

Boundless Sadness (Fragments)

Romeo is Bleeding

Romeo is bleeding
And yeah,
You can see it

Now, there's no doubt about it

Church

Lead me to the Church, where the bell is tolling
I'll show you all my sins, I've given
All the sins, this world is full of

You can blame me, you can judge me
All deeds are done, so I laugh about you
To welcome my dark, joyful future

Let me fall on my knees, to pray
I will find no release, so please
Let me pray, pray to

Boundless Sadness

I feel sad,
So boundless sad

I feel alone,
So boundless alone

I feel hopeless,
So boundless hopeless

I wish to feel your body

I wish to discover your kindred mind

I wish
Oh, I wish so much

Black Swans

Aloft in Heaven
I see the Black Swans fly
I hear the Angels cry

Deep down the ocean
I hear the Sea Cow whispers
I see the Little Girl
Waiting, to take me by my hand
And lead me to the promised land

Carry my into the water

Be surprised

Fuck the underage girl
And be surprised
When someone tells you
That she didn't like

She didn't cried
She didn't begged: Don't do it!

Be surprised
That she becomes a whore
That she becomes a druggy
That she commits suicide

Be surprised: I didn't expect

You sicken me

Heaven

Black days and whits nights
Sweet dreams and soft delights
Your hand touches my skin
And bestows me Heaven

Your roses sweet as a sin
Stupid dreams and painful desires
No hand touches my skin
No one bestows me Heaven

My mind dead as a burned out star
Awful fears and awful visions
My hand rips up my skin
I bestow me this world
I bestow me Hell

Syria

They die in Syria, they try to flee, we welcome them very nice

They die in Syria, they stay, why you still stay in Aleppo – to die for – where for

They die in Syria, I'm paralyzed, stare at the screen, stare at the pictures, stare at the videos
Not 'bout Syria, not 'bout Aleppo, not 'bout

They die in Syria
Shias vs. Sunnis – always this religious shit
USA vs. Russia – always this big power shit
But no problem, the same old story, the price others were paying

They die in Syria

I'm Divine

Look at the fucking world
Do you fellin' alright
Suck my cock
Loose my mind
Come on sing 'bout bitches
You're a big stud
Everybody marvels you

Diamonds, gold and a million dollar house
Give me a little of your shine
'Cause I'm divine
Yeah, I'm divine
I'm divine
Divine
Divine
Divine

So far away

You so far away now
Nearly can see you anymore

You so far away now
Only this place reminds me of you

You so far away now
By the Angels
I will forget you completely
In her tender waves
I will forget you completely

Peter Paul Maurer: Garbage - „Strange Little Birds“

Not much I have written about your songs, but without any doubt some of your songs are among the most important ones – only to mention: *“Not Your Kind Of People”*. Apart from this, one of your lines is the basic of all my thoughts and writing:

A stroke of luck or a gift from God?

And the distinct, obvious and inevitable answer: *A stroke of luck!*

Never named you an angel – thought it would not fit, an angel with black fishnet stockings and boots! Today I ceased to talk about you female singers as angels but know that you would be, without any doubts, the coolest angel of all. To imagine you at one of your concerts that you perform currently, in one of your outfits and huge white – or black like the ones on my breast – wings of an angel – wow, *send my an angel.....*

“We are not your kind of people” - *“We are extraordinary people”* - so many tears – so many hopes – so many fears – misfit – extraordinary – really – and now: *“Strange Little Birds”* - Like the two on my back? Like the one who originates currently? Like the angel on my breast? So happy I would be, a strange little bird with feathers in hair, like the one on my upper arm – Elizabeth: *“Honeymoon”*, Bowie: *“Blackstar”*, Joanna: *“Divers”* - and now you – very, very seldom I found myself in such a high degree in an artwork – I stand naked in front of the mirror – nothing can be hidden any longer – everything is visible now – I shudder - even the last untold secrets treasured – you know my name, as Joanna, as all of you

No longer I am able to write about your songs in the way I did – what should I say, you say it all, all about I feel, how I bleed, about the monsters and demons, about longing and desire, about to weep – oh, I could continue, continue and continue.....

Talk about that I wish I had a blue velvet dress in my closet, high heels and lip stick – whatever this should mean.....

Talk about the spark – oh, Hiromi – connection, about love, about the yearning to find a thing worth fighting for, worth dying for.....

But you describe me so profound – dead alive – lost in dreams - *“Can you love me for what I've become”* - but I don't burn – have no black motorcycle – I will vanish like a not emerging spark.....

You sing: *“You don't trust humans and I feel the same”* - yeah, *“Let's give 'em something to remember / Something to talk about”* - the Old Man smiles, full of compassion looking at oneself - you all know my name, my dreams, hopes and wishes.....

Should I continue? Talk about the trail, hate and denial, a grip around my throat – Tori?

Should I continue? Talk about that I'm too scared to try – my hole life too scared – not only as a child, Elizabeth – I'm still a small boy – not a big girl – laugh about me!

And the final - "*It's time to change your mind*"! - Yes, it's the place to tell me how to live my life – you showed me long ago – I heard, but not listened – too stupid, too scared, not able to express myself: "*A stroke of luck – the devil's claws – from below – the cold again – I feel it closing in – falling down*"

*I am weak
But I am strong*

"*Strange Little Birds*" - I'm impressed, deeply impressed! Should I say: The best album of Garbage so far – sounds so corny – but it's like with "*Honeymoon*", and "*Divers*" - "*Blackstar*" is something special – both appear to me as something totally different compared to the previous works – nevertheless "*Honeymoon*" is definitely Elizabeth and "*Divers*" is definitely Joanna, but both are so surprising, in both I lost myself – dissolving in "*Honeymoon*" and drowning in "*Divers*" - and "*Strange Little Birds*"?

It seems to me that "*Strange Little Birds*" is the book that I would like to write so much – the album ashamed me, why I'm not able to express myself in this way. I feel like someone else is more able to describe me than I.....

But I thank you for your work – remember the countless nights – why do you know me so well? Should it be:

And lately I'm not the only one

Short Stories

Part 3.1 - Past

Kill, Kill – The Ocean

Fuck this world, kill the tyrant

Who decides who the tyrant is
Who watches the watcher

The world kills you
Hate!
Whom!
Me – You

Psycho
American Psycho
German Psycho
We are the better psychos

There's a killer on the road

I'm on the road
On the road to hell
"Arbeit macht frei"
Born to late – No problem
Close my eyes and smell the stench
Shove into the oven and will be shoved into the oven
Look at the beautiful young Jewish girl
While she pegged out while showering
Slaughterhouse 5

Dream to be the one who catches the children
While fucking Tralala to death

Everybody knows everything – at least today
Watch the video of raped and killed Tamil girls
Watch the video of the boy burned alive by the mob in Africa
Watch the video of the abused child
Watch the video.....

Watch the videos and don't blame the Internet of being a mirror, showing this world
Or close you eyes and do so as nothing of this happens every day

I would do so
But if I close my eyes I see it even more
Became a part of it
Became it
Be it

It's so easy to destroy
It's so easy to hurt
It's so easy to be aggressive
It's so easy to name culprits
Or, Donald Duck
Believe me, I would be better than you
I'm an old fucking German bastard
Oh, "Mein Führer" was Austrian
But that's only a footnote

It would be so easy to agitate
Muslims
Migrants
Poor people, gays, women who abort....
Too easy, much too easy!
How indescribably difficult in contrast to create!

If you wish to hate somebody
Hate yourself!
If you wish to kill somebody
Kill yourself!

But you are a coward!

Doves

When Doves cry
Is it like when black swans cry

Can't be my mother
Who gave life
Can't be my father
Who saved life
Can't even
Handle my life

Two pairs at that time
Prince – Michael Jackson
Cyndi Lauper – Madonna
Hope nobody has to ask
Whom I listened to
Whom I found boring and silly

True Colors
Soon I will show mine to anybody

My deepest memory at the early MTV days
Not
Brothers In Arms – Alphabet Street

You sexy motherfucker

Wing IV

The big question at the end

what is real and what not
what is the truth and what not
what is the solution and what not
do I act correctly or not

My whole life I wonder how somebody is able to talk about

the truth
the final solution
that something is sure
that.....

My whole life I feel so

insecure
unsure
unpleasant
meaningless
lonely
.....

Should
Riders on the storm
There's a

Sign O' The Times

Why I can sleep at night
Why I have always beautiful dreams

I know this world!

Why I ain't sleepless
Why I haven't nightmares

How much apathetic am I

And God Created Woman

Oh God, why did you keep your fist try
The second was so much better

A world only with women
Would be the paradise!

