

My Dark Heart

Itinerary

Dedicated to:

My Gramma

My Parents

My Sister

*Oh, I'm losing myself
My desire I can't hide
No reason am I for
(Portishead, Magic Doors)*

*You're bleeding
(Eurythmics, I Saved The World Today)*

First Chapter

Science and Religion

First Birth

Mary gave birth to me in a long and painful act

Supreme Goddess

Each of your words cut into my soul - the one that I did not have
The sound of your voice, fragile, infinitely strong - hurts my tympanum

I find meaningless, empty words only

You do not want to talk about your music – give answers to stupid questions
Why is your music so depressive?

Beautifully it is - sadness and melancholy
Everything just stupid empty terms

I put on my headphones and sink into your words

*So don't you stop, being a man,
Just take a little look from our side when you can,
Show a little tenderness,
No matter if you cry.
(Portishead, Glory Box)*

Until my ears ache and bleed – and in your mirror
I see my past

Heart Shaped Box

Suddenly, I stood before the small shop window, looked blankly at the old things, which were nicely arranged there, behind the glass. In former times, I had bought now and then a small box.

One was quite small, with a beautiful bordure made from brocade around the edge of the lid. Carnations and seeds were glued on above. The largest, oval box, had also beautiful bordures from brocade on the edge of the lid and on the side. However, it was not lined with such a nice cloth.

Completely different was the one made from heavy wood, with beautiful inlaid work in the arched lid and a metallic bolt. Obviously it was meant for keeping writing utensils. I never used the noble, blue and golden stylograph therein.

Completely dear to me was the old worn out box. The wooden lid was hinged. The brown color was dull and the simple ornamentation was faded. The small blue blooms on the lid were very pretty.

But my dearest one was made of thin wood. With wonderful bordures at the foot, on the edge of the lid and on the lid. I loved the dusted leaves, blooms and little cones on it. Made of fabric or genuine. And the three small beads. How dull they were on the small heart-shaped box.

“She’s behind”, said the old man who had to be the salesman.

Had I gone into the shop, I had asked something? The shop was obviously large, so many things, all of them were old, like me.

“What’s behind?”

“The heart-shaped box, the one you came for.”

“I have already one, why should I still want another?”

“Yours is empty!”

I had kept insignificant stuff in it, until I found one day that this was not appropriate – since then it is empty.

“And your?”

“It’s yours!”

“If that is so....”, I said with a smile and shrugged.

Had he gone? - Come? - The box was huge!

“Can I see what’s inside?”, I asked him somewhat amused.

“Why? You know what’s inside. In addition, is’s written on the bottom”.

I took the box, not much bigger than my hand, and turned it around. In enormous letters was written there: “Dark Heart”! What a Kafkaesque moment - Conrad! I put the box back on the counter and looked up. The old man was no longer there.

“What’s expected to cost the box?”, I shouted somewhat mockingly.

“Nothing, it yours.....”

“.....and it has waited for me and only for me.....”

“.....if you say so.....”

I looked at the box on my desk, and did not know how and when I got home.

*How can it feel this wrong
From this moment
How can it feel this wrong
(Portishead, Roads)*

It would be an error to open the box just as Gabrielle in „*Kiss Me Deadly*“!

I knew, I would open the box, I finally knew what was inside!

Gabrielle, it was not beautiful and sensual what you saw? Did it not please you? Did it not excite you?

It will please me! It will excite me! - But first just a little

The Word For World Is Forest

As a child I ran in the forest through barely visible remains of buildings - innocent and unsuspecting – still

"Let the filthy Bolshevik shot and five more." Our commander shouted, mad with anger!

"Six men? The mine will not be pleased!" I knew that I had said something stupid. The old man got now finally into a rage and everyone knew that he was serious.

"And if I have to shoot all by hand, I will teach this vermin what it means to serve a German master!"

"No Commander, I will, of course, do by hand!" It was always good to brownnose the old man and finally the Bolshevik sod deserved it as well, and the others anyway!

"Commander, Commander, the Yank!" I was completely out of breath.

"Damn, how long it will still last to bury the Bolsheviks!" The old man had a shitty mood. Clear if the Yank would catch us, we would be off - he would definitely hang on the rope.

"They defend themselves Commander!" Shit Bolsheviks, they still really had something like a will to live in itself. Well, of course, had heard that the Yanks move closer. Think probably indeed, that this even only one of them would witness alive!

"Then just shoot the rest before you bury them! When the Yanks comes, I want that all kicked the bucket! "Consequently he was the old man! He did not want to leave something for the Yanks. Perhaps he only wanted to make sure that in any case none of the Bolsheviks still could open wide his Communists yap, if.....

"Of course, Commander!" Faithful until the end! A few of them bump off before I would absconded me, why not!

Today I stand in front of a memorial:

*Ohh.....
Can anybody see the light
Where the morn meets the dew and the tides rise
Did you realize no one can see inside you view?
Did you realize, for why this sight belongs to you?
(Portishead, Strangers)*

I have never asked and I never will ask if the story of my grandfather's true - why he did have to go to the eastern front. It is not important whether it is right, it gives me hope - a deceptive, false and dishonest

*Through the glory of life
I will scatter on the floor
Disappointed and sore
And in my thoughts I have bled
For the riddles I've been fed
Another lie moves over
(Portishead, The Rip)*

(Ursula K. Le Guin)

Heart Shaped Box

You
Sometimes sing „*Heart Shaped Box*“
In order to show that you can do it
Really hard to sing
To party hard

But
Is it not awkward to do it after the first stanza?

You
Need some time then
Until the vocal cords recovers
And it it so nice again, as before

You
Know that I like it
When you sing fast, hard and roughly?
No, really!
Leave the violins away!
You did not need!

I stare at my new heart-shaped box and tears drip quietly on it. Nearly half a century I needed to realize that I will never sing a song, let alone going to write one, that I will never play an instrument, that I will never write a poem, that I will never make a film, that I will never paint a picture, that I will never draw a drawing, that I will never write a novel

But I will open the box and look inside

Hide

In a book

Reveal

Never completely

Possibilities

There is an ocean of possibilities

Faith

Unsatisfactory!

Knowledge

Unattainable!

Transcendent Entity

Unacceptable!

Catharsis

Inward - Impossible

Outward - Leastwise

Wolfram von Eschenbach

Only one work – Percival!

This work became a synonym for me, a synonym therefor, that even something from bygone times is able to captivate one, is able to tell something, is able to touch – Epic of Gilgamesh; sadness and farewell to a loved one!

I was touched by the description of the Queen Belacane, her beauty, the beauty of her dark skin, seeing her, just as a beautiful woman - a beauty that touche me as well - my Ms. Grant?

And the child that results from that relationship was patterned in black and white, but not to make fun of the child, obviously the author was lost the conception here, but he has found a beautiful image!

I confess that I have not read the work to the end, but it became clear to me that it often makes sense to advance to the root, to the actual work, not to leave it at that corrupt follow-ups based on the original work!

Principle

Everything that can happen, will happen, no matter how unlikely it is

Religion

I stand in a huge cathedral, admire her architecture, the play of light
But no religious feeling sets in
Only when I hear music, I have the feeling to feel something
What might be called religious

You
Are my Goddesses

Your
Creation is my liturgy

Your
Songs are my prayers

My
Hope is salvation

Flames

The door opens - I see the flames
They push me into it

Flames - Flames - Flames

The room is filled with them
They consume me and my ineffable thoughts
In endless agony

Flames - Flames – Flames

Charles Bukowski

I liked that he narrated about himself and ordinary people, about his and their ordinary life, about his and their ordinary problems, in a total ordinary language!

When he told, how he got up in the morning after boozing all night, went to the filthy toilet to throw up, and then to see what was on alcohol still there!

