

Californian Hopes And Dreams

Before California

Dream Your Little Dreams

Still two hours, then this year is over. Apart from, that this is an ordinary day for me, I will look back for a moment, but much more I will look ahead.

This was an altering year - much happened, much I've done, so much different now. At the end of the last year I had a manuscript, "My Dark Heart", I had translated it, had made many videos, had written some more texts - "chapter 8" - some more videos. The menu on the webpage had a simple structure. I was excited, what would happen, in L.A., my ad, my dark blue letter - and then?

The letter? I got it back! The ad? No reactions! L.A.? L.A. was extremely inspiring! A very mixed beginning! I got ill in March, but then I started to write again and suddenly all became so multi-faceted - one idea after the other, "Hoax News", the hardboiled stories, the parts who are now collected in "Black Swans", the many ideas for stories - "Poems And Stories" - and not to forget "The World Of Love And Happiness". Alone this part is so immense now - all in all I've written nearly one thousand pages, I made one hundred and fifty videos, the webpage is so complex now.....yes, sure, quantity means nothing, but what I try to say with this is, that I never thought I would be able to something like this.....

I will finish the part "The Day, When Nobody Died" soon. This period will come to an end, has to come to an end. Then my next travel to California, this time I will present my writing, this time I will see how the people will react. "Californian Hopes And Dreams" will replace "The World Of Love And Happiness". It will be the place for my writing about my thoughts and feelings in relation to California, in foresight (or would be anticipation the better word?), when I am there, and when I am back in Germany again. Then, after California, I have to begin something new, and now my problems begin. One thing is obvious - after California I will write as an author, because then I will be one! But now my hopes and dreams begin.....

I've said, that I will present my writing, to see if and what response I will get. But the point is, that only two and a half weeks in Los Angeles were such inspiring - how would it be to stay for months at this place? And with Los Angeles I always mean also: Maybe also San Francisco, but because I wasn't there so far, it would be stupid to say, whether I would like it, to live there, or not - therefore, (only) Los Angeles. Because I'm a German cook - and a bookseller - and German cooks have a good reputation in the US, it should be possible for me, should I get a positive response, to find a job in the US, to stay at least a year in California with a working visa. And my hopes and dreams?

To be honest, I would like it, at least I have the feeling that I would like it, that I would like it, despite all the negative developments and negative aspects related to the US. For one day, after the election of the contemporary president, I thought, I should not travel to Los Angeles - for one day. But then I thought: Now more than ever! And it was a fantastic decision! I only say: Hardboiled! Therefore, I would like it, to live the rest of my life in the US.....

But how, don't forget there's something called "the reality". A very good decision was also to subscribe the L.A. Times. So I stayed in touch with Los Angeles, California and the US. Enough articles about the extreme rents for rooms and suchlike. But I have a dream.....

I would like to live in Los Angeles (or San Francisco). I mean with this the metropolitan areas, not necessarily the cities as such. But on the other hand not too far away, I would like to be able to stay in touch with them. Also, well, not too far away from the ocean, I think I not have to say something about this. Because I would need only a bed to sleep and an internet access, I hope, it would be possible for me to find a place where I could stay.

Because I think, I will never earn money with my writing, but obviously need money to spend my living, I have to work as a cook (theoretically also as bookseller). But this would be no problem – I have done it the last three years! I only would need some time, time I can spend to be "on the street", to be among the people.....to write my writing. But then the dreaming starts again. I dream to have a radio show where I can play all the music I like. It would be fantastic - maybe I would have guests? Not more than once a week, and not because of a possible income. Sure, in cities like this, some extra money would be not bad, but there is so many fantastic music that you hear so seldom on the radio, if at all.....and then? I would like to write about music, for the print media. But only from time to time, when I like something eminently, or when something occupies my mind - like Nina Simone at the moment. I would be no good, for hunting after the new hits and the upcoming developments. I like it nowadays, to listen to music for a longer time and concentrated, before I have to say something about it - not good for the business.....

Obviously I'm not able to say what I would write, would I live in California, but when a short time like my first two and a half weeks in Los Angeles were such inspiring.....I fear, that I would simply not have time enough to write all the stories and poems the would come in my mind! But much more? My writing changes a lot, faster and faster - how would it be, in California? Should I have one day a deep feeling that I'm an author, than in California, in the USA. Apart from that, all my inspiration for writing is deeply connected with the USA. Not only music (The Unthanks are British, also Beth Gibbons - Emilie Simon is French.....but the first two (and Emilie Simon sometimes) sing English, Emilie Simon lived for a time in Brooklyn.....), but also movies, architecture, graphic art.....but most of all - literature. Maybe most of all, American postmodern literature (Robert Cover), sure the Beat Generation (William S. Burroughs), but then, very important for me the classic hardboiled authors (Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler and Mickey Spillane), and Charles Bukowski! I mentioned it one time ("The World Of Love And Happiness"), it would be all for me someone would say: Hey, you're the new Bukowski! But that's one of my little dreams, and furthermore a silly one! I never will be able to write as good as a Bukowski did.....

And then there's a last dream, my "uppermost longing". I'm fifty-three now and tired of, what I liked so much before, what was before so necessary to live the life I lived. And I have to say, that I think it was not the worst, I think, it is the reason why I feel like an eighteen year old young man now. Yes, not my body, but my mind - I have so many crazy ideas nowadays! But, have written it so many times, I feel alone now, because I'm alone. I've said, that I would like to spend the rest of my live in the USA - that's not that easy because of the immigration regulations (it would be easy in Canada for instance). But I'm a single, and also, if I would live for the rest for my life in Germany, I would have this dream. The dream, to find someone who would spend me comfort, shelter, tenderness and warmth. Someone, whom I would be able to show my deepest feelings, thoughts and fears. Someone, whom I could spend, at least as much as I would be able to, some comfort, shelter, tenderness and warmth. I that sense, it would be not important, whether the Rose Garden we walk through would be the Rose Garden in the Rosensteinpark in Stuttgart, or the Rose Garden in the Exposition Park in Los Angeles - it would be our Rose Garden. But.....

I have the feeling, that my writing is not suitable for Germany. We have no Bukowski, Burroughs, Cover, Hammett, Chandler, Spillane.....in Germany. We have no Beth Gibbons, no Emilie Simon, no Elizabeth Grand.....in Germany. Better, I think we have no audience for them. We are serious people, literature has to be "high literature" or it's not worth anything. But I think Goethe is boring, Bukowski is real life! In Los Angeles I felt alive, inspired, at home! I cried at LAX, I felt horrible, back again in Germany! Yes, hopes and dreams - dream your little dreams, at least as long as you can.....

The first day after I've finished "The Day, When Nobody Died" I've skimmed the text and I've discovered, that I've forgotten an important point. Therefore I will add this aspect now.

My own book. I mean, a real book, a published book, a real book in a shelf, in a bookstore, a book everybody could buy. It would be an unbelievable feeling, to see it in a shop window - my book! But, again this problematic reality, because this would need a publisher. But for an publisher it would make only sense to publish the book when people would buy it - obviously a publisher has to make (at least some) profit, otherwise he would be sooner or later bankrupt. But would somebody buy something that is - sure in a "raw" version - free accessible (apart from the question whether someone would spend money for my writing in relation to the question of its "quality"). But the webpage, and therewith the way I'm writing, I would never give up. So I fear also this - my own published book - will be forever one of my little dreams.....

The American Dream

Isn't it a bit strange, to write about my dreams, I mean, my dreams, connected to the US, while in the US, interest groups try to destroy the dreams of hundred thousands?

There was a time America was called "the land of endless opportunities" ("the nation of boundless possibilities"). It's not important whether this was true - but the people had such a feeling. And today? Money can buy you everything - especially politicians who will make you even richer. Use the word "God" or "communism" and you can sell the people everything. If you're white and from Europe, than everything is okay - black and Africa or Latin and American are shit combinations.

I'm white and from Europe, I'm from Germany - not bad so far. But then, I'm unfortunately not rich, I'm no communist but I'm left-wing, I don't believe in God.....oh, it's getting worse and worse.....

And my dream? To become an author, to become a married man, to live at the ocean.....not, to grab as much money as I can, to become a millionaire, better a billionaire, a house in Malibu, better in the Hollywood Hills.....

But I sit in Germany at my PC, others live in the US already, are part of this nation, and have to fear, that their dreams will become destroyed - with intent, by power-obsessed and money-obsessed groups - is this the new American Dream?

Still the system of checks and balances functions, independent courts, independent press, free speech and more. Ironically, as far as I can see it, America is far away therefrom to become a dictatorship - see the development in Turkey as a negative example. Ironically because, when you see all this extreme groups in the US, racists, Nazis, people who reject any scientific knowledge but use it every day in their daily life - and so much more. If you look at the US in this way, this nation looks like a horror cabinet! But is this true? If you stay in L.A., no matter where, but among the people, it looks different. Apart from specific differences, not that much different to Germany - at least I thought it would be much more different - especially a city like L.A. But then, people live there, try to live their lives, not that different.....

Should one say, that you could see the US as a dictatorship of money? Too much world conspiracy? The richest 1% in Germany own around 33% of all assets, the poorest 50% only 2.5% thereof - what a surprise, not that much better than the US! Okay, with free health care, a better social system, free education and much more, but.....

The next midterm elections, and a lot could change - still an active system, the US. Still a place to dream your dreams? Maybe I will know it soon.....

The Wall

Assume, you would live in a poor country, not to talk about in a country where a (civil) war takes place. How you would react? Maybe thinking about to reach a country who's richer, who maybe would offer you a better live - a country that lives in peace, where your life would be safe.

Assume, you would live in a rich country, a country that lives in peace. But many would like to live in your country as well, from around the world. From poor countries, from countries where wars are fought. How would you react? Building a wall maybe?

I not talk about Donald Duck's stupid and nonsensical wall, I mean the wall that Europe has established to block immigrants from Africa. It's no physical wall, but therefor much more effective - a lot of dead bodies swim in the Mediterranean Sea.....

One part sees no other chance, than to reach a new country - the other part fears, that their country would change. Is it reprehensible to fear, that your familiar and wanted lifestyle would change, would many foreign people come? Is it reprehensible the decision, to try to escape poverty or war? Is a wall a solution?

It's difficult for me to understand, that the European Community spends billions and works together with dictators like Erdogan in trying something impossible - to stop immigration caused by poorness and war. Now I will start to become a bit naive, and it's not the first time that someone said this, but wouldn't it better to stop to work together with dictators and war lords. Wouldn't it better to invest all this billions in this countries to develop them? As said, I become naive now.....

Economic interests, priority over all? But wouldn't it be not better, for a (world) economy at all, when this world as such would be stable and save? But then you would have to see the world as such and not economic zones like the EU, or countries like the USA, or single commercial enterprises.....

At the moment there's a discussion in Germany about politicians and visions. I mentioned Willy Brandt not long ago - he had visions and influenced whole generations, and had harsh critics. But he changed Germany for ever, he did a lot therefor, that the image of the German changed, after what happened in the years after '33. He had visions - today he would be needed, someone with visions.....

I've sad, that I'm disappointed about the humans - everything else would be a sad joke! As an example, everybody knows that coal mining is dead and no longer needed but, in Germany the next village became destroyed for brown coal mining - the coal that has the worst environmental record. And the most stupid? All in all 15.000 employees still working in the brown coal mining - 15.000!?! Therefore we destroy whole villages? We produce today that much green energy that we have a oversupply. But no politician is able to stop this nonsense - and we talk about visions.....

A fantasy without limits we humans have.....who not laughs out loud now? It will be interesting for me to see, if I will be able to develop a vision, when I will write "Utopian Dreaming". Willy Brandt was a left-wing politician (SPD), his successor as chancellor was Helmut Schmidt, also SPD. One of his most famous sentence (my translation): *Anyone who has visions should go to the doctor.* Well, I tend more to Willy Brandt, and miss politicians with visions.....

<<< To say it unambiguous, "the wall" is the wall(s) in our head.

Hard Bop Fantasies

Patrick Bebelaar – piano
Herbert Joos - trumpet, flugelhorn
Johannes Enders - saxophone

No words - you played the first time in this formation?
Okay, I'm no musician, I'm a dilettante
For me it sounds like you played together since decades
Okay, sometimes you needed time for the coordination
But your improvisations, your playing together
Ah, I'm a dilettante, but.....

It came to my mind, why not writing in this style?
I should wrote more free, improvised - Charles Mingus or why not Ornette Coleman?
I think it would do me good, and it would show how good I'm
You have to be good, very good to improvise!

I thought about a title
"Hard Bop Fantasy" came into my mind
Does this makes sense?
What a stupid idea, that a title for such a project should / would "make sense".....

Wow, it's Thursday - still one and a half weeks till California
And I already have plans for the writing thereafter
A good sign - I think so!

At the moment all is so inspiring
Wow, not in L.A. or SF and I feel more and more motivated
The idea to quit my job does me good
Change - Elizabeth - is the magic word

Wow, what a concert - unbelievable
It seems to me that every Thursday is a highlight
Thank you Cave 61 for this wonderful program
Thank you Altes Theater for your hospitality
Thank you to the musicians for your wonderful art

This passion, so much skill, but one should know
It's like with the ballerina - so light, so gracile, so elegant
But, an awful lot of training, an awful lot of pain
And then it looks so easy and elegant
How many hours you have to practice, how many hours you have to suffer
To reach this level of perfection - I envy you for your passion

Oh fuck, I would like to live in L.A. or SF - there I would be able to improve my writing
Oh, I'm sitting at a new place after the concert
The heavy red wine - pinot noir - and now Whiskey Sour - in a much too large glass!
I'm definitely across the line!

Late shift tomorrow - so no problem at all
But I've the feeling I not wanna go home
I've the feeling I would like to stay

Till the morning dawns, till I've to go to work
I've the feeling I should write, like ?????? - no matter if I would be able to read it later again
(and I cannot read it again!!!)
The Caesars Salad with king prawns is very good!

I'm not totally drunken, but not far away
The young woman behind the bar
Makes use of Bacardi - looks boring
I would like to sit here the whole night - would like it!

I'm sure that I said it before - "The World Of Love And Happiness"
If I only would be a bit younger I would try it to start a career as barkeeper
More and more I love it - the world of liquor
I really mean it - so much different sorts of Whiskey / Whisky or Gin.....to name only this two
So much cocktails.....what an infinite world

Yes, I'm more and more drunken
Yes, I will order a café au lait next
Yes, alcohol is a drug
But fuck, what a ????
Only one and a half weeks!

At the moment I dream of to be in a Hollywood movie
To sit at the bar - all night long - barfly
But this is Heilbronn and I've ordered my café au lait
Wow, I'm really more drunken then normally!
Two glasses of wine and a - too large - Whiskey Sour?
And a fucking good concert.....
Wow, I've to type all this writing later.....

The point is, it seems that I'm not that drunken
The point is, that now is the moment I have to be consequent
The point is, now my life has to change finally
Otherwise the last three years would be a joke
Are you sure, that you will be able to read this later at home?

Okay, I still find the way to the restroom
No mess, the café au lait does me good
Time for a killer - Pina Colada - something sweet!
And thereto a café au lait!
And then home and typing my writing
And then?

Oh, I would like it so much, to be in L.A. or SF now!
Pina Colada - the same garnish then Whiskey Sour?
Marshmallow and wine gum - fits at least a bit better to this cocktail.....?
But the point is, L.A. or SF?
And this wonderful concert Cave 61, Altes Theater?
Yes, there are (famous) jazz clubs in SF and L.A.
Fuck, I don't know - Pina Colada and café au lait in front of me.....

I should come to the résumé
It was an outstanding concert with fantastic artists
I never will be able to reach such a level
But at least I will try my best

And now I will drink my Pina Colada and my café au lait
Then I will walk to my car - slowly
Then I will drive home and type my writing - if I should be able to read it
And then?
And then, we will see what will happen in L.A. and SF
Wow, still Thursday - 23:50 pm!

N.B.: Now it's Friday, 02.37 am, and it was a piece of hard work to read as much as possible and type it. But thankfully John Coltrane accompanied me - Blue Train, Hard Bop!

