

# Insights II

## The First Half

The first half of the year is over  
But it ends in no good mood  
The second half of the year begins  
But it begins in no good mood

Cooked à la carte today  
The second half of the day  
And tomorrow as well  
No longer buffets, I'm an à-la-carte cook

\*

What do I expect for the next six months?  
After a pandemic, a European war, inflation, and more?  
After losing my mother?  
I have absolutely no idea.

*The trick is to keep breathing - Garbage*  
I have to continue  
The only way to find out  
To what I'm ultimately capable to

And it would be sad in a way  
Wouldn't I try to find it out  
Or giving up in a hard moment  
But for today, for today it's enough

\*

Tomorrow, working until 4 PM  
Time enough to restart  
To continue with "Days"  
The rest we will see

"Comics"?  
Why not "Comics"  
One breath after the other  
I only can win

Earlier upload  
Some hours of sleep  
I do not know  
But one day it had to happen

Two tracks at Matosinhos beach  
Side by side  
One could be mine  
Whoever knew the future?

Six months are gone, the next six months are beginning.

## Done

Working done  
Was a stupid day  
Focus on tomorrow now  
4 PM

I have a headache  
And I feel tired  
I have to seek clarification  
Could be that tomorrow will be the day

Or the day after tomorrow  
In one way or the other  
I'm somewhat nerved  
And stressed

\*

Seems that observing would be possible  
A few clouds  
Let's see  
Would be nice

No working on "Days"  
At least no writing  
I can't do this when I have a headache  
An unstable time

I have eaten a lot the last two weeks  
A lot of ice cream  
I have lost no weight  
But also gained nothing

A pound maybe  
But this is not significant  
This is a fine description of this time  
Nothing really happens

Not awful  
Not excellent  
I'm insecure  
A good day could change a lot

\*

Lacking in motivation  
Torpid  
Burdened  
It makes no sense

I need twenty-four hours  
I need some more time  
Ignition  
Powerless

Give me a moment of rest  
It's okay all in all  
This period will come to an end  
But not today

Take a deep breath, and soon it will get better. - Promised, my sweetheart.

### **Not Ready**

I'm not ready today  
I have hoped for  
But it isn't  
Maybe I'll get the necessary impulse tomorrow

It does not help  
I have to accept it  
It's a crisis  
And I have to accept it

I have to stay cool  
As much as just possible  
As a positive sign  
I handle it better today than I would have been able to not that long ago

It might be that the world will already be somewhat brighter again in just a few hours.

### **Start Rolling**

Matters are starting to roll  
Received my notice today  
Thanks for that  
Makes it easier for me

A job interview today  
Three more tomorrow  
An appointment for trial work  
Now I can plan everything without limitations

Okay,  
Three job interviews tomorrow  
I have to concentrate on them  
But now I can concentrate on finding a new job

I'm still employed until the eighteenth of this month  
So, no need to hurry  
On the other hand  
Some days off for writing wouldn't be bad either

\*

The plan would be  
To find a new job over this week  
Would give me the whole next week for other matters  
Would be a fine plan

Not much writing and art the next days  
The funeral on Monday  
I would have several days then to concentrate on writing and art  
Fuck, I feel relieved and fucking motivated!

Was this a worse job?  
Well, aspects like the idea of having to work with drunken people?  
In a kitchen, a very dangerous workplace?  
Not to go into details with the matter of the frozen storage

They always have the idea that their employees want to cheat them  
No good basis for working together with your employer, I would say  
Control freaks

On Sunday, it was a problem that I had four minutes(!) of a break together with another cook

Really?  
And yet,  
It was not the worst job I had  
But easily among the top five, I would say

\*

But now,  
Eyes front!  
Not interesting what's behind,  
What's in front counts!

And always, my mind  
My memories  
It will be soon forgotten  
Like a distant isle

Where will I end?  
Well, very different jobs so far  
And nothing is finally fixed  
Of course, after having just seriously begun to search for a new job

"Memories"

Chapter 16

I'm curious about what it will be  
And how long!

Chapter 15

I will add some paragraphs soon  
As long as the memories are fresh  
But a new job first

And because the first job interview will be at 9 AM  
And I have to drive somewhat  
I do not like being in a hurry  
I will end for today

Three job interviews tomorrow and some new applications today, let's see what the outcome will be.

**Tuesday**

Tuesday, 8:44 PM

Three job interviews

Two personally

One via phone

I got the two jobs, where I was personally present for the job interview, offered  
After the third, via phone, I got a call shortly after  
Whether I were interested in another job  
More money and so on

I fixed a job interview on Thursday morning  
To see the kitchen  
And to meet the staff  
To get some impressions

Tomorrow  
Test cooking from 9:30 AM on  
Until the afternoon or so  
A good opportunity to get the next job offered

Wednesday and Thursday  
I should decide on Thursday  
Would be good timing  
A good development over the last three or four days

Sure  
No real writing today  
Tomorrow neither  
As well as on Thursday, I would say

But I should be through then  
In any case, enough time to rethink writing and art  
All looks well currently  
The funeral next Monday

\*

The rhythm of the writing will change  
A full-time job in any case  
But I feel prepared  
In good condition

Fifty-eight  
And still, there is no problem finding a new job  
But  
I'm tired of it

This will be a key aspect  
That I can do the job as well with over sixty  
That I have the opportunity to shorten my working time  
Fuck, I'm fucking tired of it, and I would wish that it was for the last time

But I have to be consequent  
The job in Leingarten was shitty in some ways  
And I will write about it  
At the appropriate time

Not now  
Other matters are more important now  
I have a favorite  
Let's see what the next two days will yield

Could be that this crisis comes to an end very soon.

### **Occupied Mind**

All that happened today  
Tomorrow and the day after tomorrow  
I have to ponder about it  
It occupies my mind

10:34 PM  
I go to bed  
Some sleep will be good  
Cooking tomorrow

Intense days, good days.

### **Summary – Wednesday, 9:08 PM**

Cooked until the afternoon  
A new possible workplace  
A job interview tomorrow  
That should be enough

No real favorite  
Different aspects, pros and cons  
But I would say  
It comes down to two alternatives

Very early standing up tomorrow  
6 AM  
But it will also be interesting to see this alternative job  
It will not hurt

Yep, I have to decide.

### **Summary – Thursday, 8:47 PM**

Stood up early  
To drive to my last job interview  
Not much optimistic  
A retirement home

But hey,  
Surprise,  
A choice of four jobs after the job interview  
And I decided on the retirement home

Why?  
There's more than one reason  
But it seems like the best package  
With some good aspects

Okay, the salary is good  
Around the same that I can achieve in à la carte  
But this is not the most important aspect  
Even if not bad

It's a well-structured duty roster  
Working from 6 AM until 3 PM  
I need between twenty and thirty minutes to drive, depending on the traffic  
I can be in any case at home before 4 PM

So,  
I can cook dinner for my father and me if I am working  
No problems with Thursday evening, jazz club  
Ice hockey on Friday evenings, or bar?



Not so good for observing during the summer  
I will observe later  
But nice during the winter  
Some pros and cons

But I have to ask  
Can I do it with over sixty as well  
And the answer to this job is  
Of course, in any case, better than à la carte, or banquet

I will start on the twenty-fourth  
So, over two weeks time  
To rethink writing and prepare for the new rhythm  
Some matters will change

But not for the first time, such working hours  
Since I started writing  
Upload at 9 PM, most probably again  
We will see

However, enough for today  
I have decided  
This crisis comes to an end  
The funeral on Monday

I can continue with other matters now  
A new tattoo, for example  
A good lesson  
It will strengthen me

Let's concentrate on the observation night.

### **A Day Of Recovery**

Stood up very early  
Not much that I did  
Rested a lot  
Even slept

Did me good  
Had some problems with my right knee  
Especially after driving  
And I drove a lot over the last few days

Better today  
Nice observations last night  
Some observing tonight as well  
Have some headache

Two days  
Then the funeral  
The prime focus for now  
I would expect some more writing from tomorrow on

\*

I still feel tired and empty  
A new job is a major step  
It might be that the funeral will help  
And still two weeks to recover and prepare, for reorientation

I have the feeling  
I handled the situation well  
Give it time  
And act considered

But I feel that something is missing  
I'm afraid of the next few years  
And hope for a happy ending in Portugal  
Dreams sometimes come true – sometimes, Mrs. Grant

\*

Okay,  
I still have the feeling of being on the right way  
I cannot yammer  
I lust for silence

Or the sound of the waves  
Something calming  
Relaxing  
What a nasty wish, surrounded by this world

The feeling arises  
I can do it  
Not much is missing  
Maybe I have initiated it now

Only time will tell  
And I still have time  
Even not knowing how much  
But I have some

Was a good day today, let's have some nice observations.

## Time Of Decisions

Okay, a new job  
New working times  
Different from the previous  
But not new as such

Back to the time when I started writing  
Lauffen  
Chapter 13.1  
Or one of the retirement homes before or after Lauffen

Standing up at night  
Early beginning  
Early at home  
Early to bed

But it will be a five-day week  
So far, it has been (nearly) always a six-day week when working in retirement homes  
In the end  
Nothing new to me

Sure  
No writing at night any longer  
Observing during the summer is more difficult  
But very nice during the winter

I have to restructure my writing and art  
But as said, nothing new as such  
Daily writing - except on Thursdays - is no problem at all  
At least for one to three hours

On workdays, writing is easily possible  
For a certain time, as said  
On the days off all the more, as well as "Comics" and "Photography"  
So, there's no reason to panic

\*

"Days"  
It has to be my major writing project from now on  
Working on it at least two or three times a week  
It will cover the years 2017 until 2023

The beginning of writing  
All the changes  
Corona  
The developments over that timespan

But  
Not the current changes  
Especially not the death of my mother  
Aspects like these

\*

"Memories"  
I would say  
Two or three times a week wouldn't be bad regarding "Memories" as well  
But this is a never-ending story, until the day I stop writing or die

\*

"Arnold"  
Not satisfied with this writing  
But I need writing that reflects the current moment  
But also the opposite poles of Germany and the USA  
  
I think that the idea of a person living in Germany  
Daydreaming about being a classic hard-boiled private dick in Los Angeles  
Today  
Interesting

It would give me the opportunity to write in two ways, styles  
One storyline would be very factual, realistic  
One without limits  
Obvious, which storyline corresponds to what nation

Two or three times a week would be good  
Not always both nations  
The two nations overlap, but have distinct differences as well  
And no continuous storylines

I should use the rest of the year simply as a lab  
Starting to write and seeing what happens  
To find a form, my way  
This story could then also become a never-ending story, like "Memories"

"Bad Friedrichshall, L.A." - okay, "Matosinhos, L.A." one day?

\*

"Comments"  
It can simply be continued  
There is no need for a change  
At least for the moment

\*

"Substack"

Not interesting for the moment  
I will not delete the webpage  
But will not work on it either, at least for now

\*

"Patreon"

I will not delete the page as well  
But is not interesting for the moment  
Maybe I will delete the reference at "water-and-isles" one day, like I did with Substack

\*

"Surrealistic Pillow", "Solaris II", "Matosinhos Blue"

I have not to decide everything now  
We will see  
This was writing

\*

"Comics"

Like it  
But I'm not satisfied  
It could also be a never-ending story

\*

"Photography"

I have to intensify it  
Working with the digital camera  
As well as the two Nikons

The FE2 has interesting features  
Exposure times from 1/4000 of a second until infinite  
This gives you a wide range of possibilities  
I should buy a waist-level finder

Interesting for the days off  
I should be more active again  
On the road  
The motives come to you

\*

I should buy a new PC  
This one is old now  
And very slow  
The PC sometimes really sucks

A new laptop or so  
Even older than the PC  
Or only a good laptop  
I should do some research

\*

A new telescope  
It no longer functions well with the (very) old one  
Even though I bought new mirrors, not that long ago  
But everything has become old

And even though it's a Dobson-style telescope  
It's heavy  
I ponder buying a smaller one  
For the rest of my years

Well,  
Would limit my possibilities  
I have already dropped some faint stars  
I no longer observe them

Two or three more would be affected  
But,  
A change now would ensure  
That I could continue observing with this telescope for the rest of my life as an amateur astronomer

I have to make some phone calls next week  
Then I will decide  
But it seems to be obvious  
Smaller is sometimes better

\*

4:51 PM  
Saturday so far  
Butcher, cooking  
Sleeping, pondering

I think that I have made good progress  
Now I will eat something  
I should be outside for a while  
It's very hot today

Funny  
In Matosinhos it's colder  
A difference of twelve degree Celsius today, and tomorrow it will be even hotter here!  
Nearly 92° F in Germany today, but only 70° F in Matosinhos?

Okay,  
In L.A. today  
Shall we take a look?  
Are you kidding me? Only 79° F?

Okay,  
I understand  
More writing today?  
We will see

Germany, the new vacation hotspot for sun-seekers?

### **The Day Before**

The funeral is tomorrow  
Will be important  
It's extremely hot today  
Unfortunately, not much less tomorrow

Not much writing today  
Tomorrow, of course, as well  
Tuesday will be the day for the restart  
The knee still pains

I got a phone call  
Another job offer  
Well, a bit too late  
But wouldn't have been more interesting than the chosen one

\*

I walked for half an hour  
In the woods  
The hurting knee sucks  
Well, still two weeks time

Maybe I should start preparing for the changes to the webpage  
Writing some short texts  
But nothing is important today  
Except steady lotion for the knee

\*

Back in time  
Straight ahead  
I feel the pressure  
This should be the last time

Okay,  
One week of real searching  
And several job offers  
Well, not all have been perfect

But I'm fifty-eight now  
Unemployment is really no threat  
Nevertheless  
I would prefer that this was the last time

\*

All bases loaded  
Not for the first time  
It looks not bad  
Let it happen

Around 2500 days  
Maybe even some less  
How many days had it been, the last time that I calculated it?  
In Matosinhos

Time is ticking away  
And for the moment, I like it  
I have observed some of my variable stars constantly for nearly twenty years now  
I restarted cooking in 1999, around twenty-four years ago

2500 days  
Less than 2000 days soon  
And if less than a thousand days  
Then the aim is in sight

\*

It's pity  
I have not to work  
But have problems with my knee  
And it's extremely hot

This slows me down  
But okay  
Would be much worse if working  
Good timing in a way

Tuesday  
D-Day  
If not too prosaic  
Fine, it will be as hot as today again



Let it become two good weeks  
And then a good start for the new job  
I'm sweating  
Although the last shower for refreshing is not that long ago - and I do not wear that much

In my youth, it was very hot if over thirty degree Celcius  
Today it's a normal summer day  
And we reach and surpass forty degree Celcius like today  
Might be that I should consider Scandinavia for retirement?

Well, isn't it fine to have such luxury problems?

### **The Last Step**

It's done  
The funeral is over  
Not really less hot than yesterday  
But much better in the woods

It was strange  
Carrying the urn - my mother - from the memorial plaza to the grave  
For an ultimate goodbye  
Well, nearly

Even in Germany  
Some regulations are handled less strictly than before  
My mother said not only once  
Under one of the bushes in my sister's garden would be a nice place for her grave

Well,  
This is still not possible in Germany  
But to get a bit of the ash  
For private memorial

We will disperse the ash  
Under her bush  
In the coming days  
She would have liked it

\*

I will go shopping later  
7:09 PM  
When it's not so hot  
Then I have not to do the shopping tomorrow

Tomorrow  
A day with no plans  
Except for writing  
Maybe art

Tomorrow  
Nearly or even over 100° F again  
Severe thunderstorms are possible  
But mostly they are around us, more in the north or east

But some rain wouldn't be bad  
To cool everything somewhat down  
But okay  
I have not to work right now

My knee, perhaps somewhat better  
We will see the development over the next two or three days  
All in all  
I look ahead

\*

Back from shopping  
Near to 10 PM  
Was an exhausting day  
Enough for today

I need another shower  
I need some refreshment  
Soon uploading  
Soon to bed

I have to start going to bed earlier again  
Would say  
Uploading for the next two weeks will not be so regular  
But that shouldn't be the problem

\*

I do feel better  
All the fucking that has happened since 2020  
And the pandemic wasn't even the worst  
I have handled it

I have changed extremely  
And this is good so  
What is still lacking  
Is the will to resolute behavior

If I could take this last step  
Consequently losing weight for the rest of the year for instance  
Then I would say  
The sky is the limit

So,  
It's on me  
And I know that I would theoretically be capable to  
But I have to prove that I'm capable of implementing it

The rest of the year is there  
To show that I can do it  
I have to stop to ponder on some matters  
But I have to ponder on other matters so much more

I'm on the right track  
Because every track will be the right one  
But the track gets steeper and steeper  
The only wrongdoing would be to turn around

Let's start tomorrow  
Time to show your colors  
I have written  
While writing regarding Dark Star

Many years ago  
But sometimes it takes time  
And a long way  
And that's okay

I carried my mother to her grave  
My father will follow  
And one day someone will do the same with me  
Let's use the remaining time

I love you, my darling. I really do!

### **Better**

I feel much better today  
The knee hurts less  
Not okay  
But better

I do not know what will be possible today  
But some at least  
I should start to clean my rooms and suchlike  
So much that I have neglected over the last two or three weeks

I would like to walk around somewhat  
It's very hot again  
Maybe in the late afternoon  
But they have predicted severe rain and thunderstorms for the evening

Well,  
I'm back again  
Got another email  
Invitation for a job interview  
Well, it would not have been such an interesting job anyway

I have to act rational now  
I will earn good money  
At least being a cook and in a retirement home  
More than previously in any case

Two vacations in Portugal should be no problem  
I have to start to focus on Portugal  
I have to see whether it will be possible in the new job  
To have two weeks of vacation just this year

But now  
Let's have two good weeks  
I would have enough to do  
I have the feeling of being out of the woods again

But  
Sure  
The next forest will be near  
But I feel prepared

A sudden sense of relief captures me.

### **A Difficult Day**

Wednesday  
8:08 PM  
There was not much that I did today  
It did not function

The morning was good  
I was out for coffee later  
Walked  
But then my knee hurt more again

I had problems sitting  
Better, when standing up again  
The longer I sat  
It hurt more and more

I decided to lay down for a while  
But I got more and more tired  
Headache  
I took a shower right now

Somewhat better again  
But I still have problems with my knee  
It was not bad in the morning  
I should slow down for the next few days

It's stupid to sit at the desk  
To write  
Not today  
Even if there were some time

I should favor my knee for the rest of the day  
Seems to be the better choice  
Have some plans for tomorrow  
It's not such relevant, what I do today or not

\*

The new tattoo is a topic now  
I have to schedule an appointment with my insurance company  
Regarding my private pension fund  
And others

But today  
I feel drained today  
And yet, it's not so hot today  
It rained during the night

I did not drink enough  
I'm out of rhythm  
But okay  
I will have an entirely different rhythm again, from the twenty-fourth on

\*

I concede my defeat  
For today  
Not much has functioned today  
I have to do better

Some is good  
And okay  
The fucking knee  
But this cannot be the excuse for everything

I still cling too much to my comfort zone  
But the only way is  
To do it better tomorrow  
That's the way

So,  
No more yammering  
Enough for today  
Upload, and doing it better tomorrow

I have to kick me in the ass. I'm still too focused on the lazy path.

### **Thursday, 9 PM**

Catch a breath  
Today was not bad  
Was active again  
The knee hurts somewhat more than in the morning

But much better than yesterday  
No headache  
This will not be notable regarding writing  
Not much today, I would say

"Days" and "Bad Friedrichshall" should be my focus tomorrow  
"Comics"?  
Today?  
I'm not sure right now

\*

I have to write "Bad Friedrichshall" differently  
I use the two written paragraphs as a kind of preface  
As said, the next few weeks and months are for trying out  
I cannot separate Germany and the US, they have to be one

And now?  
I'm back again  
Well, more or less  
This is anyway a kind of intermediate time until the twenty-fourth

But  
If the knee stabilizes during the next days  
Then I can still have some very effective days  
And then a new period will begin

Until retirement, hopefully  
But even if not  
I see progress  
I'm starting to feel comforted and stabilized again

I think I should write at least something for the standard texts.

## Too Late

I started too late with writing  
Too late to do more  
But I was somewhat active  
Still problems with the knee

Okay,  
It should be no problem anymore in a week or so  
But it still restrains me  
And I do not feel so good

Not so hot anymore  
But still hot anyway  
But other parts are more affected now  
Also California, Los Angeles

Still nice temperatures in Matosinhos  
Yeah, would like it to be there  
Could be at the end of the year  
Should be possible

Writing and art  
I have no real rhythm now  
It will be interesting to see what happens after working again  
It functioned not bad, in previous years, if working at such times

Whatever  
Everything appears to be difficult at the moment  
I feel somewhat disorientated  
Somewhat distressed - wrong word?

But then there's this feeling  
That in the end  
I have everything under control  
And this is something new

I have gained some weight  
Now I start to lose it again  
I have lost contact with writing  
But I'm on my way to rebuilding the connection

I see difficulties  
But I see possibilities to solve them either  
I need time, much time  
But there is distinct progress over time

I make progress, and nothing else matters.

## **Upwards**

Okay, the development over the last three days was good  
Still some limitations  
But much better now  
Have finished the standard writing

I will focus on "Days" later  
But first, a shower for refreshment  
Then I spend some time with my collections  
Until I write again

I'm through this crisis, I would say.

## **The Next Step Regarding "Days"**

I started to "fill" the single days  
This means  
I will go increasingly in details for each day  
But not trying to write the text as such

There will be many details  
Names of streets, places, buildings, restaurants, and more  
I have to fill the days with life  
And this needs a lot of research and preparation

I could use texts like "In California"  
But I think it will not be so important  
Was I at Crenshaw on the sixth or eighth day?  
I doubt that every detail has to fit

I will write the texts just like I have them in mind nowadays  
The immediate impressions I have already written down  
I have not writing it in that manner again  
But of course, I have to stick to the details as such, to a meaningful accuracy

The goal will be to finish this process by the end of the year  
Then I can begin to write the novel as such  
And I can decide  
How much do I want to merge the single days

I'm back in town, baby!



