

**To Be A Woman Means To Be Humbly
III**

Just A Job

I've a job for you, she said, as I looked at her. What should I say, I had no words, only fascination. The most beautiful women I know? Well, Dominique Sanda of course and of course Geraldine Chaplin - or her mother, too much they look alike. It would be a crime not to mention Fanny Ardant and Romy Schneider - the list could be endless in a way. Women, all of them have their own beauty. But the woman opposite to me? It felt like the incarnation of womanhood would sit at the other side of the desk. I had some problems to concentrate.

"A job?"

"Yes, or does you have no time at the moment?"

Should I reply something stupid now, like: For a woman like you, I will have time ever.

"No, actually I have no client at all at the moment."

"That's good, because I fear that my concern will need your full concentration. I fear, that you will have no time for other clients in the near - and maybe far - future."

"Your concern?"

"A man offered me a billion dollar, for a night with him. I would have to do everything that he wants. Excluded would be things, that would leave a permanent damage. Especially no things like cutting, burning, torturing or killing."

"That's sounds a bit weird to me."

"Really? I thought, that this would be not that far away for somebody like you."

"Why?"

"You're a man - or?"

"Yes, definitively. But I think that not all men....."

".....yes, for sure. Whatever. I asked him, why he thinks, that I would accept his offer. He answered: Because, I'm the man, and you're the woman. Your job is, to answer me my question: Shall I accept his offer?"

"I not have the feeling that this a job for a private detective - if it's a job at all. Maybe you should better ask somebody like a philosopher? It's more a question of moral - or? A specialist for ethics would be the best man for you - I think."

"No, believe me, you're definitively the person I need."

"You not tell me now, that I would be the only one, who could save the earth - or something like that? This is the way how stupid Hollywood movies begin."

"Maybe this is a stupid Hollywood movie?"

"I hope not - do we start a philosophical argumentation about reality now?"

"No, you're as real as I'm."

"That not answers anything."

"In a stupid Hollywood movie I would give you a passionate kiss now. But I will not, maybe that's the answer to your concern."

And I? What would be my next line now? What a pity, I would have liked it!

"Still the question stays, why I?"

"Because, I'm the woman and you're the man."

"Okay, I take it. And I take it, because it will be pointless."

"Why it should?"

"Because, there will be never an answer to your question, at least no generally binding one. As I said, it's a philosophical question and such questions have never a last answer."

"This also applies to science."

"Not in that way. But apart from that, where I should start an investigation - I'm an investigator. In front of the building? On the other side of the world? This all has no meaning!"

"Oh, I think therewith I can help you."

"I'm all ear!"

"Enter the city and start to ask around."

"Yeah, which city?"

"The City of Women."

"Never heard of, is this an Italian thing?"

"I fear, it's an universal thing."

"And where can I find this city?"

"Maybe the city will find you? - Just a little joke! It will be no problem to find the city - you're the investigator, and....."

"Yes?"

"You're the man....."

I sat at my desk and looked up at the ceiling - was this had been real? A check on my table, no small one - it seemed so. Would it be okay to wait some time, to wait a longer time and then to give her an answer - yes or maybe no? The City of Women, what should that mean? A city with women only - or maybe a city ruled by women? A city with women only would be whimsical - it would be no longer a city of women, would I be there! But maybe that would be the knack, would be the finesse on it? Whatever, it was too late now for doing anything - except a drink or maybe two.....

The City of Women

At The Huge Gate

I stood in front of the huge gate and looked at the gargoyles, way up in the air. They looked at me, like gargoyles do it, but I had not the feeling that they tried to threaten me. I had more the feeling they would invite me, to open up the huge gate.

Walk down your thirteenth beach, look for the bridge to jump of - I don't believe in Marilyn and Jesus.

I touched the wood, the cold wood, the beautiful wood and had the feeling that it would be easy to push open the huge gate. Nonetheless I hesitated, but not because I feared something, more in the way you delay something, something of that you know that it will be wonderful. But maybe there was also this anxious feeling, that your feelings were maybe wrong, that it would be not that easy to open up the huge gate, that it was maybe impossible for you to open up the huge gate.

I looked at the gargoyles again, at their beautiful faces and their impressive wings. They invited me, invited me to step in, to come into the city behind the huge gate. The city behind the huge gate? What was the city behind the huge gate?

A name, only a name - names are without meaning.

I took a deep breath and looked at the scary grimaces and the threatening wings of the gargoyles and pushed the huge gate open like it would be made of paper.

The Woman Behind The Huge Gate

A woman leant at a stone wall, a huge skirt, looked like medieval or so, shabby, a bit dirty, the top open, one could see her breasts. I looked at her, she looked at me, looked inviting.

"You like what you see?"

"If I'm not wrong, then whores had to bare their breasts - I think in Florence or Venice, during the time of the Medici or so."

"Then I'm a whore?"

"Looks like?"

"Then I'm a whore."

"I've opened the huge gate. You're the first I see."

"You like what you see?"

"Still not know if this is a city inhabited by women only, or a city ruled by women."

"You're here and what would be the difference?"

"In the first case this would be no longer The City Of Women, because of I'm here now."

"Don't worry, you're the man....."

The City Behind Huge The Gate

I turned my head and looked at the city, tried to look at the city. Altering and unstable, intangible and hallucinatory, time and space seemed to become nebulous, felt drunken, no clear thought anymore.....to dive into, to dive into the city to drown therein, deeper and deeper.....

Day One – Supernal Entity

Maria – of Nazareth or of Magdala?

Noli me tangere! - Why?

Maria - of Nazareth or of Magdala? In any case, woman and supernal entity and whore - what a combination! But names are names, call her Bathsheba, Judith, Miriam, Ruth or Susanna? Maybe even Phoebe, Junia or Lydia? The creation of an image, that never can become real, the creation of a demand, that never can be fulfilled. But maybe that's the purpose of all this, creating something that will be never be reachable? Creating a situation, that give you forever the basis to blame someone, to suppress someone, to damn someone? Come on, don't try to be naive! We all are knowing who the narrator of this narrations is - and by the way, God sent "his" son, not "his" daughter!

Perfect In A Perfect World

"Who are you?"

"I'm the perfect imagination."

"Imagination of whom?"

"Of you of course."

"And now?"

"Close your eyes and follow me."

"How I should be able to follow you with closed eyes?"

"You wouldn't be able to follow me with open eyes - close your eyes, it's better for you."

I closed my eyes and followed her.

The Fashionable Lady

I opened my eyes and saw a long corridor, a seemingly endless corridor, a corridor with a red carpet, a white wood paneling and a red wall covering from there till the white ceiling. At regular intervals white doors to the left and the right, and at the ceiling, altering with the doors, huge crystal chandeliers. No windows, only the chandeliers's light - I looked behind me. The same sight, a seemingly endless corridor.

I decided to open the next door to my left - a huge room opened up. I could not grasp the room, only the low couch, gilded wood and red velvet, in the middle of the room - and the woman who was draped on it.