Hard-Bop-Dreams

Dreams - we need them, but sometimes they kill us, mine will kill me, I've the feeling at least - they will? Assume - come on, let me dream as long as possible - the people would applaud me in L.A. and SF, they would like my writing - what a strange dream - so absurd, absurd because the dreams of thousands are to be destroyed - I would give my dream up, would they be able to keep theirs - they have more rights, they live in this country, they are a valuable part of this country, they are this country - I'm an old German.....

What a fucking game, the game with lives and existences, for some definitely more arousing, than fucking a super hot woman - don't you see them, sitting together, with their Havanas and expensive Whiskeys, when they are proud of their fucking doing, when their cocks are swollen, when they behave like the masters in former times, talking about their best niggers.....

It's good to know to be something better, white and rich, conservative and believer - you're on the right side - look at this world and see all this the poor, God hates them.....

Hard-Bop-Dreams II

Alright, yeah, do it, hu - don't dream, do dream, I dream, you can kill me, but not my dreams - fuck, you can kill both, never understood, never, the long rows, Skid Row, why they accept to live such a life, why they accept that some try to kill their dreams, never understood, never, if someone will kill my dreams, then I myself, I never tried to live my dreams, they their whole lives, they are real Dreamers, they are the American allegory, destroy them, destroy America, no America without dreams, no dreams without Dreamers, their only aim, to destroy a nation, like the Fascists, only one dream were longer allowed - the dream of the Aryan race - what a fucking dream!

What a stupid thought, all should have the same dream, I dream to be an artist, others, to be a scientist, others, to live a calm life in a suburban neighborhood, with a nice house and a small garden - or, to live in a ragging city, every night a rush, till the dawn, whatever, it's your dream, no fucking asshole should be allowed to judge about or even to destroy your dream, especially not on purpose - maybe you destroy your dream, maybe you're unable to fulfill your dream, maybe it was a stupid dream, whatever, but do not allow others to judge about your dream, do not allow others to destroy your dream because they think it funny to do so, that it's funny to play God, because they think they are God.....

Hard-Bop-Dreams III

Fuckin' dreams and fuckin' hopes, music that destroys my ears, but hey, I'm this old man, I've my life behind me, I only can win - is nobody willing to kick Donald and this GOP suckers in the nuts? Hey, Germans are definitely no revolutionaries - 1848/49! - but if politicians would behave in Germany like they do in America, the people would be on the streets!

This music is so full of energy, where is this energy, I don't see it - a quite right wing party (AfD) got 13% in the last election, a shock for the Germans, but come on, in America they hold the majority in both chambers and they sit in the White House, different worlds.....should I dream the German dream, not too much change, a bit, slightly, from time to time.....or should I go with the music, the vibrating mood, a staccato of notes, a staccato of words, no break, no moment to breath, on and on, word for word, I think still to much.....

It's Sunday 02.16 am - in one week I will have finished my last work day, a day later and three and a half hours more my train arrives to bring me to Frankfurt - my next aviation begins - dreams, this fucking dreams, my whole life I had plans, now I dream my dreams, and I'm allowed to do, no one can steal my dreams, I own them, I'm allowed to enter a stage, maybe they will laugh about me, but I'm allowed to do, what a privilege, I can do it here, I can do it there, I can stay here, I can travel there, I can live my dream, I can write, I can upload it, "publish" it, I can present my writing the whole world, I'm allowed to do, allowed to dream, I'm a Dreamer and I'm allowed to be, this so uninspired Germans, they allow me to do so.....

What a arousing world this would be, a world full of dreamers, with their boundless fantasies, everything would be possible, like in music, the ones who dreamt, who searched for new notes, rhythms and melodies, they created this wonderful universe called music - not the ones, who not allowed others dreaming their dreams, with them, no music would exist - yeah, only Dreamers are able to develop the society, you need dreams to do so, you always need dreams, and dreams need Dreamers, is this so hard to understand - chasing rainbows, that's so important - 1984, George Orwell, they killed all dreams, listened to Emil Mangelndorff recently, he dared to dream, 3. Reich, to dream about playing jazz, did it illegally, got arrested (for a short time), chicanes, but he kept his dreams and became one of the most important German jazz musicians after WW II - he kept his dreams.....

But what, if someone make it impossible, that you keep your dreams - that's the - hey, Heilbronn is my town of birth - that's the Gretchenfrage, the crucial question (sixty-four-thousand-dollar question), and the answer - hey, don't ask me, I'm a German, and we Germans are no revolutionaries, so don't ask us, you know 1848/49? Okay, was there something.....1989/90.....?

Two hours Charles Mingus; Moanin' - I'm satisfied? The music is fantastic, my ears ache, my writing? Well, I'm not really satisfied - I still think to much, to write such a text in a meaningful way - only without thinking about. So I will stop the music now - after over two hours now, still a vibrating piece of music, hard to stop therewith. But I will stop it soon, then I will read what I've written, then I will upload it, then the whole world could read it, I will continue to dream my dream, and should it really happen, that the Dreamers have to leave their country, then fuck off America!

N.B.: I've made a mistake in the text. As cook - irregular work times - you sometimes have problems with the date and even with the weekday. The text: *It's Sunday 02.16 am.....* is insofar wrong, and therewith the following, that it was Saturday! Today is Sunday, 01.31 am at the moment.....

Tom Petty

I've read about the circumstances of his death in the LA Times. Reminds me about Prince - and encourages me, to be consequent this time. You cannot envy this people, but then take no risk - especially when it's a very calculated risk.....

It's good to be king - When dogs get wings

Thank you, Mr. Petty.....

Tiredness

I'm very tired tonight
Tomorrow, today!, I not have to work
The next week is over
One week left

Tomorrow a new monthly picture - today
The last before - wow, the last
The next I will make in San Francisco
Maybe with the Golden Gate

I've problems to concentrate
I would like to write something
But my mind is empty
And my legs ache

I should go to bed, search for some sleep
And then sleep the whole day
Sleep a whole week, I'm so tired
About my living now

Fallin' Apart

I'm fallin' apart
I feel totally sick
I fear to fall asleep
And never will wake up again

I would like to write the whole night
Till the new day is there
Till the sun give me new life
But I'm too tired to stay

Tonight I'm a really old old man
I'm confused, looking inside
Wow, it's that me, that old I'm now
I'm exhausted, I've the feeling I will die

Yesterday I had that crazy mood
Writing with Mingus, not that bad for the first try
I thought, next time Coleman, or better Mingus once again
Today, even thinking about free jazz, is too much for me

I'm disappointed, disappointed about me
Each line I make mistakes, all makes no sense
The night is still so young, plenty of time would I have
But fuck, I'm such a tired old man

Needs

What do we need and why? Is consumption the only solution to satisfy our needs? Alternatives?

We have developed different ideas how our "living together" should be organized - nothing functions really, or? I think about communism - in the first moment it sounds very interesting, but, in reality? It seems, that individuals, and I think without any doubt that we are individuals, need individual things and solutions - but why this should be a problem? On the other side you could ask the question: Has this to mean, that everything has to be individual? Whereto this should lead? Socialism? I'm definitely left-wing, but.....seems a bit too easy, and especially a bit naive - especially naive!

Without any doubt, for me, capitalism is no solution, especially capitalism without limitations. Economic growth contradicts itself - it's only a matter of time that a collapse has to happen - that's very banal! Put a cube on another cube - endlessly? Yeah, the sky is the limit.....

I've some ideas about my utopian society - well, "Utopia", should I confess, that I've never read the book.....

Behavior

Why we behave like we behave? Two standard answers: Genes and / or cultural imprint.....

Our next relatives, chimpanzees and bonobos, can be very aggressive, especially when the topic is reproduction! When it comes to this, we're very much more relaxed! What would be if chimpanzees and bonobos would had weapons like we have - I fear they still would had extinguished themselves!

An interesting point is - viewed from genetics - that an important difference between them and us seems to be, no, not that we have more genetic information. On the contrary! We've lost some, as the family "hominini" divides more and more. This loss, so it seems, gave us, "the homo", new possibilities.....

Maybe we should lose some more genetic information? Or, should give this hope to us, that we're definitively not more aggressive than our next relatives? The problem is, they haven't our skills and means, means, that they are maybe more aggressive, but in the end, we have the possibilities to destroy this planet and ourselves - not they!

Lost Dreams

I sit here, "Autohof" (truck stop - large motorway station), and looking at the people, often families, ordinary people, working people - what should this mean?

Many are overweight - don't forget how I looked a few years ago - and eating things like: Schitzel with french fries and mushroom cream sauce - a "German classic"! Are these people dumb, less educated idiots, dull people.....? I've the feeling, that they simply have lost their dreams.....that they are no longer Dreamers.....

Yes, they talk about their lives, maybe a vacation, maybe a new used car, maybe a new flat-screen - this are dreams? No! This is the banal life - as, that I have to work tomorrow, but this are no dreams!

In Germany, in my youth, there was a phrase (for the growing up): The time of dreaming is over now, now the serious side of life begins - what a fuck! If you stop dreaming, you kill your life! Yes, there are these banal sides of life, but.....

N.B.: I sit here in Germany, I'm not a poor person, I don't live in a country like India or Thailand, especially I'm no girl! In my country there's no (civil) war! Yes, at many places in this world these lines would be inappropriate, but I live here, in the "Western world" - we would have the possibilities to dream - how disappointing that we not use them, that we waste them.....

$$50 + 10 + 10 = 70$$

Los Angeles: approx. 50% Latinos, 10% Asian-Americans, 10% Afro-Americans = 70%

Most time a mayor, high officials etc. should have a South-American background - or? White with European background? 30% - or?

Okay, no simple mathematics, but.....?

Approx. 50% women, 50% men = well,.....

Okay, no simple mathematics, but.....?

Isn't it strange, if politics would represent the people, 50% of the politicians should be Latinas.....at least if they are not too stupid for the job.....

But maybe, politics not represents the people - but what then? Let's see.....white.....European background.....university.....money - wow, that's maybe the simple mathematics I searched for - or, what do you.....?

But still one question remains - only 30% of the votes, but.....

- an overall majority of 70% of the votes, but.....

That's really strange mathematics!

Today

Unfortunately I'm not in L.A. today
Or SF, or in one of the many, many other cities
Would like it, to be there

Well, still no new government in Germany
The SPD had their party convention
Maybe again with Angela

So much dynamic in the US
Even if it's sad why
Again four paralyzing years in Germany.....?

Tired Again

I feel very tired again today
Late shift, as tomorrow
But then early shift and on Sunday free

A few days now, strange to think about
Next week, at this time, I will be in L.A.
The following day I will read in the Tribal Cafe

It seems to me like a fantasy
Nothing real, only a wish, nothing truth
Later I will read my prepared text, as so often now

Wow, never thought that I will have such a feeling
The tension, more and more, but not negative
It's more a curiosity, what will be

Okay, realistically not that much - I fear, the world not have waited for me.....
But.....well, that's part of the game.....down on the west coast.....
And the worst case? Four weeks vacation in California - could be definitely worse!

But to be honest, the vacation wouldn't be the problem
The problem would be, to be back in Germany - and then?
Well, honestly, sounds not that cool to me.....

I would like to be..... - L.A. really is a cool city for that!
Jumping from the Hollywood sign - at least would the ugly thing makes sense then.....
Yeah, stolen moments on the Hollywood H - calm moments at Santa Monica Beach.....

I would like to close my eyes, the soft sound of the airplane engines
I open them again, Iceland, Greenland, the Hudson Bay, Canada
The Rocky Mountains, the desert - L.A.

Yeah, sitting at my PC in Germany.....

A Bit Better Now

A long and hot shower
A bit better now
Looking back, the last three years
I have to be proud, I have to be

Wow, my first writing - "My Dark Heart - Itinerary"
Then the first interlude - "In California"
Then the second writing - "The Day, When Nobody Died"
Now, the second interlude - "Californian Hopes And Dreams"

So far, three years - never would have assumed that possible
And already plans for the upcoming writing
But I have to change, have to write more "seriously"
More concentrated, more, like a "real" author

"Brave New Life" with the sub-parts
"New Hardboiled"; "Utopian Dreaming" and "Hard Bop Fantasies"
And then I thought about something alike as "Tamara"
No definitive title so far....."A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl"?

Has some charm - or?
Came into my mind just now by thinking about - why not?
But whatever, I've the feeling that my "early" writing, my "youth", is over now
Now I have to become adult, maybe I should better say: consequent

So far, I see in fact no problem
But when I have to think about, to write this new writing
In Los Angeles or San Francisco - or
In Germany - well,.....

And to say it in a distinct way
It would be a mere joke, to say it would be impossible to do it in Germany
But this two and a half weeks in L.A. last year, they have changed me that much!
Assume, a whole year, L.A. or SF, writing the above stories.....?

If this would not - nonsense!
This would change my life completely!
And again, to say it in a distinct way
Not in the sense of this boring "American Dream"!

No, not famous, not rich, no million dollar house.....
I mean.....as a person, how I feel.....how I see me.....
Yes, I'm attracted by - yeah, by what?
L.A.? California? America? - Wow, America!

Yeah, definitively America! - The country that is on its way to destroy itself!
But, there's something, I hardly can catch it - but it's connected with
Westlake, Downtown West, Crenshaw, Chinatown, Koreatown.....
Santa Monica - pedestrian area, pier, beach.....

The people - maybe simply with the people
With them.....I kept distance from them the last time.....
I thought - yes, I'm from the south of Germany -
In a short time you will fly back, and then.....

But this time it will be different - how much distance is there, onstage?
I will read it, what Peter said in "Hoax News"
"I offer you.....myself!"
And Peter means what he's saying.....even when it not means: completely.....

And now? Again, the night has begun just only - 1.54 am
But I'm still tired, no head to write a story or suchlike
I will finish for tonight - another days is over
Some more are left.....

Iced Mocha

Standing up, showering, dressing up
Westlake Metro Station
Till Metro Center 7th
Expo Line
Till Santa Monica
Restroom and Iced Mocha at McDonalds
Santa Monica Pier
The Endless Ocean
Soon

Four Days

Now four days early shift
A free Sunday

Next week at this time
A few hours till Tribal Cafe

Will find no sleep
Why I should

Would be strange if
At least I think so

I fear it a bit
But then I wish, it would be now

Five days left
Five days

I wish it me so heavily, to sit in the aeroplane.....

Get Your Chance

Living a life without getting chances
Is living a sad life
A fulfilled life is a life
With getting your chances

I will get my chance soon
Again a chance, not for the first time
It's not the question
"Whether I'm able to make something out of this chance"

It's the mere fact, that I have the opportunity to get a chance
Sure, would like it, when it would at the end not only a chance - again
Sure, would like it, when my dream(s) would come true - finally
But, it's also a mere fact, that it would be disgusting would I complain, if not

Saw a picture of a fifteen-year-old Indian girl
Dressed up for marriage - an thirty-two-year-old man
What chances life will provide her
Sometimes I feel so helpless

What would I do - if my dream(s) would come true
Maybe she would be able to write wonderful love poetry
Nobody ever will hear her - she has no voice
She's beautiful and will give birth - who's interested in her feelings

Humans are self-determined individuals
What a nice thought - Age of Enlightenment
Rousseau "Emile" - Voltaire "Candide"
How much has this changed the world

Not less - the French Revolution!
On the other hand - it's disappointing to see this world
A world, where such thoughts were thought and still be thought
A world, where such books were written and still be written

And then, we have global means of communication
Everybody would be able to know everybody
But some are not allowed to do
To communicate, to read, to think - to be a self-determined individual

Everybody has the right to live his life in the way he wants
Wasn't this one of the ideas America is based on
If you decide to use a horse-drawn carriage - you're allowed to do
Nobody should be allowed to laugh about you because of this decision - it's your irrevocable right

But I see one problem - self-determined
You can't be self-determined as long as you have no idea about this world and its possibilities
Knowledge - that's the key word, and therewith education
Education for a fifteen-year-old Indian girl.....

The world as it is - a very easy place for a few
They fear nothing more than education for all, especially for girls
Because then they might - no! They definitely would ask the question: Where are my chances.....!

Are We Really Only Insane Monsters

In Pakistan a number of very young girls - mostly around six or seven years old - were raped, and as if this would be not enough, thereafter murdered.

