

New Orleans Blues

The New Orleans Blues

Oh, nothing I know, nothing
Close my eyes and pick the cotton
Look up to the man on its horse

I would had been a good nigger
Vulgar Old Man
All the time hard working

But that time is long ago
No longer slavery
At least not in this way

New Orleans - so far, so near
New Orleans - jazz and marching bands
Susan - American-English course, Stuttgart university

Should I travel to New Orleans
They say so different now, after Katrina
The capitalists were happy about their chances

French Quarter, same tourist's shit as Hollywood Boulevard
I fear, not to say: Of course!
Always the same story

Why I think about New Orleans
Not really sure about
The Deep South, Summertime and Southern Belle

It's a myth?
It's a myth!
It's always a myth!

But we love such myths
But we need such myths
I wanna delve in this myth

But what is the myth for me
I don't know
My daddy would not be rich - and my ma?

Ella, was it you, who comments while sing it, the "easy livin'"
Yeah, that easy livin'
Yeah Ella, not long ago

Ella the nigger slave
No house nigger
Not beautiful enough

On the fields
On the stages
Less slave?

Also as a star - still have to use the backdoor
Your house in Bel Air - you're allowed to use the front door
You had servants?

The Deep South - KKK and burning crosses
Lynch mob and bombs in churches
Would I had been a good master?

I'm a German - we killed millions
Is it disturbing, that no European country practiced slavery
Although all had colonies in Africa and no ocean in between

America, first the true Americans
You call them "native"
Then the deportation and enslavement of Africa

Also your history has spots
Yeah, I know I'm a German
But at least, I reflect about it, and feel ashamed

Even when it's a bit stupid
Nothing I can change about it
Yes, you also reflected about slavery - do you feel ashamed

I asked the question, where I would live, would I live in L.A.
Should I ask: Who I would had been, would I had lived in the Deep South at this time
Most probably one who sits on a horse
Enjoying the next possibility to fuck one of this nigger bitches
Ella

The Deep South
Today
New Orleans, a raped city?

Mississippi - America's poorhouse
Alcohol and jazz as bar music
I drown, drown in a broad, sluggish river

Grover Washington Jr. - Winelight
Have bought the album as a young man
Yeah, this can become the beginning of a fascinating travel

I hope I will not loose myself in cliches
Today no "Radio Monte Carlo 2"
See an outstanding beautiful women, sitting in the armchair on the other side of the small table,
In her huge, white dress with bare shoulders - the armchair would too small therefore....

And now?
New Orleans - a conglomeration of cliches like L.A.
And yet, I fell in love with in her, a deep melancholic love - and New Orleans?

Would be happy to live in the States
Yeah, the New England states
But then, without any doubt

The deep, Deep South

N.B.: The European countries practiced slavery in their colonies. In their homelands they had a proletariat - also a form of slavery.

Deep In The South - The Past - History

The Deep South

I fear, only clichés enter my mind - yeah, the river, the slaves, Mark Twain, "North and South" - oh, come on! Stop it! "Strange Fruit" - definitely better, the southern breeze and the sudden smell, but then - not in a very awful way also a cliché? The typical German in a movie about WW II - an endless number of clichés? The normal, ordinary person in.....New Orleans, the South -Stuttgart, Germany.....

Harrison, most racist town? In Europe - not too much refugees! Tom Petty - Southern Accents? I don't know.....what I know is, that I'm a white man - in the South and in Germany - not slave, the man on the horse? - not victim, the perpetrator? - or maybe "only" a fellow traveler, in both places, one who keeps his mouth shut, in both places - who knows, never there will be an answer - not to this questions.....

Redneck country? Reality TV cliché or more? Boo Boo Davis still in my mind - also a cliché? The Deep South - I live in the south of Germany, the people in the north think we're a bit strange, always with a stick in the ass, "Grüß Gott" - "Greet God", and don't forget the handshaking! The South - time to think about it.....Old White Man!

Skin And Bones

An answer to a question at the website "Quora" (www.quora.com) showed a man - no, no man, only skin and bones! My first thought - Holocaust, KZ (concentration camp), Auschwitz, Dachau.....but then - Civil War!

Okay, the Civil War was a war, and wars are never something beautiful - only in propaganda movies! But never I would had associated such a picture with the Civil War, the North against the South, Slavery and more.....