I had no idea how I should describe her, in her green and white dress - or should I better say robe. I saw a necklace and a bracelet with emeralds and diamonds - as well as a ring. Her dark black hair, the eyebrows and the bright red lips - the dark eyes. Her delicate wrists, the white stocking-footed ankles and the heeled black strapped shoes. She looked tall and slender, her naked shoulders and her collarbones, her cheek bones - her décolletage. She appeared like a doll, artificial, motionless, but breathing - her chest moved barely visible.

I tried to look at the spot, which she fixed during all the time, but I could spot nothing there, could grasp nothing there. I asked myself whether I should enter the room or not, but had the feeling that it would be a mistake to disturb her more then I already did - I had the feeling, even when it seemed as she not noticed me at all, that I would disturb her in her doing - whatever her doing was.

I tried to close the door as silently and carefully as I could and looked at the next chandelier. The

candles were all new, it seemed as they were kindled just a moment ago. I looked at the other chandeliers, also their candles burned not since a long time, it seemed as all candles were kindled just a moment ago.

I opened the door to my right, no surprise that another large room opened up, hardly to grasp. And again a seating furniture stood in the middle of the room – a wonderfully elegant rococo settee . A lot of gilded wood, very gracile ornamentation, dark blue velvet, the seating surface with colorful flowers. A woman sat on it, another huge robe. But had the last one made the impression of the 1940s, maybe 1950s, French or Italian or even American, this robe was definitively rococo. Turquoise with many red flowers on it, and red ribbons at the top part - around her neck a neckband with another red ribbon. Below of that her white skin, her white breasts, pushed up by the corsage, flat breath, bracelets and rings. The enormous skirt covered the whole settee, gracile white ankles and cute tiny golden shoes with ribbons. It seemed as she would look at me, but she looked through me, her eyes frozen.

Again I closed the door very slowly and very carefully, not to disturb her in her doing. I looked ahead at the other doors, did some steps forward. Should I open the next door?

I opened the next door - to my left. A huge room, hardly to grasp, a simple wooden chair in the middle. The woman who sat on on it, with long red curls and blue eyes, wore a wonderful light summer dress with flowers and birds on it. It seemed a little bit as she would wore nothing else, apart from the black strapped shoes with moderate heels, but maybe this was only fantasy - whereby she definitively wore no bra. She smiled, her face illuminated, her sight not to define. She looked not at me, that much I could say.

I closed the door even more carefully. To disturb her, would had been unforgivable!

Of course, I also opened the door to my right, the same kind of room, a tall and slender woman stood in the middle of it. Her skin was of light brown color, her hair dark black. She wore a kind of.....toga? Roman? Greek? Most likely Egyptian, but I was not sure about it - and no, it was neither Nefertiti nor Cleopatra, at least I thought so. In a moment I though she would look at me, would eyeball me, but then I became aware that she not took notice of me at all.

I closed the door carefully, somewhat confused, but maybe only disappointed. Aware, that to disturb her would had been very stupid.

I raised me head and looked at the next chandelier and realized that its candles were burned down nearly. Also at the next by one chandelier. I looked back, all candles of all chandeliers were nearly burned down now. In a few seconds they would die - I closed my eyes.....

Birth Of A Child

"Open your eyes."

"Where I'm?"

"I hope that I have not to tell you this!"

"Well, I see that this is a labor ward. I see the pregnant woman who will obviously give birth soon. That I can see, but why I'm here, this was my question."

"To be a witness of this moment, you cannot witness this moment often enough."

"I never was present at such an occurrence so far!"

"Not? You were not interested in, to see the birth of your children?"

"I've no children."

"Oh, well, then this will become a very special moment for you."

I looked over my shoulder and realized I was alone with the woman, waited for a moment but nobody came, I was alone with her. I stepped nearer and started to talk with her.

"The medics, why nobody is here with you, the midwife?"

"I don't think that somebody will come."

"Come on, obviously we're in a hospital! Who brought you here, who prepared all this - the people who were here before?"

"Yes, but they told me that a man would come, and I think that you're the man."

"That would be a stupid idea, I was never present at such an occurrence so far!"

"Not? You were not interested in, to see the birth of your children?"

"I've no children."

"Oh,....."

She looked surprised and thoughtful. I tried to say something.

"The pain, still bearable?"

"Does it looks so?"

"Well, not really. But I have no idea how I could help you."

"Neither have I! You can talk with me, much more I fear you cannot do, as a man."

"Well, then I try my best....."

"And?"

"I think we should cut the umbilical cord? But I don't know how we should do it, maybe I can find some instruments?"

"This is not such important now - can you give me my child?"

"Sure, but....."

"You really have no idea about all that, or?"

"No, not really!"

"Isn't it a beautiful child?"

"Well, I always thought that a newborn looks not that.....beautiful."

"I think, it's not a question of "that" beauty."

"Sorry, but.....well, I'm not the father. Maybe that's a reason - yes, it's a beautiful child, and to be here at this moment was something very special."

"Well, you only looked and talked. At least you stayed the course - far more than many a men."

"Yeah, it's one thing to be present at such an occurrence, but another thing it's to be the one who has "to do it"."

"Yeah, nature knows why we women have to give birth and not the men!"

There once was a man who had to punish a woman for their unforgivable behavior - she had reached out for knowledge! From now on she had to give birth, to suffer very much while doing so! That was his sentence! Sometimes I ask myself - apart from that, that this whole story is infamous - what would have happened, when the man would had been a woman? What would had been her sentence?

Hearing The Nightingale

"Do you hear the nightingale?"

"I hear guns and smell blood - suffering seems surrounding me."

"And the nightingale?"

"No, I hear a butterfly way up high in the air."

"Open your eyes."

"But then I no longer will hear the stroke of the wings of the butterfly."

"Yes, but the nightingale will bestow you with her melody."

I opened my eyes and the awful stench of death gripped my mind.

"This is a military hospital - or? I see uniforms, I hear the battle, I hear the mourning."

"Yes, and yet, even in this awful nightmare there is tenderness."

"But wouldn't it been better, to stop this awful insanity as such? What for a sense does all the tenderness in this world would make at such a place?"

"Nevertheless, also at this place there is tenderness."

"Yes, the nightingale is tender, but there is this other insane beast."

"You lust after, to be the nightingale."

"I'm afraid of, to be the insane beast."

"But I fear that it will be not that easy."

"No, and also not the nightingale's life - everything is always much more multi-layered. I see a man, millions of dead are his plan, picking a Daisy, fulfilled with tender feelings."

"Maybe tenderness is everywhere?"

"That would have an awful consequence."

"And the solution?"

"A world with nightingales only?"

Knowing Your Place

"Does you see her?"

"Of course, I've my eyes closed."

"Yes, it's difficult so see her in an other way. Despite the fact that much is said about her."

"Yeah, behind every successful man stands a strong woman - what a shit! What about the idea, that the strong women would stand in the forefront?"

"Don't be silly, what should we do with all this men then?"

