
Hang yourself in an apple tree

Go!
Find yourself an apple tree

City Idiots

Creepy shades moisten your jacket
Rivet steel graining second hand
Black shiny leather with buttons'n *graffiti*
Spitting into everyone's face
Making eyes sliver – shout it out!
We're city idiots in a dead man's jungle

The city's getting rotten
My strong room's covered in holes
The wheels and wings are screeching
Rust is taking over – my world

My clown is getting nervous
His tie-girder's weak, he's hollow
And he crumbles down
Piece by piece

Once I was surrounded by
Strength, fuss, and speed
It changed to slow motion
And there's only faintness
Left in my world

We are
City idiots
We are
City idiots
We are
City idiots in a dead man's jungle

No Reason

There's no reason to laugh
There's no reason to cry
There's no reason to fight
There's no reason to die

It's a homicidal joke
An infantile prayer

And the day I'll wake up
I'll notice the lie

Nothing else than an old man
Who insists on his play

Poor Chuck

Chuck stumbled out of Burger King
Bewildered, looking around
Headed for the tube to vanish
And never to be found
Leavin' complete chaos behind

At the counter he made up his mind
Putting an end to the disagreements
Not making more – thinking
I don't care how this is going to end

Chuck, watch out
They're gonna hunt you
Chuck, watch out
'cause you're a terrorist

Chuck beats up the supervisor
When he tries to check him up
He falls into hilarious laughter
Getting a pig to slaughter

And his neighbours, they do mutter
He's going to end up in the gutter
But he's wearing his RAF-button
He wants to live in the USA
Or at least in Nice

Chuck, watch out
They're gonna hunt you
Chuck, watch out
'cause you're a terrorist

Chuck has got no German roots
He's a stranger to his country
He does not believe in
The government's promises

But he's got some heavy boots
That he's goin' to use for sure
And the world will look up to him
Don't call me – I'll call you

Chuck, watch out
They're gonna hunt you
Chuck, watch out
'cause you're a terrorist

Farewell

We've been friends for a while
Just a glimpse on lifestyle
Love burned down to a pile
Straight to hell's just a mile

Farewell oh my love
Farewell oh my love
Farewell oh my love
Farewell

All the dreams we did share
And our weakness laid bare
Now just pain, hate, and fear
Wouldn't waste even a tear

Farewell oh my love
Farewell oh my love
Farewell oh my love
Farewell

You Don't Know Nothing

What do you think you have?

Nothing!

Who do you think you are?

Nothing!

Who do you think should care?

No one!

So what do you want from me?

Something special?

You don't

You don't know nothing

You don't

You don't know nothing

Get your asses up – your party wants it

Get your asses up – your friends want it

Get your asses up – for what?

For nothing!

For nothing!

For nothing!

For nothing!

So you are looking for work?

Never!

Work for the bosses for free?

Never!

So you want education?

Never!

So what do you want to learn?

Something special?

You don't
You don't know nothing
You don't
You don't know nothing

Sell your body'n soul?
Never!
Keep the whole system going?
Never!
What do you think you can do?
Nothing!
So you're waiting for changes?
Give up!

Get your asses up – your party wants it
Get your asses up – your friends want it
Get your asses up – for what?
For nothing!
For nothing!
For nothing!
For nothing!

Too Late

So you're still wandering on dusty roads
With your head full of poison
The mirror's cracked and your dreams are wrecked
Stay close to my warning
The river runs dry like your veins and your cry
Now it's filled up with acid
It's time for a dance, for a final embrace
And the clouds are on fire
Then a *déjà vu* hurt strikes you with power
Tame my thoughts
Tame my thoughts

Too late, too late – don't need your excuses
Too late, too late – don't take your abuses
Mind your tongue – tame it, we don't need it

Everything recurs in painful circles
But the spell has lost its miracle
'cause I knew how to break through
Ain't it fun – I'm dancing with a death mask
I'm on a horse ride through a valley of laughter
My brain is forever untouchable
I hug the key to salvation
And forever we'll dance
And forever we'll dance

Too late, too late – don't need your excuses
Too late, too late – don't take your abuses
Tame your tongue

Hangover

My nerves are flapping solidly
My heartbeat's going: badoum, badoum
Oh gosh I'm thick, I get on my wick
Can't take the normal load

