

Days In Los Angeles

Matosinhos

Matosinhos: 175,000 (Porto 238,000) - ocean, cozy, calm, slowing down, maybe a partner (sisters)
<< the place to come back, to die there

2019

February The First

<< November the 8th, 2019, D'el Rei

<< no date will be mentioned in Matosinhos. 2019 defined by the concert, 2021 and 2022 by mentioning how many later from 2019 on. 2022 as well, and the two concerts in Porto.

We will arrive at Porto Airport in time, the local time is 1:10 PM, sunshine in Porto today. The pilot had announced it, so we could see a lot of the landscape around Porto during the approach, even the ocean, maybe also Matosinhos, my real aim. The whole short flight the weather had been nice and much could have been seen.

<< from Frankfurt over Germany, France, and Spain
<< like it flying through the clouds, the cloud layers, being over the clouds
<< some niche landscapes, mountains and valleys, cities, but I'm not sure where I'm exactly
<< mostly cloudy, cloud ceiling, but over the clouds the sun shines

<< walk to the hall
<< luggage and customs are effortless, like an inland flight, description of the airport in contrast to LAX!
<< with the taxi to the hotel, first impressions, driving style on the freeway, reaching the hotel
<< check in, small counter, describing room

<< walking to the beach, Av. da Republica, traffic circle with LIDL and McDonald's, but then the beach, the ocean
<< walking down the boardwalk, seeing the apartment houses, the crane, and the Forte in the background, reaching the „ugly building“, Edificio Transpartente, having dinner
<< everything is empty, various restaurants, I chose one, I'm the only guest - well, it's off season
<< I order seafood and get a large plate with many French fries and a lot of seafood, like pulvo
<< a bit too much oil for me, but it tastes well, and it's difficult to eat it all

<< Matosinhos, at first, I wasn't aware that this is a city of its own
<< a concert in Braga, that is my aim
<< from Frankfurt to Porto seemed like the best way
<< Porto at the ocean, why not stay for a few days here, then to Braga?
<< the ocean, my connection, my graveyard, Los Angeles, the big ocean, the mall ocean
<< after the concert, back to Porto for a few more days?
<< would be the best way
<< airport Porto, where should I stay?
<< see on a map, a nice beach, the ocean, this would be a nice place to stay
<< not directly in Porto, the city, but at the ocean?
<< later I understand, this is not Porto, this is Matosinhos, a city of its own

<< but obviously, it would be easy to reach Porto as well
<< so, why not Matosinhos for some days?

<< after the meal, I walk the same way back, my first evening in Matosinhos

February The Second

<< November the 9th, 2019, D'el Rei, Saturday

My first waking up in Matosinhos, I looked at the alarm clock, my alarm clock, the alarm clock I had brought along from Germany. It was a quirk, always taking my alarm clock with me, even knowing that there would be one in the room I had booked. But, why learn how to set the alarm? How would the alarm tone sound? No, it would be better to have the alarm clock with me, the alarm clock I was used to. Even if I felt unwell the first time when I did it, the first time? At the airport, security check, in my carry-on luggage, an alarm clock? Could this cause problems? Could they think that I would be a terrorist? Of course, I had removed the batteries, but.....? At the x-ray, when you have to put out your laptop and electronic devices, I also laid the alarm clock and the batteries in the plastic tray so that everybody could see the alarm clock and the batteries – it functioned! When was the first time? In six minutes the alarm would start, six minutes until XXX AM, local time, of course local time, German time would make no sense – it also functioned abroad. XXX AM, I thought that this would be a good time to start the day, would be in the breakfast room very early, for an early breakfast, a Portuguese breakfast. This was insofar funny, because in Germany, I always ate no breakfast at all, when working, at home. But here, in Matosinhos, vacation, I had a room with breakfast, hotel D'el Rei.

<< D'el Rei, well, why this place?

<< a nice hotel, obviously, not too expensive, not far from the beach

<< but I had to confess, as I saw it the first time, D'el Rei, it was not to prevent

<< Mrs. Grant, Lana Del Rey?

<< could sound stupid, but should I care?

My first morning in Matosinhos, what would I do? Well, the ocean of course, but then? But what more I would need, than a coffee or a tea, and the salty ocean's air. But I thought, maybe I should get up first.

In Matosinhos, a small hotel, but a nice roomy room, I switched on the TV. This was insofar funny, as I couldn't understand anything, could not understand any Portuguese words, but I saw the pictures, and I decided to take a shower first. A shower, either before going to bed, or after getting up, normal also at home – on vacation normally after getting up. I took some clothes, dressed, a pair of trousers and a shirt, the normal stuff. For a man, dressing was never a big affair. I walked to the breakfast lounge.

The breakfast lounge was a relatively small room with several tables, close to each other, and a breakfast buffet at the front side, opposite to the entrance, a continental breakfast.

Back to the room I packed my backpack and stepped out.

<< again, walking to the beach, Av. da Republica, the traffic circle with LIDL and McDonald's, the beach, the ocean

<< entering LIDL and realizing that it's very different from in Germany, bacalhau!, different frozen king prawns

<< a stop at Bar Praia Do Titan, down the boardwalk again, to reach the Forte de São Francisco Xavier, seen yesterday

<< walking around the park somewhat
<< the upper part with the lake, some nice places, benches, to rest
<< but I cannot sit down, walk around all the time, I cannot sit down

<< description of the area of the fort, the building, and the upper part of the park

<< later, searching for dinner, undecided, the first street from the beach many restaurants, R. Heróis de França, but looking tourist style
<< the next street, smaller restaurants, R. Heróis de França, O Manel, O Classico, more, I decide for O Manel
<< I'm alone, it's short after 6 PM, I do not feel much comfortable
<< cannot speak Portuguese, but English functions fine, the menu
<< decide for fish, of course, not sure what it is
<< a glass of wine, get a nice plate with monk fish, delicious potatoes, and some vegetable
<< a coffee later, and a slice of cake, lemon
<< with the time, more and more tables filled, now I understand
<< I was simply too early, it's Saturday, the locals do not eat that early
<< I leave at somewhat after 7 PM, the restaurant now halfway filled, and more still come
<< I remember my head chef from the south of France saying
<< from 6 PM until 8 PM we feed the tourists, then the locals are coming and good cooking begins, but this is France, my meal have been wonderful
<< back to the hotel, after a fine first dinner

February The Third

<< November the 10th, 2019, D'el Rei

The second awaking, and it was already as if I would wake up in this room every day, my whole life. I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. Always the breakfast buffet. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< I stand on the street, Rua de Brito Capelo, the tracks of the Metro in front of me
<< this time I do not turn left, but right instead
<< I follow the track, strange, some houses, all built closely together, are totally rotten, in a ruinous state, not inhabited for most likely years, the next maybe gets rebuild, the next appears to be new, with nice Portuguese wall tiles
<< it seems no problem, that some houses look very bad, others brand new, the old and the new side by side together
<< but later, at the bend, when the houses no longer, it all becomes more „old“
<< clubs, nightclubs, even more?
<< and then it opens, a ship, the harbor area, a hall
<< the market hall, but I do not enter, I continue my way, entering the next narrow street

<< I think, no precise way of walking now, but I am contemplating how different this place is compared with Los Angeles

<< all these streets, like backstreets in Los Angeles, but I cannot see garbage on the streets, no rats, even if fish fills the air
<< the houses are narrow, side by side, like puppet houses, but this is a bluff
<< the houses seem to be small, the fronts are small, but they are long, with patios, as you can see

when a side door is open
<< and every short distance, a café, a restaurant, a place
<< one can sit inside, but a few tables and chairs are always outside as well, what a difference to L.A.!
<< every moment one could sit down, have a rest, have a coffee or tea, not in Los Angeles, no time, no place for a rest, no shade, what a different mood in this place!
<< a small park now, no idea where I am, I have no time, not me, I continue my way
<< but it would have had the opportunity, simply to sit down, under real trees, giving shade, how different L.A.!
<< and if I had sit down, on one of the benches, at least three or even more cafes in sight
<< what a wonderful society this has to be, that has so many places to rest?
<< and even in the smallest cafe, and thos are pretty small, someone sits
<< have I counted how many butcheries or bakeries I had passed?
<< it felt like wonderland, like a place to find your rest, but I had no time, had to continue my way through the narrow streets with the so different houses – it nearly was like a rush

February The Fourth

<< November the 11th, 2019, D'el Rei

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. Always the breakfast buffet. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< I walk along the promenade, Av. Gen. Norton de Matos, towards the “ugly house”, the citadel, and the park, a way that starts to become familiar to me - the park is my real aim for today
<< the lower part still I know somewhat, enter the park under the bridge, along the lake, so far, I had been the second day
<< but today my aim is the upper part, I aim to cross the whole park, I should be in Porto then
<< so I start to walk uphill, on a nice path, with trees to your left and right, shade, nevertheless I start to sweat
<< a way, I could turn left, obviously there would be a nice few on the lake, but I have to head on
<< a second time I could turn left, a second lake, it's wonderful, all those trees, the shade, and I'm sweating increasingly while walking uphill
<< all the way there are benches to take a rest, with nice views, but I head on the way uphill until it ends
<< a street, a big street for this region, Av. da Boavista, Portugal, a street alongside the whole park, from Matosinhos until Porto
<< I should be in Porto now – or

<< I look down the street, absolutely straight, nearly like an American street
<< wow, a long way I have managed, but looking up the hill, along the street
<< the street is much longer, should I continue? Do this make sense?
<< I decide to head on, at least for a while, no longer the trees, the shade, sweat, and more sweat
<< interesting buildings on both sides, but I would like to reach the top of the hill, not thought that this region would be so hilly, such a long way, passing several bus stations
<< I pass some restaurants, a Burger King, no way!, then I see a café, Cafe Corcel (???)
<< I'm exhausted, I need something to drink, maybe a snack, why I'm doing this in that way
<< I enter and sit down, not many are in, good for me, I look for a separate place
<< I feel uncomfortable, all that sweat, I order a coffee and a water, something sweet

<< it doesn't help much, I cannot come down, I feel uncomfortable, and I want to leave as fast as possible

<< I drink the coffee fast, the water as well, the pastry

<< pay, leave, this cannot be the way – or

<< and now? Walking back the same way? Look at my watch, no longer is it morning. But giving up? I head on!

<< again the same distance until leaving the park, then I reach the top!

<< well, my clothes were already wet, I look at the exceptional building, not much wetter they are now

<< a concert hall obviously, Casa da Música, in front of me a park, Praça de Mouzinho de Albuquerque, round obviously, a traffic circle around

<< shall I walk to the park, sit down, under the trees? Would it help? Most likely not.

<< would need something to drink, some food?

<< How do I return to the hotel? The whole way back?

<< I felt like an idiot, but I had reached the top

<< my first time in Porto!

February The Fifth

<< November the 12th, 2019, D'el Rei

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge.

While sitting in the breakfast room I asked myself, now having seen all these small cafés, with their offers also for breakfast, whether it was a mistake to have breakfast in the hotel. Well, it was not that bad, okay for such a hotel, but that what you simply would expect in a hotel everywhere. Cheese, ham, cereals, such food. But in the cafés, there was so much more, and the locals ate very often toasted bread or rolls for breakfast, or small croissants. In any case, it seemed unnecessary to have breakfast in a hotel in Portugal, everywhere a place to sit down in the morning to have breakfast like the locals.

I had no distinct aim as I stepped out of the hotel, but decided spontaneously to walk to the beach, my way nearly every day so far. Cloudy weather, but no rain, not cold, but windy, a good weather to visit the beach I thought.

Way to the beach. Many surfers. Walking towards the fortification, the "ugly building".

I was surprised as I could see the terrace of the "ugly building", the foremost part, where inside the fitness club was. This time they had arranged several of these training bikes in front of it, with one at the front, opposite to all the others. On this, the trainer sat, who obviously pushed the others to give their best and everything they were able to – he spoke Portuguese, I could not understand him, but the scenery was self-explanatory. I had to confess to myself, even if it sounded arrogant now, that I considered the image as ridiculous.

<< I decide to walk to the city again, passing the fisherman's net, the artwork in the middle of the traffic circle

<< I enter the street next to the promenade, Rua de Brito Capelo

<< a pizzeria, a restaurant, a jeweler, a supermarket, a Portuguese supermarket obviously, no German one, LIDL, Pingo Doce, I enter it

<< it's large, many smells, an area with food to my left, it seems that I have entered the supermarket from behind
<< in front of me are many checkout counters
<< I can enter the supermarket just where I am, pass sushi, not enter the area with coffee and food, and start a tour through the supermarket

<< describing my way through the supermarket, the fruits, salad, cheese, meat, sausages, and finally the fish
<< the now so familiar smell of salt cod, bacalhau, offered in a massive variation
<< the fresh fish, this is a supermarket
<< in Germany, a specialized dealer for fish, could not offer such a variation!
<< this looks like paradise for a cook, and it's still a supermarket
<< a feeling of comfort hits me, a whole day I could spend here
<< I walk back to the area with the café
<< description of it, the hot, the cold, pies, obviously one can eat here, looks interesting, sandwiches, then sweet things, croissants, pies, and others again
<< What an offer! They do like food!
<< I buy a coffee, get managed it that they understand café au lait, and a croissant

<< I get a small cup with coffee and milk in it, not what a café au lait would be
<< I taste it, it's a nice combination of a strong coffee and some milk, wonderful, the croissant as well
<< I like it here, many have a coffee here, some eat something, a entirely different atmosphere, a café in a supermarket in Germany
<< it seems as if there were no hurrying like in Germany, shopping as a burden, as fast as possible, as cheap as possible
<< here it seems like shopping would be something nice, and always a moment of time for a coffee and something small, a snack, or something sweet
<< I sit in a supermarket and drink a coffee with milk, and I feel comfortable and secure, all this wonderful food at this place
<< is this the soul of Portugal?
<< I buy one of these coffees more, do not understand its name well, and two more croissants, and the woman behind the counter smiles
<< but I have the feeling that it's a friendly smile, and I have a nice time

February The Ninth

<< November 16th, 2019 D'el Rei

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. Always the breakfast buffet. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< I walk to the beach, the usual way, but it's raining today
<< I want to see the ocean, I have to see the ocean, I will die in it one day
<< Bar Praia Do Titan my first stop, more precisely, Bar Praia Do Titan I, II is kitty corner to it, not directly at the beach, at the end of Av. da República, looks more like a restaurant
<< this time I sit inside, but nice, an open fire, it's comfortably warm – I do not sweat?
<< I order a black tea, no, not more, what more could I order?
<< I like sitting here, even if it rains, looking through the glass, watching the stormy ocean, the rough, white waves, I like it sitting here

<< but after a while, I decide that I have to move on

<< not a long way, and I reach the next interesting place, Cremosi, ice cream, waffles, crêpes, and a very interesting selection of teas

<< I order a white tea and a crêpe with two spoons of ice that I select at the counter

<< it takes a bit of time, then I get my tea, and thereafter the crepe

<< wow, they serve the tea in a Japanese cast-iron tea pot, like I own a larger one

<< mine is black, these have this typical greenish color

<< the tea is wonderful, the ice cream is tasty, and I start to get nervous again

<< but why, the tea is fine, the crêpe and the ice cream are wonderful, and the place is nice

<< but it doesn't help, I start to sweat, increasingly, I hurry to drink the hot tea, eat the cold ice cream, it starts to become a disaster

<< I have to pay at the counter at the entrance, a young woman with glasses is looking nice, obviously, the register is her part

<< outside, in the pouring rain, I decide, the supermarket, only a few corners away

<< I'm in the supermarket, I walk around, and I come down somewhat

<< what a pity that I have no kitchen, so many fantastic foods one could buy

<< so far I have only bought some salad, Caesar Salad, packaged, and thereto, ham or cooked king prawns, as well packed, bread, to eat it in the evening at the hotel

<< but what maybe did not sound that interesting was a very nice dish, the salad fresh, with croutons and so on, good dressing

<< ham in a considerable variation, the king prawns super, not used to it to be able to buy such good food, packed, in a supermarket

<< I decide to have coffee and something to eat

<< the hot dishes look fine, but I do not know how to order, and I get nervous again

<< more people here today, most likely more will come for lunch

<< I order a coffee with milk, still not knowing the right name, and two different pastries, not knowing what's in it

<< I sit down

<< one is filled with chicken, one with ham, both are delicious, and I like this small café au lait more and more

<< I decide to have another coffee, this time, two croissants

<< more people now there, some pick a number, it's like in a government agency at home, but in a supermarket?

