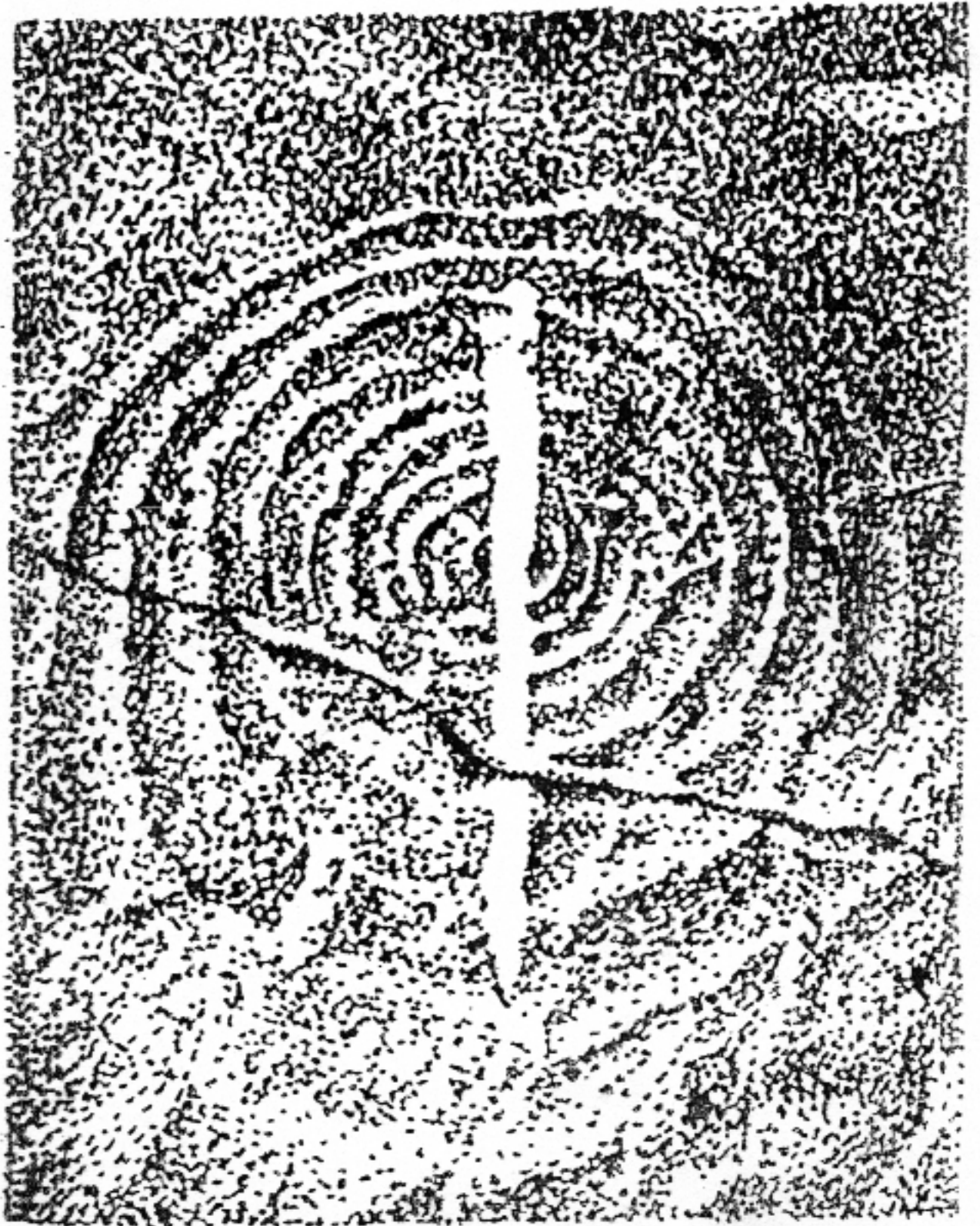


# TERRA INCOGNITA



The Rifted Valley  
Calico Pony  
The Vibrant Sea  
The Sheep  
Reluctant Love  
Plastic Snow  
Hand Over Hand  
Boris  
Moundbuilding  
Girl Across the Gravel Road  
Kayak to the Sea  
Can't Buy a House  
Steady Walking  
The Lost Home  
Seven Continents  
Rank Stranger

All songs except Rank Stranger Copyright 1984, 1985,  
1986 Terra Incognita

Terra Incognita is:

Max Klein - guitar, vocals  
Katie Rauh - bass, vocals  
Mark Twohy - violin, vocals

Address:

Terra Incognita  
342 Fifth Street  
San Francisco, California 94107  
415-546-7941

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THE RIFTED VALLEY

Smell the rain -

Smell the rain -

No one's planting the bottom land (repossessed, repossessed)

No one's planting the bottom land (overgrown with weeds)

Roaming the sea when the planet was young

governing briefly in early dawn

laboring secretly into the night

fossil industry deep underground

Smell the rain

summer is around the bend -

to follow the Rifted Valley,

to follow the smell of decay.