"One of this important moments in the history of science. Edwin Hubble announces his breakthrough discoveries."

"But I cannot see Henrietta Swan Leavitt?"

"Maybe you should close your eyes?"

"Maybe we should be able, at least in our time, to be a bit more precise? To respect who has done what, not only in pretty Sunday speeches?"

"Don't be silly, the Leavitt-Space-Telescope?"

"It was funny as President Macron thanked the FLOTUS for her participation and efforts regarding the ladies program. Where was Angela Merkel's husband? Nice to see her among all the males in

front of the beacon - this image is definitively no firing beacon!"
"Don't be silly, the men's world and the women's heart!"

"Artemisia Gentileschi, Camille Claudel or Gabriele Münter, to name only them. Yes, they get attention now, but what kind of attention? They are still only the women beside the dominant male artists."

"Don't be silly, the world's history is a male's history!"
"The history of the world is a history of empires and wars!"
"Haven't I said this?"

"The FLOTUS as role model - I'm scared about this thought."
"Was Jackie better - always smiling in her nice dresses, while "he" fucked with every woman?"
"Not said this!"
"And, another proposal?"
"Jacinda Ardern for instance?"
"Well, she's very hot. I think that the world's best president would like it, to kiss her."
"That's all? Her behavior in crisis?"
"Don't be silly, do you really think that men are seeing more than the fucking hot woman?"

Womanhood And Pride

"Open your eyes!"
"I'm sick of it!"
"You will see something wonderful."
"Yeah.....?"
"You will see the most wonderful matter one can see."
I opened my eyes.
"A woman with her toddler?"
"Isn't it a wonderful image?"
"Yes, the proud mother. What a wonderful image, is there an image that got more misused?"
"You're very unfair now!"
"You're disagreeing with me? Have we to talk about single mothers, that motherhood is not all the time funny, that it's very easy to glorify motherhood, that many mothers feel forsaken, and more?"
"Don't be silly, you're not even a father!"

Day Two - The Woman As Woman

Whatever, It Will Be Wrong

Be yourself!

Be yourself, create your own place in the world, fulfill your dreams! This world can be yours.....oh, you're a woman! - Nevertheless, find your place, learn the rules, adapt yourself to this world, this world will reward you, everyone has a place in this world!

Playing The Rules

Surrounded by buildings, an endless plaza, from a hut to a palace, from ancient time till today.

"Choose one, the selection is yours."

I selected one.

Let's Be King

I decided to enter a huge and magnificent palace. Wonderful staircases and halls, splendor everywhere. But I saw nobody, the palace seemed to be unoccupied. Then I opened a door which led into a room, a sleeping room obviously, with a huge bed in it - and a man and a woman.

She opened her legs and the man – obviously the king of the palace - penetrated her, now she had reached her aim. She would be now the king's favorite, she would be now the most powerful woman in the country. She had played the game, that they had learned her, that she had learned very well. This was the way that was designated for the women, she fulfilled the providence in an ideal way. Yes, she had to be very carefully now, had to have an eye on her rivals, but she was young and her skin was white, her breasts were full and her vagina was arousing. In some years this might be different, maybe the king would grow weary of her, but not now, now the king was hers.....

I closed the door again.

Welcome To Hollywood

I entered a large hotel, a very well known hotel, with a long history of events in a very well known city, with a long history of events.

"Which room you can recommend me?"

I asked this the woman behind the check-in desk, after I had perambulated the fantastic hotel lobby.

"I could recommend you a very special room, but unfortunately the room is occupied at the moment."

"You mean "that" room?"

"Yes, but as I said....."

"I promise you, I will not be disturbing."

"Okay."

She told me the number of the special room, better of this special suite, because of course it was no normal room, for such an occasion you would need a very fine, maybe the best, suite in the house. I

opened the door and watched the going-on.

He told her, that she would get the contract, but that she would have to be somewhat "nice" to him. She did what he wanted, later she would narrate about it, in her songs, in a metaphorical way. Many said nothing at all, everybody knew it, don't talk about it!

Once a woman said something, tried to create knowledge - punishment was the answer they gave her.

I closed the door again.

Celebrating An Outstanding Beauty

"This house?"

"It's the atelier of an famous painter. Just right now he paints his most famous painting, at least one of the two versions of it - you wanna be a witness of this moment?"

"Why not - do I know the picture, or the pictures?"

"I think yes, very well. Some say that it's the most lovely painting, the most erotic painting of this painter, of this age."

"Some say.....?"

"Ah, there're this feminist art historians. But don't bother, the painting is part of a very famous art gallery today, in a very famous city, one of their iconic paintings. Millions every year are enjoying the sight of it - move on!"

I entered the house, I entered the atelier.

A fourteen-year-old girl lies nude with spread legs on a chaise lounge in a subtle posture. Her breast is covered by her arm and a white cloth, the perspective exactly so, that you cannot see her pudendum right now, especially in the other version, where she looks at you.

She knew how to play the game, became one of the king's mistresses. But she tried to oust the favorite mistress of the king, to become the king's favorite by her own. This game she lost, nevertheless she still lived a live in noble circles, had several husbands and lovers. A fulfilled women's life.

I left the atelier, I left the house.

We All Love Female New Anchors

"Looks like a corporate headquarters?"

"Yes, not that wrong. An important TV station is residing in this building."

"Then let's enter?"

"Sure, would you like to be in the audience of a political discussion?"

"Yes, why not."

"Hello, I welcome you to our today's panel show, my name is Martha. And I have to say, that I sit not on this high chair in a shorter dress that my nice legs are presented perfectly, on eye level, that you look more at my crossed legs, than listening at what I'm talking, on a high chair, my male partner has problems to sit on, because this chairs are very impractical. And it's a lie, that at my news show I'm staged always so, that my legs are very prominent, and it's always by coincident, should it be possible to look under my dress. To say something else would be sexist, I'm a proud female news anchor!"

I had heard - and saw - enough, left the staging.

We All Love Business Women

"This building, looks like a hall, a factory?"

"Step inside."

"Oh, they are making a movie - that's Demi Moore."

"Disclosure."

"I know the movie, have seen it on TV."

"And?"

"Demi Moore plays a sexually aggressive business woman - the reversal of the common men-women relation in such cases."

"And?"

"Very weak movie. Not to say, a trivial story and a trivial movie."

"Because of Demi Moore?"

"No, it's a typical US mainstream movie of the late 80s early 90s. A lot of affectedness, no substance."

"Because of?"

"A woman in the business world - how should she act, if she wishes to make a career? Like Demi Moore? At the end everyone is happy - Michael Douglas has proven his innocence and Demi Moore has many new job offers immediately? The message for me? Look, how wonderful this US business world functions! Is this the reality? We're no fools, or?"

"The nice business women in their nice business dresses.....?"

"Maybe I should shoot an office porn now? At the moment I've the feeling, that this movie would be the more honest one!"

We left.

The Conservative Woman

"Wow, not the cheapest estate, that's for sure."

"Step in."