When he spoke of women, running on empty, disillusioned, broken - when he spoke of his relations!

Hollywood - LA!

When he spoke of his jobs, the shitty circumstances and superiors!

When he talked about how cool it was, in Germany to read, where he simply could put the bottle on the table without bigotry!

When he told of as he drove for a reading in Germany, and already start with the drinking in the car, he had to throw up, stuck out his head, he puked all over the passenger door!

I liked his stories!

The Scientific Thought

Natural laws are universal quantification. They can not be proven. They are considered true until a contradiction shows or they can be refuted. A smart idea, not to search for the final, eternal truth, but to define the temporality of the validity of qualifications to the principle.

Crucifixion

The Christians hate the Jews for the crucifixion!
Honestly, that is not to overbid at absurdity!

Have you ever thought to thank the Jews!
Considering that they have done that, on what your religion based!

But maybe you do not have to understand everything!
In the sense that this simply makes no sense!

Devil

You do not have to knock on my door
You wait a long time

In me - Not so deep
Waiting for

Dashiell Hammett

With him it was less the figures, not even Sam Spade, but the style and the stories, the criticism that was contained therein. And of course it was the world, he took me into. The men and women - America - this strange, violent world - sometimes I thought that everything was something too overstated, now I realize that he has rather understated.

Only five total expenditure, respectively all the works of an author, I have today: Shakespeare, Joyce, Hammett, Chandler, Spillane - Burroughs I had once

I have not read them for a long time, but when I am hereby soon will be ready, I have to read them again - all. With hardboiled I will start, with Hammett I will start, with "Red Harvest" I will start!

Bivalent Logic

The bivalent (two-valued) logic is marked by the unambiguous attribution of "true" and "false", often represented by "1" and "0". Statements are considered, for example in the propositional logic. The principle of the bivalence is expressed here.

Gods

Why
Gods are always so crucial
Why
There are no Gods, which are tender
Why
There are no Gods, which go to the people
Simply help them – With there omnipotence

Perhaps
Because there are no Gods
Perhaps
Because people projecting their failure to themselves
To the Gods

Does this question rises at all

Virgin Mary

„Dear John, forgive us our sins.“

I love you smile – so ecstatic, so sensual and enticing

But this is not my way
I am not the Virgin Mary
However, that is not the point here
I only hope
The devil – him, do not let me be

William Shakespeare

The tragedy of the figures, the lightness of the figures - tragedy, comedy – both impressed me!

The royal dramas - but also the merchant - and all the others! When waiting murderers find tender words, a mother, after a spiral of violence, become dished up her own sons - the impetus of the subject matters - if one who kills, whom death is normality, the fallen friend mourned, then when he executes, the pregnancy exhilarates him only – humanity

How wonderfully elegant, entwined the paths of the comedies! Only the young lovers I feel weak!

But what delighted me most was the universe of stagings, especially the filmings too! What directors have made films, his subjects using - what masterpieces, what a range, I sank into this universe that brought me to the limit, the limit of comprehension - of my mind – Kurosawa

Practically each of the plays has a tremendous depth - to have written even one act of it - even the thought of it

Ternary logic

There are several systems. They have instead of two truth values - "1" and "0" - another. This is colloquially designated as “unknown” or "indeterminate" and often represented by "1/2".

It's A Fire

*This salvation I desire
Keeps getting me down*

*Cos we need to
Recognize mistakes
For time and again
(Portishead, It's A Fire)*

Is it presumptuous, to wish for salvation - for me probably already
Salvation of what, the self-inflicted, the self-induced

But what's the use of the rational consideration of what you have done
If it has no consequences, if it wallows in complacence

Therefor indeed the time has come, the thinking, the pondering, the doubt, to stop doing
But how simple the words, how hard the deed, how incredibly difficult

Modus Ponens

Humans can do terrible things
I am a human
I can do terrible things

Humans can do beautiful things
I am no human

Robert Coover

His works have exited me immediately - a lot more than those of Barth or Barthelme - "Brick Songs and Descants" or later "A Night At The Movies, Or, You Must Remember This"!

"The Origin Of The Brunists" - also as a part of America – run after someone, looking for a leader, someone who tells to one what the correct values are – isn't that quite German – Mein Führer!

"The Public Burning" - what a work! What a time - some love it, dream of it, would like to live in it – myself is disgusted about it - my country at that time, as everything was good again - as we undergone miracles again, as you once already the first verse – totally innocent - allowed to sing - later Shah and Ohnesorg - happy today - happy in a different country and continent

His books had a spell for me, which I found in the pictures of René Magritte also - at first glance it is not clear what creates the confusion, only the second glance reveals the endowing magic!

Postmodernism - postmodernity - Ihab Hassan: Much, much more than the beat generation, the postmodern literature has captured me, although - because? - it is so much academically influenced – Bukowski?

Multi-valued Logic

It introduces more truth values, their interpretation however is very difficult and not uniform. They are often referred to as pseudo-truth values. In this area, the Fuzzy Logic falls.

Creation

You
Create
You
Are the Creators
You
Are the Goddesses
You
Created me

I
Hope, I can satisfy you
I
Hope, you are satisfied with me
I
Have ruined your Creations with my stupid attempts
Please
Not banish me from your paradise – only this I have
It
Is the only one for which I am still alive

Let
Me beg for the eternal salvation
You
Are the Redeemer

I
Worship you

Gratitude

Should I be grateful
Grateful those
Those who gave their lives
Lives therefor, that I can live mine
Mine worthless life

Life can be so meaningful
Meaningful what they have done
Done to free the guilty
Guilty of the most heinous crimes
Crimes never be forgotten

Forgotten

James Joyce

His oeuvre?

The author?

“Stephen Hero”

When he talks to the girl - Emma - that it was romantic, one night, just one night to spend together, and then to see each other never again - wow Joyce, you have really believed that this pickup line works – you really say - YES! Then you could also willy-nilly go through the whole village with a huge bouquet of flowers, into the pub of her parents, and then, in front of all the guests, to present the bouquet one of the two daughters – you had the name of a goddess – mine you wouldn't be

“Dubliners”

I was impressed - sure Ulysses – but for me this opus is the peak of Joyce's craft - "The Dead" - a climax of literature!

The melancholy of the conclusion, the snowflakes on the spears of the little gate, as they gently fall into the dark inflammatory waves of the Shannon River - *Have you seen a snowflake drifting in the Rockies ... way up high?*

“Ulysses”

A shock! The descriptions, the tranquility, the cemetery, the child's coffin – slayed!

Monologue! I fell in love with Molly - am still in love with Molly - with a rose in her hair - from Elizabeth or Ingrid? - under the Moorish wall - *say: yes I will Yes.*

Fuzzy Logic

Although fuzzy logic is to its nature a multi-valued logic, it differs clearly from other systems of multi-valued logic, as that unambiguous truth values in the entire range of "0" to "1" can be assigned, for example 0.1, 0.2, 0.37, and so on.

It was never understandable to me why this has resulted not more reverberation, thus in philosophy. It appears to me to be a fundamental tool. Suppose that we ask ourselves whether something is art or not.

In the field of two-valued logic, there is only the possibility of "0" or "1" - no art or art.

But even in the three-valued logic this subject is not satisfying, as "indeterminate" is not really carrying on.

With multi-valued logic we have the aforementioned problems.

What now is fuzzy logic able to contribute to our question. It allows to match a distinct truth value to every object. A painting by Max Ernst I would allocate "1" without hesitation! A promotional brochure without hesitation "0"! What is for example with the music of Taylor Swift? I have many problems with "1", I just see a big gap between Ernst and Swift, but to degrade her music to an advertising brochure seems not quite appropriate. Since I can use any

truth value, I am able to, for example, to assign her music the value of 0.25, as a very small value, or 0.75, as a fairly high value.