<< I'm the next, but I have no number, but this appears to be okay, I'm very nervous again, I'm sweating, I order and pay

<< I look for a place apart, but not much is left, was it a mistake not leaving, ordering more?

<< I do not understand, the last time? But too many people are here today, not enough space I have.

<< I eat and drink fat, there's a restroom at the entrance, I'm in, I'm alone

<< I try to cool down, the cold water, but it definitely does not helps

<< back to the hotel, I walk, I have only to follow the street

<< I need a shower and new clothes

<< in the evening, it no longer rains, it's cold

<< I walk down to the beach again, no salad today, I have decided to try Titan II

<< a good idea, I feel better, I'm early, I have learned that the Portuguese eat later, it's 6 PM

<< as expected, the place is empty as I enter

<< I'm insecure, can I simply sit down, or do I have to wait, I sit down at a small table

<< a waiter comes, I ask for the menu, get it, most Portuguese understand English

<< I decide on a black tea – why something hot – and a dish called Pica Pau, should be something

with meat

<< it's a kind of stew with meat and sausages, cheese, roasted bread, a lot of sauce, all very hot and heavy

<< I eat it and start to sweat, extremely, while others come in, the hot tea does not help, I walk to the restroom, but it really does not help

<< I finish the meal, the waiter asks for a dessert, do I look ridiculous, sweating like that

<< I have been at the restroom again, and therefore, I do not sweat so much currently, I say yes

<< a dessert I can choose at the counter, everybody can see me now

<< he recommends something that he calls „rhamandes“ or so

<< I agree and add a glass of Port

<< the dessert is fantastic, a kind of French toast, but much more tasty

<< the Port as well

<< I try to come down a bit, which functions somewhat, but more and more guests are coming

<< I decide to pay, to leave, and to walk to the beach

<< at the beach, windy, nearly a storm, drizzle, I like it, I'm nearly alone, I come down

February The Tenth

<< November 17th, 2019 D'el Rei

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. Always the breakfast buffet. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< I used public transport this time, the Metro, to visit Porto

<< the Metro station right at the hotel, no half hour, no change needed, my station was Casa da Musica, underground

<< description of the ride??????

<< it would be only a short walk down a street, Av. da França, then I would reach the park again, Praça de Mouzinho de Albuquerque, and of course, the music hall, Casa da Musica

<< I had no distinct plans, but I thought that it would be nice to reach the river, the Douro

<< a park should be between me and the river

<< I arrived at the station, underground, walked down the street, and stood in the park again

<< well, how easy it had been this time, compared to the last time, a sunny day, I felt relatively good, at least so far

<< I walked around the monument in the middle, Monument to the Heroes of the Peninsular War, not really knowing what it was

<< and I managed, in fact, to sit down for a moment

<< I decided then to stand up, knowing the rough direction, I left the park

<< I could choose between two wider streets, wide for Portugal, and decided on the right one, R. de Gonçalo Sampaio

<< the street was uphill - well, my aim was a river, uphill seemed no bad idea

<< right at the beginning, on both sides of the zebra crossing, a café, one of these small cafés that were everywhere, but I had breakfast, but they invented to simply sit down, as obviously the locals did

<< but I had an aim, so I decided to start my way

<< not long, and on the other side of the road a supermarket, Mercado Bom Sucesso, huge, shall I enter?

<< but I had just started my way, and there were also places to sit down and have a coffee, so I had to decide again

<< this time I decided for the right, steep uphill, that should lead me to the river and park, R. do Bom Sucesso

<< I followed the road, a longer time, was this the right way?, as I reached a crossing of several streets with some high housing buildings, high for Porto at least – how to continue?

<< I decided to turn right, a street not so wide, but steeply uphill, in any case, so I should reach the river at least

<< sunny now, the backpack, the jacket, did this turn to the same as the last time, walking to Porto?

<< I was sweaty again, had no real idea where I was, should I plan my trips better?

<< uphill, I had to walk uphill again, this could not be right!

<< the sun, I started to sweat more, had nothing to drink, a bend, cobblestones, R. de Dom Manuel II, a low wall, and trees behind?

<< a short way and I reach a larger crossing and the entrance of a park, is this my first aim, the park I searched, but where's the river?

<< well, a small plaza, the entrance, a cast-iron door, a nice area to be seen, symmetrical, and a building behind

<< I enter the park, Jardins do Palácio de Cristal

<< a smaller, symmetrically arranged park after the entrance, some stairs, then a plaza with a hall, an arena, Super Bock Arena in large letters, beer everywhere, and in much smaller letters, Pavilhão Rosa Mota

<< I understand, it's a place for concerts, most likely sports, I start to round it and now I understand, a small lake, and now the park as such begins!

<< I walk further, and I reach the end of the park, and now I understand!

<< I see the river, but it's way under me, had no idea how hilly this place is!

<< on the other side, I had seen it on TV, the cellars for the Port

<< British families, one Portuguese, green tea, two-star restaurant

<< to my left, this should be Porto Center; at the horizon are high housing blocks

<< but down the river, what a wonderful sight

<< I sweat and have tears in my eyes, this was worth all the endeavor!

<< but I want to reach the river, way down under me

<< I turn right, to another part of the park and find a wonderful small square, like a little part of Versailles, I walk down to it

<< there I stand now, on the stairs, the small square in front, the river, the famous bridge in some distance, Ponte da Arrábida, a glimpse of the ocean behind it, I cry

<< but I see now a way to reach the river, the river where I wish to be, so I continue my way

<< and I think that I have found a way, steep staircases between walls, this way should bring me down, passages to another garden from time to time

<< But then, suddenly, a dead-end way, I enter the garden, walk around, but there's no way out! - I'm trapped, I have to walk back!

<< hot now, and I walked downhill!, now I have to walk the whole way back?, uphill! I'm desperate in a way, upset in a way, I return!

<< I walk back to the entrance, pass some interesting buildings (description?), at the entrance again, I decide to walk back to the crossing with the large buildings, but I decide to take the other road this time

<< the street appears to be straight, would have the right direction, uphill, trees on both sides, R. de Dom Pedro

<< and very soon it's obvious, at the end I can see the river, down the hill

<< I start to relax somewhat, only a matter of time, downhill in the shade
<< I pass interesting fountains, Fonte da Rua de D. Pedro V, D. Pedro V Fontaine, can see the park now from the other side
<< and then I have reached my aim, have reached the street along the river, Alameda de Basílio Teles, the bridge is much nearer now

<< and now? Rails along the river, small, know that there's a historic line, and it's not long before a historic streetcar passes by – reminds me very much on San Francisco memories of San Francisco??????

<< it has become afternoon, I need to drink, and eat, but to drink would be important
<< I walk along the river, towards the bridge, and to my luck, after the museum, Museu do Carro Eléctrico, which I, of course, do not enter, there is a supermarket, Continente Bom Dia
<< I enter it, my clothes are wet, and, what I had hoped for, is a café
<< I order a café, by me two bottles of water, various foods to eat, and have no idea how to return, now at R. do Ouro
<< I could take a bus, most likely, buses are everywhere
<< I knew, would I continue I would be at the ocean, could I walk back to Matosinhos, but it would be a long way along the beach
<< I bought more water

<< it has become evening. Sitting in O Classico, I'm tired, exhausted. Why have I done I all this today?

<< the place different things on my table, ham, olives, and more
<< I know, if eat I have to pay, but I have to eat, and it's tasty, and it will not cost that much
<< after the supermarket, I walked to the ocean, under the bridge, the wonderful bridge, one would have been able to enter the bridge from the street, but I had been much too tired
<< the harbor had been nice, the old houses, the way back to Matosinhos, at least another mile, most likely more
<< no longer trees, no longer shade, sweat, exhaustion, had to sit down again, Restaurante Praia da Luz
<< not felt comfortable, but it was a nice place, felt like the first time in Los Angeles, sunburn in February, the coldest month in California!

<< I ordered a fish dish, with king prawns and got a hanging skewer, why always so difficult, I do feel uncomfortable, but I have the feeling that I have to do it
<< I would be here for a few days, no longer, where would be the problem if I blamed myself, even more than just the whole day? The dish tasted fantastic!
<< just before I reached Matosinhos again, the traffic circle where the forte was, I reached a wonderful little garden, park, Jardins da Avenida de Montevideu
<< a bit of shade, I sat on a wall, looked at the ocean
<< why I do this? But I had done it. Was I a fool? Or had I done something beautiful?
<< I decided to reach the supermarket at the beach, Pingo Doce, still some way, but there I would feel somewhat comfortable, and I started to get used to the place
<< I would drink my favorite coffee, two croissants, and maybe one or two pies
<< after the dinner, I ordered something sweet, he accompanied me to the counter where I could choose one, everybody could see me now, Putim Molotof was my choice. The place was crowded now, the locals started to eat, a glass of old port at the end, 20 years old
<< not really a pudding, egg white, but delicious, fantastic, as well as the Port
<< at the end, I had not to pay fifty euros for all that!, had wine with the starters and fish, and the Port was nearly the most expensive!
<< after the supermarket I had walked back to the hotel, my legs hurt
<< a long hot shower, I sweated much, laid down for a while, decided that I have to have dinner in a

restaurant now

<< I tried to come down somewhat, a second shower, new clothes, not much, it had become dark, much colder now

<< I would walk to the street again, R. Heróis de França, but this time not O Manel, but O Classico

<< I was back in the hotel, what a crazy day that had been! How many miles have I walked today? How much had I sweated? And the restaurant at the end?

<< I would be there never again, I would be never once more be in this city, I could blame me, one of these weird tourists, it was my insecurity

February The Fifteenth

<< D'el Rei, it's November 22nd, 2019

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. Always the breakfast buffet. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< sitting in the Metro, this time the ride would be somewhat longer, until the station Campanhã, at the Porto train station, Estação de Campanhã

<< I arrived underground, had to use a staircase, and had to enter the train station, which wasn't huge

<< it was easy to find my way to the counters, I planned to buy a ticket to Braga for tomorrow, both ways, preferably

<< well, buying tickets in Germany is not necessarily easy, in England, there are even more regulations, how would it be?

<< I was next in line, and I said that I wanted a ticket to Braga for the next day, preferably a return ticket, if there were regulations I had to consider

<< I had the feeling that she did not understand me totally, the woman behind the counter, as she gave me the ticket and demanded a surprisingly low price for it

<< I asked, to be sure, if I could use every train, at any time, or if there would be connections that I couldn't use with this ticket

<< she still seemed somewhat puzzled, told me, you can use every train you want

<< well, that had been easy, and cheap, public transport in Portugal, much better than in Germany

<< I stood in front of the train station, had planned to walk around this area of Porto today, I started to orientate

<< in any case, I would head left, this would bring me to the part of Porto that I had seen in the park to my right

<< a traffic circle, I could walk a straight, wider street uphill, or a somewhat smaller street to my left, not uphill, I decided on the street on my left, Rua da Estação

<< a place a coffee right there, should I become somewhat Portuguese?, a coffee before I start

<< on the other side would be another one, the next would not be far, I decided to start, to see the river again

<< around a bend, uphill, a crossing, which way should I choose?

<< downhill, but most likely towards the rails?, the other street uphill?, I decide to stay with my street

<< the next bend, the street narrow now, uphill, but obviously with many shops and cafés, I continue my way, now R. do Freixo

<< the street is straight, some shade, but I again start to sweat something, it's uphill all the way

<< small houses, not looking new, old, some even shabby, decayed, and some even no longer

inhabited

<< is this Porto, the old Porto, not looking modern, like an old place?

<< like in Matosinhos in some streets, but nice shops, nice cafés?

<< after a while, it starts to get exhausting, I reach a small park, a green area, where the street, now Rua do Heroísmo, splits up into four streets, which I should follow?

<< I decide to head on, more or less straight on, no idea where I'm, Av. de Rodrigues de Freitas, still uphill

<< at the crossing, I turn left, would not lead me to the river, but maybe I can walk back?

<< not the same way, it starts again, to become a disaster, I sweat, I follow the street, R. do Duque de Saldanha, uphill

<< then the scenery opens up, a street with a middle green could bring me back, Av. de Camilo, but I choose the one at the crossing, Rua do Bonfim

<< why still uphill, I do not understand this city, but again many small shops and cafés

<< sitting down, having a café, should I buy me a coffee, a water?, but I wanted to know where I'm

<< then it flattens, a crossing, a nice church in front of me, Alminhas de Santo Antoninho da Estrada

<< I walk towards the church, a wider street uphill with a green median strip I see, could it be?