"A meeting of women, would guess that this are conservative women?"

"No prejudices, please."

"Then I'm right?"

"Yes. They are discussing, which way would be the best way to support the present president. To ensure his re-election."

"Wow! They are really interested in, that he will get a second term?"

"Why not, this is a democratic country?"

"Apart from this question, whether this is a democratic president or not - but, is this a president who acts according the conservative rules?"

"Ask this women?"

"Look at all this women who are surrounding him - Kellyanne, Sarah, Betsy for instance - how they can bear such a man?"

"And the men around him? Why you're not asking about the men?"

"Because.....well, I should think about it."

We left the estate.

Day Three – The Woman As Whore

A Bouquet Of Daisies

I look at a bouquet of daisies and I feel sad, ashamed and tired. Not enough tears I will have in an eternity - crocodile tears, not more. Only meaningless words, nothing substantial. I smell at the tantalizing flowers - how hypocritical a human being can be.....

Around The World In Seventy-Nine Days

I stood in a woozy corridor, an endless corridor. Dim red light was all what I could see.

"Where I'm now?"

"This is the world - at least one of the worlds one can live in."

"You're meaning this metaphorically?"

"No, this is the world. Every door leads you into a part of this world, past and present, you can find here all this and more."

"This reminds me at my first day in the city."

"The first day you opened doors that led you to your dreams, this doors will lead you to your nightmares."

"But why then I should open them?"

"Because you're the man. Men like it, to open such doors - or do you wanna tell me, that....."

"I don't know....."

Women At The Streets

I opened a door, not being interested about it, which door I would open. I had the feeling that this would be unimportant.

"A street, women standing at the wayside? Nothing special, in every larger city one can see this? Some are young, maybe even underage, some are older, some are scarred by their life - this should be a nightmare of mine?"

"You're passing them often, when driving home from the bar or the jazz club. With some of them you're very familiar with, some of them are very familiar with your car. But you never have stopped?"

"Why I should do so? I'm not interested in paying a whore, to pay for sex."

"I not said that you should pull over in order to buy you one of this women?"

"But to.....?"

"Had you ever the feeling that it might would be interesting to talk with one of this women?"

"Every time I pass them....."

The American Dream

"Wow, without any doubts, a multi million dollar estate!"

"Well, Los Angeles and the area was never a cheap place for real estate."

"Ah, have not looked, the city down below is Los Angeles, the City of Angels!"

"You wanna see some Angels?"

"Yes, but I don't believe in them."

"Believe me, this Angels will please you!"

We entered the impressive house, inside it was even more impressive - or? In the end it was the common sterile boredom that this places were expressing always, that one could find all the time in this multi million dollar dream houses.....I turned.

"Wait and see! Go ahead, the view on L.A. from the inside is breathtaking!"

We entered a living room. Yes, the view on L.A. from there was fantastic - the rest? Three young and tender white women - eighteen, twenty maybe - got fucked in their asses by tall and muscular black men with large cocks - "Interracial Porn", one of America's favorites!

"Was this about what they dreamt, as they arrived in this city?"

"Don't think so - what does you're thinking?"

"Well, some became famous - rich? Faye for instance? No, I don't think so."

"Do you like what you're seeing? Does it arouses you?"

"In a way yes, I have to confess. But then it saddens me. I would wish that this women would have the freedom to decide, to have many alternative options. Would some still do it? Yes, I think so, I really think so! But I also think that many would not do it, I think that most would not do it."

We left the house, I had ambivalent feelings. The men's view, the women's few - feminist porn? MeToo - not only women as victims, not only men as offenders. Jeffrey Epstein's "madame" - Ghislaine Maxwell? I was confused!

Little Tokyo

"A pagoda?"

"A Japanese pagoda to be exact. Enter it, if you like it. Every story will provide you interesting insights."

"Insights in what?"

"Don't try to play the innocent, don't try to fool me. Come on, don't be shy, you will like it!"

We entered the pagoda, the first story.

"Should I like it to watch, when a young woman sucks a dog's cock and when she licks the dog's ass?"

"Oh, come on. Of course nobody watches such stuff. You're more the romantic guy? Cosplay, Lolita Fashion, Maidens, Japanese School Girl Fashion? Japan offers for every taste something - definitively also something for you! Come, there are so much more stories!"

We went upstairs, more and more.....

"Yeah, that's much better! Bound women - sorry, Japanese bondage, Shibari. But only women get bound - or? Women who have to suck cock after cock - sorry, Bukkake. Women who get harassed, molested and raped in the end - oh, sorry, it's role play only, in this patriarchic society."

"Yes, this society is a deeply patriarchic society - look at this nice Geisha. Hey, she's no prostitute!"

"Yeah, and in former times she started her career with six years, a patron payed for her education and the expensive kimonos and had therefore some "privileges" - no, no prostitute. He only had the privileged to deflorate her. No male Geisha for entertaining the women- or?"

"You not tell me, that you not like this nice little Japanese girls, their photos and videos?"

"This "idol" stuff?"

"Yes."

"Does they like it?"

"Does Brooke liked it? Come on, she is fully naked and offers you everything! Come on, we should go to the top story. There are two very interesting rooms."

We walked upwards more and more.

"This here?"

"This is the first one."

We entered a room with no humans in it, only pictures.

"Only pictures."

"Nice ones - or?"

"Manga, don't know all this differentiation. Lolicon at least."

"I think, that it's not important to divide this room in all this sub-genres. "

"Little girls, children, often with large European eyes, harassed, molested and raped. Long this was allowed in Japan, as it was long tolerated in Japan, to have sex with an underage girl, as long as she had agreed to it - whatever "agreed to it" means in such a society."

"The next room?"

"There.....?"

"Imagine?"

"The same, but not as pictures?"

"Yes, Rika and Nozomi are waiting."

"If only Rika and Nozomi, I would have not that a problem to enter the room."

"Not?"

"Their photo-books were available, not only in Japan. The photographer is well known, a person like Hamilton or Bourboulon in Europe. They did nude photographs also older than twenty. No, this would be not the problem as such."

"But?"

"I think there will be much more in this room."

"Of course....."

The Russian Girl

"A Russian house."

"Yes, as always with nice things in it!"

"Why I should step in?"

"When knowing what's inside - or?"

"Yeah. Nevertheless, Russia has it's "specialties".

"Then step inside!"

We stepped inside.

"You know, what always had puzzled me?"

"No - well, yes. But move on!"

"All this girls and children?"

"You know them?"

"Well, there was a time when you could get information about it at Wikipedia."

"No longer?"

"As far as I see it, no longer."

"Sad about it?"

"Not sure. But it was interesting to read, that there was a special "scene", that all names were known, the names of the pages on the Internet, the names of the "models" as well as the names of the persons who ran the pages on the Internet. That this happened for many years on a large scale, that the authorities knew everything and that all got stopped only because of the pressure from foreign countries. And in the end nobody became sentenced ever."

"And what puzzles you? Not this, or?"

