

# Hard Bop Fantasies

## I

Insanity - yeah, hey, we're humans - good and bad, both is needed, fucking shit, who told such a fucking shit? If we would be good and bad we would be bad, the good not counts, when there's the bad! Yeah, cool, I'm a good one, never killed one, hey, do I own some of this fucking automatic weapons? Come on, I'm a German, we killed only a few million, but today we are the nice ones, today we never would do this anymore, never ever, never anymore, who would believe this shit?

I see a world fulfilled with jazz - everything would swing, and Chet kills himself with alcohol and drugs, what a sarcastic fucking shit is this? Ah, well, we hate this world, because you have to hate this world, at least when you have your eyes open, when you have your ears open, your mind. Or you think you're something better, an arrogant and narcissistic asshole - should I lick Mr. Asshole President's ass - would I get then the opportunity to fuck Hope - no longer one of this White House Fuck Toys.....

How extreme you should write? I mean, would it be possible to write in such an extreme manner, like this world, the humans, behave. I think about this extreme horror movies - I'm this real extreme (Japanese) stuff. Why I have always a problem to take this movies seriously? Maybe because the horror is not, to see how a woman is raped, tortured and killed in a sadistic way. The horror would be, to be a woman, who becomes raped, torture and killed in a sadistic way. Therefore, all this horror movies are a joke! The horror would be to show what happens inside the woman's mind - anything else is only for masturbation!

But if you would do this, radical, seriously, without limitations, in a written way, as music, as a movie, in which way ever - this would not be possible - or? I mean, what an insane work this would be? Who would read this, listen to, watch it? And, what would this do with you, would you do it? Yes, you're allowed to approach such topics, you're allowed to talk about the insanity of the humans, but please, in an artistic way! Sure, in an artistic way! How artistic was it to send millions into the gas chambers? How artistic was it, to perish in the gas chambers, to burn alive in Belarus?

How you should be able to write about insanity, without to write an insane text? Without any doubt, it's not useful to show the things from outside. Yes, you can do this, but what you wanna show? Some soldiers laughing while looking at, how others die an awful dead? Okay, very artistic! But what happens inside the minds of the soldiers? And much more, what happens inside the minds of them, who die an awful dead? Whatever, I think it will be nothing very much artistic.....

If I would capable to play an instrument - I mean really, really good. If I would be a master, a prodigy, the ultimate genius, maybe then I would be able to master it, to write about this insanity - what would I write? I've the feeling, only some few single notes, notes, which would lead into the core of the human entity - if I would.....

## II

Who defines the society and why - I mean, when a "mob" is on the street, when a revolution takes place, when the establishment loses their heads, than without any doubt, this "mob" defines the society. But after the revolution everybody, even the revolutionaries, wish stable circumstances again. The revolution should be a transition period. But does this make sense?

After the Russian revolution millions of farmers starve to death - was the time under the czar that much worse? The communist regime in the former DDR (East Germany) not allowed its inhabitants to travel in a free manner - does this makes sense? The regime of the Shah of Persia was a fascistic regime - the regime of the mullahs?

Democracy as a solution? Are the US democratic? To be honest, I don't think so! To make it as difficult as possible for some groups to vote, or even reject people from the right to vote – should we call this a democracy? When groups have the possibility to influence elections by spending hundreds of millions – should we call this a democracy? When a few families are able to buy - sorry support - whole groups of politicians – should we call this a democracy? This is shit in my point of view, but no democracy!

Germany? Europe? Better, but democracy? There's this sentence: Democracy needs democrats. Means: You have the right to vote, then you have the obligation to be a political person, interested in what happens, happens in the world. It's simply not enough to "make your cross", you have to be informed, you have to use your own brain. This means not, that you have to have the same political ideas then the others, no democracy without pluralism, no democracy without a multi party system, no democracy without coalitions and compromises, without checks and balances – but means this in the end, that democracy means a "dictatorship" of the middle (center)? Would be maybe not the worst, better than a dictatorship of the wealthy, the economy and so on.....

Kill all the rich – how about a sentence from the 60's? "Destroyed what destroys you!" (Macht kaputt was auch kaputt macht - Song title from the band Ton Steine Scherben, became later a common phrase). Yeah, and who defines what's allowed to destroy? All the time the same question! Yeah, it's not easy, if your world view is not a simple one, if your not knowing that you have the ultimate knowledge – but that's also a part of democracy, nobody possesses an ultimate truth, nobody.....

And revolutionaries? Does they have the ultimate knowledge? As a communist revolutionist definitively – that's one of the reason, why communism is no democratic idea! As a French revolutionist – I think for them was (at least in a first step) important to get rid of the aristocracy in connection with the clerics, to become able to decide upon their lives (more) independent. Revolution is the outcome of the inability of the ruling class for change – a nice sentence, even when it's based on communist ideas. Democracy mean change, the ability for change. But not: Everything has to change all the time in an extreme manner – this would be more or less a revolutionary stage.....

How would the world be, when all the people would have the possibility to express their opinions in free and democratic elections? Not worse than now – about that I'm sure! Yes, the Germans have elected Hitler, the Americans this asshole from New York – no good examples for democracy! But this period – the Weimar Republic – was a special time for Germany after the lost WW I. And then not to forget, that Hitler was very limited in his power till the conservatives voted for the Enabling Law – America? I'm still not sure – have the Americans elected this idiot, or does they haven't elected Clinton? I feel the second – her campaign was simply a disaster! And then there's this topic with popular vote.....

