

Being Bukowski

Preface

"DON'T TRY"

My interpretation? Well, it makes no sense to interpret it. Do Not Try - but what! It's like "don't take", or "don't taste", or "do taste". It's incomplete, after all this fragments everything could follow. "There is" - what? Maybe nothing?

Inglewood Park Cemetery, My Funny Valentine. Don't try.

Why

Why should one be interested in the writing of an American lush, one from the lower class, a slouch all in all? He was very successful in Germany, in no country he sold more books, the students liked him - did he like the students? As far as I know, not that much.

What's the price of success, reading your literature in front of people you're not comfortable with? Singing always the one song? Why are the people always interested in the person and not the art? The person is more important than the art - is it important to what an extent Bukowski's writing is autobiographical? I'm disappointed with the satirical exaggeration (elevation), Caesar never talked like in a Shakespeare play.

I liked the movies by Fassbinder very much, they were different. I think that Fassbinder was an asshole as a person, but his way to narrate very interesting. Sebastian Kurz, how naive one had to be that all this now surprises you? Why always this corrupt narrations, he's politician because he wants to serve Austria - what an easy to see through shit is this, he was and is a power hungry ruthless swine, a careerist.

Coming to the core, is reality not enough? I've all the time to try.

How

How dishonest is the talking about oneself? Well, one could say that it would depend on the person who talks about oneself. Really?

Who really knows you? The people at my workplace? Nobody there knows my writing as far as I know, but my writing is without any doubt an important part of my life. Thus, no one at my workplace knows me really.

People who are reading my texts? Well, I've written it right at the beginning, never ever. Hiding in a book, was one of my variations. Not even Kurt did it, another.

One can even not be sure when someone confesses a murder - so, what should one believe? I'm still Jenny from the block? I fuck ten bitches every night? Dreaming about heroin - okay, I believe her, I sometimes feel as well that way at least. Well, maybe not heroin, I hate needles, but that doesn't matter in the end.

A mass murderer who confesses, should one believe him? When he tells about the voices in his head? Or, for what reason ever he has killed these nineteen women? Maybe he only tells you shit because he's simply a fucking sadist? He wants to serve his country, this power and money hungry ruthless politician? Jeff Bezos is proud of, what his employees have achieved.

But, do I know me? Would I even be able to describe a realistic and honest picture of myself? Some say that I'm a nice guy, others think that I'm an asshole. Can I tell the truth? I at least, would not rely on it - and I mean it exactly this way!

A Fucking Beginning?

Sitting at the desk, in front of the screen, the question arose, what could I do? Reading the astronomical magazine, SUW, just uploaded, for instance, or watching some porn, stored on several hard drives. Maybe searching for new porn, every fantasy and lust could get satisfied by the internet (darknet)? Videos of people becoming killed, some classics like executions executed by Islamists, by South American drug cartels? A school girl sexually abused, or why not raped, with pleasure from Russia? It was Monday, Inspector Barnaby on TV? Or CNN, the international channel, or the BBC, or Phoenix, or Tagesschau 24? Or reading, had started to read Solaris, near the end now? Maybe writing a story about what had happened at my workplace recently?

She stood in front of me at the counter, the empty plate in her hand.

"The meal had been disgusting, inedible."

"But your plate is empty?"

"My man has eaten it."

"But why, when disgusting?"

"Because we have to pay it."

"Who says this. And why you did not come immediately and complained?"

A one-star-feedback on Google later, but a long text about, how bad this place is. Framed by two five-star-feedbacks. Oh, they ordered a takeaway meal later, for a person who had to stay home.....

I could eat something, would have to make soon a tea in any case, the Assam SFTGFOP1 Mokalbari second flush was nearly empty. A view out of the window at the sky, more clouds again, definitively no observing of my variable stars - soon full moon. Had decided to observe maybe a few more SRC stars, potential supernovae, the carbon stars no longer the majority of my observing program. Maybe it would be the best to write something, and I had already a title: The Resurrection of "The British Empire" - Under the Leadership of "The German Reich". The Nazis would have defeated the Brits - yeah, no new setting. But it would be mere porn, full of sexism and racism, violence - maybe the variant, the Nazis would have defeated the USA, would be better? Without any doubts, more Nazis, more racists, more gun fetishists, more perverts in the USA as in arrogant England. But the story would function differently, about German men, especially one man, would it be difficult to guess who, and English women, many English women and of course English girls, school girls of course, and of course all this English specialities like spanking and paddling. English, not British? Every English knew that they were superior to the Scots, the Welsh, not to talk about the Irish. They would, the women, appear as maids and servants, servants in any regard. Why not writing about the French? The French and their few colonies? The shame of Algeria? There had been only one real empire, at least in the last a thousand years or so, The British Empire, leaded by the English, and, not least, very successful by an English lady. This had to be restored. So, therefore, the beginning of:

The Resurrection of "The British Empire" Under the Leadership of "The German Reich"

The Arrival

He used the heavy door knocker, a modern doorbell would have also been available, but this metal door knocker had much more style, without any doubts. It would have been a disgrace not to use it, to announce his arrival at this outstanding British manor. Whereby, to call this building a "manor" would have been most probably a disgrace, it appeared more like a castle, built for a queen. Not as principal residence of course, but maybe her favorite safe haven, when annoyed by her official duties in the capital. And yet, no queen would wait inside, at least not a queen at the moment, the

heavy door opened. A young woman opened the door, dressed in a kind of "fancy" maidservant dress, but with a modest knee-length skirt, high-necked, a simple hairdo, a hint of make-up.

"Ich heiße Sie auf High Grove Manor willkommen, Oberst-Gruppenführer Maurer."

"Cordula, wir haben die Engländer zwar besiegt, aber wir sollten sie trotzdem respektieren. Es wurde der Befehl ausgegeben, wenn wir auf der Insel sind, dass wir uns der Sprache der Besiegten bedienen, um ihnen unseren Respekt auszurücken. Also, Cordula."

"Sorry. I welcome you to High Grove Manor, Oberst-Gruppenführer Maurer."

"Thanks, Cordula. Is our British lady prepared?"

Saying this, he entered the impressive entrance hall.

"Absolutely, she awaits you in the salon. Do you want to follow me?"

"A moment. I have to tell you that we're very satisfied with your work. I think that we have found a perfect candidate with your help. Of course, we have to see how she will develop, but the basis appears as excellent."

"I have only done my work, Oberst-Gruppenführer Maurer."

"In moments like this, not formal and especially when we're by ourselves, Peter. The salon?"

"This way.....Peter?"

He lowered his head only a bit, Cordula went ahead, he followed her. Every sight was breathtaking, it would have been a shame would this beauty had been damaged or even destroyed during the war. Well, they were no barbarians, the Germans, the orders had been distinct, the cultural heritage had to be spared as much as possible. The adversarial army had to be wiped out, but not their nice houses and artworks. They reached a high, absolutely wonderful door, obviously the entrance to the salon. Cordula opened it a bit and disappeared. He waited in front of it, till Cordula would have heralded him. He heard her talking, then a wonderful soft voice.

"Please, ask him to come in, Cordula."

Cordula appeared again and smiled. She opened the door a bit more and stepped aside, so that he could enter the salon easily. What he saw could not be from this world.

No, not the decadent splendor of the salon, he had been in Paris after the French capitulation, had stayed for some days in Versailles. No, it was this outstanding woman who had stood up to welcome him. It was not the first time that he saw her. In fact, not much he had not seen from her so far. All possible collaborators had been closely screened, their files included photos of their nude bodies, but what does this mean in such a moment?

She wore a wide velvet gown, simple in a way, red like blood, not much of her body was to see. Her hands, aristocratic white and delicate, her long neck, the hair wonderfully and artfully pinned-up, the wonderful collarbones, a little part of her marble-like chest. In a moment one could mean she would have used no make-up at all, but in fact a lot, but clever used. The jewelry, well, the jewelry of a beautiful queen - a rapture of diamonds, sapphires and rubies.

"It's a pleasure to me to welcome you at High Grove Manor, Oberst-Gruppenführer Maurer."

It amused him somewhat to hear her difficulties to pronounce "Oberst-Gruppenführer Maurer" correctly, and her endeavor, to do it right. In fact, she had practiced for hours, together with Cordula as her teacher. And you could only come to the conclusion, that she had done it pretty well, at least for an English woman. He thought for a second about not to say it, but then he decided not to do it. Maybe "Oberst-Gruppenführer" could become her nickname for him, later, when their relation would have got more intimate.

"Thanks for the warm welcome, but you can name me Peter. This would get me also the opportunity, to use your wonderful first name."

"Apart from that, that you could use my first name anyway, I doubt that my first name is something special."

"Well, it's the first time that I hear this name. "Niopha", what a wonderful name. I only know you, named like this, and I've the feeling that every woman with this name has to be something exceptional, exceptional like you."