In Libya migrants were tortured with hot and burning silicone. The videos therefrom were uploaded in the Internet - the reason? Blackmailing! Should one search for the videos - Daisy's Destruction.....?

Germany refuses till today, to name the "Strafmaßnahmen" (punishments) as what they were - a genocide at the Herero and Nama in their colony "Deutsch-Südwestafrika" (today Namibia) between 1885 and 1905. The reason - money (right to pecuniary reparation)!

Why all this shit?

Are we really not able, to live at least somewhat civilized together?

If you need it, then watch a porn movie in the internet, maybe one of this American ones, where at the end the "actress" tells you that it was a fantastic experience, to get punished, tied, humiliated, spanked and raped - oh sorry, it's only for your fantasy - but, at least better than to rape and murder a six-year-old child - to satisfy your cravings.....

You maybe violate the law in some ways to get your fucking money - but to torture helpless people therefor, in an absolute cruel way.....it's a bit like if you would travel to Las Vegas to.....

Isn't it interesting that we Germans asked the whole world to be excused for what we have done during the 3. Reich, but we have a real problem therewith to ask the Herero and the Nama about the same? Yes, they will demand for compensation, but is this an apology for all this tasteless juristic dodges.....

We live in this modern world today - how dark was the Medieval in contrast thereto! The life had no value, very fast you could be dead - not to talk about despotism, law of the strongest.....and the rich! Randy Newman, the jungle out there - no, we not live at the time of the Roman Empire - do we? Sometimes all this news slay me, the above mentioned three examples were articles from this weeks Wednesday issue (today) from the German newspaper I've subscribed ("die tageszeitung") - all today.....

Sometimes I've the feeling I should delete all - makes no sense. A stupid job to earn some money - alcohol? To wait till this fucking life is over, or if it needs to much time.....lend the things a helping hand.....

Again, why we are not able to act at least a bit humane, a bit rational? You rape and murder a six-year-old girl because your horny? Because girls have no value - or? You torture a person because you wanna blackmail money - easy way to get money? But the migrant has no value - or? Yes, we Germans know our guilt towards the Jews - well, the Sinte people, well, the Romani people, and why not, the gays.....but come on, this African peoples? They have no lobby - or?

Why not four weeks vacation in California - I've worked a whole year for it! Hey, some money on the bank - cocktails at the beach, nice restaurants (hey, I'm a cook!).....fuck this world!

It's Thursday Evening

It's Thursday evening
Therefore - jazz club time!
And because the club has a motto this month
"World of Trumpet"
Again - yes, a concert with trumpets!

But today it should be very different compared to last week
More "modern", softer, electronic equipment onstage.....
In the first moment the description not sounds that spectacular to me
But that's Cave 61 - always good for a surprise.....

In fact, and I mean this really serious, again in this season
No concert was disappointing - obviously I talk about the concerts I was able to see
But when I have not to work in the evening I go - often without to look who's playing tonight!
Therefore I'm sure, it will be again a fantastic evening - and diversity is the magic key

Then something strange happens since the beginning of the week
Not sure whether I should write about - I fear I would destroy it
What's obviously a stupid thought, but expression therefore, that I'm really puzzled at the moment
What will happen next week in Los Angeles, and the week thereafter in San Francisco?

Wow, if I would know this - I feel like a little child
Just only three times sleeping, then the adventure begins
Yes, then we have Sunday and I will fly at Monday
But from Sunday till Monday I will sleep no second, definitively!
And my train departs at 5.46 am - no time for sleep!

But now I will prepare myself ultimately
Will enjoy the wine and the café au lait - and of course the music!
Two work days, one free day -
So close now!

Wow

It would had been a real pity, to miss this concert!

Thomas Siffling - Trumpet
Alex Gunia - Guitar / Electronics
Konrad Hinsken - Piano / Fender Rhodes
Dirk Blümlein - Bass
Christian Huber - Drums / Electronics

What should I say, should I say it?
What came into my mind was: Pink Floyd plays together with Miles Davis.....
Maybe stupid, maybe dumb, but I had always this picture in my mind
Yes, you can call it fusion.....

The point is, that I - as always - looked at the musicians
I cried a lot
It was such different than the last week and the week before, but still it was jazz
Still it was the trumpet, still it was such different - music, what an universe
Art? - A multiverse?

Yesterday I was such down, today I feel so light
Why you have to do the shit I've written about yesterday
Listen to music, contemplate art, see how wonderful differences are
Why you have to torture other humans with hot silicone?

I such moments you can get a feeling therefore, how beautiful this world could be
Why such an evening cannot last forever?
Why we cannot sit together and listen to music
Why we behave always like such assholes

Because we are such assholes - I hate this answer
This five musicians showed that it could be different
I don't understand this world
I hate it, to think about this world

How would it be - onstage!
The people would applaud you.....?
Why?
For what?

I would like to close my eyes
Cover my ears with headphones
Drowning in music - always a nice thought
To forget everything

The Bass

This time a bass guitar, no upright bass
I love this instrument, the bass
But most of all the viola da gamba
What a wonderful instrument
Isn't baroque music wonderful
Sure! - This music is composed therefor
Therefor, to please the listener
To bestow him at least a moment of quiescent

Quit

I quit my job today
But, that's no real risk
At least not for me in Germany

The date of notice is February 28th
Therefore I'm still in work during my stay in California
And even when I'm returned at February 24th

I can use the internet during my stay to look for a new job in Germany
An application letter is no problem, even to fix a date for a job interview
Okay, to do it then, I have to be back in Germany again

Therefore it is possible that I will have no work in March
But I have saved some money and therefore
I should have around three till four monthly salaries on my bank account, after California

If I would live my life then as before, I could do this three till four months without to work
Because I've quit the job, the employment agency punishes me with a blocking period
Three months, then I can get unemployment assistance

So, where's the risk?

On the other hand I'm highly flexible now
Whatever will happen in California, I can react very fast
Sure, I have to fly back to Germany, but would be, for instance, able to return very fast

So, there's simply no - real - risk!

I think about people who have to leave their countries to save their lives, the lives of their families
Often they have nothing, their lives are in danger, their future is uncertain
How fucking easy my life in comparison

So many were drowned and still drown in the Mediterranean, their lives no longer is in danger
Whole families, all the awful things that happen with the alone traveling children
Their lives are so full of pain and suffering

I will sit in a comfortable aeroplane - the world's largest
I will get my meals, beverages whenever I like, after the main meal the air hostess will ask
Whether I wanna have a brandy - maybe this time I say: Yes, thanks.....

No, it's economy class - what class you have, on a small boat on the Mediterranean
Also nice looking and always smiling hostesses on board
Or more likely someone, commonly called the death

And now the clever statement at the end
Or maybe only dejection
Or respect for those who really risk something.....

The Mystery Of Life

When you close your eyes and let your mind wandering on this earth
When you see all this different countries and regions, all this different cultures
When you see how different a life situation can be
When you then also see all this conflicts, all this madness
When you then see that you not have chosen your life, and they not theirs
When you see that they are born as you at a certain place
Then you say to yourself: How thankful I have to be, to be born in this country.....

That's abyssal shit!

When you have the "luck", to be born in a country without a war
When you have the "luck", to have a social safety net in your country
When you have the "luck", to be born in a rich family
When you have the "luck", to be able to make your own decisions
When you have the "luck", to have access to books, music - culture
When you have the "luck", to live in a country that accepts you as you are
Then you say to yourself: How thankful I have to be, to be born in this country.....

That's abyssal shit!

Why not asking yourself
Why not care for people whose only difference is
Not to be born
On your behalf

Not On Your Behalf

Look at the two children, they laugh a lot, they have fun
I drink a large café au lait, they eat together with their parents their fast food shit
They look - definitely not politically correct, but correct - lower class or should I say laboring class
Whatever, the children have a lot of fun

Will they ever know, who Shakespeare was?
And yes, Shakespeare is a metaphor.....
But, will they ever know?
You think, this is not necessarily important?

You're right, a cheap worker hasn't to know this, not for his work
But maybe he or she would like Shakespeare?
Still not important for his or her functioning as a worker
But maybe he or she would like Raymond Chandler?

I would like to go to this two children
To tell them stories about this fascinating universe, above us
Stories about, how different music can be - how much I like the bass
Stories about, that there are libraries where you can lend books for free

So much is there, I would like to tell them
I finish my café au lait and leave
I feel lousy, but yes, we need them, all this working class people
They not have to know what a magnetar is - they have to work, to function

Deep Inside

Deep inside me
Yes, this monster upon I've written a lot at the beginning
But, there's something else - deeply covered
How should I name it

Rogue? Jester? Prankster?

I'm a funny person, always humbug in mind
Always I wanna laugh, always I wanna talk nonsense
Nothing I take serious, especially not myself
Deep, deep inside

I would like, to write funny stories, a lot of nonsense
I would like it, would the people laugh about me and my funny writing
But then I see this world, and then I feel
It would be disgusting to do so - not in this world

I like it to see children, children who laugh
Their laughing is unburdened, not knowing this world
My laughing would be artificial, knowing this world
I would like it, would I be able again, to laugh like a child

Sometimes I use the German language, the Southern (Swabian) accent
To tell me funny stories, while driving or during work
"Ha, des kann jetzt wohl net woahr sei! Ha sag a mol, des hen di bachl....."
"I glabs net! Do kommt jetzt so an hergloffener, oner von "driiben" on will mir saga was i du sol..."

Maybe I should say, that I'm no Swabian and I not speak their accent correctly
The point is, that I never would write something like this in English, as a story
I would feel stupid about doing this - a pen name
I really thought about a new webpage, or a new YouTube channel

Both in German language, both without pictures - you not would see me
As a second identity, where I could be somebody else, a funny person
"Ha sag mol! I kotz jetzt glei! Jetzt willed di scho widder zussamma ins Nescht gehen, in Berlin...."
"Der Schulz-Effekt: Am Wahlabend den Schröder geben, um dann später zum Gabriel zu werden -
Wandlungen eines Politikers! Mein neues Werk, jetzt in allen Buchhandlungen - 1111 Seiten blah,
blah, blah zum Sonderpreis für mindestens ein Pseudo-Zugeständnis!"

But then I see this fucking world, all this shit and inanities that we humans do
Then I'm no longer a funny person, I'm disappointed
I've no longer a motivation to be funny, I'm no longer able thereto
Although, I would like it, to be

So, I see an awful world, I see awful humans, stupid humans, I don't understand it
So, I cover this part of me, deeper and deeper - although I really would like.....
How would it be to be a clown, performing and doing funny things
And children would laugh, while I act awkward behind my make up.....

N.B.: The name I searched for yesterday was "harlequin". I would like to be a harlequin.....

I'm Nervous

A bit more than seven hours and I will walk to the station
Monday 1.00 pm local time I will arrive in Los Angeles
Wow, I'm really very nervous now

Breakfast buffet - Europa Simit Palast
I walked around in Heilbronn
Last things for the travel settled
Packed my suitcase
Talked with my sibling - now I'm ready to leave

Since Sunday, especially since Tuesday, the number of visitors of my webpage raised drastically
At the moment I have at one day as much visitors as in over one month, November and before
A first increase was after December 19th, (maybe) a very small increase after December 4th
But the last days I had around 30 till 45 times the visitors than before
Why?

I hoped for an increase after my readings - during the weeks in California
I had contact with some open mic locations - asked about how long I can read and such things
I mentioned the webpage - should this be the result?
I'm puzzled and nervous now.....

Only some hours left, soon I will be in Los Angeles again
Soon I will read for the first time there - Tribal Cafe at Tuesday
Then the following Monday with Greyhound towards San Francisco
And at the evening my first reading there - Bird & Beckett
Two weeks - the most important weeks in my life?
Don't think so!
I think the weeks after I was born - ICU.....
But this weeks will have an impact to my future life
The only thing still is - I've no idea what kind of impact.....

This Part Is Finished Now

This part is finished now - "Before California"
Now the new part begins - "In California"
Last time I've written nothing during the travel
I was too excited
I think this will be the same this time
Therefore, "Before California" is finished.....

Now I will wait, till I have to leave
Maybe TV, maybe Internet
Will I be able to sleep a bit?
Los Angeles.....
San Francisco.....
In California!

In California – Los Angeles

Home Again

Wow, that was strange - LAX, leaving the plane
The customs procedure, Flyaway bus to Union Station
With the taxi to the motel - it was nice, to come home

Shower, new clothes, and, sure, Gus's
Soup of the day and salad with steak
And now I sit in the Tribal Cafe - 6.25 pm

The people around me, ordered a smoothie
Two men prepare the open mic event
How long I stayed away?

It's a joke - a whole year?
Come on, I left yesterday and returned today
Where's the year in Germany? - It went away!

My memory only a faint haze - after five and a half hours in L.A.
Almost four weeks I will stay in California
Wherefore I should return, to a place, I no longer will know?

This is my place, this is my life
Walked around in Westlake, see it with different eyes now
I'm nervous, what will be, tomorrow, what will I see

Santa Monica Beach and Santa Monica Pier - the pedestrian area
How will I see it - definitively different now
But it would be a joke, wouldn't it be different, would it be the same

It cannot be the same - I come back home again
One year I was in a foreign land, called Germany
One wasted year, but finally, I'm home again

Union Station

My first day in L.A., got up early
Breakfast at Gus's, three eggs with bacon – a classic
But it's America, so it goes with potatoes, two (for Germans) large slices of bread
And of course something sweet, butter and marmalade – not to forget the maple syrup on the table

I like it to be here, the people around me
At one table four police officers, not the worst thing to have them as customers
About three other customers, I'm not sure, construction workers – or something with electricity?
A young couple – vacation like I?, many use the drive-in.....

Now I sit outside Union Station, Chai Latte Large
This time no block and pen – have my laptop with me
Have not to type it again in the afternoon, should make it a bit more easy
But still block and paper are in my back pack for spontaneous writing

Have bought my L.A. Times, here in L.A. I wanna have the paper issue, e-paper is for Germany
Later I will drive to Santa Monica, to start my day there – of course, I have to see the ocean now!
I think the laptop is no bad thing, a bit heavy, but for the moment okay
Therefore, let's start this day – after I have drunken my Chai and read a bit in the L.A. Times.....

Again At The End

Santa Monica Pier, again at the end, yesterday I was here for the last time – or?
All seems so familiar, even at least one of the musicians, whom I know from last year!
And the ocean? She's as beautiful as ever, she will stay for ever
And I will become a part of her, soon I fear, at least I feel so

It's cloudy today, she has a strange color, a bit like an old tattoo
A seagull nearby looks at me, you're now a part of the eternity
I really don't know what I should write, I start to freeze, a bit cloudy today
I look around, the mountains, the buildings – I should have a walk at the beach, her wetting tongues

On The Beach

I walked a bit on the beach, now I sit there
I have the feeling – that's it
I have the feeling, that nothing counts anymore
I have the feeling, that I simply should sit here
Hearing the waves, smelling the sea
I have the feeling I should wait, till this day ends and tomorrow
The next week, month, year, my life
Simply waiting, why not.....

The sand is wet, my pants getting wet, but the sand is beautifully warm
Although today the sun shines not that much
Why I should try to describe you my sight
The pier, a bit away, the waves, the waters mist, whatever
I should lay down and close my eyes
And never open them again

The ocean is my place, my origin and my end
Would it be that disgraceful to swim out?
Towards my parents and my sibling for sure
But more and more I get the feeling
That it was beautiful, what happened long ago
At the small river, so young than
Yes, it was beautiful, without any doubt
And it would be beautiful without any doubt
But.....
But it would be wonderful to live at or near the ocean
Like Peter and his sea cow
No reason to hesitate then
Today, tomorrow, whenever then
She would wait, she would be there for you whenever.....

I'm Afraid Somewhat

Santa Monica pedestrian aria, Cafe Crepe
Um, I've a problem, a very serious problem
It was obvious, that it would be hard to leave again, but.....
It's my first (whole) day here in L.A., 01.05 pm – the days has just begun
And I've really the felling that I've lived in this city my whole life!

Pedestrian area 3rd Street – Peter (“Hoax News”) had his condo here
Said it last year, feels like in Stuttgart, Königsstraße
Sure, there are differences, but a lot of similarities
But that's not the point in the end – the differences and similarities
The point is, in the Metro, Expo Line
The Rose Garden and the museums – the neighborhood where Peter (“Hardboiled”) lives
Crenshaw Boulevard – the place where Kishana.....