What's the solution? None, what else! Democracy, we need democracy, as much as possible, in as many countries as possible, real democracy, the right for everyone to express his (political) believes via free and independent elections – the rest will be history, because sure, there will be also then no automatism, that Utopia will come.....

### III

#### Why They Have To Fight For It!

Why someone has to fight therefore, that he's not a nigger? Why someone has to fight therefore, that she's more than just something to be fucked? Why someone has to fight therefore, that he has fundamental rights? What a shit is this?

I have only one answer - this is a fucking world, or maybe, some of the so called humans, are not human at all - they do not act humanly? But if this is true, which of the humans act not humanly?

Cool question, a small play? Mao comes me to mind - Hitler or Mao, who was the more ruthless monster? Forget the answer, both were "great" leaders, many people cheered them on, they wrote history - why they? And today? Well, there's a country.....should I start a philosophic discourse now? And if, about what? About the stupidity of the common people? About the ruthlessness of the rich? About the human nature? Visit a library, millions of pages await you.....

Sometimes I simply feel helpless - Utopian Dreaming, meaningless blah-blah-blah? Maybe it's time to start the counter-draft - Tamara.....

Would I be her, would I be able to do what she was able to do - I would do it! Mao and Hitler would be meaningless then, their deeds would become a negligibility compared to my deed - and the world? The World, or the humans? Yeah, isn't there this little monster in all of us.....

#### IV

Yeah, the trumpet, oh, the piano and the bass, the drums.....in a blue silent night, in a devastating mood, oh, would like to die and smile while typing this knowing that it would be - yeah, what? Have this fucking feeling, never I will see L.A., the bay again, how senseless my life would be then.....on the other hand, the imagination, I would sit in the plane for the third time - Frankfurt to L.A., with the German stewardesses, booked United, flown Lufthansa - I've goosebumps, thinking about that!

This fucking bitch called life, always she teases you, she's a fucking bitch! But she's arousing as hell, she offers you everything, is it a matter of the price? Unfortunately I've nothing to sell, even if I would be a fucking bitch - porn star? Old man fucks young girls, maybe a career offer? But maybe too much of this shit on the market - some sado shit, not better - bad future prospects for the old man.....

Miles away I hear the trumpet, muted, tender and soft, so many years away - had the opportunity to listen to, Mannheim, not did it, as always, as always during my whole life, not did it.....would wish to feel the claws, deep in my flesh, painful and arousing, a delighted moment, slowly bleeding to death, what a silly fantasy, I would enjoy it!

I've problems to concentrate, have worked twelve hours, but that's only the body, the old body - but my mind, my young mind, also so tired the last days, so empty, so much pain. Haven't read the newspaper for days, why I should be interested in this shit world? I would like to sit in a dark room, only jazz around me - I would close my eyes and - I've problems to keep me waken.....

In a mood, drowning in melancholy, falling asleep, to find shelter among dreams, to find peace and harmony, like in the notes played by a trumpet, I'm so awfully tired, fight, but will lose, will lose and die, in a wonderful San Francisco night, dreaming in front of my PC, I'm sick of it!

I'm sick of it, this run-down world, like Broadway at night, decayed, I could puke! I've a great problem now not to fall asleep, to type the words, constantly wrong letters, it's fucking difficult to write even one sentence - feel drunken without a drop of alcohol.....

Would like to write the whole night, the rest of my stupid fucking life, but I'm dead, no chance, even when I like it to torture me, not allow me to sleep, not allow me to rest, further on, further on, unproductive your whole useless life.....

Would like to hurt me, to spend me pain, but even thereto I'm too tired, I'm so fucking tired, let me

sleep, let me die, but that would be too easy, too cheap, pay the price for your fucking easy life, yeah, should try some of this mellifluous drugs, knowing that I never will - not that sure about it at this moment.....

Whatever, not tonight, I'm dead, and even Miles cannot help me now, therefore, R.I.P. - how ironically would it be, would I die tonight.....

## V

Not died, makes things not better, but feel better tonight, at least not that tired - had listened to Lizzy's eighteen songs - My Dark Heart, Stolen Songs.....

Last song now, and yes, I wanna fall in love, but I've that fucking feeling that it's a reason to give up, and the tears make the thing not better, not only sometimes I get lonely - and the millions? Written years ago, that I know now that this is only an illusion, they will not hold you, not when it happens.....

But what should you do? Again the eighteen songs? Why not, better than to do other shit - yeah, better than.....

Why this night can't be endless? Why there's a sun that will rise? Should I go to the very north, 24 hours night, at least for some time in the year? A planet with synchronous rotation? I would live on the night side! 24 hours you could see the stars, the endless black universe, what an attracting place, what a sanctuary, like to be surrounded by water again, to feel the warmth, to hear the heartbeat.....

How meaningful is it, to write down words - would this depend on how many would read them? Would this make sense? Almost I would say: No, why it should be so! But then - if nobody would read them? And when everybody would read them, what should and would mean this? I smile, how about the variant: Writing till death, and then someone "discovers" your writing after your death - posthumous fame, cool for your heirs, a fuckin' shit for you!

Isn't it ironic - or cynical - to have such thoughts? As long as people starve to death every day, as long as the biggest dream of a child is, to experience a day without war, for the first time in his life.....