"It's a Greek name and means "a snowflake"."

"That makes it even more outstanding. A pure white snowflake, engirded by dark red blood - what a

wonderful picture."

"Maybe I should not say this, but the Germans are normally not known to be the best enchanters."

"You should not believe in everything. We Germans know how to behave in the presence of a true lady. We can be very brutal when we have to defend ourselves, when we have to defeat our enemies. But this not means, that we cannot be tender in other situations. I think that I can prove this to you when we start to get to know each other better."

"I'm a lousy hostess, please sit down."

She had been sat on a pompous causeuse, she offered him a fitting armchair. One had not to ponder on, that she had filled the complete causeuse with her enormous skirt.

"If you allow, then I would like to have a seat with you on this wonderful.....what's the name for this beautiful seating furniture. I've the feeling that, to call it a sofa, would be a disgrace."

"You can call it a causeuse, a kind of sofa for two persons."

"Well, we're two."

"Yes, but the problem is, that we women need sometimes both seats with our large dresses and skirts."

"Well, maybe we can try it? I think that we will be much closer being together in the future, than on this nice causeuse."

"Then let's try."

She sat down on one side of the causeuse, as much as possible, and started to gather her skirt, what did not function perfectly.

"I think that this will give me enough space to sit next to you."

He also sat down, partially on her skirt, what he enjoyed very much.

"Well, I think that we have a lot to discuss."

"But I would be a bad host would I offer you not some tea and biscuits first."

On a small table in front of the causeuse had been stood all the time a tea set and an étagère with delicious looking biscuits.

"Sorry, now I'm a typical German plonker. Of course, first we should have some tea and biscuits."

She did as if she had not heard the last words and gave Cordula, who had been in the room the whole time, a sign to pour in the tea and to offer the biscuits.

"I hope that you like tea, Germans drink a lot of coffee?"

"Well, we're no Americans, at least we're Europeans and know to appreciate a good cup of tea. But yes, we also drink a lot of coffee."

"Milk and sugar, sir."

Cordula had asked him, of course she knew how she had to prepare the tea for the lady of the house, she had not to ask her.

"I think that it will be a very fine tea, no milk and no sugar, it would only destroy the fine flavors."

"Yes, also Germans can appreciate a fine cup of tea."

"But we have no tradition one could compare with the English high tea. I look forward to enjoying my first high tea here in the house."

"Tomorrow if like?"

"With pleasure."

"I think that we no longer need Cordula in the room?"

"No."

"You can leave now, Cordula. If I need something, I will call for you. And as you have heard, we will serve high tea tomorrow."

Cordula confirmed that she had understood everything, looked at him for a second, and left the room.

"Can I ask you a blunt question?"

"Cordula?"

"Yes."

"Of course."

"I treat her like my servant, but I've the feeling that she's my minder. Both would be okay for me."

Of course, you're interested in what I do, what I've done, whether my attitude is real or only a farce. But isn't it strange that she is also doing everything, that I would expect from a maid?"

"Let's start our conversation, about your future, maybe our future together. Cordula will have her role in it, but this role is not fixed at the moment."

"Because my future is still vague."

"Yes. Maybe you should not treat her exactly in that way, like English ladies are used to treat their maids and servants. On the other hand, she has not complained so far, at least as far as I know. And I think that I know everything. Our conversation?"

"Yes, let's begin."

Monday Again

Monday again, Inspector Barnaby on TV again, a sadistic murderer who kills young women - this episode did not run on TV for the first in the next room. Could write something, 9:20 PM, still time till midnight. About art, maybe, or the political situation in Germany and the United States?

Not much was to say about Germany, hopefully soon a new government without the conservatives. The numbers rose again, fast, the numbers of the pandemic. And yet, all could be good, would all take their shots in the arms. The anti-vaxxers were the problem, they took the rest of the nation as hostage, a situation not to accept. They spat the hospital staffers in their faces, not interested in all their efforts and pain. The youth was a different topic, of course. But in the United States a lot happened, not the first time that I had the feeling, that I had to say: Compared with their problems ours are very marginal.

Manchin, what a sucker! Would be nice would the Dems get a solid majority in 2022, and he would lose his job. He would become the backbencher at least, that he should be. Oh, but there was more important stuff. A whole nation suffered because of the fate of a white and good-looking woman and maybe also with those of the white and good-looking man, at least if he was not the murderer. How many committed suicide in the United States every year because they could no longer pay their medical treatment? Or because they got no sufficient help after their service? But maybe that was not so much important at all.....

And my writing, would my writing be important, would I ever get famous - for my writing, not because of killing me with a bomb in Nashville? But famous? I named her always Mrs. Grant, but known today as Lana Del Rey, she was famous in any case. Well, not so much in Germany, where they had missed that she had released some more albums during the last few years. But anyway, she was famous - but for what?

All the time, when she posted something, a new snippet of a coming song for instance, always one comment: You're so beautiful, you're a queen - stuff like this. Hadn't she sang about, that one day her beauty would be gone, only the beauty of her voice would be left then? Wasn't it about her songs, not her lips, eyebrows, or breasts - with dripping peaches? Would I be happy with such comments? No, it's about art, not the artist!

Yeah, fucking easy to say this as man, I was aware of this. Adele, a post, a new song, I had had problems to realize that this young woman is Adele. Had heard about it, that she had lost weight. Nevertheless.....okay, it was a promo image. It was more easy in the video, but okay, the catchy voice - did she look prettier now? More like all this other American female singers at least, now living in L.A., where else?

Especially in classical music, the women looked all good, no "ugly" woman there who could play the piano or violin good enough? But hey, if I ever were a well-known writer, I would have none of these problems. On the other side, no doubt about, that not only one female artist - writer, singer, musician, actress..... - had become famous because of her face, tits, or ass. Jealous?

I would be.....proud?, happy?, relieved?.....not sure. But it would be thrilling, would I create - write - something and millions would read it. I would sit at my thirteenth beach, not becoming lonely, happy to be all alone. Around the world people would read my writing, would know my name, but not me, and this would be wonderful. The artist is nothing, the art is everything. The fact that this was not so, especially in a nation like the United States, illustrated an illness. The Iliad, a work, and not even a certain name, but the work would stay forever. The Divine Comedy, a work and a name, but who had Dante been? Shakespeare? The Ulysses? The work and maybe a name, they would stay forever. The artist would die one day, and would become forgotten, who ever knew him or her?

A World To Drive You Crazy

Sudan, all the shit in the US, that we were on the way to screw up the efforts to fight against climate change for selfish reasons, what the incidents and structures at "Springer" told you about the German press and media, the fast rising numbers in Germany because of some who were not willing to use their own brains, too demanding, better some would get severe ill, would have problems maybe for their rest of their lives, maybe would die, all this and so much more could lead to only one conclusion, that this world had to drive you crazy.

Well, of course not, if you started to ignore all this, living like during the Biedermaier era, being a good and adapted German, loving God and the emperor, later your Fuehrer. Then, then everything could be okay.

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But would this be okay? Easy, easier in any way, but okay? But running crazy? Why was it so difficult, even today, especially today, to accept even the most fundamental facts? All I could find as a possible answer, when pondering on it for a long time, based on some scientific and philosophical knowledge was, that the humans as such were arrogant and narcissistic assholes, not capable to solve even the most trivial conflicts in a reasonable way. And climate change? If it needed only one argument, climate change would be the killer. As what else than a total failure one could rate the last decades, nothing had been done, and even now, only countless warm words - in Germany, a speed limit on highways was not even now possible! Could it be because Mr. Christian Lindner drove a Porsche?

If now someone said that this remark was silly, I would laugh out loud then. We killed ourselves because we could not accept that another person did not believe in our god(s), and most probably no god(s) at all existed. We killed for a fiver, or because we got fired, or because your skin color had the wrong color, or.....nothing for what we would not kill. It was devastating, maybe some writing could help? Some pervert writing, pervert like this world, pervert like the humans on it?

Not Satisfied

Not satisfied with my previous writing, I was disappointed. Stress at work on Sunday, a conflict, in no good mood because of tomorrow, Wednesday. "Dr. Who" in TV today, in the other room, later most probably "CNN", the daily dose of shit, shit from the States and the rest of the world. Or better, some "news" from Europe and Germany? Then "tagesschau 24" or "Phoenix". I'd decided to cook me another mocha, why not quitting, it would be no loss, no loss for anybody, least of all for me.

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The mocha helped, sometimes all seemed to be so meaningless. "Dr. Who" very dramatic, Lord Byron and Mary Shelley, but now everything was good again. "Dr. Who" classic began, the new doctor, doctor number? I was no expert, but was nice to see that "she" wore still her fancy violet fight attended uniform, the stockings, and her pumps - well, I was a child of that time.