Part 3.2 - Present

Opium

Oh opium, sweet opium
How seductive your smell

Dark Opium
Dark Black – Dark Crimson Garnet – Dark Heart
Dark Associations

Black Opium
Your smell and Elizabeth's voice
I drown in an Endless Ocean

Kitsch Blood

Yeah, vampires and Dracula were not really mine
But I like your kitsch

I like „*Gothic*“, but that's Ken Russel
And come on, he was really a crazy guy

It's nice that you're singing
It's cool that you have released your first EP
Oh, Old Man – had you been more clever
If you had such possibilities as Internet and YouTube
In your youth

Anyway, it's wonderful to see
That so many take their chance
And not only with „funny stuff“
Stupid bullshit
But to express their feelings
That's cool

May I should read Stoker and Shelly, never did so far
And you I wish that some of your dreams will come true
And don't panic, you have lotta time remaining
Believe the Old Man

Standing Apart

I stand apart of this world – can not make sense out of it
The only sense I found would be

To be a monster	if circumstances fit
To be an abuser	if circumstances fit
To be a killer	if circumstances fit
To be....	if....

I swim in The Endless Ocean – Her tender waves carrying me
My only dream I ever dreamt is fulfilled
Nothing has any importance anymore
I am happy as a child discovering the beauty of this world

Now, that I am leaving

The Picked Contrabass

The picked contrabass
Always something special for me

OK, the sax – The Bird
The trumpet – Chet
The voice of an angel
And I like Miles
Especially when he shows his back only
And plays single notes
I can continue, but the picked contrabass
Always something special was

To be fair, most of all I like the viola da gamba
It's wonderful to dream on her waves
And of course, the bandoneon
The melancholy of the „AA“
Oh, what should I say
I like them all
But always the picked contrabass was

Is it true, that the bass player
The most lonely one in a band is
Than this is my instrument
Without any doubt

Shall I

Shall I be a hero
Shall I be a star
Shall I be a human
How would it be

Would it be wonderful
Would it be satisfying
Would it be a nightmare
How would it be

After all this years
Years of frustration
Years of feeling numb
Years of wastefulness

Still I have no answers

Feel so helpless
Feel so alone
Feel so meaningless
So absurd

Have so many fears
Fears about me
Fears about the world
Fears about what will happen

Is there really only one solution

Circumstances

Oh Lilly, do we still have our private joke?

How difficult it's even to say simple things sometimes
Sometimes so that somebody else can understand what you mean

Would like to see you dancin'
Would like to see that your wishes and dreams came true
Would like to buy your EP – sorry, I am an old man
Would like to download your EP – Kitsch
Would like to watch your performing
And even if you not will become famous
Cool what you do, your Internet activities

Would like to give you the hand one day

Thank you for your work
Lilly

My Colors

When you 'waken
And your nightmare then begins

When you 'waken
And your pain then begins
When you 'waken
And your suffering then begins

See my colors
Mine are Dark Black
Everybody can see them now

When people die 'cause
Of the lethargy of me
When people suffer 'cause
Of the indifference of me
When people get hurt 'cause
Of the ignorance of me

See my colors
Mine are Dark Black
Everybody can see them now

What a strange person I am
Nor able to do what have to be done
Not able to see what have to be seen
Not able to hear what have to be heard

See my colors
Mine are Dark Black
Everybody can see them now

Some kill others
Say it's 'cause of their pain
Some kill themselves
Say it's 'cause of their pain
Some dissolve in drugs
Say it's 'cause of their pain

See my colors
Mine are Dark Black
Everybody can see them now

What shall I do?
1-2-3
This time, this time it's a children's game

See my colors
Mine are Dark Black
Everybody can see them now

Some are idealistic
Try to change the world
Some are revolutionaries
Try to change the world
Some simply help other people
Change the world

See my colors
Mine are Dark Black
Everybody can see them now

What shall I do?
1-2-3
This time, this time it's no children's game

See my colors
Mine are Dark Black
Everybody can see them now

Now it's time for the great final wisdom
Still Ellis – at least, let me close the door

First Try

You have a life – what to do
So old now – and still no answer
Listen to the words – whirling my brain
Try to find my way – did not found it

First Try – First Attempt
Please be patient
Smile at myself

It's a winding path
Can't see where it leads to exactly
But see the direction and like it
Oh Blue Bird, should it really be possible to be free

First Try – First Attempt
Please be patient
Smile at myself

Free my mind more and more
Not to dream, to do more and more
Everybody sees my colors now
Everybody sees my thoughts now
Everybody sees my feelings now
Now!

First Try – First Attempt
Please be patient
Smile at myself

You know that I hate the people
For what they do
You know that I love the people
For what they do
You know that I hate me
Would it be possible that somebody loves my work

Thoughts – Dreams – Hopes – Fears – Words

First Try – First Attempt
Please be patient
Smile at myself

How beautiful it would be
To write a song or at least
Something someone would make a song from

First Try – First Attempt
Please be patient
Smile at myself

How beautiful it would be
To hear someone sings my words
Not able to sing by myself
Not able to compose a melody
Not able to arrange a song

First Try – First Attempt
Please be patient
Smile at myself

True Artist

Look at me, *I'm in heaven*

I confess to myself
At the end of the year
I will

Be pictured finally
Have done my last video
Have translated my last text
Have found my form
Have found my home
Have changed everything
Finished my aviation

Part 3.3 - Future

Something Happens

Something happens with me
Don't know what
Don't know why
But feels good, so unbelievable good

This Way

This way or no way
This time or no time

Let the world leave behind
Or dive into it at last
Whatever, decide!

Stop, to hesitate always
Stop, to doubt always
Stop, to fear always

Start to make an idiot out of yourself
For all bother you as one
Start to make an artist out of yourself
For all bother you as one

The world is a shitty one
And the people narcissistic
Killing their brains watching stupid shit on TV – fucking comedy
Killing their brains on social media – my star had an coffee for breakfast at 10:14 and then.....

Oh, Brave New World – as it was not the same all the time an will be forever

But if you look back in time
But if you consider this world
But if you discover this world

Do you see that at this hills hundreds died for an king or whomever
In an senseless and meaningless war
Or do you see the bridge over the river
Her elegant arches and you're impressed by the craftsmanship

At an library or an gallery is it important that the queen eat strawberries for dinner
500 years ago
Or are you impressed standing in front of the triptych
Even if you are not religious
Or are you touched by the words written thousands of years ago at Mesopotamia
Even if you have no knowledge about this culture

Is it important what a Paris Hilton does
While every day people drown in the Mediterranean Sea
And Donald Duck shouts his sickening shit
Funny to to write this as an German
As a white middle class European
While our politicians think about to make our boarders “safer”
Hey, Donald has cool ideas
And we have no problems in fighting wars at Syria – sorry, to protect our interests towards Russia

This way or no way
This time or no time

Still seven month till December
Still seven month till the last translations
Still seven month till the last video
Still seven month to write my texts
Still seven month of exciting travels
Still seven month on aviation

And then?
Who cares!
Not me!

Dots and Lines

Dots and Lines
Sometimes things simply matching
Inkson

If my body will ever be beautiful
Then because of the illustrations
The images and also the graphics

Look forward to autumn and winter
Two large final images
To finish it all, still seven month

And then I will travel to LA
Midst February, exactly two years after beginning with the manuscript
After beginning to change
I will not like the city, I am sure about
But the palm trees, the church and The Endless Ocean
And the white house between the road and the water
Don't move again!

When I can't create an artwork
Then at least, I will become to one
To die as one

Dance Within The Ocean

Why I can't express my true feelings
To other people, people so near to me
Why I can express my true feelings
To other people, people so far to me

I dance within the ocean – loos myself
Happy at last
Found my true love at the end

The gentle touch of a mother
The helping hand of a father
The friendly gesture of a sibling
The endless failure of a son and brother

I dance within the ocean – loos myself
Happy at last
Found my true love at the end

No longer I can see this world as before
No longer I can accept myself as before
Not knowing what to do
Knowing what dreamin' about
Knowing that all ends up in a catastrophe

I dance within the ocean – loos myself
Happy at last
Found my true love at the end

If words would be able to change this world
This world would be a different one
If love would be able to change this world
This world would be a different one
I feel so hopeless and alone

I dance within the ocean – loos myself
Happy at last
Found my true love at the end

Should I write words of hope – I could do – lie to me
Should kiss the whore's bare feet, to ask for forgiveness
Should hope that she will give me absolution

How much I fear death, how much I shudder see them dying
So many the last time
Not wanna have more initials on my hands

I dance within the ocean – loos myself
Happy at last
Found my true love at the end

Ask myself more and more why not dissolve in the emptiness
Wish to fall on my knees, to see the church to hear the final tolling

“Reading your words, I have tears in the eyes”

Thank you for your words, in endless gratefulness

I dance within the ocean – loos myself
Happy at last
Found my true love at the end

Barack Obama

Would be proud when he were my president
When I would have elected him

Unless he's a tragic figure – failed
Failed 'cause of – find no words – conservatives
Who now reap the whirlwind they have sown

Now America gets a second chance to show, that it's a beautiful nation
Hillary – Bernie would be cool, but that not will happen – or?