This world kills me, how disgusting is it, to be a part of this, I've no answer, not even a question, only disappointment, nihilism? So much I can understand everyone who tries to seek refuge in drugs, who sees no longer a sense in this life, who is no longer able to bear this all, but.....

Oh Lizzy, your music is such a drug! Yeah, blow kisses like Marilyn, always this image, I would be the perfect bitch - hey you Weinsteins, I would do every shit for your - this world is a fucking one.....

I dream about that people would read my writing, only my writing. I would sit on the patio of my little house at the beach and would be touched about it. But why this should become reality? At least in this pervert world - Sylvia Plath, why you conquer my mind? Yeah, and just now Lizzy sings about jumping off of bridges - that's a combination!

And again the last song - Yeah, Cleopatra, I'm not the last man on earth, I'm only a fucking old man, an old man, who knows that it's a reason, who's only a coward, who feared all his life - I'm tired of this shit!

## VI

Hell yes, life has no higher reason, but has this to mean that it cannot be meaningful, significant.....add some more adjectives if you like.....

But what would be a life that implements this adjectives - working, earn money, be a good employee, a nice holiday every year, a nice car, a family.....? Everything harmonic and clean? Or would it be something like the free jazz music (Ornette Coleman) in my ears? Don't say, there's no harmony or stupid nonsense like this. But it's a different harmony, a vibrating harmony, a thrilling harmony, tones, sounds, instruments in an organized chaos - organized!

What would this mean for me, I'm a fucking good cook, but never thought it would be a goal of life for me to be a cook, no matter how good. It would be, like to play my whole life always the same standards - don't understand me wrong, I enjoy also a jazz evening with this wonderful jazz standards. But a life like Coleman plays? Decades ago! Hey, I'm fifty-six soon - what the hell I still can loose?

Constraints of life - but who defines them? My head aches - not from the music! The music is a remedy, music keeps you alive, music is everything - I'm only a dilettantish writer, but at least I do something.....

You need something to eat, something to drink - a partner? We're no longer animals, but we are the most regrettable animals at all - and I'm a lonely man, what a fucking combination! Why I still have inhibitions to be consequent? Should be anyway able to earn enough money to buy some paper and a pen, to spend some time at an internet cafe to type my writing, to upload it, to pay for my webpage - the trips to California?

Why not looking for a job there, even for a fucking job - Bukowski? Yeah, only a one year working permit - hey, I'm a single! Why not marry, and some years later I'm a proud American - Bukowski - Don't Try!

Don't try - the arousing cadence takes you away, it's a fucking feeling, a job? Hey, I'm a head chef, what the fuck, I'm dreaming about to be a writer! I'm a fucking good cook, the people give me fantastic critics, what the fuck, they should read my writing, they should love it, that would be crazy! I'm not proud of: Your mousse au chocolat is the best I've ever eaten! Fine, its a relatively simple recipe - okay, the mousse is fucking good! But would the say: Have read some of your texts.....

Should one have an aim in his life? You have to have an aim in your life? Not sure about that, but if, then not to be a good cook, maybe I'm one, but this should be the aim of my life? Then I can commit suicide! I'm one, aim reached! I dream I would be a fucking good writer, whatever this would mean - I'm none, without any doubt.....

I have to stop this shit! I have to define my aim - I will try to write as good as possible, to let it flow, more than now, no defined aim, because there can't be an aim, only written pages, many and many more, endlessly till the end comes - I'm smiling.....

As Elizabeth - Lizzy - says at the end of Hollywood's Dead - CUT! Wow, and Coleman kills my ears in this moment, or better Freddie Hubbard or Don Cherry. One of these days I'll cut you in pieces - Pink Floyd, time for me to do it! Yeah, time to do it, I see nothing meaningful anymore than to write, what else should be important? Your fantastic mousse - I can give you the recipe - after my

death? My writing? Shit on my cooking skills, even when my writing is on a much lower level, nonetheless, one could define my writing as a meaningful element in my life, the try to reach a level as high as possible, as an aim - the development of an own style, the writing of your own literature, and even, when this would not be possible, this aspiration, attempt, effort, would be the most meaningful thing, what I ever would have done in my life.....

It's interesting how much I stick to this fucking easy life - here in Germany, with my nice job and all the palatableness, this life offers you! I'm sick and tired, my head and my stomach are aching, I will find no sleep - fucking easy life.....

## VII

Tell me the future, tell me the truth, lie on me, tell me everything's bright, seeing the dark sight, feeling the emptiness, knowing that there.....what do I know?

Days like a rollercoaster, feel sick, down, deep down, up, up up in the sky - will this ever have an happy ending, would this be an irony.....

I look at the bay, will I ever see you again? Well, close my eyes, sitting on the rock, the waves and the foam and I drown in my dreams, all this endless dreaming.....

In my imagination I can be everything, the famous writer just as the psychotic mass murderer - Tamara? I can be with you, I can be happy so all alone, I can be alive, I can be dead, I can be everything.....

But with open eyes I'm only an old coward, should I try the next step, would be a strange feeling, but wouldn't it be just consequent? Dreaming your dream to be a writer, act like one or stop it.....

This the point, the next months, now you have to show whether you're capable or not, happy about and anxious, excited and undecided, knowing that there's only one way now, the fourth year now.....

Never would had been able to imagine what I've done the last three years - so? Why be not a bit more slackened? Why not a bit more optimistic? Why not simply writing, writing and not ponder all the time about everything? This should be "Hard Bop Fantasies", not "Hard Bop Reflections".....