My problem is that I've this mood after being 24 hour in this city
I will stay nearly four weeks! – I'm afraid about what will happen with me at LAX this time
Should I have to return without to perspective to come back for a longer stay
But maybe this would even be better, then to stay for a year and then have to return
How should this be possible?

I really ask myself whether it wouldn't be better to make a nice vacation only
No open mic, no interest to come into contact with the people in this city this time
But this is not possible, my whole writing would be a joke then
Then, I should delete all!

And not to forget San Francisco, the more “literary” city – or?
I fear that will make the things not better, not easier
A little bit I hope they will laugh about me, about my writing - in some hours Tribal Cafe
But I mean not at one place, that I would have to accept after the four weeks
That my writing has no chance here, in California

Then I would have no reason any more to think about to live here
But that would make no sense to me, I have to hope they will like it

Have I count how many homeless I've saw during this short time
How many people who are at the end, physically and mentally?
Too many, you not have to count!

Yesterday in the night, on my way back from the Internet cafe
At Westlake / MacArthur Park, a woman walked faster and passed me
I looked shortly at her and she asked me: Do you know me?
I answered: No.
And she said, while walking away: I've broken myself.....
Would I live in this city I would had asked her: Why?

Reading At Tribal Cafe

Should I quote Elizabeth Grant?
What she has said about the open mic period in New York?
That always the same people were there, who always applauded themselves
Yes, the same in the Tribal Cafe

I hope this sounds not arrogant, but the problem is, that you try to find an audience
But others who try to do the same, cannot be this audience
You need real listeners, nothing else makes sense
At least a host should be there

It was good for me as a first try
But to be honest nothing further on
Next try, Urban Coffee House, Santa Monica at Friday
We will see what will happen there

Disappointed?
That would be no good sign!
The next two days I have no fixed appointments
I think tomorrow Inglewood Cemetery - Ella and Chet?
Compton? South L.A. as such?

Whatever, I'm not disappointed with today
My reading was not bad despite the circumstances
I had a conversation with an older participant
All in all not bad for my first whole day in L.A.

Union Station

Again Union Station at the morning, with my L.A. Times and West Coast Eggs Benedict (with smoked salmon). It's again Cafe Crepe, like yesterday in Santa Monica, and it was very delicious – I normally eat no breakfast at all! Yesterday?

I feel very relieved and relaxed today. The first step is done. Okay, not the right place for me, but if I would live in L.A. definitely an interesting spot. If I would live here I would wear all the time (in my free time) a t-shirt with my URL printed on. If I would own a car, the URL would be on it. I would try to gain recognition. We all try to gain recognition.....

Okay, it's my vacation, I saved a year long money for it. We have not to talk about, that I don't sit in Germany every morning at a place like this and eating a breakfast like this – I've neither the money nor the time for this. But that's not the point, the point is, that I feel like I would have my free day today, that I would have decided for something special today, a special breakfast, that I think about to spend an easy day in the city, and that tomorrow I will be in the kitchen again, with all the stress you have at such a place, like a kitchen. With other words, the same as in Germany – but it would be here, in L.A. (or maybe San Francisco), in California, in the US.....

At the moment, I've the feeling that I will not work in the US, not live in California in my future. But that (maybe) wouldn't be the problem, as long as I will find a new job (remember, I've quit my old job), that I would have the opportunity to stay here for some time every year, to become inspired for the next year, the time I have to wait, till I can come back again.....

Inglewood

I'm heading to visit the Inglewood Park Cemetery, but started to walk around, and as always it was a very good decision! I'm sitting at Mingels Tea Bar now (Crenshaw Boulevard), ordered an Oolong tea and something sweet – don't understand me wrong, but I not expected to find such a place like this here! Such a place would delight me also, would I find it in Heilbronn! A somewhat smaller, but very good arranged menu – coffee, hot chocolate and of course tea, and of course tea-leaves, no bags and thereto a selection of homemade desserts – wow, this day develops very fantastic.....

With the tea I got a tea timer consisting of three sand watches – 3, 4, and 5 minutes. Never got something like this in Germany - very cool! Yes, it's always a good idea just to look around and find something you not expected. I'm a bit sad, that this will be me first and (probably) last time here.....

Inglewood Park Cemetery

A place that looks very different compared to a cemetery in Germany. At first few, it definitely looks more than a park to me, than a cemetery. I don't know where the graves of Ella Fitzgerald and Chet Baker are, have not looked before, and I will not ask, but that's not the point. I stand for a while there and look at the graves, so many.....

AA Bit Chaotic Journey

After the cemetery I decided not to head towards Compton, but to the direction of Marina Del Rey. But the bus was “short line” and we not reached Marina Del Rey and I decided to change direction again, to walk along Sepulveda Boulevard, discovered that now Culver Citybus served the street. But, so I thought, after a certain time, Metro should be in the play again – I started to walk trough Culver City. The plan functioned – almost.....

After three-quarters of an hour (!) I reached again a crossing street with Metro Bus stations. The aim? Marina Del Rey! But, why not for the second time Marina Del Rey and this time it functioned very well. I saw the harbor, some very nice houses, and we drove till the beginning of Venice. Therefore also the channels, more nice houses and Venice Beach, the part with new muscle beach, new to me, so far I only knew the part around Santa Monica Beach. And then, I thought it would be nice, sunset at Santa Monica Beach. I looked again for a bus, walked around Venice and decided, after half an hour, to use this time, for the first time, a Big Blue Bus. And now? Now I sit at Santa Monica Beach, sunset is not far away. What a journey today! Okay, not really Compton, but now I have seen some of the missing parts of L.A. West. Really, it was an interesting day so far, a bit exhausting, but very interesting! And now, the sunset.....

Sunset

What a wonderful color the ocean has today, a wonderful and bright deep blue, and the color becomes deeper and deeper while the sun is setting. So many people are here today, after this very hot day, hot for February. A nice mood at the beach, a women swims in the ocean – wow.....

Now the sun touches the water and we all know, Peter has calculated it for Alexandra, around two minutes, and the sun has drowned in the ocean - the green light? To my surprise, today no green light, disappointed? Why, the waves, the mood.....it's getting dark now, the water has now this wonderful blue metallic color, the horizon is red, I look for a star – the Ferris Wheel,.....I could die now, die because of being so happy.....

Back Westlake

I left the Metro Station Westlake, what a contrast, compared with the rest of the day. Union Station and Benedict, tea in Inglewood, the Inglewood Park Cemetery, the nice houses, some with spectacular architecture, the yachts, the harbor, the channels, the beach - all very clean, nice, who not would like to live there? Now streets with a lot of garbage everywhere, now at the evening - but I like it, don't ask why. El Pollo Locco, three pieces with two sides - I enjoyed it, don't ask why.....

Walked to the Internet Cafe, all PCs occupied - it's a gamer place! I walked down 8th Street, first time in Korea Town really - green tee and the L.A. Times. And now I sit here at the PC, I'm a life-time member now!, and type this words. My second whole day is over - 0.07 am now. This is my city now, I know so many extraordinary places now, I think, I nearly could be a guide! And, it's difficult, I have an anticipation - San Francisco.....

I've the feeling something will happen there! I not mean connected to the readings, they will not change much - but the city! I mean, Golden Gate? Two real days in L.A.? I'm different now, my writing in the future will be a different writing - wherever I will write! But San Francisco? This city, and I mean the city, will change everything - or?

I will stop now, tomorrow Compton? I think so.....

Not Union Station

Breakfast and L.A. Times becomes a routine now. But I'm in a strange mood today, my head aches. Compton today, from Union Station to Metro Center 7th for the Blue Line. But I decided to go upstairs, a bit Downtown. Now I sit around the corner, The Coffee Bean & Tee Leave, brewed oolong tea (again flavored, no pure tea in the States?) – I've mentioned them in a hardboiled story (should be "The Man In The Park"). How do I feel?

At the moment I've the feeling I should flew home and never come back – I feel like Peter at the end of the hardboiled stories; this city is sick and it makes me sick! San Francisco? Maybe I should better fly to Boston.....

The only religion here is money and the hope to get famous – and I've decided not wanna to become famous. Why? And then? To see me as guest in one of this dull late night shows – I get sick! Donald's speech, the stupid behavior of the Democrats, everybody smiles at you, all the time this artificial small talk.....it never was my world, but now I start to hate it.....

San Francisco – different? Can't believe it in the end – still the US? You only have to look out of the window, here sitting Downtown. Even here, Downtown, a man crosses the zebra crossing – no doubt, a homeless. But, this man is broken, I mean really broken, his body is broken, his mind is broken – he will die broken! I not wanna be offensive against people who try to help this people, but isn't the honest statement, that this man will never ever be in work, that he never ever will be "a part of society" and so on? He will wait till he will die and no one here in this wonderful Downtown Skyline is interested in him – welcome to L.A., welcome to California, welcome to the US.....welcome to 58.000 homeless people.....

I hate it to sit here with my oolong tea, typing this fucking words – what should I do? Run out and give the man a dollar, or ten, or one hundred – and then? This here is a fucking shit.....

Compton Metro Station

The first outside the station? Three Afro-Americans waiting at the bus stop and listening to loud rap music. I think, they are payed by the city and sit the whole day here, waiting for tourists like me, white guys, who then can think: Wow, I'm in Compton now. Looks like expected. Black "brothers" sitting around and listen to rap music the whole day! But Snoop Doggy Dog.....?

Compton Boulevard

I ride the Metro Bus down the Compton Boulevard. At first sight all looks not that bad. Okay, I've learned this in the first year. The large streets with the shops, the restaurants and so on are one thing. The smaller (crossing) streets, only with houses, different, but normally nothing what you have to fear. Okay, the backyards, but as a foreign person? But most of all, why you should walk around there, when you not live there? But the real different places are the housing areas. This places tell you where you are. And Compton? All looks decayed, rotten, a lot of wood – no one would live here, would he have an alternative – or? Yeah, we live not in the 90's, but I have a bit the feeling as if this would be the 90's – not expected this!

At least I can say it now: I did it, I was brave! A white tourist in dangerous Compton - fuck, no video for YouTube.....

Beyond Compton

Drove further on down Compton Boulevard – crossed the Los Angeles River, Paramount now, what a shock! Suddenly the houses a solid, and look very new. A green strip in the middle of the street with trees? I saw suchlike in Beverly Hills or Bel Air last year. No longer a “black” community, mostly Latinos. Reminds me to Culver City yesterday with flowers at the walkway – the people there had founded a (not exactly sure at the moment) interest group (!) to make the streets more beautiful. This here looks at least as beautiful as Culver City! Are the Latinos here the richer relatives of the Latinos Downtown West and Westlake? It seems so.....

I sit in a strange place now. A butcher with bakery, small market and a restaurant, you can cash in your checks and much more. Some eat at a large table, but I’m not hungry – big breakfast. But I ask if I can take something sweet and sit down to eat it. So I sit here, with a bottle of water and the two pieces of pastry were very good. Had feared that they would be sweeter – this is America, everything is normally very sweet. But they are very nice for me. On the other hand the plates of the others! I cannot say if it would taste me, but I know that I would be unable to eat that much! Especially the plate with fried meet, rice, beans, salad, tortillas, cheese and more.....but the smell is very good.....

Back To

Again I’m sitting in The Coffee Bee & Tea Leaf, 5.58 pm – I’m on a rush the whole day. Blue Line, Green Line, Green Line Shuttle, because of maintenance; El Segundo. I walk around, a hot black tea and a bagel at Noah’s Bagels, decide against Hermosa Beach – I not find what I’m searching for – but what does I search for? Again shuttle, nice in the beginning of rush hour, Green Line, Blue Line, Metro Center 7th, again hot black tea – Scottish Breakfast Tea? English, yes – Scottish, new to me.....

A young woman walks by, a strict hair do, a turquoise chiffon dress and brown shoes – appears to me like an elegant French model from the 50’s or 60’s.....

I think I walk to Gus’s for a dinner, and then? I think about to shower, new clothes, Expo till Santa Monica and the Pier by night? I would need something that blocks my mind – I’ve the feeling I become crazy in this city now – if San Francisco is not different I’m.....no idea – a very elegant and slender Asian women in a outstanding elegant black dress and flats walks by.....

Have I mentioned the totally broken homeless who sits at the Metro entrance, the one, not better looking young white, who walked by shortly before the Asian woman – this city is sick.....or should I better say: Insane.....

Should I walk a few blocks – Skid Row? But why? To look at the tents – this all makes no sense anymore! Like the Chinese Girl said: Because everything is senseless..... Does this makes sense? Fucking shit.....

I stop now, they sweep, and.....

Gus's

I walked a bit through downtown, the first time this year. Last year with the motel at Lucas Avenue, it was most easy than, to walk to the Metro Center at 7th Street, over the freeway, looking at the skyline like with Alexandra, through Downtown L.A. But this time the Metro Station Westlake is around the corner.....

I should slow down a bit, and I start with this dinner. What I'm looking for I will not find here, I have to wait for San Francisco – my steak arrives.....

Well, Gus's was, as always a good decision, now I feel better. I think I should sit a bit, drink my coffee slowly. At this time a lot of customers in, a lot of delicious food on the tables. Next time definitively chicken! Later a slow walk to the internet cafe, today more early. Maybe again a tea at Koreatown? Haven't read my L.A. Times till the end.....

Today I was very stressed. I've a thousand impressions and thoughts in my head. I've seen most of the parts of the city now, better areas. Only a few white spots and of course the surrounding cities. I think, to visit the L.A. Zoo or Wonder Bakery again, would be possibly better in the last week. Tomorrow my second reading – I've the feeling that it's no longer important. I never will live in this city, never Santa Monica Beach and the sunset will be mine. But that's better so – come on, what should I do, where should I live, how should I bear this city, this so hypocritical and banal city.....

Union Station

Friday, today, Union Station, croissant with butter and marmalade, thereto fresh banana and strawberries, a more European breakfast – hot Cafe American triple, the day begins positive.....

Whereby, school shooting? According to the L.A. Times is this the 14th school shooting in the US in 2018 – is this a joke or a mistake? In 2018? Fuck, we have February the 2nd! And not “shooting”, but “school shooting”! Fourteen times alone at school in one month – this is unbelievably sad. I see only one thing that would help, the thought, that I'm not sure what this statistic counts as a “shooting” - maybe every single very, very little incident? On the other hand, ever incident needs a gun at a school – okay, I will not know how many around me in this wonderful station hall carry a fucking gun with them, but at least at schools this shit should have have no place!

There are some things that occupy my mind I've not written about so far. I will start with it a bit:

MacArthur Park: Well, things have changed a bit. If you would read “The Man In The Park” and then have a look at MacArthur Park, you would ask yourself: What stupid description! Where are all this homeless people he has written about? Well, they are no longer there. When one appears, the police will arrive – no homeless people any more at MacArthur Park! Some maybe will sit at the entrance, but that's it! And the homeless? Well, they counted them the last days – 58.000 now in the city, new record! But at least at MacArthur Park, none of them anymore.....

The Little Girl: Yesterday on my way to the Internet cafe, at the place in front of the entrances to the Westlake Metro Station, where many offer their goods, a white woman with her little girl walked around. I stress “white” because they both fit not into the scenery, like I would fit into the scenery. They were poor, you not had to think about this. The woman always said something about, that she

searches for something for her, for her daughter, but I could not understand what she was looking for. According to the places where she searched, something to wear. I thought about the girl, about her future life, about her chances, especially in this country. No, also poor people in Germany. No, they have not the same chances as rich have. But at least she would have more chances, and maybe more important, she would live in a country with a welfare system and free education! Hey, you're the country with this "American Dream"! Does some - American – artists, writers.....have called it: "The American Nightmare"?

At the moment all my thoughts heading towards San Francisco. This evening I will read for the second time in Los Angeles. But I think this place is similar to the Tribal Cafe, therefore not such interesting for me in my situation. The reading at Sunday seems to be more interesting and the reading at Monday in San Francisco even more. Today I have to slow down, I think I will drive to Santa Monica. The reading is also in Santa Monica, with the bus the Pico Boulevard till 33rd street, there's the reading. A look at the place to get an impression and then to the beach finally? My tea – chamomile – is ready, I will close for now, enjoy my tea and read the L.A. Times.....