I started to read - started with the links, given in the answer - read the comments, various webpages.....yes, all not so simple, the why, the who.....but one thing was obvious, war is shit! Was this war about - yeah, what? Interesting to read about it, strange facts - never died more Americans in a war? Also not in WW II? Think about the Civil War movies, even when they showed cruel things - also a lot of kitsch.....

Skin and bones - the reality? A reality? Scarlett O'Hara - realistic kitsch or kitschy reality, two ideas about a nation, two ideas about humanity - or do you think I would support slavery? Yes, the southern belle in her gorgeous dress, so beautiful, with her nigger slave aside.....

Sure, my world would had been the North, I would had despised the Southerners, and today? Retrospectively everything is so easy, whether you favor the North or the South, it will be easy - but the present? The North defeated the South, The Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America, The Fourteenth, The Fifteenth - the real "The Birth of a Nation"! History - the war between "Germany" and Austria, and than between "Germany" and France - birth of a nation, das Deutsche Kaiserreich, the German Empire - what a time, on both continents. You have a problem? Wage war! Always a good idea, to find answers! Well, some will die, some will suffer, but will have your answer - history in it's simple form, history for cowards, for kings and emperors, but not for enlightened politicians.....

Skin and bones - it's not important, whether Nazi era or Civil War, or maybe the Yugoslav wars, it's a document about the insanity, the human insanity, the human inability to act at least a bit "human".....

The River

It was a small river, the river in which I nearly drowned, as a young boy, not such an impressive river, at least impressive.....

Every river is a small river, at least at the beginning. Also my small river joined a larger river who joined.....and so on. Well, the end of the story will be the English Channel - not that impressive! But come on, the "Ol' Man River" ends in the Gulf of Mexico, also not that impressive! I mean, you know - this thing with the "Endless Ocean".....

I look at pictures of the river, modern pictures, the bridges, the cities - Baton Rouge, should I live there? Steamboats, black men singing, Boo Boo Davis? I've the blues, strange mood, two hours ago I did the ESTA application - with success! Los Angeles and San Francisco - really? Doubts - well, Los Angeles fits definitely to me - sick city! San Francisco? The Los Angeles River - a joke! San Francisco - river? Okay, the Pacific Ocean, but river? The Mississippi, yeah, that's a river - and the harmonica a wonderful instrument, sitting at the riverside.....

I live between two rivers, very small rivers compared with the Mississippi, but at least I live between two rivers - the "Kocher" and the "Neckar", I love it to be at the riverside. As kids we built a raft to sail down the Neckar - Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Fin? Well, the raft was a disaster and.....

We played very often at the rivers, every year, when the snow melted, in my youth we had a lot of snow, the Kocher and Neckar flooded the region! The town I lived in my youth, and live today again, "Kochendorf", was flooded partly every year. The flood never came to our house, but sometimes somewhat near. But the part around the mill! Every year! Today they have built a protection system, no more floods - the Mississippi floods - New Orleans.....

I sit at a river and some music can be heard, idly like the river, wonderful like the river - now with Sam McClain in the ears.....yes, the river, and so it's obvious, one day, one day I have to stay there, at the waterfront - fuck, why Santa Monica Beach? Yeah, swimming in the river.....should end for tonight - Howlin' Wolf.....maybe this will become interesting weeks.....

Cotton Fields

Summertime and Southern Man, the music in my ears, cotton fields and burning crosses, no longer, bygone time. Or the cotton fields are still there, only looking a bit different, the crosses are, for sure!, still there. I'm now somewhat unfair? I see the Confederate flag, the good old days, yeah Mr. Moor, your good old days, where everything had its right place - do you speak for the Southern States? Not everything was bad after '33, some Germans say - well, we murdered millions, started an awful war, but not all was bad at this time - happy Germany! It was a fucking time, and nothing was good! What a disgusting talk.....

Kill him! Wrong believe, wrong color - hey, we will find a reason! I'm white, and I'm German - what can you wish more, than to be this? Would I travel to the South, who would greet me? I think

it would depend on, how I would behave - or? Burning flags in Germany, Israeli flags, today - looks not that good, in the former Nazi land - or? Cotton field in the South, concentration camps in Germany - "nigger" slaves in the South, Jewish "Untermenschen" in Germany - "nigger" or "Untermensch", what you wanna be? Well, what the past concerns, I fear, it looks not that good for Germany.....