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Questioning everything, I was a human, and humans were not very pleasant beings. Pervert monsters more likely, no good basis to look into the mirror. It was one of these moments when all felt nonsensical, the writing, pure shit - I should take a hot shower.

A Conversation Of Importance

"At least in modern history, but maybe throughout history as such, there had been no empire that could compare itself in the slightest with "The British Empire". The German Kaiserreich had maybe some colonies, but your empire encompassed the whole world. The Third Reich showed the whole world the "German Strength", but in the end they revealed the whole world only the "German Weakness". We can be brutal and relentless, we can eliminate millions if needed, our imagination, scientific brilliancy, art of engineering, all this and more knows nearly no limits. Only to mention the years of the pandemic, or the "German Green Revolution" thereafter. But, and this seems to be the "German Curse", we're not good at choosing our leaders. Wilhelm II, what a joke. Adolf Hitler, what a little wanker. They both could have had the opportunity to create world empires, both screwed it up. And thereafter? They were not even interested in, to reinstall any of the lost "German Brightness". Germany as a member of Europe - no longer the leader of Europe, at least continental Europe? What an embarrassment! - England?"

He looked at her, signaled her that he wished that she would talk about England now.

"Let me start with the time after WWII....."

She looked at him, he lowered his head a bit.

"Well, also the UK had not the best leaders, Margaret Thatcher maybe, our first female PM. But the rest? And our empire? Yes, it had shined bright for a certain time, but....."

"It shined bright as long as a woman led it, her male successors destroyed it - and also Margaret Thatcher had been a woman, an iron lady as we all know. The English women, the English queens, Elizabeth, both, the first and the second, look at what the English monarchy became after the death of Elizabeth II? It's so sad. Do you think that the Germans would have been capable to defeat the English in such a devastating way with an Elizabeth I, a Victoria, or an Elizabeth II, wearing the crown?"

"No, in no way! The English defeat is in any case self-inflicted and in any case vindicated."

"Yes, but maybe it's the time to bring together, what should be brought together - the brutality of the German males, and the smartness of the English ladies. Both connected to one, it will be a force the world has never seen before, the rest of the world will have no other chance than to submit oneself. The Germans have proven, what to they are capable of doing. The gas chambers are a German invention, we have industrialized killing. The English have also proven, what to they are capable of doing. The most beautiful empire led by the most beautiful queen."

"A queen half English, half German. It's a pity that we waged so often war against one another. Wasted strength. It's arousing to ponder on it, what all we could achieve together."

"Arousing, like your epiphany."

This was no lie, or flattery. He had, since he had entered the room and had seen her in her gown, a boner. And of course, he was interested in, to fuck her. So he stood up, not letting any doubt on his boner, walked around the causeuse, and as he stood behind her, he bent down, his lips near her simply delightful ear.

"Queen Niophia I, what a fucking cool name would that be?"

His hand slipped over her wonderful collarbone, saying these words, over her cleavage, under her gown, grabbing for her left breast with his right hand.

"I've the feeling that it could be a name, bringing back the English light and pride. I fear, it will be very difficult to reach my breast. The laced corsage I wear, made of silk, is very tight, like it was appropriate in the Victorian time. Maybe you should open the gown and unlac the corsage somewhat?"

"I will do everything to reach my aim. But maybe we should involve Cordula? She helps you every day to dress and undress?"

"Do you think that this would be appropriate?"

"Well, she knows your body very well, and my cock too. And in any case, she will be much more skilled in all what we will need now, than I. And, I'm still somewhat confused because of this English "specialities". Spanking, paddling.....all this various instruments? I fear that I need assistance."

"In any case. I will be a willing partner for you in your efforts to learn more about this English tradition. But I have to say, I hope that's not your intention, that Cordula will be allowed to chastise me?"

"My goodness, of course not! Maybe you her, but we will see. Would you call for her and order her to bring some of this "stuff"?"

"With pleasure."

The Inconsistency And The Fear Of An Old Man

Being consistent, why I couldn't do so? Had not much to lose, had no obligations. Never married, no children, maybe the old father. As an artist, as someone who would try to become an artist, one said: One have to burn one's bridges behind oneself, to do so. But if you were a coward?

A room, an internet link, not much more would be needed. A job, to earn as much money as just needed? But to travel to Matosinhos needs money, not to mention a several week lasting stay in the USA. Making some money on the side as a cook, would be nice if legal in the USA, maybe in Portugal because a part of the EU? I'm often tired, tired of what? Sometimes tired of life, sometimes tiered of this world, sometimes tired of, not being a spontaneous and straightforward person, but hesitant and insecure.

Since a very long time, no idea when for the first time, I had this feeling, imagination, a bullet, in extreme slow motion, would touch my temple, would penetrate into my head, would cross my brain, would emerge on the other side again. The whole process would need hours, days, or maybe years. Exactly that feeling I had at this very moment and the question: What would be, would I be an American with a gun at home? Would I take the gun and kill myself? It would be easy. I'd have the fucking feeling that I would, at least, that I would sit at the desk with the gun in my hand.

The world belongs to the brave, they say. If this were true, then nothing would belong to me. I would be the one who would duck in the trench, would maybe survive, but would never be the hero who won the battle, who helped to win the war. The sadness of a snowflake falling into an ocean of tears - I should go to bed.

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The question was, what would be the best strategy. And the answer, maybe to the surprise of some, was easy to give. The only fact one would have to know would be, when would I die.

Would I die soon, before getting sixty-five, then it would be better to quit the job, the aim would have to be then, to have as much time for writing as possible, to use the remaining time. But, with every year I would get older than sixty-five, the answer would change. My father was eighty-five now, and still fit. This would give me an additional twenty years plus time to concentrate on writing after retirement. Then I should use the remaining eight and a half years to improve my writing, to be

prepared for the time when I could concentrate on writing. So, only one question would have to be answered: When will I die, how old I will become.

My grandfather had had cancer, my father had cancer, lived for many years with the remaining part of a brain tumor now, that could not removed completely. But also my grandfather had gotten old, had lived for years with his cancer. And I?

Maybe cancer, but nevertheless getting old? Would not the worst possibility. In any case, better than to have no cancer, and dying by a car accident the next day. But what would be the best strategy now? My body got older, my mind not. I was overweight, but no known illnesses I had so far. I had the feeling that it could be, that I could also get somewhat older, with or without cancer. And hey, it would be so fucking cool, could I be the strange old man, sitting at the beach and writing his unsuccessful stories.

But it would be important to have a solid basis then, a job for the next years, possibly for the rest of the years. This had to be a major aim now. Or, if not reachable, I could still become the "rebel", and there would come a time without my father. Maybe I should listen to some Tom Petty, too long ago it was, that I had done so. Maybe I would meet also a girl in Hollywood one day, with the same tattoo - the rose, or the swans? In any case, I needed to see the ocean again. Next year, the small one at least, for some weeks. No later than February 2023, the large one again, for at least a month. Into the great wide open, sometimes it would make things more easy, to know when dying.

Let's Chastise And Fuck The Future Queen Of England I

Cordula entered the room. She had problems therewith to carry all the "stuff", but she managed it to lay everything on the little table. Lady Niophia rescued the tea set.

"You little pervert Brits, I have no idea what this all is - let's see."

He no longer tried to grab her breast, now interested in all the instruments on the small table.

"Let's see, these are definitively whips for horses. I had never any idea why they have this different shapes. But I think that I will later learn, what's the best usage for which of the horse whips."

He looked at the future queen, sitting on the causeuse.

"I will give you, with pleasure, some insights. Maybe Cordula will assist me later so that I can show you how to use them?"

The lady smiled sardonically. Cordula tried to show no emotions, but she could not veil her "reactions".

"I think that this could be a nice arrangement. You demonstrate the usage by spanking Cordula, and I can use the learned to spank you then. But before we start with the practice, there's so much more. I would call this a cane - caning, I heard this already when watching English porn movies."

"Yes, this is a very nice cane. In the hand of someone who knows how to use it it's a very effective instrument."

"You mean that it hurts very much, becoming punished by it?"

"If you know how to use it effectively."

"Why this twig is here?"

"A birch branch, even more effective like a cane in the hand of a skilled person. You do not know the English verb "to birch"?"

"No, I have the feeling that I've missed a lot so far."

"I can promise you that you will have a lot of fun later."

But still, he was more interested in what laid on the table.

"These are paddles, them I know, paddling, also such a nice English parlor game - do they hurt a lot?"

"They have more surface, but they are heavier. Yes, they hurt a lot. The different "instruments" are also interesting for the question, what part of the body I want to spank."

"The ass is the classic body part. But the tits and pussy? I look already forward to the coming."

"The back is also a nice part, but more for larger whips, we have none here. You cannot use them

effectively in a room like this. But we English do also like horse stables very much."