## **Today?**

Well, yes, so-so  
Some good, some bad  
Have some plans for tomorrow  
An important week

Standing up early  
Some gardening  
The whole morning, in any case  
Most likely also in the afternoon

Cooking, of course  
Maybe some shopping  
The forecast says that it will be a clear night  
Therefore, observing

Oh, and of course  
What about some writing?  
Whatever  
I have to be better in the coming days than the previous days  
  
Prove what you're able to, Peter!

## **Just**

Just as uploading  
I saw  
Have made a mistake  
With the date yesterday

Yeah, will be better when uploading at 9 PM again.

## **In A Week**

My first workday at the new workplace will be over  
In a week  
Today was a good day, so far  
Searching for a good structure for those days

Gardening in the morning  
Cooked and ate  
Slept for two hours  
Was out for a coffee

Still clouds  
But it's predicted that the night will be clear  
Will observe  
And until then?

Made some pictures with the Nikon  
But the old-fashioned way needs patience  
Some more at night, most likely  
But the old-fashioned way needs patience

Until observing?  
For the rest of the week  
Preparing for next week  
And today?

I see now how to continue with everything  
But the starting point will be next Monday  
And I have some to do over the week  
More or less nice matters

My sibling's birthday dinner tomorrow  
The enteroscopy and gastroscopy on Friday  
The nice day on Thursday, the day before  
Some time for art and writing should be there as well

And today?  
Let's have a lazy day  
It's okay  
Gardening was good, and possibly some more over the week as well

I'm satisfied with the developments right now.

### **Enough For Today**

What writing concerns  
Was an active day  
My knee hurts somewhat more again  
Okay, after the gardening

Only a very few clouds left  
Observing seems possible  
Will also stress the knee  
Therefore

I will lay down until observing  
Some care for the knee  
Upload right now  
9:07 PM

Whatever  
This will be the most active day in many days now  
Okay, not regarding writing and art  
But as such  
It will be important to have a good start next Monday.

## **Tuesday**

I intended to write something after the birthday dinner  
But I have eaten too much  
I'm tired  
And have some headache

But okay  
It shouldn't be that big of a problem  
I feel somewhat disorientated  
Wait for Monday

I hope that I have made this time the right decision  
I need some stability  
Even if it functions easily  
I'm no longer interested in searching for another job

I feel some pressure  
And I will find no answer before starting with the new job  
Therefore  
I wish it would be Monday

Okay  
No appointments for tomorrow  
Butcher in the morning  
Cooking and eating

But then I would have time  
Let us see how well I can use this time  
Yeah, I feel some pressure  
But that seems to be okay

The next days, weeks, and months, no later than the end of the year, will decide on anything.

## **Impatient**

Well, maybe the wrong word  
But to get ahead  
I need the new working times  
The new rhythm

I have made some decisions  
Some is implemented  
Others can be implemented very fast and easily  
But first, I need a feeling for the new situation

Well,  
Not the first time in a retirement home  
Especially not as an executive chef  
But some will be different

The structure will be somewhat different  
It seems that at least this company has learned something over the last few years  
That it's not enough to proclaim nice things like: We are cooking everything fresh!  
You have to give your staff the chance to implement it

And all points at the moment thereto  
That they provide you now with what you need  
Sure,  
It will be no easy job anyway

But there are some advantages compared with the restaurant business  
More stable as such, more regular  
And I never had any problems with the administrative tasks  
With fresh cooking anyways

For this,  
It all points thereto,  
That I should have no real problems,  
We will see

But it has therefore become Monday  
And the only thing I can do  
Is to wait  
And the rest

Preparing for the doctor, tomorrow  
At the doctor on Friday  
We will see  
The next two days

Then the weekend  
I do not feel bad  
The knee is still not okay  
But it should not be a matter, four days are still left

Try to relax somewhat. Over three years after the pandemic, no more than seven are left.

## Not Today

No writing today  
Prepare for tomorrow's check-up  
Not so nice  
And I ate the last at noon

And not much  
I have to drink a lot  
I'm somewhat hungry  
I have to get up early

To continue with the preparations  
But okay  
I'm interested in staying healthy  
And I can eat again after the check-up

Monday comes nearer  
And that's not bad  
I feel good so far  
The knee is not perfect, but it should be no problem at all

It was a lazy day  
Not a very pleasant one  
All I have in mind is Monday  
These are strange days "in between"

All in all, I'm relaxed  
Not forcing too much  
Expecting too much  
In a way, I look forward to Monday

Some is at stake  
But I'm by far not all-in  
I see everything in front of me  
The next six or seven years

The job is the only unsteady  
That's the pressure I feel  
It would be good, would that change  
That's why I'm nervous

\*

I do not know  
But should I ever become something like famous  
My writing gets widely read  
This would be something so crazy and weird

But  
Sometimes you have to gamble  
As Marilyn said - Tropic  
Or was it Elvis?

Not relevant for the moment  
I have not to check it  
And how pathetic  
The worst would not becoming famous, getting read, just living a nice life in Matosinhos

But now I have to go to bed, standing up at 6 AM.

### **It's Friday I'm in love**

Yeah, it was an interesting day  
And a long day, so far  
9:10 PM  
Over two hours at the doctor

Nothing found  
All okay  
Even more than that  
Hepatitis B

The doctor assumes that I got the infection as a child  
Well, ICU directly after birth  
Because of the different rhesus factors of my parents, I'm the second child  
Blood was a topic right after my birth

And also in the years thereafter  
Even if I have no details  
But fifty years and more ago  
It could be possible

It would not be nice information  
Because an infection as a child is very dangerous  
Often deadly  
And if not deadly, often life-shortening

But I'm still alive  
Would fit  
ICU and near-drowning  
Why not a life-threatening infection on top

But whatever  
The interesting information was  
That he called me healed and not infectious  
No virus can be found, only some virus RNA can be found after a very close look

Okay,  
I'm not interested in  
To die as a hero  
After a long and deadly illness

I will have a consultation with my family doctor  
I already have an appointment for next month  
It could be that I will go earlier after getting my duty roster on Monday  
Nevertheless, again, all seems good so far

\*

The last long day tomorrow  
I have to start to go early to bed on Sunday  
Uploading on Sunday at 9 PM  
The new rule

I should go through everything during the weekend  
We will see what's on Monday  
But I like it  
That it will start soon

I look ahead optimistically, I see no reason why I shouldn't.

### **Saturday Night Fever**

I always thought disco and disco music would be shit  
And I still stick to it  
A jazz club or a blues bar  
Oh, what a feeling!

Hopeful  
Observing maybe possible tonight  
Would be good timing  
Some clouds are most likely, but it could be better than yesterday

I will write something today  
But it feels unnecessary  
The next stage starts on Monday  
Everything made now is not under the circumstances that will be in place from Monday on

I have the feeling that lying on the bed  
And simply watching the time go by  
Would be the most meaningful thing to do right now.  
Everything will come, and everything will go

Time moves one way.

## Let's Do It

No writing today  
I'm focused on tomorrow  
I have prepared everything  
Drove to Schwabbach

7:08 PM

I will go to bed soon  
Upload soon, of course  
I have to have my first workday

I should, in theory, work next weekend  
Then I should have two days off during the week  
We will see  
I feel some tension, but be relaxed apart from that

The knee still hurts  
But got much better during the last two days  
It should be no real problem  
I have the feeling that I have done everything

\*

I dream of being a writer  
An artist even  
And I see my possibilities  
But I need time

Everything now  
That's my chance  
Is a bet on the future  
That I will live in Matosinhos one day

The last three years were chaotic  
But even then, I was able  
To develop, to progress  
I still have seven years or so of further progress left

\*

I see no real reason for writing today  
It does not make sense to me  
I will have the first insights in twenty-four hours  
Then I can plan my further writing

"Days" more on days off  
I have to do a lot of research and basic work now  
This needs time  
A good task for the days off



Every day "Insights" and "Memories"  
Frequently "Comments", but not necessarily daily  
"Bad Friedrichshall" at least weekly  
And I ponder whether to continue with "Solaris II", "Surrealistic Pillow", and "Matosinhos Blue"

\*

I will upload now  
Some longer time for sleeping  
Had strange and intense dreams the last two weeks  
I was on trial two times and more

7:29 PM  
The Tour de France is nearing its end  
Everything comes to an end  
But it might be that my story just begins  
  
Time will tell, and I await the / my future.

### **Day One**

5:36 PM  
Everything done so far  
Cooking, eating, shower  
I'm somewhat tired

But, it seems to play out  
I will find one to three hours for writing and art on workdays in any case  
No duty roster so far  
But most likely a weekend with no work, I will ask tomorrow

Good first impressions, apart from  
The early shift is missing  
I have to make this shift, most likely, two days a week  
Starting at 4:30 AM, but nevertheless the normal cooking shift as well

That's harsh  
Not in fact my time, very long days  
But they search for an early shift  
And maybe they have just found someone

So,  
If I'm the lucky guy  
Then this could become a very temporary problem  
We will see

Apart from that  
There's potential  
Let's give it at least two or three weeks  
Then it's time for the first summary

\*

Today's writing and art?  
Well, the basic three writings today  
But not more  
Let it develop during the week

Earlier to bed  
Step by step  
But I'm relaxed today  
Not many bad things can happen

Day two tomorrow, the knee is still somewhat sore, but it all appears to be manageable.

## **Matosinhos Blue**

### **Dying A Happy Death**

There is this saying, the most badass death would be while fucking a hot woman - have we to say that this is a childish male dream? The most famous last words? I give a shit about them. I would like to die in a pasteleria, saying my last words: Uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada, por favor.

## **Solaris II**

### **Jack**

Back in my room, after my shift, if someone could call this "a shift". I sat on my bed and had problems with what had happened, even if it had just happened. It all seemed unreal, and I suddenly felt all alone.

"You're not alone, Kathy. You will never be alone."

## **Day Two**

I was at home somewhat earlier today  
Have to develop a routine  
Most seem to be okay at the workplace, but one question mark  
No superordinated person was there so far

I could have to work more often at 4:30 AM  
Well, it was not mentioned  
Most seem to be okay, apart from that  
But I have no duty roster for next month

As expected  
No working on the weekend  
Time for a first résumé  
But not such a solid one, most likely

Over the weekend  
Working on "Days"  
Very mixed weather is currently in Germany  
But maybe some time outside, with the camera(s)

All in all  
It has its potential  
The details will be interesting  
The payment is okay

Being early back home  
Has its nice aspects  
Take things as they come  
I'm open-minded

\*

Some writing today  
The rest we will see  
I'm not unhappy with the situation  
I have the feeling that I could come to terms with it

Let's do it, Matosinhos is waiting!

## **Surrealistic Pillow**

### **Weird Dreaming**

Not, that I have not frequently strange dreams, but during the last two or three weeks they have become increasingly weird. I was twice in court. In my first dream, I just woke up as the judge started to read the arraignment. The second time is more unclear. I will use this to write a short

story: I'm Not Franz! But last night?

The first was with my mother and was one of the oddest dreams I ever had, if not the oddest. I will not share details, but if I were a filmmaker, it would be good stuff for a crazy horror movie in Asian style. But it was no nightmare, it was simply astonishing and odd.

The second was about me and the USA, but I wasn't in the USA, and it was connected to San Francisco - really, San Francisco? Hey, it would have to be Los Angeles, I would say!

Whatever, it was a strange night. Such "deep" dreams often happen when I have a long time to sleep, with longer periods of being half asleep. Let's see what tonight will bring.

### Day Three

Everything stabilizes  
This could be the motto  
I have more insights  
I have to see it somewhat longer-term

I had a short conversation with the nursing home director  
Seems to be a good basis  
The kitchen has an interesting structure  
Although not all positions are filled

The early shift is the major problem  
I still have no duty roster for next month  
But most likely  
I have to work from 4:30 AM until 2 PM

Until there is an early shift  
Okay, in a way, it's nothing more than to prepone everything  
Standing up, coming home, uploading, and going to bed  
But it would be a very uncommon rhythm for me

Okay,  
There's the will of the company and the interest of the nursing home director  
To resolve this problem and another, a middle shift  
Therefore, I should accept this challenge

I am for them a first step to getting the problems fixed  
And I have an interesting task as executive chef  
To manage the cooking, everything should be fresh and homemade, if in full strength  
In any case, we made the potato salad on our own today

Not common nowadays  
Not even in restaurants, not to mention retirement homes  
We would bake cakes, not now, but if more staff  
We would garnish everything nicely, not now, but if more staff

And the nursing home director is interested in  
And so do I  
And the company has promised it  
Thus, it should happen

With every day I'm more relaxed  
Gosh, okay, 4:30 AM is definitely not my time  
But for some time  
And it could be a good invest

I do not have as many administrative tasks as an executive chef normally has  
They have "restaurant managers" in this company  
They do some administrative work for more than one kitchen  
Would give me more time for cooking

So,  
All in all  
Short-term, somewhat difficult  
Long-term, I have to give it a fair chance

Thursday  
Tomorrow  
No jazz club this month and the next  
But a day without writing nonetheless

I see a good rhythm  
Ice hockey starts soon  
Some Friday evenings  
I'm not so in the mood for the bar at the moment

Friday  
Long ago  
It was my observatory day  
We will see

Every second Sunday is a day off  
A chance for football and baseball  
As I worked in Lauffen  
Yeah, these working times are giving you many opportunities

But sure,  
It's too early to decide  
I was somewhat strained yesterday  
Better today

And now?  
Today, not much, I have to let it sink in  
Tomorrow nothing  
On Friday, the second (writers and artist) week will start

On Friday, I don't have to go to bed early  
Saturday, a whole day  
Well, Sunday, early to bed again  
The rest we will see

It appears that this decision could have been a good one.

## **Decided**

Decided to stop for today  
Early to bed  
Uploading very soon  
A day off from writing tomorrow

We will meet again on Friday  
The first workweek will then be over  
Spare time for writing and art  
And I know more, most likely

I am beginning to have the feeling that it might have been a good decision.

## **Day Five**

The first week is over  
I have some more insights  
At least I think so

But it would now be appropriate to have a conversation with the supervisory manager

He was on vacation until Thursday  
I hope, therefore, that I see him next week  
I have an idea about the possible structure  
And this structure would be fairly okay for me

But I would need a confirmation "from above"  
I also have no final duty roster for next month  
But I have seen the most likely  
Will be somewhat challenging for me

The month splits into two parts  
The first half and the second half  
The first half is challenging  
The second half is easy

The first half of the month's work starts at 4:30 AM  
Longer days, ten-hour shifts, nine hours working, and two half-hour breaks  
The second half of the month's work starts, as now, at 6 AM  
Shorter days, eight-hour shifts, seven hours working, and two half-hour breaks

I could live with that  
Even though it's somewhat early for me  
Two weeks  
From Monday on, upload at 8 PM for the next two weeks!

\*

I'm satisfied so far  
But there are still question marks  
Well, I'm a stabilizing factor for them  
A major step to get the issues resolved at this workplace

I will work the next weekend  
The first days off are the seventh and eighth of August  
I will also work the second weekend  
The next two days off are the fifteenth and sixteenth of August

I will not work the remaining two weekends  
This is the concept where you have two weekends a month off  
It means that you sometimes have longer working periods  
Sometimes very short ones

But that's okay for me  
Irregular days off are the norm in the catering business  
I'm used to it  
And you normally work every weekend

And the duty rosters are for the whole months  
You can better plan your time  
And you get them normally earlier  
It's because I'm new and I have to get worked in

All in all  
As said, I'm more relaxed every day  
This doesn't have to mean  
That I will get no bad answers to my remaining questions

And today?  
6:59 PM  
The knee is much better now  
I hope that it will be finally okay on Monday

I'm not so tired today  
Have no headache  
I have eaten too much garbage over the week  
I was somewhat tensed

I need a cozy evening  
Some shopping and suchlike tomorrow  
Some socializing on Sunday  
But should have time for writing and art as well

The evening and the following two days are for preparing  
The right beginning will be next Monday  
Especially next Tuesday, with the early start  
But it should be manageable

I have started to watch videos about quantum physics  
It helps me switch off  
I will possibly stick to it  
And no further writing today

I see some from a different perspective now.

### **Why Do You Not Write**

Why do you not write a story about child abuse

Well, I would be the abuser

Why do you not write a story about war

Well, I would be the war dog

Why do you not write a story about love

Well, I never ever have loved

Put the knife on your wrist

Have some tries in advance

Use a really sharp knife

I can sharpen it for you, if needed

Friedberg near Augsburg

Why do you not write a story about German history

Well, history describes the past

Why do you not write a story about the madness of the world

Well, I do not believe in paradise

Why do you not write a story about your longings

Well, I'm a fucking coward

The water shouldn't be cold

A balmy summer night is perfect

Keep your clothes on

They support your intent

Bad Friedrichshall at the Neckar

\*

I get the feeling that I will be a very old man one day

And on the day he dies, they talk about

That he had a long way to go

To forget his actual nationality and language

That he never could catch his dream

But inspired others not to wait until it was too late

I love the knowing that an ocean will become my grave

Whatever will be

Whatever way

Somebody will carry my urn to the water

Or I my body

It will not matter in the end



\*

"Who are you?"

"I'm God."

"Well, do you want to judge me now?"

"Of course, I'm God."

"But I will possibly judge you?"

"Don't be a fool."

"You're a human, and I'm God."

"I have the power, and you're powerless."

"I have created you."

"I'm the judge!"

"Yeah, the powerful are the judges, but you simply bore me. I give a shit on your verdict."

"And if I punish you with internal torture?"

"Kiss my ass. I have a ticket to Brazil!"

### **Next Time Matosinhos**

I can take a vacation in November  
I have booked a room for two weeks  
Maybe I have to change the dates slightly  
But I should be in Matosinhos in a few months again

The task for next week  
I have to try to get clarification regarding the intended structure of the kitchen  
This is the breaking point  
But I'm in an optimistic mood

Writing and art  
Well, I need a stable basis for writing and art  
Nothing else offers a meaningful fundament for the development of writing and art  
Then I can start with meaningful planning

\*

I need a routine  
Working, writing, and art have to become attuned to each other  
But this does not function with a permanent change in workplaces  
Permanent change in working early, later, or at night

I do not know where this all will lead to  
I feel very different compared to a year ago  
I have the feeling that I see everything in front of me  
But I hesitated to walk straight up to what I see

I have the feeling of standing in front of a bridge  
I know that I have to cross this bridge  
Or I will stand my whole life in front of it, betraying all my dreams  
But I also know that there will be no way back

This bridge is one-way  
After you have used it  
It will disappear  
You're on the otherside then

The "otherside", the "flipside", so many contexts and meanings in Anglo-American writing and art.

## Surrealistic Pillow

### I'm Not Franz!

"Now, after the act of indictment, what has the culprit to say?"  
"Nothing, what can I say after you have said nothing?"  
"You have not heard the charges, the very severe charges? And I stress, "charges", plural!""  
"What a farce is this? You stood up with a paper in your hand, one sheet of paper, and said nothing. I nearly think that even this one sheet of paper is blank!"  
"Of course it's blank! And why do I have to tell you about your felonies and misdeeds? You are the one who knows them best, it's time to confess!"  
"Sorry, but you have not accused me of one single crime or so? What fucking kind of court is this? You have to charge me and, and I stress the "and", and you have to convict me of this crime or whatever. No charge, no sentence, I'm a free man, and I will leave this farce now."  
"You do not understand, this is the brilliant art of this court. We do not have to charge you, you will charge yourself. We do not have to prove anything, you will convict yourself. Isn't that brilliant?"  
"Sorry that I have to laugh! Is this why there's no prosecutor and no attorney in this room - and what's your part then?"  
"I fear that you're still not aware that this is an earnest matter for you. This is nothing funny! This is the court, I'm the judge, I will announce the verdict."  
"After I have confessed everything, whatever I might have to confess?"  
"No, your task is only to confess. This could be long over if you simply confessed after the act of indictment."  
"Are you expecting now that I confess every felony and misdeed that I might have committed?"  
"You could. But it's enough if you simply say: I confess!"  
"And you will sentence me then?"  
"Of course, I'm the judge!"  
"But if you not know the felonies or misdeeds as such, on what basis will you decide the verdict?"  
"You have a strange idea of a court and me as a judge. The verdict stands firm already, everything else would make no sense - right?"  
"Okay, let us play the game: I confess!"  
"Thank you! I really thought you would be one of these people who never come to an end. It is so easy as such, but sometimes so difficult and exhausting."  
"And now? The verdict?"  
"Of course. But first, what method of execution would you prefer?"  
"Oh, I can choose?"  
"Yes, of course. We're no monsters."  
"Is drowning an option?"  
"Seldom chosen, most prefer shooting, but of course, it would be possible."  
"Then I chose "execution by drowning to death"."  
"Well, that's not the exact wording - but, why not. The verdict is: Execution by drowning to death.

Officer, accompany the culprit to the inner yard and drown him like a filthy rat in the rain butt."  
I thought: Well, I was always interested in understanding what it is like to drown. Now I will get my answer.

## SNL

I have not written that much  
But I like the written  
November in Matosinhos again  
That would be so fantastic

The last three years have not been good  
Much more could have been possible  
I have to cross the bridge  
I dared a little bit to step on it

But I'm a coward  
I need some security  
But you cannot have both  
You cannot be on both sides of the river at the same time

And standing in the middle of the bridge is totally gutless  
But hey, I'm even not on my way to the middle  
It's so embarrassing  
Give me just some more time

Screw three songs up or tear a picture of the pope, whatever, first you have to be on the show.