LDR

Does
I mean not whether one or some
I mean "as such"
Latino people listen to Lana Del Rey

Does Afro-American people listen to Lana Del Rey
Does Asian-American people listen to Lana Del Rey
Or do they listen to "their" music

I have the feeling, that
To find you own audience
Has a bit a different meaning in the US than in Germany.....

UnUrban

I'm a bit early, but that's okay. Had a salad and drink a café au lait. Paper cup, will never be used to this – to go, OK, but sitting here.....yes, easier and cheaper for the house, but much more waste.....

At least this time a stage, in a side room, maybe an audience? A long time in the bus today, walked not so much around – my feet like it. Saw a Jewish neighborhood, is there the Jewish museum, I have read about – maybe something for the last week.....

Have learned that house numbers can exist twice. 3301 Pico Boulevard twice! One time in Los Angeles, one time in Santa Monica – come on, it's the same street! Had cost me at least an hour, but I had time and I saw interesting things. I also learned, that the idea: An address at Pico Boulevard, why not start Downtown Pico Boulevard – always the same street. It should be easy, even when Santa Monica is not around the corner – wrong idea. The easy way to 3301 Pico Boulevard in Santa Monica when your motel is in Westlake? With the Metro from Westlake Station till Metro Center 7th street. Then with Expo Line till Bundy Station. A short foot walk till Pico Boulevard and a bit down the road – UnUrban! You always learn new things, when you're on the road.....

But now I'm here, still too early, a bit sweated, but I hope this will be not such kind of problem (at least at this place). Led Zeppelin in the background – not bad! Twenty minutes till you can sign in, still no host, still not that overcrowded. Lizzy in NY, Queen of New York, Brooklyn Queen, my scene and so on. But also, always the same people, at a certain point it became (not sure at the moment which word she used) “senseless”(?). But if I would live in this city, I mean, if I would be an Angelino, born here, or an inhabitant since a long time, an American, I would like it.....at least for some time.....

Wow, Ozzy now! Yes, the alternative Californian (art) scene.....all who come in have music instruments – but on the stage there's a table and a chair? I think I have to wait till the host comes, at least I hope that this time, there will be a host.....

After UnUrban

Okay, as expected no real audience. Did I make a mistake insofar, that I chose open mic events with open lists. The problem with the event with a lottery is, that this could mean, that I visit several places and get no opportunity to go onstage. This is for me with my limited time, and a city with such distances between the venues, very ineffective. And Beyond Baroque at Sunday in Venice? Well, this place looks very different! I should concentrate on this event now. Tomorrow I will go to Venice, time for the channels and more. I will look where the place is, how the best way to get there is and more. It's at 5pm, much earlier, I think, I should dress up somewhat.....

Disappointed so far? Absolutely not! It's Friday, no week in this city and I feel much more “adult”(?). It's good to do this, even when it seems worthless at the moment. Come on, I have already decided, that I have no interest to “get famous”, to get rich is a problem when your writing is available for free on your webpage, therefore.....

I'm really looking forward to San Francisco – fuck, the Golden Gate Bridge! Hey, Peter is on its way to Sausalito! And maybe I'm also.....

At the moment I've the feeling that this voyage will do me very good – fucking old bastard! All this people and their dreams, and I'm able to quit my job, take four weeks paid vacation to travel to Los Angeles and San Francisco, doing all this – wow, if I'm no happy old bastard.....

And Then I'm Dead

An old man died, alone, not living at the ocean, but not unhappy. At his last moment he looked at what he had created. Yes, so much wasted time, but at least at the end he did something useful. He smiled and closed his eyes – would be nice.....

Union Station

A new day starts, like the last day had started, at Union Station. I've bought my L.A. Times and now I'm sitting at Café Crepe. Today a light breakfast – a small Caesar Salad and a small bowl of bananas and strawberries. I asked if they would mix both together what they did, and I had an wonderful light and tasty salad together with a double cappuccino – nice start. Today I will prepare all for tomorrow – Beyond Baroque. But first, now I know what happened yesterday....

I discovered it at the internet cafe, but thought I will not write a new text now. It was late. The text yesterday was a bit vague about, what I did at the end, I only not understood the situation. With the time more and more came, all with music instruments, but no host. Later, short before 8.00 pm, more was obvious. Only musicians, no longer a table on the stage, a lottery..... – not my evening! I had taken a seat a bit apart and later I left the place. At the internet cafe I visited their webpage – Friday is music evening, poetry is on Wednesdays! What did I wrong? At Germany I planed all, visited their homepage – why this mistake? Did they changed their timetable? I'm not sure and maybe this is not important, but I missed my opportunity! Again, living here, no problem – why not next week. But for me a stupid thing! When I'm in the mood I will do it at the last week, when I'm in L.A. again. All in all, and even when no real audience was there, UnUrban looked very interesting – my fault!

New titles: I think, I have found titles for two more hardboiled stories (“hardboiled” is no common term in the US?). “The Little Girl” and “Lizzy's Dead”. Both would be – obviously – situated in L.A., but Peter is in San Francisco now? We will see.....

Then I saw a young Afro-American woman with a man (her friend?) in the bus one or two days ago. Obviously she prepared herself for an audition or something like that. She worked on her makeup all the time, and I have to say that she looked, at least for me, very beautiful. I would had liked it, to follow the both as they left the bus, but I stayed. I thought about her, her dreams and hopes – will I see her again, as a model, as an actress, or more likely as a porn star? Hey, this is L.A., all is possible – the next Oscar winner or a broken crack whore, who knows.....

A third story: “Makeup”?

Beyond Baroque

Okay, was a bit more easy than yesterday – wow, I get more professional! Therefore, it should be no problem tomorrow. Beyond Baroque, a foundation, a theater, a place for many activities. Looks interesting, a bit more alternative, then I thought at the first moment, therefore it should be easy tomorrow – with audience? Well, it seems to be another of this interesting places, would I live in this city. On the other hand, more and more the question arises, who would read my writing in this city?

Put it another way round. I'm a subscriber of two newspapers, the TAZ (die tageszeitung) and the L.A. Times. This is L.A., therefore the Times. How many subscribers the L.A. Times has in Compton, Paramount, Westlake, Koreatown, Chinatown, Crenshaw.....to name some, and lets say in (West) Hollywood, Santa Monica, Venice, Culver City, Malibu and so on? The question is: Would I be able to find readers in the first mentioned areas? Doubtful – or? Should this makes me happy? Definitely not!

The Best

Wow, I missed the best till the end? Venice Beach Promenade! You have to love it! Well, maybe not? No, you don't have to! But to be fair, other beach promenades aren't much better. All this exhibitionism is not mine, I like it to drink tea.....

I thought I should watch the sunset here, then to drive back with Metro Bus, Venice Boulevard till Downtown L.A. - maybe an alternative for tomorrow. But then I decided to drive back to Santa Monica, and there I'm now. 3rd Street pedestrian area at Café Crepe – why not!

Still time till sunset. A thought. Had two conversations today, both started with my tattoos – yes, this could be my place. Despite what I've written above, I'm sure, that this could be my place. But which way? I would be able to get a one year working visa. I'm sure, that I could find an audience in this time, that I could find friends in this time, that.....and then? Back home to Germany after one year – that makes no sense! Yes, I'm still a single, but to try to marry because to be allowed then to stay – that's nonsense! Consider, I would meet a woman after, say half a year. We would like each other, but would need more time – and then? This all makes no real sense. But I feel very different here, I hear English, I speak English, I read English, I write English (very fluid now), and I think English! I mean, thinking about my situation is not: Ich weiß einfach nicht was ich tun soll. It is: I really don't know what I should do now. The German language is no longer there, the German Peter is no longer there, the English Peter is a different person! But only one year, that makes no sense! Canada as alternative? Sure, but a bit cold. Australia and New Zealand? No relation thereto – I really don't know what I should do.....

The American Way Of Live

Yes, a lot of banal small talk, always hyper friendly – or totally aggressive! Black and white, this country knows no nuances. But I feel more and more drawn to it! Here I have no problem to talk with people unknown to me – at home? It's different – a thought? I'm from the south of Germany – the middle and the north is different. Maybe I should try to find a job in Wuppertal, Trier or Lübeck? The people are more more accessible there – I really don't.....

Union Station - Beyond Baroque - Beyond Beyond Baroque

Today was a hard day, but a very satisfying day. I caught a cold, have headache, my feet ache, but Beyond Baroque was very interesting. But it's 11.35 pm now and my taxi will fetch me at 4.30 am. Therefore not more today. Tomorrow I will drive to San Francisco - Bird & Beckett at the evening! Definitely no upload tomorrow, but in the bus I should have time to write - if I not sleep the whole time - and Tuesday I will visit the Internet cafe in San Francisco for the first time. The first week in Los Angeles has ended very interesting, let's see how the first in San Francisco will begin.....

In California – San Francisco

On My Way To San Francisco

First stop at Bakersfield Grayhound Station after two and a half hour on my way to San Francisco. Still a cold, still headache and also my ears ache, but all in all a bit better than yesterday. I tried to keep my eyes closed so far, will be a long day, and I hope also an important day. But then I have to slow down a bit. Program for the first complete day in San Francisco: The Internet Cafe and the Golden Gate Bridge, that's all.

After we left Los Angeles a scenery with hills, not that much vegetation but much erosion, but I have to say, in the morning light with half moon above a beautiful sight. Later the land opened wide, farm land, and now we're in Bakersfield. As said, I tried to keep my eyes closed, therefore I have seen not that much of it. I think on my way back will be a better time to look out of the window. When we start again, I will try to rest again.

Beyond Baroque? This definitely would be an interesting place to visit regularly. My writing was positively seen, and the possibility to meet established authors in such an setting is very interesting – this evening? But now we start again, writing while riding is a bit difficult and I should rest a bit more.....

Next break Fresno at the railway station. Obviously no small city, but much more open than Los Angeles. No bad place to live I think. Sure, a city like Los Angeles offers you a lot, you only have to think about culture. But then, also a lot of stress, hesitation, violence and crime. All here makes the impression, that the people here are a bit more relaxed. Sure, I cannot know this, but you need only five minutes in Los Angeles to see and to feel, that no one in this city has time – think about Italy and France. Always a moment of time for a coffee at the small bistro at the corner. Sure, this is a bit to kitschy, but in the end it's true. And even in Germany the people enjoy it, for at least a moment, to sit down, a coffee or ice cream in the summer – why not? But Los Angeles?

Here I have the feeling, that the people may have a bit more time – maybe this impression is wrong. Saw a squirrel at the plaza in front of the station. Up and down the palm trees, not interested in the people around. It looked more that it liked it, to entertain the people. But maybe that sounds a bit to sweet, but maybe not.....

More than half of the travel is over now. Was easy so far. Okay, the bus is not that crowded, so everybody has two seats space. It's not summer, even when it will be again a, for February, very hot day. I look forward to enter the San Francisco area, but at the moment I like this wide open land. Cattle, a lot of fruit trees, vine yards, fields.....

Now we leave Fresno, a bit sad. I have the feeling, at least one or two days here? Some interesting buildings, the police all white – Downtown Fresno.....but my aim is San Francisco.....

Last break Modesto, not so long ago, around two and a half hours, and I will have reached my destination. Still headache – a strange city motto? Well, I gather for the motel and a hot shower, and then to read. Still very flat land, should become a bit more hill-sighted soon? I think I become a better feeling of the vastness of this country now. At the Greyhound Station in L.A. I had saw a

route: Los Angeles till New York! Wow, I have to look at their webpage – how long one will travel by bus doing this? Okay, you can also drive by bus, say from Berlin to Madrid or so. Nevertheless, Europe has more inhabitants than the US, but the US is larger than Europe! Los Angeles till New York – even the airplane needs some hours from the Canada-US boarder till Los Angeles! Yes, really a very wide land.....

First impression of San Francisco after L.A.? Looks like a puppet house! I mean, everything is so small, the streets, the houses, all has a human size. All, so far as I has seen, is very clean – a few homeless, but only a few. Even the finance district looks cozy compared with Downtown L.A. - the freeway! No fifteen lanes, stuffed with cars! But most off all.....

The Bay, much smaller as I thought, but wonderful – Angel Island! And the Golden Gate Bridge from afar – wow, that all is a contrast! Not thought, that San Francisco would be that much different! All much greener, the hills around the city – so much different trees, so less palms. Much colder here, much more wind! I´m puzzled, roughly two weeks – L.A. definitively the more crazy city is....., sicker!

Bird & Beckett

11.00 pm, the first time in a bar since I´m in the US, next to my hotel. Whiskey Sour, like it – less expensive than I thought – not more than in Heilbronn, apart from the tipping.....

Bird & Beckett? After the positive last day in L.A. I hoped, that also this day would be a positive day – it seems, much better! Many positive reactions, much more resonance that I hoped for. Will see what will happen the next days and the next readings.....

And then, also in L.A. there were good poems, but here much more people where there, much more poems, very interesting topics – could not follow anything anytime, that good is my English not, would had to read them. But what I could follow was very interesting, and most of all, full of emotions and self-reflection, even tears.....

Okay, that was a relative banal statement I had done already before, that I consider San Francisco as the more literate city. Los Angeles – movies, music and stand up comedy. But even there a literate “scene”. And San Francisco? Had a short conversation with one of the other performers in the metro train. He named several places where I should read also – this city seems to have a very huge literate “scene”.....

But still my problem with the one year – one year in this city and then back home, back to Germany? To be honest, after one week L.A., I´m not sure how I should manage it, back in Germany. Now nearly two weeks San Francisco and another week L.A. - how should it be possible for me to go back to Germany? But I have to, and it has to go – so far so good, so bad! But after one year.....?

Nearly I would wish they would laugh about me. This would be painful, but that would mean, there would be no longer a reason – apart from the ocean – to think about the possibility to stay and to work in the US. Well, what nice problems I have! Now my first Old Fashioned, then back to the hotel. Tomorrow will be a day with a strong program. The climax?

Midst of Golden Gate.....

Old Fashioned

Can somebody tell me
Why in Heilbronn nobody is able to
To mix this wonderful, drink?

You can get fantastic Whiskey Sours
And other cool classic drinks
But no Old Fashioned!

I start to love this city
Not to be unfair against L.A.
I haven't visit Seven Grant so far!

A very long and crazy day goes to end
And again this feeling, like
It would be by far not the first time that I sit here.....

Midst Of Golden Gate Bridge

Well, to be fair
I'm not midst of Golden Gate, but I was
I thought it still in Germany
I would be a bit strange to sit down there
Starting to write, at this place, so many.....
And now I'm there

And yes, it would be a strange sight
Would I sit down, starting to write
First I thought maybe in the shade of the pillar
But now a Golden Gate officer is there
Should I ask him, if it would be strange
How strange it would be to ask

So, I'm sitting here
Bridge Cafe, outside
With a hot coffee and something sweet
The bridge is to my right
Shining in the winter's sun
Huge, mighty and wonderful, the home of so much death

Now I was there, in the middle of the bridge
Looked down into the deep, had this strange feeling once again
Like the young Peter at Dover Castle
A bit more far, a bit more, a bit - a bit and you would fall
Would, that's the point - still not the guy who jumps off of bridges
Like Lizzy in some of her songs - and from here nearly two thousand in reality.....

And then, how you can jump from this place, with this sight!
Look at the bay, how wonderful it is, the many different blues shining in the sun
Angel Island – what a wonderful name, the small ships, the city in the far
The beautiful bridge to Oakland, the soft hills, this single rock in the water on the other side
I have no idea where I should stop – so much beauty all around
How one should be able to jump with this sight, unless he's broken and sad

Turning around, all this changes
Now she looks at me with her wonderful sight
But don't fear, no way to the other side
And still, the beautiful bay behind
But my mind wanders to Santa Monica Beach
Sitting there, with the so sick and crazy city behind.....

This is my first whole day in the city around the bay
I will see that I find a bus to the beach
Yes, the bay is outstanding wonderful in this bright winter sun
And also this gorgeous brown monumental sign
But my heart belongs to her, and my life
Therefore I have to see her, listen to her mellifluous voice.....