"I see. But let's come to an end here, there's so much more. Let's see, this are various leather straps - strapping?"

"No, "strapping" would mean something different, but also very interesting for our topic. But a strap like this for instance would be very useful to chastise the "pussy" and the inner thighs. It would be a pleasure for me, to demonstrate this to you."

"Yes, I think it's time now to begin with the practice."

He stood up, still one of the leather straps in hand.

"But I think that we should begin traditionally, with the ass."

Saying "ass", he hit the leather strap in his hand, and ejaculated for the second time in his underpants. Not so much ejaculate this time, but at least still some.

The Honorable Lady, the future queen, stood up. She managed it, despite the enormous gown, in a very elegant way. She looked at Cordula who looked not pleased.

"Cordula, would you please bend over the armchair. We can leave it like that for the beginning. Later.....maybe we have to change rooms and I have to show you what "strapping" means."

She let no doubt about that she looked forward to the moment, when spanking Cordula. Cordula, for her part, done not look that happy. She looked at him, but he was only interested in the leather strap in his hand.

"With which "instrument" you will begin?"

"What would you prefer, an ass with nice welts, or an ass uniformly red? Or a combination of both?"

"A combination sounds good."

"Let's see, then I will begin with a paddle. This will also create some nice round marks. I will garnish this pattern with nice welts later."

"That sounds very delicious."

Meanwhile, Cordula had been obedient, had bent over the heavy armchair. Now, the Honorable Lady started to lift her skirt, and the several underskirts. Peter started to despair. The evening only had begun, and yet again his cock told him, how horny he already was again.

Only to see women in such dresses, not to mention to see their footwear and their ankles. But with lifted skirt and underskirts, already the several underskirts made him horny. Soon he would see this special pants the women wore at this time, but now he enjoyed the white calves. The last underskirt, the underpants were closed, not this nasty open ones, but this made him even hornier.

"Would you prefer a first round of spanking with pants up, or shall I start the demonstration straightforward with the bare buttocks."

"As far as I know, the classic way to start such a procedure is with pants up."

"Exactly."

"Then, let's begin in this way."

Death Of An Author

Everyone would die one day, what an insight that what! One day, she answered (not literally): Yes, but I'm scared to die. At that moment, as I had read that, I thought: Yeah, I know why I like your music. And why it was sometimes annoying what stupid questions one could ask you as an artist.

If there were only one reason why humans were that schizophrenic, then because of the knowledge about the own death. Also, this was no so new insight, but that also not helped in the end. Some said: To know the date of your death would drive you crazy, me it would calm down. I would appreciate it, would the day come, then I would celebrate it. Okay, the circumstances would be important, maybe no room for a celebration, but why not celebrating a day before, the next day you could calmly wait, till it would happen. Please, no talking about dementia or so now, you knew what I meant, if not, it seemed to me as my writing wouldn't be something for you – considering the beginning.

I had problems therewith, to sort my thoughts, to find a line, to have clear thoughts. All seemed to slide away, not for the first time, the first writing, feeling like a bug on a glass plate, no halt finding, nearer and nearer to the edge, towards the black abysmal emptiness. Seeing, the bullet coming nearer.

The craziness of the pandemic, the failure to response to climate change, welcome to the madhouse.

The Madhouse

Shock Corridor
The movie is obvious
But my character
One of the patients, maybe the "nigger" with the hood

Of course
Would like to be the reporter
He runs mad at the end
Of course

But he has solved the case
Pulitzer Prize
Unlikely
But he has solved the case

I would like to solve the case
Like a real private dick
Hammett, Chandler or Spillane
I would like to solve the case

Finding a place
Looking at the stars
Being sick for the darkness between the stars
Finding a place

Six musicians playing together
It sounds like a big mess
Just, the structure of the music is very complex
Honestly, to complex for me to understand

Writing, like they are playing
In a perfect flow
But this would need so much more
As I can deliver

I should end
No good mood
My ears are receiving
My mind is overwhelmed

How I want to end
Not so
Like the brave knight
I hope to be able to decide upon the date

Living In A Time Of Monumental Historical Importance

Okay, as a German, the parent generation born at the end of WWII, the Third Reich, the Wirtschaftswunderjahre, the end of the GDR. The generation of the grandparents lived in the time of WWI, the end of the German Empire, inflation, Weimar Republic, the rise of Adolf Hitler and the NSDAP, WWII, and so on. Compared with this, this headline seems to be extremely arrogant and pathetic.

And yet, who thought that after nearly two years the pandemic would be still a, the world dominating, topic? And yet, today, the rise of a new variant first found in South Africa? Most probably still not the feared killer variant - extremely contagious, the known vaccines inefficient, high death rates - but probably much more dangerous as the delta variant. Germany incapable even to deal with the delta variant, what if a dangerous omicron variant came on top?

And in the USA? The GOP gets more insane with every day. What kind of fucking racist and fascist one can be, as one from the GOP? It seems as there would be no limits anymore.

And yet, had there been something with climate change?

And yet, as a wannabe writer? What kind of writing could be adequate, looking at that world? Maybe watching any kind of sick porn the whole day, 24/7? Child porn, scat, puke, gore, rape, humiliation.....? The Japanese porn market can offer you a lot of such stuff, like green tea (in fact from China), bonsai (in fact from China), or Kyūdō (at least with these characteristics, truly Japanese).

Seriously, I'm fed up! What should you say: Human beings are all fucking assholes, and the best would be that they all would die a miserable death (verrecken). Well, have written "Dystopian Dreaming"? I've killed all human life on earth, what else could I do?

Oh yeah, never give up hope, pray to a god that not exists, know that the Jews, the niggers, all the others are the problem, otherwise everything would be good. There's no devil, otherwise you would see him every day, but it's only this humans one can see every day. Spike Lee on Amanpour on CNN: "Does love still have a chance?" - "I've always believed that," fine said, that's the American way of kitsch.

I'm in no good mood, but isn't that a good sign, it gives me hope that I've lost not all my empathy. The next stupid year comes to an end soon, I would like to write a thousand pages every day. And even if it were all the time the same sentence, the same word, it would give me at least a kind of pride, would stabilize me at least in some kind. Insecure all the time, because of being one of these humans.

On The Brink

I began with writing in February 2015, after nearly seven years I have to deliver. I have hesitated long, pondered a lot, my insecurity all the time, but now it's time to make decisions. I have to start to be consistent.

I have to change my work life. Yeah, it's no problem for me to find a new job as cook, and another one, and another one, but I have to stop this. A regular job, more or less regular working hours, more possibilities to develop a social life. I have to find a job that will give my body some relieve.

Weight. I have to finish the topic "losing weight". I have started to have a healthy and good nutrition again, now I have to lose weight consequently. Of course, it will not be possible within weeks, but I have to lose weight profoundly within months.

Writing. The time of practice has to end now. Of course, not within weeks, but in any case within the next months. The next chapter of "The Cult" will be crucial, I will write it next month.

I feel motivated, this could become the next big breach in my life. The first was, as I began with school education again, second-chance education, and to study. The second was, as I abandoned studying, as I began my second apprenticeship. The third was, as I started to work as a cook again. And now, the fourth one? Why not, a "more of the same" seems not to be very meaningful and clever. Will it be a smooth transition? Well, the first breach has been easy. Well, the second breach has been not that easy. Well, the third breach has been very painful. And now? The result will count, not the transition as such. Let's begin with it!

A Time To Change

It had been distinct now, soon I would have some more time to write. The only question was, with or without a job. But, would this be an important question, regarding writing? Well, in no case regarding writing. Maybe related to the money I would have in January, but even not regarding this aspect. I had saved some money, for "vacation" in the USA, no hope that this "vacation" would happen soon. So, why not using it for some time off?

I felt relieved, I had the feeling that I would evolve, nearly I felt aroused. Well, could it be, no job at all at the end? Not really, maybe a not so well-paid and fucking job. But hey, I chattered a lot about that I wanna be an author, an artist, not a high-paid cook. It was the time now to make decisions.

A Boy With An Idée Fixe

He wanted to be creative, to create art. In his family it gave no art, it was no artistic family. Movies and music first, later he was fascinated by paintings and literature, but music all the time. He wanted to sing, but he could not sing. He wanted to play an instrument, but he was not musical. He tried to paint, but was not creative. In the end he thought, a pen and paper, maybe I could write? The impulse came at a certain night, and he began with writing, already an older man, and he continued therewith. And now?

He could not handle "life", was shocked from what humans were able to do. He was disappointed, so much would be possible, in theory. And yet, not with these humans, he was one of those. One day life would be over, should he be happy about it, or sad? Sad, because there was so much beauty and mesmerizing around him. Happy, because no longer a human being. Problems with the left knee the last days, and all the other problems: Wouldn't it be relieving – or revealing – to have a lung disease, living for years on a mountain, he thought.