Also, the value can become at any time subject to a correction – in both directions – thus after new information, an album and suchlike.

It probably will not surprise that I assign my angels without hesitation "1". And I would even go so far, precisely because it does not makes "sense", at least two of them, to assign the truth value "> 1"!

Salvation

Into the apple I bit, without paradise, without snake and without Eve. Just me and the apple, in which I have bitten without any shame.

I open my eyes and nothing has happened – everything takes its course.

How can I hope for salvation, if the sin only almost happened, but I can not help it, that it did not happen?

I am trapped in the City Of Angels.

In the land of Gods and Monsters I am the Monster
Herding the Garden of Evil
Shellac you, scare you
Let yourself do all the things that I desire
Fuck you hard

I say:
God is not dead – He has never lived
I fuck you and show you your Heaven
I give you what you really need

Innocence is never lost
Innocence has never appeared
Innocence is a lie

Lie to me

My Drug

Music is my drug – I am totally addicted to
I need my drug every day – But that is OK
'Cause she is so indescribable beautiful - my cherubic dealers

I love the side effects and the diabolic properties
Leading me to the suppressed places
Showing me the monster, deep inside of me
Showing me the sin, I not have committed

Oh Virgin Mary
Your tempting smile
Your gorgeous face
You show me the way
You lead me to the place

Please, tell me
What I have to do

Otherside

*Once you know you can never go back
I've got to take it to the otherside*

Now I know it therefore, and now
Never go back - for sure, but
The other side, which does not exist, not for me
Back does not go - the other side does not exist

Only the other, other side I know
But I'm afraid about
Although then
Sam

*Turn me on, take me for a hard ride
Burn me out, leave me on the otherside*

Show me what you're capable, what you're made of
Turn me on, take me hard, burn myself

And realize - there is no other side
Only these
This one, that everyone has

Do you feel good - I feel vomity
I puke at myself

*I tear it down, I tear it down
And then it's born again*

Sometimes I feel it rise
It shows that it's still there
That it waits only
Waits

(Red Hot Chilly Peppers, Otherside)

Ultraviolence

With „*Ultraviolence*“ I want to start my journey, my journey into the oeuvre of Elizabeth Woolridge Grant, my journey into her past – my journey into my past, my journey into my future.

The album cover and the booklet:

Already the images on the front and back of the album seem to send out a clear message – simplicity and naturalness. Especially the image on the reverse side, on which it is almost impossible to recognize her as „Lana del Rey“ - this could be the young woman who lives kitty-corner. And frankly, it is a very beautiful woman. She reminds me of the image, of the natural beauty of the face, on May Jai's album „*Sirens*“. On the inside, we see Los Angeles with its towers in the city and the surrounding sea of houses.

The booklet gives a quotation from each song. The images of the booklet were partially - all? - already seen in previous videos, including „*Summertime Sadness*“. In the center, the artist is to be seen smoking, with a white shirt, which is imprinted with “PEYOT(E)” - a reference to the Beat Generation, which is found in several of her (early) songs.

Cruel World

The first tones, an electric guitar – simple tones, slow tempo and then Elizabeth Grant begins to sing. High, clear, slow – accompanied only by the guitar.

*Share my body and my mind with you
That's all over now,
Did what I had to do,
'Cause it's so far past me now*

Drums set in, the music is increasingly psychedelic. Some non-contiguous lines:

*Got your bible, got your gun
Get a little bit of bourbon in ya
I like my candy and your heroin
I'm finally happy now that your're gone
Put my little red party dress on
Everybody knows that I'm a mess
I'm crazy, yeah-yeah*

Instantly, we are in the universe of Elizabeth Grant! Religion, weapons, alcohol, sex, drugs, divorce, red (party) dress, and of course: crazy - fucking crazy! And all this increases up to the apogee.

*Because you're young, you're wild, you're free,
You're dancin' circles around me,
You're fuckin' crazy,
Oh, oh you're crazy for me.*

Immediately, "Ride" comes into my mind, but then, even more, the much earlier "For K. Part 2"! „Dancin' circles“ - the music, the singer, her chant - "Tropico" and, and, and - already, there it is, fast and mercilessly, the music and the lyrics drag me into the depth, the artist has caught me, and will not let me go. The whole issue will no longer let me go, up to her very early songs like „Out With A Bang“!

What a brilliant access to the album!

Ultraviolence

Violins! Violins? Returning to „Born To Die“?

But than, only the individual tones of the grand piano and her voice – wonderful! Her voice has this soft, silky coloratura and begins to take captive the audience - me - to sink in the chorus! She sings of Jim – Jim Morrison? ("Gods&Monsters") - or is it those other Jim – or? From poison and drugs, from dying and love, New York and Woodstock – the list of references, the references to her other songs seems to be infinitely long! I ask about the meaning of the individual words? What a stupid idea, or Jim Morrison? In sink into the sirens and understand what a favor she has found at the word "Ultraviolence".

*This is ultraviolence
Ultraviolence
Ultraviolence
Ultraviolence
I can hear sirens, sirens*

Give me all of that ultraviolence

Finally:

*I love you forever
I really love you forever*

Once again, I begin to love you Miss Grant.

And than I want you to ask for something: *Raise Me Up (Mississippi South)*

*Cause I was filled with poison
Like I was poison ivy*

I am filled with poison, my mind is poisoned

I could have died right there

Not just once! But it never happened!

*Heaven is on earth
I would do anything for you, babe*

Everything I would do for you, but “heaven”
In whom I do not believe, and whom for me, can not be on earth, therefore
I would do anything for you

*I love you the first time
I love you the last time*

*Yo soy la princesa, comprende mis white lines
Cause I'm your jazz singer
And you're my cult leader*

How gladly I would be your princesa
One of the girls - this is what - white lines
And lead me in your cult
Because I am the one who worship you

I love you forever

Sibling Loss

I can hear sirens - I can hear violins

And the tolling, the tolling that never falls silent

Pamela Courson

Shades Of Cool

The text, and also the video, nothing happens! They do not work for me as long as I think about it, understand the words – wants to understand. The song hit me on a completely different level, if I just let it affect me, not think about what I just hear, be it the music, be it the lyrics.

Then, there are the tones of the guitar and Grants wonderful, nearly transcendental voice, only.

All of a sudden, totally unexpectedly, an electric guitar, that immediately brings to my mind: Edwyn Collins „*A Girl Like You*“ and the voice of Elizabeth Grant - wafting, guttural!

All of a sudden again, again the mood as before – her mellifluous, smooth voice. I not have to mention extra, that I am already drowned in her music, her voice and the mood.

*'Cause you are invincible
I can't break through your world
'Cause you live in shades of cool
Your heart is unbreakable*

He loves his baby too

Brooklyn Baby

What a contrast! The guitar and her voice. Clear, calm and again mellifluous. I drown again – the refrain - the male voice - the lyrics - verses like:

*I'm churning out novels like
Beat poetry on amphetamines*

*They judge me like a picture book
By the colors like they forget to read*

These sentences will occupy myself later. Then, when I see her boyfriend, when she sings like Lou Reed, when she shows that her jazz collection is rare – then, when it comes to the very young musician, when it comes to these verses:

*And my boyfriend's in a band
He plays guitar while I sing Lou Reed
I've got feathers in my hair
And my jazz collection's rare
I get high on hydroponic weed
I get down to Beat poetry*

The only, which tells me nothing, are the feathers in her hair - Sparkle Jump Rope Queen? However, completely obvious again are these verses:

*Yeah my boyfriend's pretty cool
But he's not as cool as me
Cause I'm a Brooklyn baby
I'm a Brooklyn baby*

Yes, you were cool Lizzy - Lizzy in New York, Lizzy in Brooklyn - and frankly, I think you are still cool - Lana del Rey!