No one's planting the bottom land (repossessed, repossessed)

No one's planting the bottom land (overgrown with weeds)

Crust of the earth I being to bear down

flickering heat, buckling pressure

fissures of rock you will try to come up

looking, looking for the light of day

Black and fecund,

crumbling in my hand,

bodies of ancient creatures,

distant relation to me.

Got to go down in the bottom land (smell the rain, smell the rain)

Got to go down in the bottom land (overgrown with weeds)

Following cyclic weather and wind

rain bring sediment settling in

filing my footprints up with sand

rifted valley, lost again

rifted valley, lost again

CALICO PONY

When I was young my legs were long  
my pony's back was round  
summer days spent galloping  
summer days spent following  
wind across the plains

Her mane was thick, her tail touched ground  
my pony's eyes were brown  
she could run as fast as fire  
her favorite thing was rounding up  
cattle on the range

Calico pony  
I'm riding you  
we're going fast  
years ago  
calico pony

One day we ran beside the road  
a farmer's dog came out  
she spooked and jumped across the road  
we fell into the ditch below  
I thought I heard her scream

The next I knew, a man was there  
spit and shook his head  
told me that her legs were broke  
that I'd never have the chance  
to ride my horse again

Calico pony  
I'm riding you  
we're going fast  
years ago  
calico pony



THE VIBRANT SEA

A wild sky, clouds are bouncing  
bouncing over the waves  
flouncing flittingly  
on the vibrant sea

Waves splashing, dashing  
on the rocks on shore  
messages from  
the vibrant sea

Sound, surf, and roar, feel the wind  
feel the wind sweeping and soaring  
birds on the glide, fish on the swim  
sunning and splashing, winging and finning  
on the vibrant sea

The shells squirt, the conches call  
the siren in the air  
drawing, calling you, wanting you near  
on the vibrant sea

Plummet the depths, churning and swirling  
reed, rock, sand and fin  
messages from  
the vibrant sea

The wind is singing, sweeping and swooping  
the mariners' curse is broken  
teaming with life, begining to end  
top to bottom, surface to sand  
on the vibrant sea

THE SHEEP

Slowly they pass, in the grey of the evening  
over the wet road, a flock of sheep

Slowly they wind, in the grey of the evening  
over the wet road, that twines through the town

Slowly they pass, and gleaming whitely  
vanish away in the grey of the evening

ah - what memories, loom for a moment  
gleam for a moment, and vanish away

Of the white days, when we two together  
went in the evening, where the sheep lay

We two together, went with slow feet  
in the grey of the evening, where the sheep lay

Whitely they gleam, for a moment and vanish  
away in the dimness, of sorrowful years