<< I walk it down, I stay again, at the traffic circle I started!

<< I'm exhausted, wet clothes, much sun now, does this make sense, have I seen Porto now?

<< I enter the restaurant I had seen at the beginning, O Astro Cervejaria Petisqueira (had another name, nearby?)

<< I order water and something to eat, do not feel comfortable, and I should drive back, back to Matosinhos, which I start to understand, or at least I think so

<< in the hotel, after a shower, after I had walked for a while, in the dark, a coffee and two croissants at the supermarket

<< have bought me a packed salad, bread, some ham, cooked packed king prawns, also unpacked at the fish counter, but then I had to speak with the women behind

<< again a shower, I do not feel good, my legs hurt, but the food is fantastic, simply bought at the supermarket

<< tomorrow I will be in Braga, will it be better there?, why should it?

<< then the concert, will I dare this time, I fear

<< I cannot be a different person, I cannot

February The Sixteenth

<< D'el Rei; Travel to Braga; it's November 23th

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower, dressed, a pair of trousers, a shirt. Then I walked to the breakfast lounge. Always the breakfast buffet. Back to room, packing the backpack, stepping out.

<< I stood at the platform, my luggage with me, I would return to the hotel again, for the rest of the days, waiting for the train

<< the train would depart at 10 AM, if no delay, but this wasn't Germany, so one could be hopeful?

<< I would need a bit longer than half an hour to reach Braga, not a really long ride

<< we came closer to 10 AM, as an announcement said something, I could not understand, but most likely about my train, that started to arrive just now

<< it seemed, not like in Germany, that we would depart regularly, in Germany, one could be happy

if a train arrived only „some“ minutes after departure time, arrived after departure time!
<< a yellow train, not very different looking to a German commuter train
<< I entered the train, not many were on it, could change, I sat down, stored the suitcase, and my backpack was by my side
<< the ride began, and I looked out of the window

<< the first time we drove through Porto, or the outskirts, I could not decide, with some nice sights (description?)
<< but then we left the city and hit the countryside, in a way, one could call it „bleak“, but I liked it
<< we crossed small villages, wondering how these people made their living?, but it all looked fine
<< wouldn't it be nice to live here? What a difference compared to a place like L.A.!
<< then more urban again, a stop in Trofa, half the ride roughly
<< not so much landscape now, the train stations are larger again, Famalicao p.ex.
<< again more landscape, not so urban, I liked that landscape more and more, even if I thought, it wasn't easy to live there, especially in former times, we reached Nine
<< this not change much, until we reached Aveleda, and urban again
<< the clock said, soon we would reach Braga, and so it was, we reached Braga, the train station, a terminal station and I left the train
<< distance Porto Braga by train?, 42 km – distance Westlake to Santa Monica Beach by Metro?, not sure I was for the moment, but the ride lasted much longer!

<< as always, I had roughly in mind, the way I had to go, my hotel directly in the city center, by the large church
<< uphill, but not a long way, 200 yards maybe
<< in front of the train station, at the crossing, the traffic circle, I had to choose the wide straight street uphill, R. Andrade Corvo, to turn right then, after the first block, to enter this street, Rua Dom Frei Caetano Brandão
<< but only for one block, turning left, then I should be there, then I should see the church
<< and it functioned, better than thought, but with the luggage, it was nevertheless somewhat exhausting – why not take a taxi?
<< but I was there, R. Dom Paio Mendes, Sé de Braga in front of me, had passed a nice-looking restaurant in the street before, aTípica, had read the menu, closed, would open in the evening, but many others here
<< but first I had to check in

<< well, I stood in a front of narrow but long houses, as I know now is typical for Portugal, several were guesthouses, like the one I searched, but I found mine, Braga Bells Guesthouse?
<< how I entered??? key card??? code???
<< well, my room was upstairs, on the top floor, a narrow staircase, it was not easy to reach the room
<< as I had managed it, the first thing that I needed was a shower and new clothes, I should drink and eat something
<< I stepped out, decided to sit down on the other side, a coffee and a water, a snack, was not so hungry in fact
<< the concert tomorrow in the evening, would have time to explore the city, later dinner?, back to the hotel, to lay down a bit
<< in a way, it had been easy, the travel, in a way, I always made it more complicated than it had to be, I needed a rest

<< in the restaurant, right after it had opened, early for a local
<< obviously a fine restaurant, interesting menu as far as I could understand, I felt insecure
<< aTípica, with a glass floor where one could see old cobblestones through it

<< I ordered a fish dish, was always no risk, not really sure what I had ordered
<< as always, very fine, a wine, soup?, dessert and a Port, I felt insecure, more and more people inside, now I had to pay, to leave fast
<< outside I stood, it hadn't been good, but at least no disaster, I started to walk around

<< I walked to the church, stood in front, turned right, a small plaza alongside the church, I crossed it to reach a street, R. Do Forno, a bar on the other side, but I do not enter, Tosga
<< I turn right, follow the street the short way until it ends, hitting a somewhat larger street, R. Dom Afonso Henriques
<< I turn left, a short way, a small plaza, a small park, Praça do Artesão, Largo do Santa Cruz
<< I decide to walk around the block, I enter the street that would bring me back, I should be at the church again, Rua de São João

<< I always see the church, the corner, around it, I should be at the bar again, I see another bar, Pelle
<< seems to be larger, shall I enter, would not be the first time in a bar (talking about Old Fashioned?), but the day has been stressful enough so far, but finally, I enter it
<< there's a room, a bar, but to my left is another room, not many chairs, I do not really understand
<< I start to feel insecure, do not know how to behave, like in San Francisco (details? L.A.?)
<< I walk to the bar, would be something natural, get asked, and order a Whiskey Sour, I know and like
<< I drink it at the bar, not bad, nothing special, but I order nothing more, pay and leave, to go back to the hotel (the other people in the bar?)
<< as I walk around the corner, I see the other bar again, a second drink?
<< I feel as I should, I should do it, nevertheless, I felt insecure, what should happen, apart from being a weird tourist?

<< this time it looks like a bar, a room, a counter, a side room, dimmed light, everything makes sense
<< I walk to the bar, I get asked, and I ask if I could get an Old Fashioned
<< the young man behind the bar seems surprised, but says yes, and disappears through an open door behind the counter, a side room for storage, or so, most likely
<< he comes back, starts, it looks good, he seems confident, did he do some research?
<< he presents me the drink, I take it and walk to one of the bar tables near the entrance, an empty one, of course
<< the drink is good as such, but not enough steered, it gets very sweet at the end, the sugar is not totally dissolved
<< I feel better now, nearly relaxed, why not always?
<< I pay, say that it has tasted fine, walk back to the hotel, go to bed after a shower, has been a long day, tomorrow will be the concert, tomorrow will be the essential day, the matter, why I have come to Braga

February The Seventeenth

Concert Braga: Sunday; November 24th, 2019; 7:30 PM; Theatro Cirico

I stood up, planned to spend the morning and day in Braga, in the evening, at the concert. Because this was a guest house, there was no breakfast like in the hotel in Matosinhos, but it should be easy to have breakfast in one of the small cafés. I left the hotel.

<< I started with the way I still knew, the plaza alongside the church, R. Do Forno, R. Dom Afonso

Henriques, the small park, Praça do Artesão, Largo do Santa Cruz

<< but I decide to walk further on, the street bends, the next small plaza, a small green area with a fountain, Fonte do Largo Carlos Amarante

<< many restaurants and cafés here, I decide for Pastelria A Favorita, a typical place for Portugal, as I know now, a mix of bakery and pastry shop, but with daily menus as well

<< I order a coffee and a croissant, a brioche-type one, not made of puff pastry, like the ones I normally choose in the supermarket in Matosinhos

<< as always, very nice, that was breakfast, not much but enough, and the next place to sit down was mostly only yards away, I continued my way

<< I cross the small plaza, the fountain, two large buildings to my left, the street with cobblestones, two colors, no cars, many restaurants in the short street, I enter it, walk through it, Rua Doutor Gonçalo Sampaio

<< the street I hit was brought, brought for a Portuguese street, a pedestrian area, trees, and beds of flowers, Av. da Liberdade, and hey, the large house is the theater where the concert will be, Teatro Cirico

<< so, I know the way for the evening now, but it's still morning, the concert is at 7:30 PM

<< I walk up the beautiful street, uphill, and reach a large plaza, a plaza with a monument of course, but also several green areas, what a nice place, Jardim da Avenida Central

<< I walk around for a while, many cafés and restaurants around here, seems to be the center of Braga – I walk further on

<< I decide not to go too far away from my hotel, and therefore I decide to enter a smaller street, straight, that brings me back towards the hotel, R. Do Souto

<< but very fast, the next pedestrian area, the crossing street, R. Francisco Sanches, I turn right and see after a short way a very nice plaza, Jardim da Santa Barbara

<< very baroque, beautiful, beds of flowers, fountains, not large, but beautiful

<< Braga seems to be a city of many parks and plazas

<< and at the next corner is the next park, this time with trees around and a fountain therein – I simply like it, and I start to relax

<< today not so hot, not much sun, and it starts to feel good

<< but it has become noon, lunch?

<< enough places available, so I decide on Taberna da Fonte, I enter it

<< wow, I enter it, and she's nearly the first I see, choose a table, can still see her

<< a woman, senhora, lady, difficult to say

<< no idea to guess how old, not so young I would say, corpulent, not badly meant

<< but what was striking? Never in my whole life, I had seen a woman wearing more jewelry

<< but not only the amount, to call the stones large was definitely no overstatement

<< to say it so, this had to be an incredible amount of carats, and gold and whatever

<< if only half were genuine, it would have been a fortune

<< I try not to look too often at her, and I think, why not?

<< okay, in a way it looks strange, weird, but in a way it seems to fit

<< I think, maybe it's people like her who make life better, people who seem not to fit

<< and the longer I sit here, the more I think that it was nice and good to see her, that you would have to thank her

<< one question remained unanswered: please tell me, that all these not very small emeralds, rubies and diamonds.....weren't all real

<< I paid and left

<< I started to walk around again, one could say, around my hotel

<< many interesting restaurants, Portuguese, but more than one Italian as well, I should eat something before the concert

<< I planned to be in the hotel before 6 PM again, shower, new clothes, I wouldn't have a long way, and I knew the way even now

<< I walked down a street, R. Dom Digo de Sousa, the Church I could see, it was close to 5 PM, and I decided to have lunch before the concert

<< I reached a crossing, and I knew the street from my arrival, Rua Dom Frei Caetano Brandão, the next corner would lead me to my Hotel, a good place to eat something, I entered the restaurant, Porta Nova

<< Inside it was small, well, restaurant could mean much in Portugal, tables put very near to each other, not much room, despite the time, not empty – tourists, I knew that Braga was for tourists

<< I wanted to go, but then I decided on a tiny table for two

<< at the entrance, there was a board with the menu, in Portuguese and English, for tourists

<< Bacalao a la Moda Braga, Codfish the Braga, had caught my interest, so I ordered it

<< describing the dish?

<< and it tasted excellent, as always in Portugal, do not judge a place from the outside, by its furniture, or as it appears at the first moment

<< sit down, order, and enjoy, the fish was tasty

<< but then I decided that I should walk the short way back to the hotel

<< I sweated somewhat, but I had eaten something just now, drank hot coffee, and the sun shined

<< the concert would soon begin

<< after a shower and with new clothes, I stood in front of the theater, a nice building, I was nervous

<< I found the entrance, entered it, showed my tickets, but was too soon

<< I had to wait in a small hall with the counters for buying tickets, not so impressive

<< I woman came, obviously from the staff, to talk with one of the women behind the counter

<< she looked beautiful in her outfit – a burgundy pleated skirt, black opaque tights, black flats (a white blouse and a burgundy little jacket?????), it looked very nice

<< she walked through a glass door that led to an impressive looking lobby, which I was not allowed to enter

<< with the time, more and more came, we were roughly twenty as we could enter the lobby

<< the lobby was impressive – description of the lobby

<< some more from the staff there, women in their nice skirts, and one or two men, but we had to wait somewhat longer until we could finally enter the concert hall

<< and what to say, it was most likely the most beautiful theater hall in which I stayed, it was simply impressive!

<< description of the theater hall

<< I looked at my ticket, it was somewhat confusing, but I found my place in one of the first rows, just like in Stuttgart

<< I sat down, and my thoughts were back in Stuttgart

<< only two months ago, I sat in Stuttgart, Theaterhaus Stuttgart, 18.09.2019, in one of the first rows

<< the same artist, the same concert, There Will Be No Intermission – A Night Of Piano, Pain and Laughter, Amanda Palmer

<< well, I was there to.....I had an idea, thought that I would be able to do something, but in the end, as always, I did not dare, my insecurity

<< what happend?

<< well, I had started to write, to become a writer, over four years ago

<< sure, I dreamt about that my writing would be read
<< had started a Patreon page, Amanda Palmer was very successful on Patreon
<< I knew the Dresden Dolls, liked their music, now she performs solo
<< I had a Patreon page as well now, but no Patreons, had tried to do the one or other, but it did not function
<< Amanda Palmer, I was one of her Patreons now, she met with her Patreons before the concert
<< would it be okay if I addressed her in such a moment?

<< the game was, that she would announce somewhat before, where she would meet with her Patreons

<< I was very early in Stuttgart, at the venue, drove by car, had my laptop with me
<< I started to walk around, would need a place with WiFi, not so easy in Germany as maybe thought
<< I started to walk along the larger street, Siemensstraße, found a café, ordered a coffee, but no WiFi
<< well, should not be the problem, was so early in Stuttgart
<< I continued walking along the street, found no place, and had to decide
<< I was at the place, the large street led uphill, I stood above the tunnel, looked down on the tracks
<< the other possibility would be, not to follow the larger street, but to turn left, to follow a smaller street down, which would lead to the train station, Tunnelstraße
<< train station would mean most likely WiFi, I thought, I followed down Tunnelstraße, reached the train station, Feuerbach, but also there no WiFi, I started to become desperate; I had already walked a longer way, I needed WiFi, what if I missed the message where to meet?

<< not far away, I saw a small restaurant, an inn, I walked thereto, sat down, and as the waitress came, I asked for WiFi, they had!