Yeah, tell me my future or simply shut up! My future will be bright while writing the night long. And next year I will be at the beach again, and at the bay, will see the black swan again and the, then a bit older, young giraffe. I feel it, I clearly feel it, time to do the last step, to shout it out: I'm a writer now.....

Ride the rollercoaster, up and down, down and up, but always forwards, forwards in circles, but always forwards, always forwards.....

## VIII

Why we accept this senseless destruction of human life every day - hey, it's the easy way! All this absurd rules like vetoes in the UN, this lets become such an institution a kindergarten! The same shit in Europe! But we are cowards, our politicians are cowards, we are cowards, this world this a coward - we have no fantasy, fuck, hope that I get rid of my stomach ache soon. Ideas for "Utopian

Dreaming" and "A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl" are waiting.....

Machine Gun - The Peter Brötzmann Octet; Good music, but have a big problem to concentrate. A lot of pain during the afternoon today, vomited my good vegetable stew, at the moment it's bearable, but fear the night.....

A human life, not every human life counts the same - was the life of Prince more worth than mine? Sometimes I think so.....is my life more worth than the life of a Nazi mass murderer who enjoyed killing? Shall I answer this question?

Every human life has the same value - easy to say, but.....but consider that I would be a writer of world literature, a very kind man. And then I would be a sadist, a rapist, a murderer, a racist. Would there be no difference? Both lives would have the same value? Then I can be a murderer and rapist - who would be capable to judge on me?

So, not every life has the same value (or should I use a term like: right, eligibility, justification....)? But if not, criteria? Unnecessary to start a list - or? Come up with your own! But whatever you would put on your list - diversity is the problem, that people are not uniform. A solution? Democracy - and I mean real democracy! Not to talk about Russia or China, said it before, that the US is no real democracy for me! And yes, also Germany has its deficits.....

But democracy needs democrats - yes, also such a problem! And then, the value of life? Whatever, I know that my life isn't of same value than the life of Prince. I wasted my life, he not!

So, not every life has the same value - if this is true, then Netanyahu's life is more worth than the life of a Palestinian? Yeah, I know: Categorical Mistake!

Mistake of Category - Logical Fallacy? I would agree, if, if this world would be logical, if human beings would be logical, but, whatever would be a correct adjective, "logical" in no case!

I'm tired, the new day is there, my stomach? If the same happens than the last nights I will have one or two hours without too much pain, before it will begin again. Let's see.....

At least I've written something

## IX

The flock of lambs, the ones who wait till they get slaughtered - yeah, we all know this picture. In former times kings and emperors determined history with their wars - and today? Their armies of lambs were slaughtered on the battlefields - let's make history! And today, today's leaders of the world, the political leaders, the economic leaders, the battlefields? According to some research to world is better, safer today than in former time. I not would doubt this as such, at least not for Europe, for developed countries. In my youth every year there was a hunger catastrophe in Africa, Sahelian zone for instance. And I mean with that, that every year thousands, ten thousands starved to death! Today no longer, but is it really better now? They no longer starve to death, now they have enough to live in want - what a progress! And we waste and destroy food in an unbelievable extent, welcome to the modern enlightened world.

The structure of a dictatorship. Bread and circuses - really, the world has changed? More than a picture? Julius Caesar - today? To be honest? I only see wannabes - or does the world has changed in fact? Check and balances? At least in Europe and some developed countries? But all this



lamentations, where are the constructive proposals? Yeah, all the lounge lizards are shocked! I also?

The differences between the USA and Europe, say Germany? I get an invitation for every election, automatically. Everybody has the right to vote. (Some) things the Americans fight for are common for me, like free health care. Not everything perfect, but compared with the US a different world. Shouldn't we be happy? The Norwegians, the Scandinavians are very happy - we Germans fear a lot. It's a bit like the stock markets, away from everything you would call rational. Moods at the stock markets - moods! Wow, that's a cool basis for economy and politics - but who says that humans are rational?

Facts - one should mean that's a easy thing, but it starts with Aristotle, empiricism is a difficult thing. And as if this not would be enough, you have to interpret facts, you have to put facts into a context - not an easy thing. To say it better, it's a very difficult thing! And definitively it's no bijective relation, no one-to-one relation. An interpretation is never one dimensional, you never have one context, always a web of relationships. But hey, that's democracy, no absolute knowledge exists. A solution?

Gaussian distribution as a solution? It was pictured on the old ten D-mark bank notes! Omit the extremes, not that they not should exist, we have Nazis in Germany even after our history, but that is not the problem. The problem is that the politicians are not able to handle this extremes, to bear them, to develop alternatives without this extremes. Not that I say there are no such politicians, but they are rare. No ideas for an united Europe in Europe, that's a shame!

Brave New World - Huxley? The whole world connected via Internet and social media? Porn of all shades in an unbelievable amount available at all time? Drugs? Oh, come on! Alpha-Plus? Epsilon-Minus? No idea? Should we talk about Orwell? What would this authors say about the world today?

We have a lot of possibilities today, and as I see it, even much more in the future - therefore, everything okay? Well, my problem is that the human history leads thereto that the humans have an unerring instinct to mess things up, to fuck up things, to make the worse out of them, no good basis for the future.

Utopia or dystopia - no real idea. I'm curious in which way my utopia and my dystopia will develop.....