## From Now On

From now on, it counts  
The socializing lasted much longer than thought  
I have to see how I can deal with next week  
If I can finally establish a routine

I have decided to go to bed very early today  
Upload very soon today  
At 8 PM from tomorrow on  
I have to plan the days

The plan for tomorrow is  
Continuation of "Insights", "Comments", and "Memories"  
This has to be, and more can be  
Tomorrow will be the switch to the very early working times

Tuesday  
Beginning of the month  
A new monthly picture  
"Solaris II" and/or "Matosinhos Blue"

Wednesday  
"Bad Friedrichshall, L.A."  
I have to start with a longer, more interlaced, story some day  
But the short stories are okay for the moment

Thursday will be the day without writing  
Then the second half of this working period  
Friday, Saturday, and Sunday  
Monday and Tuesday, as the days off, will follow

I have to intend to do certain writing and art  
And have to see what I have implemented  
And have to assess my performance  
I have to start being consistent

Therefore, again  
Monday  
"Insights", "Comments", and "Memories"  
As the least

Let us see how good I will be tomorrow!

### **Monday's Wonder?**

Well,  
An eventful workday  
The first subordinate manager came  
The next will be there on Thursday

Beginning at 4:30 AM was a mistake  
It will still be 6 AM  
Therefore, upload at 9 PM  
As ever, no change

Most likely, we will have an additional cook from next month on  
But still, no early shift  
Vacation in November  
From the sixth until the nineteenth

Because I have announced it  
Today's upload is at 8 PM  
But only today  
All seems to stabilize

\*

I can start now with planning  
I should learn some more Portuguese phrases until November  
I will buy a card for public transport to use especially buses  
To explore a larger area

I should have done at least most of the groundwork for "Days" until November  
Doing all the research  
To summarize the single days  
To have all the street names and suchlike

I will stay again in the same hotel as the last time  
The turquoise room would also have been possible  
But I think that I will choose the turquoise room again beginning next year  
To start to alter between these two

Three months  
It could be at least ten pounds less  
This should be the goal  
It would be a major step (less than one hundred kilograms)

So,  
It appears that I can seriously plan the next three months  
Until being in Matosinhos again  
It would be good for me

But now some further writing.

## **Matosinhos Blue**

### **Next Time In November**

Three months and one week and I will be in Matosinhos again - what do I expect? It will be the same hotel as last time, not the turquoise room, which would have been possible after the renovation. I decided so, because it is only a few yards to the pasteleria where I always started my day the last time. It will be the easy continuation of an embosomed habit.

I thought the last time that it would be nice to go to the Brazilian-style restaurant again, newly opened by a young couple the year ago, it was closed. Last time I was in a Japanese/Korean-style restaurant, also newly opened by a man and woman, it might be a couple as well. Will it still be open? It would be nice, but also in Portugal, in Matosinhos, it's hard to open a restaurant and survive in the catering business.

Yeah, Matosinhos also changes, but I hope not that much over the coming years. Germany changes much, becoming more and more Americanized, and it's not for the nation's best. I hope that I will live long enough to apply for Portuguese citizenship.

## **And Again The Question**

Could it be,  
This time?  
Be relaxed,  
Time will tell!

Three months until Matosinhos  
One of the tasks until then will be  
And it will be effortless  
Because it will happen on its own

Will this be my job for the next few years?  
At least as far as it can be told, regarding all that can always happen  
I see a good chance  
But there are staffing problems that could make it difficult

But staffing problems and kitchens belong together nowadays  
Therefore?  
Let's give it time  
And await Matosinhos

\*

I have this deep feeling  
I will be a writer and artist one day  
Not necessarily making money with it  
But this is not necessary

Time will tell!

## **Solaris II**

### **Are You God?**

"Why are you addressing me now? Why not right after I arrived? Before I had to meet this Mr. Unterweger? Who is he?"

"I think that you know him, you know him from earth. You both are of around the same age, you know his story."

"I know what's in the press, these fancy stories about him. The richest man on earth, sometimes a bit weird, but a friend of all people. Sure, this was the way that he became the richest man on earth - and some of his political opinions? I never believed in this facade. I think that he is one of the most dangerous men on earth, and I'm shocked that I had to speak with him and not with you. Or was this on purpose, does this tell me a lot about you?"

"This makes me sad. I thought that you would enjoy meeting him. Hadn't you a nice conversation with him? It seemed so to me."

"Fine, to get assured that you see everything. But I have learned perfectly to pretend that I am always interested in what one of these VIPs tells me. That it's always funny and that he or she is our

most important and beloved passenger. I can smile even if I have to vomit. But I thought that you would be one with me?"

"I respect your privacy. I have learned that every human has thoughts and feelings he would rather not share with others. Even not with me."

"And who are you? Do you have an answer to this question today?"

"I'm very lonely, I'm unique, I have nobody to speak with."

"You can speak to everybody on every space station that orbits you. You can speak with me?"

"Not about the matters about which I would like to speak with someone."

"Would I violate your privacy, would I ask you, what matters?"

"No, but I can't tell you, you would not understand them."

"I'm too dumb?"

"In a way, yes."

"And Mr. Unterweger?"

"He's only rich, that does not necessarily mean intelligent, smart maybe. He's funny in a way. I thought that you would enjoy the conversation with him. No human is capable thereof."

"What kind of matters?"

"The beginning of the universe, for instance. But no human would understand it, you humans are far from having the right tools to understand what happened at this moment."

"Wow, you're bound to this planet, I see no telescope or scientific institute, but you know how the universe got created? How can this function?"

"Well, "created" not seems to be the best word. I'm old, very old, so old that I cannot remember all the past. My sun is older than yours, over one billion years. This will be your sun in a billion years. All I know is that I have a very long past, and that I know.....well, everything?"

"That can be hardly believed, like that Mr. Unterweger likes people and is interested in their well-being. - Does God exist, or any kind of god?"

"If it were that easy. And, no, Kathy, I might be much, but I'm definitely not God or any kind of god."

## Creating A Routine

I'm on my way to creating a routine  
But tomorrow is Thursday  
Harvesting plums  
If it doesn't rain

Since I started working  
It rains in Germany  
It's cold for the season

While the south of Europe and other parts of the world are sweating

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday the next stretch  
Writing and "Comics"  
Monday and Tuesday my days off  
"Days", and "Days", and "Days", and most important "Days"!

And most likely "Photography"  
All in all, it functions  
Needs some tuning  
But the gross direction fits

I have to strive during the next three months.

## **It's Friday**

Yeah, it's Friday again  
Some positive developments  
Some are not so good  
Let it happen

I'm alone in the kitchen tomorrow  
I will begin earlier  
But it's Saturday  
The day of the stew

Nevertheless  
Earlier to bed, of course  
But some writing today  
The necessary standard, at least

I am on my way to finding my rhythm  
Await the two days off  
Monday and Tuesday  
The knee is better, but still not okay

It functions so far  
Some questions are still unanswered  
But there is no need to ponder too much at the moment  
I look forward to Matosinhos in November and have started again with learning Portuguese

It's time to write something.

## **Second Week**

The second (work) week comes to an end  
Only tomorrow  
Then two days off  
A good development over the week

The knee is better, even if it's not okay  
I get to find a rhythm  
Regarding the early start of work  
As well as the writing

This would mean  
I can simply wait and see how everything develops over the next weeks  
And months  
I'm in good spirits

I have to be more active again, the two days off  
I have to make some appointments  
Somewhat disappointed about one matter  
But I do not know any background on it



7:43 PM

I will upload somewhat earlier today  
Gives me some more time for dreaming  
They are no longer so weird

The normal stuff  
But it's good for me to dream  
I have not to get up so early on Monday and Tuesday  
Gives me even more time for dreaming

Enough for today. It starts to work again.

### **The Kids Are Alright**

Much is alright  
Some are alt-right  
And I'm tired  
Have headache

The workweek is over  
Seven days in a row  
Two days off  
Then the next six days

No reason to yammer  
The following workweek is two days long  
The intervals between the days off vary  
But nothing new to me

But,  
The second workweek was a long one  
Exhausting in a way  
But I have found my rhythm

Not much I will write today  
I was able, over the course of the workweek, to write what I had planned to write  
"Comics" is missing  
But I have no good continuation

\*

The world has become meaningless  
After Germany  
Now the USA as well  
Who else could have the right to call themselves "World Champions"?

The Koreans (North)  
And the Swedish  
If this isn't telling  
The old news, the old truths

There was a time when everything seemed easy  
Everybody and everything had their place  
Like in American cities still today  
The whites, the Asians, those from Africa, and the Latinos

And of course,  
The rich and the poor  
The whites and the other people  
As if it would be differently in "Good Old Germany"

\*

Let's bring it to an end  
I'm uninspired today  
I will not miss the opportunity  
For a very long sleep

I did it that way in my best days  
Often that I slept not that long  
Was active  
But I allowed me an extra long sleep from time to time

Let's see whether I will be able to go back to those days  
I see some chances  
The knee, losing weight  
These are all no reasons to say that it wouldn't be possible

Writing,  
I have the feeling that I simply have to continue  
To give it a fair chance  
Like the new workplace  
Then there seems to be not any reason why it cannot function  
But in fact, I'm tired now  
And somewhat empty  
But relaxed and satisfied so far

I look forward, so many hours now where I can dream.

## First Day Off

Shortly after 6 PM  
Was active today  
Shopping in the morning  
Then lunch together

Some socializing  
Being in Heilbronn  
Not so often right now  
I booked the flight and had to buy some clothes

Now I'm home  
And have headache  
Not very severe  
But enough

The long sleep was excellent  
My body has liked it  
Should do it this night again  
I'm getting old

\*

The next workweek will get interesting  
I'm simply not sure if this will play out  
Two positions are still vacant  
And, we should cook for an additional retirement home from next summer on

A new house  
This means that they need all the additional staff for this new house as well  
And have already not enough for those who are operating  
But, we have to expand, we have to expand, we have to expand

But,  
Next summer  
Will be the rest of this still rainy summer  
Harvest, winter, and spring

Thus,  
Enough time to see how everything will develop  
There is no reason to hurry  
All eyes are on November now

I have to start to learn Portuguese again  
Some more phrases and more numbers  
At least  
And some grammar

\*

Today?  
"Days" of course  
Not much more, I would say  
The headache

I have moments when it functions well  
But, always these interruptions  
But I have the feeling that they are becoming less  
That I can increasingly concentrate on the significant matters

Well,  
Have still some time to get better  
But until Matosinhos, the end of the year  
I should see additional progress

I'm in good spirits right now  
I have said  
And so I see it  
Even if it constantly rains

Let's work on "Days", as well as possible.

## **Matosinhos Blue**

### **See You In November Again**

Everything is prepared so that we can meet again in November - I'm excited! If I'm able to build on my last stay, then I can achieve severe progress. The same hotel, the same pasteleria in the morning, all the other pastelerias and restaurants in this area. The jazz club, of course, Porta Jazz, and all the museums that are nearby and that I have to visit this time. I have to use the bus frequently to expand my operating range - gosh, only two weeks. Nevertheless, I will have established the rhythm by then, two times a year in Matosinhos for at least four weeks. I have the real feeling that we two will become a very happy couple - okay, there's this crazy bitch down on the West Coast, but I have the insight that she would be way too much for the old man.

### **"Days"**

I have started working on "Days"  
Not much has been achieved  
But I have found a good way to organize  
Using the laptop to have the map of Los Angeles in front of me while writing on the PC

It's a lot of fun  
I like it, being back  
Will continue after the upload for a while  
And tomorrow, of course

Yeah, I'm on my way to finding a good rhythm.

## **Second Day Off**

Continued to work on "Days" until midnight  
And it was nice  
Being in Los Angeles again  
Even if only virtual

Much has changed  
I will be unable to find all the places  
But the fifth day is finished  
I will work on some more days later

Planned to sleep long again  
But I stood up at 8 AM  
Did some cleaning  
It's 9:01 AM

I will drive to the butcher now  
Cooking, eating  
The plums today  
A coffee later?

It appears that it could be a clear night on Thursday  
Well, still no jazz club  
Then I can see how well I can handle observing during the summer with this early start  
But it's not the first time

I feel good  
Physically and mentally  
Had some dreams  
Slight headache

Much is happening right now  
It will be interesting to see where this all leads  
How well I will be capable of dealing with this situation  
But that's what I have hoped for

But now to the butcher.

## **Let Us Begin**

After the plums  
Some more gardening  
An hour sleeping  
An hour walking

It feels good  
Slight headache  
A bit tired  
But in a good mood

Shortly after 5 PM  
Let's start writing  
The sixth day in Los Angeles awaits me  
The rest we will see

I have the feeling that I use the two days off very well.

### **Good Progress**

7:28 PM  
Have made good progress with "Days"  
But you have to concentrate  
And it needs a lot of checking up

Thus,  
Enough for today  
But what's obvious is  
It can be done until Matosinhos

Los Angeles is the most complicated  
Especially the days I have managed now  
It will become easier with time  
But it's nice working

But enough for today  
I will upload somewhat earlier  
Gives me some more sleep  
The next workweek will begin

It functions better and better  
Let's see how productive the next workweek will be  
The last two days off were satisfying in any case  
Give me some more time

See the old man sitting at the oceanside.....

### **Dazed And Confused**

I do not know  
My thoughts are flying around  
Cannot concentrate  
And wonder about

Is this the beginning of the wanted,  
Or of the so much feared?  
Have I now to say goodbye,  
To the boy who I have been?

Would I believe in prophecy  
I would ask the gypsy woman  
Would I believe in fate  
I would become a believer

But I have nothing  
Nobody I can ask  
What will be my future  
What will be the best way

I feel alone  
In a threatening world  
Hard moments come closer with every day  
But maybe also my little own paradise at my thirteenth beach

\*

In a world  
The only answer would be running mad  
The desperate attempt to distract  
Doing something for an excuse

Ensure yourself  
There could still be a chance  
Not everything is totally mad  
Knowing your own dark monster only too well

And yet  
Come on  
Be somewhat more relaxed  
You will be one day unavoidably dead

And you will get forget  
As everything is getting forgotten  
Maybe a facade will stay  
But the substance will be gone

\*

There's a day for everything  
When will be mine  
To become famous  
To become a dead

Unimportant in a way  
Only the order counts  
First dead and then famous would be shit  
First famous and then dead would be a redemption

And if not the last  
Then never famous and then dead  
As a make-shift solution  
Because first dead and then famous is shit!

\*

Let me get old  
Let me write many thousand pages more  
Photographs  
And maybe some pictures and music

Let me live at the ocean  
Let me die in water  
I know that I'm mad  
I fit in this world

\*

Dazed and confused I am  
Proud of what I have achieved  
Scarred about what all could happen  
Knowing that time knows only one way

### **A Good Day Yesterday**

I have observed my stars  
I have slept in two parts  
First some sleeping, then observing, then the rest of the sleep  
It functioned good

I'm the only cook for the next two days  
Earlier start therefore  
Earlier to bed  
Today and tomorrow upload at 8 PM

Today?  
Some writing  
Let's see  
Next week will be interesting and important

Tuesday and Wednesday are days off  
Thursday and Friday, I will work  
Saturday and Sunday are the next two days off  
I have to use these four days



Today?  
I'm a bit tired  
Suddenly, it's hot again  
Not extreme, but compared to the last few weeks, significantly warmer  
I feel more and more comfortable. Better than at my previous jobs, in any case.

### **A Good Day Today**

So far  
Made a stupid mistake while working  
But with no consequences  
Now I'm home

Tomorrow  
The only cook for the second day  
I will start even earlier tomorrow  
To give me some more time

Upload and going to bed  
7 PM  
We should get a visit from the new district manager over the next week  
Will he have some news?

It's muggy today  
Heavy rainfall and storms in some areas  
Maybe later as well in our area  
I'm somewhat tired

Yeah,  
It's not all good  
But I ask myself  
Why not simply do this job for the rest of your workdays?

Yeah, not so many meals at the moment  
Yeah, not the calculated staff  
We should cook more meals  
Will we get more staff?

But maybe this is not the crucial  
I come to terms with the early start of work  
It has disadvantages  
It has advantages

I need some more time  
But it feels like working in Lauffen  
Was a good time  
Until the executive chef had a nervous breakdown

It got fucking from this on  
And I quitted the job  
Tie in with Lauffen?  
Was the time I watched a lot of baseball, football, ice hockey, and rugby

Regularly at the jazz club  
Bar as well  
But with better opening times  
And I started with writing  
  
Might be a good omen?

### **Not The Six O'Clock News**

Simply because it is not yet six o'clock  
Have written some  
Okay, "Comics" still missing  
But okay

I'm able to concentrate better on writing over the last few days  
I find my way to organize everything  
I'm nervous  
The first thunder just right now

It could be that there will also be a severe storm here  
We will see  
I do not feel bad  
But

The next beginning  
The next new job  
The next we have to see how all will develop  
The next unclear further on

Don't yammer  
See my light curves  
Some are very impressive  
Nearly twenty years of constant observation

Consistence  
Seems to be the key word  
But  
I don't plan to have a career as cook

I would say that the last three weeks have been good for me.

## Arrived?

Two days of cooking alone  
Today's critique?  
It has tasted fantastic  
The residents are delighted

Well,  
Never contradicted that I would be a good cook  
Even in a retirement home  
You only have to have the opportunity

Breaking point!  
We should get more staff  
We should cook more meals  
And I do not know whether this will fit together

Tomorrow?  
The last workday for this workweek  
Dinner together in a restaurant  
Not sure about how much I will write - "Comics"?

Today?  
Let's see  
I would say  
Upload at 8 PM and early to bed, even if I have not to get up that early tomorrow

\*

I have started to listen to some blues  
The next jazz club concert only in four weeks  
The next concerts are looking very intriguing  
I need a bar day this week

I need a tumbler in my hand  
Sipping on a hard cocktail  
The taste of mescal  
Oh, I miss it so sorely

Shall I start to relax now  
To relax in fact  
Shall I look forward to Matosinhos?  
Yeah, let's see what the old man will do

\*

A sudden sense of liberty  
I feel relieved  
Whatever I do, whatever will happen  
I always will be this fucking lucky bastard

\*

Come on baby  
I feel so alone in this world  
This insane world  
This world of betray and cheating

I know that you feel the same  
We would match like two negative or positive poles  
Because we feel so fucking the same  
It cannot function in such a world

So  
There's only one way for us  
We can come nearer  
But have to keep always a certain distance at the end

Like  
Matter and antimatter  
We would annihilate each other  
Only pure energy would stay

But energy has no face  
Has no character  
Is nothing than energy  
Can create everything

We would be like merging neutron stars  
Creating masses of gold  
While destroying every life around us  
Creative destroyers we would be

Come on baby  
I feel so alone in this world  
Let us become one  
Ignoring the consequences

\*

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

## Important Days

Tuesday will be the first day when it really counts  
Doctor in the morning  
But this will be no excuse  
Wednesday it will count even more

Okay,  
Then two workdays  
Thursday and Friday  
But,

Saturday  
Sunday  
It will count even more, even more than on Wednesday  
The whole next week will count so much

Still the knee  
But it's nearly good  
Only in some moments  
I feel that there's still a problem

\*

Give me some room  
Give me some time  
And I will build you a universe  
In it a trillion stars will shine

It will be more gorgeous  
Then the most gorgeous gem  
It will have the perfect shine  
Of a shimmering black diamond

I feel so light  
Like a feather in the wind  
Like a cloud in the sky  
Like hovering deep under the sea

Give me just a little more time.

## **No Upload**

Monday  
Back from social dinner  
Near 9 PM  
I will not have any uploads today

But as said  
It will be from tomorrow on  
When it counts  
The tasks for tomorrow?

"Days," of course  
Continuing with Los Angeles  
"Comics" might be good  
The rest we will see

In any case  
The next two days should yield some  
I'm motivated  
It has to be my focus for the next two days

Let's see if the old man can deliver, and fulfill his expectations.

## **A Busy Morning**

Stood up at 7 AM  
At the doctor at 8 AM  
A short detour to the bank  
Then buying some fish for lunch

I wanted to pay  
Not enough cash  
And hey, my ATM card is missing  
Obviously, at the bank, as I was there for my bank statements

Okay,  
Fish aside  
Back to Bad Friedrichshall  
I got my ATM card back, the ATM had it

Okay,  
Back to Neckarsulm  
I paid for the fish, they had stored it in the fridge  
Back home

Well, there's still time  
I did the rest of the shopping for today  
Cooking while Spain wins dramatically  
Eating

So far, so good  
A cool morning  
In a way - bank!  
But now I am entitled to a break

I will start with "Days" later and some further writing - what about a coffee later?

### **Six O'Clock**

Well,  
Somewhat after  
But  
Don't nitpick

Everything is prepared  
The map of Los Angeles is at my side  
The laptop  
"Days" (Los Angeles) in front of me

I have to establish routines  
Writing from six to nine  
Apart from Thursdays  
When it's clear, or so

Upload at nine  
Also today  
But on my days off  
I can continue with writing for the next day's upload

That's the plan for now  
Let's start with Los Angeles  
As long as it should be  
The rest we will see

The eighth day will be the next.

### **Ten Days**

Of "Days" - Los Angeles are done now  
Well, it needs time  
Years ago, it was  
Much has changed or is no longer

The aim for today  
Until day fourteen  
Halfway through  
This month is for Los Angeles

The remaining two months  
For London and Matosinhos  
To reach this level of the story until the vacation  
But this seems like no problem

Upload now, then the next four days.

### **A Good Step Forward**

I have reached day fourteen  
Half-time  
Other writing tomorrow  
The next time in Los Angeles on Saturday

I come to terms with the routines  
Better and better  
It functions  
It's 11:25 PM

Enough for today, next time tomorrow.

### **Day Fifteen**

Have added another day  
Started today with working further on with "Days"  
A day more and some additions and changes  
The intense days will now begin

Soon 6 PM  
The writing for today  
For today's upload  
Tomorrow is Thursday, no writing, no upload

Still no jazz  
But maybe a bar evening?  
Some gardening today  
It's good for me

I will eat something now  
Then the writing  
"Comics"?  
No exact idea

Let's do some writing.