<< Wiener Straße, Brezel und Bier, I ordered a water and something to eat, started the laptop, Amanda Palmer Facebook, no message so far, no meeting point, okay, I sweated, but it still could be

<< I tried to come down, not very successful, and then the message, the meeting point - Killesbergturm, Killesberg Park

<< wow, had no idea where it was, but Google Earth – fuck, I had to walk the whole way back, even more, it would be a long way to the park, then I had to find the tower, I started to sweat, to get nervous, what a fucking idea it had been to meet her, to address her?

<< but, if I did not try now, what a lousy guy I would be?, potentially the one that I was, but at least I had to try

<< I paid and started my way back

<< I was at Siemensstraße again - theoretically, the park should not be that difficult to find, and a tower?

<< I had not to walk to the venue again, I turned right and entered a street, I had looked at Google Earth

<< this street, Alarichstraße, would end in another street, Maybachstraße, I had to turn right where this street would hit the next street, Stressemannstraße, at this corner, there should be the park

<< but to the tower, it would be some additional way

<< but at least, as I was at the corner, yeah, there was the entrance to the park, I had reached my first aim, the watch said that I would still have enough time, but I was somewhat exhausted, sweating, the sun shining, and still not at my aim

<< I had to walk uphill, and, I would still have to walk uphill

<< at least, soon I could see a structure, it should be the tower, the highest point of the park, and it was the tower, a very interesting structure – description

<< as I reached it I saw some people sitting there, they looked like they could wait for Amanda

Palmer as well, but I dared not address them

<< I walked around a bit, tried to come down a bit, but was not very successful, the others became aware of me

<< I walked to them, one young woman addressed me, you're here for Amanda?, I said yes, she told me that Amanda would still need some time to reach the place, she obviously knew more than me

<< but then it was time, we would meet Amanda Palmer

<< I remembered that we walked around for a while, I was near her, said nothing, then we reached a little amusement park or so – had no idea that this place existed, and I had lived in Stuttgart!, Elisis Jahrmarktstheater und TangoZelt

<< there was a merry-go-round, and Amanda decided that we should make pictures there altogether, and we did, I would have been able to touch her

<< thereafter I thought, I should address her now, now I had to finally give her one of my cards, I would have to address her, and of course, I did not!

<< I had business cards, with the URL of my webpage, my email address, the URL of my Patreon page, and a sentence: Writing, what else should I do!

<< I had planned to give her one of my cards, to ask her whether she would be interested in taking a look at my writing, but I did not dare

<< she said goodbye to us, and we walked to the venue together, and I hated me, I was such a lousy coward!

<< but, would it have been adequate, to ask her?, maybe it was better that way?, I had no idea

<< and the concert?

<< the concert, she talked about how she once was tied naked on a table, as a gift for his older brother

<< she talked about abortion, abortion in the USA, the terror attack in Boston (right?), the birth of her child, and about a miscarriage

<< three hours, of course, with many songs, but a lot of Amanda Palmer

<< and I was not even able to address her, feared that I would make a fool of myself, most likely I would have made a fool of myself, but.....

<< I felt like a piece of shit as I drove home

<< I saw later, that she would perform in Portugal, Braga, in two months

<< I decided to try it again, was able to have some days of vacation, booked a hotel, booked a flight, and now I am sitting in this wonderful theater hall, to try it again

<< would it function? - well, no meeting this time before the concert, she would address her Patreons in the hall, maybe it was better, maybe it was better not to try it again

<< a woman, in that stunning skirt, with two people behind her, addressed me: Sorry, you're sitting in the wrong seat.

<< I took a deep breath, I had ordered the tickets weeks ago, but.....

<< she told me that this happened not for the first time, the system was easy to misunderstand

<< but of course, it happened to me, I aroused attention again, and I hated it

<< I followed the woman, we walked a longer way, nearly to the entrance

<< thus far from the stage?, obviously, I could not remember

<< but, it would be no problem, I knew the “show” already, no meeting with the Patreons, I felt like an asshole

<< at least, the ocean was beautiful, at the ocean again

<< well, not Los Angeles or San Francisco, not the large ocean, but it was very nice here

<< all was human sized, the people had time, not always rushing like in the States, no gun violence, a socialist government, good health care, and fantastic food!

<< so, in that sense, the travel would have at least one nice aspect

<< Tori Amos, Cornflake Girl, that I knew now, the concert would begin

<< the concert began, and of course, it was the same as in Stuttgart, more or less

<< she asked the audience for songs she should play at a certain moment, and people shouted song titles

<< Shores of California was my first Dresden Doll song, and I love it until today, and she did not sing it in Stuttgart

<< I wanted to ask for this title, but it was a long way to the stage

<< I would have to shout out loud, which would create attention

<< and, was the title really Shores of California, or The Shores, would it matter, most likely not, but as always, I did not dare, no one wished Shores of California, not even I

<< no meeting with her Patreons before the concert, but she had announced that, after the concert (it was after?), she would make a picture together with her Patreons

<< and she did, all together in a bunch, before and on the stage, I was, again, very near to her, but I was I

<< I did not address her, and it was uncomfortable for me

<< on the merry-go-round, in Stuttgart, there was a kind of certain distance left, but not here

<< one big bunch of people, I among them, I did not feel comfortable, I sweated, and I was happy as it was over, the picture done

<< now I could leave the place, as a fool, like in Stuttgart – or

<< but.....

<< hugging, hugging each other had been a topic, and after the concert, something strange happened, in the lobby

<< Amanda Palmer started to hug her audience, the people who had come, and suddenly there was a long queue of people, waiting to get hugged by her, to hug her

<< I stood aside, not knowing what to do

<< then I lined up at the very end, which would give me time to ponder

<< the queue became shorter and shorter, and I became more and more nervous, sweated, should I leave?

<< as I often had done, to run away from such moments

<< I had traveled to Portugal, to Braga, to get a second chance

<< I would be the next, had one of my cards in hand, but I was unable to embrace her!

<< she was surprised, I asked her if I could give her my card, gave it to her, and left the place

<< I would say, I was the only one who didn't hug her, I wasn't able to, had tears in my eyes

<< acted like an asshole, what would I expect?

<< and yet, I had done it, had addressed her, had given her the card, this was all that counted

<< I had done it, had done something, in Braga, Portugal

<< I walked back to the guesthouse, I had looked like a fool, acted like a fool, I was a fool

<< but on the other hand, not even dared to enter a shop in my youth?

<< fuck! I had traveled to Portugal, Porto and Braga, had addressed a famous singer, had given her my card

<< so embarrassing and ridiculous, but for me, it meant so much

<< and what did I expect now?

<< that she would become a Patreon of me? That she would visit my webpage? I, the asshole who had refused to hug her?

<< on the other hand, she was Amanda Fucking Palmer, shouldn't be someone like her be able to understand a person like me?

<< the ad in the L.A. Times, or my dark blue letter, nothing had happened thereafter

<< most likely, it would be the same now

<< and maybe it wouldn't be the worst if
<< but I, I had done it, while walking back to the guesthouse

February The Eighteenth

<< I was on my way back to Matosinhos, on the train again, had walked around in Braga for a while, before I had to walk to the train station
<< had seen a billboard, There Will Be No Intermission – A Night Of Piano, Pain and Laughter, Amanda Palmer, (date?), the same as in Stuttgart
<< A Night Of Making A Total Fool Out Of You, I thought, but was I a fool or a hero?
<< I had done something I wasn't able to do a few months ago
<< okay, in a way, I had screwed it up totally, but at least, I had tried it this time
<< a step forward, and Amanda Palmer?
<< I did not expect to get any response, had not dared to address the sister Unthank in Bristol at the beginning of the year, not Amanda Palmer two months ago, but this time I had done it!
< but in what a fucking manner?
<< I leant back, looked at the landscape outside
<< yeah, I like this landscape, I liked it to be in Portugal, at the ocean in Matosinhos, it was a nice place to stay

<< at the evening, I saw a post from Amanda Palmer, not about me!
<< she talked about how she had spent some time in the morning in Braga, walking around, just like me
<< that she had met some from the audience last night, that they had a nice conversation
<< I had not met her, while walking around in Braga in the morning, what would I have done?
<< would I have been able then to hug her and explain to her why I couldn't do so
<< I feared that it would have been only another disaster, I wasn't the guy for hugging
<< a few more days I would stay in Matosinhos, should I return?
<< it was nice here, and the people were polite
<< could this be an alternative, not L.A.?
<< well, a few more days, let's see

2021

February The Sixth

<< it's November the 13th, 2021, waking up Casa do Godinho

Standing up, taking a shower, knowing it will not be the last one, as every day, nervous, still sweating, not knowing why. Walking to the breakfast room as every day, the large room with some tables, with a good distance between them, no buffet as normally at this place because of the pandemic. The pandemic, nearly two years now, is the first time traveling again, exactly two years after the last time in Matosinhos (therefore it's 2021 now). As before, only one sister, if she is one of the sisters, also greeted me at the reception the day I arrived. Breakfast items on the table, the self-made marmalade, alone, perfect, later, one more table occupied. Back to the room, still sweating, the next shower, new clothes, walking to the small park, trying to come down. The small park, not so far away, found it on the second day, Jardim Basilio Teles.

<< but I do not come down, as always
<< it's not hot, cloudy, no rain, cool air in the morning but I'm sweating
<< I decide to walk towards the harbor, have some knowledge now, my second time, but this does not bring me down
<< I hurry to the harbor, Porto de Leixoes, through the small streets, pass the houses fast, the shops, butcheries, and cafés, and hit the market hall, Mercado Municipal de Matosinhos, at its right corner
<< several cafés in sight, know from last time there are more, even a restaurant, down the road alongside the market hall, R. Álvaro Castelões, I never entered the market hall the last time, and now as well
<< but I have no time to sit down, enter the bridge, Ponte móvel de Leça, never crossed it so far, maybe this time?

<< I stand in the middle of the bridge, look at the direction of the ocean, the harbor as well, look at the not so small ships
<< some got their cargo uploaded, some get loaded, a lot of steel, sand, containers, many containers on the other side
<< a large ship comes from the ocean, heads to the harbor, it will be far too high
<< subsequently the alarm rings, the bridge will move soon, will enfold, I have to decide
<< moving back, or to the other side, to the known, or the new, but I have to decide

<< no longer on the bridge, walking along the harbor, the known side, Avenida Eng. Duarte Pacheco, more sun now, I'm sweating, have my jacket out, but it's not the sun as such
<< I follow the street, the plaza, up the hill, I still know it; I still saw it while driving from or to the airport with the taxi, I walk up that street, Av. Dom Afonso Henriques
<< the plaza, Praça Guilhermina Suggia, a monument, Monumento ao Pescador, looks fine
<< not so sunny currently, there would be benches, but none under the trees around, but I have no time
<< I walk on, following the street, will bring me to the direction where I came from

February The Thireenth

<< November 20th, 2021 Casa do Godinho

Standing up, taking a shower, knowing it will not be the last one, as every day, nervous, still sweating, not knowing why. Walking to the breakfast room as every day, the large room with some tables, with a good distance between them, no buffet as normally at this place because of the pandemic. The pandemic, nearly two years now. As before, only one sister, if she is one of the sisters. Breakfast items on the table, the self-made marmalade, alone, perfect, later, one more table occupied. Back to the room, still sweating, the next shower, new clothes, walking to the small park, trying to come down. The small park, not so far away, found it on the second day, Jardim Basilio Teles.

<< I walk to the beach, I start to get used to Matosinhos
<< R. Godinho, I would have several choices, but I decided to follow it this time until its very end
<< the Jardim Senhor do Padrão with the nice and interesting monument, with its interesting history, to my left, I turn right, enter the Av. Gen. Norton de Matos
<< but only a short way to the traffic circle, Titan II to my left, Titan I to my right, and of course, the interesting building of the tourist's information, the information panels in the sand, telling you some about the history of this place, the monument Tragédia do Mar, so many died that day

<< it's sunny, but windy at the beach, I start to like it, to get used to it
<< I decide to enter Titan I, order a black tea, look out at the windy ocean, a fire, it feels comfortable

<< I continue my way, along the promenade, looking at the housing blocks there, they are forming an "U", open to the ocean, a nice green area inside

<< I still knew from two years ago, information panels in the city, that at this place once a large facility for processing sardines had stood

<< until, wasn't sure, the 30s or 40s or so, a hard life at that time, everywhere you still could find remains of it in Matosinhos

<< not a long walk, Cremosi was located at the end of the „U“

<< I crossed the promenade, the Av. Gen. Norton de Matos, entered Cremiso, the woman with the glasses still there

<< I order a white tea, a waffle, and chose two spoons of ice cream at the counter

<< a again, looking at the ocean, even more windy now, the white waves, but some surfers obviously liked the weather much

<< what next? I could walk down the promenade to its end, the next traffic circle, the Rotunda da Anémon, with the fisher net, She Changes, Janet Echelman

<< entering Rua de Brito Capelo, a short way back, I would reach Pingo Douce, the supermarket, to have the usual, the Portuguese espresso with milk and two croissants

<< and so I did

<< and as always, the place was wonderful, walked around, the smell of the fish, the bacalhau, all extremely fresh, what a variety, to what prices, I would like to have a kitchen!

<< but now I decide to return to the hotel, how many small cafés I would have to pass?

<< I was somewhat exhausted, sweaty, a rest, a shower, new clothes would be good, to prepare for dinner

<< it has become evening, dark, not so late like a Portuguese, but later as a typical German tourist would be out for dinner

<< still windy, cold, no time to sit outside

<< I enter Titan II, two years ago, such a disaster

<< but I feel confident, take a seat, the menu, I order fish, the dish I already knew from Braga

<< the specialty from Braga in Matosinhos, would be interesting to see if it would be as good as in Braga

<< a starter, a glass of wine, the place started to crowd

<< the fish is very fine, more and more people inside, I have to visit the restroom

<< I start to get nervous, unconfident, but why?

<< it has been a nice day so far, there was nothing I had to fear

<< I tried to cool down, cold water in my face, but on the table again, I sweated more and more

<< I ate the fish, fast, emptied the wine, no, no dessert, nothing else, the bill

<< I pay, leave, why could I not stay calm?