"No, not this. But all this girls and children. They said, that they did it voluntarily, some over many years. That some do even legal porn later. Why they did it? Money?"

"Why did Brooke it?"

"Her mother, as far as I know it, was very interested in, that her daughter would make a career."

"I fear that there will be no easy and single answer?"

"Maybe, that it not mattered? That in this society for them it was unimportant, in a society that

offered not much more. Obviously nobody was interested in it, nobody cared about it?"

"Maybe.....?"

The Indian Girl

"This.....well....."house"?"

"Yeah, not a very nice place, or? It's the "house" that could be at many places."

"And this in particular."

"Step inside!"

I did it, shabby, a bed, a young girl sitting on it and waiting - an Indian girl obviously.

"How old is she?"

"Twelve."

"I have not to ask what this place is, or?"

"It's her place now, it will be her place for a long time now."

"Does she waits for me?"

"She waits for her first man, the man who will spend a lot of money to be her first man."

"And her parents?"

"Do not blame her parents, but this is India."

"Very poor and very rich - and a woman counts nothing. This will be her life now?"

"Yes, she's old enough now."

"Let me leave."

"Why? You're more interested in an African girl, a girl from the Philippines or Thailand?"

The Good Old Days I

There was this time, when everything was better, more relaxed. Ten-year-old Brooke Shields posed naked for a Playboy publication "Sugar and Spice", models aged sixteen could be seen in the magazine. Ah, and the eleven-year-old Eva Ionesco could be seen naked in the Italian Playboy.

It was nothing special to see underage "actresses" in cine films - and some regret: A movie like "Pretty Baby" could be hardly filmed today - thanks to Louis Malle and Brooke's mother, to a more enlightened society!

Was it a sexualization of young girls, even children? Is nakedness something evil? All this, such, and much more questions - my problem therewith?

Rika and Nozomi, this Russian girls, Brooke or Eva - was it their decision? And I mean, pondered they about it and decided then: Yes, I will do it. Could they say: I can decide in another way, this will change nothing.

Yes, women are abusing young boys - and by far not only girls get abused. But hey, look at this nice flawless and flourishing beauties by Hamilton! Can it be, that this is only the fucking shitty product of crude men's fantasies?

Maybe this whole discussion is meaningless shit! Ask them? Rika and Nozomi, the girls from Russia, Brooke and Eva: In general, or if they would have had alternatives, would they have decided in that way, would they have had the opportunity to decide at this time, with the view of it from today, with the view of an adult person. Would have all said: No. I don't think so! But maybe I am wrong.

The Good Old Days II

Not that long ago it was allowed to posses child pornography in Germany, in Denmark it was long allowed to make pornography with underage children. In Japan it's still a discussion and a "cultural" problem, America likes porn categories like "barely legal" and "jailbait model" pictures.

In many American states there is no minimum age for girls concerning marriage, in many states it's possible - under some circumstances - to marry girls as young as twelve or fourteen.

In many countries it's still - as for a long time in the "Western World" - "tradition", to dispose children of in marriage, especially girls, especially to much older men.

Russia is named as the place, where the vast most child pornography is offered in the Internet, not necessarily made in Russia. Rapidly developing countries like India, with a growing rich and super-rich social class, a growing social class of very poor, offers many "possibilities" for interests in child prostitution and pornography, as well as refugees. Like in Europe in the time of industrialization for instance, were it was not difficult to "get" a child prostitute in Berlin, Paris or London, to get child pornography. America is named as the largest "market" for child pornography, the country with the most "interested" persons.

Poorness, no rights for children and girls in special, the behavior of the "modern" societies - many cases of sexual exploitation of children, child prostitution and child pornography in underdeveloped nations. Conducted not only - important! - but often from foreigners from "developed" countries.

A huge complex, hardly to understood and to describe, especially also because of legal problems. But maybe a complex that could lead to a very simple question, answer, insight? Even when it would be definitive, that this would blind out and falsify many aspect? I'm not sure.

The Good Old Days III

If a man is a man
And a woman is a woman
Then everything is good
Because everything has its place!

And again, apart from the sarcasm and cynicism, as always the question appears about who defines "man" and "woman". Of course the people, we're democrats of course! The people who elected Hitler, who are electing for the nationalists just right now, who elected the Brazilian president, not to talk about the American one?

No easy question, at least from my point of few. Any ideas? I have none!

The Good New Days

A twelve-year-old girl undresses in front of a webcam and starts to masturbate. She uploads the video, or makes it accessible in another ways.

Should I watch this video, or should I store it on my computer, I would commit a crime - it's child pornography. The production and distributing of child pornography is liable to prosecution. The twelve-year-old girl? Her parents?

Why she is doing this? Later she will never have the ability to change it, this video is forever a part of the Internet?

Many questions, answers? Answers apart from creating a stupid paradise? If all the people would only..... - but they don't do so!

Day Four

A Journey's End

Every journey comes to an end, even – or first and foremost – the journey of life.
What a banal and trivial sentence!

Still A Man

"No corridors, no buildings at the last day?"

"No, this no longer necessary."

"Shall I close my eyes?"

"Why?"

"Because.....?"

"No, keep them open. I know, you see nothing!"

"Obviously not that, what I should see?"

"Close your eyes - maybe it helps?"

"You could give me a hint?"

"You and I?"

"You're a woman and I'm a man - still a man."

"Sad about it?"

"No, since a longer time now I've accepted this, that this is a fact. To be true, I never felt like a woman. In fact, I have no idea about how I would feel, would I be a woman - in this world!"

"Really?"

"I would be pissed of, that's for sure. I would hate this world even more, then I hate it now - but in the end? I have no idea....."

Kill Him If You Can

Valerie Solanas – A Murder Is A Murder

Andy Warhol, a narcissistic and money greedy pretender? I think so - his movies I think are interesting. His movies? The factory has everything, that's fucking when thinking about art? Of course! But hey, the art market - even a much more fucking shit! Art only for the rich, the super rich - hey, you never will own a painting by Van Gogh! Is it my problem that you have no hundred million to buy you one? Van Gogh is for the real art connoisseurs only - buy you print! Does I would have been interested in, buying me a Van Gogh at the time he still lived? Of course not, at this time it was not interesting as investment, not interesting as a status symbol!

Valerie Solanas, what would have happened, if the factory would have accepted you? If you would have become one of his "entourage"? Then everything would have been okay?

Valerie Solanas, not the first time I'm writing about you. The last time - not absolutely sure at the moment, some years ago? You tried to kill Andy Warhol - more or less I think that he was not more than an asshole, definitively no artist! If the art market defines art, then I definitively quit the idea to become an artist. The art market is shit - Andy Warhol has no substance - look at his Marilyn pictures? Does they tell you anything about the woman? Oh, yes, about the American culture - is this "the American culture"? It's like saying that the Hollywood sign, that the Hollywood Boulevard would be Los Angeles - it only would show, that you have not the slightest idea about Los Angeles, the people of Los Angeles!