But the past is the past - and today? Without any doubt, people, stick-in-the-mud, die-hard, you will find everywhere. The question rather is, how many of them you will find, whether this thinking is consensus or not. Would you say today, in Germany, that a Jew is a "Untermensch", you will be prosecuted - and I support this absolutely! That some burned the Israeli flag, entailed a harsh condemnation - you can criticize Israel, the current government, the settlement policy for instance, but not question the State of Israel as such. And the South of the USA?

It's puzzling and disturbing for me, to see the Confederate flag and the Nazi flag side by side, to see people with the Confederate flag in one hand, while they do the Hitler salute with the other hand. But frightening for me is, that this entails no harsh condemnation! Wow, with a president who babbles that this are "good people"? I know, the First Amendment, but.....in Germany you will be prosecuted, no swastika, no Hitler salute, no Jewish "Untermensch" - is it so cool to be allowed to say, that an Afro-American a "nigger" is, that the days of slavery were good days? I think it's fucking shit to say this.....

But still the question, how many say this. I see the photographs - Strange Fruit. But I see also this photographs - stacked dead bodies, emaciated, dehumanized. But Germany has changed quite a lot. Yes, we have neo-Nazis, we have racists, but we also have a "wehrhafte Demokratie" (fortified or militant democracy) today. But thereto a nation has to have common values, and a government that trust in the people, and people who trust in their government. But then, for instance, an Electoral College is something confusing.....

Is the problem, that everything changes? Germany changes, some fear, but everything changes. Isn't it good, that the Nazi era is over? Was it that nice to live in the South at this time? Is living today maybe more pleasant? No "nigger" slaves any more, but air condition? Where would be the problem, when the "white race" wouldn't superior over the "black race"? When both "races" would be equal? When in the end the word "race" would be an anachronism? Sometimes some say, because this would result in a demise - but isn't the South the poorest part of the USA? Maybe a "together" would be more successful? Germany and France were archenemies for centuries, till after WW II. Then the French and Germans shook hands, much better than to fight. Would today someone say, that one have to hate a French person, as a German, because he's a French - laughter would be the reaction, the same in France. Should this give hope?

We waste so much energy, money, time.....therewith, to defining us as something better. A French is not better as a German, a German is not better than a French, a White is not better than a Black, a Black is not better than a White - why do you have to think about this after all? Because, yeah, why? Always the same topic - are we humans just only idiots? The Deep South, the poorhouse of the USA, maybe you should change something - okay, to be fair. I definitely think, that with Hillary Clinton nothing would had changed, nothing positive for the South, nothing! But do you really think that the idiot from N.Y. is interested in you, not to talk about this fascistic and hypocritical Bannon - do you really think he's interested in you? Hey, maybe this is the problem? Maybe.....

The City By The Bay - The Present - ?

The Unknown City

New Orleans, some say, you're no longer, not as before, the storm, not thinkable in Germany, that after years!, you still see destroyed houses - state measures and aid, that the people can rebuild their houses, that they will be able to stay. Some say, the storm was a gift for all investors, hedge funds, capitalists.....fallen by the wayside, the poor, the Afro-Americans, women.....sounds a bit like the USA.....sound a bit like this image of the bad USA - cliché?

Los Angeles, I have to return! San Francisco - I'm excited! New Orleans - I only can imagine that I would be disappointed by the city - why? I would search for the blues, the New Orleans Jazz, the marching bands, Cajun! But I fear it would be like Hollywood Boulevard, the part with the stars - shit! Or would I find my "Downtown West / Westlake" there? My Wonder Bakery, my Crenshaw Boulevard? I'm sure, definitely, I will find this in San Francisco - why not in New Orleans? I always loved jazz music, I always had my problems with blues music - yeah, Boom Boom, The Blues Brothers, saw it but not felt it! And I "think" that's the key - don't hear it, and fuck not think about it!, feel it!

New Orleans - would I find you, would I be able to feel you, maybe I simply should try.....