<< looking at the ocean, the wind, the white waves, tears in my eyes

<< it would be icy to swim, to swim as long as possible

<< therefore, L.A. would be better, a suicide every day, at least, like murders

<< I feel like an asshole

February The Twentieth

<< November 27th, 2021 Casa do Godinho

Standing up, taking a shower, knowing it will not be the last one, as every day, nervous, still sweating, not knowing why. Walking to the breakfast room as every day, the large room with some tables, with a good distance between them, no buffet as normally at this place because of the pandemic. The pandemic, nearly two years now. As before, only one sister, if she is one of the sisters. Breakfast items on the table, the self-made marmalade, alone, perfect, later, one more table occupied. Back to the room, still sweating, the next shower, new clothes, walking to the small park, trying to come down. The small park, not so far away, found it on the second day, Jardim Basilio Teles.

<< I stand on the bridge again, Ponte móvel de Leça, but this time I cross it
<< a park, a green area at the other side, Praça de Oliveira, all around the city parks, and green areas, places to sit down, to take a rest
<< what a contrast to Los Angeles and San Francisco – I enter the larger street to my right, it should lead me to the ocean, R. Hintze Ribeiro
<< it's nice to follow it, I can use the shady side, everywhere there is a café, but I want to reach the ocean first
<< and soon the street leads uphill, I can already see the ocean, a nice sight
<< at the end, a large playground, Parque Infantil Florbela Espanca, I have to cross a street, Av. Liberdade, to reach the promenade again
<< but, is this still Matosinhos, most likely not, Leça da Palmeira - this promenade is wider and longer than the one in Matosinhos (Matosinhos e Leça da Palmeira form a municipal, one of four of the County of Matosinhos)
<< I decide to walk along the promenade

<< the beach is sometimes very rocky, but it looks gorgeous to me
<< not long, and I reach a special place, pools in the rock?, some information
<< Piscinas de Marés is the name, two pools, tide pools, there would be an entrance, in summer, obviously, a public pool
<< I get the information that this place was built between 1961 and 1966, Álvaro Siza Vieira
<< and there should be a second important building from the same architect not far away, the Casa de Chá da Boa Nova
<< I continued my way

<< the next interesting place is on the other side
<< four green areas, a straight street, R. Carvalho Araujo, would lead to several buildings
<< but the area is surrounded by walls, and signs tell you that you're not allowed to enter the place, it's a military area, more I did not find out
<< I continued my way

<< a longer way now, looking back to the harbor
<< in front of me a lighthouse, impressive, not so far away
<< and behind a building, this had to be the tea house, but I was somewhat tired, and across the street, there were several places to sit down
<< I crossed the street, not the restaurant, I decided on a small café, Café Inpaço, I sat inside
<< it was shady, um café e uma aqua, the sight through the door on the ocean spectacular
<< it has become sunny, I started to sweat, but the sun reflecting in the ocean?
<< like the water would be metallic, I liked this, often could be seen during sunset, I loved it, this metallic water
<< a young boy inside, and a woman, her boy, helping her in the café, after school?
<< I continued my way, the lighthouse, the tea house, and then the whole way back!

<< I reached the lighthouse, again information was provided, Farol de Leça, the second highest in Portugal

<< but the tea house now very near, I headed on, to stop again, the next monument, Monumento A António Nobre

<< a quote, António Nobre, but I could not understand the monument as such – the tea house on the other side

<< Casa de Chá da Boa Nova, one could walk around here, and a man got interview, nicely placed between the house and a chapel

<< and then I understood, I had seen this place before!

<< in Germany, TV, about Porto, the families producing Port wine

<< funnily, all British, with British habits, met every Wednesday to lunch in their club, the children attended British elite schools, but there was a rebel!

<< a Portuguese, and he also planted green tea – in Portugal!

<< and he met with a famous cook, two stars, to discuss the green tea, and they met on the patio of this house, the tea house

<< so, this man was obviously the head chef, the famous cook, should I address him?, Rui Paula

<< hey, I'm also a cook, okay, not on this level, of course not

<< would I ever eat there? most likely not, even Titan II always ended in a disaster, such a place?

<< I should walk back, it will be a long way home

<< the same way back?, the playground on the other side

<< two buildings on the beach, not far away, where I should get something to eat

<< I reach the point where the promenade ends, Bar do Oscar or A Cascata Praia de Leça, not a bar, I decide for the building on my right – or

<< on the other side of the street, a very strange sight, a place to eat obviously, but a round structure, with a long window on one side, my first idea?

<< the spaceship from 2001, really crazy!

<< but I would not see the ocean, so I enter the chosen place

<< I can sit on a patio, the sun already deep to the horizon, not so hot anymore

<< the classics of course, like Francesinha, but I decide for a club sandwich, something differently

<< and they have cocktails

<< so sit in the end, watching the sun go down, with a Dry Martini at my side, and wonder

<< what a wonderful place this is, this city, this nation, so rich in culture

<< and I, I'm unable to enjoy it

<< and as always here, clouds at the horizon, you cannot see the sun drowning in the ocean, like at Santa Monica Beach nearly every evening

<< and yet, how beautiful is it to sit here, I still would have some days more

February The Twenty-Third

<< November 30th, 2021 Casa do Godinho - Dover

Standing up, taking a shower, knowing it will not be the last one, as every day, nervous, still sweating, not knowing why. Walking to the breakfast room as every day, the large room with some tables, with a good distance between them, no buffet as normally at this place because of the pandemic. The pandemic, nearly two years now. As before, only one sister, if she is one of the sisters. Breakfast items on the table, the self-made marmalade, alone, perfect, later, one more table occupied. Back to the room, still sweating, the next shower, new clothes, walking to the small park,

trying to come down. The small park, not so far away, found it on the second day, Jardim Basilio Teles.

<< I walked to the market hall, never was in it
<< I enter it, it's fantastic from the very first moment on
<< I have to orientate first, a center aisle, left and right stalls with fruits and vegetables
<< I could walk along the isles, until I would head a banister, but obviously, this would not be the end of the hall, it would be the end of the upper part, there would be a lower part, but first the upper part, enough there, I looked at the architecture
<< I never would have expected something like this, the struts, the ceiling, it looks like science fiction from the 70s!

<< still standing at the entrance, there has been a plate, information about the market hall - 1959 and 1932, I do not understand it totally, but this seems to be incredible
<< around the wall, to my left, I see restaurants, to my right, a butchery, and other small shops, olives, I start to walk along the center aisles, and it's wonderful for me as a cook
<< wonderful fruits and vegetables, nuts, mushrooms, most I know, but by far not all, and at the end, near the banister?
<< living animals one could buy, chickens, rabbits, even doves – okay, as a cook, I have worked with all of them, but buying one here, taking it home, to kill and eat it?
<< yeah, if you want to eat a chicken, someone has to kill the chicken – I reach the banister, and it's unbelievable
<< the hall from floor to bottom is very high now, under me is the fish market, with larger restaurants around
<< a large window with a fish, nearly like a rosette in a medieval church
<< one could walk, on my level, around the fish market, like an ambulatory, with....shops....not sure, offices?, but I have to walk down

<< two rows with stalls left and right, an incredible number of fish and seafood in a thrilling variation
<< some I know, the French names, like rascasse or turbot, have eaten it, some not – of course, sardines!
<< I'm most attracted to conger, have never worked with it, and have never eaten it
<< well, could buy me some, and one of the restaurants here would cook me a dish with it, but I would have to address one of the women behind the displayed fish, I wasn't sure if I could buy only a part, and I would have to go to the restaurant and ask about preparing the fish
<< conger?, would this function, better a “normal” fish?, I started to feel uncomfortable and started to sweat, unless it was not hot in a hall of fish on ice
<< I walked upstairs again

<< I was at the entrance again, still inside
<< there would be these restaurants, in the corner, I walked by
<< one offered fish, the other ham and cheese, but also hot dishes, daily menu is most likely
<< the one, the fish restaurant, was small, with tables near each other
<< the other, ham and cheese, larger, more space, and not much in it, I sat down, Tapas & Wine - Quinta Da Santa by Chef Queijeiro
<< I ordered a glass of wine, Portuguese drink wine with every meal, and a platter with ham and cheese
<< it tasted fantastic, I tried to come down again, at least, I sat in this outstanding market hall and ate something
<< not fish, the fish I would be so curious about, but at least something, something cold

<< this was my second time here, again, I liked it to be here, my last travel before the pandemic, now my first, still in the pandemic it, but maybe the worst behind
<< why I could not come down, it was nice here, the people nice
<< I would still have some days, would I be able to handle them better?
<< would I come back, could this be my place at the ocean?
<< I paid, stepped out of the market hall, there would be one of these small cafés to my right
<< why I was unable to, simply sit down there, ordering a coffee, one of these fantastic sweets, and having a good time?

2022

February The Seventh

<< it's November the 14th, 2022, waking up at O Sardinhas

Standing up, taking a shower, looking at the turquoise room (description). Pack my backpack and search for a place to have breakfast.

A room without breakfast this time, so many small cafés and pastelerias all around. Nearly three years of pandemic now, again in Matosinhos, exactly one year after the last time (therefore it's 2022 now).

But as always, I have my problems, the last days, especially at the pasteleria by the hotel. Speaking no Portuguese, I feel foreign, but much better than last year anyway. No real restrictions anymore, I do not sweat that much, feel more confident.

<< I walk to the small park where I tried to come down last year, Jardim Basílio Teles, sit down
<< better than last year, but not good
<< feel still in turmoil, sweat
<< walk to the café, down there, Café Lua, at the crossing, at the green, with this small statue, you can sit outside
<< it's somewhat sunny today, all places in the shade are occupied, I sit down
<< I order a coffee and a croissant, look at the roasted bread others eat
<< more sun now, I start to sweat, even more, drink my coffee fast, the croissant, and look to pay
<< I start to walk around, with no distinct aim
<< towards the ocean, maybe that could give me rest, the thought
<< but most likely not
<< and I do not understand, I like it that much here, it's so nice here, but I'm unable to come down
<< I do not understand

<< it has become evening, sitting Pérola do Atlântico, R. Roberto Ivens, on the other side of the street is the LIDL and McDonald's
<< it's one of this interesting places
<< an incredible amount of everything that's sweet, a place for breakfast, coffee and cake in the afternoon, daily menu of course, but also dinner – it closes at 8 PM, so no real restaurant in that meaning because Portuguese start with a real dinner often not before 8 PM or even 9 PM
<< I feel somewhat comfortable, I start to understand Matosinhos, I start to understand Portugal – somewhat at least
<< I try not to be so nervous, it functions relatively well. I order a tea, a black tea, a soup of the day, as I know now, a vegetable soup, and a steak
<< the steak is thin, not much weight, but good fried, and enough! - dessert still waits

<< the dishes in Portugal are not so large, but this is nice – everytime at every place you can eat something, a snack, a toast, a cake
<< often the combination of rice and French fries, but this time only fries
<< a coffee thereafter, and I choose a pastry at the counter, outlay
<< I have the feeling that I handled it not so badly, pay, a walk along the beach?
<< maybe a stout at Titan I? Cremosi would be closed now. I started to feel comfortable here

February The Twelfth

<< November 19th, 2022 O Sardinhas

Standing up, taking a shower, looking at the turquoise room (description). Pack my backpack and search for a place to have breakfast.

A room without breakfast this time, so many small cafés and pastelerias all around. Nearly three years of pandemic now, again in Matosinhos, exactly one year after the last time (therefore it's 2022 now).

But as always, I have my problems, the last days, especially at the pasteleria by the hotel. Speaking no Portuguese, I feel foreign, but much better than last year anyway. No real restrictions anymore, I do not sweat that much, feel more confident.

<< had breakfast at Café Lua today, the small green area with the small monument, not far from Jardim Basilo Teles, where I sat now

<< I had a book with me this year, about cosmology, and I had read for a while in it, had stood up late, lunch?

<< I could walk back towards Café Lua, the other place I had been before, I entered Rua Ló Ferreira, Muro das Tentações

<< I felt better this year, knew to act better, sat down, the daily menu and an orange juice, and a water and tried to speak Portuguese: Prato do dia, um sumo de laranja, uma água, por favor.

<< well, sounded not very Portuguese, and was by far not elegant, but it was a try

<< and, Portugues people were polite, liked it if you tried, even if you failed

<< well, the usual soup, three rolls, olives, a nice dish, roasted chicken with rice and french fries, a small salad aside

<< well, salad, not so much Portuguese, but it all tasted fine

<< of course, a coffee thereafter, um café, and a sweet pastry I had to choose

<< as I paid, the man addressed me, as did the woman from the kitchen, she had helped me at the beginning, spoke English better than the man

<< typical Portugal, men behind the counter, drinks and serving, the women in the kitchen, in Germany, the other way around was the rule

<< well, he was not Portuguese, from France, and since some years in Portugal, I learned

<< that was funny, and of course, it would not be my last time in this place

<< but now I had to move on, to walk to the beach – which way?

<< what about a rest at the supermarket, another try?

<< well, um café was not so difficult, but the one I liked, that with milk, was more complicated: uma meia-de-leite, was difficult to pronounce

<< would be good to learn some Portuguese for the next time?

<< I arrived at the beach, the traffic circle with the fisher net, an event?