But on a mountain? His life was indissolubly intertwined with water. Water, two thirds of the planet, would it be not more clever to live in fluid water instead on hard soil? Silly old man. In water together with orcas, sharks, barracudas and more? All life on earth, maybe apart from extremely primitive early stages of life, destroyed other life to survive. Even the halcyon plant eaters, should one say now that plants couldn't feel, shout, or cry? And plants? Well, carnivores? Even the plants.

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Creating art, being creative, what else could life bestow at least the sham of meaningfulness? An incurable illness, wouldn't that be a remedy? But, what if already being ill with one? The endless disappointment, the endless fear, the endless trauma being one of these humans.

Being Happy, Being Sad, Being Frightful

The point is reached, a few days till Christmas, a few days more till New Year's Eve. No belief in God, New Year's Day a normal workday, a normal holiday with some more work to do.

Torn, not knowing what the right answer would be. Straightforward acting, every crisis is a chance, time to let it happen, would that be possible, would I have the strength to do so? I've sometimes the feeling to be overwhelmed by it, sometimes I simply be afraid, sometimes I say: Yes, of course, why not!

Right at this very moment, Friday, December the seventeenth, 11:15 PM, I would say: Let's do it, baby! The future is fucking wide open, the world is yours. I'm a fucking white man living in fucking Germany, if I cannot be bold in regard of the coming, who in this fucking world ever should be?

And after midnight? What will be my mood then? Let's do it, baby! Not happy, but also not sad, and in any case not frightened. I will get my chances, had so many, grab them now – life is so crazy!

Let's Chastise And Fuck The Future Queen Of England II

Bent forward, with raised skirt and underskirts, the feet still covered by coquettish tiny white boots, the calves by white cotton stockings, the thighs and the buttocks by white linen underpants, never had Cordula made him more horny. He had problems not to start to jerk, he had just problems to bear the scenery, now that the action not even had begun.

"I will start with a plain leather strap, this will give the buttocks a nice underlying red color for the coming."

"With pants up, and then with pants down?"

"Exactly."

"What about spanking the tits, the back – the pussy?"

"All possible, but shouldn't we start in the most traditional way?"

"Yes. I should be patient, not lust for all at once."

"Cordula, please turn your head so, that the master can see your face while I treat you."

Cordula did as commanded, he looked at her face and had to ejaculate, again in his pants. It was obvious that she disliked the situation she was in, him it made mad. Then Niopha, Mistress Niopha, began with the spectacle. Her first stroke let Cordula cringe, the mistress stopped with her doing.

"Don't try to fool me, Cordula. I start very restrained, you don't tell me that this hurts you much. My first aim is, to give your buttocks a nice red color, not more. And you still have your pants up – keep your composure! Maybe not easy for you as a German.....woman, but at least you should try it." She looked at him and could see him grinning, he loved what he saw. In the following, she worked on the buttocks. With impressive strokes, very systematically, she covered the complete ass.

"I think that should be enough to give the buttocks a charming basic color. Shall I denude the buttocks now, Peter?"

"Yes, I look forward to see her ass. I think that I have seen her ass never this way."

The mistress opened the ribbon of the underpants. Slowly she exposed her work, perfectly red colored buttocks.

"This makes me crazy, I think I have to fuck her. What a wonderful ass she has now!"

"Slowly, this was only the first step. We will reach the next level now."

"Will you use a whip?"

"Not for the buttocks. Very delightful for the back, maybe for the breasts also. No, I will use this paddle now."

She showed him a heavy looking paddle, heavy wood, with holes in it.

"I will use this paddle now to give parts of the buttocks a deeper color, especially the holes will make a nice pattern."

"Does this will hurt her more?"

He asked for this only to get even more horny, if even possible.

"Somewhat, but we will have still many room for improvement."

"Then let us begin."

He became totally crazy seeing what the mistress did. Only four strokes, bald implemented, every buttock got two strokes. Now the buttocks showed, in addition to the charming red basic color, four rectangular areas of deeper color, therein six ringlets showing the basic color – all in near perfect symmetry. What a masterpiece! Every stroke elicited a wonderful groan from Cordula.

"This makes me mad – sorry, but I have to do it!"

He took his penis out and rubbed it until he got his next orgasm.

"You are a very "firm" man, this was not your first time since you entered the room."

"No. Even when the Americans are wankers and their country is a shithole, their pharmaceutical companies are fantastic. Is this finished now?"

"No, of course not! Now it's time for the cane. Eight more strokes, Cordula will like them very much."

"They will be very painful now?"

"I will make them very painful. And you will enjoy them very much, yes Cordula?"

"I don't think....."

".....you have not to think, you fucking bitch! You have to....."

".....I'm not your fucking bitch, we Germans have....."

".....when I spank you, then you're nothing than my fucking bitch, and I'm your mistress – is this understandable for your German brain?"

"Peter?"

Cordula tried to turn around, but the mistress pressed her down – he enjoyed the spectacle very much.

"Well, Cordula, yes, we're the dominators, we have won the war. But at the moment the honorable English lady has the cane in hand and you're bent forward. I'm totally curious to see what will her next step. Could you please be a bit more keen, Cordula?"

"Yes, Oberst-Gruppenführer Maurer!"

"Then I would say that we should continue, Mistress Niopha."

Eight strokes, eight times Cordula had to give a shout and had problems to keep her position. Especially the last two were extremely hard for her to bear. The result?

Drawn through the middle of all the ringlets, nearly exactly though the middle, a deep red line appeared now, the stokes of the cane. Her buttocks looked like a painting now, different shades of red, from light red to deep red, various graphic elements in near perfect symmetry – he was delirious with joy now!

"This makes me crazy! I've never seen something like this, this is perfect! Can you do this also with her back, tits and pussy?"

"The inner thighs are perfect to spank for instance, to create nice patterns. But should it be not your turn now?"

"I'm totally exhausted! Even the blue pills cannot help me any longer. I would love to fuck Cordula in her ass now, but I'm dead. And to be honest, I would love it even more to fuck the mistress."

"Maybe you would love it, would the mistress turn her attention to you now?"

"Don't overstep the mark now, I'm still a German officer and no English gay soldier who likes to be spanked by his teacher or governess. Give me some time, then I will see what I can implement of the newly learned. Maybe time for some tea, you and me – Cordula?"

"Yes."

"Keep this position, please. I want to enjoy your ass while drinking some tea and eating some sandwiches, have some conversation about your ass with my future queen."

"Of course, As might be desired, Peter."

He was not sure if Cordula ever could accept what had happened to her right now. He would have to have a conversation with her later on. Of course, she was the German woman, but the other woman would become the new English queen. It was difficult to say who should be over whom. Maybe she would come down when he would spank Niopha, at least that was his hope. But for the moment he enjoyed the tea and the sandwiches, Cordula's buttocks of course, but most of all the arousing sight of the mistress right at his side. How would it be, would she.....perhaps it would be worth to try it one day.....

On A Good Way

I'm on a good way, he thought. Still some time, if not dying, he thought. A journey, he thought. And yet, some aspects, the so-called circumstances of life, one could not calculate, he thought. In a year from now, much would be, had to be, different, otherwise the last years would have been meaningless, he thought. So much unclear at the moment, he thought. But it would challenge him, he thought. And he would have to have an answer, he thought. And he was confident that he would have an answer, he thought. He saw a child dying, that child would never have a chance to live a life, he thought. He had wasted decades, that he knew. That would demand of him that he had to show that he would be able now to make it better, that was obvious to him. The last years had been a good beginning, building up a base, that was his view on it. Within a year he had to make the step forward, the necessary step forward, otherwise it would make no longer any sense to continue, that was his conviction. I felt eased, by writing this because it was meant seriously. In a year, I would have to have lost the necessary weight, maybe - but not necessarily - having a stable job, would have continued the current writing, but would have to have developed it seriously. New Year's resolutions?

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He gave a shit on New Year and New Year's celebrations. Normal workdays, not interested in to become a part of the crowd – Crowds and Power. A development knew no epochs or eras, no seasons and episodes. A life was a constant stream – one way, one direction, Ms. Newsom – no return possible, no going back and fighting with yourself. Love in the Time of Cholera – no love in the time of corona. And yet, in a time of great disturbance, like the rising climate change, like the downfall of the American democracy, like the downfall of the European idea, like.....the world's history would continue.

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The world in fifty years? I will be dead, so what? The humans are unable to act foresighted, so what one should expect? The Germans implement lax measures, everybody knows they will not be enough. Let's see what the development over the next three weeks will be – three weeks!? In three weeks in Germany – like already in many nations around us – the Omicron variant will dominate, who would doubt this? But if we smart Germans, the world's greatest "cultural nation", are such small-minded? About what one should write?