West Coast

There are reviews, referring to Chris Isaak, for whom I have no use for. The only what comes to mind: Forget Chris Isaak!

The guitar, the drums, the voice! Five words: „*Down on the West Coast*,...“ quite sufficient to drown, drown in her voice!

*I can see my baby swingin'
I can see my sweet boy swayin'*

Lines like these, not to mention:

*You push me hard I pull away,
I'm feeling hot and on fire
I guess that no one ever,
Really made me feel that much higher*

On fire - much higher – again and again Jim, Jim Morrison – again and again a flood of images, references within her oeuvre, not to mention references to other artists, musicians, writers, poets – truly a universe!

Ooh baby, ooh baby, I'm in love

I have been addicted to you!

Sad Girl

Now I have to surrender, just after I fall for her! But I just can not do anything with this song!

I'm on fire - he's got the fire - I'm a sad girl - being a bad bitch - and so on, in endless repetitions. Pamela Courson? - I think yes, as before - but nothing happens – I am not on fire!

Feel set back to the album „*Born To Die*“, the bad videos for „*Born To Die*“ and „*Blue Jeans*“! Everything seems so contrived to me – for me, the song wants simply not fit to „*Ultraviolence*“ - rather, it does not seem to fit Elizabeth Grant.

Either, I simply do not understand the song, or it is the weakest song I know of her!

Pretty When You Cry

Again I get to stumble!

The video:

At the beginning, a very beautiful singer, appearing very natural, can be see – then the ominous “rape scene”? Short cutouts of old - very old – videos follow. The highlight is the Chateau Marmont Hotel and Lana Del Rey with the tigers as cutout from her, terribly bad, “*Born To Die*” video. And then in close-up with flower wreath, with this ridiculous gesture.

“*Born To Die*” and “*Blue Jeans*”, her fist “real” videos, thus “professionally” made – later I say more in addition. But this video was made after “*Tropico*”! For me the worst video that I know of the artist! How beautiful were the self-made videos, it shudders me, when I think of “*Jump*” or “*Diet Mountain Dew*”!

The lyrics:

Should I be worry about the fact that she never sings “pretty when you cry” but “pretty when I cry” in the song?

I know the statements, how the song developed, the text, to which it refers – however it does not help anything, I am just as helpless as with “Sad Girl”! Above all, I do not drown - no images make their appearance!

Should I think about whether the “game” with “you” and “I” indicates a self-reflexive level – contrary to the statements of Elizabeth Grant?

*All the pretty stars shine for you, my love
Am I the girl that you dream of?
All those little times you said that I'm your girl
You make me feel like your hole world*

Am I now the "girl", the musician, the artist, of whom you (I) dreamed, that you (I) wanted to be so much? Reference to the beautiful, early, very early song "Gramma"?

Seen from this angle....

The music:

Simply wonderful – a highlight on „*Ultraviolence*“! Simply, the end just hurts! And when I close my eyes now, than they are suddenly there, the images, The Ocean, the water, and it starts to begird me....

Am I beautiful when I cry? Am I beautiful when I think about me? Of what do I dream? The answer is not beautiful.....

Money Power Glory

This song hits me immediately, one beat, one word – it is like if a huge wave would hit me and simply carries me away - no resistance makes sense - just get carried away - the guitar explodes in my mind!

*You say that you wanna go
To a land that's far away
How are we supposed to get there
With the way that we're living today?
You talk lots about God
Freedom comes from the call
But that's not what the bitch wants
Not what I want at all*

"*But that's not what the bitch wants*" - "*Not what I want at all*" – Does she sings about herself now, reflecting on herself, about her faith? For me it would be a sign of great art, if she would reflect on herself....

And then the hymn of the cynical chorus - simply to die for – to receive the jag of the guitar!

*I want money, power and glory
I want money and all your power, all your glory
Hallelujah, I wanna take you for all that you got
Hallelujah, I'm gonna take them for all that they got*

*Dope and diamonds, dope and diamonds, diamonds
Dope and diamonds, dope and diamonds, that's all that I want*

Janis Joplin comes to mind, so imploringly Grant sings! And as Joplin you should see Grant also!

*I can do it if you really, really like that
I know what you really want, b-b-b-b-baby
I can do it if you think you like that
You should run boy, run*

I love it, I love it! I need it, I need it!
I am addicted to it! And you have the drug! And she is so incredibly sweet!
And I will run, run, run
And you will lead me, lead, lead, lead

Fucked Up My Way To The Top

It is said that you bash the singer Lord with this song! In the sense that you are a dragon and she is a whore! I would find that a pity because I think it would be much more interesting if you would reflect the text on yourself:

*I'm a dragon, you're a whore,
Don't even know what you're good for.
Mimickin' me's a fuckin' bore
To me, but babe.*

I am a dragon, you - the other part of me - are a whore. For what you are good, I do not know - to imitate myself fucking bores me!

As I said, I would find this idea a lot more interesting! And as I hear the song?

You are the dragon - I am the whore
For what I am good – even I do not know
Mimicking you - is the only thing I have

My life is dreary - I confess
What I do - I do bad
You have tested me - and know me very well

I need you - like my breath

Tell me in your songs in the night
How I can fuck me to the top

And further:

*Need you, baby, like I breathe you, baby
Need you, baby, more, more, more, more.
Need you, baby, like I breathe you, baby
Fuckin' need you, baby, more, more, more, more.*

Yes!

need you, need you, need you, need you, need you, need you, need you, need you, need you

*Lay me down tonight in my linen and curls
Lay me down tonight, Riviera girls.
Lay me down tonight in my diamonds and pearls
Tell me something like I'm your favorite girl.*

I close my eyes and floating in the pictures

*Life is awesome, I confess
What I do, I do best
You got nothing, I got tested
And I'm best, yes*

You are the best – yes!

*I fucked my way up to the top
This is my show
Go, baby go
This is my show
This is my show*

This is your show – yours!
Show me the way – and damn, show me the aim!
Go, baby go!

Old Money

What a song, I have tears in my eyes! The song is incredible! What a melancholy! I adore you Miss Grant!

There is an older song of the singer entitled "*Methamphetamines*". It has the tune of "*Old Money*" - Romeo and Juliet. Nice thought that she possibly took a very early melody - Lizzy/New York? - and has arranged it in the style of early Lana del Rey - and then this text!

*Where have you been? Where did you go?
Those summer nights seem long ago
And so is the girl you use to call
The Queen of New York City*

I have tears in my eyes
I miss you Lizzy Grant!
Her short, platinum blond hair
Her capturing smile
The nonchalance she seems to radiate
Where did you go Lizzy - and why we all have to
Lose our innocence

*But if you send for me, you know I'll come
And if you call for me, you know I'll run*

What a nice thought - Carole King
And you are always there when I need you
Otherwise I would be no more already
I love you

*The Power of youth is on my mind
Sunssets, small town, I'm out of time
Will you still love me when I shine
From words but not from beauty*

How much I love you
Your hair - gray
The ones, which have made you only more beautiful
Coney Island Queen

And of you I dream, will say it in more precisely later
With gray hair on the stage
As Ella, Billie or Nina
When you sing your beautiful songs
Again and again - even then - when I am no longer

*My father's love was always strong
My mother's glamor lives on and on
Yet still inside, I felt alone
For reasons unknown to me*

My father's love, what else he should endow me
As what he did - always so strong, always so locked and lonely - as I

My mother's love, what else she should endow me
As what she did - always so beautiful, always so doubting and insecure - as I

Inside me I feel alone
For reasons known to me exactly
But it does not help, to know it
Nothing sets in

*But if you send for me, you know I'll come
And if you call for me, you know I'll run*

I close my eyes - the tearful
I cry outwardly, as I otherwise, always cry deep inside
It calms me to know that you are there and that you will comfort me with your songs
I call for you, please come

*Blue hydrangea, cold cash, divine,
Cashmere, cologne and white sunshine.*

*Red racing cars, Sunset and Vine,
The kids were young and pretty.*

And we were young and pretty

How long ago was that

Old Man

And now?