I got that hangover by night and day
Night and day hangover
Got that hangover by looking at you
Look at my hangover

Sometimes I feel so tired
Sometimes – I don't know why
Hanging around and wasting time
But still can't find no jah

I'm not too proud of being me
My level's up to drink
But don't blame me that I was born
'cause that was not my fault

Sometimes I feel so tired
Sometimes – I wonder if
The old fart high up in the sky
Does feel the same as I

Music Editor

You want to tell us what we have to dig
And which people you'd like us to lick
The way to look like so cool and okay
The kind of music you want us to play
You're fucking talking 'bout my generation
Don't need no editors of our destination

I don't like no skinheads
I don't like no pinheads
I don't care 'bout the long haired
I don't want no uniformed generation

But there are people I do appreciate
That's the old fart, the boss of my label
And his army of tin soldiers and lookalikes
Travelling around'n having a ball
Telling everyone how great they are
Sorry man, don't want to see you, damnation

I don't like skinheads
I don't like pinheads
I don't care 'bout long haired
I don't want no uniformed generation

Reducers – producers
Label managers – posers – promoters
Editors – corrupters
We don't need you!

Fallen Angels

I tighten my grip
My hands 'round your neck
Perspiring air in the dark
Rain floating all through my hair
Mute cry from below
I get up from the floor
Pain turns into blue
And the sun ain't gonna shine anymore –
Nevermore

Vital spark has hit the floor
Fallen angels leaning on the wall
Smiling grief keeps me in chains
Stony features breaking through
Breaking through the rain

Damp covered with light
As I follow the night
Soundless moving lips
Fixing me in their sighs
The rule is survive
Whiplash yelling more
You strangle me with your gibe
Like a black cat pressed
'gainst the wall

Vital spark has hit the floor
Fallen angels leaning on the wall
Smiling grief keeps me in chains
Stony features breaking through
Breaking through the rain

Not alone
I'm not alone
Not alone
We're not alone
Not alone

Behind the final curtain
I'll get rid of my chains and I become
I'll become one of you
Fallen angels

Boston

I've been to New York
I've been to Rome
I've been to Paris
And three other towns

Boston's not the town
Boston's not the town
Boston's not the town
Boston's not the town

Religion

My girl she left me laughin'
It was a joke about communion
And then I stepped into a streetcar
And all the women looked like nuns

Uh, how inviting the way they walk
Uh, how exciting to hear them talk
Religion's suspicious – Religion's ambitious

My car broke down, I'll buy a camel
The pubs are turning into mosques
The birds in veils, I'm going bonkers
Jump on the first, I'm kamikaze

Uh, how inviting the way they walk
Uh, how exciting to hear them talk
Religion's suspicious – Religion's ambitious

Let's go to a church, let's have a laugh
At the pimp on the taut stool
I get reports from the Holy War
It seems the pope has killed his mum

The victory was rather hollow
His father later smacked his bum
Thou shalt not!

Foolish Guys

You see Rock'n Rollers on stage – uh uh
Old chicks screaming for the Stones – uh uh
You can see the Teddies break
All the old fashions, they take
Anything that they can get – uh uh

Uh, you foolish guys
Uh, you foolish guys
Uh, you foolish guys

You can see Hippies getting old – uh uh
Oh so old they are joining the in-crowd – uh uh
Glorifying the old way of life
Love-peace meditation and Pink Floyd
Oh please, all that shit, it's so boring

Uh, you foolish guys
Uh, you foolish guys
Uh, you foolish guys

Love Letters from the Devil

The devil has written me his last love letter
Being pinned on a pole won't make me feel better
The devil is taking me under his wing
Burning into my face with his signet ring

There's no way in playing tough
There's no way I'm standing on up

He told me I have been of very great worth
That I've been his best substitute on earth
But now the time has come to move my ass
To get ready, get down and join his class

There's no way in playing tough
There's no way I'm standing on up

I haven't got any more songs to sing
I have no more insane prayers to bring
There are no more ways I can please him
If there are any, I can't see 'em

There's no way in playing tough
There's no way I'm standing on up

Sitting Stone

I'm dozing here on my sitting stone
And I'm feeling oh so alone
But loneliness could be a gift
Could be a gift to a man who has a stone

A sitting stone
And an old bone
We're fitting right together
I'm fixed to the stone
Forever