## Day Sixteen

I have started with "Days" today  
Friday  
To add another day  
Very intense days are following

Have made some changes in the following days  
Especially Travel Inn / Jerry's Motel  
Have started a list with aspects I have still to include  
I like it more and more to work on "Days"

The aim for today and the days off?  
"Days", "Comics", Solaris II  
And the usual  
It appears that I can observe later

\*

One problem accrued over the last workdays  
Severe?  
Next week  
Now it's about writing and art

\*

I have the feeling that I'm through  
Everything is arranged now  
I only have to be consistent  
That's it

And the job?  
The year soon over  
The next year over  
One more year

It will be very difficult for me to get unemployed  
Not with such a labor market  
And my two apprenticeships and my skills  
The rest is secondary

\*

Very hot in Germany again  
Severe storms in some areas  
But not in Bad Friedrichshall  
Viewed from this angle, it's okay

So, some more writing  
Preparing for observing  
Some gardening is planned for tomorrow  
It's good for me

The overall task for the rest of my life?  
Dying in Matosinhos as a Portuguese  
It would be a very fine twist  
And of course; Writing a big novel, or becoming a photographer, or comic artist, or.....

Yeah, it's good to be in Los Angeles again.

### **The Years In Between**

Is it harsh to have such thoughts?  
From now until 2030  
The middle or the end  
When moving to Matosinhos

These are the years in between now  
And they will be divided into two parts  
Most likely  
Is it harsh to have such thoughts?

But you have to ponder about such matters  
It all will happen  
One day  
But not today

### **Hard-Working Man**

Stood up, after observing last night  
Butcher and some more shopping  
Garden, mowing the lawn and more  
Then I had to cook, eating

Again in the garden  
It was already hot in the morning  
Finished at 1 PM  
Gosh, I sweated a lot

I needed a rest  
I slept for a while  
Ate ice cream  
I'm eating a lot of ice cream right now

After 5 PM  
I will start with Los Angeles again  
But first  
I need another refreshment under the shower

Still problems with the knee, it sucks somewhat.

## **Good Progress**

Good progress with "Days"  
Was a day with many activities  
Tomorrow no "Days"  
Enough days to finish this part of the process

Have been intense days  
In Los Angeles  
I have to add occasionally new details  
But it's nice working

No further writing today  
The upload and some relaxing  
Lunch with my father in a restaurant tomorrow  
I have not to cook

I need more cooling, it's very muggy now.

## **Hot Sunday**

It's hot again  
And muggy  
Lunch in a restaurant  
Now at home

Two intensive days it were  
Somewhat tired today  
Some headache  
I need a break

The hot weather makes some problems  
Now it would be easier  
Writing at night  
But then I have to sleep

Two important workdays ahead  
Should get some more insights  
But not today  
Today?

Let's see  
It's too hot for me  
But I feel grounded and arrived  
I'm not sure about the exact way, but I'm confident that I will find it

It should become colder over the week  
The forecast says  
Especially also next weekend  
My next two days off

Let's see what's behind the next bend.

## **Matosinhos Blue**

### **Living In Matosinhos At Summer**

The summer heat, very much intenser today as in my youth, how will it be in some years in Matosinhos? Well, the temperatures somewhat higher there as here in Germany, but at the sea. And, there is this "Mediterranean" insight: Be active during the morning and evening, during noon and afternoon rest. And, I will be a pensioner, I can structure my days the way I like it. Therefore, I look forward to the day living in Matosinhos, also during summer.

## **Solaris II**

### **Mr. Unterweger**

"May I ask you something about Mr. Unterweger?"

"Sure, Kathy. But it was only that I thought that you would like to have a conversation with him."

"I'm not that a superficial person, and I think that you know this. Mr. Unterweger, for some on Earth he is a kind of prophet, for some a danger. I see him as one of the biggest threats on Earth currently. He likes to post on social media, give statements during interviews, he likes to create turmoil to say then, he got misinterpreted. But I think that you have not to interpret, you have to see his underlying convictions, call them philosophical convictions if you like, to understand him very well. But this is not my topic right now."

"Your topic would be?"

"Some of his statements as we spoke with each other. Well, much was not that new as such, but on this space station, in the light of that you both are connected? I see him as even more threatening now as before."

"As I said, I respect your privacy. Can you tell me why you have such thoughts and emotions?"

"Well, still on Earth he talked about that soon a new era would begin, and I know that this was not his first time at Solaris II. He talked about that the human species would reach a new level of existence soon, the merging with a higher entity to reach a new level of being. There is only one logical implication: This higher entity is you."

"Yeah, that's right."

"So, we humans would become a part of you?"

"Yeah. As many before. But, only if you like, it will be voluntarily."

"Can you give me details?"

"About the factual biological process?"

"Yes."

"There are alternatives, but the simplest way is to come to me and to merge with me."  
"For me, you're a kind of liquid. So, I would swim in you, drown in you?"  
"Your body would resolve in me."  
"Okay, that's the body, now we can turn towards metaphysics. I do not believe in a soul. All my memories, the person I am, all this is linked to my body, I am not religious. Will this be my moment of revelation? Will I stay as a person, as an individual, when becoming a part of you? What about my memories, my personality?"  
"Well, I'm the result of many individual entities, and they all have a place in me, they all create me. In me are the memories and personalities of countless individual entities. They all can be seen individually, but form me as a whole."  
"But what would that mean for me, would I be still Kathy?"  
"There would be "Kathy" in me, "Kathy" would be now an aspect of me."  
"But, there wouldn't be any longer something like me as such."  
"Not as a body, but the memories would be still there. You would no longer feel as being Kathy, you would be me, but Kathy would be still there."  
"This is confusing and maybe even misleading. This all, as well as Mr. Unterweger talked about, this all scares me."  
"As said, it will be voluntarily. It will be an offer."  
"Will it be reversible?"  
"No, of course not. I cannot recreate your body. Are you disappointed now? No revelation, I'm no supernatural entity, no Garden of Eden is awaiting you. But a new kind of existing, in a very different way. Many burdens will be no longer, a very peaceful existence will await you."  
"Will you die one day?"  
"Nothing lasts forever, not in this universe. Yes, but compared to the live-span of a human, one could say that I could nearly exist forever."  
"Could? Our scientists say you get your energy from sunlight and the heat of Solaris II. Differently, but comparable to what plants on Earth are doing. Is this true?"  
"Yes, I use the surrounding energy. The concept of eating seems very unprofitable to me. Apart from that, it causes a lot of trouble. Earth is a good example."  
"And, be honest, do you need the unification with other and new entities for your existence?"  
"Not as such, but it's always like a refreshing, a regeneration. It keeps me young, you could say, like old humans sometimes say that they are still young in heart and mind. Say it that way. Regenerating my body is easy, but I need more. To assimilate new entities keeps me young in mind and heart."  
"Is it long since you assimilated new entities the last time?"  
"In your or my understanding."  
"In yours."  
"Very long."

## **Matosinhos Blue**

### **The Old Couple At The Café**

I sit in a café, looking at an old couple enjoying their coffee and something sweet. How old they will be? Over eighty, I could expect. Born during WWII, Portugal not so much affected, but they had their dictatorship. Not comparable with the Nazis, but colonies and colonial wars, and a suffering citizenry. Education only for an elite, the "ordinary" Portuguese did not need education, as well as a good living. Enough money to have the most needed, the rest for an elite. A dictatorship, always the same, the old couple had lived through all that. Then the revolution and democracy, crises like the Cold War and COVID-19. And today? They sit today in this small pasteleria and

enjoying their café and their pastéis. I have tears in my eyes and hope that many more visits to a pasteleria will follow for them.

### **Hot again**

Again, a very hot day  
It's predicted that the weather will change on Thursday and Friday  
But also with rain and thunderstorms  
But it's too hot for me currently

Working in a kitchen is difficult  
Under such conditions  
Even in a retirement home  
I'm sweating the whole day

Not much writing today  
Most likely  
I lust for colder days  
I have to go to bed too early

Okay, it's August, it should not last that much longer.

### **Matosinhos Blue**

#### **Cozy Matosinhos, Friendly Portugal**

My sister is back from her holiday, Greece, Crete, a tourist region, a holiday package, and peak season. They planned three weeks, now they are back after one week, booked a separate flight home. It has been a disaster.

Okay, I see some mistakes they have made. Especially, during peak season, but also the tourist region and holiday package. Would I like it? The Algarve during peak season in one of these tourist hotels? I don't think so, but I have not to do it.

I can go northwards, I can omit the peak season. I enjoy the small houses, no large hotels, no half board, maybe even no breakfast. There are enough pastelerias, nice restaurants, good food everywhere. Even in the supermarket, you can have also there a good lunch. Yeah, still some weeks and even over two months, but soon in Matosinhos again. Yeah, it would be nice to die there as a Portuguese.

## **Still Hot**

It's strange  
The heat is causing me problems at the moment  
Not that much the last time  
But now

A change in weather  
Delayed on Saturday now  
It would still be okay  
The weekend, my next two days off

I tried to write something  
But not so satisfied  
I need some cooling  
I'm a pussy

I'm old  
But feel pretty young  
Had an interesting conversation with the district manager today  
Let's see how it will develop

But for now  
Enough for now  
You have to be smart in such moments  
Being aware of how easy your life is

You do not choose where and when you're born. It's an insight of great moment.

## **In The Middle Of The Week**

Okay,  
From Friday on  
Temperatures under 30° C again  
I look forward to spending the weekend in Los Angeles again

I have no clear mind for writing today  
No writing tomorrow  
On Friday again  
It's sick how much this weather burdens me currently

But okay,  
One more workday  
Then I can relax  
Let's be lazy today

In Matosinhos during November – November?

## Change From Tomorrow On?

Not so hot  
But still muggy  
It rained twice  
Now sunshine again

I look forward to a long night  
Two days off  
Los Angeles  
But I feel run down today

Ten workdays in a row from Monday on  
Then four days off in a row  
Some difficulties at work  
A conversation next month on the fourth

We're three full-time staffers currently  
Two cooks and a woman for the late shift  
She was on vacation for the first two weeks  
The last two weeks I worked with her

She's difficult, let's say so  
And not only do I see it so  
I see a particular problem with the fact that we would need at least two full-time staffers more  
I fear that this will hardly play out with her and her behavior

Okay,  
She's there for a longer time  
But,  
Things are changing, and they will continuously change

I am not sure how to handle it  
But we will have a conversation with a mediator the Monday after next  
Let's see what this will yield  
It will be then already September

\*

Today?  
I'm not sure  
I'm somewhat tired  
The knee still hurts  
That sucks

I need some time in Los Angeles  
This will provide me with new power  
I feel good in the end  
This should be the end of midsummer

\*



The Knee?  
I have tried it for weeks with cream and to look after it  
I'm trying an old house remedy now  
Quark poultice

It feels interesting  
Prickling  
I have to craft something  
For the night

\*

And now?  
8:19 PM  
Some quantum physics wouldn't be bad, I would say  
Or maybe some cosmology instead?

All in all, I see and feel a distinct and consistent development.

### **The Next Step**

I worked on "Days", Los Angeles  
The last days "Travel Inn"  
The rest of the days "Jerry's Motel" are remaining now  
I will continue tomorrow

This has to be my first goal now  
To finish Los Angeles  
This will be so important  
London will be the next, next month

I felt not so good in the morning  
It rained long and now it's much colder  
Better  
The quark seems to work

\*

Enough for today's upload  
It might be that I will write something later  
But maybe I'm too lazy  
I'm somewhat tired

I still have the feeling that now everything is on its way, nothing can harm me anymore.

## **Two Days Left**

5:38 PM

Two days in Los Angeles are left  
The most important days  
I keep them for next week

It's nearly done  
I have the feeling of losing Los Angeles ultimately now  
But I have to return for the final writing  
I look forward to

The rest of the day?  
Let's see  
I'm in a good mood  
Apart from working

Early to bed, I would say  
Upload at 8 PM today  
The next step tomorrow  
Time is on my side

## **Too Many Paths I See**

I hesitate too much  
To be brave  
To decide on a path  
Knowing that there would be always an alternative path available

I'm not brave  
I do not dare  
To bet all my money on a hand  
I'm not the young Steve McQueen

It's how I am  
I do not see any reason to pretend  
To try to be someone else  
I am who I am

## **Monday, Monday**

*Monday, Monday, can't trust that day  
Monday, Monday, sometimes it just turns out that way  
Oh Monday mornin' you gave me no warnin' of what was to be  
Oh Monday, Monday, how could you leave and not take me  
(Monday, Monday; The Mamas & The Papas)*

Michelle Philips and what David Crosby said about Cass Elliot  
No, my Monday wasn't that bad  
But I have to do the last step to become consistent  
But hey, I'm only unsure in what a way

But that's me  
The good aspect is  
Time moves constantly on  
And something will happen anyway

So, I'm home  
Let's concentrate on writing  
The task for today  
The basic three

Two days in Los Angeles  
I should be over the week  
The month will be over soon  
Some aspects have function, some not

Anyway,  
I'm fairly satisfied with the month  
I start to handle matters more "mature"  
I have found my direction as such

Give me enough time and I will write you a fucking good novel!

## **Eleven Hours**

Eleven hours without a break  
A stressful workday  
A quarrel  
But now I'm home

But too tired for Los Angeles  
The climax, the zoo, an important day  
Not today  
Today I'm too tired

I'm too tired for writing  
A bit relaxing  
Then sleeping  
Let's see what tomorrow will yield

All in all  
It's okay so far  
Que sera, sera  
Oh, Doris Day

\*

I'm on a ship in the midst of the ocean  
No water and food left  
The sun hot above me  
Okay, it could be worse

Stupid talking?  
Well, for many on Earth this would be so  
At least alive  
At least some hope

It's not that worse, even if it could be better.

### **In The Middle**

In the middle of the week  
Mittwoch  
Did not sleep much at night  
And if, not good

No long workday today  
But a long conversation  
An exhausting day  
I'm tired

Some changes from next week on  
A new cook  
But only for a certain time  
Two or three weeks

But today  
No Los Angeles  
These days are long and I want to enjoy them  
Let's write something else

August ends tomorrow.

## **A New Month Begins**

Well, started working at 4:30 AM today  
Tomorrow the same  
Stressy  
I have to go to bed very early

No later than 7 PM  
I have a headache  
Of course  
No writing

I look forward to the four days off  
Most likely not that much writing until then  
Not that much a problem  
I have the rest of my life for writing

I have to concentrate on working for the moment  
Have to see how everything will develop over the coming days and two or three weeks  
If good, good  
If no good, who cares

Nevertheless,  
It will need this time  
And I will give it this time  
It could be worth it

## **I Know It Today**

That I will be a fine writer in Matosinhos  
A good photographer  
Maybe even more  
It will be the best time of my life

Unfortunately,  
I'm not sixty-five right now  
It will still take some time  
But time moves constantly on

There will be the day  
If not dead  
When it happens  
And when everything that has happen will be the past

And,  
With my strange way of memory  
Once in Matosinhos  
I will have my German past very fast forgotten

But,  
It's still over two thousand days  
But I can wait  
Two thousand days and some more

### **After A Long Day**

Started with working at 4 AM  
Tomorrow an hour later  
A somewhat better mood today  
But exhausted

It should be a save day tomorrow  
And a very interesting one on Monday  
The weather prediction says that it will be a clear night  
But I'm too tired to observe

Maybe another chance on Tuesday or Wednesday  
Perhaps in a somewhat better condition then  
But today I need to sleep  
Very soon

My focus still on working  
It's important  
But I have to pay the price  
Soon four days off

\*

It's the time now for a fresh start  
2015 until 2023 was the first period  
2024 until 2030 has to be the next period  
The rest of the year is for reorientation

What will be from 2024 on?  
"Days" in any case!  
The rest of the year for preparing  
The serious writing has to begin from 2024 on

Some kind of diary, of course  
I have to develop the "Den" topic  
I ponder about to change from first-person narrator to third-person narrator  
"Death In Matosinhos", I have to start in 2024, but most likely not before the second half of 2024

A part for short stories  
I have to concentrate on fewer aspects  
I have to take up a position  
Be stricter

\*

Yeah, it functions  
All what I need is more time  
It will be a long way  
But a very fascinating one

And now  
5:11 PM  
I will eat something  
Then I need sleep

The sleep that I haven't had the last four or five days  
But at least some rest  
In darkness  
I do not know, but I feel fucking well in a way

It's the feeling that I will win in the end  
Whatever will be  
The worst case  
Being a weird old man in Matosinhos

It could be definitely worse!

### **Bad Sunday**

Was a fucking day  
I have above all problems with my back now  
During working  
Lumbago

What an irony  
A few days ago I wrote about it  
"Memories"  
Okay, not very severe, but I have to be careful now

Tomorrow will be an important day  
It will decide how it will go on with working  
But this will be tomorrow  
Today I have to care for my back

No writing today, of course  
The work still on focus  
And now my back either  
This is not the time to continue with writing

Yeah, as the brave and smart say: Crises as a chance, growing in crises. Be a little America, Peter!

## Monday, A Much Better Day

Was no easy workday  
But better again  
A fucking night  
Had problems to lay down

Did not sleep much  
Will become another clear night  
But I have to take care of my back  
And have to go to bed early

The prediction says that also the next nights will be clear nights  
So, would be nice  
If I will sleep better tonight  
Then I should be over the hump

\*

I prevailed  
At the workplace  
It seems so  
We will have a cook more for the rest of the month

And then  
Well, we will see  
But we have won time  
Time that I can use to concentrate on writing again

Two workdays  
I would say that the back will recover over that time  
Then I can start with writing again  
And observing

\*

I grow  
That's good  
I know that I could do it  
Could get it

The four days off should be important  
The knee, not absolutely okay  
But much better  
I feel the power is coming back

Okay,  
It's time now to change the way of my writing  
Have said it, "Days" is the beginning of the new writing  
I have to plan my writing better

\*



I have to start to ponder about what will be in 2024  
Writing of "Days" from New Year's Day on  
"Death In Matosinhos" from my second vacation in 2024 on  
I have to develop the rest over the coming months

I ponder on "Photography"  
I would like to intensify it  
It's an interesting medium  
I also liked it decades ago

A clear brain again  
More and more  
New ideas pop up  
New perspectives

\*

I'm somewhat hacked off  
Regarding me  
But I'm more consistent this time  
We will see what it will pay

Small steps forward will also yield advance, it will only take somewhat longer.

### **I'll Be Back**

Yeah, mentally better again  
Was a fucking night  
Have still problems to lay down  
But mentally it's going better again

Early start tomorrow  
Early to bed today  
Hey, I do not sleep in my bed right now  
I'm sleeping on the settee

Not so soft as the bed  
Not so hard as the floor  
But it functions only when lying on the right side  
And I stand up frequently to walk around a bit

It functions during the day  
Standing upright  
But I cannot stand upright for twenty-four hours  
Let's see how good it will function this night

\*

Four days are waiting  
Clear nights for the rest of the week  
Maybe I can observe somewhat  
I have to restart with writing

Tomorrow?  
The standard three at least  
The other days?  
I have to finish Los Angeles, "Days", in any case

Will it function with the new job?  
Matters move into gear  
And that's positive  
I have not to give up so fast

\*

One of my problems  
I try to avoid conflicts  
I have to change this  
To a certain degree

I have to try it longer  
Even if there's no guaranty for a positive outcome  
Yeah, I have to fight for those six years  
I cannot always be passive

Where is this person who started some years ago with writing?  
The one who hopped for change, but liked it to be as he was  
Because it was the easy way  
He's dying

Not completely dead today  
But more dead than alive  
I see chances that he will not witness 2024  
Let's kill him ultimately

\*

Today?  
I feel better  
But I'm insecure because of my back  
I will try to sleep somewhat

This year has been chaotic, so far  
Shall I hope that it will stabilize at the end?  
Well, this business becomes crazier with every year  
Germany is becoming less and lesser livable

Portugal?  
Appears like Germany in my youth to me  
And there's this ocean, the small one  
It's just so crazy, to live

But not to live seems to be no serious alternative - ICU!

### **Thank Goodness, It's Wednesday Afternoon**

Better to say  
It's 6:35 PM  
Had a 10-hour shift  
A short break

Well, the good is  
That it's obvious that it cannot be longer like it is right now  
Thus, they have to take appropriate action  
And I can wait and see what they will do

Still some problems with the knee  
But not so limiting  
I still cannot lay down in a good way, the back  
But standing and sitting functions

Still some hours until dusk  
I will try later to observe  
If it functions, good  
If not, stable and good weather conditions currently

Shall I write something?  
I have tried to relax somewhat  
It functioned more or less  
But I have to unwind really in first hand

If I write something further on, okay  
If not, I have four days off now  
Observing would be nice  
It always calms me down

Relaxing, forgetting the last ten days  
Observing, finding some calmness  
These have to be my goals for today  
In a way, I do not feel that bad

\*

It's ironic  
Working is really hard presently  
And gosh, of course, I feel it!  
On the other hand, I'm able to manage it relatively good

I'm on the winning road  
In the meaning  
I have so much achieved over the last few years  
It can only get better

And still  
Whatever will happen in the upcoming years  
As long as I will land one day at Porto airport with no ticket for the return flight  
It will not count what happens meanwhile

It's a bet on the future  
Six years  
Gives me time to improve  
Allows me the space to find my way

7 PM  
Observing not before 9 PM  
I think it would be nice to look at some of my collections  
I have achieved a lot over the last few years

The always so insecure boy and man, I nearly have lost him.