An Afro-American, a woman and maybe soon a Hispanic

How does it feel to be in the same club
With nice nations like Iran, China and North Korea
Death penalty, Social Services, Gun Control Law....
Wouldn't it be better to join nations like Sweden, France, New Zealand, Portugal.....

Barack Obama, may he has changed everything – *yes we can*
Watched live at TV
Was it naive?

Gift the world to the naive ones
It would be a gorgeous world

Mentioned and quoted songs:

Prince

“You Sexy Motherfucker”

“Sign O’ The Times”

“And God Created Woman”

“When Doves Cry”

E. Grant/Lana del Rey “Kill,Kill (The Ocean)”

The Doors “Riders On The Storm”

David Bowie “Lazarus”

Mentioned Literature:

Kurt Vonnegut “Slaughterhouse-Five”

Jack Williamson “The Humanoids” (Wing IV)

Hubert Selby “Last Exit To Brooklyn”

J.D. Salinger “The Catcher In The Rye”

Short Stories – Part 2

January 1st

5:15 am – drive to work „*Mount The Air*” – “*Life’s a flutter*”

2nd

“...*little Colly lies dead...*” - will I see your collies again?

“*Is it worth it?*” - still, no answer

“*Give Away You Heart*” - still, witch - still, bleeding

Crimson King - “*Starless and bible black*”

Flowers of America

My heart suffers
My mind hurts
Am broken, empty and down
But you’re beauty
Helps me to stay

Here in the flowers of America
Only angels appear
Here in the flowers of America
Only angels appear

I feel so lonely
Now I am so old
For only one time
I will ’waken
Not all alone

Here in the flowers of America
Only angels appear
Here in the flowers of America
Only angels appear

Closing my eyes
I feel your touch
Your soft voice
Whispers in my ear
Tells me my destiny

Here in the flowers of America
Only angels appear
Here in the flowers of America
Only angels appear
Only angels appear

The artistic human

Each child wants to do, accomplish, create something – how fortunate the person who shrines this to oneself, how fortunate the person who can act out this, possibly as artist!

German

I'm tired of

hearing
speaking
reading
writing

German

Whore

I dream of to be a whore
and the whole world would fuck me

The researching human

Each child wants to search, find, discover something – how fortunate the person who shrines this to oneself, how fortunate the person who can act out this, possibly as scientist.

Show Your Colors – Dark Black

This world – This world humans have create
What's said about it?
The true hell!
lupus est homo homini

So old this ideas – nothing has changed

Hopeless – Disillusioned – Endlessly sad
It's worth to fight about
Do you really believe this?

I have my doubts
See no hope

Brian May: „*Every day a little bit*“
Tell me: Where do you get this strength from?

I got you under my skin

Never you let me go
Never I will live without you

You're so dark, so sweet
Your fruits so red like childish lips
Take me with you, to be a part of you

Suffer, endless – Desire, endless
Your touch will end all
To send me to the last beginning

Black Swans

Fly my black swans, fly away and take with you the gorgeous rose
How indescribably beautiful you are with your bright red beaks and your white feathers
With powerful stroke of wing and noble elegance

Take me with you up in the air, let this world disappear, let me feel your down
Let me be a silly old man, but not leave me alone, accompany me
For this short rest of life I still have and spend me concealment

The destructive human

How easy you make it yourself! To destroy – nothing is easier, you are nothing than a shitty, whiny, cowardly motherfucker – my God! Why there are always so many assholes who run after an idiot like you!

Into The Rose-Garden

I stride through the rose garden
Yon, who been given me so without any reservation
The two – noble, delicate, gorgeous, proud, mighty, protective – unicorns flank me
Lead me to my judge and my hangman

So long I'm waiting there for myself

Paradise

More and more I've felt it
During my hole life
That the Paradise
Lies on the ground of The Endless Ocean

The human whom I am

I dream of that someone would call me an artist – would love, would be touched by my work. To say it very clear, not to love me – nobody has to love me – but my work. This would make me indescribably happy!

I dream of that the world would call me an artist – only the world, not more, would say that I have created something that touches. Is this wished to much?

I dream of that long after my death someone watches one of my videos, reads one of my texts, touches the back of my book and would be touched by it – come on, don't tell me that that's wished to much!

I only look after attention, that's definitely not wished to much!

Donald Duck

Is it possible that you Americans are such stupid jerks!?! Oh, to be fair, we Germans have shown to the world in perfection how fucking stupid and reckless a nation can be – but come on, not you!

Have we deserved “Mein Führer”? We have elected him! All political parties voted for the “Ermächtigungsgesetz” (“Enabling Act”) - especially the conservative “Zentrumspartei” (“Center Party”). Only the SPD – the social democrats – voted against. All delegates of the KPD – the communist party – had previously been illegally arrested. Therefore, have we deserved him?

Does the Americans deserve Donald Duck? If they elect him – obviously yes! And if, I have heard that also Canada should be a nice country – a bit could, but free pot. Never smoked a joint my hole life – may I should begin with.

Dedicated to Donald Duck – you pathetic motherfucker!

Different Worlds

“But we live in different ones”

There is not only one world!
Each human being has his own world – and this is good so!
The only problem I see is, that some live their lives, create their worlds
At the expense of many – I'm one of them
Not the worst one – but.....

Sometimes I see a picture that all those will come to us
To demand their share
It will be a happy day

My Ocean

The time I stand in front of you
I see my destiny
I see the truth
See my worthless life

I wanna dive into you
Forget all around me – in me
Stop lying to me about me
Choose my name

The ocean is my friend
She let me pretend
She let me forget
In her deep, deep remedy

My long, soft, curly hair flutters in the air
Streams within the stream
Waves within the waves
Dissolves within The Endless Ocean

How much worth is a life – Ice Bear
Can you give me an answer
Can you give me a hint
Can you solve the riddle for me

The ocean is my friend
She let me pretend
She let me forget
In her deep, deep remedy

Why I'm no American
Why I can't see you laying outside
It would be so easy
Like one of my wonderful dreams

Will I be able once to look into my face
To admit to myself who I am
To accept the consequences
To be consequent

The ocean is my friend
She let me pretend
She let me forget
In her deep, deep remedy
In her deep, deep remedy

Crazy Diamond

You sing often about Sid, Jim.....about diamonds – he’s my Sid, my diamond. Long I thought about: Why? You all have all I’m dreaming about – today I know:

“Millions can hold me now”

Is a beautiful dream, but only a dream, because when....but maybe?

“Shine on you crazy diamond”

Don’t Fear The Reaper

Yeah,.....

Quotations:

The Unthanks: „Mount The Air“ (Album); Songs: „Flutter“, „Gan To The Kye“, „Give Away Your Heart“, „Starless“ (King Crimson Cover)

Brian May quoted from memory.

„I’ve Got You Under My Skin“ (Cole Porter)

„Burnt Norton“ (T.S. Eliot)

„Brothers in Arms“ (Dire Straits)

„Last Girl On Earth“ (Elizabeth Grant/Lana del Rey)

„Shine On You Crazy Diamond“ (Pink Floyd)

„(Don’t Fear) The Reaper“ (Blue Oyster Cult)

David Bowie – Blackstar

Chameleon

They name you a chameleon – they are surprised by the new colors of the chameleon – what a fuck!
The chameleon showed them before – maybe not in this combination - but – I don't understand!

OK, too all critics, sophisticates, interpretive expository initiates – I know nothing – only looking at
the colors of the chameleon – do not understand them, do not want to understand them, will not
understand them – would be fortunate, understand me

And I confess willy-nilly that I haven't heard him for years. The “*Red Shoes*” killed me -
“*Earthling*” for a moment - “*I'm Afraid Of Americans*”!

They call you a big, big artist – tell a lot about your time in Berlin – Berthold Brecht
“*Verfremdungseffekt*”; “*alienation effect*” - do you think that they think that you know them?

For the first time, after many years, you grab my attention, preorder, and the day I get, you die.....

Have written so much about dying, suicide – you sing, and die – so consequent!

At the end, I am fascinated by your work, but can not see why I should be surprised – you were a
chameleon – and consider your colors and try to see – see me in them – no way! - I will not tell you
what you did well or not quite as good – what a fucking asshole I was, I would!

First Impressions

I'm not a porn star

I was disappointed, hearing this line for the first time!
E. W. Grant – when she sings that the world is pornographic!