## X

Why you should write? For others - why the hell you should do so? To get paid - stupid shit, but you need some money for food, drinking and a bed. To entertain others - holy shit, maybe I'm sick, but I'm no cock sucker! To get attention - wow, if this not the reason to do things like writing, then kiss my ass you shitty liar!

Would be a fucking cool thing, to earn enough money with writing - a few thousands a month would be enough! Would need no millions, shit, what should I do with fifteen bedrooms? With a car park filled with cars? Oh, forgotten, a private jet - sorry, I'm not used to think about such shit! But seriously, would be a dream, to be capable to sit in a cafe the whole day and doing nothing more than writing while drinking coffee or tea - and at the evening one or two cocktails?

Fucking dreams, fucking life - oh Mr. Petty I would like it, to be King, searching for my little place, outside of this insane world. But I'm anxious about that, I fear it awfully, that my dream will stay a dream till it's over - why should I be that much privileged that my dreams came true, why should

my dreams came true, why?

But I did a good step, earn much less money now than it would be possible. But after I have finished work - at 4pm! - I have not to think about it longer. No responsibility anymore, much more freedom. Have some problems with it, head chef in a high class restaurant before, now a normal cook in a senior residence - what a decline! What a lot more possibilities for writing I have now! I am still confused about them, still not have found a good rhythm now. Last weekend was very productive, the next will be very productive - still problems therewith, how I should write at the late afternoon, but I will get it, soon I will get it!

Why writing? Fuck, what else should one do in this pervert world? Painting maybe or music, yeah, music! But when you're not capable to make music, when you're totally unmusical, when you have no voice? Well, I think, writing is not the worst alternative then, at least it's a possibility to do at least something useful. Be a part of the wonderful society - Tamara? Elizabeth? Or, to be honest, I would be Alexandra - do you want.....?

Sure, everybody wanna it, everybody dreams to be the master of the world. But some dream about to achieve this goal by playing music, by making movies, by writing, by an artistic expression. Some by war and by building up everlasting empires. Some try it by exploring this world and the universe. Some therewith, that they think, that every human has to follow their convictions. Not accepting, that every human has it's own mind.

Why writing? Maybe to use your own mind? Maybe to express your own feelings? Maybe to feel your self, maybe to realize that you're a own person, worth the same than everybody else, no matter what they maybe say?

Why writing? Maybe to reflect on yourself, maybe to try to understand the things you not understand? Maybe the hope to find others who feel the same? Maybe.....

Why writing? Because nothing else makes any sense anymore! What should make sense? To earn as much money as possible? To drive an expensive car? To show that you're something special - at YouTube or Facebook, at an exclusive club - hey, next time LAX I will use the VIP area, not the fucking areas for this ridiculous normal people - no longer Gus's? Ah come on, have we to talk about it, that this all is nothing more than shit?

Runnin' Down A Dream - and if not? At the end you will die, whether it has happened or not - in the mean time? I'm a collector, aren't the pieces you have not, not more thrilling than the pieces you have? In a way yes, but in the end? Isn't it fulfilling to go thru your collection and see all the pieces you have collected over the decades? To realize and to remember, the beginning, only a few pieces, and now? Most fulfilling? The knowledge that you will never be able to complete your collection, the knowledge that you not even know what it would mean, a complete collection! Yes, the future.....but that's another song!

Hell fuck, I'm an author now! Tomorrow I will work my eight hours and later I will write the beginning of "The Lady At The Ranch"! Runnin' Down A Dream - yeah, dream your little dream.....

## XI

Social Darwinism - why so many still stick to this shit? It seems that we had not enough disasters in Europe over the last one hundred and fifty years. Wars, world economic crises (yes, crises!),

dictatorships.....so many people had to die, so much pain and suffering. And I not see the US in front of me while writing this - even when the US shows the whole problematic at its finest - I see Europe in front of me, asking myself why we are willing to throw away all our achievements, achievements, we should be proud of!

Nationalism, narcissism - all this fucking shit, why we should die for this? Why we are follow all the time this "strong leaders"? Really only because we're too lazy to use our own mind? Would it be this, this would really no world one should live in, this would be no live worth living.....

"Utopian Dreaming" appears like a fairy tale at the moment to me, a stupid naive fairy tale, not worth to be told. But I'm not willing to dismiss the story, there's this little spark, isn't it strange? A story about a bright future, a story about a woman, both so difficult to write. A story about destruction, hate, war, murder.....so easy to write - what a fucking world is this?

When I look at this world, "Utopian Dreaming" appears so dishonest then. I've the feeling saying: Hey, be happy, like Priscilla and Elvis, wow, Elvis! All nothing then a glittering and sparkling lie! Is this whole world nothing then a lie, this human "culture", this fucking nations, nationalities, "races" all this shit! Don't tell me we can't do better - be a bit more optimistic, hey, I definitively should be an American. Or a girl living in her pink wonderland, till the beautiful bridge.....

A short summer rain brought the temperature a bit down, but still it's hot, hot since weeks now, a bit like in California. But at the moment I ask myself: Why all this? Why not simply waiting till it's over, why all this worthless shit?

At the end of "A Fantasy Novel, Written By A Little Girl" earth will be hell, at the end of "Utopian Dreaming"? Even in the title I've written "dreaming", the first paragraph? And the end? Still "Cole" is named there, cannot see the story as a possible reality. But maybe that should be the aim? "The Lady At The Ranch"? First idea was that the daughter has committed suicide, or at least that it would be a possibility. But now a suicide would be strange. Maybe an accident, but more likely would be a murder. First I thought that Peter would start to work at the farm, but now she has invited him. Beautiful, how unpredictable the stories develop - "Utopian Dreaming"?