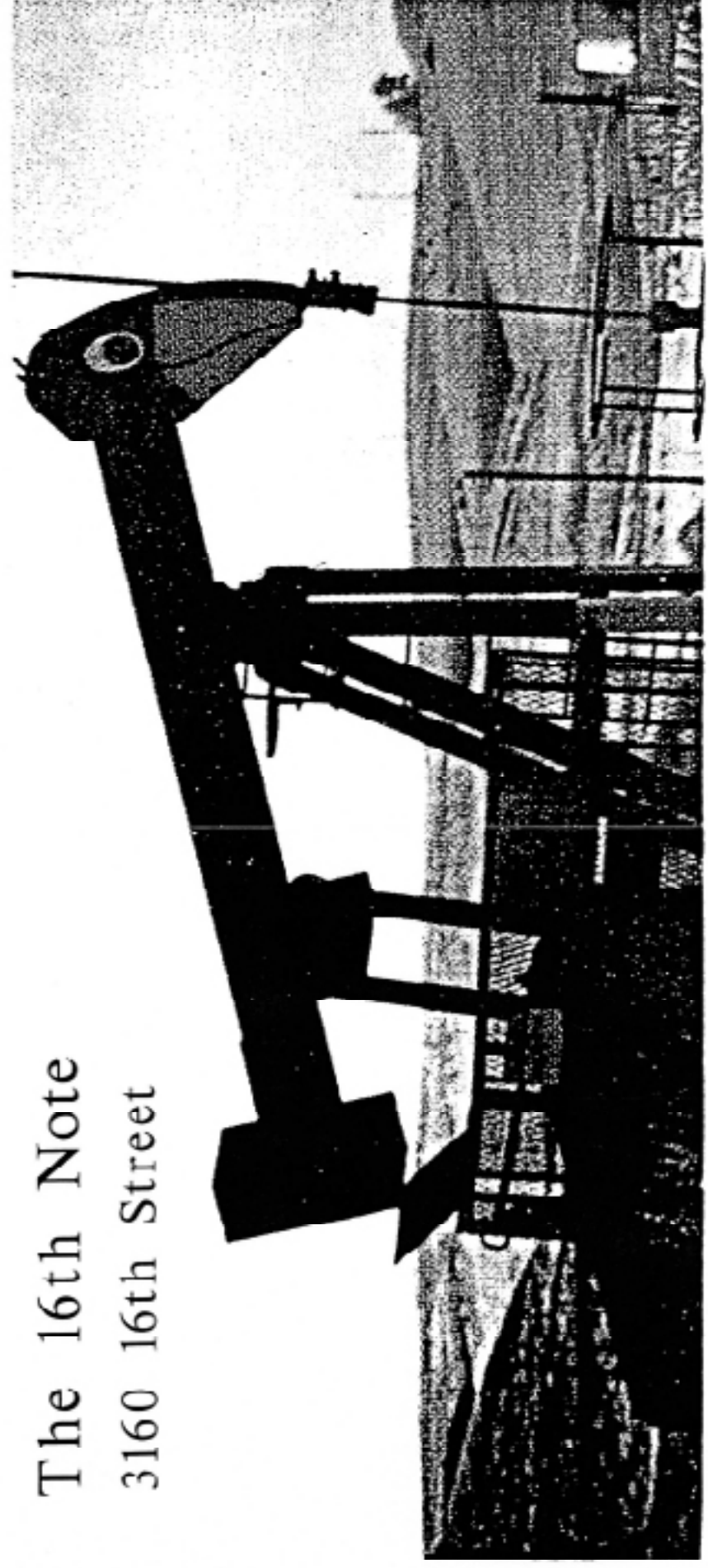
Gleam for a moment, all white, and go fading  
away in the greyness of sundering years

Seumas O'Sullivan

THE INVERTEBRATES PAMELA Z  
TERRA INCOGNITA

4 to 10 pm Sunday 12.22.85

The 16th Note  
3160 16th Street





RELUCTANT LOVE

Be brave - not insecure or faint of heart

And so, pretending to be neither  
I ignore your neutral stand  
and throw my self against your-  
your benign indifference

Through hardly reassuring  
your not rejecting either  
like flat out telling me to get lost

until that happens  
you'll be my reluctant love

And so, my reluctant love  
even if it's not in the cards  
for you to think of me as more-  
more than just whatever

That's OK, cause there's bound to be  
a positive spin-off  
from my attempts to impress you

Like...  
Must be something

Your love is for those who neither need  
Your love is for those who neither need  
nor want

So pretending to be like that  
I wait for you to call my bluff  
and move on

Until that happens  
you'll be my reluctant love

Your love is for those who neither need  
Your love is for those who neither need  
nor want

PLASTIC SNOW

Wishing for snow on a sultry day  
bright as piles of empty paper  
to fall inside the open door  
slowly drift across the sofa

The air is wet so I must swim  
through the house to find a drink  
ice cubes laugh inside the glass  
on their way to becoming liquid

Wishing for snow in a heat wave  
watching light sparkle the ceiling  
my thoughts move on to winter  
Shake the plastic ball  
watch the snowflakes fall  
so gently over Baby Jesus

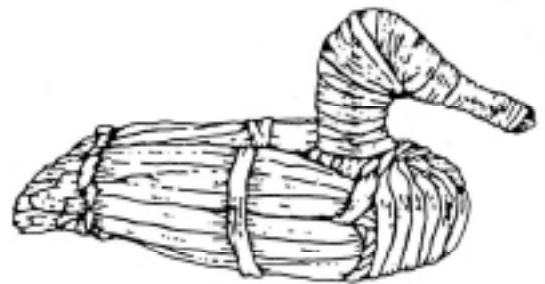
Wishing for snow on a sweltering day  
fine, like a roving sand dune  
to bring cold wind from far away  
hurl itself against the window

Sitting alone on a summer day  
trying not to see the palm trees  
that cover half of Hollywood  
moving back and forth in the warm breeze