On The Beach

I drove with the bus till Golden Gate Park, a nice walk, now at the ocean. But still time till sunset. Yeah, San Francisco, more and more puzzling. The park? A bit different compared with the parks in L.A. - nearly had the feeling I would walk through a forest in Germany. Okay, the streets – I would see it more like many small parks all nearby, but that should not be the problem. I passed a lake with ducks, looked a bit like in Stuttgart – well, remove the seagulls with swans.....

Disc Golf Course! By the way, we call this thing Frisbee. A place for bow and arrow! Are you sure, that this is still the US.? I'm really surprised how different this two cities are, not so far separated, both in California, yet San Francisco is that European! Have to look for the "not so nice areas", but I think even they will look nice compared with Los Angeles. Even Culver City, even Marina Del Rey or Venice look relatively pale compared with all this here. Sure, everything much smaller, but that seems to be much more a compliment than a disadvantage.....

San Francisco – really a surprise! But now the sun lowers more and more and my first day comes to an end. I look forward what the next day will provide.....

On The Beach II

Not that long now
And the sun will set
A nice view towards the opening of the bay
The rocks, the trees, the street uphill
A huge passenger ship passes by
The scenery much more diverse than in L.A.

But much of all
No commerce behind me
Nearly nothing, a restaurant, but no real place
For a sandwich and a coffee, just to stay
A bit more I would prefer
But it's nice here, a nice calm and relaxed mood

My second evening in San Francisco
It's really a nice place.....

On The Beach III

Now it happened
My first sunset in San Francisco
I cry
The water, the waves, the blue and the red
Would this be my thirteen's beach, would I be alone
What would do?

San Francisco Problems

Now I have a problem therewith, that the Internet cafe I thought to use, no longer is. Was happy to find this! A place not far away has two computers, but not the programs and means I would need to work like before. Yes, L.A., Koreatown! Lifelong member in the Internet cafe, I can download everything I need.....yeah, Koreatown. But now I'm here and I will try to continue to work as much the way as before as it's possible for me, this means that I will upload my writing as soon as possible. Maybe not every day as in L.A., but at least every two or three days. Also I'm at the moment not able to control my writing as before. But I think that should be not the biggest problem for now. Maybe I will find a better place later.....

San Francisco - Are You Kiddin' Me

Broadway, Chinatown, Little Italy and now I'm sittin' in a Irish pub! Night clubs, Beat Poetry, Italian Ice Cream and an Indian dish for lunch – what the fuck is this.....

This is not the Rivera nor the south of Italy, this still is the country with a health care system that makes no sense, this still is the country nobody cares for anybody else – or.....

Would I wake up in this city after a long sleep and somebody would say: Hey man, you're in the States now, I would tell him a liar, would think he tries to fool me.....

This pub could be in Heilbronn, or better to say, you will be able to find identical places in Heilbronn. The same with the the Italian restaurants around me, the bars at Broadway.....

San Francisco, would I live here, it would be (nearly) the same, as to live in Germany. What a contrast to Los Angeles!

Nice Conversation

Had a nice conversation this afternoon, with Eric Whittington from Bird & Beckett. Yes, I could be a part of this San Francisco literate scene. Maybe it would be even possible to me to publish something, but what then? I have to think about this all, tomorrow Bazaar Cafe. But now I slow down a bit. 5.30 pm in my hotel room, too late for the beach. I look out of the window, down on Market Street. I even can climb Twin Peaks from my Twin Peaks Hotel. But now I will start for an easy walk. Duboce Triangle and Castro should be my aim, and later a cocktail or two. Tomorrow I should see Haight Ashbury and in any case The Mission, later then Bazaar Cafe. Friday the San Francisco Zoo and the beach more south. Saturday we will see, at the evening jazz at Bird & Beckett in any case. The Triangle and Castro.....

The Castro?

The Castro Fountain – what do you think? I thought, well, maybe, perhaps for the first time, a bit rougher neighborhood – and now? I sit here, with a hot ginger as beverage, and a warm brownie with berry sorbet, vanilla ice, creme and caramelized nuts – that's sooo rough! And well, the berry sorbet is fantastic – as well as all the other things.

This place looks so sweet, I only miss some pink. Not, that I not would like it, it's only.....this place in L.A. - Malibu maybe? I don't get it! Okay, Eric meant, that this is a difficult place for musicians, and people who like to perform art as such, because less and less places are there where they can perform. But.....

I don't know what will happen back in L.A.! Do I miss Westlake and Downtown West? All that garbage on the street, all the homeless, all the broken people, hot days with no real shade, palms everywhere, but only palms.....would it be stupid to say.....

Prince as background music – Raspberry Barrett – that's too much now!

Walk Of Fame

Forgotten to say, that The Castro has its own Walk Of Fame! The same names than in L.A.? Are you kidding! The names you can read here, always with a short explanation, are a bit different – Beat everywhere in this city.....and by far not only Beat.....

You Kill Me!

I've decided to walk back to the Hotel, but then suddenly, I had the idea, I should enter the underground station – first time here. Big mistake! The map at the wall showed, that the metro system is fantastic – to the zoo? No problem, directly from here! And also to many other destinations – I decided to ride downtown. Montgomery – why I left here? The station Church Street was not small, but Montgomery! I think this is the largest underground station I ever saw – and don't tell me now, that there are larger stations in this city. The street level as starting point. First level down – the hall, the huge, huge, huge hall – wow, simply wow! The next level down – the MUNI trains. Next level down (!) - the BART trains. This city kills me! This city is too perfect for me.....

I Decided To Commit Suicide!

Don't panic! I'm not at the beach, I'm not in Santa Monica, but I've left the underground station. And then? The first I saw? Ghirardelli Chocolate! Please, no! The Castro Fountain was hard, but this place – I'm dying! The menu - do you name a “list” with ice also a menu? Whatever, the menu is unbelievable, the size of the scoops! – I'm dead, should I eat more ice cream.....therefore, only (!) a large hot chocolate, with sea salt and caramel.....if I would live in this city, I would be dead in less than a year.....

And, its just 9.15 pm! Enough time to end this long day, with so much impressions with some cocktails.....it's Wednesday, I will leave next week Friday – eight days left.....

You're The Better Europeans – Or What?

This, I had the whole day in my mind. Even in Chinatown! The point is, Chinatown in L.A. is a Hollywood movie setting, Chinatown here looks real. Not to talk about Little Italy! No Chinatown or Little Italy in Germany, all the Italian people and Chinese people live among all the other people. But the restaurants, the Chinese, not to talk from the Italian, all this could be also in Europe, in Germany. L.A. is different. Now comes the question: Does L.A. or S.F. represents the US more? Or are both cities, each in their own way, not typical for the US?

Underground.....

I have to say, that the screen, where you can see all the trains in real time, their positions, is really cool. Also, that sometimes two or three trains follow each other very close. Chapeau! - Better than in Stuttgart or Munich.....

Mile Rock Beach

I've changed my plans for today, because Bazaar Cafe is at the ocean side of California Street. Also I stood up relatively late, a bit less hesitation should be not bad. I decided to visit Lincoln Park, and now I'm sitting at Mile Rock Beach. The outstanding coastline, the rocks, the waves, the Golden Gate.....oh, should not forget the lighthouse, or better the rest of it! Is there any place you could compare, anything in L.A. that offers you a few and a feeling like this place here? I like the roughness of this place, the waves, the white GISCHT, the hammering against the rocks – no, no place known to me in L.A. that would offer you only nearly such a mood.

I could sit here the whole day. How would it be, to be able, at least from time to time, to stay here? I close my eyes and smell the ocean, I close my eyes, and hear the roaring waves. Why this place so wonderfully beautiful is.....

Many Miles

Many miles I have walked, but still some time till Bazaar Cafe. The Coastal Trail, visited The Holy Virgin Russian Orthodox Cathedral and St. Martin at Geary Street and some more. It's time for a break.

And now a first statement? Definitely a wonderful city to stay. Live seems easy here, but is it? Everything even more expensive than in L.A.! Sure, the "quality of life" is enormous – but what's the price? So far I'm not sure, I've the feeling I missed something – The Mission District? What's so brutally obvious in L.A. - wealth and race are connected – here I don't find it, at least so far. On the other hand it's also obvious to me, that so far, I saw mostly "white" people. Sure, Chinatown, but – Chinatown in San Francisco reminded me much to Koreatown in Los Angeles – stupid? I really have the feeling, that around a certain corner it waits, the ugly face of San Francisco. I only have to find the corner – in Los Angeles, this corner finds you everywhere.....!

Sirens

I sit here since an hour now
And something disturbs me
I'm not sure.....?

Ah, no sirens!
Since over an hour I sit her
And I've heard no sirens!

What a strange place!
In L.A., not to talk about Westlake
You hear them all the time – do I miss them.....?

Bazaar Cafe

One of this “alternative” places, younger than Bird & Beckett, music an important topic at this place, with guitars in the window and a piano in the cafe. At any case a nice place to stay, and the trumpet delights my ears – could be Chet Baker, but.....

And now, saxophone, should I drop a name? No, don't think so, would be a stupid game. Yes, I would like it, to be guest here from time to time, and let's see, what the reactions will be.....

Isn't it stupid, in Germany, we have so much open stage events – our name for open mic – with an audience even. But only music and – often – stupid comedy, literature and poetry aren't present. The “land of poets and thinkers” is not able to have a literate scene like San Francisco, not even like Los Angeles, not even like.....

Half an hour now, the place gets prepared. More and more people coming in, it's dark outside, darker now also inside, the jazz in the air, the scent of coffee, yeah, in fact, a nice place.....

Would like to be able to put words together, like the saxophone player the notes. Free and full of harmony, light and full of power, a magic flow that endlessly could last on. I close me tired eyes and start dream.....

Bazaar Cafe?

95% music, not the best for me. The quality of the music? Wow! Many much younger than I, much more hungry, they have a aim. I? I sit in a bar now, Old Fashioned, alone, with my notebook, and I like it! Famous? And then? I'm nearly fifty-four! Why I should become famous?

To grab a fucking lot of money? For whom? I have what I need – without being famous. That the people read my writing? They can do – okay, the have to find the page first, but the whole world would be able to read my writing – that's the biggest audience which is thinkable!

To change this world? I'm bored about the people who all know, how the world would live in peace and harmony – always the same shit, you only have to follow them, to do what they tell you, it would be so easy – fucking shit! No, I've no idea about, how the world would be able to live in peace and harmony – I mean in reality, not in theory!

And San Francisco? This city is a joke! Late evening California Avenue near Lincoln Park! Cars are rare, but every of this rare cars stops at every crossing – okay, it's recommended, but? Stop, accelerate slowly till the next crossing – stop again. Accelerate slowly again, till the next crossing – stop again! I mean, you are alone on the street, no other car is there! But you stop at every crossing – no one in Germany would do this! And some make jokes about us, that we always wait, as pedestrians, till the light gets green at the zebra crossing! This city is too much for me! I've the San Francisco Blues! I need the Sunset Strip, an idiot in a rented Lamborghini, who drives up and down the street in such a asshole manner, that definitely everybody has seen him! I need this fucking sick city.....

I'm Happy Now?

Fuck, no! I will die as a lonely man, yeah, no woman – you know, this head / leap thing? Two women left to me – three empty tables between us. Both with an empty and a nearly empty glass on the table – should I invite both? And then? Marry one? To live in this perfect city? And then?

Two men on the other side kissing? Hey, this is not The Castro! And even if.....? I think about we would be in a bar in L.A., say West Hollywood, I would start to drink, alone, would walk later alone to the next bus stop – wow, this could mean serious trouble! Not, that it would be a necessity, but I would be not the first who runs into trouble there, not to talk about them who had the fucking luck to die there.

Here, Market Street near crossing Church Street, what should happen here? Okay, around Safeway I have seen four or five homeless – four or five? And then this fucking weather! All the time you here: We have L.A. weather, we have L.A. weather.....please, were's the typical San Francisco weather? And I?

I will drink out, walk back to Safeway - be aware of the homeless! Then I buy a fine bread, a good Italian cheese, Spanish ham, Greek olives.....tacos at a food truck would be cool now.....

Two weeks and I will be back in Germany. I need a new job, and then I will write again. Writing, I think this is the only thing that keeps me alive now. Everything else makes no sense anymore. I write as long as possible, as much as possible, and each February I stay in the US. Not the worst of all possible lives, yes, I've studied philosophy.....

But serious, I not have to live on the street, I'm no raped or molested girl, I'm not the trophy of a fucking sex tourist, I will not die in a fucking war, I not have to think the whole day about how I can make even more money like one of this money-obsessed..... - I will die as a fucking lucky lonely old man.....

The Ugly Face Of San Francisco

Now I've seen it, the ugly face of San Francisco – The Mission District! To be fair, compared to what I've seen so far, really another world – goodbye Europe, welcome America! I think for an European tourist, only seen the more north parts of San Francisco so far, really a shock. But after Los Angeles, or compared with Los Angeles?

The Mission is the first time that I see something in San Francisco, that I would see as American. The streets, the houses, the shops, all this appears now for the first time in a way I was used to. Also the cities on my way to San Francisco looked very different to San Francisco. The Mission, Latinos and Afro-Americans, all kind of shops – even erotic shops with sex toys and such things. And homeless people on the street, but.....

Yes homeless people, but even in Westlake you will see much more, we not have to talk about Skid Row. And then you have also very special and fine places here – a neighborhood in change, the New Mission building block? Most of all, the streets are clean! Not totally, but most waist are cigarettes, no food and all kind of waist, there sometimes for days in the hot winter sun.....

And if this is not enough, also the backstreets are (almost) clean! I mean, sorry for that L.A., but even Downtown or at West Hollywood the backstreets are often enough full of waist! At the moment I think, only Culver City and Marina Del Rey, and maybe Venice around the channels, are somewhat comparable to this city!

But not that you understand me wrong, I not try to tell you that it's nice to live at a place like The Mission, it's only the difference between Los Angeles and San Francisco that baffles me. I sit at Ghirardelli now, looking out of the window – Market Street, and I feel, like I would be in Paris. This is not America – could it be, that not Los Angeles is the City of Lies, the City of Illusion, the City of whatever, that on the contrary, Los Angeles is the truth as such, the American truth, and this city is in fact nothing more than a big lie.....

On The Oceanside

I used the underground till S.F. Zoo, but not the zoo was my aim, the beach, more southwards then the last time. I walked up and down, sit since an hour in the sun, waiting till sunset. I could sit here for ever, and would I be an American I think I would do so. I would look for a nice place, and would wait. Sometimes a bit work to get some money, I'm a cook, but then the beach, the sun, and I would wait. I would wait, till the sun sets, I would wait, till the day ends, I would wait, till my life ends – I would wait.....

But unfortunately I'm a German tourist and I have to leave this country again. Therefore, I close me eyes again, listen to the waves and maybe, who knows.....

Haight Ashbury

Walked around The Triangle at night, till Haight Street, with Muni till Haight Ashbury. And now? Why this looks like a single big wholesale to me? Yes, nice shops for clothes – or? Alternative, independent – or? Why this here reminds me of Hollywood Boulevard, why this looks like tourist shit to me? I sit at People's Bistro, one of the few places that looked real to me, a Chinese Restaurant! The music is cool, fits very good, very good to Haight Ashbury, to the 60's and 70's, songwriters, they tell you stories, when you listen to, calm but strong music – what a difference to the loud stuff at the other places.....

Wow, now Motown and my dish is very delicious! Yes, a nice place – I mean this restaurant! Why I have such a problem with this neighborhood? What had I expected? Nothing specific, but this? I feel melancholic and the first time this city saddens me, do I not see it? But this bars and restaurants around me, apart from a few places like the one I sit in, are so meaningless. You can find then in an endless row at Market Street and elsewhere like Broadway – why here?

Such wonderful sad music surrounds me, fits good to my mood – I not wanna laugh, I wanna cry.....

I Feel Alone

Not because I'm alone
I'm alone
But because there's so much laughter around me
I'm sad

Downtown Polk Street earlier
In front of an exclusive club
Limousine, girlfriend
Nice legs, short skirt, high shoes
Buddies outside, look my girlfriend is fine!