<< yeah, a surfer event, the Matosinhos Surf School Cup, in real life on November 11th, but not much action now

<< I walk to Cremosi, a common place now, a green tea, a chá verde, but I pronounced “chá” very

wrongly, I order the rest in English, the woman with the glasses as always at the checkout
<< I sit outside, my jacket on, in the sun, the waiter: Hello, my friend!
<< I look through the glass at the ocean, a good weather for surfing, I think
<< but then, the sun comes out, it gets hot behind the glass, and I pay and leave
<< it's better outside, others sit outside now, walk to Titan I, to take a place on the patio, order a stout beer, and nearly I can enjoy the sun
<< it's better than the two times before, but I'm still unable to relax completely

<< I walk back to the hotel, Avenida Da República, but only to the next crossing street
<< not up to the upper traffic circle, the barber shop, Ned Barbearias Matosinhos, Ned for Ned Kelly
<< I walk around the hamburger restaurant, Munchi, and enter Rua Heróis de França
<< the first fish restaurant would be 5 Oceanos, several others would follow later, in the tourist's street
<< its a sophisticated looking restaurant, with fish displayed, as very common, nice fish, you could sit outside, sheltered, as is common for the tourist places, some even roast outside
<< but not for me, not today, I continue my way as I pass, the next house!, an interesting place
<< looks modern, hip, neon lights, the interior, you can see everything from outside, Perto da Praia
<< the menu, Brazilian, in Portuguese, do not understand much, bowls, salads, I enter
<< the place is empty, a young woman is behind the counter, a young man appears for a moment, most likely from the kitchen
<< a young couple?, opened not long before?, she speaks English very well
<< yes, Brazilian, she recommends me a bowl, which I choose, and it tastes very fine
<< a coffee thereafter, of course, and something sweet
<< I like the place, have even a conversation, short, but at least
<< I'm long there, at least for me, I should come back again, during the remaining days
<< but now, back to the hotel

<< but not for long, right after the next crossing, I pass the HopTrip Craft Beer Shop
<< looks like a place for young people, small, crowded, I'm no beer drinker, I mostly drink tee
<< if I drink beer, I prefer a dark one – okay, it's a craft beer shop!
<< I do not know why, but I enter it, crowded, the bar, but in the back part, a few tables, I can sit down there
<< but first I look at the offered beers, written down above the bar, self-sevice, of course, you have to pay after ordering
<< a stout in any case, would be my third today, Russian Imperial Stout from Norway sounds not bad – wow, €7.90 half a liter!
<< not for Germany, but for Portugal, this is expensive, but okay, I order it and get a glass of really dark, black, beer, I sit down on one of the tables
<< the beer is extreme, nearly like syrup, very sweet, I need something to eat
<< the menu, I order something, drink and eat, the place is very crowded now, mostly around the bar, but also the tables, and I start to like it
<< these two places, Cremosi and Titan I, the supermarket, could this be my Portugal?
<< it's not easy to drink all the beer, very extreme, I need a second snack, walk back
<< a shower, I need a shower, but I sleep well

February The Twenty-Second

<< November 29th, 2022 O Sardinhas

Standing up, taking a shower, looking at the turquoise room (description). Pack my backpack and search for a place to have breakfast.

A room without breakfast this time, so many small cafés and pastelerias all around. Nearly three years of pandemic now, again in Matosinhos, exactly one year after the last time (therefore it's 2022 now).

But as always, I have my problems, the last days, especially at the pasteleria by the hotel. Speaking no Portuguese, I feel foreign, but much better than last year anyway. No real restrictions anymore, I do not sweat that much, feel more confident.

<< again, the market hall, again, like last year, I look at the fantastic fish, again the conger attracts me the most

<< but again, addressing one of the women?, walking with the fish to one of the restaurants, asking for preparation?

<< this would cause much attention, so I hesitated, and again, I did not do it!

<< I walk back to the upper level, again ham and cheese like last year?

<< I look at the smaller fish restaurant, Diga Maria, take a deep breath, and enter it

<< sitting down at a small table, I get the menu, English, very interesting dishes

<< I have to become more brave, I order a menu

<< fish soup, the small quantity, two oysters next, then the platter with dungeness crab

<< the fish soup is very fine, a larger group enters, French people obviously, they sit down at the table next to mine, had to put together two tables

<< the oysters next, the French group gets a platter with seafood, cold, and one with cheese and ham from the restaurant I was last year, they are working together, all looks very fine, and the French are very happy

<< then I get my dungeness crab on a large plate, it looks incredible, cold

<< the French are very impressed by my dish, and I start to eat

<< it has to be more than one crab because I have the pincers and the legs, the shell, large, is filled with a crab cocktail

<< okay, could be the small parts from inside, but it's too much, and some pieces are simply too large, I start with the legs and the pincers

<< sure, I have to use crab tongs, but it's not the first time

<< in the French restaurant I once worked, Les Trois Sardines, we made crab ravioli with the meat from inside

<< and San Francisco, of course, looking at the bridge, pondering on suicide

<< but not here, not now, and I managed very elegantly to crack the legs and pincers, the French noticed it, and I had the feeling that they were even somewhat jealous of my dish

<< a dessert, I followed the waitress to the counter, another woman behind – was one of them Maria?

<< I could choose from various self-made cakes, I chose a chocolate cake

<< what a wonderful lunch, it would be enough for the rest of the day

<< I was relieved in a way, but had it been perfect?

<< of course not!

<< at the counter, they had displayed various seafood, oysters, for instance, but also sea snails

<< on the menu there had also been a platter with sea snails

<< I had never eaten sea snails so far, but I liked everything out of the sea, and of course, I had eaten snails as such

<< I had pondered about whether I should ask if I could try one, but, yeah, I did not dare

<< I feared that maybe, I would not like them, what then?

<< so I decided for the easy way, the San Francisco menu

<< clam chowder, (this time fish soup), oysters, and dungeness crab, at Fisherman's Wharf, the bay and the bridge

<< but next year, I would come back, next year, I would eat the sea snails, try them

<< still some days left, better than last year, but not okay
<< would I be able to do better in a year?

2023

February The Eighth

<< My Stay Matosinhos, March 12th, 2023 - this timeline will be exactly defined by the concerts

Standing up, taking a shower, my small room (description, site, away from the beach, R. Silva Pinheiro). Walking, like every morning, to the pasteleria up the street, Veiga, as nearly every day for the days, uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada. I feel a little Portuguese, still have my problems, but much better than nearly exactly four months ago. Happy to be able to return so quickly. The pandemic seems to be over now.

<< reflecting on the last stays, this is the fourth, about the first time at the ocean, L.A., and this place at the ocean

<< reflecting about, that this place could be so much better a place to stay, retirement, than the USA, West Coast, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, but all the USA

<< no gun violence, no political extremism, no endangered democracy, better health care

<< yeah, the small ocean, not the big, but nevertheless, water until the horizon, big ships

<< this time, it feels so different from the last three times

<< but still insecure, still in uncomfortable situations, still sweating, but here I feel adopted

<< in the first year, 2019, this has been only a place to reach Braga, but I understood that it's not Porto, Matosinhos instead, but I liked it, thought about it

<< but then came COVID, and no traveling was possible anymore (March 2020; del Rey; Agnes Obel, waiting until 07/2022)

<< but at the end of 2021 in Matosinhos again, and it was nice, even if I had all these problems

<< could this be an alternative to the West Coast?

<< a third time at the end of 2022, more comfort now, feel cozy and safe, even with the still existing problems

<< it's the beginning of 2023 now, only a few months later

<< I have started to learn some Portuguese

<< I feel more stable this time, unless, not absolutely

<< but I see, it could be a place for me

<< have started to eat menu / prato do dia, regularly

<< I feel more comfort here, in a foreign land, than in my homeland

<< sitting Cremosi, outside, with my jacket in the sun, drinking a white tea

February The Eleventh

<< My Stay Matosinhos Centro, March 15th, 2023

Standing up, taking a shower, my small room. Walking, like every morning, to the pasteleria up the street, as nearly every day, uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada. Feel a little Portuguese, still I have my

problems, but much better than four months ago.

<< I walk a round, yeah, this could be my place, but much has changed, in only four months

<< I thought to have sea snails this time, but the restaurant, Diga Maria, is under reconstruction, closed?

<< I thought to continue my conversation, with the French man and the woman from the kitchen, Muro das Tentações, but new people (owners?) there

<< I thought to visit Perto da Praia again, eating Brazilian, had been such a nice last evening, four months ago

<< paper in the windows, like Diga Maria, reconstruction?, closed?

<< my last evening, four months ago, I spent here, it was my third time there

<< the young couple (?), I started to have a real conversation with the woman about Brazilian food, not telling her that I'm a cook

<< she recommended me a dessert with a special Brazilian fruit, delicious, not very sweet, but rich in flavor

<< thought, that would be an interesting berry to create desserts with in Germany

<< I had looked forward to intensifying this first steps, but the place was no longer as well

<< significant changes over the years now, some were no longer, others newly appeared

<< every year, more and more of the old houses got renovated, or a new one got built for an older one

<< some large empty sites got filled with apartment blocks, but also cafés and shops, it seemed that the city would improve from time to time

<< and yet, after those years, when I knew this place now, it was easy to find a sight, a tourist would call ugly, decayed, maybe even rotten,

<< I saw picturesque sights in them, it was this possibility that old and new, inhabited and empty for a very long time, were possible side by side

<< not possible in Germany, no one would renovate an old house, if the house attached to yours was decayed

<< but here it was possible – the theater, a so nice building, no far one had to go, the next in badly shape

<< it seemed as though this would be a fine illustration for life as such, for reality, not a fucking corrupt Hollywood farce and lie, an American illusion

<< I felt good in this place

< and yet, I was still the person I was, still had not eaten a fish bought at the market hall, prepared in one of the restaurants there, I still had not dared to buy the conger, had no idea about the taste

<< and yet, I often try a new pasteleria for daily menu, it was good to be at a different place this time

<< have found new restaurants and cafés, a new large supermarket, Continente, even one more between this and my old one, Pingo Doce

<< was no longer ate in restaurants in the evening, which often enough ended in a disaster, I tried different places, tried more being a “normal” Portuguese

<< it had become evening, I stit in a small café for dinner - new Wave / Boutique De Pão / Pasteleria, the sign over the entrance told you

<< the next place, very similar to that, would be, by the way, next door, Café Onda, but I had decided for this

<< some tables, very close to each other outside, I had decided to sit inside (description)

<< two TVs, as normally in Portugal, football of course

<< a woman, the menu, English, but she asks where I'm from

<< German – really, she speaks some German, shows me a German book, too much attention, but nice in a way

<< I decided for the signature dish, and got a steak with fries, a typical small salad aside, a fried

egg, sunny side up, of course, gravy, and, it's Portugal, a slice of cheese and ham
<< would be a somewhat strange combination in Germany, and the steak is not very large, but I like it, it's absolutely enough, the fucking stupid large servings in the USA, I'm no longer hungry and look forward to something sweet, and a café, um café, of course
<< after the meal, I decide to sit out, most of the guests sit outside, but a table for me is left
<< I sit there, jacket on, it's somewhat cold, a stout on my table
<< I feel a little Portuguese

February The Fouteenth

<< My Stay Matosinhos Centro, March 18th, 2023

Standing up, taking a shower, my small room. Walking, like every morning, to the pasteleria up the street, as nearly every day, uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada. Feel a little Portuguese, still I have my problems, but much better than four months a year ago.

<< at the beach, after a fine menu do dia, at the supermarket, Pingo Douce, lamb knuckle with beans and rice
<< the beans not pretty green anymore, but this hapens always if keeping them hot
<< it all tasted very fine, of course, uma meia-de-leite e dois croissants thereafter – well, still not very perfect, but I tried
<< and now at the beach, looking at the ocean, the sun shines, I walked in the sand, like at Santa Monica Beach, I stit in the sand, even laid down for a while, tried to forget time
<< to see light cloud, hear the sea gulls and the waves, smelling and tasting the salty water, I laid there for a while

<< later I walked to Cremosi, the woman with the glasses still there, I sit outside, but no longer the waiter from the last year
<< I drink tea, a nice chá preto this time, eat ice cream and look at the harbor, the part you can see from here
<< the large ship is there again, it comes regularly, it needs two or three days, huge trucks get loaded all the time, they look like toys compared to the ship, then it leaves, to come back after a certain time
<< also regularly cruise ships at this place, tourist for Porto, visiting the wine vaults, the futuristic arcitecture of the terminal, Porto Leixões Cruise Terminal, a lot of interesting arcithecure in this place, Igreja Paroquial do Senhor Bom Jesus de Matosinhos
<< and the crane of course, this monument of a bygone time, uge and impressive even from afar, especially at dusk and night
<< I take my book and start to read, start to forget the time (cosmology in the second year!!)

February The Nineteenth

<< My Stay Matosinhos Centro, March 23th,2023

Standing up, taking a shower, my small room. Walking, like every morning, to the pasteleria up the street, as nearly every day, uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada. Feel a little Portuguese, still I have my problems, but much better than four months a year ago.

<< Sea Life Center, no longer Matosinhos, right at the beginning of Porto, near the beach, had seen it the first time, the first day, as I was for the first time in Matosinhos
<< I had walked to the beach, along the promenade, had found the „ugly house“, Edifício Transpartente, had dinner in one of the empty restaurants
<< and „right behind“ a large building with huge letters on the wall, SEA*LIFE
<< not much imagination one would need, an aquarium to visit
<< but I didn't, what a surprise, and I did not until today, years later!
<< okay, the second time, the pandemic, but the Portuguese handled it much better than we in Germany
<< it was no problem for them to wear a mask, or wait outside a shop, to enter when in line
<< but also the third time I did not, the fourth time in town I had said, I have to do at least some certain things, like visiting Sea Life
<< and so, after a nice time, I sat in the restaurant, drank a coffee and ate a toast, relatively expensive, but for such a place?
<< yeah, all the fish, the sharks, some of whom I knew no name, the turtle, the big turtle, the highlight
<< or the penguins outside? rays and octopuses, missed the feeding, the touching, and the seahorses in any case!
<< might be not the largest place, but very nice, the last time in Los Angeles, at Santa Monica Pier, touching the little shark and the ray
<< like in a zoo, a place to feel like a child, forgetting all what's outside, like being in a different world, an unburdened world, the zoos in Stuttgart, Augsburg, Munich, London, Los Angeles and San Francisco
<< it was a rainy day, no children playing outside, but in summer most likely a crowded place, as I looked through the glass, the white waves, the citadel, how nice it would be to live here

<< for a longer time in the other zoos? L.A. at the end of the month?
<< a day of contemplation

February The Twenty-First

<< March 25th, 2023 My Stay Matosinhos Centro

Standing up, taking a shower, my small room. Walking, like every morning, to the pasteleria up the street, as nearly every day, uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada. Feel a little Portuguese, still I have my problems, but much better than four months a year ago.

<< the usual breakfast, prato do dia, but the rest of the day would be different
<< driving to Porto, a concert, jazz, a jazz club in Porto, Porta Jazz, The Rite Of Trio
<< but some were a bit strange

<< the three guys on the picture, the webpage of Porta Jazz, looked not like jazz musicians
<< beards, long hair, naked as far as visible, shouting – looked more like three metal musicians or so
<< but, it was a jazz club, so.....why not
<< but two times were given, 7 PM and 9:30 PM, two times?
<< so, I should be there at 7 PM, the rest we would see
<< Porta Jazz – of course, I had an address, Praça da República, but it was not really to find using Google Earth
<< Street View, three normal doors, but none with the given number, 156
<< where was the jazz club?

<< no doubt, it should be the middle door, the door without a number, a jazz club in a normal house?