Wishing for snow in a heat wave  
watching light sparkle the ceiling  
my thoughts move on to winter  
Shake the plastic ball  
watch the snowflakes fall  
so gently over Baby Jesus

# FEBRUARY:

## NATURAL HISTORY MONTH



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friday

**21**

**V·I·S Club**

w/17 Pygmies

tuesday

**25**

**Berkeley Square**

w/Brave Combo

**546-7941**

TERRA

INCOGNITA

HAND OVER HAND

Pulling my weight, pushing for change  
breaking the ice, making the scene  
watching the weather, testing the wind  
trusting my luck someday I will take command

Hand over hand, hand over hand  
hand over hand up that ladder in the sky

People I love, people I need  
bound to be trampled, under my feet  
stiff competition, just to break free  
if you can't wait, justice does not grow on trees

Show me now, before I go  
Show me now, before I go  
Show me what's up there, I can go no higher  
Into the blue, watch me falling like a sword  
Into the blue, watch me falling like a sword  
Into the blue  
watch me falling  
like a sword

Hand over hand, hand over hand  
hand over hand up that ladder in the sky

The bodies of the dead fall into the sea  
The bodies of the dead fall into the sea  
The bodies of the dead fall into the sea  
from that ladder in the sky

Hand over hand, hand over hand  
hand over hand up that ladder in the sky

BORIS

Boris  
the rain is falling fast  
listening  
static fills the night

I have found you dear  
looking for so long  
I have found you dear

Boris  
I clearly see your face  
laughing  
the sun is in your eyes

Winter's coming on  
I will keep you warm  
Winter's coming on

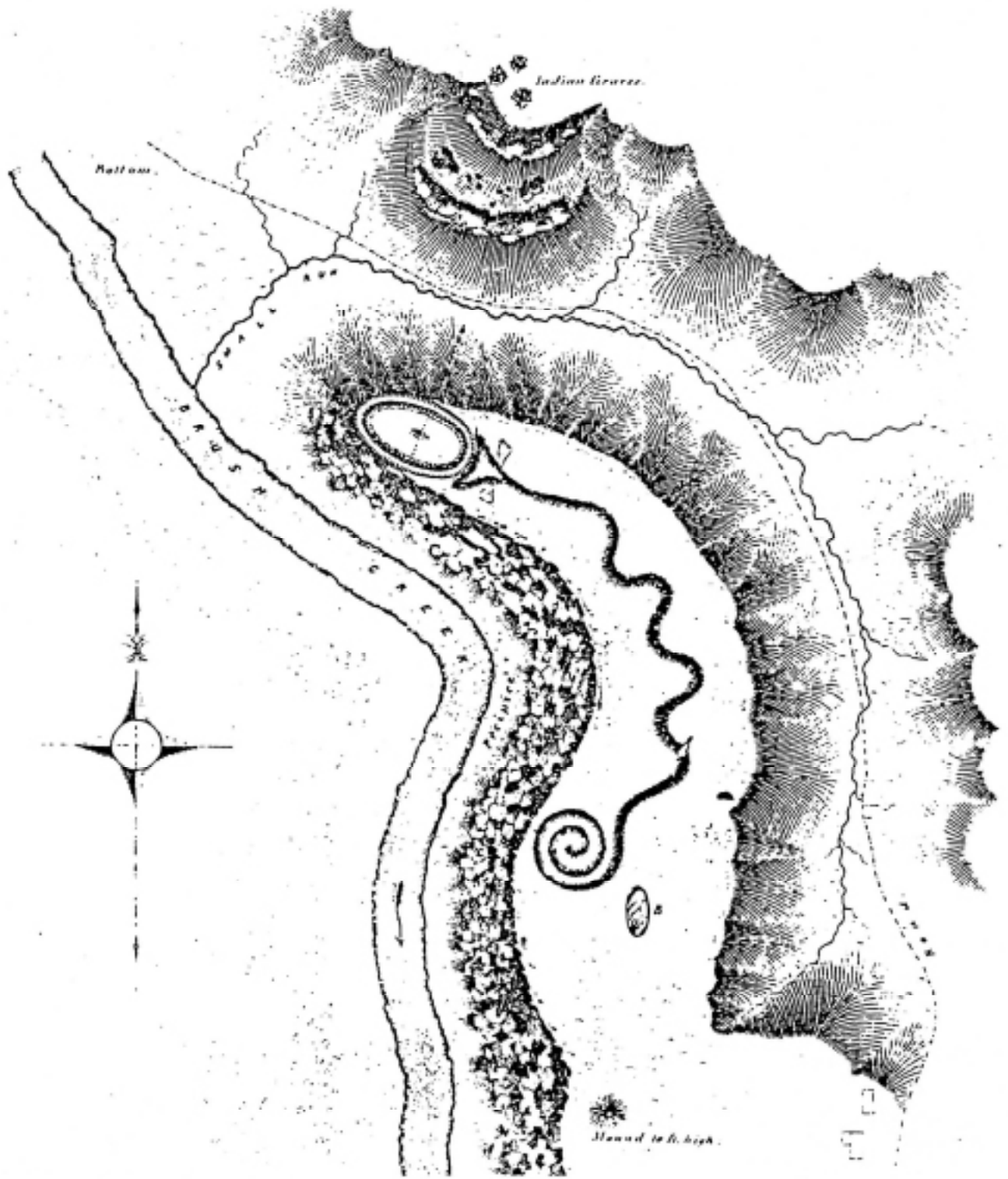
Boris  
the desert's waiting there  
take me  
I know the night is clear