Yeah, this world is pornographic!
Yeah, this world is a crappy porno!
And we are all fucked up porn stars!

'Tis a pity she was a whore

Why!
She was/is a whore?
At least she is honest!
All whores are honest!

Nearly Cry

A women wrote in a commentary on YouTube
That she almost had to cry when she heard for the first time you singing:
"I am a blackstar"

Why nearly?
Cry!
Outside – it helps – at least a little

2 Days

OK, your music wasn't really mine!
Only a little I know!
Two days after birthday!
Wow, maybe you establish a new club!
Or, Lemmy!
Decide for yourself!

Seven Songs

Sue (Or In A Season Of Crime)

I kissed your face
I touched your face
Peter, Good-by!

Endless faith in hopeless deeds
In a season of crime
Peter, Good-by!

"Peter the virgin"
On my stone
Oh, folly, Peter!

Virginity and innocence
Blindness and deafness
I see anything
I hear everything
Don't know what to do
To do to stop the pictures
To do to stop the noise

Peter, I always dream
I'm such a fool
Peter, I always dream
I'm such a fool

Peter, Good-by!

I Can't Give Everything Away

*I know something is very wrong
I can't give everything*

Why does the sax reminds me of "Shine On You Crazy Diamond"?
Why does the harmonica reminds me of Toots Thielemanns and "The Gateway"?

*Seeing more and feeling less
Saying no but meaning yes
This is all I ever meant
That's the message that I sent*

*Seeing more – don't get along with my feelings
Saying no – meaning nothing, meaning everything
Never, I meant anything
Never, I send a message
Do I have a message*

I see the world – fear my feelings
I would like say so much
But would it mean something – Would it change anything
Should I mean
Should I send

Heart – Blackout – Heart – Dark
I know something

Away

*

I bow low
Have no words
I shudder
Have no words

All this pictures flooding my mind
Everything I ever wanted to say

Feel like a little child
Feel like a stupid child
Feel like a hopeless child

Tell me!
Will I ever!
Tell me!
Will I ever be able!

If not
How many times does
Before

Why I can't be the little girl
Why I can't be the black swan

You can answer why
Something happened on the day you died

I'm laying in a flower-strewn meadow
The unicorn has put her head in my lap
Timeless, meaningless, thoughtless
Dissolved

Why I have to see, to hear, to feel

*In the center of it all
On the day of execution
Only women kneel and smile
At the center of it all
Your eyes*

Lazarus

Guitar, drums and a suffering elephant – from the first tone you hurt me

You are in heaven – Everybody knows you
Who's to say – Who's happier

I'm not in heaven – never will
Nobody knows me – never will
I've got scars – can't be seen
No drama – *can't be stolen*
I'm in no danger – nothing to lose
Try to get high – kill my brain

Just like me

This way or no way – my last way – last chance
Don't know – to be free
Bluebird – Sparrow Blue

Just like me

Looking for an ass

I would do everything to be able, for only one day, to what you were capable
And the saxophone whirls my brain
And I know, I would say “Yes!” now, and would enjoy it, to be in danger
And I know, I would open the drawer now, but unfortunately I’m still no American
I’m afraid of – not about this
This way – I will be free
And the saxophone

You’re left-handed like I
What are you writing down
The same shit as I
You are an artist
Witch I

Looking for

’Tis A Pity She Was A Whore

How much I would appreciate it – if she would be a whore
In her innocence and honesty
Only a whore is able to

Look at Donald Duck – You fucking liar!
Phoniness and seduction are your business
And fuck, your good in!
But I hop not good enough – days have changed - hope so!
Fuck you daughter, travel to Austria, shoot yourself!
Honor the whore for her honesty!
I do!

Be my mistress, be my teacher – punch me, strike me!
Hold my cock – I am not proud of!
Smote me
Show me my curse
Show me my fate
I will not cry
This is the war
Time to come clean with it

Time to show your colors
Mine are dark black
More and more they cover me up
Only slightly visible so far
But more and more
More and more obvious
Till the time they can no longer been hidden

Let the saxophone shred my tympanum
At least I no longer hear the tolling
Let the sun sear my retina
At least I no longer see the shit people do
But please let me my sense of touch
So I can feel the mellowness and delicacy
Of the whores velvety skin

This is the war

This is my war
And I will win
I can not loose
Loose to myself
Only win

I am a lucky bastard
Not died
Not died
Not killed
Born at the right time at the right place – with the right cock
On a Sunday!
Happy day!
Celebrating day!

How many people are being raped, murdered – starved
During I am writing this shit

This is the war

This is my war
And I will loos
I can not win
Win against myself
Only loose

I am a lucky bastard!

Dollar Days

From the first second on I have tears in my eyes
“*Evergreen*” - let them run you fucking romantic

The grand piano - should I ask a cash girl for a little
While running through the woods and touching

Touching – never you
Touching – never me
Does I become more beautiful, colorful, illustrated

If I would be beautiful – a woman
I would be a whore
Would fool everyone
About my feelings

And everyone would die for me
And nobody would forget me
And everybody would believe me

I have so many enemies
Billions!

Is there a bitch, a hoe to heart the old man
Or at least his broken heart a little

I am trying to
Not able to

Wrong country
Wrong time
One of them is wrong!

Ottla!
I would have killed you
And all your children!

Only for you
I hope there's a paradise
It would be beautiful
To know you there

While waiting
Waiting for my master
Waiting for my Führer
Waiting to die

Dollar Days
How I hate this world, the world humans have create
How I hate me

How I admire you – Fucking Old Bastard

Girl Loves Me

I'm sitting in the chestnut tree

Living my fucking, fucking easy life
Despair on the thing I could have done
Despair on the things I not have done
Despair on my wasted life
Despair on the people

Hey cheena!
What are the things I should do?
Do now!

Where the fuck did Monday go?

All the Mondays, so unbelievable losa
All the Tuesdays, so unbelievable losa
All the Wednesdays, so unbelievable losa
All the Thursdays, so unbelievable losa
All the Fridays, so unbelievable losa
All the Saturdays, so unbelievable losa
All the Sundays – you die? - I was born!

Hey cheena!
Should I forget my past?
Should I forget the world?
Should I forget myself?

Who the fuck's gonna mess with me?

Me no longer!
Wasted time - Senseless time
Time to change - Time to beauty
Time to change – Time to express
Time to change – Time to confess!

Hey cheena!
I am an artist now?
Or still just a bitter joke?
Who cares?

Not me!

Last Thoughts

There's a starman waiting in the sky

*Ashes to ashes, funk to funky
We know Major Tom's a*

*I lost myself
And I still get trashed when I hear your tunes*

Thank you!

N.B.: Quotations in addition to David Bowie – E. W. Grant/Lana del Rey: “*Terrence Loves You*”; mentioned “*Children Of The Bad Revolution*”.

Short Stories – Part 1

The Word For World Is Ocean

Alicia

She would orbit the blue supergiant together with the planet for a long time, even if he would exist only for a brief moment at a cosmic scale. The instrumentation of the ship would register when the blue supergiant would become active and send the ship back on travel - would someone look into her unreal face ever again...

He stood at the lock and saw the utter smoothness of the surface - a perfect symmetry, shrouded in the glistening light of the blue supergiant that was reflected by her in a completeness. She was absolutely flat, nothing disturbed the absolute spherical shape - no sound was heard, not even his own breath

Routine awakening - the spaceship has flown its way, and yet something had happened. The automatic measuring instruments had recorded somewhat unusual. Already at last waking up, he became aware of the blue supergiant, at which the ship would fly past in a relatively short distance. The extreme radiation was not a problem, the ship was prevented from. Now however, a single planet had disclosed. A pipsqueak compared to its star, but at the end a planet the size of a substantial gas planet - she had exactly the density of water – 1. The amazing thing however was that the measuring instruments could find only two elements: "H" and "O"! And the surface reflected 100% of the incident light with which the blue supergiant showered her - a perfect mirror

He took off the bulky, heavy spacesuit. It took a long time, has been difficult, but when it was done, he looked at his naked body in the metallic water of the planet. The smoothness of his skin, his long, dark, curly hair, the images on his skin, that adorned the skin - the long, gracile limbs. He knelt and a tear fell into The Endless Ocean to merge with her, without interfering the flatness of the metallic water, without causing a noise

Every 1000 years, he was awakened for one day. He checked the ship and flew over the measuring instruments and their data witch they had collected during the last 1000 years. There would be nothing important, should the measuring instruments record an indication of a habitable planet, he would be awakened automatically and immediately – everything routine. Although he was awakened only every 1000 years for one day, he had become an old man - old, tired and lonely - nobody would have thought that it could take so long

His hand touched the surface, plunged – the metallic water embraced his hand, enveloped his hand like a second skin. He pulled his hand back, slowly - completely untouched. He took some of the metal water in his deep hand - she shaped a perfect sphere; when he opened his hand, the perfect sphere dissolves into an infinite number of infinite small perfect spheres which in infinite slowness rush towards The Endless Ocean to unify with her, silently....