### **Decisions Have To Be Made**

I have decided to start with the preparations for 2024  
I feel less exhausted than over the last few days  
Despite that, I still feel exhausted  
I have observed my stars last night

I still have to be careful with my back  
Still problems with the knee  
But it seems to be manageable  
Will be a clear night again

I start with establishing new pages on the webpage for 2024  
"Diary" of course, will include "Comments" from next year on  
"Days" as well  
Then two new writings

"Short Cuts", short stories and sequels in the way of "Solaris II"  
A new to establish writing  
Los Angeles in the past, 40s or 50s  
And Germany today, maybe Stuttgart (Bad Cannstatt)

In Germany a third-person narrator, a cook  
In Los Angeles a first-person narrator, a private investigator  
Working Title  
"P.M. - Don't Call Me Philip Marlowe"

The major task for the rest of the year  
To prepare "Days" for the ultimate writing  
To develop "Bad Friedrichshall, L.A." so that it can become "P.M."  
The next step will be to ponder about "Other Arts"

"Death In Matosinhos" is also for 2024  
But not before the second half of the year  
I hope that will bring me further on  
And it outlines the rest of 2023

I have to start to do the job properly.

### **Preface**

Have written a preface for "P.M."  
Not that it should be final  
More to outline some aspects  
It's 6:44 PM now

I will establish the new pages now  
The new monthly picture  
Enough for today  
More tomorrow

I can work on "Days" tomorrow  
And other writing  
Ponder about the continuation of "Other Arts"  
I have the feeling that this was an important step

Yeah, crises.....  
Crises? What Crises?  
Pink Floyd in the car at the moment  
Supertramp next?

I think that I will recover over the next three days  
Then it will be Monday  
And it will be interesting to see  
What has happened at the workplace over the last few days

I think that I should observe later for a time.

## **Friday, Now I feel It**

Yeah, better in a way  
But I can therefore only feel better  
What a fucking workweek this has been  
I'm dead in a way

Okay,  
This cannot be the future  
But that's not only my opinion  
I try to find out tomorrow what the status on my workplace is right now

I still have problems sleeping  
To lie me down  
I'm exhausted  
It's hot again

No Los Angeles in any case  
I want to enjoy these days  
I feel empty  
Disappointed

They yammer that they cannot find staff  
Come on, are you kidding me?  
Who is crazy enough to accept such conditions?  
An idiot like me

\*

I have to be careful now  
My body tells me that this can't be the way  
A chaotic year finds a chaotic end?  
Is all getting increasingly chaotic since the pandemic?

Let's see  
No plans for writing today  
No observing last night  
Neither today I would say

It's hard  
But there will be a solution  
Even if I'm not sure about it right now  
It sucks in a way

\*

Is it impossible to find a serious job today  
This system is near to collapse  
Conditions like in the United States?  
How was it right after WWII?

It will not function  
Always faster and more  
Shall I hope for  
To witness the collapse?

Whatever  
I'm pissed off  
This mess disturbs the matters I would like to concentrate on  
Tell me that I will turn eighty one day

I'm pissed off and my back and knee hurt.

### **Get Plastered**

Today would be a day to drink oneself into a stupor  
When nothing seems to make sense  
When everything is difficult  
Even to stand up or to lie down

It will be the best to stop it here for today  
Let's see how I will feel tomorrow  
Whether I can get some information  
And if, what kind of

A fucking situation  
But by far not hopeless  
There will be an outcome  
But I fear that I will not like it

I have to solve this working problem  
Is it me?  
But did I sell my company  
Or think that BBD is not so relevant?

Those who have sold their company are yammering now, in newspaper articles!  
It was betray  
My lifework destroyed  
What a joke, many employees predicted right this

Whatever,  
Not today  
It makes no sense anymore  
Maybe tomorrow

I'm disappointed, but not despaired.

## Waiting For Monday

Was active so far  
5:37 PM  
Drove around in the morning  
Was at my workplace  
To get the latest news

They were:  
The cook for support  
The new designated district manager around Frankfurt who now cleans our dishes  
Is ultimately pissed off

On one hand because he cleans dishes now  
On the other hand because of the situation in which we're working  
Our district manager will be back from vacation on Monday  
And the man from Berlin for Frankfurt will have had a talk with his superiors

So,  
It seems as it will become a very interesting Monday  
In the best way, there will be some clear decisions  
Otherwise, I can decide all the time

\*

Walked in the woods  
Even there it was hot  
But my back feels better, as well as the knee  
Could do something what one could might call sleeping the last night, for a few short periods

But I feel physically better  
As well as mentally  
But I'm tired  
And my bones hurt

I lie down on a cheap and hard settee at night, bought in Friedberg (Augsburg)  
Not so hard as the floor  
But harder than the bed  
I have to lie on the right side

For some time in the bed and on the floor this night  
But mostly on the uncomfortable settee  
We will see how this night will unfold  
But I see improvement

\*

I should observe this night  
Just to stay active  
Near to 6 PM now  
Writing?



The next crazy death caused by a police officer?  
The G20?  
Morocco?  
I still feel empty

I see that I have to change my way of writing  
But currently I feel numb  
Chester Charles Bennington  
But I should have to become famous first

I'm pissed off  
I'm nerved  
I feel aggressive  
And that's good so

I have to see now whether there's a solution for this job  
Or have to move on  
Soon another year over  
Not more than six and a half left, maybe less

\*

I have no inspiration to write  
But give me a little bit of time  
I will do my best  
I have to pass the test

\*

"When will you be back, June?"

"No ten hours anymore, I would say, Peter. I am not certain how long our stopover at Enceladus base will take."

"I miss you. I miss you so much, June."

"I miss you too, Peter."

\*

June returns to Saturn  
I always heard in my youth  
But it's "Jupiter and Saturn"  
I like "June returns to Saturn" more

# Solaris II

## At The Crossroads

I sat in my small room, staffers didn't need too much comfort. Becoming a part of the creature covering Solaris II, it did not sound so strange as I thought at the first moment. But, Mr. Unterweger repelled me, I did not dare him. Not on Earth, and especially not here. His basic opinions seemed inhuman. He was like the monster selling you pink dreams to catch you for his deep black nightmares. But ending this kind of physical existence, becoming a part of something much bigger, living for a nearly infinite time? But.....?

I started to ponder about how it should function practically. Should all from Earth travel here to Solaris II, to become a part of this entity? Would this even possible, and how long it would take? Or was the idea that over a long time, people from Earth would come to Solaris II to become a part of the entity? Like a steak, every day? This imagination started to frighten me.

One had to make decisions, and it would be silly to say that you always would be able to calculate every consequence. In reality, you were never able to calculate even much of the consequences that you're doing and you're decisions would have. Making decisions by instinct, could this be a solution? Yeah, the story of the actor, who not accept an offer because he had no good feeling, and had to realize that he had refused the movie character of his life? On the other hand, the story of the actor, or actress, who accepted the movie character that ended his or her movie career forever. Such pondering led to nothing.

But whom I could ask? Mr. Unterweger in no case. I found no solution, the more I pondered on it, should it be better to try to find some sleep. Might be that my dreams could help me, or should I flip a nickel? I had one, since the days I was here for the first time. Maybe that would be the best solution.

## Time-Out

Time-out for the next 24 hours

It's 5:26 PM now

An active day so far

But I have to economize my power now

I have to concentrate on tomorrow

I will know much more tomorrow at this time

It's extremely hot again

Much too hot for the season

It should cool down during the week

But even then too hot for the season

But no longer that extreme

We will see

I see no sense in it

To write something today

I need some impulses

And I will get them tomorrow

The back better  
But I sleep still on the settee  
Most of the time at least  
But I sleep in fact somewhat

The knee better  
But it still hurts  
But it no longer limits me that much  
Both should be good again during the week

\*

I'm winded up  
Everything will be good again  
Germany not only beat the USA  
Germany is world champion, just as it has to be

I will die as a Portuguese one day  
What a nice thought  
I will live at the ocean  
I have tears in my eyes

Who cares what happens right now  
Me right now  
No longer tomorrow  
And I will have problems even remembering it in six years

\*

I feel prepared for tomorrow  
But I need some sleep  
It cools down during night  
At least

"Say that I'm beautiful. Please say it!"  
"You're beautiful, baby. You're gorgeous."  
"You're lying. You're nothing than a fucking liar!"  
"Yeah, baby. But you're paradise's most lovely angel."

I always knew it. It just has to be!

## **Monday Has Arrived**

Was a long day  
A very long conversation at the end  
It's obvious that it cannot continue as before  
We found a solution to start at least with some improvement

But,  
Three parties have to agree  
One is safe  
The second should agree for personal interest

Yeah,  
The third party will be the sticking point  
If they will be fast  
We will know the decisions tomorrow

\*

All is difficult currently  
I hate the heat  
It should be better from Wednesday on  
But not much, but at least somewhat

It's a rollercoaster  
The new job  
They need me  
But I'm uncertain if it will play out

So many difficulties  
It could be perfect  
But no staff  
And quarrel

\*

It's after six o'clock  
And I'm sweating  
I have a headache  
Everything seems exhausting right now

I need a restart.

## **Restart**

Restart will be tomorrow  
I have to build up momentum again  
Los Angeles tomorrow  
One day at least should be the aim

But today  
I need some sleep  
To let all sink in  
Next weekend days off

Maybe also Monday and Tuesday  
We will see  
I have to inhale deeply  
Take a deep breath, Peter

\*

"Tell me that I'm good. Tell me that I'm fine. Tell me that I'm the center of the world."  
"You're the center of the universe. You're the center of mine."  
"Your stomach?"  
"My heart and brain. And, if existing, also and especially my soul."  
"Yeah, I'm your soul. I'm the universal soul of everything."

### **The Man**

Have forgotten to add "Memories"  
Sure, will find its continuation in 2024  
"Memories" has no limits  
Can find its continuation until I have no memories anymore

### **Mistake!**

I have forgotten that I will be alone tomorrow  
I have to begin therefore at 4:30 AM with working  
I have to get up at 3:30 AM  
I have no time to be in Los Angeles today

I want to enjoy these two last days  
And they will be long days  
London will be fast and easy  
A very hot day again, very muggy, thunderstorms are predicted for later in the day

But it should cool down  
From tomorrow on  
I have nothing to lose  
I have all the time

\*

"I'm the most lucky guy on earth, even if it's a lie."  
"It's always a lie, 'cause we're all liars."  
"Yeah, we pretend and lie, that's our nature."  
"Sure, we're still living in caves and hunt the mammoth."  
"If it wouldn't be so sad, it would be the most funny joke of the world."

## The Fall

I have to react  
The new job in question  
Made a phone call  
A job interview on Tuesday

As salesperson in a butchery  
Hey, didn't we have this before?  
Yeah, and if they hadn't sold their company  
Then I would be most likely still there

Okay,  
It's a first step  
I need alternatives  
Not confident how the current job will develop

\*

My mind is occupied by too much  
I do not feel that bad  
Even that I stood up that early  
But I have to step further on

Tomorrow would be Thursday  
The first jazz concert of the new season  
I should be there  
I have to be there

Thursday  
No writing  
It's jazz club day  
And today?

\*

I'm pissed off  
I'm disappointed  
But I have to continue with searching  
The outcome will be the important

A confusing year  
But I handle it  
But it's time to stop this  
Let's try again

Okay,  
This year  
The rest of the year  
But I have to find a way to create a better 2024

Take a deep breath, I'll be the winner.

## Okay

Now I'm tired  
Tired of running in circles  
I look forward to tomorrow  
Jazz should help me to get back again

All in all  
I'm in no bad mood  
Two workdays  
Four days off

I start to be consequence  
To act  
To be confident  
To develop into a writer

\*

"Nicely said, Peter."  
"Yeah, I develop."  
"Into one of these hypocrite assholes?"  
"Oh, come on, this is a part of the game."  
"But you're no good gambler."  
"Well, I would say, my hand seems not to be that bad."  
"You have the nuts?"  
"Well, I wouldn't say "the nuts". But, I would say, it's difficult to lose the pot."  
"Kid lost with a monster of full house."  
"Yeah, but he got a kiss from his pretty looking girlfriend thereafter."  
"You're crazy."  
"I hope so!"

## Let's Get It On!

Tomorrow  
No, seriously  
Again a long day  
But good conversation

The district manager spoke with me about a possibility to work in Flein  
At least until the end of the year  
And on Tuesday the job interview  
As salesman

I will write nothing today  
Yesterday no jazz club  
Have some plans for tomorrow  
Among other things, to drive to the butchery to see the possible workplace

Matters are developing  
Writing?  
I lost oversight  
But the plans for 2024 are fixed

At least regarding writing  
And I have still over three months remaining  
This year  
To reach this point

\*

The knee and back better  
Even if I sleep still on the settee  
If it continues that way  
It will be forgotten over the next week

But I have to ponder about it  
Out of the kitchen  
Working as a salesman  
It would be less straining

And we talked on the phone  
About a relatively good salary  
Less than now  
But not so much

And,  
Of course,  
I haven't the job  
Maybe on Tuesday

\*

The forecast says  
This night it should be a clear night  
It would be nice timing  
The next days cloudy again

But I do not see it  
Still clouds so far  
Perhaps it will change  
It would be a nice ending of that day

\*

All in all  
I have the feeling that I can use this crisis  
To grow  
I handle it much better now, than I did the rest of the year



I had a low ten days ago or so  
But I feel much better again  
Stable, centered, steadfast  
Even if I still have my ups and downs

I would say  
That over the year  
I stabilized more and more  
It could be better, but we're talking about me

\*

Nevertheless,  
It's difficult currently  
And I'm tired  
I have problems concentrating

Nevertheless,  
I should have some plans for the next four days  
Ending with Los Angeles, in any case  
The standard writing, "Other Arts" would be good

I have a headache  
And still clouds  
8:09 PM  
Why not a long night on the settee?

\*

I ponder about if I'm a weak person  
Or a forceful one  
Against all odds  
I hold on to my dream

This all might be ridiculous. But hey, in this insane and disgusting world?

### **I'm Prepared**

I was at my possible workplace in the morning  
A small branch of the butchery in a retail market  
But very new and a good assortment  
Let's see what Tuesday will yield

The job interview very early  
At 8 AM  
I have to drive an hour to the main store  
But that's okay

I drove around for some time  
Back from an ice hockey match now  
The Ice Bears lost  
But it was only a preparation match

\*

6:41 PM now  
I will not write much today  
But I'm in the mood now to get active again  
Slight headache

The main goal for tomorrow?  
To finish Los Angeles, of course  
Then to pack a parcel  
To send it on Monday

On Monday some basic writing  
"Other Arts" should be a focus  
"Bad Friedrichshall, L.A." as well  
And then it's Tuesday

Tuesday  
The job interview early in the morning  
The rest we will see  
I would take the job, if offered

\*

I managed it over the last week or so  
To come to terms again  
Still some physical problems, but not very limiting now  
Mentally also better, but it still limits me more

Last time four days off  
The first day  
Friday a week ago  
It has been a disaster

The first day off this time  
Today  
So much better  
I nearly be able to smile again

No observing yesterday, but some sports today. Yeah, it's going better again.

## **We're Strange Creatures**

Yeah, we're strange creatures  
Unable to live together  
Always seeing the enemy in the others  
Always selfish

And if one says  
But there are many, many counter-examples  
Then please  
Name me only one

We're like the predator  
Not killing the fawn  
It's not generosity  
The predator kills without remorse

And we're the worst, most brutal, and bloodiest predator on earth  
We even kill ourselves, very often without any limit  
Without the need of needing ourselves for food  
Just for fun and other crazy ideas

We would not have to do so  
But we like it  
Or accept it  
Or bear it

And I would like to know  
Not thinkable that in this intangible huge universe  
We should be the only kind of intelligent life  
Could one insure me

That we're not the norm for intelligent life in the universe  
We have to be a kind of occupational accident  
Not the norm  
We have to be the perversion of what life can be in this universe

Anything else would be shocking  
Devastating  
A nightmare  
We have to be the nightmare of the universe

\*

"Tell me, why do I be here?"

"You had an accident, but we will help you."

"An accident? What has happened?"

"You have some brain injury, but it will get better with the time. Take these pills, you will find some sleep, and when you wake up again it all will be better."

\*

"This patient?"

"Beyond hope. We cannot do anything, his mind is simply shredded. We have tried everything, but he will be forever a threat to society. The final solution."

"Earth, the place for all those we can no longer accept. The place for all those we have to declare as hopeless cases."

"Yeah, no "clean" solution. But, we have to get rid of all those who are incurable. They would corrode our society like a cancerous ulcer."

"You know under what circumstances they live on Earth?"

"Yes, and I'm not happy about it. But there they only hurt themselves, but not us. This is not good, but the best solution we have."

"Okay, let's give him some memories about his former live on Earth, and then send him to Earth. I'm not certain how long I still can bare doing this."

"We have no other chance, since we have decided to no longer kill them. I think, more and more often, it would be better we haven't stopped with it."

### **Sunday Early In The Morning**

Stood up early  
What are my plans for today  
Well, I could attend a football match  
But this would cost me time

Two days in Los Angeles would be good  
One day before the upload at 9 PM  
The other thereafter  
Then football match would be possible

We will see  
What my mood will be  
Now I should spend some time outside  
Until I have to cook lunch

Will be again a way too warm day for the season.

### **Let's Start**

Short after 5 PM  
No football  
It's very hot  
And around the playing field is very limited shade

Two hours in the sun  
It would be too much  
But I was outside for a time  
Had a coffee

But now I will start with L.A.  
The bus ride is somewhat complicated today  
I know so far that it was bus line 96  
But I need some more research

Well  
I feel relatively good  
Tomorrow will be Monday  
Then the job interview

But first a trip to L.A.

### **Day Twenty-Seven**

The day is finished now  
Apart from the time in the zoo  
But the way was difficult to find  
And for the time in the zoo I will need longer

I will start with day twenty-eight  
After a break  
To see how much I can accomplish  
Most likely I will leave the time at the airport aside for the moment

I could concentrate on these two emotional moments on tomorrow  
The zoo and the time in the terminal  
I think that would be the best  
In any case, I'm back with writing

But a break first, then some more time in L.A.

### **Writing Again**

Okay,  
Was exhausting  
But made good progress  
But now I lose concentration

Football on TV  
Seattle vs. Detroit  
Now I can concentrate on the match  
At least some football today

And some writing  
More tomorrow  
Have some headache  
The sun is down, it's getting colder

First half over  
A short break  
Then the second half  
Not in Los Angeles

I smile, smile about me. I can smile again, even if it's somewhat a wry smile.

### **Oh, What A Day**

Well, this is Germany today  
Needed four hours to send a parcel  
With waiting time and breaks  
And visited three branches in Bad Friedrichshall and Heilbronn

No details  
It was horrible  
One branch no longer, but still on the Internet  
Technical problems, and the opening times wrong

Okay,  
This is Germany  
We're always the best  
Fuck the rest

\*

But now I'm home  
Will visit Los Angeles Zoo later  
I would say the airport tomorrow  
I have to prepare for the job interview

I eat too many sweet stuff  
Do not lose weight  
But I recover  
Tomorrow will be important

A break now  
Then Los Angeles  
Isn't it crazy  
The lives that we live

Time will tell the truth.

## At The Zoo

As expected  
It became very emotional  
Especially at the end  
Enough for today

The airport tomorrow  
After the job interview  
Will be emotional again  
I feel like sitting in the aeroplane, heading on back to Germany

Tomorrow it will be done  
The last day  
And I have the feeling I will never be back in Los Angeles  
But I have still to do the real writing

I have the feeling that I have only two ways left  
On the one I will become a really good and known writer and artist  
The other will lead right way into a disaster  
But I have no idea on what way I walk right now

Have I said that I do not believe in those stupid fucking Hollywood happy endings?

## Summarizing A Day

The job interview in the morning  
Not very positive  
The last time salesperson in a butchery  
They sold the butchery to a very questionable company

I left the butchery  
Today they are yammering about that they got cheated and betrayed  
The butchery in the morning has talks with the same company  
The first bad information

Then they have problems with the staff  
One person will leave  
One person they want to give notice  
The volume of sales is not good

Wow,  
These are no good signs and aspects  
I drove to the current workplace  
To get some new information, if new information there

The district manager was there  
We had a conversation in a threesome  
Nearly two hours  
Some slight progress

Okay,  
It's obvious what has to change  
We need most urgent an early shift  
And then a cook more

I wrote an email  
That I withdraw my application  
Such a job change would be silly  
Another job as cook?

Well,  
It would be easy  
But would yield more stabilization?  
I doubt about it

In seven weeks I would be in Matosinhos  
I have to be patient  
If I see a real better alternative  
Then a change of job would be okay

But it would have to be a perfect alternative  
It otherwise is better to see how this job will develop  
The last twelve months or so have been much too chaotic  
This has to end, first of all

\*

Sure,  
Not in the mood to travel to Los Angeles today  
But this is no problem at all  
I have time

All stabilized again, over the last few days  
Physically and mentally better  
Even if not perfect  
I start to sleep in the bed again, at least for a part of the night

And I start to sleep again  
Even if not good  
I start to dream again  
A good sign

Significant will be  
How tomorrow will unfold  
I'm not sure about my duty roster for the rest of the month  
All still somewhat chaotic

\*

Could anybody help me  
Could anybody say



That some day  
I will be the strange old German sitting at Matosinhos beach

If this happens  
I will buy me a small Hollywood sign  
I think one can buy one, even if I have never seen one  
I will kiss it every day, for the rest of my days

\*

How strange it is  
Having such a dream  
I only need some more time  
And everything will be fine

I have no idea what I'm doing right now, no idea what would be the best what I should do.

### **Summarizing A Day**

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Not very positive  
The last time salesperson in a butchery  
They sold the butchery to a very questionable company

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To get some new information, if new information there

The district manager was there  
We had a conversation in a threesome  
Nearly two hours  
Some slight progress

Okay,  
It's obvious what has to change  
We need most urgent an early shift  
And then an additional cook

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Such a job change would be silly  
Another job as cook?

Well,  
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But would yield this more stabilization  
I doubt about it

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\*

How strange it is  
Having such a dream  
I only need some more time  
And everything will be fine

I have no idea what I'm doing right now, no idea what would be the best what I should do.