At the moment it's difficult to write, it's very different like the years before. Not sure how I should continue with it, not sure what my dreams should be, next year again a travel to the US? Maybe I lost my dreams.....?

## XII

Fuck the world, let me write, have wasted my live, why not wasting the rest of it therewith to write stupid lines. No alternatives anymore than to try it really in a professional way or to stop it, to delete all, to enjoy the rest of my fucking live. No alternative than to try it really, but I fear, what when it will not function? Would I be able to deal with it? I fear not!

I mean, I talk not about to become famous and rich, it would be enough that I would get some earning from writing, that I would be able to spend more time with writing, to have time to rework my writing and suchlike. Most I would hope for would be to get enough income to make my living by writing only. But what when nothing would function? But to continue as the last years? A wonderful time, a fantastic time so far, but no alternative for the future. Something has to happen, I need change, I has to confront me with other people in a direct and intense way, I have to bring about the decision.

Hard Bop Fantasies – a place for more harsh writing, be harsh to yourself! I have not loose weight the last months – okay was ill for some time, still weight some kilos more than at the beginning of the year. Always not sure what I should do, why I'm not able to decide, cause I fear the consequences. I changed very much, compared to the time of the beginning of the writing, but fear to continue – to bring it to an end. Would this a fucking Hollywood shit movie everything would be cool! I would bother, I would fear, and in the end all would be fantastic! I should live in L.A., and everything would be okay.....

I have the feeling that nothing develops at the moment, but how it should? I have a Patreon page now – and? I have to promote it, to show up, to shout it out loud. It's on me, a new month, a new possibility, but it's on me. I would like, to be invisible, would like to be blind, but this are only stupid thoughts. My hands become heavy like lead, my mind slows down, I have to learn to deal with this situation, at least when I wanna continue therewith dreaming my dreams. At least, when the last years should not become wasted years.....

The warmest summer since decades, I like it more than ever. But winter will come, well, what "winter" means today. But maybe I should stop with thinking in metaphors, maybe I should start with.....maybe I should simply start? Mid-February 2015 I started, full of doubts, that this time I will be able to finish it. Now, at the beginning of August 2018, I should have had learned it, that I can do it.

### XIII

#### What's Worth The Shit?

Yeah, fighting, progress, fighting for the progress, and who defines progress? The civil rights movement, maybe the KKK has the right knowledge - not? Why you know this, why you know that you're on the right side and they are on the wrong side? Because a KKK member would tell you the same, because we all know that we're on the right side! Why not slavery - hey, you not tell me that everybody is as clever as anyone else, some are smarter, you can't deny it! Age of Enlightenment, maybe Age of Stultification? Maybe it's simply the human nature to be narcissistic? Cultural development? The culture of slavery, the culture of fascism, cultural development - who writes the history books? Was Caesar a fantastic commander-in-chief or only a bloodthirsty swine, a victim or an egoistic dictator - should we ask Shakespeare? Oh well, you intellectual monster, sure, he was a complex person, multi-layered, eclectic - stick your finger in your ass and be happy, clever fellow!

The United Nations, only to name them, why we're not able to come to international standards? Because we're thick as a brick - Jethro Tull, too long not listen to this crazy stuff! Hey, serious, that is really a joke, or? Maybe it would be the best to become to a racist, or a religious fundamentalist, you would know that you're one of the chosen ones. Or making as much money as possible, hey, I am something special - I'm tired of this shit. We all know everything all the time, such fucking smart guys we are. A rational being, make an appeal to the prudence, what wonderful thoughts, counteracted by the reality, the reality of millions and millions of senseless dead people all the time!

Wow and well, maybe you should not look at this world, not think about it, not to realize that you're one of them - that's shit man! I would like to sit on a mountain, the world at the bottom of it, looking down on it and wonder about this stupid little animals, but I'm one of them, I'm at the bottom of the mountain, not on top of it - that's fucking shit!

Have tried to continue with "The Lady At The Ranch" before, but it was only stupid writing. Words, only fucking words. I'm frustrated, try to kill my ears with Neil Young - *I am just a dreamer, but you are just a dream*. Why we're able to dream such dreams, but are not able to live them? Read a

comment: "Maybe we should get rid of the 1%" - yeah, but you know that this ended in a disaster all the time. Not because, that one would miss or need this 1%, but because we're not able to make something meaningful out of it! Get rid of one leader, to run after the new and next one - the king is dead, long live the king! We're such insane idiots!

#### XIV

The trump supporters in the US, the people who support the AfD in Germany and so on and so on - hard to believe that they reflect only one second about the shit, that is said by those, who they support. The most stupid thing in Germany? They not think that the situation in Germany at the moment is bad, no, they will tell you that the situation in Germany at the moment is very good - but the future! They fight for the future, because, who knows, at the moment it's good, but their are threats! And when you ask: Immigrants, Muslims - if I remember correctly to former times the answer was: Jews, communists - that's not nice Peter, they are no fascists!