Yes, you're the man
And her hairdo is fucking hot
But all this hustle for what
Only to show
That you're the man

I sit here with my strawberry cheesecake and a green tea
Listen to someone who's not Frank Sinatra but sounds a bit like him
Okay, Phil Collins is a break now, especially Against All Odds
But why not, better than sitting in a club, where I have to show everybody how fantastic I'm
Oh, Haight Ashbury, Janis and Jimmy in one of this bars?

I think I should drive back, to Market Street, to enter a bar
An Old Fashioned or why today not two
Tomorrow the S.F. Zoo and jazz in the evening – Bird & Beckett
San Francisco, do I start to love you
If yes, than in a total different way, than L.A.....

Why This Music Now

Just I start to finish my tea, to leave
Why such a music now, why such a sad cello, and a tender harp
Yes, I think I could be happy in this City By The Bay

San Francisco Zoo

Yes, this is a real beautiful zoo! Okay, the zoo in Stuttgart is still the most beautiful zoo I know, but also San Francisco has a wonderful zoo. But, get up early here, if possible when they open, because you will need hours when you wanna see all! So many interesting animals, but also plants. Nice places asking for a rest, to sit down and enjoy the mood.

The many children at this place, they love the animals, and the places especially for them. So many smiles, so many laughter and enjoyment! I love it, to be at the zoo. A lot of effort and work is needed to keep such a place, and we have to thank all of them who make it possible for us, to enjoy our time here.

And which animal I loved most? Well, that's a very simple question! Had not knew it before, but much more I loved the sight. The Black Swan above me in the sky, now the swan swam in it's lake. Together with other nice birds – black necked swans for example – but this swan, this sight, the most beautiful was. And the swan was polite, showed me his wonderful white feathers also. What a gorgeous animal!

And sure, also the other animals, small or large, were lovely to see. And the plants and trees – would I live in San Francisco, one of the first things I would do would be, to become a member of the zoo, to visit this place as often I could. And then, when you leave the zoo, only across the street, the Endless Blue.....

Bird & Beckett – Jazz Concert

The George Costirilos Quartet

George Costirilos – Guitar
Keith Saunders – Piano
Robb Fisher – Bass
Ron Marabuto – Drums

Well, a jazz concert in a book shop – well, “Bird”! Reminded me at the day, the young Peter for the first time in the Cave, the time, the Cave 61 in Heilbronn in fact was a cave. Today located at the Altes Theater in Heilbronn-Sontheim, such a nice place, always a huge crowd.....this was a much more private place, with a very special mood.....

Today, the next day, Sunday, is the first cloudy day, since I'm in the USA. No sun! No bright blue sky! But also still no rain, will become a very dry summer if this will continue. But now I definitely know it, this city could be my city, this city would be my city, here I could find an audience, become part of a literate and artistic scene. But still the problem with the time limited working visa.....

I have to return to Los Angeles, return to Germany. I have to think about all, have to write, have to plan in which way it would be most meaningful for me to stay in the USA. My parents, so many developments one can not plan. But I see an aim, San Francisco definitely, Los Angeles maybe. Just before I've written about it (“The World Of Love And Happiness”), that I would like it, to be able to live in both of this cities. Peter, I mean the Peter from the hardboiled stories, now in San Francisco is – I've some ideas about.....

Tomorrow reading in Oakland, a few more relaxed days. Tuesday, jazz again, Bird & Beckett, my last day in San Francisco – no bad idea. I will miss this city so different compared with L.A., but so wonderful in its own special way. San Francisco – it would break my heart, would somebody say: That was your first time here, and also your last.....

Bird & Beckett

Sure, not know this city, not to talk about the bay area, in complete, or even in a larger part, but that this place a very special is, therefore you only need to know the place itself! Apart therefrom, that you can by books and records there, all this activities, every day! Only this Sunday three events! This needs a lot of power and passion – this needs a very special person who do this all. Such a lot of interesting places in this town, such much small businesses, really very European all this looks for me. And an opera house and a ballet, a symphony orchestra and wonderful parks – apart from the bay, and of course the ocean side, this all feels like Stuttgart, feels like I would be at home, not thousands of miles away.....

I find no words at the moment, too much conquers my mind – I need some distance, can find no clear thought. But as I hoped, this travel will change anything forever. Los Angeles, that was obvious, not thought, that San Francisco will be such an impact.....

Thank you Eric.....

Tommy's

Got up a bit later today, Sunday, no hesitation. Internet cafe, walking around, not really knowing what I should do, maybe Little Italy? Café Trieste was cool, a place with a lot of history. Van Ness Street, Muni, drove till Fisherman's Warft, walked around, ate at a fine restaurant a dish for over \$ 30, without tax and whatever – don't understand me wrong, it tasted very good and was worth the price, but I felt not really satisfied. On my way, riding the Muni bus, I passed by Tommy's Youynt, not for the first time. Sitting at the bay I thought, maybe back again via Van Ness Street, but this time only till Geary Street? And so it happened, that I sit at the bar now, at Tommy's Youynt.....

I ate one of the the dinner plates – brisket with vegetables and salad. Wow, the version with mashed potatoes, beans and sauce looked very heavy - and so much other dishes. I added pickles and mustard, a fine light dish. A coffee American thereto, all in all no fifteen dollars – with tax! And now I sit at the bar, my second Whiskey Sour, cool price, and I feel much more comfort than before.....

This city offers you so much interesting places. So many you would be able to discover. Tommy's, this would be definitely a place where I would be frequently. It's a very easy place, casual in the best sense, a place you simply can enjoy. What a difference to this so formal American restaurants, with all their regulations and plays, they bore me, this place delights me.....

I became a bit hungry again, decided for a German sausage, with a roll, pickles, mustard (three different) at the bar. You get gravy thereto, to dip your roll into it – on one side horrible, on the other side delicious, especially after two glasses of wine and two Whiskey Sour. Decided for a Pina Colada now. I fear, this place would kill me during one year! At last, it would be not the best place to lose weight. But it would be a place to spend an easy and cool evening – forget this thing with the weight, at least for the moment.....

Cleveland vs. Boston in the TV, 12.25 am, "tomorrow" Oakland, tomorrow my last reading in San Francisco, but, today is today, tomorrow is tomorrow – Cleveland vs. Boston.....

Oakland

With the bus over the Oakland Bridge, again a very sunny day, again the bay a wonderful sight is. Looked for The Octopus Literary Salon first, was easy to find, now I'm sitting in a bar – Sidebar - near Lake Merritt. Oakland, also a very nice city. Walked around the wonderful lake and the park, saw a very astonishing building with outstanding architecture, a few homeless, a very few palm trees afar on the hills – again, all very European, as expected after one week in San Francisco.....

No, I definitely not wanna return to Germany, but I have to. Not because I've only a status as tourist, but I have to return to think about this all. I need some distance – more from San Francisco, but also from Los Angeles. I have to return, close all the windows, sleep for two days, dream a lot, to stand up then and see how I feel.....

I can see a larger part of the kitchen and the cooks, not that much to do at the moment, 2.45 pm, but later, dinner, looks like a highly frequented place. Would I like it to work here as cook – why not, why it should be worse than my last job in Germany – the one I quit.....

I look forward to the reading later. The Octopus Literary Salon, one of this for me now so familiar places. You can drink and eat, you can buy books, you can listen to music and poetry. If I'm not wrong, it's not aloud to run a place like this in Germany – never saw one. In Germany you have to decide, a book shop or a cafe, but a mixture of both? Selling, preparing and serving food where you also sell books? No way, books or salad, you have to decide.....

Stand By Me – would be wonderful, but unfortunately.....

Octopus Literary Salon

The most diverse program I've seen so far. A bit of anything like comedy, music or poetry. An interesting and chilly crowd, a very interesting place. Two of the musician were also at the Bazaar Café, that's this point, that you would become easily an part of a scene here. Apart from, that you maybe would come to the “Lizzy in New York point”, that you would ask yourself if this it should be, performing always in front of the same people, always applauding to each other, it would be good for me to get in touch with this people. It would improve my writing without any question. But I also see, that I have not to push it too much. February 15th, 2015 I started to write. Today is February 13th, 2018 - no three years.....

What I've reached since then? - More than I ever thought I would be able to!

Today I sit here in San Francisco, drinking a coffee, feel like I would have lived here all my life. The weekend I will be in Los Angeles again, it's like driving home again. All this is so familiar to me now – I really feel free now. Sure, I have to look for a new job. Sure, the daily life reality will have me back again. But what this should mean? I only have to close my eyes and.....

I will have the opportunity to return to California again. Well, the Deep South the New England States – whatever, I will have the opportunity to continue to travel, and who knows, the future is definitely wide open. Today more than ever!

I know now finally, that my writing has potential. Now I feel released. Now, I can continue with writing very easily. I look forward to be in Germany again. All the writing I've planed before and that's in my head now so clearly. Now, I see no limitations anymore, yeah Mr. Petty! *The sky*.....

SF Comes To An End

Wednesday today, the last two days I spent mainly at the bay. The bay makes this place to something special. Yes, still the ocean, but still, L.A. has the nicer beaches and I will be their soon again. But L.A. has no bay, this so outstanding beautiful bay. Had a cruise today, the Golden Gate Bridge seen from the ship looked even more impressive, than when you stand on it. Alcatraz, looked not nice even today, no longer a prison. Angel Island compared therewith looked very beautiful, despite of its such sad history. The past and the present – sometimes things change totally, sometimes not a bit. A submarine, a vessel, a steamboat, a sailing ship and so much more. They all had their past in former time and have their present today. You can visit them, you can walk on them – can you feel their history. Can you close your eyes and see the soldiers, the working people on their daily way, the sailors often many months on their way? The old streetcars, today they look so beautifully nostalgic – also they have their history, not only the Harvey Milk car. In Los Angeles you have the feeling there is no past, exists no past, all is present. No past, no future, only the now. Here the past is present all the time, not only as cable cars. All this different architecture all the time, all this diverse restaurants, bars, cafés.....all the time. Even also this city has their districts like Chinatown, Little Italy, The Mission District and so on, all seems to be more mixed up – in L.A. all is clearly separated. Even the separation between rich and poor seems here in San Francisco not that strict as in Los Angeles. Would a rich in Los Angeles eat at the same place like a poor does, despite how good the food would be? I don't think so! In San Francisco I've the feeling, that it would be a question how good the food is! I fear, that this is a bit naive, but this is the mood I discover in this city. No, I not have overseen the really poor people in this city, or even the homeless. Yes, I see the physically and mentally ill and broken people in this city. And yes, this still are the USA, no modern health care, no modern social welfare system.....should I be so naive to believe, that a "successful" in the finance district is interested in the people, whom can be seen their in the night? Come on, this still is the US! But even then, maybe especially because of this, this city appears different to me!

The most simple explanation? This city is different! But why, I mean, not only that this still is the US, this still is the same state – California. There's an advertising: "There's one thing SoCal and NoCal can agree....." - okay, this "east-west-coast thing" maybe. But now a "NoCal-SoCal thing" also? Okay, not totally the first time I heard about, that there are "tensions" (?) between San Francisco and Los Angeles, but.....but I still have the feeling I would like to be able to live in both cities. Los Angeles has the better beaches, San Francisco a wonderful bay. San Francisco is very European, more relaxed, has nice places where you can simply sit down and enjoy a coffee, Los Angeles shows you the American insanity in all it's brutality – which city is the more corrupt city.....?

Hope To Be Back

Hope to be back one day
Now, that I've the feeling to understand this city
At least a bit

The next time I would know many nice places already
And I'm sure many new one would add
This city has so much to offer

Would like to see the black swan in the zoo again
The wonderful parks, so many I haven't seen so far
Ice cream in Little Italy

Yes, it was a very interesting time here
I've learned a lot, I've changed a lot
I've seen and met many impressive people

Yes, it would be fantastic to live here
But I will do all, to be at least for a certain time here every year
That at least will be a must have!

Last Evening

My last evening in San Francisco. First I thought I should spend it at Bird & Beckett, but then I had the feeling I must think about all this, the last days in San Francisco, first. So I sit again at Tommy's Yoynt – I've the feeling this would become my "Gus's" in San Francisco. I simply like it to sit here at the bar – all the people around me, the food, the music, the TV's.....everything. I like the bar, the drinks, the stuff seems to be really cool. And then I think I have to write something, while watching male figure skating.....

Play It Again Sam

It happened again, and again all the same boring behaviors
Shut up, America! - Change you're fucking gun laws, or shut up!
But hey, you created heroes – but they are dead now
But dead heroes are always the best heroes
Otherwise they maybe would tell you
What a fucking shit it is to be dead

A whole nation grieves, what a hypocrisy!
Selling every sick and ill person
Every shit of weapon and ammunition
But then, what a surprise
Again dead school girls and boys
Sell the shit, accept the shit!

My third week in the US comes to its end
Another week will follow
I'm tired of this country, sick?
No, not at all, would like to stay
A contradiction, maybe
So much contradictions contained in a life

Where I will sit tomorrow in L.A.
To be honest? All this bars, pubs.....identical places in L.A.?
Not know them, did I missed them, do they exist
And if, where it would be more likely that someone steps in
And starts to shoot, to kill as many as possible
To then kill himself

Why this normally are men, white(?) men
Is this sick behavior a male privilege
Seems so – or
Should one think about this
Why, why one should think about this, not thinking about the fucking gun laws
Living the American Dream in the Land of the Free

How free you are, free to get killed by a sick idiot
Given every shit weapon he wants
His rights, his freedom protected by he NRA
And the NRA's motivation only is
To sell as most of this fucking shit to everyone as possible
Your right to die in the Land of the Free

I should drink less, or more
And I definitely tent to: MORE!
On the other side, ten hours bus ride tomorrow
Maybe I should not go too far
Maybe I should
Maybe I should stop writing.....

Assumed That

Assumed that, life is something special
That your time on earth, no matter if there would be something thereafter or not
Is something special
Then the logic conclusion would be
To protect every life in the best possible way

It could be as easy as that, you only had to be consequent
Consequent in every way, not only when you “like” it
But I know, that's too much wished
We are animals, only thinking about our own advantage
Or maybe the advantage of my bunch, ROTTE, whatever

Every life matters, what a fucking lie
How much matters a life in Syria
How much matters a life when there's an economic interest
How much matters a life when world politics is more important
A fucking single life?

The old story – as long as it's not your shit life
Yeah, the page comes to an end – I will not start with a new one
Maybe a nice finish for my time in San Francisco
Maybe the right mood to return to Los Angeles
Maybe the right mood to drink some more of this nice coffees

Maybe
Maybe the Little Girl spoke right
That what I always read:
Because this life is senseless
Because this world is senseless
Because everything is senseless

In California – Los Angeles Again

On My Way To Los Angeles

On my way back to Los Angeles, a last look at the bay area while crossing the Oakland Bridge. The Golden Gate Bridge, Alcatraz and Angel Island. The piers, on the other side the harbor and the bay in a wonderful blue shine, in the morning sun. Nice days, disturbing days, not such expected days, days that will occupy my mind for a long time. I will miss a lot, I will miss all. Sure, I look forward to Los Angeles. Sure, in some hours Gus's again. Tomorrow Santa Monica, Chinatown and Wonder Bakery – and not to forget my morning routine. Union Station, L.A. Times and then a nice breakfast. Yes, I will enjoy it without any doubt. But also without any doubt I'm sad to leave this city. So European, so unexpected, so charming, simply beautiful. Yes, also this city has it's dark sides, it's still the USA. But the bay, Lincoln Park, the hills, the architecture, what all should I name? This were important days, but now I'm on the way back to L.A., and then back to.....

A first stop, but no break at San Jose. America has me back again, but looks interesting. Obviously no small city, but I have no idea how many inhabitants this city has. Even by drive trough only I saw many interesting places, small rivers, a film festival, a central plaza and shopping street and much more. Seems to be a not bad place to live with a nice train station and an airport. Still a variation of trees, but much more palm trees also now. Los Angeles or San Francisco – maybe the solution would be between.....

Break at a gas station. This route is much more impressive than the way to San Francisco. Up (mostly) soft hills, cattle and horses, small rivers and lakes, a huge water reservoir. Later flat land, endless rows of trees – almonds, oranges and much more. I would like to include this pictures into a story, but a bit I have the feeling to be in a nowhere land. This endless farmland between San Francisco and Los Angeles.....