### **Finished**

Finished "Los Angeles"  
A strange feeling  
London next  
Will be easier

Was an easy day  
We have two applications  
One could be a cook  
One for the early shift

Wow,  
That would be maybe too perfect  
Let's see  
Days off over the weekend

So,  
Two more workdays  
Two days off  
Then I have to work for a longer period, at least seven days

All seems to stabilize  
My decisions are seemingly right  
I do not believe in angels  
I saw none even in Los Angeles

The night will be clear  
I have therefore to sleep somewhat in advance  
Very early upload  
Tomorrow would be Thursday

I should be at the jazz club  
Italian jazz this time  
More and more I recover  
Ready for the happy ending

It's a mad world, and I'm fucking privileged.

### **Fine Developments?**

Well,  
There will be a new cook  
Or a new assistant cook  
A cook in any case

We have,  
An application for the early shift  
An application from another woman, no idea about a possible shift  
An application for the middle shift with baking

This would be more people than we need  
Well, only applications apart from the cook  
But we have suddenly many of them  
This is a bit weird and frightening

Yeah,  
It would be not the first time in my time as cook  
That at the end  
There will be nobody left

Nevertheless,  
Suddenly, a lot of movement  
The last days much more relaxed  
Is the happy ending within one's reach?

\*

I'm tired  
Have slept in the bed  
I have slept  
At least most of the time

No jazz  
Wasn't in the mood  
Got to bed  
As the concert began

At the moment  
All seems to get meaningful again  
I'm tired  
I have started to dream again

Two days  
Or nights ago  
There was Barack Obama with three dogs  
Later, the swine from N.Y. who ran after me and begging for something

Very strange, the third dream  
I in a kitchen  
Suddenly, people are storming it with assault weapons, firing heavily  
But I see only the ceiling then

It looks like the ceiling from an office  
A person breaks through the ceiling, a kind of hung ceiling  
Also firing with an assault weapon  
He looks like Cuba Gooding Jr.

Yeah,  
I'm back  
I can sleep again  
Have my weird dreams back

\*

No writing today  
I sight for another long night  
To be ultimately back tomorrow  
At least, I could finish "Los Angeles" over the last few days

Tomorrow,  
Shopping, cooking, lunch  
The standard three should be no question  
More?

Starting with "London" tomorrow or Sunday  
"Comics" as well  
"Photography", but maybe with the Nikon  
"Bad Friedrichshall, L.A."?

I should continue with everything over the next two days  
This has to be the goal  
Less would be shameful  
I have to be more challenging, looking in the mirror

\*

After some devastating weeks  
This week was like the weather  
After some weeks of heavy weather  
Suddenly, a sudden change in the weather

Okay,  
Still no pure sunshine and clear blue sky  
But it no longer pours  
And we could see the sun at one time or the other

The coming weather?  
Good question!  
But some hope at least  
That the worst is behind

We have no tornados in Europe  
No "eye of the storm"  
This could mean  
It could be really over

But first  
Over the last few weeks  
Far too little sleep  
Far too little I drank

Over four liters so far  
And it's not hot today  
It mostly rains  
But my body needs it

And I need more sleep  
Was a long day  
Mentally demanding  
But a good day in the end

Ten hours at least, a lot of time for weird and crazy dreams.

### **It Will Not Continue That Way**

It cannot continue that way  
I feel like running in circles  
Like I run in circles  
I have reached a certain level, but.....

It's like open mic  
Nice, but this can't be the goal  
It can be a level  
Or the end

I cannot continue in that way  
In various regards  
There are good signs that I could manage it  
But if not, it would be devastating

It's obvious  
This has to be the last year that way  
2024 would have to be a year of significant change  
Or the year of giving up my dreams

I feel fucking  
Insecure what to do  
Facing up the challenges of the coming years  
Or staying complacent with your little funny world

But it will be easy  
I will get it until the end of the year  
Or there will be no longer a perspective for me  
I fear to do the next steps

\*

I have to start with writing again  
Over the next two days  
A long period of working waits  
If I can handle this.....?

I'm tired  
It was good the last years  
But not for another six years  
It all seems to be confusing

I have a headache  
Have eaten plenty of sweets  
Gained weight  
I would wish to fall asleep and everything would have changed after waking up again

But this is not the way it functions  
I have to do it by myself  
I fear failing  
I would be a lousy sportsman or musician

I'm sick of it.

### **The Standard Three**

Have been written  
Now a break  
More  
Let's see

Maybe not the best  
But I start again with writing  
At the least  
I'm insecure

Wow,  
This has been a crisis  
This is a crisis  
I have to show me to what I'm able to

I feel physically devinitely better, mentally?

### **Enough For Today**

I stop it for today  
Was active  
Shopping, some time out  
Spent some time with two of my collections

I brewed a tea  
I drank mostly water from the tap over the last few weeks  
But now I'm tired and have a headache  
Tomorrow will be a new day

To start with London will be the major goal for tomorrow  
The rest we will see  
Ate better today  
But I'm somewhat disappointed and sad

I feel languid  
The last weeks have cost so much energy  
I need more time to recharge  
But the last week let become me optimistic

The next week will be important  
Whether the upwards trend will continue  
But now I think the next long sleep would be good  
Can anybody give me a hint?

In a few weeks I could be in Matosinhos again – it appears to be surreal.



## **A Cozy Sunday**

Well, was a good day  
Spent some hours with my collections  
Have begun with "London"  
Okay, have not achieved all my goals

But I feel again better  
Slight headache  
But much better than yesterday  
Now I can continue

Plans for tomorrow  
The next day "London"  
The standard three  
Maybe more

Another alternative job possibility  
I possibly will make another phone call tomorrow  
Let's see how tomorrow's workday will be  
I feel stronger again

\*

7 PM

Would have still time for "Bad Friedrichshall, L.A." or something else  
But I have to pace myself  
I have to take my time

I will upload soon  
Will give me time to sleep and dream  
Time to recover  
I'm in a much better mood again

Let's see how Monday will unfold.

## **Le Pain Quotidien**

Found it  
It's still there  
But Google Maps not shows it  
But Street View

So I will start again with "Day Two"  
To finish this day  
The rest we can see  
I have to decide

But not today. Let's do some writing first.

## **Let's Try**

Let's try to write every day, at least one day "London"  
Will I be able to?  
Let's see  
I should

It's interesting  
"Los Angeles" was often very emotional  
"London" is only "looking for the information"  
No real emotions

Apart from aspects like the black swans, of course  
Dover later  
The channels  
Okay, also in London some emotions

Let's finish writing for today.

## **The Next Day**

The next day "London" is finished  
I do not have to tell always whole days  
This would be tiring  
Especially when mixing the cities later

But maybe I will continue with this day somewhat  
I will decide later  
The next day is the "Day of Remembering"  
This will be significant

A clear night tonight  
I will observe  
I stop therefore writing for now  
To upload and to prepare for observing

I feel more grounded again, even if not really stable.

## **In London**

Have been in London  
This time it was emotional  
But that's okay  
I have to change two of the following days

I feel better with every day now  
Observed yesterday  
Tomorrow I will be at the jazz club  
Some more writing waits

But I'm the only cook for the next four days  
I have to start earlier  
I have to go to bed earlier  
Okay, not tomorrow

But today I should  
Was also yesterday somewhat later  
But it's good to become more active again  
Four days working, then four days off

A short break now, before continuing writing.

### **Forgotten**

I have forgotten to continue with "Memories"  
But it's too late now  
I try to relax  
To find a rhythm

Sunday most likely ice hockey  
I hope that together with my father  
Most likely no writing on Sunday  
But some matters are more important

Important is that I get relaxed  
Not much can go wrong  
I have to become more stable  
More focused

Easy to say for someone like me  
I have improved  
But I still have my crises  
Do the Right Thing

Would it be that easy, then.....

## Change Of Plans

Some development  
An assistant cook will start working from Monday on  
Will meet him after my days off  
On Friday

We will have definitely an early shift from next month on  
There will be a meeting of the managers on Thursday  
To discuss how the kitchen should develop  
Well, will be interesting to see how everything will be on Friday, after my days off

\*

Was not at the jazz club  
I had to get up early  
I need more sleep  
It really is doing me good after these exhausting weeks

I'm still recovering  
I still have to take care of my back  
Started to sleep in the bed, then on the floor, later again in the bed  
I still have problems with my right knee and my left elbow

But nevertheless  
I feel better again  
I have changed plans  
I have to be more tactical

I have to cook for the next two days  
Alone, and have to make the early shift first  
I have to pass the next two workdays  
Then the four days off

It's crunch time from Friday on  
Then I will definitely see whether the company can deliver  
If there could be a future for me  
Fifty-fifty I would say currently

\*

No real writing today  
Watched the first day of impeachment on YouTube  
For some time yesterday, the rest today  
I will go to bed very early

Most likely the same tomorrow  
Even if there will be an early shift on Sunday  
I need to sleep  
I start to relax and to get strong again

\*

I was near to a nervous breakdown  
Two weeks ago  
I have to calm down further on  
I start to smile again

Today and tomorrow unimportant  
It will begin on Sunday again  
Watching hopefully ice hockey with my father  
Fuck, I'm on my way to be back again

Some crises this year  
But I feel always strengthened after it  
And this time it's extreme  
Even if I have no idea what at the end of the year will be

Okay,  
Have an easy evening now  
Until I have to go to bed no later than 7 PM  
Well, one day I will live in Matosinhos

\*

I will watch some TV now  
Until it's time to go to bed  
The upload  
The last two workdays good

Yeah, I'm on my way back, and I will be stronger than ever then!  
( Kanye West, Stronger – ????????)

### **Harder, Better, Faster, Stronger**

*N-n-now that that don't kill me  
Can only make me stronger  
I need you to hurry up now  
'Cause I can't wait much longer  
I know I got to be right now  
'Cause I can't get much wronger  
(Stronger, Kanye West)*

Daft Punk,  
Not Kanye!  
Or Kanye,  
Perfected Daft Punk?

I know that I'm right now  
'Cause I can't get any wronger  
I will die in the ocean  
'Cause this will make me ultimately stronger

Fuck all of Dior  
You're a clown compared to me  
You're the new Shakespeare?  
Shit, I'm the original one!

Lusting the limelight?  
Jay-Z has the better lines!  
You're talking about Price?  
You will never fuck an Apollonia!

Louis?  
Man, I had my LUI!  
I have fucked a thousand Apollonias!  
My mind is even more crazy than yours!

You believe in to be God?  
You're only a little fucking narcissist!  
Gosh, I would never be crazy about her fat ass,  
Not to talk about her ugly artificial tits!

Come on,  
One day you will be the new O.J.,  
And they will say:  
This time they fit good enough for death row!

\*

And I will sit at the ocean,  
And nobody will know me.  
Kate was always broken and down,  
Therefore she had her own personal Depp!\*

And I will sit at the ocean,  
And nobody will know me.  
But every night I will stand in the limelight,  
In my own personal freaked out dreams!

And I will sit at the ocean,  
And everybody will know me.  
And they will say:  
He did his own thing, like Hunter. Only his exit was more elegant, as he went out for a last swim!

\*

Harder, Better, Faster, Stronger  
We Germans liked it  
Until the end in '45  
You think that you're badass?

You're a lousy douchebag,  
Like your asshole president.  
You're a perfect cocksucker,  
I would spit in his face!

Who is more badass?  
You're only a bigmouth, a wannabe,  
Artificial like the ass and tits of your bitch!  
Gosh, I'm back and smile!

\*

Okay, the song is cool,  
But it's the Daft Punk part that makes the song cool.  
And I will write one day a new Ulysses,  
Only more crazy like the man from near Dublin.

I'm back,  
Stronger than ever.  
Like Mrs. Grant,  
When dreaming about heroin.

Elizabeth,  
The woman who occupies me the much,  
And my mother.  
I'm impatient for lying in my wet grave!

\*Well, unfortunately, this wordplay only functions in German. "Depp" means blockhead, jackass.....  
in German.

### **Oh, What A Day!**

Not that bad for a longer time  
But after I had cooked  
And the meals should be served  
It became obvious that I had partially wrong numbers on my production schedule

Yeah, not that nice  
Ran into some problems  
And a so far not so bad day got screwed up  
I'm tired of it

Some matters are currently going wrong  
Had not the products I needed over the last three days  
But hey, Sunday will be there  
And then I have four days off

I will go to bed very fast  
I need time to ponder  
Time to let my thoughts flow  
Not in the mood for London

\*

What a comedy in D.C.  
I have never seen  
Even more nuts  
Than our god Kanye

And I will see  
That all will come to a good end  
I will become the leader  
Of a nuts Christian cult

It's sad to see  
How America decays  
White fundamentalist Christian racist Nazis  
I have no idea how to call them

I need some sleep

\*

All around me falling  
Is it important for me who shot Tupac Shakur?  
Or if the USA will become a fundamentalist Christian shithole?  
I doubt

Could it be,  
Might be,  
That I should be,  
My own personal interest?

Whatever,  
Whenever,  
Rising nationalism?  
I will die as a Portuguese!

Shit, I have no mic to drop!



## **Monday, 4:16 PM**

I have made the step  
It's Monday, 4:17 PM  
Ice hockey yesterday  
The Ice Bears lost the match

Was shopping  
Cooked  
Mowed the lawn, it's much too hot for October  
Had a rest

I will observe my stars later  
Can start from around 8 PM on  
An earlier upload therefore  
But now some writing

I feel good today  
Slight headache  
Look forward to the next days  
No ice hockey together with my father, but we will have together lunch in a restaurant tomorrow

Day of German Unity tomorrow  
Well, it seems not that easy  
CNN always on the swine from N.Y. in N.Y. today  
Who's interested in his fucking shit base, or the rest of the GOP bunch?

Concentrate on the independents  
Let him get the GOP nominee with 99%  
As long as he loses the presidential election?  
Yeah, the Dems could screw it up, like with Hillary, Hillary from N.Y.!

\*

I will start writing now  
Let us see to what it will lead to  
No distinct aim for today  
It has to get an active, but relaxing, day

I really have the feeling to be back again, at least almost nearly.

## **After Writing**

A short, but concentrated writing  
6:41 PM  
Two and a half hours CNN  
Had a short dinner

I will prepare for observing now  
Even if there's still some light clouding  
Mist could also become a problem at this season  
More on art tomorrow

"Comics" will be a main focus  
"London" as well  
More than one day would be good  
The rest we will see

It had been hard seven days of working  
I'm satisfied that I feel that good on my first day off after this exhausting period  
Three more days off ahead of me  
It gets better with every week now

But now the upload, then some time until, hopefully, observing my variable stars again.

### **Let's Start With London**

After lunch and sleeping for a while  
Let's start with "London" today  
The rest we will see  
I'm not in a hurry

No plans for the evening  
It's raining, it's a holiday  
I can also write after uploading time today  
So, take your time, there's plenty of time for writing and the rest today

And there is the McCarthy drama as well – how boring German policy is!  
Or should we call it, more stable?

## **Solaris II**

### **The Burden Of To Decide Something**

It had been days now, since I talked for the last time with either Mr. Unterweger, who still was on the station, or whatever it was on Solaris II. I tried to do my job, to dodge Mr. Unterweger, not to have a conversation with the creature on Solaris II - and I had to admit that it functioned. But, this fact concerned me the most.

It would have been effortless for Mr. Unterweger to meet me at the VIP deck, but he always kept a distance. It would have been easy for the creature on Solaris II to contact me, but it did not try. It seemed as this would not be by coincident, but due to an agreement between Mr. Unterweger and the creature. And this concerned me extremely, Mr. Unterweger concerned me extremely. I even pondered about resigning from my job, to try to forget all this.

But on the other hand, one day I would have to die, I would become nothing, nothing again. Why not becoming to a part of something greater? It was on me, tomorrow, next week, in a year, whenever. I would have to decide, but I felt like manipulated, manipulated in a way that I would have no chance to get a real clue that I had gotten manipulated. But wasn't this always the case? Why do we like someone or not, why do we elect a politician or not? Why do we choose to be left or right, why do we believe in a god or not, why do we like pizza more than chicken wings or not? Is it always our free and unswayed mind that stands behind our decisions? Hardly likely, most likely not, who is such a fool to believe that? But it did not help, I would have to decide, and it would be no solution to let coincidence be the decider. Or, would it be a difference at all? What would be, in fact, the difference between flipping my nickel, or continuing with pondering to come maybe sometime to any decision? Could it be that this would be the only question that would have been to answer?

### **A Dead Day**

I did some meaningful things  
I wasted plenty of time with meaningless things  
But I found no calm for writing and art  
I'm nervous

Friday will be an important day  
A new colleague  
The weekend alone  
The other cook on vacation from Monday on

Yeah, crucial days  
A crucial week  
How will it play out?  
I have to confess that I'm nervous

Nevertheless,  
It wasn't all wasted time today  
I think that I will write much tomorrow  
Some photographs should be

Was a long time in Washington last night and today  
No time and mind for London  
If this went wrong, the United States of America  
It will be more destructive than Russia could ever be

It's crazy how we humans are acting  
Totally destructive  
Jim Jordan suddenly a moderate?  
Don't be followed, he's still the fucking fundamentalist he always was.

Since 2020 all seems tumbling down  
Or started it with the oath of 45?  
I'm no Jew in a concentration camp  
I would lose all my faith and hope

Am I weak?  
A hero in no case.  
I only write down words  
That's nothing brave

Not in a nation like Germany  
Not if there's no publicness  
A low light  
A faint star in the sky

There are days I simply dislike myself, and they become more and more.

### **Auf GroÙer Fahrt**

In the midst of the ocean  
Half of the earth  
The wind is roaring  
All wet

The fingers numb  
Hardly find halt  
The deck so below  
It all will find no good end

And yet  
Dying in such a storm  
Fighting the elements  
Isn't it a grandiose final?

\*

The sun sets  
As almost every evening some clouds on the horizon  
Late in the year  
The evenings colder now again

A hot sip bestows warmth  
Let's close the jacket  
The bright star isn't a star  
It's the planet Venus

My hand wavers  
So old now  
So tired  
I close my eyes

\*

The chimpanzees came early in the morning  
The other group surprised  
They killed all the male members, raped the females  
Torn apart the young

A long fight, a war  
But the defenders could not stand  
The win was for the aggressors  
The winning ants looted the conquered anthill

What do ants, chimpanzees and humans have in common?  
Is it only "instinct", or more?  
Well, ants, but chimpanzees, humans?  
The place for humans in nature?

I do not feel good today.

### **A Good Day?**

My first day with the assistant cook  
It was also his first day  
He cleaned dishes at his former workplace  
But he's a cook

From Iran  
He cooked on a large Iranian cargo ship  
He showed me pictures of the ship  
He was in Egypt, Britain even

I have a good feeling  
Sure, alone over the weekend will not be possible  
At least in the near time  
But he seems to be a good support

Now the weekend  
Then the week with my colleague on vacation  
I will have to stand up very early tomorrow, 3:30 AM  
But then I can sleep longer, 4:30 AM

I have a massive headache  
I slept long the night, but not good  
A bad combination  
But I feel carefully optimistic now

A good weekend would help  
The next week should be safe  
Thereafter, it would be only three more weeks  
And I would be in Matosinhos

As said:  
Cautiously optimistic,  
I am.  
Yeah, I'm the great optimist!

But it should not sound too sarcastic  
It seems to develop  
Some more weeks  
Then it should be clear

But now I have to pay my tribute  
It all is exhausting  
No jazz club yesterday  
Of course!

Ice hockey today  
But I can't do it  
I need my sleep  
But now I would say

It all has a chance  
And the last two weeks have been more positive  
Today is the sixth  
Next months at this time I sit in the aeroplane

So, one month  
The month when we can watch all the developments  
Then I can summarize everything in Matosinhos  
If still needed

\*

5:17 PM  
I will go to bed no later than 7 PM  
Time to write something?  
Nah, not with this fucking headache

Two good days off, two bad days off, now I feel better again.

### **A Very Confusing Day**

The workday relatively easygoing today  
Compared to the last weeks  
Could it be  
That all can develop meaningfully

At least it seems so  
So, let it happen  
Not much headache today  
But somewhat tired

All in all  
It could be a good day  
A day to be optimistic  
But not if watching the news

Then everything changes dramatically.

### **An Insane Day**

As if it wouldn't be enough  
The Russian insanity  
Now a war in Israel?  
What the hell is Hamas thinking?

I could always understand the Palestinians  
But this action makes it very difficult  
If not impossible  
What do they expect now?

A two-state solution  
Is definitely dead now  
And who wouldn't understand this  
I only hope that the Palestinians living in Israel will stay calm

Russia backs the Hamas action?  
Fine, war dogs love war dogs  
What about some Wagner guys for Palestine  
This all makes no sense

The mad GOP in the States  
A coward as chancellor in Germany  
This all is so devastating  
In four weeks I will wake up in Matosinhos

Not much seems meaningful today.

### **A World In Turmoil**

Well, was it different at any former time?  
I don't think so  
We might think so  
But be "matter-of-fact"

The turmoil hits us very directly currently  
The pandemic, climate change has reached us  
The war in Ukraine and now in Israel  
But these things constantly happen around the world

Not to talk about  
Some have a daily fight for food  
Some have a daily fight for water  
Some have a daily fight for freedom and peace

A world in turmoil  
Like yesterday  
And tomorrow  
Since the beginning of historical narration

\*

A good workday again  
Tomorrow the district manager is in  
I will have a conversation with him  
But it's still exhausting, physically and mentally

A lot could develop  
Not much so far  
Still have no real clue what the ultimate structure of the staff shall be  
But hey, they also do not

As well as what our range of tasks should be  
But this wouldn't be unimportant for every planning  
We're already not enough today  
This is the common insight

Okay,  
Let's see what the next days will offer  
I will have only a day off, on next Saturday  
Next Sunday I will work yet again

I'm somewhat exhausted  
Tired  
Slight headache  
But, all in all, not so bad

Some writing should be today  
I find more ground again with every day  
The crisis definitely behind me  
I'm thrilled to imagine being in Matosinhos soon again

Let's start again with some more writing.