We have found a home  
where the cactus grow  
we have found a home

Morning  
comes before I'm done  
dreaming  
about the day before

Take me in your arms  
wake me with a kiss  
take me in your arms

Boris



MOUNDBUILDING

In the bend of the river where the road crosses over,  
where the water is muddy from crop cultivation -  
in the bend of the river where the sycamores gather,  
where the paw-paws ripen and the cliff leans over -

Mound-building,  
earth-working -  
building for future generations  
Mound-building,  
earth-working -  
building for future generations

The old mound-builder made a pile of stones -  
in the shape of a serpent he covered it over  
it was all he left, and he left it forever -  
in the bend of the river where the sycamores gather

Mound-building,  
earth-working -  
building for future generations  
Mound-building,  
earth-working -  
building for future generations

It was all he left, he abandoned the country  
he did not see the Sioux nor the Iroquois canoe  
he did not see the highway with the cars passing over  
in the bend of the river where the sycamores gather

Mound-building,  
earth-working -  
building for future generations  
Mound-building,  
earth-working -  
building for future generations

THE GIRL ACROSS THE GRAVEL ROAD

The girl across the gravel road, stood there watching us unload  
everything for our new home, from a dusty moving truck

The girl across the gravel road, passed the time by throwing stones  
high into a cloudless sky, back behind a broken fence

I thought of her the other day  
the girl across the gravel road  
eighteen years have wandered by  
bet she's still in trouble  
bet she's still in trouble

The girl across the gravel road, had a mother that feared God  
had two sisters pure as snow, and a father that drank beer

The girl across the gravel road, liked to swear at passing cars  
had a laugh to prove how wild, she would be in coming years

I thought of her the other day  
the girl across the gravel road  
eighteen years have wandered by  
bet she's still in trouble  
bet she's still in trouble

The girl across the gravel road, used to lie between her teeth  
called her sisters dirty names, got a slap across her mouth

The girl across the gravel road, raced her horse and shifted gears  
said she'd rather have a car, with a real loud radio

I thought of her the other day  
the girl across the gravel road  
eighteen years have wandered by  
bet she's still in trouble  
bet she's still in trouble



NORMAN SALANT

BEN BOSSI

TERRA  
INCOGNITA

10 PM

HOTEL UTAH

SAT. APRIL 5

KAYAK TO THE SEA

Winter was endless and snow fell hard  
wind blew in circles around the house  
the river that ran through my back yard  
was frozen stiff from here to the ocean

Kayak to the sea  
Kayak to the sea

We sat by the fire for days on end  
chinked up the holes where the snow blew in  
I'd think of days so long and yellow  
up since dawn, paddling down the river

Kayak to the sea  
Kayak to the sea

Back in my room, under the bed  
some wood I had found early last spring  
caught in a whirlpool, close to the edge  
took it home and hid it for winter

Kayak to the sea  
Kayak to the sea

By the light of a fire  
I sharpened my knife  
I carved out the shape  
boat and man  
Skin on the river  
begins to moan  
Then it will be time  
to send them on

The day finally came, sure it was safe  
logs and icebergs had floated away  
down by the river, shoved him from shore  
watched him shrink, flying on the current

Kayak to the sea  
Kayak to the sea  
Kayak to the sea

CAN'T BUY A HOUSE

In the beginning, wild coyote  
laid down the law  
laid down the law

In the beginning, wild coyote  
laid down the law  
laid down the law

No houses in this place  
man and beast must circulate  
No houses in this place  
man and beast must circulate

When I go to Terra Incognita teach me to be strong  
When I go to Terra Incognita teach me to be strong  
I know that letting go is harder than holding on

Now when night falls my heart will go home  
to my home, to my home  
Now when night falls my heart will go home  
to my home, to my home

In the morning, wild coyote  
he woke me up  
he woke me up

In the morning, wild coyote  
he woke me up  
he woke me up

Said I must leave this place  
man and beast must circulate  
Said I must leave this place  
man and beast must circulate

Rock shelter, so massive, protect my pictures from the sky  
(red-tailed hawk, feast on rattler  
who will come to pick my bones?)