Arrived. The measuring instruments of the ship provided only senseless data. The whole planet consisted of water - no stratification - impossible - an endless ocean - The Endless Ocean. He had used his emergency codes to let the ship fly back to the blue supergiant. Now he sent the ship to one of the Lagrangian points. He put on one of the special emergency spacesuits, boarded one of the shuttles and flew to the planet

His body, he let slide into the metallic water - she enveloped him and carried him in an ideal way - he no longer had gravity, it seemed like if he was a part of the planet now, a part of The Endless Ocean. A deep calm flood through him - he began to swim, no waves come into being, no sound could be heard. He looked after the shuttle that silently arose to become a part of the blue supergiant

In the beginning he had started to disconnect single stasis chambers only, then at each awakening more. The last time 99,998 chambers at once – now, there were only two chambers that worked - two of 1,000,000 – one was his....

Now, there was only him and the metallic water and the glistening light of the blue supergiant that enveloped everything

Well, if you've seen true light, then this is my prayer

Alicia

They all had no names - they would have given themselves, in the New World – then, if they were arrived. He called her Alicia without profound reason, the name had come to his mind spontaneously, when he saw her for the first time, when he stood for the first time in front of her, for the first time in front of her stasis chamber. Immediately, he was under her spell - her face - an irreality of symmetry and harmony - an irreality of perfection – impossible, that it could give it in this purity. Later, always, his first way led him to her - her absolute perfection should be the first he saw

Burnt Norton

You have studied metaphysics – I analytic philosophy
Why do I think I know You?
Do not know me!

Time had no meaning any more – for him. Past – Present – Future – indistinguishable! To many doors he never opened – to many passages which he did not take - Echoes – one single high tone fulfills the eternity – Shine on! – He never will!

The world of speculation around him – What might have been and what has been. Should he proud of not to holocaust in the name of “Mein Führer” in Germany or in the name of “Allah” in Syria or in the name of “God” during the Crusades – because he not lived at this time at this places?

Time – the only constant in the universe – with only one definite orientation. Past is Past – Present is Present – Future is an indetermination, determined by the present, which substantiates on the past.

I do not agree with your third line - Eliot: “*And time future contained in time past*”. Should I call it a category mistake – even Aristotle knew that the future - *Into The Great Wide Open!*

Will you - Elizabeth - promise me a rose garden!

The Word For World Is Hell

A director from Belarus – or Ukraine? - I have forgotten his name – sorry for that!
His movie – German soldiers – a church, the villagers in
The soldiers shoot – MG’s, guns, laughter – than fire
I see different images

A church – inside
Humans – inside

The lucky ones get shot
The not so lucky ones suffocate in smoke
The unlucky ones burn alive

The lucky ones have no time to squall
The not so luck ones can not squall
The unlucky ones

I hear their squalls
I hear the bells
I hear the tolling

At the time between
reality and dream

Burn Norton – E.W. Grant: Welcome To My Universe

Burnt Norton? What does it mean? Norton – obviously a name! Browser – wow, T.S. Eliot! Welcome in the universe, Miss Grant's universe!

I love it – every time – simply drowning in your music, but than also to think about it! I have studied Anglo-American literature – mainly Beat Generation and Postmodern literature. T.S. Eliot – sure I know the name – never read anything – till now!

It's wonderful to explore your music – all this fascinating discoveries! One, two – purple wig! Chandeliers and lavender – already the discovery of such words – rewarding enough!

Thank you, thank you for your Rose Garden – Thank you!

Surgery

Diagnosis

I look at my body – something is wrong – I know it – Wikipedia, pictures, not doubt - have had it as young boy at the other side – but today – endoscopic, ambulant, local anesthesia – I relax – maybe not that grave – look at the long scar on my left abdomen

At the doctor's – endoscopic yes, but general anesthetic because of the risks and therefore hospital – I am shocked! As a child I was so often at hospitals – appendix, rupture, at least one time broken leg, two times broken arm and more. I have no memories except – Katharinenhospital in Stuttgart. My milk teeth, all demolished – my blood – ectomy. On picture: I see a young boy, he lies in a bed with grids on the sides. A woman – I see her as a silhouette only – she bends over – for sure the young boy's mother – I become more and more confused

I have to wait one week till surgery – and it becomes more and more obvious – I will die. I have finished my manuscript, have decided to publish it on a webpage, to publish readings on Youtube. The webpage is nearly finished, have problems with the translation – introduction! Two weeks, need two weeks, why now. Two week and at least the webpage is finished – why now?

I will not wake up from anesthesia

Hospital

I arrive early – the surgery will be this morning. I have some time to put my things away; but then the nurse tells me that it will take a bit longer – I lie in my bed and wait till the nurse comes again and I should change cloth, everything is ready now 12:45 pm. She rolls the bed out of the room – operating department. I am surprised – a double door system – something like a hatch in the kitchen – why I am surprised? - I slide from the bed on pure metal – it's heated! - I am surprised again, it's wonderful, the nurse on the other side smiles – do I smile?

I have to slide again, although I would love to..... The nurse covers me with a white blanket – also heated! – and again it's a wonderful feeling, while she rolls me into the anteroom

Anteroom Operating Theater

The nurse smiles, says something to me – or? She sets an infusion and leaves – I'm alone – and it comes up!

Only a short time she will roll me in, I will offset in anesthesia, will never wake up again.... I look at my "A" and start to cry – and then, then I hear this gorgeous voice: *Everything is fine now – leave it all behind – let The Ocean wash it away – with you there's only love – cause you're my religion....* I feel so ashamed – crying and try to wipe down my tears, and the gentle woman speaks to me: *Everything is bright now – even when the storms come – in the eye we'll stay – all I hear is music like Lay Lady Lay..... With you there's only love – cause you're my religion.....*

I'll panic that the nurse would return and see my crying – I try the best to get rid of my tears and to hide my feelings – I'm good in – but not this time, nevertheless I manage it at least I hope so, as she comes back and rolls me in

The operation theater – it looks friendly, another nurse, this should be the surgeon – now they will narcotize me – now I will die, now I will – nothing..... I have not realized, that the infusion was not only an infusion, but it was the narcotic

Postanesthesia Care Unit

I open my eyes – see the clock at the wall – 14:50 pm – nearly exact two hours – I feel nothing! A nurse looks at me, speaks with me, I answer – do not know what she asks, not know what I answer – look at the clock – 15:00 pm. I search for an emotion – not dead obviously, but.....

It's the strangest emotional state to whom I can remember! I feel nothing, absolutely nothing! I search for music – find none, not even the gentle woman! I think about the difference, the difference between to be dead and watching the clock to – I found no difference – both would be OK. I think about how easy, nice and gentle it is to be dead, how little life is worth for me, my life – and how awful it is to die!

Now I know that I want to die in fully conscious, I want to know it, I want to feel it! Not to shift into this other world, this emptiness, as hero – I will cry, beg, weep like a little boy – I will be desperate, anxious, shattered – not because of what will come, what will come is the endless gentleness, but the price will be never to hear you again...

But in the moment of death, I am sure now, I will hear you all for a last time – your wonderful voices, your wonderful words, all the wonderful melodies..... 2:45

At Home – Finally

Heilbronn, Böckingen, Football, Cheerleader, Baseball, Burgers, Hot Dogs, Coffee

Tackel, Hit, Safty, Run, Pitch – Cheer!

So many wonderful Saturdays and Sundays – but even, this is the town in witch I was born, I do not fell at home!

Somewhere, let it be South Carolina, Maryland, Georgia, Mississippi, Rhode Island or why not California.

Somewhere, a small town, a field, players, cheerleader, marching band, anthem – at home, finally!

N.B.:

The titles “The Word For World Is Ocean” and “The Word For World Is Hell” are inspired by Ursula Le Guin: “The Word For World Is Forest” - a touching novel, I love the descriptions at the beginning most. Quote from: Joanna Newsom “Cosima”.

T.S. Eliot “Burnt Norton” recited by E.W. Grant (Lana del Rey) on her album “Honeymoon”.

“Into The Great Wide Open” is a song (and album) by Tom Petty.

“Surgery” - all quotations from E.W. Grant (Lana del Rey) “Religion”.