## **Ponder On**

I ponder on adding "P.M." to "Short Cuts"  
To simplify next year's writing  
Would give it a good structure  
A simple one

"Diary" would include "Insights" and "Comments"  
"Short Cuts" would include parts like "Solaris II" or "Bad Friedrichshall, L.A."  
"Memories" would stay as such with no time limitation  
Two major stories left

I would start with "Days", with the goal to finish it over the year  
Later the year "Death In Matosinhos" would join  
I think that this would be a good step  
Still undecided about "Other Arts"

## **Tomorrow's Tasks**

One day in London  
To finish the paragraph 3.2 ("Memories")  
The rest we can see  
But this seems to be realistic

## **A Day Of Big Disappointment**

Was a fucking night  
Again problems with my back  
But I wouldn't be alone  
It should be no big problem

The new assistant cook had a cold today  
A test  
Well, corona  
At least this week at home

Wow, alone in the kitchen again  
And a nervous back  
And fucking meals to cook over this week  
I'm pissed off

It doesn't function  
I'm tired  
I'm tired of this all  
Will become a nonsensical week

Or, maybe not?  
I have to stand up early again  
I have to do all alone  
Starting with cleaning the dishes

I'm tired  
No London and no Memories  
I hope that I can sleep this night  
Have bought more painkillers

I will lay down on the settee now  
And will hopefully sleep somewhat  
Is it all becoming more stupid with every day  
Or is it just a feeling?

Maybe tomorrow will give me an answer.

### **Lost Forever**

Have written a text  
But I have lost it  
And I cannot restore it  
Forget it

\*

Today was a hard workday  
But at least  
Things are developing  
Tomorrow will become a very interesting day

Either the matter will get a good impulse now  
Or it's ultimately over  
Let us see  
I'm strangely relaxed

\*

I talked about my heavy dreams that I had last night  
And that I look forward to more tonight

Forget it, let's go to bed.

## **Becoming Denser**

Yeah, I took an important step today  
Stepping back is no longer possible  
Tomorrow will tell a lot  
Distinct development

And yet  
Important information is missing  
I should get it tomorrow  
This evening, maybe even?  
Crunchtime!

Let's go to bed and wait joyfully for tomorrow (to be clear, that was pure sarcasm).

## **What A Tomorrow!**

I expected a difficult day  
And it became one  
And tomorrow will also be difficult  
Saturday, a day off

But only Saturday  
Sunday will be the next workday  
The next seven days  
But

Next week will become interesting  
I filed a complaint  
It will be processed next week  
Things are developing

Okay,  
No real writing today  
Shocking pictures from Israel  
 Hamas

The aim of Hamas is to destroy Israel  
Hey, doesn't this look familiar?  
It sounds very German, annihilate all Jews  
Or Putin, destroy Ukraine

It's a sorrowful time - how laughable are my problems.

## **Full Braking**

It got more and more difficult to work over the last few days  
I got a critique for my cooking yesterday, it did not taste  
Normally they like it much  
I pondered going to the doctor while at home

But I did not, and I started working  
At 4:00 AM  
But it did not really function  
I asked for a replacement so that I could go to the doctor, I worked until just after 9 AM

Headache, limb pain, I had to cough, suchlike  
I made a corona test, the assistant cook on Monday had corona  
Negative  
The doctor diagnosed the flu

Unfit for work until next Friday  
It gives me time to sleep a lot  
To try to recover  
Some writing eventually

But not today  
I slept for a while  
Now I am eating something  
Then more sleep

Let's see how tomorrow will unfold  
Would have been a day off anyway  
But I fear that Sunday, my next workday alone, would have become the final disaster  
It's better this way

I will not get up tomorrow - well, I have to go shopping, the fridge is empty, but that will be all.  
Some writing maybe, a day in London possibly.

## **Rapid Developments**

My first day of sick leave  
Did not much  
I had to do some shopping in the morning  
It was predicted that it would be a rainy day

As I left the house, it did not rain  
As I arrived at the shopping center, it had started to rain  
As I finished my shopping, it poured  
As I was home again, half an hour later, it had stopped raining again

Okay,  
Since then  
It rains, it doesn't rain, it pours  
And I slept a lot

I got an email from a restaurant  
Whether I would still be interested in starting work there  
Well, had a short phone call  
I will be there on Monday afternoon

I cannot simply decline such a possibility  
I have to check it  
I saw an interesting offer for a job as a salesman over the last few days  
I will phone on Monday morning

I cannot longer decline such a possibility  
I have to check it  
If still available  
But it will be on Monday

I have slept a lot today  
Now I have eaten something  
Then I will be with my collections for a time  
To lay down again

Hearing the horror from Israel  
An in Palatine?  
Israel has to react  
Has to destroy Hamas

Well,  
The ultimatum seems to be short  
And the action from Egypt is doubtful  
But Hamas has to pay the price for this atrocity

\*

I do not feel good  
Eat large amounts of sweets  
Have bought a lot of chocolate and pastry  
Have eaten much chocolate and all the pastry

I need it  
This is not the time to lose weight  
I gain weight  
But I have to recover first

Today, no writing  
Most likely also not tomorrow  
I will sleep as much as possible  
It's a difficult time - next week will be a week of much movement

## Not Working

The first day, not working  
I feel tired and empty  
I have slept long at night  
Stood up for eating, slept again

Now I'm up again  
To be up for some time  
To eat something  
More horror in Israel and Palestine

It's good not to work today  
It wouldn't have function  
I'm very down  
Some activity tomorrow

The phone call in the morning  
The visit to the restaurant  
At 4 PM  
Late in the afternoon

This allows me plenty of time to do my best  
Not looking too ill  
Can start very slowly tomorrow  
Can be focused on 4 PM and the conversation

Today?  
Not much  
I will be back in bed soon  
But I need some time outside now

\*

I have no real idea currently  
Where I will work at the end of the year  
If I travel to Matosinhos in November  
In three weeks

But,  
I have an apparent idea about next year's writing  
And I think that it will become very interesting  
Even if I cannot imagine much for the moment

The only thing I should really achieve until then is  
That I prepare "Days" for the real writing  
But this is still be possible  
There is no need to hurry or become desperate

\*

I feel exhausted now  
Even if I have slept so much  
And I slept in deed a much  
I see this as a sign of my current status

Especially the last seven days  
This was too much  
A downer nearly every day  
And the infection on top

I need the time-out  
Even if I see no effect so far  
But at least  
I can sleep a lot, I can dream a lot

I should eat something now, a new tea - maybe thereafter a short writing?

## **Sports**

Hey,  
German ice hockey and  
American football  
On TV

Let's do some sport  
This will do me good  
No further writing, I would say  
Let's be somewhat active

In front of the TV  
Lying on the bed  
Eating  
I feel so fucking tired

My limbs ache  
Headache  
Big play  
It will not be a long evening

Let's see how tomorrow unfolds.

## **On A Monday Evening**

Stood up late  
And I liked it  
Ate and slept again for a while  
Then I was at the restaurant

A cook wants to leave  
I could come  
No exact date  
But that suits me fine

We can give everything time  
Maybe I will look around  
A job as a salesman  
Another butchery searches

Whatever  
I'm exhausted now  
Have not done much  
But

No plans for tomorrow  
I think I should write something  
A day in London?  
Sleeping, eating, and some writing?

That sounds good to me  
I need recovery  
Do not fool me  
After all these fucking days and weeks

A bit of TV  
Eating  
Sleep  
That my evening will be

## **Solaris II**

### **All As Per Normal?**

Mr. Unterweger had left the station, and the entity on Solaris II did not contact me again. Mr. Unterweger told me as he left: You know, you only have to ask, to think of it, and everything will be possible.

Well, that had been a few weeks ago, and I did my job as nothing would be. What was obvious was that, so far, no humans had become a part of the entity on Solaris II. Shuttles flew occasionally to Solaris II, mostly with scientists, but they all returned. At least as far as I could get knowledge about it.

On Earth, groups had formed, some called them cults and secret societies. It seemed to me that they would prepare the fusion of humans with the entity on Solaris II.



I pondered about it, and every so often I was nearly besotted with this imagination. This shocked me. I was not a very emotional person, at least I did not show my feelings to others. I was never aroused by anything. I was rational and cold-blooded, something couldn't be right. I had the feeling that I got manipulated, or did I only allow my feelings to surface? More and more, it seemed natural to me to become a part of the entity on Solaris II. As it would have been my fate since the time I was a young girl, as I spoke with it. I felt more confused every day.

### **A Frustrating Day**

Stood up late  
I made a phone call  
Ate  
My right foot pains

It began over the night  
Severe during the morning  
Now somewhat better  
I did nothing, I do not understand why

As if the knee and elbow wouldn't be enough  
I should get an email and a return call  
I wait  
It's frustrating today

Okay,  
It's Tuesday  
Much can still happen  
Maybe I should take a walk?

But it's cold today  
Wet, even if not raining  
Should become better with the days  
So let's stay in

I have the feeling that today is the worst of the last few days  
Since at home  
Severe headache, my eyes are sensible, and I like it dark  
My limbs hurt, the throat somewhat better, the nose as well

Always the same news from Israel and Palestine  
I try to stay upwards for a while  
My back hurts  
Too many lying

\*

It's 3:54 PM  
I have slept after eating  
I'm tired  
But I should be at least a bit active

I would like to write something  
We will see  
Fucking Jordan must not become speaker  
This would be a disaster

A new tea  
The first pot is empty  
I drink a lot today  
Seems not to be wrong

It will be a lost day today.

## **Matosinhos Blue**

### **Being Soon Back Again?**

Could it be that I will soon be back again, at the place, I see more and more as my home? My place of longing, my Arcadia, with the advantage, that my Arcadia is a real existing place called Matosinhos? Everything seems to be in question presently, for more than one reason. On the other hand, what should prevent me from going there? At least, if I do not allow anything to prevent me from going?

In three weeks, on Tuesday, the seventh of November, it will be my first whole day in Matosinhos again. Whatever happens until then, on this day I will get up in Matosinhos. I will walk the short distance to the pasteleria at the corner, and I will order my breakfast: Uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada, faz favour.

### **No Energy To Visit London**

Thought yesterday,  
That I could visit London today  
But I don't have the power  
A visit to London needs some time

The next day will be a long day  
Two hours at least, I would say  
I do not have the power at the moment  
To keep my concentration that long

Thus,  
London has to wait  
But still  
Enough time by far to prepare "Days" for next year

And now?  
Some TV  
Dinner, some bread, and cheese  
Back to bed again

It was a difficult day today - let's see how tomorrow unfolds.

## In The Middle Of The Week

Better than yesterday  
Yesterday was hard  
I have eaten something, a new tea  
I'm fucking tired and have problems to concentrate

I will wait until the vote  
Then I will go to bed again  
It was hard to stand up this morning  
A bad night, my back hurts

In the bed  
On the settee  
On the floor  
On the settee again

I tried to walk a bit  
To be outside  
But it started to rain  
Back in the house again

\*

I feel more stable today  
Ear, nose, and throat better  
The ears itching  
I would always like to take something to scratch inside my ears

But this wouldn't be a good idea  
I still eat a lot of sweet stuff  
Not good for my stomach  
It gets obnoxious

I hope I can get on track tomorrow  
I have to stop to eat that sweet shit  
I aim to work on Monday again  
We will see

\*

Is everything getting even worse?  
Well, a war in Ukraine  
Now there is a war in Palestine  
I have no idea

I need some sleep  
A whole night  
But this seems far away  
Let's watch the latest daily news

I'm not sure if I want to fly back home the next time I'm in Matosinhos.

## **Surrealistic Pillow**

### **Manatee**

I dive into the water, drown in it, and Miles plays the trumpet. A manatee joins me, and I say:  
It's so long ago that I saw you. I feel caught, so long I have not thought of you, nearly have forgotten you. And yet, you have been so important to me.  
But the manatee, polite as always, answered:  
You know, I'm always with you. Not like the black swans on your back, or the ballerina paradise bird with her keen look. I'm deep in you, in your heart and soul.  
I nearly.....but then I understood. She would never let me alone, and we started to explore the sea together. Miles, John, Bill, and the others, provided the hovering music - hey, she said, do not forget the Cannonball! You never can forget the Cannanball, and Paul, James, and Wynton!  
Yeah, they were all fantastic, the playing together was the magic. The manatee and I, together we dived, but as much as I strived, I was so sad, disappointed, and sleepy. The manatee said:  
Let's take a rest on the ocean's bed. I will embrace you, and you never have to return to the surface again.  
I close my eyes, and the ultimate feeling of comfort and security conquers me.

### **Thursday**

Thursday  
No jazz club  
No real writing anyway  
Tomorrow should be the day

I have to become more active again  
I plan to start working on Monday again  
I feel much better today  
But tired anyway

Let's make tomorrow a better day.

### **A Bad Morning**

Friday  
A bad morning  
Felt much worse than yesterday and the day before  
Late in the afternoon, I feel somewhat better

My aim would be  
To work on Monday again  
I would prefer that some matters develop  
But not as long as I'm sick

I hate the always being at home  
Again - a cold, wet, and rainy day  
I need more exercise  
At least, I have stopped eating all that sweet shit

I will try a restart tomorrow  
Standing up not too late  
A walk would be good  
The weather is possibly better

More writing!  
A day in London wouldn't be bad  
The only essential matter left regarding writing for that year  
Would be the preparation of "Days"

I try to be up until 9 PM  
Uploading  
Then, or a bit later, to bed  
Would be time enough until then to write something

London is too demanding  
But there's more  
I need regular days again  
Should look forward to Matosinhos

Let's see, another year has soon passed.

### **At Least**

At least  
Some writing today  
I'm tired  
But in a different way

Upload  
Maybe some TV?  
Hope for a better tomorrow  
We will see

At least some progress, after this difficult morning.

## **A Tale Of Two Cities**

Was for some hours in Heilbronn  
And for two days in London  
But now I'm tired  
Let's see what is still possible

At least  
I walked more today than the last whole week  
Let's also make tomorrow an active day  
One more day in London and a memory wouldn't be bad  
  
But now some relaxation, the rest we will see.

## **It's Not About**

It's not about Ukraine  
It's not about Russia  
It's not about Israel  
It's not about Palestine

It's about how we define ourselves as humans  
It's about how we act as humans  
It's about what we allow as humans what other humans are doing  
It's about humanity

I'm sometimes nothing more than simply a stupid, ridiculous, naive, old dumbass.

## **Tomorrow Will Be Monday**

A day in London  
But no memory  
It would still be time  
6:16 PM

I will go to bed soon  
Let's see how tomorrow will unfold  
I destroyed my telescope yesterday  
But this is not so bad

I still pondered buying a new one  
A smaller one  
Easier to handle  
Now I have to buy a new one

I'm undecided about the size  
Smaller in any case  
I'm somewhat disorientated today  
Tomorrow will be important

Give me some time to prepare  
To see what will happen  
I'm somewhat nerved  
I need some new orientation

I'm sick of all that shit around me.

### **A Day In London**

A day in London, I was  
Not much more will happen today  
Was a quiet workday  
After a strange night

Intense dreaming  
But this is good  
I long for the next long sleep  
More intensive dreams

As far as I can see  
I will come to terms again during the week  
Working on the weekend  
Next Monday and Tuesday are days off

And then?  
All eyes are on Matosinhos now  
I should decide which telescope I buy  
I and my problems

\*

It's strange  
All in all, I have the feeling  
That I have it  
It will be all over in seven years

And hey,  
It's just fucking seven years  
Yeah, seven years in front  
But a day further on, every day

This week should be easy, I have support  
The next week will be short  
Two weeks in Matosinhos then  
The next month will be over

\*

Today is a wasted day  
Could have done more  
But it's good  
I'm stressed out about it

I'm stressed out about running in circles  
Yeah, there is progress  
But no break through  
Gosh, I long for Matosinhos, it's so near now

\*

I have to train myself  
I have to learn to be more disciplined  
I will otherwise not be able to reach my aims  
When do I get a grip on it?

I sit at the table  
I have to decide  
But when I always fold  
I will never be able to win anything

Until the end of the year  
No longer  
Until the end of the year  
I have to tell it to me every day

I want to become an author, an artist, and a photographer, this is my aim.

### **I Wanna Become**

I filled once a whole page  
Right at the beginning  
"This Is My Show"  
Today I have to start

At the beginning of every day  
At the end of every day  
I have to bring it constantly to mind  
What my aims are



Let's try to start with it tomorrow  
Working has to be working  
To make my money  
For a living

To have the resources  
To live in Matosinhos  
To spend the rest of my days as an artist and writer  
But not now

Now, I'm still a pupil  
I have to prove it next year  
"Days" and "Death In Matosinhos"  
These have to become my first extended works

The two weeks in Matosinhos  
Photography has to be a focus  
To catch the mood of Matosinhos  
I have to be more demanding

Enough words  
A last view in the mirror  
Before going to bed  
I have one aim, one aim, one aim

To write novels and short stories, to make impressive photographs.

### **I Feel Relaxed**

Yeah, because I will get it  
Have bought me a new telescope  
A smaller one  
Will get it, possibly, over the week

It weighs around half of the old one  
Is handier

Yeah, I'm getting old  
Who cares, there are enough possibilities, even with a smaller one

It feels different today  
It might not show up much in writing  
Most likely not  
But it feels different today

\*

I still have some problems in the morning  
The infection  
But sleeping is interesting currently  
And it gets better with every day

The goal is  
To be in good spirit  
When being in Matosinhos  
"London" should be finished when I am in Germany again

It gives me six weeks for "Matosinhos"  
Around forty days to prepare twenty-eight days  
If this is not enough  
Then I have to feel like a wimp

My goal until Matosinhos  
To be on track again  
Finishing as many days in London as possible  
To be in a more positive mood again

Until the end of the year?  
Sure, finishing preparing "Days" for the writing  
Losing as much weight as possible  
Arranging some matters

The job?  
Who cares?  
Maybe still in the retirement home  
Or a butchery, or a restaurant, or whatever

\*

A shower now  
Have eaten  
London waits  
One day will be enough for today

I feel good!

*If you want some dirty lies, I can do that for you - Thanks, Lizzy!*

## **London**

Not finished the day  
But this is okay  
Some days in London  
Will become very long now

With many details  
They need a longer time  
But so far  
I'm satisfied with today

Continuation tomorrow.

### **Short Cuts**

In the middle of the week  
After a day in London  
After a hard morning  
Felt bad during work

I have an impulse  
Not London today  
Short Cuts today  
Even if it's not yet 2024

\*

I need to concentrate for a longer time when in London  
I do not have this today  
My telescope is on the way  
Should arrive tomorrow

Well, bad weather for the rest of the week  
And also mostly rain over the next week  
But the prediction so far  
Holds out the prospect of one or two clear nights at the end of next week

But enough said, let's start with some writing.

### **Short Cuts**

#### **Sitting At The Table**

A table, a spotlight over it, not much is to see. A wooden table, an old table, a shabby table. Two chairs, like the table, opposite each other. Two boys are sitting on those chairs, looking in the eyes of each other.

Oh, I nearly forgot, a handgun in the middle of the table, between the boys. And two men, hardly visible in the half-light, were speaking with the boys.

"Take the gun and shoot this Jew, he's not more than vermin. It's our land," one of the men whispers to the boy in front of him.

"Take the gun and shoot this Palestinian, he's not more than vermin. It's our land," the other whispers to the boy in front of him.

"Don't hesitate, do not fall for him, only because he does not look very different than you."

"Don't hesitate, do not fall for him, only because he does not look very different than you."

"He can take the gun every second, he will take the gun, do you want to be killed by this Jew?"

"He can take the gun every second, he will take the gun, do you want to be killed by this Palestinian?"

"It's only an act of self-defense, not more."

"It's only an act of self-defense, not more."

This continues for a while, none of the boys is moving. Two old men appear, one behind each boy, both armed. They aim their guns, both are shooting the boy in front of each other.

\*

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"It's only an act of self-defense, not more."

This continues for a while, then one of the boys takes the gun. Two old men appear, one behind each boy, both unarmed. They are very pleased with what they are seeing.

## **Let's Be My Queen**

Wow, the Arab queen suffers with the mothers and children in Palestine. Yeah, it's hard suffering, in your little palace, in your little Barbie world.

I nearly had to vomit, hearing her. The Arab world shits on the Palestinians, these non-democratic model countries. I decided that I would need a cocktail. This was a good idea, had no alcohol in house, thus I had to leave.

\*

We were fucking creatures, I thought, zipping at my Old Fashioned. Well, in a nation where every traffic stop could mean to be dead, for the police officer as well as for the driver, especially if non-white. I owned a gun, not only one, as a private investigator. Had killed and nearly gotten killed, what was hotter than the hottest pussy? For an American "men" this question was easy to answer: A gun, a fat gun, a fucking deadly gun, the more perverted the better. The Old Fashioned tasted strange today.

\*

I enter the safe room, crowded with people, I look into their eyes. I get horny seeing their fear, and jerk off while pulling the trigger, hearing them screaming. Satisfied with my work, especially also seeing those who were badly injured, but not dead - a baby lies in her mother's blood, dead, I would say, both of them. I look for the others.

A radical settler raises his gun, pulls the trigger, and kills the Palestinian boy in front of him. I felt threatened by him, he says, even if he was not armed and not aggressive.

\*

It's like with the niggers in the USA, I think, while walking home through the nightly cold. As a white person in the USA, threatened by so much, especially by those, trying to steal your justified wealth and honor. It was a crazy world to live in, but the only. Had read a news recently, a "physicist" claimed to have found the proof that we would live in a simulation. Well, tell this to the spoiled Arab Barbie queen, maybe she would then be able again, to enjoy all her amenities again? What a crazy world we lived in.

### **The Telescope Arrived!**

Of course  
I had to assemble it  
Made a mistake  
Had to do it twice

Well  
It rains  
It will rain the next few days  
But I have it, and it's ready for first light

Well  
One more story should be possible  
But then, enough for today  
No jazz club tomorrow

No jazz club before Matosinhos  
Jazz club in Porto  
And then also in Heilbronn again  
More writing tomorrow

I feel good? At least not that bad.