<< well, would it become one of my disasters?

<< I decided to drive to Porto early, to see whether I would find the jazz club, the time until the concert?

<< well, what about walking to the nice park, above the river?

<< I should not be so difficult to find it, the rough direction easy, I decided to drive to Porto after a shower, right now, at 2 PM, would give me a lot of time

<< using the Metro, nothing new, every Metro would bring me to my aim, very easy, Lapa, would be the station I would have to leave

<< then it should not be very difficult

<< to the street, along the street to the park, there it should be, the jazz club

<< I stood on the platform, well, housing blocks, a ramp to walk town, would be the bet to follow others

<< „we“ walked down the ramp, along a housing block, looked somewhat somber, though a narrow passage, a street, obviously the street I had searched, R. da Boavista

<< okay, I simply would have to follow the street, “follow”

<< well, the street was straight, narrow, and steep, I would be a long and hard way, I started

<< I passed an interesting bookshop, a music shop, an escape room.....was an interesting street, but I was happy as I had reached its top

<< the park to my right, Jardim de Teófilo Braga, a large building to my left, looked military, Army Personnel Command

<< the jazz club would be on the other side of the park, I crossed it, the common monument, Monumento à República, I stood in front of the three doors

<< okay, a door, a window, behind a desk, and one could see a curtain in the back

<< the curtain was somewhat open, a staircase was to see, upstairs, the jazz club as such downstairs, in the cellar?, obviously – and now

<< well, I had plenty of time to walk to the park

<< okay, the general direction was easy, in any case I should be able to find the river, the Douro, I crossed the park, the next monument, Monumento ao Deus Baco, to enter a street that seemed the best to start, Rua Mártires da Liberdade

<< as I walked along the street, the houses looked old and somewhat decayed, some definitely inhabited

<< the old Porto, like in Matosinhos, I followed the narrow street until I turned right, Tv. de São Carlos

<< this should bring me nearer to the park, my aim, I passed a small park, Praça Coronel Pacheco, and now?

<< a small passage I could enter, R. Do Mirante, what I did, most likely because I saw a large picture at a wall

<< wow, such a graffiti I would not have expected to see here, Alien, apocalyptic, Giger....?

<< steep uphill now, a sharp bend, the narrow way hit a pedestrian area, R. De Cedofeita, I had to turn left or right

<< well, left would make no sense, so I turned right, this was now the tourists Porto

<< the next park, a kind of large traffic circle, Praça de Carlos Alberto, with a market, picture

<< I continued to follow the street, Praça de Carlos Alberto, a short while, until I hit a large plaza, a large crossing, obviously a major place in Porto

<< two beautiful churches side by side, a wall with wonderful Portuguese tiles, of course a Christian motive, the Catholic Portugal

<< rails, I discovered that one would be the line over the river, the Douro, over the bridge, but it

was under construction

<< but I walked along the barrier of the construction, Praça de Parada Leitao because I saw the next park, Jardim da Cordoaria

<< very nice, many trees, a place to sit down, still time, but maybe I should return?

<< many pastelerias here? rails through the park? I felt exhausted and sweaty, and then?

<< one of the historic streetcars came, this was the historic line!

<< this would mean that if I followed it, at least, I would be at the river, but it would be a long way back uphill again

<< using the historic line, I hesitated, did not know how, I decided to follow the line, at least for a certain time

<< and that I did, Rua da Restauração, downhill, for a longer time, until I was a wall on the other side – could this be the park?

<< I crossed the street, a zebra crossing, to enter a smaller street, R. Jorge de Viterbo Ferreira, uphill, along the wall, where there would be shade, I hurried to cross the small, and fall

<< I laid on the street, the knee, and one hand, some looked at me, I gave them a sign, stood up, the trousers a bit dirty, but apart from that.....

<< up the street, along the wall, in the shade, yes, this was the place, I had reached the park, Jardins do Palácio de Cristal, stood at the entrance, as the last time, and I asked myself why always such stupid activities?

<< I walked to the place to look down to the river, then I searched for a place to sit down, to try to come down a bit, I would have to walk back, maybe no jazz concert today, maybe a stupid idea

<< I found a wonderful place, a strange three with trunks, strangely formed – was it by design?

<< one looked like a large rabbit, one like an elephant's head?, or was it only my imagination, running wild? I had to walk back

<< the same way? would be a very long way, should I try to find a shorter one?

<< okay, let's try, the worst would be, no jazz concert

<< I decided to hurry a bit, not to look so much left and right, I should eat something, wouldn't be bad, how long would I need back?

<< in front of the park, I headed right, R. Jorge de Viterbo Ferreira, towards the way I had come the last time, the first year

<< I still knew that I would reach the large crossing, when turning right, R. De Dom Manuel II, which road now three roads in front of me

<< the one was those from the first year, it would not help

<< the large one either, I decided for the small one, this should have the best direction, R. Da Boa Nova

<< I followed the street, the next crossing, staying in this direction, a small bend, R. Da Maternidade, and then?

<< well, in Portugal, all houses are side by side, no front garden, not aside, but patios, inner yards, and now

<< a huge open space, an old huge building on it, a mansion, a manor house, something like that, a wall a gate, looks very strange!, Palace Pinto Leite, Casa do Campo Pequeno - I head on, downhill

<< I reach a crossing, have no idea where I'm

<< I decide for the street to my right, uphill again, I have to walk uphill, the park, the jazz club has been very high, I enter the narrow street, all streets here narrow, Rua da Torrinha

<< I hit the next street, have to decide, left or right, left I could enter another street, continue my way uphill, I enter it, somewhat desperate, my clothes wet, Rua dos Bragas

<< I hit the next street, and I realize, I knew this place

<< the café at the corner, the shop with flowers, the pictures in the window - I would have to turn left, a few yards uphill, I would be at the park again, I had managed it!

<< and now? I needed something to drink, should eat something, I needed a rest, still time I would

have

<< I entered the café, not many in it, Confeitaria Royal

<< I ordered a coffee, a water, a snack with ham and cheese, walked to the restroom, cold water for the face and hands and arms, I tried to cool down

<< one more water, one more coffee, two sweets, I started to feel better, the second time in the restroom, water in the face

<< as I had eaten the sweets and finished the water and the coffee, I felt better, already dark outside, so I decided to walk to the park, to sit down there for a while

<< one could see now, sitting in the park, very well the insight, and I started to cool down, it had become cold

<< somebody walked through the door, bought a ticket at the table, then walked towards the open curtain, downstairs, I felt prepared

stood up, crossed the street, entered the door, stood in front of the table, asked for a ticket

<< I paid and walked towards the staircase, downstairs

<< but there were also two settees, one could sit down to see, on the opposite wall, a video, projected over the staircase, or better to name it a video installation?

<< I hesitated for a moment, to my left were the restrooms, but other visitors were still downstairs, so I walked down

<< maybe call it an anteroom, one could buy a soft drink or a beer, nothing hot, all very improvised, a heavy white steel door, obviously the entrance to the venue, very heavy looking

<< but interesting, on the walls, posters, it seemed as though the jazz club hosted an annual jazz festival

<< the white door opened, someone stepped out, this was, in fact, a real heavy steel door, a fire door?

<< but it closed again, we waited someone longer, then obviously, we could step in – it was a kind of shock!

<< like a shoebox, like a long garage underground, was it a kind of air-raid shelter?

<< okay, the jazz club in Heilbronn, in its early years, a cave in fact, underground, a vaulted cellar

<< in the years thereafter, different locations, not all very nice

<< okay, today, the Altes Theater in Sontheim, especially artists from abroad often mention how beautiful and special this venue was, maybe it was unfair to have this in mind, the jazz club in Porto was very young

<< one third was the stage, one third was chairs, and one third one could stay – roughly

<< I chose a chair in the third row, near the wall

<< I pondered, maybe a hundred guests, all in all, the place started to fill

<< on the stage, a piano, a standing base, guitars, drums, a keyboard, or so

<< more and more, I liked the place and looked forward to the concert, emptied my soul and put the bottle on the floor, I started to relax really, waited until the concert would begin

<< a door on the back opened, obviously the area for the artists behind, and the three men came – okay, this can't be jazz!

<< the three men, not in fact, dressed like jazz musicians! - one, it was the drummer, dressed like a sprinter in a thin full-body piece of cloth, red to pink colored

<< the second, it was the bass player, only a pair of trousers, and a naked upper body, nice for the women?

<< and the guitar player?, well a kind of long shirt or so? same fabric, this would be in no way a jazz concert!

<< and it wasn't!

<< I knew some footage, the early Pink Floyd, the very early Pink Floyd, I was fascinated!

<< it was definitively not exactly their sound, but elements, as well as elements of jazz, sometimes I saw the early Genesis, the good time with Peter Gabriel, King Crimson came me to mind
<< but in fact, there was also jazz! - only a few pieces of music, all very long, it was whatever, progressive rock, psychedelic, space rock, and, always jazz
<< even a performance was included, I did not understand it exactly, was not sure, the drummer
<< not only once did he appear like Nick Mason to me, and he also played, controlled, the synthesizer – or was it a Moog, or a mellotron, or whatever.....he was Richard Wright then
<< Mason and Wright, the heart and soul of Pink Floyd

decribing the concert more precicely???

<< but it was also demanding to listen to, but I liked it, and after not ninety minutes it was over, maybe four songs?
<< I needed a moment to stand up, to leave the room, never I would have expected that!
<< but, what was about 9:30 PM?, was it a break now, like common in Heilbronn, two sets with a break, but it does not seem so
<< the same again at 9:30 PM, I was a bit confused
<< well, one could have asked, but.....I did not dare
<< some stayed downstairs with a beer, some upstairs, some outside, but some also leave
<< I waited and walked around, but it was obvious, the concert was over, they would play it again – or did I make a mistake?
<< but some, and more and more left, walked away, I did the same, down the street now, the passage, along the housing block, up the ramp, this time I had to be careful, not every metro would have Matosinhos as aim
<< in the metro I sat down, what a long day it had been, idiotic in a way, so many impressions and emotions, what a final!
<< in three days, the next concert, of course I would be there, jazz this time?
<< wow, it had felt like being back in time, I had never listened to such music live, only on records and TV
<< a concert in my youth, such a concert, I would not have dared, if it had been possible
<< but now, well over fifty, in Porto, I had tears in my eyes, yeah, yeah, this could be my place

February The Twenty-Fourth

<< March 28th, 2023 My Stay Matosinhos Centro

Standing up, taking a shower, my small room. Walking, like every morning, to the pasteleria up the street, as nearly every day, uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada. Feel a little Portuguese, still I have my problems, but much better than four months a year ago.

<< this time, I had decided to do better, not being hours before the concert in Porto, and this time there was only one time 9:30 PM
<< breakfast as usual, menu do dia, having spent some time at the beach, I arrived at Lapa, I knew now what the way would be
<< along the housing block, through the passage, standing on R. Da Boavista, looking uphill
<< but it was already near 8 PM, dark, it slightly rained, I would slowly walk uphill, passing the bookshop, most likely an antiquarian bookshop, costly books i the window, looking old, the music shop, the escape room
<< I had planned to have dinner in the nice-looking restaurant near the jazz club, near the shop with interesting clothes, when I reached the park
<< crossing the park, already lights behind the door, a man behind the table, but first dinner

<< I reached the restaurant, and it was closed! - why?
<< it was no pasteleria, they had a large menu, I had seen it, looked like “modern”, many salads, and light food
<< but they closed at 7:30 PM. I had seen this! And now?
<< I knew from two days ago that in this area there were not many places to drink and eat, the pasteleria from last time would have closed in any case
<< I walked down the street, Praça da Republica, the shop with clothes, Casa Negras
<< I needed a moment, then I understood, it was a specialized shop for academic gown
<< yeah, Portugal is often still more traditional than Germany, and I had the feeling that this was not worse, at least not necessarily
<< I looked down the street, there would be a burger shop, I had passed a small, still open café, but I was hungry, and it looked more like a place to drink beer or so, Maria q.b
<< why not a burger, not time to walk around and to search, especially not again such a footslog like last time, I entered the place, Chapa Quente
<< small and simple looking, the menu, burgers, Brazilian?, the waitress asks me if I knew Brazilian burgers, no, thinking, are they different
<< she recommends me X-Tudo, 10,20 €, many are pricier, not really cheap, this is Portugal?
<< a coke, and my burger arrives, looks interesting, a first bite?
<< many flavors, beef, sausages, cheese, ham, egg, salad, tomato.....especially the sausage, taste fine
<< it's like Francesinha, very heavy, but fine from time to time
<< a coffee and a brownie, could this be the beginning of a tradition?
<< a Brazilian burger before the jazz concert?
<< I feel good, much better than last time
<< I pay and walk the short way to the club

<< of course, this time it was easier, unless I was somewhat nervous, as often, I did not know why
<< I entered the place, bought me a ticket, and this time a woman behind the desk, downstairs, a stout, the door still closed
<< I walked upstairs again, sat in one of the black leather settees, and watch the video
<< an a man and a woman came, speaking English, and they seemed to be British, they talked about connections to reach the next venue, the next concert, could this be the bass player with the English name?, I tried to remember the picture from the webpage
<< this time it would be jazz, I knew none of the musicians, but it was a classic jazz arrangement with vocals - Savina Yannatou Vocals, Julius Gabriel Saxophone, Agustí Fernandez Piano, Barry Guy Double Bass, Ramón López Drums
<< seemed to be a very international formation, most likely only for this gig, on the picture, one of them was much younger than the others
<< the man and the woman had gone, it soon would start, I went upstairs, nearly the same place again

<< the musician appeared, yes, the man from above was the bass player, immediately it was obvious, he and the songstress would be the main musicians on stage, the youngest of them was the drummer, a local musician most likely
<< Savina Yannatou, her name sounded somewhat familiar, had I already heard of her, maybe decades ago? I could not remember, and most likely not
<< could it be that she had performed in Heilbronn? Well, maybe I should, at least sometimes, do some research ahead, not simply letting it happen, even if this had its nice aspects? - the concert?

<< the concert, description to what extend?

<< well, jazz in any case, but what jazz!