Let's Chastise And Fuck The Future Queen Of England III

"And now, will you try it by yourself now? My buttocks would be ready for you."

"I have to say that I'm still totally smashed. I have no idea what I should wish. To spank you? Watching you spanking Cordula's back, tits, and pussy? I run crazy, only to imagine what wonderful patterns you would create on those body parts. I've no idea at the moment."

"Well, maybe some rest would be good? Your rooms are prepared, if you prefer that.....we could continue tomorrow?"

"I think that I should spend this night alone. Perhaps it would be possible to watch you while Cordula undresses you? I mean, hidden?"

"Well, as if Cordula has not told you about it. Of course, it would arouse me to know that you would spy on me while undressing."

"Then I wish you a restful night, I fear that I will find no sleep."

Cordula showed him his rooms first, then the possibility to spy on the lady.

"After I have brought her to bed, perhaps you would like it then to share your bed with me, Peter?"

"I fear that I will not be capable to, to show you my manhood this night. But I would have some questions later."

"My manhood", she thought. As if he had ever been a "real man" in bed. Perhaps someone should tell him this one day.

"I will come to you after I have "served" her."

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"You have enjoyed the show?"

"What shall I say? She's a fucking arousing woman. I even have get a boner again, as she bent over, only with the white stockings on, revealing her pussy. But enough is enough. Undress and come to me."

"That you can look at my spanked ass further on?"

"You did not enjoy it, "isn't it", like these Brits are saying."

"Was this a question? Apart from, that it has hurt a lot, it was humiliating. Nice that you had fun, but she's the British slut, and I'm the German mistress."

"She will become the new "Queen of England", and the rest of the shitty empire. We will use the Brits as our execution assistants. They like playing colonial masters, why we shall smirch our hands? We are the Germans, we're good administrators, let others die on the future battlefields."

"And "she"? I am not convinced about, that it should be allowed to her to continue spanking me. Especially not my pussy."

"Come on, do it for me. I think that you will enjoy it very much, when I will give her some German lessons. Maybe my patterns will be not that nice, but she will have, in any case, much reason to cry. But let her become queen first, let her taste the fine wine made of the greed of power."

"But you will no allow me that I spank her?"

"No, but you will have many opportunities to do what you want with others – do not say, that you had not many nice moments over the last few years, since we started our crusade?"

"No, it was delightful, to be honest. But,....."

".....but one woman's ass is sacrosanct for you. This should be bearable for you, or."

"Okay, let her become the fucking queen. And I do it only for you, if it makes you such horny, then I will bear the pain."

"That's the Cordula I fall in love with over the years. We will have a lot of fun together, in fucking Great Fucking Britannia. But we have to reinstall their stupid, arrogant, and snobby English self-confidence first. Well, after they had laughingstocks as political leaders, like this silly dancing bitch and this unkempt wanker from London?"

"What will be the first steps?"

"We have to show the Welsh, the Scots, and especially the Irish, their place in the world. This will help the pitiful Englishmen, and Englishwomen, to feel better. And of course, we have to, after they have been unable to do so by themselves, their faggot kings, to hand them over the fucking French nation. This will be nice to them, when they have to speak English in Paris – but we have to rescue the French cuisine, this English muck is uneatable."

"How about some French cooks, here at the manor?"

"That's an excellent idea."

The Meaning Of Writing

A job? Well, you have to make a living. Apart from that, that writing could give me the money to live, it does not do so. So, I need a job, have to earn money in that way. But writing? Writing is the purpose in life, that gives my life a meaning. The attempted to create art, something meaningful. Not decadent, art accompanies the Homo sapiens from the beginning on. Who knows all this past empires, but we all know the art made during their existance. How many know the Medici, which of the Medici? Botticelli, the Botticelli? The David made from marble? Only as one example? But the Medici, to stick with them for one more moment? Palazzi, affreschi, statue, pittura.....art, that's what's left-over off the Medici.

To create one piece of art, that's a real meaning-giving moment in a life. Only art? No, science as well. The human being, at least as a child, is curious and creative – let me stay a child. Live is strange.

The Meaning Of Writing II

2022, what will be at the end of this year? In the USA, midterm elections? The pandemic? With me?

I have to stop, being self-pityingly. If I have no success as a writer, then it will be not "fate", maybe at the wrong time at the wrong place, maybe my writing is not that good, whatever. I will have a living, will have time to write, more than so many others have. You cannot have all, the best from all worlds, you have to decide. I have to decide for writing, everything else would condemn the last years to a mere joke.

The last two years have changed a lot, not because of corona, they have changed me. But now it's time to cross the river, not only looking at the water, wistfully.

"But it can be dangerous to cross a river."

"Oh yes, not only a few failed, dramas could be witnessed, so many had to drown in the floods."

"Drown?"

"Yes."

"Well, would this be the biggest risk? Have written so much about drowning - "Drowning Oneself" right at the beginning. If this is the greatest risk, to drown, this would be no "risk" for me, maybe a salvation?"

"Don't become pathetic."

"You're right. But nevertheless, it's worth a try in any case."

The Welsh, the Scots and the Irish

"You're making progress, I enjoyed your spanking very much."

"Well, my queen, I'm still a dilettante."

He had tried to spank her, but it did not function that well. He had fucked her thereafter – well, he had been that horny that he cum nearly immediately after having penetrated her.

"So far the fun part, now we have to discuss some serious matters."

Fun part?, she thought. He had ejaculated and she had been bored. His spanking had been a disaster, all what he had in mind when doing it was, to cause her pain. No idea about the erotic dimension of it. Well, she was queen now, she would have fun with some of her chambermaids later.

"What serious matters we have to discuss?"

She arranged her dress, much more difficult than to just zip your zipper.

"Well, we have to throw this UK on the dump. There are the English, not more is needed. Forget

this fucking Welsh, this retarded Scots – and the Irish? But let's start with the Welsh. Is it true that they are the indigenous people of this isle?"

"Degenerated left-overs who cannot even speak in a way that one can understand them."

"Do they have any kind of culture? I mean, we will talk about the Scots later, they have their ridiculous dances and such stupidities, but the Welsh?"

"No, nothing what one should interest."

"I would say that we should erase this remains. All men older than fourteen have to serve in the English army now. I think that we will find nice tasks for the Welsh units. We maybe have not to erase them totally, but we have to decimate them extremely – are there hot Welsh women?"

"Well, some say that some of them are.....well, hot. Most of them are still, more "rural"."

"I think we should have some here, just to have fun with them. The rest of them can be servants, if good enough whores, or for the factories."

"What about Wales as such?"

"Wales? Wales no longer will exist, it has to become a part of England, like Kent or so, as it should be since centuries."

"I love to hear this. This Welsh "accent"?"

"There are only two reasonable languages, English and German – and I do not mention English at first accidentally."

"Our Welsh "fellow citizens" will not be happy to hear this."

"Who gives a shit on their opinion?"

"That's what fascinates me about the Germans, they can be so simply brutal. It arouses me, I've a wet pussy now."

"This mature English bitches, they know how to please a man. But do not exaggerate it, do not try to manipulate me with your gorgeous pussy."

"I would never dare to do this. I'm the queen of the English, but I'm the whore of my German master."

"Why I have the feeling just right now, that you try to manipulate me? Whatever, sign the laws that will end this Welsh scum that no one needs. And before we continue with this Scottish vermin, I have to fuck you in your ass – turn around and raise your skirts. You know how horny this makes me."

Yes, he gets horny again, and I'm bored again, that was what she thought. And, that she had a wet pussy because she imagined all this young Welsh soldiers who would have to die on the battlefields for the English.

"Wouldn't it be not appropriate to have also some young Welsh men here? We could have a little Welsh breeding?"

"And I think that you would have to check their virility always by your own?"

"Would this be a problem for you?"

"You're an English whore, you're the queen. I would be disappointed, would you not live this out."

"I think that I should offer you my asshole now."

"Oh yeah....."

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"Ruling is so exhausting, especially as an English queen."

"I feel with you, my horny queen, but we have to continue with the state business."

"Oh, what's the matter?"

"Well, we have found an endloesung for the Welsh, but we cannot ignore the Scots and the Irish."

"Well, okay, the Scots....."

"More or less the same as with the Welsh. We have not to exterminate them necessarily, but we have to limit their population drastically. And, we should not forget that they have at least some kind of cultural heritage."

"Their bad Whisky?"

"Okay, normally I drink bourbon, but had a not so bad Scotch recently. But apart from that, haven't they funny games, and this funny way of dancing? I have to say that I saw some very nice Scottish girls, dancing in their Scottish dresses. I like the shoes and the socks, the skirts and the underskirts, visible if dancing. Also the rest.....I would like to see them dancing without underwear."