Who said this? There was a time when the politicians said: Look at this rabble from the NSDAP, let them shout their paroles, they will have no chance.....well, history had other plans! After WW II their was a sentence: Wehret den Anfängen! (Nip it in the bud! - A stitch in time saves nine!). And today? This are more then beginnings, I fear we have to hurry up not to be to late. And yet, some politicians say today that they only express what the people think - or is it more the point that they produce a mood with their paroles - fuck, this is Germany! We did this shit one time, isn't that enough!

When the conservatives win the midterm elections, when the AfD becomes more powerful as yet, then it's time to think about whether you should still believe in the humans or better not. It's difficult enough, but this would give me the rest! We have a very good social system, free health care, free education, our economy is powerful, a surplus of billions concerning the tax revenue - but hey, our future is endangered by some immigrants! What a shit!

How about the American asshole president? How about the Russian one? How about the conflicts in Middle East? The war in Syria? Aren't there things that threaten us a bit more? The climate change? Yeah, we have an Aryan Germany now, but unfortunately the climate is fucking now - well, it's a bit simpler to point a finger at the Jew.....

Come on, only a bit of German history, that should be enough - why is it not enough what the Germans had done? Is it really the only solution that we humans are stupid idiots? Well,.....

#### XV

It's a sad thing to see how the democrats act in the US at the moment. That let you become afraid of the mid-term elections. Should democrats spoil this opportunity then they deserve everything that will happen. It will be only fucking for the people who have to suffer then, because of their inability.

It's a shame to see how the SPD acts in Germany over the last years. When they will fade away finally, they have deserved it. It will be only fucking for the people who would need a strong SPD today like in former times. The Green Party, will they be able to step into their footsteps?

It's puzzling to see what happens around the world - Syria? Why we're still able to accept such things in our time? It's a downer, to think about such topics, maybe you should stop to think about

something.

Sick people in a sick world, sick people who create a sick world. Sickness as an integral part of the human society. The only redeeming thought would be then, that sickness will kill itself in the end. Maybe this can be a thought that will bestow you peace.

This is really a crucial moment in time, like the Cuban crisis. Never thought that such a thing will be possible in our time again. No hand full of fucking "leaders" around the world are enough to threaten everything, that's devastating. Why we draw no consequences because of this fact? Why one should try to answer this question?

## XVI

Well, what's the answer of the question? Hey, in the end humans will clever enough not to destroy their basis of existence? Hey, this human are that unbelievable dumbasses, they even will destroy their basis of existence?

Well, what's the answer of the question? Hey, the humans will develop further on and will develop a system of peaceful cooperation? Come on, this stupid animals will never be able to live together in a peaceful way?

And many, many more such questions - what should be the consequence thereof? Working hard therefor, that the human race will develop into a brighter future? Becoming a revolutionist to change the system and lead the humans into a brighter future? Head shaking while sitting on top of a mountain and looking at the human decline?

I sit and listen "Hard Bop", and find no answer. I fear there's no answer, the future is the answer, but the future isn't written now - and the past? The past is obviously a disaster, therefore.....this past suggests nothing good. This past suggests that the future will be also a disaster, and I've the feeling that this is maybe not the worst. Let us assume, that the human race would wipe out itself - who cares? The world as such definitively not, not to speak about the universe. In the history of the universe the history of the humans would be less than a triviality, it would be literally nothing. Therefore, is it even a need to think about such things at all?

We're sitting on our fucking unimportant planet and act as if we would be the gods of this universe. If this is not a fantastic definition of hubris, then.....hey, pride comes before a fall and we humans are really a pride species!

I don't know, don't have a clue, I find no answers. Maybe I should listen to music all day long till I kick it? Wouldn't be the worst, but stupid, at least in a way idiotic, and in a way totally amiss - why? Because some have acted differently and composed this music, played that music, sung that music.....I'm no parasite. But this world, the humans, they kill me. Hey, in some weeks I will read and the people will be excited about my writing - and then? Hey, maybe I would become famous and maybe even rich - and then? Should this world be a fucking and insane world - and I've the feeling that it is so - then this world will stay a fucking and insane world - so, who cares?

Have I said it, that I'm in a fucking mood this evening? Well, I've no idea, maybe I should write a hundred pages of shit:

"Oh my dear, I love you."

"Really, Peter. My whole live I hoped that I would be the wife you will choose to become the

woman at your side, the woman whom will be allowed, to support you, support you when you will achieve you high aims."

"Yeah, I knew that you would be the right choice. You know that I fuck the domestic workers?"

"I would never have the thought that only one woman would be able to satisfy your libido!"

"Well, I fuck more with the male workers."

"Well, of course I will accept this. I will be the woman at your side, the way the Lord wishes it."  
blah-blah-blah

Well, that's it and as it's said: There's no fun anymore.....therefore I will stop it, have no fun anymore to read this again - therefore, sorry if there are more mistakes in this text as normally - and will continue with my writing tomorrow. I should finish the chapter "The City". Then all three stories are at very interesting points. But I have to go shopping, then the rugby game? Maybe not that much time for writing, but I think that I will be a bit more creative again then.

Two fantastic jazz albums - "Midnight Blue" - and no inspiration? Shit happens.....

## XVII

Dark times, very dark times. Donald Duck at the UN - who can bear this shit? How long have you think about, that this will lead into a catastrophe, if not stopped? Oh, I would wish the US would be hide itself away, would let the world alone, no longer you would have to think about this shit! They can do at home what they want, but please save the world from this nonsense - but unfortunately it's not that easy.....