This song closes the circle of "*Ultraviolence*". The conclusion has been reached! Elizabeth Grant took us along on her journey and has told us - herself? - much about May, Lizzy and Lana - about Elizabeth. And me - she told me a lot about myself. It's a beautiful album and I am deeply touched!

Still missing "*The Other Woman*" and the various bonus tracks.

The Other Woman

The first thing that comes to mind: Rebecca Ferguson. After "*Heaven*" and "*Freedom*" she did something that already seems a little crazy. In the 100th birthday of Billie Holiday she published "*Lady Sings The Blues*"! What an announcement! She fulfills this in every respect – at least in my opinion! And Elizabeth Grant?

One of her tattoos: "Nina & Billie" - Nina Simone and Billie Holiday! The last song on "*Ultraviolence*": "*The Other Women*"! An announcement? According to various statements she wants to work more towards jazz, blues and with orchestra on "*Honeymoon*". I am very excited!

I would like to see her once as an swinging entertainer - in the manner of a "*Robbie Williams Show*". And more rap music I would love to hear - "*Empire State Of Mind*"? And "*Summertime*"! I would love to hear this song by her, once only!

And then I should say that I like the way she sings "*The Other Women*" - "*Ride*"!

Bonus Tracks

I divide these in three sections. For one thing "*West Coast (Radio Mix)*" and for another thing "*Is This Happiness*" and "*Flipside*". The first song can be found on albums that have appeared in German-speaking countries, the other two, individually or together, in the area of iTunes, Japan and Fnac. Finally the "Deluxe Edition" with three additional songs: "*Black Beauty*", "*Guns and Roses*" and "*Florida Kilos*".

West Coast (Radio Mix)

"*West Coast*" - in itself is an incredible song, now as well with acoustic guitar! I'm torn between! I listen the one version, I listen the other version

Ooh baby, ooh baby, I'm in love
Ooh baby, ooh baby, I'm in love
Ooh baby, ooh baby, I'm in love

„*Is This Happiness*“ and „*Flipside*“

I have discovered both songs only now in the course of writing, because I own the “Deluxe Edition”, and knew neither the iTunes variant nor the other variants. The first listening leaves me somewhat perplexed. I often need some time to occupy myself with music - it need time to evolve. Both tracks seem to me terribly inappropriate as bonus tracks. Maybe I'll come back to these two tracks later again.

Is This Happiness

Today I looked at the passage "*Ultraviolence*" again. This song does not means something to me before, as I said, sometimes I need a little more time. What would have happened, if I would have occupied myself with the text immediately? What would have happened, if I would have looked up the name immediately? What does it mean today - Hunter S. Thompson - Wikipedia. Somehow I knew the name, but could not place him clearly. Now the song is much clearer, especially the last verses, but even clearer is that it's not easy some times to deal with yourself, to think about yourself, to hear verses over and over again, who affect one, illuminate till the minutest details, or quotes, like this:

„Football Season is over“

„No More Games. No More Bombs. No More Walking. No More Fun. No More Swimming. 67. That is 17 years past 50. 17 more than I needed or wanted. Boring. I am always bitchy. No Fun ---- for anybody. 67. You are getting greedy. Act your old age. Relax ---- This won't hurt.“ Hunter S. Thompson – suicide letter four days before he shot himself – in the head
(Wikipedia)

And me? What should I do with it - two days after my - 50!

What do you mean Elizabeth
Do I also believe only, Hunter S. Thompson to be
Do I also strive only
To write something about my cheap thrills
And then you write such verses

*Witch Hazel, Witch Hazel
Betrayal, betrayal
One gun on the table
Headshot if you're able*

Sometimes I'm just grateful
That it's virtually impossible in Germany
To buy a gun

If I were American - and you know that I wish I were
I had one, or would go around the corner to the store
And buy me one

And then I would put it on the table in front of me
And then we would see what I'm capable

Or I'm still waiting 17 years

Flipside

*So you think you're in charge?
Do you?
Actin' like a big shot
I'm sure
So you think you're in charge?
Do you?
You're actin' like a big shot
You caught me once
Maybe on the flipside I could catch you again
You caught me once
Maybe on the flipside you could catch me again*

I do not want to think about the words now - the music, and her singing shellac me!

Deluxe Edition

Does it seem to me that the two above tracks just not fit, at the following three songs this is now something completely different!

Black Beauty

What a beautiful song!
I lose myself in it, be merged into
I dissolve in trust

*You said if you could have your way
You'd make a night time all today
So it'd suit the mood of your soul*

Do I say this – who knows no soul
Only his body and his mind
Who loves the nights
Who hates the days

*Oh, what can I do?
Life is beautiful but you don't have a clue
Sun and ocean blue
Their magnificence, it don't make sense to you*

Isn't it the tragedy of comedy of my being
How beautiful the world and life
Stars and galaxies - flowers and trees
Sun and ocean
Tenderness and love
I know their beauty
And everything makes so much sense

Only Ellis
Nothing happens
As much I see and admire her as well
As much I understand her as well
The beauty, the beauty of the world and of life
Does she remains sealed to me
Like a beautiful box
The was not opened

*Oh, what can I do
Nothing, my sparrow blue
But oh, what can I do
To turn you on or get through you*

It's nice to hear you, and you are helping me so much
Sparrow blue – Trauriger Spatz
You are the eagle circling above me
And I know when you're there
I no longer need to be afraid

Guns and Roses

I'm not sure how old Elizabeth Grant was when she wrote this song, but it is definitely a rather early one and beautiful - and beautiful, that she has released it here! Not my favorite song of her, but as said nice that it can be heard here, with all its references to other songs

In general, it would be nice if she would release more of her early songs. Only not so mismatched versions as "Lolyta/Lolita" on "Born To Die". Whether there will be times something like "Early Works 1- "? Material in extreme amounts there is. Which artist has such a drawerful of unreleased songs!?! Maybe a project for later, but then preferably with dates of origin. Until then, video platforms and the depths of the Internet flourishing

Florida Kilos

When I think of Joanna, I always have to smile. When I think of this song, let alone when I hear it, as well! It's just incredible, the foot jerks - what a final!

To count all images and references to other songs would claim pages - such songs are almost a multiverse - they just go beyond the idea of a single universe!

Should I lean out?