"You've a boner?"

"Of course, we should have a dance group here, pleasant girls, and some good quality women as servants. And some young men for you, one more breeding?"

"I hate the Scots, I wouldn't feel sad if they disappear. The English had been all the times too weak, when dealing with these primitives."

"Some Scottish women are very hot, it would be nice to have some purebred ones also in the future, like we enjoy thoroughbred horses."

"And the country, the language, their music, and books?"

"Sign it and there will be no Scotland any longer. Their language is forbidden, they have to learn English. Some musician for freak shows can be tolerated – do they have books? Really?"

"I like you - this Scottish girls dancing are making you hot, isn't it?"

"Yeah, I like when they show their legs. Well, they also, not only the Welsh, are very commonly a bit too "natural". But some of them are pretty charming, especially when not too old. Okay, dancing, it's more like.....to gambol?"

"Well, they are Scots, you cannot compare them with the sophisticated British culture. Can we not get rid of them completely?"

"You really hate them. I like this. Do you think that they will offer resistance?"

"Of course."

"Well, wouldn't that give you any reason to be no longer weak, showing them the new English strength? We had concentration camps for Jews, a Dachau for Scots would be maybe a good answer."

"I always forget that you're one of this ruthless Germans. You people have really no scruples."

"We've defeated the English. We have killed many of them, and we still kill many of them, those who still cannot accept our supremacy. Every day we execute ninety-nine of them in Hyde Park – men, women, old or young. We can continue with it for a long time if needed. Why should I be interested in some fucking Scots? The males will be good canon fodder, but some females are too nice to simply utilize them."

"I think I should have a Scots' guard, young boys in their silly skirts and with their silly bagpipes – what do you think?"

"That you will have a lot of fun in teaching them what a real English mistress is – they wear no underwear, or."

"You will have your fun with your dance group without panties."

"You see, even Scots are good for something, at least for something."

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"You do not mean this serious!"

She did not look that amused.

"Why not?"

"You had no problem therewith to annihilate this fucking Wales and Scotland, why now?"

"Scotland and Wales have been anachronisms, like the Polack nation, or Austria."

"And Ireland? Ireland, why I should accept that there's a Irish nation in the future?"

"Wales and Scotland were nonsensical smears on the map of the English isle. Ireland is an isle of its own. There will be one Irish nation in the future, of course under the rule of the English queen."

"But....."

"....but there are too many Irish. Or, see it in that way, the Irish isle is not such a flyspeck like Wales or Scotland. Of course, also the young Irish will have to serve in the English army, and sadly many of them will die. And with the time, the Irish isle will be less and less populated, but let them fight

their war. Isn't it funny to see Irish killing Irish? I think that this can become very entertaining in the future."

"I dislike this, and I'm your horny queen?"

"And I'm your German gentleman-jockey, and you're my mare. I've the crop in hand and spur you, my arousing thoroughbred."

You wouldn't be able to ride even an old nag, nor you're capable to spank an English queen, her thoughts were.

"Why you are so mad on this Irish bastards?"

"You wouldn't love it, to have some nice young samples here, for your entertainment?"

"There's not much difference in the end, whether a Welsh, Scottish or Irish cock fucks you (or a shrivelled German one). Do you think that a Scottish pussy feels different from an Irish one? - (Do not dare to talk about the pussy of the English queen now). Are you so much aroused by this Irish bitches?"

"Well, at least they do better dance than the Scottish bitches."

"You do not mean this seriously – don't tell me that you take this Irish nonsense seriously? Dancing?"

"I have to confess that I like it – come on! Okay, I do not understand it really, but – I do not understand these two different costumes. There are those with this colorful dresses – shoes and socks, very similar to the Scots. I like that they are totally dressed till the hips, but then you see the bare thighs and legs."

"Not again, you dream about to see them dancing without panties?"

"I'm a man, I'm a German man – of course. And of course, we will be open for Irish folklore here. I look forward to seeing them dancing. Without panties, of course. I like their fancy hairdo, these are wigs – or."

"Why you ask me, I'm not interested in any Irish shit!"

"But there are these other dancers. The women dressed in black, with black tights on. They have very classy legs normally – enveloped in black tights? I'm a man, of course this makes me hot. Of course, I wanna fuck some of them. Do you know why they dress differently?"

"As said, I'm English. Why I should be interested in something that's Irish?"

"You should be a bit more open to other cultures. See it in that way. Why I should feel sad, should the last African negro die, should their DNA been erased. But isn't it interesting to visit a historico-cultural museum, to see what the ancient Greeks did four thousand years ago, or some niggers in Africa? But this has not to mean, that we have to allow them to live any longer."

"But exactly this is my problem with the Irish! Fuck this dancing bitches if you like, but why we have to accept an Irish nation any longer – do they are then even longer allowed to speak their fucking language?"

"Come down. This "royalists" are useful idiots for us at the moment. It's like with this right-wing scum like skinheads or antisocials. Useful idiots, do not expect that they will survive at the end? But they are good footmen for the moment."

"It's not only because you are mad on Irish pussies?"

"An Irish pussy is nice to fuck - this Corr sisters? The one who sang was fucking hot, and the youngest, she played drums – or."

She tried everything to look bored as hell.

"She looked very hot also – I fear that they all are old bitches now. That's the nice, there's a constant stream of new young pussies, every day. It's like making porn movies in Los Angeles. You have to do nothing, new young pussies arrive every day, to become famous, to end in the porn industry. It's like in paradise. But now you should sign these orders, then we can close this chapter."

Yeah, and then we can celebrate it with your next incompetent tries to spank and fuck me. Thank God, I have these chambermaids and some boys, endued with real cocks. I'm sick of this shit, but I love the luxury and the glamour, and the power of being the Queen of England, of the new England, Greater England.

"Would it be wished too much, to celebrate this new laws with the execution of twelve dozen Irish

bitches?"

"My dear. If you wish it, you can take a bath in their blood. I said it already, to see you in that mood makes me very hot. I would say that it should be only beautiful women – what do you think?"

"Can I select them?"

"Of course."

"And this would make you even more horny?"

"Of course."

Maybe it's true - it's true - that we English are arrogant and conceited bastards. But no one tops this Germans of being insane. And yet, she thought, he's a bungler with the cane, not to talk when trying to fuck me. But his boundless insanity and cruelty makes my mad.

"Would it be possible to burn them like witches?"

"Alive?"

"Wouldn't this be too much?"

"I'm German, we did this during the war in Belarus or France, for instance. Why I should be concerned about a few Irish pussies?"

Now she had her orgasm, that was even better as any kind of sex.

A New Writing?

A new writing, what could that mean? If all function as hoped, I should have "normal" working times in the future. Well, have worked in retirement homes already, my working time there began at 6 AM until 3 PM as a rule. It would be maybe more something like 8 AM until 4 PM in the future, as a salesperson also late as 8 PM. Whatever, the working time could change, but time for writing would be still there. For jazz club or bar also, but should I concentrate my writing more? Time to write a "real" novel? I have the feeling that this would be possibly a nice "project" for the time of retirement. Writing on a novel, but also continuing writing as now. The development of the novel could happen online, the latest status of the novel would always be seen online then.

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This could perhaps also be a project for earlier? Well, first the health question and a new job, but I should keep this in mind. But what should be the topic? Possibly being in Los Angeles – and San Francisco – as a European, German? But not in the sense of a diary, it should have to be a novel. With reflecting about being in England and Portugal? I would have to create a plot first.....and deciding what should be the aim of this writing? A kind of "Cozy Days In London", only longer and more abstract? Well, there are some matters that have more priority presently, but perhaps it would be nice to begin with it. Give it a working title, why not something like "Cozy Days In Los Angeles", or "Lonely Days In Los Angeles", or "Inspiring Days In Los Angeles", or maybe simply "Days In Los Angeles"? Whatever, even to create the plot should require a longer time. Perhaps I should simply begin with it?

The French

"Satisfied so far, my horny queen?"

"Well, I loved it to see them burn and hear them scream. I have to say that I got an orgasm while watching it."

"Well, sometimes one have to be brutal or even cruel – I wasn't interested in this wannabe porn, but wasn't there this scene with the hot blond, Game of Thrones?"

"This ridiculous dragon queen?"

"Yes, I think that she impaled many after her victory – something like that."

"Whatever, stupid TV. It's much more arousing in reality at the end. You Germans have really nice traditions."

"Yes, we have. Now it's time that France becomes an English colony."

"Yes, this will become a feast for the English. No longer this fucking French nation, now the English will get what's their God-given!"

"You start to become religious?"

"No, what a nonsense. But it sounds good, and it's good for the ordinary people. God decided that I become the Queen of England, and I will do my best to fulfil his will – nice, or."

"Yeah, and we both know that it had been the German dominators."