Again and again, when the democrats will spoil the mid-term elections - I not wanna think about that! Fuck, I have not to think one minute about it, that the Germans would accept such a jerk as chancellor, they would be on the street, I would be on the street. And it's fucking that this whole conservative bunch with their money-mad masters affect my life.

I don't say that you have to be happy with all what happens, but that such shit cannot be a solution should be understandable for a toddler! One plus one equals two, and when someone tells you that this is wrong and three is the correct answer - oh fuck, till today you have to think about such stupidities!

This are the situations when you really have to think that this world is covered with idiots who are not able to use their brains even a little bit, who aren't not in the slightest way able to learn from history - fuck this fundamentalists, fuck them and their arrogance - or maybe bow and congratulate them therefor, that they understand the human nature very much better then you.....

F.U.U. - who whom? Kavanaugh? It seems that he's out of the race - but why? The dumb democrats aren't able to stop someone like him? Hey, whom you will be able to defeat if not such a figure? Some women are needed to stop him - I fear this democrats will be not able to win, as we say in Germany, a flowerpot. Maybe I'm wrong - I hope that I'm wrong - but.....

In my youth there was the Cold War, but I felt not so much concerned as nowadays. Maybe it was because in the youth you see things sometimes a bit different. But I have the feeling that, even when you could see some of this "leaders" as crazy and dangerous, they seemed not that crazy and dangerous that they would risk the apocalypse. Think about the Cuban Missile Crisis, they not risked everything. But today? It seems as that this idiot, his fascist and racist bunch, and the money greedy bloodsuckers have lost every sense for a limit. They risk that everything tumbles down - hey, you assholes have no children? I mean, I have none, but you? This bunch looks to me like Louis

XVI and Marie Antoinette, at least I hope so!

The Kings and Queens by the grace of God - that's how they see themselves till today. Maybe it would be good not to talk all the time about God but more about the people? But maybe the people should no longer listen to them, but more listen to themselves? But that would presume something like an own mind - now we have a problem.....

It would be as simple as that - don't listen to and don't accept the extremes, the fundamentalists, the ones who offer you simple solutions, final solutions, solutions without alternatives.....would this be that difficult? Be a conservative, be a democrat, be left-wing, be right-wing, believe in God or do not so.....at the moment I think and fear that this story will have no happy ending.....

## XVIII

I listen the blues and ask myself how could it be that in the self-proclaimed richest country on earth the people are willing that a rich oligarchy pisses on them - somehow strange, or? A breathtaking beautiful woman walks in the rain, her hair is wetted by the drops - my teardrops blow in the wind and I think about this stupid little creatures crawling on earth's face. How puzzling to be one of them - and the woman passes by while I wished to be allowed to touch gently her face. But that will never happen, this little stupid creatures, never they will become in a way clever, never I will touch her face. Awful feelings while the sun sets, thinking about to visit the fluctuating lights tonight - do you know the answer?

I'm swaying, no hearts delight, I've the feeling that I'm ill, and the world begins to whirl around me, while I stay grounded in the middle of all, in the eye I'll stay, while the feeling of nausea becomes more and more dominant and I'm asking myself: Wouldn't it be better to vomit? Who knows, maybe this feeling is caused by the world that surrounds me, not by the things I've eaten and drunken - maybe it's simply the shit of the last days.....

Do you know her name? Would you give me her name? Her address? Her phone number? No? Doesn't matter, what should I do with it - fucking stupid old man! Should I simply wait to die - lonely as I? Should I listen to such music and cry? Should I see myself as God, or send by God, to fulfill his will? But I don't live in this country with this stupid Second Amendment - give me a gun and I'll be God to punish all this sinners - what a fucking country this can be, what a wonderful country this can be!

The blues can heal you, really Mr. Hooker? I hear the blues at day, I hear the blues at night, but I see, I feel, no remedy - I become dizzy, my head's spinning, I feel exhausted, something comes over me, I feel weak, breakdown - how unbelievable beautiful the woman in the nightgown is? I think I have to vomit - how vulnerable she looks, how strong she is, how weak I am, my stomach twists, my guts rebel, I shiver, the letters and numbers on the keys become blurred, but her lips and eyes enchanting me.....

And if that would be not enough, Almost Blue? Why just this fucking tears of shame, the shame of loneliness, the shame to be what you're be, what you've become, the doors, the rose gardens, all this fucking stupid references and images - Do you wanna jump, jump, jump.....

I've the feeling to dissolve, but not in trust, in melancholy, and the world smashes me to the ground and I disperse in a billion small pieces and feel fulfilled, every small piece is one of this small lights at the night sky.....

But look at this wonderful lights, you wanna touch them? You never will touch them! Such near they seem to be sometimes, such ungraspable far away they are.....



Traveling in time, captured by the 50s, stuck in that time? Does you see the gorgeous white woman there, standing all alone with here sad eyes? But I´m only a dirty nigger boy, she even not realizes that I´m there, looking at her and thinking awful thoughts about unholy things. Yeah, that was a time, the right time, where men were men, and women were women and fuckers like Kavanaugh were the best men - too bad, no alcohol at home, an Old Fashioned would be cool now! And that brings me to the beginning: Why we are such obsessed by material things? Not that I agree with Janis Joplin, you know that thing about freedom? But isn´t there something between nothing and as much as just possible? Is greed the only possibility.....what a fucking naive question.....

At least I feel a bit better now, will sit a bit outside and looking at the stars - alone of course! And sadly not on Santa Monica Beach.....

#### **XIV**