Young Lizzy travels with her parents in summer holidays to Miami always and sees the bad boys, the girls, but the junkies - her own addiction as adolescents. Then she sits on the beach, Cherry Cola Lime, perhaps with her younger sister also, and writes this beautiful song! Well, maybe - but somehow

And this version is just great, her little-girl voice is great - though not as extreme as in other, older?, versions - and the steel drums

*White lines, pretty baby, tattoos
Don't know what they mean
They're special just for you
White palms, baking powder on the stove
Cookin' up a dream
Turnin' diamonds into snow*

Nice that you don't know what their tattoos mean
Later in "Tropico" you know it, and yours also
Then, when you are one of the girls also
One, which belongs to the bad boys, which you can see now
White palms - palms will encounter more often
And at the end I'll tell you what they mean to me
And as long as we look to
Diamonds become white powder

*We could get high in Miami (oh)
Dance the night away
People never die in Miami (oh)
That's what they all say*

(You believe me, don't you baby)

I believe you all
I would do anything for you
Dancing in Miami or in the moonlight - and high I'm already
When I hear your music

In Miami you will not die - somewhere it just must be
In Miami you can be high - somewhere it just must be
Let's dance the night away - White lines - Cookin'up a dream
Not me! - I love the water!
But there's indeed enough in Miami of it

Chic-a Cherry Cola Lime

Should I ever meet you once
Come on - you wrote the song
Have put me in this mood
So - When we should meet once
Then at a Cherry Cola Lime
And then I want to dance with you in the pale moonlight - grindin' all night

*Yayo, yayo, yayo
All the Floridians say
Yayo, yayo, yayo
All the Colombians say
Yayo, yayo, yayo
And all girlfriends
Yayo, yayo, yayo
That's how I do it like*

Yayo - one of your songs, one that is something very, very special for me
You and your girlfriends - also something special
God I love you
Therefore, that you have something for me always
Something that's so sweet and irresistible
Yayo

And now? Now I'd like to go to the church with you - Amigos Del Rey in Little Havana – drop in at your Cuban friends, and what about having dinner at El Ceviche del Rey - and then drive out to Del Rey Beach – well, just leave it dreams to be

It would have been a real pity if these three - early - very early? - songs of Grant would not have been on the album! The first of them affected me very much, and the last song is a beautiful conclusion, for this beautiful work!

I do not know how to summarize my feelings, but now that I probably hear “*Florida Kilos*” for the 15th time “*Ultraviolence*” will probably disappear for some time on the shelf - other music waits – also from you, Ms. Grant. I started with “*Ultraviolence*” will continue with “*Paradise*”, then “*Born To Die*”. Finally, the “”Early Work” - “*Tropico*” I’ll do in parallel. And even if here and now is not the appropriate place and time, there are other angels - even if you are something very special to me. What remains to be said?

Chapeau Ms. Grant!

Under The Bridge

How differently one can see you
Once you're the "companion" - Once the "land of gods and monsters"

*I don't ever wanna feel like I did this day
But take me to the place I love, take me all the way*

That I have a monster in me is clear
Only once it has been shown
But it's still there

Take me with you - but where
Love

*Under the bridge downtown
Forgot about my love
Under the bridge downtown
I gave my life away*

Would I give my life
If I could make the un-happen not-happened
Would I give my life
Should I give my life
Shall I give my life

Give life
What an irony

Where I stay

(Red Hot Chilly Peppers, Under the Bridge)

William S. Burroughs

From him, I have owned everything, read everything, today I own not a single one of his books anymore

"*Junky*" was important, the losing of the desire for everything - food, friends, sex - only the question, where the money comes from to pay the next drugs. Bleakness in the frenzy – so senseless

Also the other works I have read with interest, they attracted me, have no use for homosexuality, but that was no problem - the structure of the works intoxicated me - Dos Passos, Selby, what a venal movie, Vonnegut and many others - but these works were different, more radical, more relentless

Yet still I began to doubt, when he looks for drugs in the jungle - and honestly, how was it, the own wife to shoot while plastered – without to reflect about it

It bores me noticeably, someone or other fucks somebody or other, and then kills him somehow or other - that crap anybody is yet able to write

And then Tangier! Wow, how libertine, just the ticket for the American Poet, there it was in order, for little money, dollars were sought, a boy – with pleasure really young – to take along to the room, to get fucked in the ass, or to fuck him in the ass - what you were better than one who fucks a child on the Philippines or in Thailand - better raped - Sorry! - You were artists, poets even!

The whole thing made me increasingly sick - sure, it was great the fashion all of you have written, poems full of momentum, novels of ruthless candor - but were all of you, and you Burroughs especially, not a bunch of narcissistic assholes – only to be out to satisfy the own lechery, who is interested in the other, only to be out to get the own frenzy, what interests me the other - would I have shot my wife, especially thus - maybe a little more humility would have been more appropriate

Why Silvia Plath penetrates into my mind - stupid question – Daddy!

I can see all of you only as a bunch of stupid assholes - probably because you-all were it!

Conspiracy Theory

They make no sense, that's how when Cartman “only” asks questions, but in fact only spreads insinuations. One should once kick properly in the little scumbag’s nuts.

Questions

Questions are asked to find answers!

There is a reason why science is so successful, and have changed the development of the human to an extent - whether this is in general, or in specific cases, positively or negatively regarded - as never something before! While others just talk, talk, and nothing but talk, and believe, believe, and nothing but believe, science struggles for to find answers!

How ironic that just the natural sciences work with methods such as verification and falsification, only know theories, models, hypotheses and suchlike - absolute knowledge becomes negated!

Answers have much in common with isles!

Bivalence

Why just can nature be so beautiful, but also so terrible?

Why just are humans able to do so unspeakably beautiful things,
but also so unspeakably terrible things?

Why just are humans able to be so wildly creative,
but also so wildly destructive?

Why just are humans able to be so wonderfully tender,
but also so vile hurtful?

Only art is absolute beautifulness and grandeur - as well as the woman

Light Speed

$$c = 299\,792\,458 \text{ m/s}$$

Mickey Spillane

It surprised me, but I liked his novels, read them all, still like them - vigilantism! Maybe it just was Velda - or one of the other exciting ladies with those he got into trouble with. Did I identify myself with him, although he repelled me as well - or was I worse than he, this one, who even shot women!

When he in a burning building, from which he will be saved, but the killer has no chance thereto, decides to kill him by his own hand, to shoot him - I could comprehend this indeed, but would have decided me differently! I would have let him burn! A bullet would be to me a far too quick end for him! To burn alive - I can not imagine a more awful death!

Hardboiled - Mike Hammer - he was it! Gladly I would have, like he, clear conceptions and opinions - I could always understand everything and everyone - I was very confused as a youngster - or Elizabeth - *I was so confused as a little child*

Inherent In The System

To a system belonging, part of a system being, but also - unintentionally – developing out of a system. Often rather negative or apologizing used, in the sense that something simply is inherent in the system, therefore nothing can be done about it, or one just simply has to accept it. With pleasure used in politics, but also in some philosophies.

But then the question arises whether in the system inherent "things", insofar as they exist at all, should not be raised to question utterly, or, if they are real and exist in a system, then cast doubt on the system as such or even lead it ad absurdum!

Paths

Is it important, which path one goes?

I believe from the bottom of my heart - No!

It's just unbearable to want to say someone which path he should go!

This is no contradiction thereto, to say that I can introduce my way to others, yes even promote for it. At least then, if it is meant in the sense of Anglo-American philosophers like Richard Rorty, to the effect that I show my way, to look at what might be good or bad thereon, interesting or worthy of imitation, difficult or problematic. If someone wants to take this path - good! If not - maybe even better! If all go the same way - stagnation! Pure logic!

If all physicists would only work on one theory, this could be awesome, lead to unexpected findings, in an incredibly short time – it only would have to be the "correct" theory. But it would be dire and terrible, it would be a wrong theory! Therefore the scientific principle, always pursue many different paths parallel, at least until there are good reasons to prefer a theory, is so awesome! Because even then always applies: The preferred theory - and it always remains a theory! - is only valid till such time as until it comes to a contradiction or even its disproof.

Natural science is the greatest achievement of mankind - because of this and other similar principles! Nothing has altered the history of mankind more than this quest for knowledge and its success!

Disappointing only that history still – because of a pointless historical narrative - is seen as a succession of rulers and their wars. Not the human per se and much less his greatest achievements, those of the natural science, be considered! But how drastic and dramatic these have changed the world! Perhaps the introduction of "hygiene" has altered the history more than the second world war – surely even!

What now can be called as a conclusion?

There is just no - a – conclusion!

Neurophysiology

Modern neurophysiology clearly shows that it is just not possible - as psychology likes to claim - memories of dramatic or particularly incisive events and occurrences simply to wipe out - the synaptic connections between neurons simply to undo again.