Joanna Newsom: Divers

"Can I stay?", asked the Old Man blissfully happy and unspeakably scared
"I am sorry, endlessly sorry...", said the Little girl, witch it was not allowed, to be an angel

- to dive into sth. -

Time

*Time present and time past
Love is not a symptom of time
Time is just a symptom of love
Into the rose garden*

Now, that the Old Man knows everything about himself
Now, that the Old Man knows everything about time – his time
Now, that the Old Man knows everything about love – whose love
Now,

No cause

while we sing to the garden, and we sing to the stars

*Nor is there cause for grieving
Nor is there cause for carrying on*

Long, I thought about the cause - while you are singing, why you are singing – look upon the garden, look upon the stars – hearing your music, there is no cause for grieving – hearing your music, there are so many causes to carrying on – eleven to be exact, this time – Thank you, Joanna

Pearl

I'll hunt the pearl of death to the bottom of my life

I look at my bracelet
The blue leather – The threads of silver – The button made of horn
And the twenty-one pearls

How filigree and gorgeous
Like Life
If

I may be the diver's wife

But I am the one who sit on your back
Do not blame the diver
He only tries
One time
To get it right

A women is alive!

Old Dying Man

I know yours

Selfhood

*But the sky, over the ocean!
In our lives is a common sense*

My body lies upon The Ocean
My eyes touching the sky

A bird crosses the heaven
A black swan cries

Live makes no sense
What sense
To die in Syria
To drown in the Mediterranean
To be killed
In the name of some god
In the name of some leader
In the name of

the diver's wife

Leaving

The music infiltrated my mind, my sense, my apprehension – I am totally psyched up, confused

I hear the words

Every single word – Every single syllable – Every single letter

No sense – No Understanding

Ivy – Poison Ivy

The violins – The sirens – The bells - The tolling

The music!

Her music!

Torrid metal pierces through my body

Through my head

Through my mind

Indescribable torments – lewdness – un-nameable arousal

Never I will be able to speak out what I feel at this moment

I do not believe in transcendence

I do not believe in transcendency

I do not believe in transcendence

I do not believe in transcendency

I do not believe in transcendence

I do not believe in transcendency

I do not believe in transcendence

I do not believe in transcendency

I do not

- to dive into sb. -

Warbonnet

You are so proud female warriors!
I wish you that you will win your wars!

Dive

*I can't claim that I knew you best,
but did you know me at all?*

You know me best
All of you know me best
I got tested – And I fail

And I confess
I know nothing about you
I know nothing about anything
I know nothing about me
Except the thing you told me

*You don't know my name,
but I know yours.*

One Moment

*Await the hunter, to decipher the stone
Look, and despair.*

One Moment I thought, that I have absolute knowledge
About
Both of you
Now, I feel ashamed
I am no hunter, no tiger
Ridiculous, absurd, trivial
Dying Old Man

the text will not yield

How do you choose

How do you choose

Can you give me a answer – please
I can no longer exhale

Try to change my form
Try to change my name
Try to change my life

In an infinite regress

I know yours

“V”

Probabilism

Trans

Your voice fights with the orchestra – and wins!
What a final!
What a storm of impressions feelings – it simply overwhelms me
No resistance – Only devotion
Only worship

I dream of
My heart should stop to beat
05:09

Trans

- to dive into yourself -

The Man I Used To Be

*What happened to the man you were
Did he die?
Or does that man endure, somewhere far away?*

Not far away
Try to suppress him – Try to ignore him – Try no longer listen to him

Time

*in the river of time
Stand brave:
time moves both ways*

No
I can't go back to the small river
The part of me he takes
Will never come back

Part of The Ocean now - Waits for me to come
Time moves one way - Like the small river

A shore – A tide – White star – Black swan
Transcend

Joy Of Life
Joy Of Death
Reunified

Birth

The pain of childbirth
The pain of death

I will never feel - The pain of childbirth
How gladly - Given birth - Once

How indescribably dreadful - The fear - The pain of death

Time To Die

Time to die
Time to dive
Time to go home again

To the river, to the light
To The Ocean, to the tender waves

I'm the monster
I'm the God
I'm the Creator
I'm the destroyer

I destroy myself

There's a time to die
No time to live
No time to love
No time to be loved

The Diver's wife
The Diver's daughter
Stupid desires

Black swans flying on my back
Birds Of A Feather
A white rose blooms on my back
Reminds me of the origin of the origin
A wonderful bird dissolves on my back
Offers me the void

Metallic water girds my body – how senseless, how meaningless

Point at me! – Spit in my face!
I am the man on your back!
And I like it! - As well!

Crucify me!

Travel in time – I would do it
Back – To kill the first human

To end this senseless story
Full of grief and suffering

Honeymoon – A Postmodern Masterpiece?

Three years ago, but still to be found on his YouTube channel, Rick Nowels posted: „*it's hard to be post modern. lana is post modern.*“ What did he mean with this statement? First I was ambiguous about, but „*Honeymoon*“ gives a clear answer!

Postmodernism – I think about literature and architecture – music? Let us talk about architecture – James Sterling: “Neue Staatsgalerie (New State Gallery)” at Stuttgart! Why is this building postmodern?

We stand on the sidewalk in front of the building. Go a step back, or better a few to the left. Now, we stand in front of the “Alte Staatsgalerie (Old State Gallery)”. It was build between 1838-1842. No surprise that it was build in the classical style. So everything is said! Now, everybody knows as it looks. Why? Because this style has clear rules – the architect is limited, he can not do what he wants, nobody would have accepted this at this time. Of course there are columns and of course no Doric columns. And Sterling? Go back and keep in mind that the New State Gallery is postmodern. How does this building look like? Nobody knows – it is postmodern!

Sandstone, concrete, steel, glass – pure stone, blue, red, green, pink paint – craggy edges, soft curves – and much much more you can discover in this building. And quotations! Only to mention the rotunda – from Karl Friedrich Schinkel to Roman and Greek architecture. This building is a puzzle, a labyrinth, a picture book – a universe of its own. You know it? If not, than you may be deterred now. But no fear, the building is wonderful!

Again we stand on the sidewalk. We stand in front of a huge stone wall, a few stones are fallen out, two ramps are offered – not really inviting, or? Every time I think about this, standing on the sidewalk, but this is not our topic. The point is, if you have climbed the ramp an outstanding piazza opens – Naples, Florence, Giorgio de Chirico! The people love this place – it is one of the most important postmodern buildings of the world. But you have to conquer it, you have to think about it, it is not easy, not simple, but you will get a wonderful gift if you do so! The gift of Postmodernism!

A step back – literature. A fable tells you what you have to think. A classic development novel has a clear message. Robert Coover: “*The Universal Baseball Association*” - the first chapter, the Genesis; the last chapter, the Revelation – my sensibility! May be you have the same – may be not. Howsoever, the novel will give no clear answer – only you can give yourself an answer – that is Postmodernism! You have to think for yourself – to find your own answers. And “*Honeymoon*”? If “*Honeymoon*” is a postmodern masterpiece one should be able to find the postmodern principles in it: No restrictions!

But this does not mean, as many critic argue, arbitrariness and thereby anarchy. Because no restrictions refers to the means that someone can use. But than the artist has to come up with a high potential for creativity! But why, if there are no restrictions? Because there are no restrictions!

A classic architect knows what to do if he gets an assignment for a gallery. Columns, and for sure no Doric columns! A postmodern architect knows nothing at the beginning – he has to exert all his creativity, but gets therefore an incredible opportunity – to create something totally new, no columns at all! And “*Honeymoon*”? Let us see!

The following questions arise:

- Does Elizabeth Grant use all sorts of material, colors, shapes as Sterling did?
- Does Elizabeth Grant quote from completely different epochs as Sterling did?
- Does the listeners have to conquer the work of Elizabeth Grant, have to think about it as with Coover?
- Does the listeners get an explicit interpretation from the work of Elizabeth Grant or ambiguity as with Coover?
- Does the listeners have to find his own truth in the work of Elizabeth Grant as with Coover?
- Does Elizabeth Grant create something (totally) new as postmodernism?
- Finally: “Honeymoon – A Postmodern Masterpiece”?

“All sorts of material, colors and shapes” - what should this mean for music? Instruments? “*Honeymoon*” - definitely no! Emilie Simon or Joanna Newsom definitely yes! The music, the instrumentation on “*Honeymoon*” is (very) reduced – just think of the title song. The voice? Yes! Always, her voice unfolds a huge array of colors and shapes. Certainly, one can ask if “*Honeymoon*” is the best example therefor – but “*Honeymoon*” is my topic now. And to be fair I still tent to “*Ultraviolence*”. But the point is, that her voice, her instrument, allows her to conceive an enormous diversity of structures. My metaphor – the New State Gallery – does not work in the sense, that “*Honeymoon*” is the building as such. Let “*Honeymoon*” be the wall and the ramps, “*Ultraviolence*” the piazza, “*Paradise*” the rotunda and so on. Now, I hope the metaphor makes more sense and it becomes vivid what I would like to express. If not, listen to “*Lana del Rey a.k.a. Lizzy Grant*” or “*Sirens*” - “*Money Hunney*” - her voice hardly knows any restriction, more than we think – stolen songs!