Storyville

Should we start with some disgusting and hypocritical shit like Louis Malle's movie "Pretty Baby"? When I look at Bellocq's photographs I see no All-American beauty Brooke Shields, neither a Susan Sarandon - I see women, destinies, no twelve-year-old girls happy about to have lost their virginity, to the highest bidder.....

Today I've seen a documentary about a brothel in India, a brothel today - so much like Storyville! The women weren't happy to work there. The young girls neither, twelve or thirteen years old - very expensive, at least as long as they are virgins.....

Reminds me of Chinatown, the prostitutes, often very young, addicted to drugs, suicide, no, no happy and glamorous life! Isn't it always the same story? Chinatown, India, Philippines, Thailand or Storyville - does this matters?

As long as you have poor and uneducated people, in contrast to wealthy people, this story will not end - do you know that prostitution is illegal in Sweden since 1998? The suitors will be prosecuted, not the prostitutes! Everything good now in Sweden? Of course not! Nevertheless, I think it's a statement, an important statement!

The best statement maybe? Give the people education and a life perspective, forget class distinction - oh fuck, what dreamy shit! Storyville, name it as you like, will be forever, because you always will have men who will chose this way! Because you will, for all time, have men who need this to show that they are superior, something special, or.....to harsh? Where's the women who likes to be a prostitute? Where's the nice men, who goes to a prostitute from time to time, to find some tenderness? Yeah, then we can talk about Violet and how much she enjoyed it.....

Storyville, if someone tells me that this is no word that should saddens you, than fuck off! Saddens you, like the brothel in India, or wherever.....

The Big Easy

Who would like to decide, who used the expression for the first time? Maybe at least nowadays it's no longer important anyway - the expression is in existence. And as always, I would claim, this expression is a lie, at least a half-truth - Los Angeles, City of Angels? Like the Roaring Twenties - roaring for whom? But maybe there's also a bit truth - women can show their "tits" - wow, if this is not something fantastic! By the way, is it true, that it's allowed in New York to walk on the streets topless - I mean for women? USA! - even in Cologne, the "Fasching" / carnival / Mardi Gras stronghold of Germany, it's not allowed to do this! And New York? A woman would run into serious trouble, would she walk on the street topless in Germany! Okay, you can lay totally naked in the sun, par example in the "Englischer Garten" (a public park) in Munich - but that's a different story. My point? Maybe there's in fact more easiness in this city then elsewhere.

But, and maybe my problem begins there, thinking about New Orleans and easiness I see and hear a marching band, I see a funeral, I hear jazz, I see brown and black people, people from Africa and the Caribbean. But that's too easy, Cajun and Creole (people), only as two words and pictures. And then the hurricane(s)! The decline in inhabitants after Hurricane Katrina, the gradual increase thereafter. Many poor had to leave the city, not able to afford the rebuilding of their houses themselves - in Germany and Europe this would had been a "national endeavor", not in USA. Others came, slowly, many say, that the character of the city has changed a lot. No more easiness any more?

For me the question arises, would I travel in this city now, would I be in the same city like I would had been, say fifteen years before? So far as I can see it, I would say no - and if that would be true, that would hurt me. Not that I say, that nowadays it's no longer interesting to visit the city, but my first contact with this city is long ago. At the university in Stuttgart I had to participate in a class for American English, held by Susan from New Orleans. I started to think about, that I should visit this city one time - I have not to say, that I never did! And now, is it too late now? Too late to visit this city, the city as it was - I wasted so much time! My next stay in the USA will be in Los Angeles and San Francisco. But then two aims are obvious. Boston and the New England States, New Orleans and the Deep South - I'm only not sure in which order. Or? Sure, I will go for Boston and this states. New Orleans and the Deep South, I'm not sure - therefore the next aim should be obvious.....

French Quarter - Bourbon Street

I've read recently an article about the French Quarter and the Bourbon Street in the German newspaper which I've subscribed. The topic was the music, the (marching) bands, the jazz and the blues - the topic was, that in every bar, cafe, club.....there's a (small) stage, music everywhere. But not only there, on the streets, at every corner, bands, music, everywhere. Especially when the night comes in, and of course during the night, but also during the whole day, and if only someone who performs skiffle music. Music all the time, everywhere - but sometimes I had the feeling while reading the article, that the colors where too bright drawn, some overtones where clearly there. But that was not the point. The feeling came up, is it a mistake not to go there? Would this the place where you should be?