Just these occurrences are creating connections and thus memories that will remain for a lifetime. One can shift them into the preconscious – attention not into the unconscious! There they can remain for decades, indeed forever. However, there is always the possibility that they, by a triggering moment, find their way into the consciousness again.

Is, if this is true, a therapy impossible? In the sense than that they could wipe out the memory forever and similar basic approaches this needs to be affirmed. However, what is possible is the negative memory to overlay with positive impressions. So, to show that dogs not always bite. A further negative event can be disastrous of course, and negate all kinds of positively influencing opportunities! But even if the overlay succeeds, this is certainly no guarantee for, that the negative memory not outcrops again. The trigger must only have a corresponding matching structure.

A stroke of luck or a gift from God?

Black Swans

Have you ever seen the black swans in St. James's Park
In their delicate tenderness?

“All swans are white”

Religion

If I were religious - I would - I believe – be a mystic

Raymond Chandler

Gladly I would say something about each book, about each character, each woman - women and writers, and Hollywood, and LA, and The Ocean – loyalty!

Each of his works I have read several times, immersed in this world, this depraved world that has become nothing better at the end of the book. To escape the affair without a scratch, not to save the world, to get as little injuries as possible, to solve the case, to accomplish the job - why die so many who do not deserve it – Spillane?

The movie version - Altman - is the story become better now - when I saw the film for the first time, I thought so, but today? What has he won when he shoots him, murdered – when she only will find a dead body? Is it better now, with a dead more?

Why do we all have so many scars, those inwardly, which you can not see, why so many dreams get destroyed - Hollywood - LA - The Endless Ocean?

Why do we suffer thus, when others go, do we suffer also, when we self go?

The Little Sister
Farewell, My Lovely - The Long Good-Bye
The Big Sleep
Everything said

Original Sin

A silly construct! I am responsible for my actions, not for that of past generations!

Nevertheless one should not forget them, because they show me to what deeds I will be able once

Reality And Actuality

Reality: That what indeed – per se (Kant) – is.

Actuality: The image, that my mind makes itself from the reality.

That the actuality not match with the reality, I'm sure of.

That the reality is not attainable, I'm sure of.

That the actuality and the reality can not be fundamentally different, I'm sure of.

But to what extent the actuality and the reality match, I'm not sure of.

That everyone has an actuality of its own, I'm sure of.

My actuality is not distinguished towards other actualities.

My actuality is based on my experiences so far.

My actuality changes with new experiences.

My actuality has changed in the past.

My actuality is changing very strong currently.

My actuality will change in the future.

I do not know what the future holds ready on experiences.

I do not know how far and in which direction my actuality will change.

Creation

*I know who you want to be
You want to be good company
But everything you say gets turned around*

*So you decide to be alone
You disconnect your telephone
And run off to some place you can't be found*

*Everybody needs a friend
Who will love you in the end
Can you be somebody they can trust?*

*Change your mind and change your life
Find yourself a pretty wife
And be a man
Until you turn to dust*

*You're the creation,
You're the reason
(The Pierces, Creation)*

Can it be so simple – to change just because
Just a nice woman
Just a man
Just to dust - yes, just to dust

Creation - Reason
How I should this ever be
Have never a reason - Have never created something
And now I should it be myself

I am the morning sun - my own drug
And should believe in love - if possible in oneself
The last bullet I have – will I need it

You fight
You die
And maybe you believe in love

True Faith

Maybe
Should I just once
Very easily
Me
For the beginning

The Two Theodor

I have never really understood why I liked both so much, and still like! I had always little use for German literature, especially from the "classical" period!

Storm:

Häwermann and Regentrude - I think the only fairy tales I read independently!

The "Northern" touched me - so living in the South! The coast, the dike, the people, the rough life, the oggin, the sea – towards her I felt always attracted to - here the people fought with her, tried to defy her!

Lost youth, decisions and consequences, why it does not succeed at least to find a little happiness - bleakness, failure - so relentless

I have not really read much of him, but this was enough

Fontane:

He astonished me! His language! Never I would have thought to be interested in to read, one who hikes through the Mark Brandenburg - and however I read it and enjoyed it, was captivated, captivated by the language!

And then his wives - convulsing, without a chance, in a shameful time - it is better today - less constraints, or even more, only others? And the most awful, the fiction one thing, the background, the true occurrence, so much the more awful - Grete Minde!

And Christine, when she drowns herself in the sea - must it end always so? - say: No! - And: Lie to me!

Bieri Trilemma

The Bieri trilemma is very well suited to find your place in the controversy on the mind-body problem.

- 1.) Mental phenomena are non-physical phenomena.
- 2.) Mental phenomena are causally effective in the range of physical phenomena.
- 3.) The range of physical phenomena is causally closed.

For me the first sentence is incorrect, in particular I follow Hilary Putnam.

Stroke Of Luck

Should "probabilistic statements" comfort me?
Should "illusion of control" comfort me?

Why should they?

Even if they supply an explain on a whatever mannered "why" – applied on both the "world" as well as an "I" - the fact remains that I have to live with it - as long as this life just lasts.

Everything adds up to, as in modern physics, that one can no longer penetrate to the objects, but only the attributes, in an assessment of probability, can be considered

There is no "why"! Therefore there is no "because of that"! Then there also is no answer - no such at least!

No Fall - no salvation - only the city

Predicate Logic

To prove the non-existence of something is impossible!

You can not show, that for all "x" is that they have the property of "a." But you can prove that for at least one - but not all! - "x" takes effect, that it does not have the property of "a".

Universal quantifications are basically not provable.
Existential quantifications, however, are provable.

Universal quantifications are basically deniable.
Existential quantifications, however, are not deniable.

Is now, for example, a musician able to show that her "discovery" takes place through a video on the Internet, thereby that millions of users watched the video? Can she show that this was not controlled by a management, a record company, through social media, or suchlike? A moment of reflection shows that this is impossible in principle! She would have to show that something is true for everything, and this is simply impossible away!

Always doubts could be announced, thus operate among others conspiracy theories! But if it is not possible to prove "one's own innocence" - what no court demands anymore in a democracy! - is it than useful to comment on such accusations, even to try to refute them? - Of course not!

If someone claims that something "is", than he has an obligation to prove it! And he also is able to, since it is possible to show that something "is"! The prosecutor has the burden of proof, the one who brings a charge of, not the defense, those has the right to remain silent! Aren't such principles of law, who find their justification in logic, valid for artists?

Suppose that someone can show that in the above case, the "discovery" was controlled by whomever - what then? What would be if this had not happened? I would not know you and your music! What a terrible thought!

Paradise

Thank you Eve, thank you for your Fall!
If you had not committed it, I would not be here!

Time

is like a memory – is a memory – is only a memory – memory about

Dante Alighieri

I was amazed when I realized that the Inferno only part of a larger work is, the "Divine Comedy" that includes the hell, the purgatory and the paradise. Always only was talk of the Inferno, his power, the intensity of the words, the speech – Dali

Then I read the work, precisely, I devoured the Inferno, agonized me through the purgatory and gave up in paradise - now I had my answer!

The Inferno! What an opus! All the lords, nobles, cardinals and popes who were there! But then there still was a very special place!

In an area, somewhat isolated, they were, all the great minds of ancient Greece - they had not believed in God, therefore their site was in hell! It touched me, how wistfully Dante described this circumstance!

And another area touched me at that time, but especially today - the area of the suicides! If someone would be able to prove to me that this place exists, I would commit suicide immediately – calmed down awaiting the torments! What a place this would be!

Vincent van Gogh, Kurt Tucholsky, Paul Celan, Patrick Deweare, Ernst Hemingway, Margoux Hemingway, Kurt Cobain, Robin Williams, Virginia Woolf to name but a few!