<< the bass player, Barry Guy, did not simply play bass
<< he used tools from time to time, for instance, experimental artist, avant-garde, descriptions like that would be appropriate, I thought, and I got the feeling, that he was not simply a bass player, but an exceptional one – and the songstress?
<< well, this very kind of very artistic singing, not only some standards, and also she seemed to be a very well-known musician, not to me!
Improvising could be a key word, this looked like a person with very high skills, and more and more I got the feeling, that this concert, this arrangement was something exceptional, that I should try to enjoy every second
<< the piano player, as well, the man at the sax and the man behind the drums, locals?
<< whatever, after only a few days, I sat for the second time in the “shoebox garage” and experienced something extremely special

<< the jazz club in Heilbronn, also a broad spectrum, Ida Nielsen, Prince, rap vocals
<< and this avant-garde jazz band from New York, could not remember the name, had been too much for some of the audience in Heilbronn
<< but these two concerts? - The Rite Of Trio in no way, the concert of today? I could not imagine it in the end
<< the audience here was much younger, long applause after both of the concerts
<< in Heilbronn, nearly sixty, I was among the younger, here I was the old man
<< the jazz club here young, in Heilbronn much older than I
<< whatever, I looked forward, would I live here, or in Matosinhos of course, what a delight it would be to have the opportunity to attend such concerts, I had tears in my eyes

<< the way down the street, through the passage, along the housing block, up the ramp, I felt light, drunken, and hated myself
<< why was I unable to simply enjoy such moments, why was it always so difficult, why I always so insecure, afraid of causing attention?
<< I stood in the metro, a young couple near to me
<< she, maybe fifteen or so, not to call her cute would be a huge understatement, her dress not sexy as well
<< they reminded me of the couple in Crenshaw, the young African-American girls, with long boots and her short dress
<< as there, I wished them both the best, for their future, their entire life, as I stepped out of the metro, looking at the graffiti on the wall

February The Twenty-Fifth

<< March 29th, 2023 My Stay Matosinhos Centro

Standing up, taking a shower, my small room. Walking, like every morning, to the pasteleria up the street, as nearly every day, uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada. Feel a little Portuguese, still I have my problems, but much better than four months a year ago.

<< my morning routine now, the short walk, breakfast at the pasteleria, Veiga, uma meia-de-leite e uma Torrada
<< looking at the park, Jardim Basilo Teles, the plaza, the city hall, Câmara Municipal de Matosinhos, attaching the Casa Do Design Matosinhos with the dome, the next building, the library, Biblioteca Municipal Florbela Espanca, another interesting building, Alcino Soutinho
<< I start to read

<< the known way to the market hall, Av. Dom Afonso Henriques, passing Casa da Juventude, a thrilling staircase, tiles, a youth center, and a place for contemporary art, and a very interesting park behind, Fonte do Centro de Matosinhos

<< if I followed the street, Av. Dom Afonso Henriques, I would pass the famous church, Igreja Paroquial do Senhor Bom Jesus de Matosinhos, and would end at the Praça Guilhermina Suggia, near the end of the harbor, the end of the Metro line, at Senhor de Matosinhos

<< but I crossed the plaza, passed the monument, Monumento Junção das Freguesias de Matosinhos e Leça da Palmeira to enter R. Godinho, where I once stayed in Matosinhos

<< but not that long, as I was at the corner, Rua Álvaro Castelões, I turned right

<< Rua Álvaro Castelões would lead me to the market hall, the wrong corner, I would have to walk further on, but this would be okay

<< I passed the school, Escola de Música Óscar da Silva, obviously an old school, with two entrances to the left and right, one for girls, one for boys, but it seemed as today, both would use the entrance at the center

<< I reached the market hall, had passed several pastelerias, shops, a butchery, a grocery, and so many other small shops still in this town

<< I walked along the front, the wrong side, later, but my aim was at the other side, down the road, Rua França Júnior, Pão da Terra Matosinhos

<< a bakery, they bake upstairs, and you could watch them at work, but also a café, and you could, of course, eat something, menu do dia, snacks, and of course, many sweet things

<< a second breakfast would be my aim, a chá preto and a croissant, to sit down, read, the harbor and the known bridge I looked at, not open currently

<< I had walked a bit, was in the market hall, no, no fish, still not able to, but a nice place here, would not be for the first time, had already had a coffee and a snack there

<< just the other corner of the market hall, but outside, as Pão da Terra Matosinhos not reachable through the market hall, simply named Internacional

<< a café, a pasteleria, daily menu, but also somewhat separated, a restaurant with some tables

<< last time I sat downstairs, in the larger café, this time I entered the restaurant and sat down

<< only two more there, but it was early for Portugal, half an hour after noon, in an hour or so, much more would be there

<< I had noticed that they offered a special daily meal today, sardinas asadas

<< had no exact idea, but some imagination, and ordered the dish, soup of the day, of course, a glass of wine, a restaurant, dessert later

<< the usual vegetable soup, tasty, bread and olives aside, the sardines

<< complete, as expected, grilled, potatoes with no sauce, many fresh onions....what a dish for a German tourist!

<< but, I was no tourist, I was a cook, and I hoped, one day, to become a Portuguese, as much as possible, at least

<< I ate all, the complete sardinas, apart from the head of course, but with all inside, and it was fine!

<< the place crowded now, and I was by far not the only one who ordered the dish

<< dessert, the waitress recommended a pudim, I did not understand all, but Braga, I agreed, Pudim Abade de Priscos

<< caramel and cinnamon, what a delight at the end, um café of course!

<< Braga, the concert several years ago, had let me come to this place

<< I stand at the crossing, Av. da Republica / R. Da Brito Capelo, so much I could do now

<< Titan I, Cremosi, Pingo Douce.....a new place?

<< I look at the beautiful green house on the other side, the green tiles, well, Portugal, the pastleria, sorry, confeitaria, the hotel above, and San Francisco in mind

<< Confeitaria Maurícia, São Francisco Guest House

February The Twenty-Sixth

<< March 30th, 2023 My Stay Matosinhos Centro

Standing up, taking a shower, my small room. Walking, like every morning, to the pasteleria up the street, as nearly every day, uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada. Feel a little Portuguese, still I have my problems, but much better than four months a year ago.

<< a nice day, not did that much, walked around, drank coffee, ate, read
<< had seen, around the corner, Cremosi, R. Carlos de Carvalho, a new restaurant, some days ago
<< Japanese and Korean food, mostly no people inside, or only a table, well, after the season?
<< had hesitated, would like, nice place for dinner
<< this time I have said, I have to do certain things, I try
<< so I enter it, it's still early, no people insight
<< I sit down, a few tables, some would be outside, a woman and a younger, very tall, man, obviously the waiters
<< she seems from Eastern Europe, the accent, we speak English, he does not says much, her partner in life? - the kitchen
<< then I understand, a table for the service in front of a half-height cabinet with hung up bast pads, this is the hatch, the kitchen behind
<< I can see two or three cooks in black clothes, at least one woman, they are pretty quiet!
<< green tea, of course, the menu

<< can find no menu, maybe I can find information?, not in Insights I!
<< if I wish to describe it, I need more information

<< I decide on a soup and a main dish, the soup is not available, not so many customers currently, I chose the recommended starter
<< a table more now, a couple, the starter is fantastic
<< so rich in flavor, the combination of ingredients is perfect, it's wonderful!
<< my main dish, like tacos, filled with chicken and vegetables, eating with the fingers?, I use the cutlery, which is somewhat difficult, but I manage it
<< a third table, also a couple, older, I'm a bit nervous, but I think that it's not too obvious
<< I got a kind of tiramisu recommended, with sencha, I agree, but it's not as outstanding as the other two courses, especially the starter
<< at the end, I drink a rice wine, pay, more expensive than average, but for this special meal, more than good, and leave, still wondering that you nearly hear nothing from the kitchen, even if aside
<< is it like Perto da Praia, a (young) woman and man, a couple?, opening something new, not Portuguese, will the restaurant still be there, the next time in Matosinhos, hopefully not later than in half a year?
<< I walk to the beach, look at the crane, feel the wind, hear the waves, the seagulls no longer fly, they have congregated on the sand of the beach
<< I wish that this could be my place to get old, to die, the place my big dream could come true

February The Twenty-Seventh

<< March 31th, 2023 My Stay Matosinhos Centro

Standing up, taking a shower, my small room. Walking, like every morning, to the pasteleria up the street, as nearly every day, uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada. Feel a little Portuguese, still I have my problems, but much better than four months a year ago.

<< I would fly back tomorrow, a nice day, I sat in the park, Parque da Cidade do Porto, I sat!
<< some sun, some clouds, I sat on a bench, near the bridge, in the middle of the three lakes, looked at the geese, the seagulls, and the other birds, I started to read
<< I came down somewhat, but still not really, but I saw progress all the time I was here, had the feeling that it functioned better and better with every stay
<< the first time I ran through the park, until exhaustion, now I strolled and had time for interesting sights, the fountains, and monuments
<< time to enjoy the trees, the lakes, the birds, the sun, even other people crossing my way, often with dogs or jogging
<< somewhat later I sat again, only some yards, above the lake, the traverse, some benches, a very nice few on the lake
<< I closed my eyes for a while, to intensify the sounds and smells, to forget time

<< how long would it take, to come back again
<< would I be able then, not so often get nervous, insecure?
<< most likely not, but maybe again a little better?
<< would this be the place to stay at the ocean for the rest of my days, after retirement, I would still have some years time
<< to learn Portuguese, to calm down, to become a bit of a Portuguese, step by step, I would still have some years time

<< in the evening, I sat at New Wave, outside, a stout, my last evening, I was sad to return to Germany
<< I started to get weary of Germany, the living there, all the time the same fucking endless discussions, the German Angst, like the Americans said, the fear to lose some of our prosperity, the right to drive as fast as possible on our freeways
<< okay, cars / driving and soccer, Portugal very German, but the daily life?
<< sure, I was on vacation, I had not to work, but even then, would I do it, would I be younger?
<< in a few years, this could be my place, not for a few weeks, but forever, and I had the feeling, that this calms me down

<< I walked inside to pay
<< a few words with the man behind the counter
<< the short way to the hotel, I had made a mistake
<< I had given him most of my coins, but I would need some for the Metro, to drive to the airport
<< this time, not with a taxi, I would take the Metro, it would be easy, cheap, Portuguese
<< but I needed coins, could not use a bill – or
<< would be bad not to be able to pay, tomorrow in the morning, standing at the station
<< I would have some time, a last breakfast, somewhat earlier than normally would be possible
<< the supermarket would open early enough
<< could it be, that I should take it easier?
<< there would be enough possibilities, had planned to leave at 9 PM, could even do it later, so there was no reason to get nervous
<< I walked to the hotel

February The Twenty-Eighth

<< April 1st, 2023 My Stay Matosinhos Centro

Standing up, taking a shower, my small room. Nearly walking, like every morning, to the pasteleria up the street. Feel a little more Portuguese, still I have my problems, but I handled it relatively good this time, also the way to the airport, using the Metro for the first time, problems with coins.

<< my last morning, a last shower, everything is prepared

<< my small room, I need coins, walk the short way to the pasteleria, could have breakfast, but I do not enter, I pass by

<< walk to the supermarket, buy me a bottle of water, and get enough coins

<< back in the hotel, I still have some time, TV one last time, then I leave

<< the very short way to the Metro station, Camera de Matosinhos, walk by Burger King

<< at the Metro station, it's easy to buy the ticket, and as I drove to Porto, I can use every Metro

<< but I have to change the Metro, but it will be easy, Senhora da Hora, will be the station

<< until this station, it will be the same, as driving to Porto, nothing new

<< I will have to use the other platform, have to cross the rails, and then I have to wait for the Metro to the airport

<< I look at the big picture, a last time, the graffiti, Mr. Dheo, Calories, still not sure if this shall be an advertisement for Burger King?, but he has a raw fish in his mouth, not a burger?

<< a Metro arrives, and I step in

<< Senhora da Hora, this time I cannot simply enter the next Metro, but it's easy anyway

<< a display, in real time, tells you how long it will take until the next Metros arrive

<< to the airport in five minutes, and even the next one to the airport, seventeen minutes

<< and so I wait, four minutes, three minutes, and I know that the Metro will arrive in time because this is not Germany, we do not even have just in time information!

<< two minutes, one minute, and I just can see the Metro coming, it stops and I enter, to see a new part of the Metro system

<< the next station, Fonte de Cuco, again the rails split, no longer in the city, more countryside

<< Custoias, this is no longer Matosinhos – or, but it also looks interesting, should I use the Metro more often during my next stay, to see more of the surrounding places?

<< Esposande, now we have left the city definitely, the landscape is fine, could also be a place for retirement

<< not so near to the ocean, but easily reachable with the Metro, easier than in L.A., it would be darker, good for astronomy

<< Crestins and shortly after Verdes, we're very near the airport now, say goodbye to the other line

<< a sharp turn, Botica and finally Aeroprto, I have reached my aim

<< a short way to reach the terminal, departure, I have to leave

<< it was easy, and cheap, and I liked it, to do so, to say goodbye, to enjoy the last ride

<< I'm early, as always, but I do the self-check in

<< easy, no problem, it's by far not for the first time, also the luggage is easy

<< I walk around for a moment, only the backpack now, in the futuristic hall

<< already from outside, but inside, again, such an example of futuristic architecture, like Concords or spaceships, would fly over the sky

<< pondering on architecture in Matosinhos, Porto

<< I have time, but the customs area is crowded, so I think, it's best to enter the area of the terminals now

<< after the customs, easy, a short time to wait (situation Frankfurt?), the area with the terminals, not so large as in Frankfurt, but alike

<< shops and cafés, restaurants, all expensive, and crowded, I start to walk around, reach the one end

<< it's a fairly open place, you could reach an upper floor – okay the airport is not that small, larger than Stuttgart?, I think so

<< the piano still there, during the pandemic, this area was closed – I walk to the other end

<< as I knew, there would be long elevators, would bring me to the separate part, for Ryanair, the cheap flights

<< and to the café there, as expected, not many customers, low-cost airline passengers not interested in spending such much for a coffee and something sweet

<< again in the hall, the shops, gate A34 would be mine

<< sit and look at the indicator board, my flight will be delayed

<< yeah, welcome back in Germany!, but it has not to be the fault of Lufthansa, most likely the situation in Frankfurt

<< TAP next time?, well, the Internet said that they would be very chaotic and not very reliable

<< I lean back and closed my eyes

<< I remembered LAX, two times, I always cried

<< London, no real emotions

<< OPO?

<< the fourth time that I sat here, it would not be the last, there I was sure about

<< and one day, I would sit in an aeroplane, heading towards OPO, but I would not have booked a return