Valerie Solanas, was it okay what you did? No, of course not! Now I can remember that I've written, that it would have been much cooler to take one of his "art works", to go to the Times Square and to piss on it. That would have been a performance! Name him an asshole and accept that there are a lot of other assholes telling you, that he's an artist and that his art works are worth millions - maybe the paintings by Van Gogh should belong to everyone?

Valerie Solanas, shall I talk about the S.C.U.M. Manifesto? A parody or not? I've not read it completely, but I've the feeling that I would like it.

Valerie Solanas, shall I talk about your fucking life? I'm older now than you became, but have not achieved, what you have achieved. But shall I try to kill this fucking president? And then? Warhol was not the problem, Warhol was the symptom.

Valerie Solanas, what, if you would have been successful in killing Warhol and the others? Some meaningless "art works" less, but a life less. Murder is no solution!

Marianne Bachmeier – A Murder Is A Murder

No, no murder, homicide. On the other hand you said later, that you've planned everything precisely, that you thought about it, for a very long time. Maybe not that important.

Some understood you, some not - does you were a bad mother? All this chatter - nothing more than chatter! Yes, the court has to pronounce judgment, but we? Yes, you can have an opinion, but on which basis?

A lot has been said about you, much about the murderer, how much about Anna? Well, she was dead, no longer useful for media. The murderer is always interesting - and the murderer of the murderer?

No, I think not that you did the right thing - murder is no solution! What would I do I in such a situation? "Crenshaw Blues"? "The American Dream" - the Brewsters? It's one thing to write stories, but.....

A mother once said to me: A mother should not have to bury her child. A natural death, hard enough. But a loss because of murder? I'm not even a father!
Murder is no solution.....

A Murder Is A Murder?

Yes? In "modern" societies the answer should be "yes" all the time without hesitation - to easy? In a "modern" society there should be always a way for an alternative solution - to easy? In a "not modern" society? S.C.U.M. manifesto? A question in which way you would interpret it? Of course - still not read it completely. Still I've the feeling that you should take her words, simply her words, and still the feeling that I would like it! Well, maybe mass murder is not the solution, whatever your intention is, whomever you wanna murder - murder is a murder? "A Fantasy Novel - Written By A Little Girl"? Could this be a solution? A murder is a murder - and when no one is left thereafter? It's nice, to write stories!

The Salon

Orlando

Yeah Orlando, now you're no longer a man, now you're a woman. That has to have consequences! Your place is now no longer at the table with the clever men talking, your place is now the cozy settee at the wall - fits much better to your wonderful dress!

Hey Orlando, you're not satisfied with this? You were a man, but now you are a woman - why not simply accepting it, accepting the consequences?

Suffragette City

No need to name names, history speaks for itself. The history of men, the history of women - which history you would prefer? My history?

Maybe I'm only a stupid old man.....

Elizabeth's Dreaming

The Woman Who Bestows Dreams

You know, that I have worked with you the last two years? Well, unfortunately I've dismissed the job, Monday – tomorrow - I will start with the new one. It was funny, listening to your music in the car and then working together with you - now it's gone.

Not told her, she was on vacation at the end. Always thought that I should invite her, the next time in L.A.! Together with her walking down fucking boring Hollywood Boulevard, together at Santa Monica beach! Wow, that would be funny! Even more crazy?

You've again a shop in L.A. - entering the shop with her? I think the customers would freak out and the staff would be puzzled. The absolute show? You would be there, in the shop!

I think it would be crazy for you to meet your twin sister - and I mean twin sister! She not only looks like you, she's also nearly the same age - really, a perfect twin! And I had the luck to work together with her!

I don't know if she's aware of it - never said it to her. But I think I should invite her, to thank her - we're no longer workmates! A cocktail, Old Fashioned maybe. But then? It's a pity, not being at least ten, or better fifteen, years younger - fucking old man!

You're the woman who bestows dreams - dream your little dream.....

Norman Fucking Rockwell

Familiar snippets of music
Familiar snippets of words
Yet something such different again
Again another labyrinth, still I find no exit

My favorite?
Feel like Paris with the apple in his hand
But that fourteen goddesses are standing in front of me!
Well, let's start the awful war!

California - for obvious reasons
No, please, not because of trivial reasons
But when you have to cry all the time
And not only by hearing this tune and words

*I'll catch you on the flipside
Two, Three, Four
If you come back to California
Fear not soon - or?*

It's nice to hear your words
As a weak man
As a man

It's nice to hear your words

From Sirens to NFR
Fuck, Honeymoon
Let the ocean wash it away
Now we're drowning

I again drown in your dreams to dream my dreams
Consoled and safe I feel
Like surrounded by water only
Two, Three, Four

A toddler, a smile from the proud mother
A toddler becomes an orphan
A toddler gets hurt badly
A toddler grows up - which world will be her world

Sometimes it's calming to be an old stupid man
Two, Three, Four
Twenty, Thirty, Forty years more?
But the arms I'm feeling are the arms of death

And slowly I drown, and one day it will be for the last time
And no one ever said crazy love to me
And never I said crazy love to someone
The war is over when I really lose, no fucking blues

But hey, I can listen to the songs
Yours, and the others
I will die happy - hey, within the next twelve months the next album?
Should I wait a bit?

I smile, it's a bitter smile
It's a lot of pain - inside
Not stronger? - I'm weak!
A dying man trying loving himself - at least somewhat

Day Five

Job Done?

"You're not telling me, that I would have to answer you this question?"

The Rescue Of The World

The S.C.U.M. Manifesto

Let's try it!

Have I written once, that you should castrate men? I think so, but cannot remember where - will not try to find the passage, I have an idea where one could search for. More important, the today!

The S.C.U.M. Manifesto - some remarks:

Very often I nodded with my head while reading it - yes, that I've written also! In the next part I will talk about differences, in the end I think that the manifesto makes one major mistake. But often I had to come to the point, that the analyses by Valerie Solanas are very good and interesting. I would underline most of her writing.

Does her thoughts are that radical? Yes, killing all men, but I will come to this point later. But hey, aren't at least some of her statements very brilliant and simply accurate? Look at Washington this days - no déjà vue? Use instead "man / men" the name of the fucking president - wow!

It's some weeks ago that I read the manifesto the last time, much happened the last days, but had the feeling that this is the right moment to start. In the following parts I will have the manifesto beside me while writing about it, but not yet. Back to the manifesto.

Should I look at the manifesto in a historic manner? No! I live today, Valerie Solanas is dead, feminism has changed. But I have to say, that I'm no feminist, I'm one of this fucking men Valerie Solanas writes about, I'm not involved in anything one could name feminism. I do this not for feminism or for women or any kind of readers - I do it for me. For whom else I should do it? Fuck, I have no sense of mission!

I sit and ponder about..... - how dull-witted are we humans! Okay, you can have problems with a black person - hey, he has a different color, he's from Africa! But why with a women? Why has a white man problems with a white woman who is living next door - a problem with her because she is a woman? Why has a black man problems with a black woman who lives next door - a problem with her because she's a woman? One has to be very limited in a mental way, if even this is too much for you, to get this!