The sky is clear and I'm sitting here
Philosophically reflecting
On a man who's a stone and a stone who's alone
Who is alone, he might be quite unhappy

A sitting stone
And an old bone
We're fitting right together
I'm fixed to my stone
Forever

Wish U Well

You've been a wonderful, oh such a beautiful
Audience, we wish you well

And we do wish you
A pleasant flight back home
And that it's still where it should be

Discography

- Big Balls and the Great White Idiot, *Big Balls and the Great White Idiot*. Teldec/Nova (Teldec 6.23280AO), 1976/77, see Balls 2002a
- Big Balls and the Great White Idiot, *Foolish Guys*. Teldec/Strand (Teldec 6.23616AO), 1978, see Balls 2002b
- The Balls, *The Dignity of Man Is Unimpeachable*. Balls Records (Balls Records BRD 01 L), 1980
- Big Balls, *Creepy Shades*. Balls Records (Balls Records BRD 02 L), 1983/84, see Balls 1986
- Die Balls, *Fallen Angels/Sweet Catherine*. Balls Records (Balls Records BRD 01 S), 1984/85, see Balls 1993/96
- The Balls, *Alec in Wonderland*. Multimedia Live Rock Oper, 1985, première: Hamburg, Kampnagel
- Big Balls and the Great White Idiot, *In Search for Love*. Balls Records (Alster Musikverlag BRD 09 CD), 1985/99
- The Balls, *Coconuts Part Two – Partout on Party Tour*. White Gold (Deutsche Austrophon GOLD 102), 1986, see Balls 1983/84
- Big Balls and the Great White Idiot, *The Big Waltz*. Balls Records (Indigo BRD 08 CD), 1993/96, see Balls 1984/85; Balls 1997b; Balls 1997a
- Big Balls and the Great White Idiot, *Cookies Crumble/Planet R'n R*. Balls Records (Indigo BRD 08 SCD2), 1997a, see Balls 1993/96

Discography

Big Balls and the Great White Idiot, *Hanky Panky Punk Bird/Big Boys*. Balls Records (Indigo BRD 08 SCD), 1997b, see Balls 1993/96

Peter Grund, *Hyperions Schicksalslied/Diotima's Song*. CD accompanying **\black\trash** production *Hyperion*, 1999, première: Deutsches Schauspielhaus in Hamburg, Malersaal

Big Balls and the Great White Idiot, *Big Balls and the Great White Idiot*. Remastered. Vince Lombardi Highschool Records (Mata Hari VINCE 023), 2002a, see Balls 1976/77

Big Balls and the Great White Idiot, *Foolish Guys*. Remastered. Vince Lombardi Highschool Records (Mata Hari VINCE 024), 2002b, see Balls 1978

Grunts, *Not Available*. Includes songs for **\black\trash** video *Cowboy Canoe Coma*. CD out 2004, 2002/04

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this is a public service announcement
with guitar

Q: A gift for my worst enemy?

A: A **\black\trash** product!

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the \black\trash story

Hyperion von Friedrich Hölderlin, Theaterproduktion in Zusammenarbeit mit dem Deutschen Schauspielhaus in Hamburg, 1999

Same Time Same Place Video, New York, 2001

Another Time Another Place Text zum Video, Hamburg, 2002

Cowboy Canoe Coma Video-Dreharbeiten, Hamburg und Schleswig-Holstein, 2002

Moralisk Anstalt nach Friedrich Schiller, Video in Zusammenarbeit mit dem Goethe-Institut Kopenhagen und dem Bådteatret København, Kopenhagen, 2002

Maskerade von Michail Lermontow, Theaterproduktion am Schauspiel Frankfurt, 2003

Baustelle Edition, Hamburg und Bochum, 2004

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Hyperions Schicksalslied/Diotima's Song AUDIO-CD, 9 min

Hyperion Video VHS (PAL), 90 min

Same Time Same Place Video VHS (PAL, NTSC), 35 min

Another Time Another Place Text

Moralisk Anstalt Video VHS (PAL), 20 min

Hyperion Baustelle 1

Der Hanullmann Baustelle 2

Spielverderber Baustelle 3

Hanky Panky Punk Bird Baustelle 4

Maskerade Baustelle 5

Herzlichen Glückwunsch Baustelle 6

Die Möwe Baustelle 7

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Cowboy Canoe Coma Video, 2005