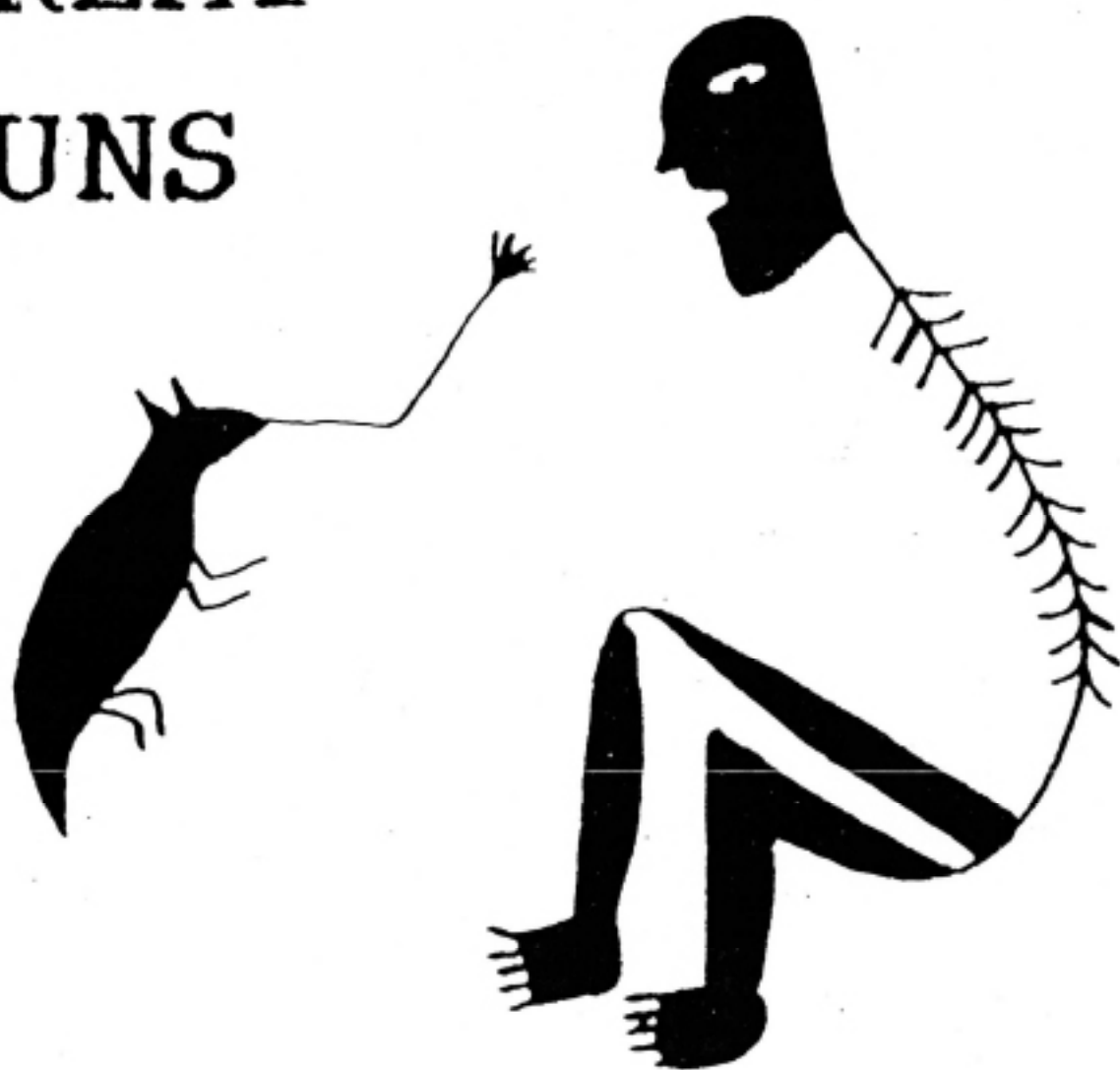
Rock shelter, so massive, protect my pictures from the sky  
(red-tailed hawk, feast on rattler  
who will come to pick my bones?)