But in which way one should react? Killing all men? Yes! - Okay, this little mistake that she has made - in my opinion. But would we change the text a little bit - would we substitute "man / men" with a slightly different word - then I would totally agree with her! You have to wipe out something, otherwise this all will have no future! Oh Valerie Solanas, why this stupid thing, trying to murder this men - forget this Warhol asshole (hey, this is a nice combination, was not planned!).

Okay, so far a first try.

The second try!

I said, that I would underline what Valerie Solanas has written - apart that she made a mistake, from my point of view. Put it that way around: Is everything that she has written of substance? Simply? No! An example? To quote her:

Disease and Death: All diseases are curable, and the aging process and death are due to disease; it is possible, therefore, never to age and to live forever. In fact the problems of aging and death could be solved within a few years, if an all-out, massive scientific assault were made upon the problem.

This, however, will not occur with the male establishment because:

Then she writes about it - in eight paragraphs - why this will not happen, not as long as there are men. Does this makes sense? Would men not also be interested in, to live forever? Could it be that this is nonsense? My point is, that I've the feeling that Valerie Solanas hit the point in her manifesto. You can say that she writes nonsense here, but I think that she only walked into her own trap. My remarks?

Very often people have good ideas, good thoughts. But we tend thereto, to set our ideas and thoughts absolutely, to try to squeeze everything into our own cosmos. In the S.C.U.M. Manifesto Valerie Solanas tries to do exactly this.

Should I talk about Kurt Gödel now? Only this. You cannot expect to find a theory connected to human(s) (life), that will be complete and without contradiction(s). I see the manifesto as one of this tries. Because the man as such has to be bad, in any case, a subject to kill, everything has to fit into this. Even the fact, that we still have diseases and do not live forever!

She writes many interesting things about male behavior, but again: male = man?

This was my second try!

The Meaning of SCUM

There's the weird thinking - at least weird to me - that you need the bad to define the good, that you need the concept of hell to have the concept of paradise, that you need the diabolic to have an idea of something divine.

Have a look at Yang and Yin. The idea is, that you always need both. Let us start with the idea as such. Yang is related to male, Yin to female - so far, so good. But then the first stupidity for me - not very surprising in the end. Yang is also related to bright, hard, positive, active. Yin is also related to dark, soft, wet, cold, negative, passive, quite. Yeah, I guess it was a male who created this stupidity - how about to relate woman with positive, hard, bright? But also the question, you need negative to understand positive and so on?

Imagine a civilization who would be "positive" only, who would be a kind of paradise.....but if you always need both, then such a civilization is not even thinkable! To be honest, this would be a good reason to draw the conclusion that suicide is maybe not the worst decision! Why? Well, when it's not even thinkable that a civilization could be "clever" enough to act different to our civilization, then nothing makes sense in the end!

But we talk about SCUM in this text. Therefore the question, you always need Yang and Yin? Would it be possible to have a world with Yin only, especially one were female could be also connected with positive, active and so on? Valerie Solanas' idea is, to kill all males. Well, maybe it would be interesting to kill the idea of masculinity? And then the question: Does radical feminism can overcome the concept and idea of masculinity?

A last thought. In medieval times there was the concept of the "Akzidens" (accident) and the "Substanz" (substance). In that sense I've the feeling that Valerie Solanas sticks (to much) at the accident, but not deals (so much) with the substance. The accident would be for me, if you identify a body as male - and don't forget that we live in the world of transgender etc. - or female. But this is talking about the accident, but wouldn't it be more important to talk about the substance? For me this is the grave mistake of Valerie Solanas. Call the substance like you may will, I would call it "masculinity". So, kill all males is difficult for me, kill masculinity would be an interesting idea for me.

So far today.

The Male/Female Problem

Valerie Solanas separates the humans in two categories - male and female. In the first moment this seems to be logic. But even then, if you are thinking that this is logic, she runs into problems. Kill all males - okay! But then she as the problem, what to do with the females who act like men? Okay, kill them also! But hey, could it be that there are males who are acting like females? Well, maybe it is better to kill also them, because we all are knowing: Safety first! Hey, maybe it's an awful cliché now, but are gay males sometimes much more females like any female ever could be? Sorry, I'm not gay and obviously I have no gay friends. It's only an image that comes me to mind that shows me how dangerous it is, to divide the humans into:

With a penis - bad in any case, no right to live, has to be killed in any case

With a vulva - maybe good, maybe a right to live, has not to be killed in any case

And today? Today we question more and more the dividing in "male" and "female", and not only for one reason. Only to think about genetics, what's male and what's female becomes more and more difficult to decide. There was a time you maybe talked about gay people, today we live in the time of LGBTQ or even LGBTQ+! Of course, you cannot criticize her therfor, that she not saw this in her time, but we live today, and today it should be very obvious that this aspect of Valerie Solans' approach was too narrowly considered. Does this mean, that her writing is useless, that her manifesto is not worth to read? On the contrary, at least I think so!

Cut Off Their Goolies

Not the Nine O'Clock News - Football Hooligans

This sketch can be easily found on YouTube, it's for me one of the highlights of early British sketch comedy. It's cool, because it hits the point: Men and their goolies - maybe not always, but often a disaster! Weeeellll, suuuurrrreee, it's maybe not politically correct, but its hilariously funny and that is simply the point - cut them off! Okay, maybe they learn one day to control their goolies, but keep this alternative in mind.

The point is, that there was a very good time for such comedy, in Great Britain, as well as in the USA. In Germany we never had such a comedy culture, too harmless the Germans always acted. Also this surreal and anarchistic elements in it, you have to love this! And as I said it, this sketch is one of the all time bests!

Cut off their goolies - this is the only solution!

Cut Them Off!

Sometimes there are this moments, why it cannot happen in this way! I called them in previous writing: Woody-Allen-Moments, because of a movie scene in "Manhattan".

How wonderful it would be, Kamala Harris would become the presidential nominee of the Democrats - as I write this, she's no longer in the run, but I think it functions best with her! So imagine, she and the asshole president together on a debate stage, he would babble his common nonsense, his shit about women and Kamala Harris would grab him by his goolies - I would like it!

Boris and the Queen? Okay, I apologize to her Majesty, but I would like it to see, when the old lady would grab Boris by his goolies, when he comes to her, to play his games with her.

Well, other examples? It's frustration, frustration that even today, and especially today again, such narcissistic figures were allowed to do everything. For example, if it would be only women allowed to vote, this problem would be solved within a minute. Yes, also women have voted for Hitler or the sitting American president, but if the sitting president will become a one-termer, then we have to thank the women therefor - definitely not the white (old) men!

Cut them off! - At least figuratively spoken!

Use Them As You Need Them

Valerie Solanas asks, for what you need men, and gives the answer, definitively not for reproduction. Maybe their sperm, but not the men as such. But she sees also, that in the end you also need no women, oocytes, but not the woman as such. Well, in the end we will need no humans anymore, only sperm and oocytes to..... - yeah, for what? Okay, Valerie Solanas gives the answer, to produce females only.