A last short break at Sacramento, nearly their. Again many fantastic sights, Lake Pyramid, a amusement park with many roller coasters (Magic Mountains?) only to mention. Interesting how many the vegetation changes from time to time. But now I'm nearly their, Gus's and Santa Monica Pier waiting.....

Well, sitting Gus's now, salad with steak, I'm definitively back. With the taxi from the Greyhound Bus Station till 5th street Skid Row – I'm definitively back in L.A.! Now, let's see how the next days will be. A last reading next week, and a lot of beach, a lot of sunsets.....

L.A. Blues

After Gus's and after a visit in "my" Internet cafe, K-Town PC
I decided to have a walk through Downtown L.A.
Metro Station 7th, down the 7th passing Seven Grand, till Broadway
I got the blues

The Broadway, what a metaphor for this city
If it's true, that this city in fact something glamorous has
Then maybe at the Broadway time, but not today
While I look at the lines in front of the clubs

Are this the rich and famous of this city – really
Would I like it to be among them, waiting with them to get in
To be a part of them, to share their evening with them
No way, what a fricking thought – believe it or not

What a narcissistic shit, with their little Mercedes, BMW and Cayenne
Hey you can see a lot of them in Heilbronn, nothing special
It seems to me as ridiculous as when you take a totally normal person
Spent hours and hours of preparation, to present him or her as something special on the Red Carpet

Well, as long as enough believe in this shit
And I continue with my walk
Through Downtown at night
To share Peter's and Alexandra's view at the skyline, 4th street bridge

While looking at the glass houses I thought
Why not just now, right in this moment, the really big one
And while the glass houses tumble down, like everything tumbles down
I feel a moment of relieve, to know, that this will have no future

Why one should try to heal this world
For this people, for their joy
Why not a new financial breakdown, why not a real big world finance crisis
Why not a final REZETION

And we would see, that we would still need
People who produce food
But nobody would longer need
Somebody who presents a new fucking financial product

No, in fact I feel a bit better now
On the way back to my motel Westlake Avenue
I bought me a coffee at the 7/11 at 3rd Street
I ate three tacos Al Pastor at 3rd Street
I came down a bit on my way back to the motel
But where are all this nice places
The cafés, the bars, the pubs – the bay

I ask myself:
Los Angeles blues?
Or is it more, a San Francisco blues?

Union Station

Got up a bit late today, had breakfast as usual at Union Station, now sitting here with my coffee and the L.A. Times – it's 12.20 pm, not really breakfast time. Was a long day yesterday. Stood up at 5.30 am, the long travel to Los Angeles, then I walked around Downtown L.A., the food truck at 3rd Street, TV and writing – it was after 2 am till I went to bed and still needed some time to find sleep.....

As I left my motel room, wow! The sun so bright, much hotter than the days before and, very much, no wind disturbs the air. But it's banal, even this single state, don't underestimate how large everything in this country is. To travel from San Francisco to Los Angeles is nearly the same than to travel from the far north of Germany to the far south of Germany – do not forget this! Also the north of Germany has a different climate than the south. The vegetation is different, also in between. The North Sea and the Baltic Sea in the north, no sea in the south – many differences also there. But what's very different, what makes this travel so strange, is, how different these two cities are.....

Not only, that there's not that much difference between, say, Munich, Berlin and Frankfurt. But there's also not that much difference between cities like the mentioned and London, Paris, Rome, Madrid, to name only these cities. Sure, there are differences, but Los Angeles and San Francisco? These are not only two cities with some differences, these are two different worlds.....

Sure, I can see the similarities, at least to a certain degree. The Mission District – okay. Chinatown in San Francisco reminds me to Koreatown in Los Angeles. Yes, also poor, ill, homeless.....people in San Francisco, but.....

And it's not only the gorgeous bay, not only the many beautiful houses, not only the often very surprising architecture, not only the calming moment in the sun, looking at the bay, the bridge, the seagulls.....while eating a whole crab. Yes, it was strange also in this city, at lunch time in the Financial District, to see the people, lining up in front of the hot spot places, to get their lunch, while a few yards ago they would have been able to get something delicious without to queue – I always asked myself how long their lunch break lasts, that they are able to stand such a long time in the line? One time, a very long queue, I nearly asked.....

Elizabeth Grant said in an interview, that she and her sibling moved to Los Angeles because this city fits more to their live style. If this counts, then San Francisco would be my city, but there's Otto Dix. As WW I began, he volunteered - The War Triptych! Los Angeles.....

But this is not war, not such a war, this is a different war. And this war happened also in San Francisco, this war happened also in Germany, but.....

I will stop now, finish up my coffee and then start to my first aim for this day – Chinatown and Wonder Bakery.....

New Years Day

Oh, I've forgotten, not only Saturday today, Chinese New Years Day! Well, Chinatown a bit overcrowded today. But I watched the rest of the parade, saw Miss Chinatown, definitely not the worst. But no real chance for Wonder Bakery, to sit down with a coffee and a cake and read my L.A. Times. Therefore I'm now in Santa Monica a bit earlier than I thought. And what should I say, Chinese New Years Day also here! But a bit smaller, but it's still Saturday, therefore also many people are here. I had a fine ice cream, and now, at 3rd Street Promenade, an Afro-American woman with an incredible voice sings opera music – oh, that's Bond now! Never said, that you cannot find nice places also here – should we talk about that this no longer Los Angeles (City), but Santa Monica is? Whatever, the beach and the sunset waits.....

Santa Monica Beach

Yes, no place like Santa Monica Beach in San Francisco – no such wonderful sunset. But, more and more the question, who would read my writing. Here in L.A., seems a bit strange. San Francisco, seems to be natural. While the sun sets, I more and more have the feeling I have to think about, I have to be consequent, I have to – don't know what I have to, simply thanks for the green light.....

Gus's

Dinner at Gus's – what had I expected?

Not this!

Billboard Country Charts from Nashville in the radio?

Why not!

By the way, the roasted chicken with rice, beans and a side salad was very good!

Swan Song L.A.

No, I'm not in a bad mood at the moment. Had four tacos Al Pastor at 3rd Street with a coffee from the 7/11 across the street. Without hot sauce, I'm a weak white guy, hot sauce is too much for me. Now I'm sitting in my motel room, curling, Denmark vs. USA, in the TV. Got up very lately today, no Union Station – we had a little rain this evening.....?

I walked around a lot today, Whilshire Boulevard Koreatown, Little Tokyo, Art District, Old Downtown – Broadway, Olive, Hill.....and not found it. I don't get it, see the long queues in front of the clubs, see the people standing there – where's the glamour? Hey, this is Los Angeles – or? I see the old and wonderful buildings at Whilshire, Broadway and everywhere! But they are old, there time long ago. I have my doubts that as they were new, this city in fact was glamorous and not only a big fake. But I'm sure, that today, even there's no fake you can find. This city maybe much is, but glamorous, that would be a mere joke!

Now one could say: But look at all this exclusive restaurants and clubs! Yes, I see them, but maybe they are exclusive, not everyone will have the chance to get in, but what should this mean? Exclusive maybe means boring, but definitively not (necessarily) glamorous!

Now one could say: Hey, you weren't in such clubs, how you can judge! Well, I see the people in front, and sorry for that, at least I see no glamorous people there! And maybe there's also another word – flair? Little Italy in San Francisco had a lot of flair to me. All the small cafés and restaurants. Also The Castro, even when I'm not gay. And should we talk about the bay? But Los Angeles? I still love Santa Monica, the pier, the beach, the pedestrian area - the ocean! I like it to be at Downtown West / Westlake, Koreatown, Crenshaw.....I definitely do! But this city has, without any doubt, no flair and I cannot see the glamour. All that appears to me in this way is old and down, the good days of all of this are long ago, if they ever were there.....

This city is a dirty city – I mean it in the sense of the word, not as a metaphor! Even downtown a lot of waste! Even The Mission District in San Francisco was not worse! Well, I have to think about this, back in Germany. It's late now, 1.20 am and the USA beats Denmark by one stone.....

Sightseeing

Again I stood up very late, no Union Station so far. But today a bit sightseeing. I started with Elysian Park – wow, a bit different now. As with Westlake Park. If you know my story “Hardboiled” and you would try to find the glade and other things I have described? Well, bad luck for you. As an example, many trees have gone, new small ones were planted. And also other things have changed – the whole story would no longer function at these places! Yes, things change all the time.....

Then Angelino Heights, the house where Alexandra lived. Wow, standing in front of it now, it looks much more impressive now than in Germany, sitting at the PC. It's really a huge and wonderful house. Would be curious to see how it's inside. Caroline's room.....?

Then I discovered a staircase, not to say a huge staircase, Wow, something new in L.A. for me! But much more? Last year I missed Echo Park. Now I'm sitting there – what a pity that I missed this place last year! Without any question the most beautiful park I know in L.A. so far. Yes, Westlake Park still is a nice park. But here! Green grass and many different trees. A nice lake with three fountains. Lotus and ducks. Pedal boats and the beautiful isle. Not really large, with a lot of traffic at one side, but definitely a beauty! Unfortunately today it's a bit cloudy, a bit colder, but no sign of the possible showers they talked about. My fourth week in California now. My second day without a clear blue sky, and yesterday in the evening a few drops of rain. Really a strange weather for February in this year. And I think the headlines for the summer are already written? No water, drought, bush fires.....*it never rains in southern California* – maybe no longer a lie.....?

Wonder Bakery

Finally in Chinatown and Wonder Bakery. Wonder Bakery hasn't changed, but other places very much – should come more often than once a year? Not so much clouds now, but still very windy and cold. It's a bit like in San Francisco.....

A few days now, tomorrow the zoo? Yes, I become a bit melancholic now, but on the other side I look forward to a new job and a lot of writing waits. I will start with “Lizzy's Dead” and “Utopian Dreaming”. “Utopian Dreaming” I have to plan more than I did it so far. Therefore it will last a bit till I will start with the writing as such. “Hard Bop Fantasies”, I'm not sure if I will be able to write as I would like it to do. I fear I'm still not good enough. But this should not result therein not to try it.....

Still three days, and the rest of today. I'm overloaded with images, impressions, thoughts. I need a break.....

Falling In Love

Yesterday, Tuesday, I was in the L.A. Zoo and, what should I say! I spent nearly five hours there, walked around a lot, for the second time. Zoos calm me down all the time, I like it to be there. Like it, to watch the animals, the large and the small ones, the dangerous and the cute ones, the animals on the ground and the ones in the air. But this time.....

It happens at the giraffes. Giraffes are without any doubt elegant animals, and very impressive ones! But I have to confess, that I had so far no special relation to them. I passed by their enclosure, and she stood there. I think "she" was a she, with her large dark eyes and her very long, and natural, eye lashes. She looked at me and I looked at her and what should I say? It happened! So we stood there for around twenty minutes, looked each other into the eyes – we both felt it.....

Well, she was a young one, and even when I have no real knowledge about giraffes and this things, I thought, a bit too young for the old man. For a while an older giraffe joined us and looked at me – probably her mother, and I understood the message! But it was hard to leave, as she looked at me with her big dark eyes and her outstanding eye lashes – she remembered me to whom.....?

She was so cute, and I thought: Wow, could it really be, that the old man would be still able to fall in love? But you and I, that cannot have a future. We live, in a real sense, on different sides of the fence – we're too different.....

As I left the zoo I was sad. Would I see her ever again? Next year? Would she remember me? Would she love another giraffe then? See, would I live in this city, I would visit her as often as I could, to see in her wonderful dark eyes.....

Last Day

My last day today, Thursday, tomorrow I will fly back home to Germany. This day I spend in Santa Monica, had pizza and ice cream so far, now I'm sitting with my double Americano at Cafe Crepe, in the evening a last time Union Station, Gus's and K-Town PC. I'm sad?

Yes and no! Sure, would like to stay, here at the ocean in L.A., and maybe even more at the wonderful bay, in San Francisco. I was here to try to find an answer, and I got one. Unfortunately(?) none of the extreme answers that would had been possible. The people not laughed about me, but.....well, what should had have happened? I not saw the difference between "open mic" in the USA and "open stage" in Germany. At the end both is the same, with one major difference. Lizzy had warned me, now I understand her. In Germany there's an audience – always! People come, and pay(!), to see the performers onstage! And not only some – many, depends on how large is the place. Here, in America, it's a scene, only the other performers will listen to you. It's a bit different at a place like Bird & Beckett in San Francisco, but not much.

I'm disappointed now? Quite the contrary! I got always a positive reaction. It would be possible for me to become a part of this scene, in Los Angeles as well as in San Francisco. The people talked about the strength of my words. They were surprised about that I was able to write in such a way in a foreign language. And they not know, that languages were always the difficult subjects to me in school, I always was, and be, one of this scientific guys. Very often they said that it would be nice, would I be come again to present more of my writing. No, I'm definitively not disappointed! But, the problem is, that in this way I can not reach people outside this scenes. This places are very good to get confidence, to see what maybe is good or not. But I think they not help you to find an (wider) audience. Therefore, so far this experiences were very important for me and gave me a lot of confidence. But I have to think about, how I should continue.

First I have to find a new job. To quit the old one was good. It's good to know, that I will not return to this place. At Monday, 26., I will have a job interview. I thought to start slowly, but I saw the advertisement in the Internet. Interesting, I applied, I have an interview – we will see. I will continue with writing – sure! I hope I will be able to return next February – sure! At the end I'm very relaxed now – a lot of writing waits, a new job, jazz concerts, a new year.....and I have to show that I will be able to develop. And the topic with the audience?

I think Bird & Beckett was important. Maybe I should think more in two directions. In the USA I should think about literate publications. Maybe I will be able to publish something. I should try to get in touch with places like Bird & Beckett. All will need it's time, I'm writing for only three years now.....! And Germany? I should do some open stage there (again). I think about, to read in Stuttgart the same texts than in the States – translated into German to make it a bit more easy for the audience to follow the reading. Then I should think about literate publications in Germany also – maybe I will be able to publish something (in English, as written). Enough work for the next year!

Still some time till sunset, a last time over the ocean. Yes, I'm sad, but I'm also excited to look forward. I don't think I will cry again at LAX tomorrow – or maybe.....whatever, this was my second time, so why not a third, a fourth, a forever time? I've changed a much during the last year, during the last month, I've learned a lot. This world still disappoints me, the stupid human behavior. All this stupidity in this insane city – and in Germany. We have so much, others can only dream about. And what we do? Oh SPD, where are the old days, when you were a progressive party, not such a bunch of cowards? And the Green Party as alternative?

Well, but what's the alternative? To hand the world to this fucking people who only think about themselves? “Utopian Dreaming” - to write this will be really a challenge. Not because, I think I'm not good enough, but because, I know how easy it would be for me to write a dystopian novel. And in reality, in the real live? I see the students in the news, I hope they will have success. What a signal it would be if not – who cares about what you're thinking about? Get rich, then your important! Get rich, then you can buy politicians! Get rich, then your voice will be heard! Should this be the message? Get rich!

Should I now start to talk about art and commerce? Whose paintings you can see at exhibitions, whose movies are nominated for an Oscar and widely advertised.....and so on? Yeah, money keeps.....too much truth in such words. Word are words and deeds are deeds, not wrong. Sometimes a word can change the world, also not wrong. Whatever, words or deeds, both have to be done.....

After California

LAX

Arrived at LAX, everything is done so far and I'm sitting in the terminal, waiting for boarding. Still plenty of time, like last year I sit at Starbucks, and looking at the passengers who just have arrived. But this year it's totally different. I will leave now, but I will come back. This is a nice and pleasant feeling. Have seen only a few air hostesses so far – is this sexist? Whatever, I like it to look at them, in their various uniforms and styles. They give you this feeling of a world without borders, from everywhere they are and at any place in this world they fly. In such a moment the world has no borders. And apart from this "philosophic reflections" – I said it more than once – I like it to see women wearing such clothes, this uniform style.....

At Home

After 19 hours I'm at home again, in Germany again, a bit tired. I will go to bed now, to sleep a long sleep. To dream a lot. But then I think this part - After California - will stay as a very short part. Last year I had no idea how I should continue with my writing. But this year everything is distinct. I will start with "Brave New Life" as soon as possible. After I have dreamt a lot.....