I will leave a history of secret motions in the night

If I can't buy a house I have a home  
I have a home, I have a home  
If I can't buy a house I have a home  
I have a home, I have a home

Max Klein

**GREAT  
GUNS**



**TERRA INCOGNITA  
VIS CLUB**

**10 PM Saturday MAY 10**

STEADY WALKING

What would it be like to get there  
guess I'll know if it ever happens  
groping for the light  
that must be just around the corner

So bring those old hopes back to life  
steady talking to your dreams  
keeping it moving  
leaving bad times behind

Uh oh ---- side tracked again  
though hopefully not ---- to sink as low as before  
so bring those old hopes back to life  
steady talking to your dream  
steady talking to your dream  
steady walking to your drum

Though much of what passes for new  
seems old, to my jaded eyes  
that's OK 'cause if it's distilled  
a gem could still arise

So bring those old hopes back to life  
steady talking to your dream  
keeping it moving  
leaving bad times behind

Uh oh ---- side tracked again  
though hopefully not ---- to sink as low as before  
so bring those old hopes back to life  
steady talking to your dream  
steady talking to your dream  
steady walking to your drum  
steady walking to your drum

Making believe it's going to happen  
despite some second thoughts  
making believe it's going to happen  
though some of us may be past our prime

Still hoping this advice will work  
this steady talking to our dream  
are we there yet?  
never thought we'd be

Do you think it's cause we  
keep a talking to our dream  
steady walking to our drum  
keep a talking to our dream  
steady walking to our drum  
steady walking to our drum

THE LOST HOME

A long way home, across the windblown prairie  
on a road memory has washed away  
there stands a house  
that speaks of the family  
that once lived inside

The shutters are closed  
and it looks smaller  
standing whitely in the squinting sun  
when town folks pass  
they think of the trash  
that moved out of town

They can never go back there  
all ties they had are gone  
there stands a house  
and it is the scar  
of their broken home

They came from the east, to the wide open prairie  
let the wind have a go  
at raising the children  
the life they had planned  
went astray  
and sent them in all directions

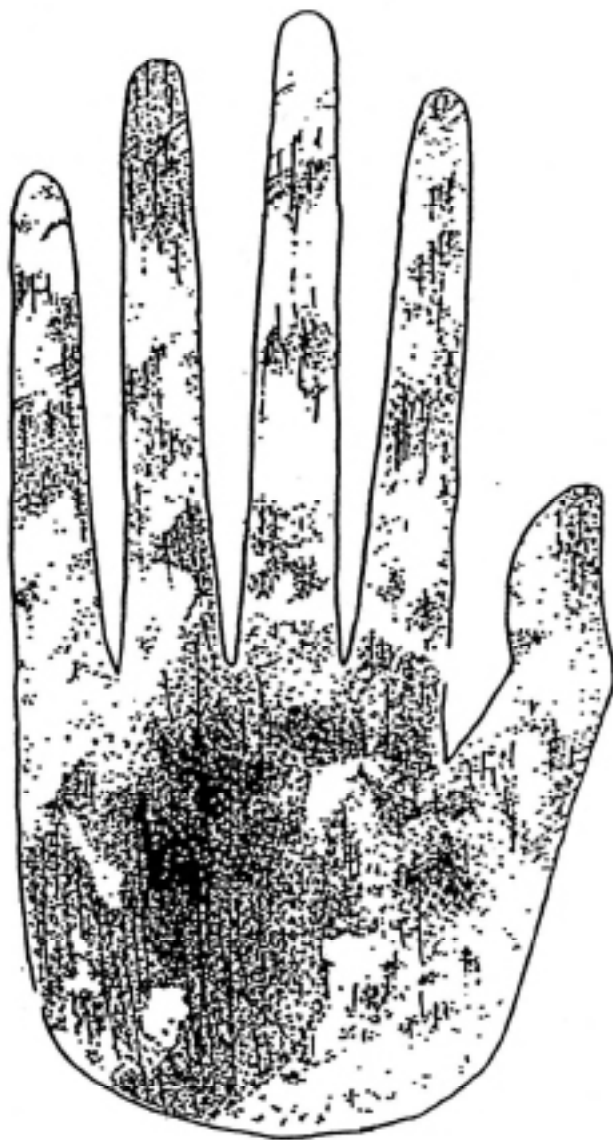
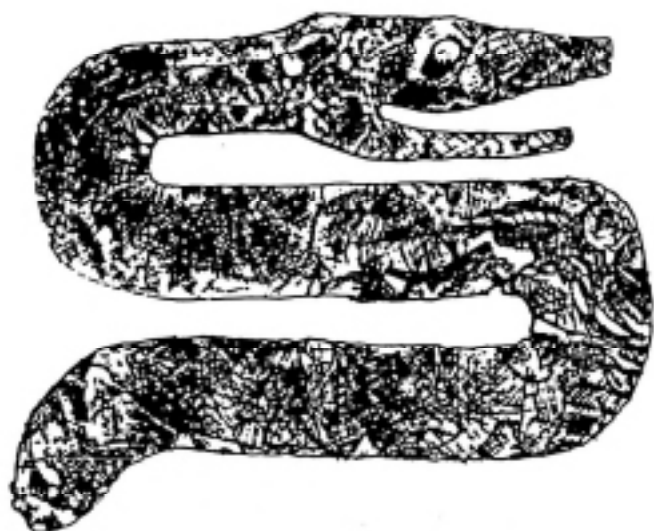
The house still stands  
but it's not the home  
a dream had hoped it to be  
their ghosts still roam  
the halls and moan  
strangers cannot see