And then there is still someone – how would I be enchanted to be at the same place like she - with her, to be able to talk about her so beloved horse

Epicurus' Trilemma

Epicurus wanted to challenge the idea of an omnipotent and all-bountiful God therewith. Later in Christianity this idea leads to the question of theodicy.

- 1.) If God is willing, but not able to prevent evil, he is not omnipotent.
- 2.) If God is able, but not willing to prevent evil, he is not all-bountiful.
- 3.) If God is willing and able to prevent evil, then why does evil exist?

For me, the trilemma does not exist!

Thoughts About Wittgenstein

I went to the cinema and watched "*Twilight Zone: The Movie*". The third episode was arranged as an animated film. The director John Dante reasoned this therewith, because in animated films everything is possible - there are no limits. This was a revelation for me. Not that I wanted to begin to make animated films, but referred to me this meant that I in my films, theses in my head, I also had to have no limits. And the special, no one will ever see the films, never someone will be able to see them.

So for me, this meant that I could do everything in my imagination - and I mean everything! Each excess, each frenzy, each perversion - but also every feeling in an immense increase to live out. And thereto it actually requires not a bit more - only an immense imagination is needed. Should one give the imagination a hand? Many have made it, especially in my youth. I can understand it, the imagination is simply a hardly to tame seduction. But as tempting as this may be, so sensible it already is at the first moment also, so glorious as it may be at the first moment - and probably just is - the price is too high! William S. Burroughs "*Junky*" - probably one of the most important books I ever read.

And then there's a problem! When the irrepressible imagination does not seem to be enough. Would have had some just more imagination, or simply left it at their fantasies - humans would have been spared much! And my fantasies?

Honestly? Well, almost honest - *almost the truth about*

Some of my wishes, dreams, fantasies I would like to live out in reality. To experience everything only in the imagination, I think kills a person in the course of time. But I do not want to die - not now! A little I want to do something meaningful, a little I want to live out my imagination, I want to clear a debt, that I can clear never - a little at least

Efficient Cause

Everything caused is effected, has an efficient cause – *causa efficiens* – Aristotle

Nothing happens for no reason - cause and effect - science, not metaphysics

Thus, if something happens, than because it is possible

If it does not happens, it is not possible

The initial conditions must make the occurrence of the event possible

If the event does not occurs, than the initial conditions were insufficient

What, if already a small change of the initial conditions will do, to yield a completely different result

What, if the change is so small compared to the possibility of to have an effect which the cause has, that this is no longer under the control of the cause

What, if the change actually is really big, but the cause has so little control over the initial conditions, as that it can control these only inadequately, or even not all

Then the yielded result is arbitrary

Should we call this then coincidence?

Churches

Is it important, were the church is, which burns
Where the people live, who scream

Is it important, whether it is a church at all
Or a synagogue or a mosque
Or simply a house

Franz Kafka

For a time, I was fascinated by his work, but then I wondered who he was, always hesitant, never an aim approaching, lists writing, never a decision making, never decide anything, never get to the point - wow, it is not absurd, just by me

But much poignant as Kafka - Ottla! She began to interest me much more than he – of course he had written the writings - world literature! But she, she has acted! Did she know what awaited her in Auschwitz? Even if not, it was indescribably tender, not to leave the children alone – but if..... - only humility remains – and the supplication for forgiveness - also Elli and Valli and

And one I have learned now, you have to go through the gate

So I run like I'm mad to heaven's door.

Münchhausen Trilemma

For me, the most important of the three trilemmata!

Any attempt of a ultimate justification leads to:

A circular argument
or
Abandonment of the process
or
An infinite regress

A circular argument is absurd!

An abandonment, the fleeing into a dogmatism, can not be tolerated!

It is regarded to bear the infinite regress, in the sense that all knowledge in science raises new questions who want to be answered. In that sense also science aims for an ultimate justification, but will this never achieve! What maybe can be achieved is the limit of human perception, then when the to examining object in its complexity exceeds the possibilities of the human mind. Whether this will happen one day remains to be seen, so far it seems to me, still a lot is possible!

A Stroke Of Luck

Mysticism and metaphysics seem to provide an answer – do they do this?

Is it better to "believe" that a higher "power" purposefully causes the one or other result –
the for me "better" one?

But why me, why I was chosen, so richly endowed, while others is taken?

The simple, logical answer: I'm special!

This answer had yet often terrible consequences:

Why I did not die in the trench like all my comrades as the shell hits just at the time
when I was chosen to deliver a message.

But I'm nothing special - no one is special!

But if that is so and I would still be rewarded by a higher "power",
this would be an act of extreme arbitrariness!

But then these higher "power" would be the arbitrariness per se!

By contrast, the thought of a whatever mannered “coincidence” is comforting yet again

Aims

The aim is the aim!

Everything else is to stray and to stumble around!

Without to achieve an aim at least now and then, the existence of a human being is
unthinkable!

If you have aims, but never achieve one, this means agony or even madness. You have to
achieve aims - the thought of a runner who runs, and runs, and runs and runs, but never
reached the aim. He will at some point collapse with exhaustion and probably die!

Aims have much in common with isles!

Mysteries

You and Elizabeth

You both sing a lot about war, but also about love

I think a lot about war and love

The one I have too much

The other I have too little

The one accompanies me every day
The other nary

What beautiful pictures you both find
What beautiful melodies
Looking outside
I see the beautiful world

Turning around in a circle
Find no way
Find no way out
Do not know what to do

Shall I think, of the beauty of one of my little trees
Their small delicate leaflets
Filigree branchlets
Trunks thin as my finger

When they bloom - jasmine, cherry, quince, pear and apple
Red maple - after all these years for the first time with fruit
Just as the pear - two years earlier
Again and again you surprise me

Shall I think, how curved the birch's branches
The ginkgo's leaves, so unfamiliar
And my smallest little tree, all not big
The mighty oak tree - with two fingers I can lift you

What avail you and the others me, when I no longer be able to feel
Feel the beauty, only yet see
To Feel, I'm able to, only yet the war
Be afraid of the last journey

Not of the aim
The journey is more important than the aim
What a stupid sentence
What a stupid idea

No mystery anymore
Everything so banal, so useless and without meaning
Do not want to walk a path
Wants to arrive - no matter where

Only yet arrive

(Beth Gibbons, Mysteries)

Reality

Whether there are unicorns?
I mean the question quite seriously!

Whether it is possible to be a true child again?
To know, all exist in reality, what you can imagine!

Perhaps you will show me the way – Little Angel

Entrance to the Underworld

Does she be called so by some poets?
What then was Theresienstadt, Auschwitz, Treblinka

And today, what all should I list?

A Stroke Of Luck

*A stroke of luck or a gift from God?
Hand of fate or devil's claws?
From below or saint above?
You came to me*

*Here comes the cold again
I feel it closing in
It's falling down
And all around me falling
(Garbage, A Stroke Of Luck)*

I know you yet so long, know all your songs, all your albums, always sing along
Well, Shirley sings not just the best English
Correctly understood I have always only the second stanza
But is not your fault
Would have been able to look up

But then came the time, when I began to hear, more and more precise
And also just red and sought

Do you believe in predestination?
I not – am too rational

But then you are in a mood anyway, notice that something is wrong
That something will come, has to come, break loose
Only a short moment is still absent, the final little piece
But then something comes, unexpected, uncontrollable
It is huge, it tears down everything, breaks all dykes

Now, there is no more holding
Now, it's too late
Now, there is no more reversal
Now, you have to listen - to listen to
To them
Very accurate
And to yourself
Very accurate

Even if it hurts
The listen to
What you so long, so deep, in you had hidden

Listen to – very accurate

A Stroke Of Luck Or A Gift From God