“Quote from completely different epochs” - what should this mean for music? Musical styles! Two possibilities: In music and in the texts. In music: Lana del Rey – yeees; Elizabeth Grant – YES! In the texts: Lana del Rey – YES; Elizabeth Grant up to Lana del Rey – yeees. This means for the artist as such: **YES!**

Hereinafter, I will talk only about lyrics, but would like to introduce another point. In correlation with Elizabeth Grant one can not just talk about music. Think about her tattoos! At least literature must be considered. Especially poems! Let us start, disordered, as it comes into my mind:

Punk Rock, Beat Generation, Allen Ginsberg, Walt Whitman, John Mitchum, David Bowie, Bob Dylan, Billie Holiday, Nina Simone, Vladimir Nabokov, Elvis Presley, Marilyn Monroe, Lolita, Lou Reed, Jesus, Mary, God, Jim Morrison, Pamela Courson, Sid Vicious, Nancy Spungen – and, to expand it a little – New York, Brooklyn, Los Angeles, Bronx, Las Vegas, motels, small-towns, trailer park – OK, that is enough! For me, this is the universe of Elizabeth Grant!

“Conquer and think about” - this time I will use a song from “*Honeymoon*” as an example: “*Terrence Loves You*”.

I will not write about the wonderful music, I would like to point out something. Very obvious, the reference to David Bowie. But Terrence? May be you know (some) of the music of David Bowie, and may be you begin to read in Wikipedia - you will find David Bowie’s half-brother Terry. So far so good, but: “*Hollywood legends will never grow old*” - David Bowie is old now, and still creative! Or, what should this mean? “*But I still got jazz when I’ve got those blues*” - Billie, Nina – not David, or? “*And I still get trashed, baby, when I hear your tunes*” - David? “*I lost myself and I lost you too*” - whom? David? Terrence? What I know is: I lost myself – totally!

Such a song wants to be conquered, you have to think about it. Or, alternatively – to drown therein! Whatsoever, this is no pop starlet’s ditty – you need time, passion, devotion – you have to climb the ramp, but then a wonderful piazza waits.

“Explicit interpretation or ambiguity” - everything said, or? Only because of the ambiguity, a work as that of Elizabeth Grant is able to open spaces – you can loose yourself in it, like in the endless space!

“Have to find his own truth” - *“Leave it all behind, let the ocean wash it away”*

“Create something (totally) new” - Who wants to answer this question! Later generations – as usual in the arts. Billie and Nina – Billie, Nina and Elizabeth – who knows? What I know, as an old man, is that so many “number ones” are forgotten – Billie and Nina, they will never be forgotten – and Elizabeth? Unfortunately, I will not be able to answer this.

“Honeymoon – A Postmodern Masterpiece” - now I understand Mr. Nowels: *“lana is post modern.”* And *“Honeymoon”*? A Masterpiece? I can not stop listening to it – as I said: Your drugs are the sweetest – a labyrinth without exit: *“And I still get trashed, baby, when I hear your tunes”*

One final thought. Criticism and critics. The basis of a review must be the highest possible understanding regarding to the criticizing work. An example. Umberto Eco: *“The Name of the Rose”*.

Who wants to criticize this book, must have a state of knowledge of at least to some degree of the state of knowledge of Umberto Eco. This means that the critic must have at least a basic knowledge of semiotics, philosophy (Aristotle, Ockham, Thomas Aquinas, Wittgenstein and many more), medieval history, but also topics like crime stories – very easy Arthur Conan Doyle but certainly not only – and to end up topics such as the labyrinth. Be aware, this is just a first look! It would be an absurdity to criticize this book without this knowledge! I hope this is a matter of course! And *“Honeymoon”*?

I have compared *“Honeymoon”* with the New State Gallery, one of the most important examples of postmodern architecture. Now, with *“The Name of the Rose”*, one of the most important examples of postmodern literature. These are extreme comparisons. But, is it not interesting, that it is not so difficult to set them in relation to *“Honeymoon”*? Aristotle, Ockham, Thomas Aquinas, Wittgenstein – Billie Holiday, Nina Simone, Jim Morrison, Sid Vicious; philosophy – Elizabeth Grant studied philosophy more accurate metaphysics; Arthur Conan Doyle – Whitman, Nabokov, Ginsberg; medieval history – American history; I would like to end.

So if it is true, that you have to conquer the New State Gallery, have to think about it, so if it is true, that it would be an absurdity to criticize *“The Name of the Rose”* without the necessary knowledge, than this also applies to *“Honeymoon”* - not affected by the fact whether it has the same significance or not. *“Honeymoon”* does not have to be one of the most important examples of postmodern music, however.....

*With you, there's only love
Cause you're my religion
All I hear is music like*

Leave it all behind, let the ocean wash it away

Honeymoon – A Postmodern Masterpiece!

Honeymoon
(Elizabeth Grant/Lana del Rey)

Swan Song

Do you know the black swans at St. James's Park?
Stupid question!
You lived there!

How delicate, grazil and tender they are!
Black ballerinas!
With dark black feathers and bright red beaks!
Nothing more beautiful!

Birds of a feather

I paint my nails black
I paint the house black
I paint the sky black
My wedding dress black leather too

I keep my lips red
To seem like cherries in the spring

Please tell me I'm wrong!
And you will go on!
And sing for ever!

Black Swan

Terrence Loves You

Your favorite - So jazzy
So melancholic I

Cause of the song
Cause of hearing you singing jazzy
Like to hear you singing jazz
With your wonderful jazz voice

Rebecca did so incredibly this special year – 1915
Elizabeth sings the blues
Summertime

Old Man's Dream
So melancholic I

Religion

With you, there's only love

With you, I find my calm
With you, I find my lie
With you, I find my truth

*Be my religion
I need your love*

I need, to accept
I need, to see
I need, to be

*Lay Lady Lay
In the eye we'll stay*

In the eye, I see my past
In the eye, I see my present
In the eye, I see my future

*The ocean wash it away
Let me drown*

Music To Watch Boys To

Black Swans always fascinated me
And I know what only we girls know
Hoes with lies akin me – feeling alright

Velveteen and living single
It ever felt that right to me
And I know what only we girls know
Lies can buy eternity – and truth

I, I see me going
So I play her music, watch me leave

*Live to love you
And I love to love you
It's all a game to me anyway*

Putting on her music while I'm watching the girls
Singing soft grunge just to soak up the noise
I've been sent to destroy me, yeah

Putting on her music while I'm watching the girls

Drowning Oneself

Why I sometimes think about drowning myself?

Directly after birth I nearly died – ICU – Obviously survived!
So is this why? - I don't think so!

A few years later I nearly drowned in a small river – Obviously survived
An Angel
So is this why? - This would be strange – Or?

Again a few years later, I nearly.....my sibling!
Nothing has happened – Why? – I don't know why!
A stroke of luck or a gift by God!
The Point is that I could take life from a mothers child
Could take life from a fathers child!
Mother and father who gave me my life – Two times!

So, is this the reason why?
To be honest, the reason is very complex to explain!
Therefore let's talk about three female singers!

Joanna Newsom

Her lyrics are very complex, but I fear, now I understand her!
I've written
I'd like to ask certain female singers about their feeling while they perform!
I never will ask her!
Fear to much - she will answer!

She loves animals – to become a wild horse!
She loves the river and the light inside!
I'm your little life-giver.
I will give my life.
Come on you little life-giver.
Give your life.

Elizabeth Grant

One day I will buy me a ticket to LA – one way – no return!
I will hire a 57 red-white Chevrolet Corvette
Drive-by her house at Malibu to say good by to Elizabeth
Sad - never met her – so many questions

Then I will drive down the Strip – seaside – the famous row of palm trees
I hope they will bow wild – like the willows at the river
Carry me into the water, now we're drowning
Palm trees in black and white
Last thing I saw before I died

In the car, I will look left and see - The Church – white and tall
I will stop, run over the street, fell on my knees, and raise my arms
And then I will hear the bells, louder, and louder, and louder, and louder
And then – then - I will hear the squalls

Again in the car, Strip, not seaside, again looking left
I will see the endless ocean – The Ocean – the tender waves

I stand naked in front of her
Swim out as long as I can
There is water all around me
I'm going to go home again
I will realize that I never have to breath again
I will feel the warmth – I will hear the heartbeat
I'm in love with a dying man
Hanne Hukkelberg

Now you maybe can help me, because I don't understand her song - The Pirate

The Pirate dives into water – no problem
The rocks pull is body down – no problem
He commits suicide - the fight he fought inside was too long - no problem

But then she sings – *a dive into infinity, eternity, into God's haven!*
I don't understand this, because he is a suicide
Therefore he should go straight into hell – or?
Maybe you can help me to understand Hanne Hukkelberg?