Two possibilities I see: Either I would fall in love with this place totally, or, I would feel pranked. I had the feeling at the end that I had read an article about Disney Land. About Cinderella and all the others, about the beautiful castles and suchlike - about this boring tourist stuff. Not to understand me wrong, the fairy tales are the one side, the beautiful one, but, Disney Land.....!

But, there was another feeling. This feeling told me, that it would be an absolute stupidity, not to go

to this place. The slightest chance, that it would be only a bit, like this article suggested it, it would be a shame not to travel to this city!

But still, Los Angeles - no, not Hollywood, not the Hollywood Boulevard, not all this places that you have to visit as a tourist define this city for me. Quite the contrary! The places, of them they tell you as a tourist, you should not go there, are the places who define this city for me! The places why I love this city! And New Orleans? The French Quarter and the Bourbon Street are definitely tourist spots - so.....? And Santa Monica Pier and Santa Monica Beach? Not less - or?

Well, the flight is booked, and everything else is also arranged - too late for now. But now it's definitely defined - my next aim has to be New Orleans.....

The Unknown South

You Cannot Judge Upon What You Not Know

We judge all the time - so less we know. I know so less about the South, I fear many Southerner know (very) less about the world. I will stop this part tonight, but I really hope that I will be able, at least one time, to stay in the Deep South. I hope I would be a fair observer, that my prejudices not would affect me too much, but also, that I would be able to stand to my convictions. A Nazi flag, the flag of millionfold murderers, is no acceptable, nor the KKK - but, were all Germans Nazis? Yeah, the pictures in our minds - not all black men are Uncle Toms, some are criminals and fucking idiots.....yeah, our prejudices.....

The Black-Man's Burdon

I opened my eyes, it was cold now, lay naked on the bed, the blanket at the footboard, at least compared with the midday heat, rain, heavy raindrops pattering, the tin roof in front of the open window, I shivered, the coldness was refreshing, the sweat was disappeared, I sat up, on the edge of the bed, the cold breeze touched my back - was it the cold breeze?

I looked over my shoulder and looked at her body, she was still asleep. I stood up, walked around the bed, to the window, the heavy rain, the heavy drops, the beat while they hitting the tin roof, hypnotic, I staggered and felt cold in the refreshing midnight breeze. The spatters of the rain and the moisty air wetted my body more and more, a dried out flower in a downpour - I leaned out as far as possible, the heavy raindrops lapped round my body, water ran down my body and gave him new life.

I turned around and sat on the window sill. I looked at her wonderful, gorgeous, soft shaped, velvety - what should I say? - I looked at her body. Her wonderful dark black skin, looked at my pale - dark, dark black.....her wonderful cheekbones, the soft shoulders, her lovely collarbones - her mellifluous breasts and nipples, her graceful arms, the delicate wrists, the gracile fingers. I looked at he soft belly, the tender hips, the dark crimped pubic hair, her delicate thighs, knees, calves and feet - and her head. Her soft curved eyebrows, her lovely nose, her chin and again the cheekbones - her dark and so bright eyes I couldn't see, but her wonderful hair - hair, I also had wonderful hair. Black and long, with beautiful natural curls. My sibling was very jealous about it, at the hairdresser, always they talked about how velvety it was. Yes, my hair also beautiful was, but the rest - how wonderful beautiful she was - everything was of outstanding beauty, she was a woman.

I stood up and walked to the bathroom to dry my wet skin. I looked in the mirror, into my face, into my eyes, not such eyes, eyes to drown into. I took a towel and rubbed my hair and face, it hurt, and I looked again in the mirror. Some spots on my cheeks, rubbed again, to get rid of them. But they became only more obvious, the more I rubbed, all the more they became obvious. I started to rub my arms and my feet - spots, more and more spots - dark spots. I started to rub my face, as hard and long I was able to, and looked into it again. It was dark now, very dark now, black now. Not as pretty as hers, but at least more pretty than before. And I did the same with the rest of my body, and after it - again, not as pretty than hers, but at least more pretty than before.

I walked back to the sleeping room, laid me on the bed, next to her, and kissed gently her shoulder....