They can never go back there  
all ties they had are gone  
there stands a house  
and it is the scar  
of their broken home

dangergirl presents...

# TERRA INCOGNITA

BUILDING FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS



at

**NINE**

9th & Harrison  
San Francisco

**10 PM Tuesday May 27**

\$2 COVER/ NO COVER WITH INVITE OR MEMBERSHIP

## SEVEN CONTINENTS

The river cuts the continent,  
divides and then distributes it -  
and on the coast, where darkness comes,  
they lie awake, awaiting it

Here comes the rain, drumming on my tent -  
Here comes the rain, drumming on my tent -  
when will I see you again?  
when will I see you again?  
The distant stars try to pierce the mist.

and when we kiss...it's got to last  
across the seven continents

Feet that walk different continents  
to return like the tides -  
this is how our story began,  
this is how our story will end

Divided by the watchful sea,  
the continents began to drift.  
in sleepless nights, too sick to cry,  
the continents began to drift

I had to go when I heard that sound -  
I had to go when I heard that sound -  
I had to go, had to go -  
I had to go, had to go -  
I had to go, take a look around.

Should not let go without a fight,  
defend our seven continents

This was my land and this was my home -  
I had my own way of life  
strangers never could understand -  
how can I give it up to you?

Behind my back, between the sheets,  
between the times when we will meet -  
behave yourself, be good to me -  
between the times when we will meet

Here comes the rain, drumming on my tent -  
Here comes the rain, drumming on my tent -  
when will I see you again?  
when will I see you again?  
The distant stars try to pierce the mist

and when we kiss...it's got to last  
across the seven continents

(continued)



The walls go up, the lights come down -  
what is that sound? what is that sound?  
the faces cross the silver screen -  
the walls go up, the lights come down

Show me pictures of your native land -  
Show me pictures of your native land -  
show me the clothes that they wear -  
show me the clothes that they wear -  
I have to know, have to understand

And in my dream...I'm chasing you  
from continent to continent

Africa the birthplace of man -  
Asia where religion began -  
Europe tried to conquer the world -  
Australia took many exiles -  
North America making loans -  
South America in revolt -  
Antarctica barren and cold -  
Seven continents growing old

Here comes the rain, drumming on my tent -  
when will I see you again?  
the distant stars try to pierce the mist

And when we kiss...it's got to last  
across the seven continents

And when we kiss...it's got to last  
across the seven continents

RANK STRANGER

I wandered again  
to my home in the mountains  
where in youth's early dawn  
I was happy and free  
I looked for my friends  
but I never could find them  
I found they were all  
rank strangers to me

Everybody I met  
seemed to be a rank stranger  
no mother nor dad  
not a friend could I see  
they knew not my name  
and I knew not their faces  
I found they were all  
rank strangers to me

They all moved away  
said the voice of a stranger  
to a beautiful home  
by the bright crystal sea  
some beautiful day  
we'll meet up in heaven  
where no one will be  
a stranger to me

Everybody I met  
seemed to be a rank stranger  
no mother nor dad  
not a friend could I see  
they knew not my name  
and I knew not their faces  
I found they were all  
rank strangers to me

The Stanley Brothers

**THE WASHINGTON SQUARES**  
**THE LONGSHOREMEN**  
**TONY SEYMORE - THE SQUARE ROOTS**

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# **TERRA INCOGNITA**

**SONGS OF POWER AND BEAUTY**  
**DREAMS OF A RESTLESS EARTH**



**WOLFGANG'S** 901  
Columbus Ave.

**8 PM SUNDAY JUNE 1**

**\$8/\$9**