"Yes, and I will do all I can to please my German masters – shall I offer you my pussy, or you would like it more that I suck your cock?"

"You know that I'm always horny being with you, my nasty queen."

"Your too kind, my German master, dominator."

"But we have to concentrate on France now, and I cannot fuck you all the time."

No, not all the time, and at the end.....

"Yes, France. Maybe it would be better to concentrate on the French bastards."

"Bastards? Well, when the English "gentlemen" sometimes appear as faggots, the French are simply faggots. Well, the French ladies, the French madame, they are strong and beautiful, but this French ladyboys? They need strong guidance from the English, they were even not able to finish the job in Algeria. They are good cooks, have a culture in fact, of course inferior to the German and English, but they are only wankers at last. How easy it had been to defeat them, so many collaborators, so many henchmen."

"Yes, we English have fought until the very end. It has been hard for the Germans to defeat us. But the French? You seized Paris, and the rest of the nation surrendered. You seized London, and the battle continued until the last little town had to surrender."

"Yes, that had been real soldiery."

"I will become the Queen of France?"

"That would honor them too much. France will become a British protectorate, the nation as such will no longer exist. We Germans have a good tradition therein. We will install a "Reich Protector of the former French Nation", in the tradition of Reinhard Heydrich."

"A name?"

"Choose one, you're the queen. He should have some qualities. Ruthless, relentless, a sadist would be a good choice."

"I think that I will find one. What shall be the future of the former French national territory?"

"They have to learn German and English, can keep their kitchen. They get a last chance to show the North African nations that the white culture is the superior culture. The rest of fucking Negro Africa belongs to the English. They can produce clothes and cheese, why not cars and oysters. Simply said, all what the Germans and English wish to have from them."

"We have still a resistance movement even in the former UK. Not severe, but still. In France, the former France, there will be most probably a much greater resistance."

"That's why a sadist would be a good choice. He will like it, and maybe my cruel queen will also get an orgasm seeing some French people burning. Why not every morning, to begin the day with something funny?"

"You're not interested in, in a long term, that the French culture will survive?"

"Well, Escoffier knew how to cook sauces, but we have the book. We do not need a French to cook them – well, maybe not an English "cook", but also a German cook can cook them. What does this world require more, than the German and English culture and people? Well, we require servants and slaves, whores and some variety. A nigger is a nigger, there's no reason for their existence. But why not fucking a black bitch for variety from time to time? There will be a future when the world will be clean and pure. But we live at the beginning of the transformation thereto, we have still to accept that the world is impure to a certain degree. But we will work on it."

"Would it be arrogant, would I order that the Mona Lisa has to be brought here, that I want to have

her on these walls?"

"You like the picture?"

"No, it's shit. But I think that the French would hate it."

"My little fucking queen. Shit on it if you like, you're the "Queen of the World" now."

"Apart from Germany."

"The Germans love you, as you know. Your first visit in Germany, next week, will become a triumph. The Germans see you as their queen as well."

"Yes, I'm the "Queen of the World"."

"And now I lust after your asshole."

And I will have a boring time meanwhile.

Rule, Britannia! (Under The German Leadership!)

Yes, the British Empire, Great New England, rose, rose more than ever. The world surrendered, no one could resist the English Storm, the ES. The new world order enabled the world to reach new heights, under English leadership, under German leadership. The world became a world of culture and science, the whiteness cured the world.

"My husband and I feel honored being invited to your celebration. Well, it's good that the whole African continent is now under the control of the white man again, these niggers cannot exist without their white governesses – and we have much better use for the African natural resources."

"Yes, that's true. You had fun in hunting some of these niggers, in our little amusement earlier before?"

"Yes, of course. I killed two of them - one I've only wounded."

"Not bad. I would like to fuck you later, a nice threesome with my little lustful queen? You're a very arousing woman."

"Well, I'm married....."

He gave a sign to a young man in an extravagant uniform.

"You're.....Ms. Thompson, right?"

"Yes.....Mrs. Thompson, my husband is....."

".....no longer needed. Officer!"

"At your service, Sir!"

"Look where her husband is and execute him, immediately, outside – he's guilty of.....treason."

He looked at the shocked Mrs. Thompson.

"Well, I would say that you're a widow now – or at least soon. Are you interested in, to see him dying – treason is a very severe crime. But I think that we can assume, that you had no idea about the shocking actions of your husband – you hadn't, or."

"No, I had no idea about that my husband could be a traitor. What happens to me now?"

"Well, you had so much fun in killing these niggers - I think that you're a reliable pillar of our society?"

"Always and in any case."

"But you could need some solace?"

"Well, this was very shocking for me, to learn the truth about my.....this man I formerly called "my husband"."

"I think that my horny queen and I can give you all the solace you need now."

"I am grateful for your generosity."

Yes, the white man's culture was a blessing for the world. But hey, Arabs had been more brutal slaveholders than the Americans. For an American a slave had been an investment, for an Arab it had been an object, easy to get a new one, very cheap, very near to the source. And the Japanese, when they ramped and raged in China. And the Chinese, when they wiped out other cultures. And

yet, one had to say that the white man had been especially consistent throughout history. And, the best attempted so far the Germans had made, failed. But, not much, and they could have succeeded. But, one failed attempt should not mean.....and maybe another nation was the chosen one, not the Germans? In any way, without any doubt, it had to be white Europeans, Western Europeans, even if no longer living in Europe.

"I get a little bored, my master."

"The world is yours now, my wet queen."

"Yes, but I would need some new thrilling entertainment. Yes, it's nice to be master upon life and death, but.....I don't know."

"There's still resistance, there are still people who not accept the new world order. And I've heard, that, among the women who advise you, is at least one with ambitions to become queen oneself."

"I should kill them all, with my hands – what an affront!"

"Or, the game could be, to find out, which of the women is the one who should be killed by you."

"You know how to entertain your crazy queen."

"Aren't we not all a little bit crazy? Isn't it not only the question at the end, whether you're capable to, to put your craziness into practice, or not?"

"Well, I'm only you little bitchy queen. That's too philosophic for me." - My master with the little shriveled cock!

Adulthood?

Different stages of writing? Well, I've started seven years ago, still in my youth? Have I to become more adult? In any case, I have to reflect about the present developments. Why writing about Obama and his years when Biden is in office now? This makes no sense to me. Yes, flashbacks, connecting the presence with the past, why not. The Ukraine conflict today, you have to talk about the shit Obama has said. But the conflict today is the important matter, I live for the presence.

Adulthood, what should that mean? I feel change, I feel a lot of change, I feel the being sick, that makes it not easy, but it's more and more obvious with every day: This is an interim period. All the time, till the last day of December, is past now. Much will change. But because it's an interim period, it's very difficult to say what will follow the time that's now past, will follow this interim period.

Adulthood? This year will, have to, bring changes. It will yield changes, and if only because of health questions. Adulthood? Why not young and wild? Be young and be wild, Mrs. Grant says. And maybe this would be the better strategy, forget adulthood – welcome the anarchism of childhood. I've the feeling that I've tried too much to become an adult, a "real artist". It's me, and I've only this one try. So, why wasting this one try with "coming of age"? It's me and the sun now, the morning sun, this drug – I think I should spend the rest of the day with listening to music.....

Give heaven a try, be young and be wild

Be free and alive

Give heaven a try, be young and be wild

Just feel alive

It's just you and the sun, it's just you and the sun now baby

(You & Me; Elizabeth Woolridge Grant)

*My morning sun is the drug that brings me near
To the childhood I lost, replaced by fear*

*I feel so extraordinary
Something's got a hold on me
I get this feeling I'm in motion
A sudden sense of liberty
(True Faith, New Order)*

Being Bukowski

What's the excerpt of the last two years of writing, and starting with other art forms? Well, I'm definitely not Bukowski, not at all. But there's a lesson to be learned: Don't try!

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It's the time now to stop to try, it's the time now to just do it. It's getting boring, like always singing in front of always the same people. But is it maybe too early – who cares. I have headache, the whole last night and the whole day, December the twenty-fifth, 4:31 PM. Another seven fucking (?), or difficult (?), or whatever days? Whatever, a year full of work ahead, a year I have to prove myself. I have headache and I do not feel best, but that's okay, perhaps even necessary. No, I'm not Bukowski, I have still no hint of an idea of who I am. Could be that next year's writing and art will bring me closer to an answer, but I have the fucking feeling that I will die before getting sixty-five. It would be too good to be true, nearly like in one of this lousy Hollywood stupidities. Whatever, from next year on I will have only one possibility, to do it, just to do it – or of course, stopping to do it at all. But then there would be no longer even a bit of reason to continue with this shit, being alive. Don't try, do it, what would I do if a gun laid on my desk right now? Well, football season not over yet, and I'm in a lousy mood.