I have written, right at the beginning of my writing, that if I would be a woman, then I would be lesbian. Why I should be interested in a boring and ugly and idiotic man? There would be this interesting and beautiful and smart women! But I have also written, that I'm a man and that I'm therefore happy, that not all women see it in that way! But the question is, do "we" need men?

This reminds me about chicks, only the female chicks are needed, the male chicks become shredded or gassed. Okay, Valerie Solanas' idea is, to reproduce only females in a technical process - well, women can have sex together, some say better than with any man, but obviously they can have no children in that way. Children (females only) would be a result of an artificial process, no birth giving is any longer needed. What would be the result among women, if you would ask them whether they would prefer a future without the burdensome process of giving birth, to be pregnant for nine months? Yes, the happiness of to be pregnant, that a new life develops inside you, becoming a mother, to give birth.....but if women could decide freely, what would they decide?

Science fiction (fantasy) comes me to mind. Female dominated societies, the women acting always like men - I think about it, but I find no real description of a female society that would be a counterdraft to our male dominated society - do I miss something? Maybe I have to do some research!

So, kill all the men, reproduce only women from now on - this would create paradise? I have sympathy for Valerie Solanas, but I have my doubts about it. I still see the problem not therein, whether you have a penis or a vagina, I still see the problem therein how you behave. And I have still a problem therewith to think, that behavior patterns are inherent, that something like male and female behavior patterns are grounded in our genes. I see them grounded in social norms, the way we raise up children (male and female), education, role models and more. If someone could prove that all this is a matter of the differences of the (slightly) different genetic make-up of women and men (for Valerie Solanas a very important point), then I would have a problem! But I think this will not function!

So, now, for what are men good? Could "the world" do without them? I fear I have to answer: YES! And more, "yes" can be the only real answer to this question! Why?

If you would answer "no", then you would have to define something that can men do, but not women. I fear that I do not know anything that women cannot do - hey, we men still have the sperm! Yeah, that's really a cold comfort, and a very pitiful one!

Sometimes I really wish for to be a woman!

And now the punch line! Would it be possible to ask the same question the other way round? Is

there something men cannot do what women can do? Giving birth? Well, this can be defined as a technical problem - so? Why not a world with men only? Well, to be honest, I had even in a story like "Dystopian Dreaming" a problem therewith to create an although male world! "Tamara" or "A Fantasy Novel,....."? I cannot imagine how a world with men only should function, I only can imagine that this would become a nightmare. I think a new project should become, to write about a world with women only. "The Female World" could be a title. I have the feeling that this world would be a wonderful world. Of course no paradise, death would be a part of this world also - of course! But a much more tender world.....

Women In Crises

Are women the better troubleshooters, the better crisis managers, the more likely well-considered acting persons.....? Looking at the world, it seems so – or? Well, seeing bastards like the Brazilian racist, or the American one? The dumbass from Australia? I have to mention also the British PM, but also the demagogues in Italy. Hungary, Poland.....are they only isolated cases?

The Scandinavian countries (always pioneers in women rights), statements from New Zealand or Germany? Angela Merkel was never the prototype of a politician who acted propellant, often she appeared somewhat lethargic, "sit it out" often her strategy (like the big Helmut!). But now, in this severe crises she surprises everybody with her speeches and statements. With her well-considered words, she appears so different as the American liar or bigmouth Boris.

Okay, also German male politicians are acting in such a way. So, it's not a matter of male or female - Betsy DeVos is a money hungry bitch, and a woman? Maybe it's not the best time to think about this topic, maybe this is the best? At least it's interesting, that males are tending, without any doubts, more to such insane behavior patterns than women, but still I see the reasons therefore culturally affected.

But now a practical thought! Even if this is true, cultural affected, maybe especially if this is true, than we have to draw the consequence, that we should listen, especially in such moments, more to the women, than to the men. And we should be not reluctant, especially in such a moment, to brand this very bad male examples, to name them as what they are - liars, irresponsible.....insane in the end. And maybe it's not the most stupid strategy, even thinking of Betsy, to hand more responsibility to women. It seems, that this would be a very clever strategy!

Arrogant Men (In Politics)

The man is the hero, the woman "the thing" at his side who screams. Okay that's about movies - and to be clear, also still today! What's about politics, and I mean today!

I see a bunch of male "leaders" in the UK, Hungary, Brazil, Australia and the USA for example. And I compare them with some women like Angela Merkel in Germany (I still never voted for her, I am no conservative), or Jacinda Ardern in New Zealand. And then we have the Scandinavian countries: Erna Solberg in Norway, Mette Frederiksen in Denmark, Katrín Jakobsdóttir in Iceland and Sanna Marin in Finland. To be honest, I would feel stupid, would I start now, to compare this women and this men - I hope I have not to outline why! Another thing seems much more interesting to me.

To be fair, would it be possible to find men, you could put at the side of these women? Yes! Without any restrictions: Yes!

The more interesting questions for me: Could you find women, you could put at the side of these men? I don't know really why, but Carrie Lam comes me to mind. Some women of Nazi figures come me to mind, Magda Goebbels especially. But even they are acting (acted) differently!

Why are (nearly all) mass shooters in the States (and not only there!) white men? Where are the (white) women? Why are (nearly all) serial killers (white?) men? Where are the (white?) women? This leads me again to the point: Vote for women who are running for (high) political bodies! Look at the Scandinavian countries - America had a good chance this time, wasted! Again an old white man, whoever will win! I still never voted for Angela Merkel, but I'm still no conservative and the left in Germany is not able to nominate a woman!

I see many countries led by narcissistic (old, white) men - but think also about Turkey or India! I see many countries led in a very good way by women! Is this a coincidence? I don't think so! This should have consequences!

I still think that this has cultural reasons, no biological or genetic reasons. Therefore, we should think about our cultural structures - and in the meantime it's maybe an interesting thought, to vote in the case of doubt for the woman - I will never vote for Angela Merkel!

(Angela Merkel will not run for another term, Annegret Kramp-Karrenbauer is out of the race, the next conservative nominee will be (if no wonder will happen) a man again.)

(Maybe the Green Party will be "brave" and nominates Annalena Baerbock, not "The Man" Robert Habeck?)

The Muse

A (male) artist needs a (female) muse - and a female artist? To make it short and crisp, this is shit!

Oh yeah, the superhuman (male) artist and his (female) playmate - hey, rap music?

And (female) artists with toy boys? We all love Madonna - why she bored me always? Maybe we should omit the music industry, especially the American music industry? But painters? And.....

I said, short and crisp! Why one should think, that among artists one would not find all the characteristics, one can find in society? Because artists are special? Sorry, but I have to laugh out loud!

You will have no problems to find Harvey Weinstains among artists, as well as everything else you can think of! To be honest, I've the feeling that talking about artists as a special group makes no sense - short and crisp!