So long – Dante
And his description of hell
and the place were all suicides were tortured!
If somebody can prove me, that this place definitely exist
I will commit suicide without any hesitation!
You ask why?

Vincent van Gogh, Patrick Dewaere, Kurt Tucholsky, Virginia Woolf, Paul Celan
Marilyn Monroe?, Chet Baker?, Sid Vicious?
Ernest Hemingway, Margaux Hemingway, Robin Williams, Kurt Cobain
And many, many others - they are all there!
And!

She loves horses – her most beloved horse was Ariel!
In her most famous poem she describes the dream, the vision to become one with Ariel
To become a horse
I would be so blessed to meet her!

Sylvia Plath!

So is this the reason why?
To be honest, the reason is much more complex!
Therefore let's talk about a cupboard!
A cupboard full of ragged flesh

I was shocked – watching TV – listen to the reporter on side
He asks the same question for hours – again and again:
Why they don't bring the dead bodies out? - Why they don't bring the dead bodies out?

The answer was so simple! There were no dead bodies left! There were no dead bodies left!

A female singer I love very much sings:

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

I have written:

That it is impossible to buy me a gun in Germany
But, I have a dream, to become an American, to live in the United States of America

To be fair, not at every state, but at least at some
You can buy everything

Latest automatic weapons, ammunition that not only kills a body - but destroy it
Magazines with 100 shells, your weapon needs no 15 seconds to send them

The days after – after the discussions – after the solution to arm teachers
To train them by the NRA
I asked my self, why do they don't show pictures, from what the police officers, the medic
All the people at the crime scene have to see

Why they don't show at CSI what it means, to look to witch body
This foot, this finger, this ear, this knee, this eye - this heart belongs
A big puzzle with body parts!

Why they don't show this pictures!

You may think I'm sick, crazy, or pervert to say this – to wish they show such pictures?
But this is reality! – Not reality TV! - This is the reality!

Do you you think I wish to see such pictures?
I can tell you – I see them!

When I close my eyes – I see a cupboard
With pupils inside, and a female teacher
They hug each other closely – endless fear in their eyes
A young man stands in front – only his back I can see – and a huge thing in his hand

And then?

This is the time you need!
A cupboard full of ragged flesh!

Maybe that's why!

A Tribute to Elizabeth Woolridge Grant a.k.a. Lana del Rey

Travel to NY

Do I feel like Christmas time
Put me in a party dress one time
Love me, till I see the sunshine!
Who has the face like - Who has the voice like
Who has the choice like - „Smarty“ does?
This little world is mine tonight
Say, you will never leave me! - Beat me!
And the answer: Nobody, nobody!

First I will see - „Brite Lites“
Beauty queen - At the silver screen
Take off your wedding ring!
But the film is fading - Fading like me
Look at me - At the trampoline
It wasn't anything!

So, „Put Me In A Movie“
Lights, camera, action - I take you home
Do I like little girls?
Little, sparkle jump rope queens?
Oh, come on - You can make it on your own
I not wanna be your daddy!

After the movie - Gas station
Give me a coffee, king-sized cup - Kitty cat Buttercup - Queen Of The Gas Station- Utah love
Looking at you - Smoking in them neon lights
You look so nice
Made me wonder how you spend them nights
I spend them dreaming of you
With your incredible warbonnet

Then I go back to my „Mermaid Motel“
Somebody sings the „National Anthem“
Mister Obama – Miss America - I salute you
Coney Island - Coney Island Queen
I dream to call you lavender
I dream to call you sunshine
Do not take it off - Sing me in my sleep
God bless „The Ocean“ - God bless you - He will - Not me!

Next day I get the „Pawn Shop Blues“
But that's what happens when you are on you own
I have no nice thing to let go
I pawned my eardrops - I almost cried
No higher consciousness
I nearly killed the best I have
And I know I can do this once more
But you can keep me together
Been broken since I was born
Well, I didn't know It would come to this!

„Oh Say, Can You See“
The night time is almost mine
The headlights from passing cars
They illuminate your face
Leave me the dark
The voice – As you are - Cradle from afar – Tired - Almost yours
I love you for this song- And all, still to come
Come as you are!

„Raise Me Up Mississippi South“
Ray, Raise me up!
Hold my head - Put crystals on my neck
Lift my feet of the ground
Oh see, what you have done now
It's what I am talking about
Pick me up in your pickup truck
Let me play with your new shotgun!

I hear the trumpet
See the palm trees in black and white
I fear the line - Do you wanna jump? - „Jump“!
My hair thin in the wind
I got that grin of a very old man
Lean forward - And I close my eyes
No fight, no words, no thing - I saw before I die!

„For K – one two“
Do I know him? - Do I know her?
I think you're pretty and I like the way you talk
I like your music and the way you walk
But we never going to get along!
Or, „Pretty baby“!
The way my hair comes down
The way my face is shaped
The way I stand up - Shut up!
Sing me that song - Tell me to come on
I will hear

My „Gamma“ - Anna - Leave the lights on for me
Do the flags waving for me?
Is there a good wive waiting for me?
Tell me that you think I am good
To lately, I fear - Crazy as since I was fifty
I want to be The whole wold's man, gramma
Tell me do you think hat's wrong?

AMERICA

Pretty dream nation
Try to remember what you are

„Yayo“

You have to take me right now from this dark life
I have no black motorcycle - I am no tiger
I am no daddy
But I have your show, mama!
I need you like a baby - Like a druggy
Hello, heaven! - Don't believe in you!
No tunnel lined with yellow lights
On a dark night!
Yayo
Yes, you
Yayo

That's why I admire her!

Super Size

What ever I need to
You can do it for me!

Super-size – Double fries
Good surprise
I won't believe my eyes

No one makes my coke colder
Nobody's bolder
That's for sure

Queen of New York
I call for you
Tell me your dirty lies
Dance for other guys
Tell me that everything is alright

Never ever leave my side
Make a ride – It's us

That's why I adore her

A Travel to LA

I sit at a balcony – a beautiful white house! A wonderful woman sits beside! She says about herself: I drink too much coffee – therefore I think she will have a cup of coffee – king-size cup! I love tea – therefore I will have a cup of tea. She says about herself: I'm a heavy smoker – therefore I think she will smoke a cigarette! I am a non smoker, but come on I am down on the „West Coast“, therefore I have to lighten up a Parliament – lighten up, not smoke!

Because we are on the „West Coast“ and it is evening, we see the sun set over „The Ocean“! The blood red sun touches the surface of „The Ocean“ and slowly drowns – reminds me of my future – but come on, sitting close to this outstanding female artist – who's interested in his future!

I'm not sure if we talk that much! Sometimes you don't need so many many words to say a lot – or? A record is playing – tattoos – trumpet - we will hear the tender waves and maybe we will see the sea-cow! Time will disappear, trust will be everywhere – I dissolve

*No one lives forever,
But that's no reason to give up
Don't you wanna fall in love?
No such thing as heaven*

*Sometimes I get lonely
But chariots are gold
And you have super power*

So wonderful – last girl

That's why I envy her!

Why I Love Her!

You ignite me, you inspire me
Let me go into aviation
Give me a ride
You show me my dark side
Do you show me my future?

I get so damn tired
But you are my Jazz singer!
Be my cult leader!
Be my religion!
Be my black swan!
Fuck! Your voice stays forever!
Your loveliness in any case
Let me be your Nancy!
Be my Sid!
You set my soul on fire
Higher and Higher
You Light my fire

That's why I love her!

May

You look so innocent
At Williamsburg
Before the final
The man
From the record company
No plan „B“
Did you win?

I love your smile – Your cheeks Your blond curls
You wonderful voice

Your songs
At the first so nice
But the words
They hit me
Not knowing what to say

„K.“ - „Nick“ - „Blue Hair“
„Your momma“
„Bad disease“

Carry me into the water
Give me a new life

*Have you ever seen an old man?
Have you ever heard an old man?*

Have you ever seen a broke man?

That's why I'm touched by her!

Time Is Over Now

You at New York
Your self-made videos
One, two – Purple wig
You look so very cute
I'm so besotted

Time is over
Never come back
Youth is gone
Never come back

The things you have done
The things I have done
Stupid things, mistakes, bad calls
They are still there
For the rest of our lives

I am so old now
You're still young
I have and will create nothing
You, so much!

That's why I worship her!

This is The End

*Want to make it fun
Don't trust anyone*

I'm in love with a dying man
All his love is flying in the sand
He has done everything he can

He loves you!