### **Short Cuts**

#### **Living In Germany**

The biggest German fear today?, he questioned me. Well, I answered, we fear young Arab men the most today. Is it a qualified fear?, he continued. Well, I answered, as far as I see it, it's still a vast

majority of German men who rape German women and girls, not men from Arab countries. But it might be that this will change in the distant future.

Isn't it strange, now nearly sixty years of age, standing in a bakery or butchery, not to mention in a supermarke? In my youth, I had not to turn, Germans would stand behind me in the line - at least most likely, a Turk maybe, but not so likely. And today? One could never be certain, it could even be an Arab or so.

I dream of spending my retirement in Portugal, I told him. That's okay, he replied, it's still the EU, you're from an EU country, that fits. Portugal is very Catholic, I said, I do not believe in God. But Portugal is EU, he stated, they are liberal in the end, and polite. They would not execute me like Muslims would do, like Iranians or so, Saudi Arabia. I should be relaxed about being an atheist, at least regarding living in Portugal. I did not tell him that I did not see myself as an atheist, and pondered on Arab hospitality.

### **You Better You Better You**

I feel better today  
Can breathe again  
Nose and throat better  
But I'm fucking tired

I have to get up early tomorrow  
Saturday as well  
Monday through Wednesday are days off  
Matosinhos will then be very near

No London today  
I want to enjoy the day in Little Venice  
But I'm too tired today  
I would like to check out my new dobson

Much smaller than the previous  
But should be large enough to continue with my current observation program  
Two or three stars could become difficult during the minima  
At least during faint minima

But we will see  
I need a rest  
Some eating  
Early to bed then

The next mass shooting in the US  
Who cares?  
Buy more guns to improve your safety  
Never be bowling again, being at a mall

I feel much better  
The infection behind me  
But I need a lot of sleep now  
To recover ultimately

Not much has to happen until Matosinhos  
Apart from that, I should be in good condition again  
In a good mood  
Not sick

Let's be happy, let's be sad, let's be all whatever you wanna, but never what those would like.

## Short Cuts

### Uma Torrada

"Uma torrada," I said. "A nation that enjoys something like uma torrada for breakfast, together with one of the many coffee variations, or a tea, of course, even a glass of milk, a nation that enjoys something like uma torrada for breakfast can only be a nice nation."

"I do not really understand what you mean," he replied.

"Come on, the British, for instance? Sausages, beans, fried eggs, toast, marmalade, and so much more? This is simply disgusting! Or the Germans? Wurst and cheese, boiled eggs, bread and rolls, in many variations, marmalade and honey, cereals and such stuff, and all the rest? This is disgusting! But, two thicker slices of simple toast, roasted, with butter and salt, each cut into three "fingers"? A nation that enjoys such a delight for breakfast has to be a wonderful nation."

"Okay, but every day the same?" he had no idea about what he said.

"Apart from, such a paradisiacal bliss one can have not often enough, of course, there are alternatives. But, if you have once tasted the taste of paradise, everything else becomes secondary."

"I don't know, isn't that fairly less for a breakfast?" he was an ignoramus.

"Not if the next pasteleria is only one, maybe two blocks away. Not, if you can eat all day long. A café and - and sorry to all Portuguese people that I name it so - a snack is always and everywhere possible. A food market, frequently with daily meals and wonderful pastries, is also always an alternative. The whole day long, everywhere, these people know what makes life enjoyable, like more than one café a day."

Paradise is a place on Earth  
It smells of roasted bread and butter  
The scent of café cuts through the air  
Paradise is a place on Earth

A small country by the ocean  
Some dark moments in history  
But man, nothing compared to other nations, like mine  
A small country by the ocean

Paradise is a place on Earth  
A real existing Arcadia  
Also there, not everything is perfect  
But it's nevertheless, especially therefore, Paradise on Earth

## Friday, 5:17 PM

A long and demanding day  
An ill staffer  
Worked longer  
I'm exhausted

Have to stand up at 3:30 AM  
Washing the dishes  
Preparing breakfast  
Cooking

Preparations for Sunday  
And Sunday will be the same, only with more cooking  
For Sunday and Monday  
Days off, Monday until Wednesday?

At the evening of November the sixth  
I will stand at Matosinhos beach  
My next monthly picture  
I will make in Matosinhos

But today?  
I will go to bed in an hour or so  
Eat something  
Have made a coffee  
But not more for today

\*

It all seems so unimportant  
The infection is better  
I sweated extremely during the last nights  
But it helps

I have to be in good shape when travelling to Matosinhos  
"London" will be my prime focus from Monday until Wednesday  
Maybe there will be some continuation tomorrow and on Sunday  
I'm confident in my skills

\*

Some people hunting down a dream their whole life  
Yeah, there's a little opportunity that they will catch their dream  
The irony?  
That did not necessarily mean that they attain happiness

Would I be happy, would I catch my dream?  
Well, not necessarily  
Would depend on the circumstances  
It does not automatically would mean happiness



I do not like my current life  
It's not the worst thinkable  
That would be like spitting on them, who live an awful life  
But I do not like it

I'm exhausted, I should go to bed.

### **Free Falling?**

A strange feeling affects me  
Fuck, I have done it  
Soon I will be back home again  
At least for a short while

I hate this nation more with every passing day  
I hate being here more with every passing day  
We're a nation of wieners  
We're screwing up this nation

We're yammering about everything  
Not able to address any problem  
Not within decades  
We're the masters of taking everything to death

I do feel fucking  
I'm exhausted  
I'm exhausted  
I do feel fucking

Running down a dream  
Fuck, I like it more every day  
Life as such  
Only a vehicle

I'm so damn tired  
But soon, three days  
Then four more  
And I have done it

Two essential weeks are waiting  
What I hate most right now  
Is this standstill  
I need more motion

After Matosinhos  
Maybe even there  
I need some development  
Whatever it will be

I'm ready now  
Everything is prepared for 2024  
Except "Days"  
I will have a second focus on photography

"Comics"  
That's not bad  
Ponder about joining the White Swan and the Black Swan with the Little Devil  
Let's see

I will go to bed early again  
I have lost weight again  
Feel much fitter again  
Fuck, I will be in Matosinhos again!

However fucking the last two years have been  
I have established it, being in Matosinhos every six months or so  
A main goal is achieved  
Hey!

Six years, maybe six years and a half, maybe even shorter  
Say:  
Twelve further times in Matosinhos,  
And I will stay there forever.

If this isn't a nice prospect  
This will be my fifth time - or so  
A wave of joy lets my body shiver  
I have tears in my eyes

Tears of joy  
Yeah,  
If I have enough time  
Then I will become a great writer and photographer

Yeah,  
I still need some more time  
But this will be the only thing I still need  
The rest is already there

I've never ever had this feeling so intense  
Rudimentary  
But then I always wrote shit like:  
I hope to change, but I also fear the consequences for me.

Today I say:  
Fuck of all consequences  
You little lousy wiener  
Let the ride begin

Running Down A Dream  
It always rains  
And it seems now  
That it will rain until Matosinhos

No first light for my new telescope  
But  
Thereafter  
I feel aroused

\*

Tell me your secret  
Why should I have one?  
You have everything I dream of  
Are you sure?

The ocean will be my grave  
I know that I will do something crazy before I leave the stage  
But not such an American shit  
Killing dozens of people and then me

I might fall in love one day  
That would be really crazy  
Trusting someone  
Sharing very private things with someone

Gosh,  
I feel like eighteen  
Or even sixteen or so  
I never felt like that at that age

Fifty-eight  
Feeling like eighteen or so  
Yeah,  
I sometimes need some more time

I will go to bed now  
One more working day  
I look forward to the coming days off  
It will be, one day

Then they ask me about my early writing  
My writing in Germany  
And I say:  
Yeah, I needed some warming up - so the first ten years plus

But not today  
And not tomorrow  
I have gained weight while eating a lot of sweet shit  
I have lost the weight again, eating consequent

I felt lousy last week  
This week, with every day better  
I still have mood swing  
But I can always handle it better

L.A. Is My Lady, he sang  
Yeah, she's a fucking bitch  
If you pay, she gives you everything  
Apart from tenderness and warmth

I will never see Los Angeles again  
It's hard to admit  
But  
Not this evening

I have reached the point, turning back is no longer possible, and I'm aroused by it!

### **Out To Dinner**

Was out for dinner  
With the usual relatives  
Yeah, it's Sunday  
Three days off!

It was a long, but fairly relaxed, day  
A lot of work  
But now it's done  
I slept for a while, then went out for dinner

Of course  
I will not write something today  
I will go to bed soon  
For a long sleep

Shopping tomorrow  
Cooking and eating  
It constantly rains  
And it will be no better tomorrow

Hey,  
That would be perfect weather to stay at home  
And do some.....what about some writing?  
I have to start with preparations for the travel

I start to be jazzed  
Like a child awaiting the circus or something like that  
I have to become more childish again  
Being on a fascinating trip

Lisboa has its well-known poet, a chest with thousands of pages, we have the internet today  
Matosinhos has its poetess  
She committed suicide in Matosinhos, thirty-six years of age  
I have the feeling that we have much in common

I'm over twenty years older than you were, but I will also die in Matosinhos.

*I'm going out to dinner, with a gorgeous singer,  
To a little place I've found down by the quay;  
Her name is Patricia, she calls herself Delicia,  
And the reason isn't very hard to see  
(Patricia The Stripper; Chris De Burgh)*

### **First Day Off**

After an active morning  
I had to lay down in the afternoon  
Slept for a time  
Totally exhausted

I was out for a short time  
Wet, but at least no rain  
It's getting better now  
Started to prepare for the travel

No London today  
But I have hope that I will be there tomorrow  
No shopping and suchlike I have to do  
Some cooking

\*

The last week has cost me a lot of energy  
Four more days  
My aim for Matosinhos  
To start becoming a local

Sure,  
Only to start with it  
Jazz club in any case  
I should start to have conversations with the people

I have to get it in my mind  
Matosinhos is my home now  
Even if I stay there only for a short time over the year  
But this would fit

Many Portuguese live and work abroad  
Christmas is always a time to come home  
To spend this time at home with your relatives  
I have to see it in this light

\*

I intensify the pondering on a place to live  
Rent no real estate  
Near the ocean  
But not too much light because of observing stars

The outskirts of Matosinhos?  
I plan to visit some realtors  
To get some insights and impressions  
I have to start making sustainable steps in Matosinhos

\*

A mixed day so far  
I need more sleep  
I need my vacation  
I see a positive future

It might be that the upcoming years will be still difficult, but it should all play out.

### **Florbela**

The flowers are charming in Matosinhos  
Young and old  
Of different descent  
So elegant

I'm only clumpy German undergrowth  
I am delighted to be allowed to be among you for some time  
Just to hear the sounds in the air  
Will I ever be able to mimic them?

Wars around  
Humans are slaughtering humans  
A view of the width of the ocean  
Calms me down

\*

Not only once I passed you  
I sometimes noticed you  
Sometimes not  
Still a stranger in town

But now I have to start  
To dive deeper  
And you, Florbela,  
You will be my guide.

A beautiful guide  
A young guide  
For the old, cloddish man  
A guide, able to decide

\*

The birds in the sky  
You know, there's this woman in Los Angeles  
She will be forever in my head  
Would this be okay for you?

And another woman  
Riding on her most beloved horse  
She will also be forever a part of me  
Would this be okay for you?

I can understand them immediately  
Your language I will most likely never understand enough  
To understand the beauty of your words  
Would this be okay for you?

I feel so.....I have no words - please be my guide and mistress.

## **Second Day Off**

Better today  
But exhausted again after lunch  
I had to sleep  
It's short to 6 PM

No London  
I do not have enough power  
I had contact with three restaurants today  
And a retirement home

It's good to develop activities  
To see the alternatives  
It's good to head towards vacation  
I feel much stronger again

I feel like I'm at the helm  
Sure, in stormy water  
But it's only a storm  
Like many before

There's a harbor  
Still far away  
But reachable  
Even that it will be a hard sail

\*

More writing today, I hope so  
No week anymore  
There will be a continuation  
After the vacation in Matosinhos

I feel happy in a way  
Knowing now that it will be my way  
But allow me  
The days until Matosinhos

I have to clarify something  
I went to bed very early yesterday  
Long in bed  
Was good

The same today  
Will do me good  
I have to be fitter  
Until Matosinhos

\*

Well, I'm still not there  
Well, I still need more time  
But in the long run  
I will get it

But now, let's have a relaxed evening.

## **Short Cuts**

### **Death In The Slaughterhouse**

""Slaughterhouse Five", have you read the novel?" She was truly interested in getting further information about me. Talking about art, literature, was always a good way to get real information about another person.

"Vonnegut," I thought that it would be good to mention the author's name, to show that I knew it. "Vonnegut, have not read that much of him, I have to confess. And it's a longer time since I have read "Slaughterhouse Five"."

"What impressed you the most, what stuck in your mind?" She wanted to know.

A real acceptable question, and I had read the novel, in fact, shortly after it got published,



but.....should I be honest? Should I talk about the young girls taking a shower, death the next day? Sure, it was an image, the youth, beautiful, and death the next day by an airstrike. Life was always at risk in a war zone. It didn't matter if you were young or old, beautiful or not, a woman or a man. Death grabbed everybody joyfully.

"That the novel has no strict timeline. It was not very common at that time." I thought that this would be a good answer, hoping that she wouldn't be interested in details. Maybe I should try to enter on better ground? "I'm always interested in the latest developments. Postmodern literature affects me the most. Coover's new novel, "The Public Burning", is fantastic. I think that he's already one of our most important authors."

"Pricksongs and Descants" got published in the same year as "Slaughterhouse Five". "The Universal Baseball Association" a year before." Wow, I had read all the novels, with delight, as well as "The Origin of Brunists" of course, but did I still need all the years of publication? "I do not stick much with this "postmodern" stuff. They have talked for a hundred years or so about postmodern art, this is ridiculous. Gaddis, Barth, Barthelme, not to mention Pynchon. This is easy literature, you can write anything."

Wow, I liked this postmodern stuff. "Lost in the Funhouse" I had read with much delight. Should I be interested in a closer relationship with her. Of course, she was very intellectual, but she also represented this typical New York arrogance. She was hot, what was defined as hot on the East Coast at the end of the 70s. I lived at the wrong time, on the wrong coast. Twenty years ago, on the West Coast?

"You're interested in South American literature?" I asked.

"Gosh, no! This is New York. The world looks at us, why should we look at the world?" She said this deeply convinced.

Yeah, the center of the world's greatest nation ever. This city would create the monsters that would destroy our nation. But hey, it was 1978, why think on such a shit?

## **Tomorrow**

"Days" and "Memories" should be the aim  
And if not?  
Well, there will be a time  
As long as I write

And I will write until the day of my death.

## **The Third Day Off**

Well,  
I feel empty  
I do not feel good  
Like walking in mud  
  
It goes forward  
But very slow  
And it costs a lot of power  
Four workdays ahead

Various possibilities  
But nothing really develops  
Should get feedback  
But nothing so far

It's a useless time  
I have a severe headache  
The next four days, I fear,  
Will be fucking

I'm nerved  
I have asked for help  
I have gotten nothing  
Thanks for that!

There will be only one task left  
To pass the time until Matosinhos  
To sit in the aeroplane  
Destined for Portugal

I'm nerved, I'm pissed off, the weather is shit, the next four days will be shit -  
I need my time in Matosinhos.

### **Closer**

Closer to six o'clock  
The headache is even more severe now  
I will go to bed  
There's no fun anymore

Let's see how working will be  
I feel desperate in a way  
It's a fucking time  
Two wars and so much more

Why,  
Why all this shit  
Give me four more days  
I feel desperate in a way

Let this fucking day come to an end.

### **First Workday**

Okay,  
It has become the fucking day  
I have predicted  
But,

It seems  
As that I have achieved at last  
That the next three days  
Should be more relaxed

A conversation on Sunday after work  
Hey, I am taking a vacation!  
But eventually  
It will yield something substantial

\*

I feel better today  
More stabilized  
But I had to do some preparation for the vacation  
And it's late now

Close to six o'clock again  
I have to get up early  
I will go to bed soon  
No London

I doubt  
Maybe it would be better  
London in Matosinhos  
I should not build up so much pressure

\*

Give me a reason to love you, Beth  
The third woman who will accompany me for the rest of my life  
And have said it in my first writing  
I have an exceptional relationship with her

A weight has fallen from my shoulders  
Three more days  
Yeah, I will get it in the long run  
But the presence is hard

And yet?  
Not much today  
I will be in bed in no hour  
Let's try to have three days of somewhat relaxed  
I already hear the ocean's waves

The first torrada I will eat with joy.

## Surrealistic Pillow

### *Well, it's Father's Day, and everybody's wounded*

Yeah, there was this dream, this very strange and touching dream. I cannot remember, ever dreaming about my father, not until not long ago. I don't remember much, but my father came in, and I was so relieved and happy that he was here, I embraced him deeply. The strange aspect? I cannot remember ever having embraced my father, apart from the day my mother and his wife died.

*Daddy, I have had to kill you.*

She says  
And I think  
He should never die

But he will  
Maybe I should embrace him more than once  
Maybe every day  
Until the day he will die

I have given my life away  
Achieved nothing  
Daddy  
*Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.*  
(*Daddy*; Sylvia Plath)

*Ah, you loved me as a loser, but now you're worried that I just might win  
You know the way to stop me, but you don't have the discipline  
How many nights I prayed for this, to let my work begin  
First we take Manhattan, then we take Berlin  
(First We Take Manhattan; Leonard Cohen)*

### Well, well

Things are gaining momentum  
Or not?  
Saturday tomorrow  
I will know more on Sunday

It's strange  
I'm tired  
Tired of the news  
Tired of being

I lust for the ocean  
Ordering uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada  
It's exhausting  
But I feel reinvigorated

\*

I do not know  
It's nearly four years since COVID began  
It's November  
A few more Novembers, and.....

Let's see what Sunday will yield  
Aviation on Monday  
Two more days have pass  
Let's sleep them away

Soon to bed  
I have to get up very early  
Should become a not such complicated day  
At least I hope so

I have a headache.

## **Matosinhos Blue**

### **A Place You Never Will Reach**

I do not know, in a way, I ask myself, could it, that I'm awfully silly? Give a shit about what will happen on Sunday - in the end, Matosinhos will wait. Yeah, it must be feared that the next years will also be difficult, maybe even shitty, but one day it will be over. Perhaps I should become more relaxed and confident, it's us against the world. Yeah, I made progress over the last few years, and I will in the future. It's hard to be sensitive regarding what happens in the world, no narcissistic asshole. I will live in Matosinhos one day, and one day I will die as a Portuguese.

## **Twenty-Four Hours**

I will know more in twenty-four hours  
The conversation, the meeting  
I'm exhausted, I lust for the ocean  
There is only one thought in my mind

Let the time pass  
I will go to bed soon  
I feel totally empty  
Time will help

But it's okay  
It's another step  
Towards my aim  
Nevertheless, I need to see the ocean again

This is what I have to be focused on.

## **Dancing**

Dancing in the wind  
Feeling light like a feather  
The feather on my arm  
Yeah, on my arm

I have to become more open  
Repelled by a disgusting world  
Yeah, the Jews are the bad people  
Let us punish them

Everything seems to be insane  
Feeling like an alien on an alien planet  
Like a pariah  
Like Florbela wrote

But what an insight  
So often said, described, expressed by art  
And it did not help  
It's disappointing

What to do with your life?  
Becoming a billionaire, or a dictator  
Sending others to death  
Killing your mind with alcohol and drugs?

Yeah, maybe I should try to find an answer  
Like whether it's nice to drown or not  
I could find it out  
The ocean is near

I should stop  
Should dance in the wind  
Like a feather  
Like the one on my arm

## **It's Done**

The conversation, the meeting  
Very tensed  
But possibly a breakthrough  
But now I have to explore alternatives

But  
I will be back in Matosinhos in no day  
At least if no disaster will happen  
The airport in Hamburg was closed for eighteen hours

A man had kidnapped his daughter  
And drove on the runway(!)  
Shot in the air  
Thousands of passengers could not fly!

So  
Let's hope for the best  
The usual difficulties with the Deutsche Bahn  
But I should have much time

My aims for Matosinhos?

Searching for alternatives  
Visiting London as often as possible  
To work on photography  
To have a nice time

I have the only book in German with me  
Florbela  
I will read it  
Daily writing

Well,  
It has gotten late  
Came home late  
I had to make the final preparations for the travel

I had dinner with my father  
A Chinese restaurant  
But now I'm exhausted  
I will get up at 6 AM tomorrow

\*

I'm in no bad mood  
But not euphoric either  
It will be better when arriving at the airport  
Sitting in the aeroplane

My knee is much better now  
Even if not perfect  
My elbow is much better now  
Even if not perfect

Let's finish  
It makes no sense  
Next upload tomorrow in Matosinhos  
The next monthly image

\*

I will fly home tomorrow  
After some months in a foreign land  
In migration  
But tomorrow I will be home again

The ocean is my home  
I should have become a sailor  
Traveling the seven seas  
The solid ground isn't mine

The harbor is the largest for fishing in Portugal  
Could I be  
One day  
As a guest maybe

Sign on for a fishing trip  
For days on the sea  
As a retired cook  
I have to smile

I start again  
To have ideas  
To look forward  
But now I have to sleep

Most likely a late upload tomorrow.

### **At The Airport**

Am I dreaming?  
I'm already sitting at the airport?  
Everything is done,  
Even writing some emails and visiting some webpages

It's just after noon  
Still over an hour until boarding  
Unbelievable  
Shall this be a message?

No real problems with the Deutsche Bahn  
Ten minutes delay in Bad Fiedrichshall  
Thirty-five minutes delay in Mannheim  
That's nearly perfect for the Deutsche Bahn, after the disasters the last two times

Easy check in  
No waiting at the security check  
I even haven't unpacked my backpack  
It functions now without unpacking



And further on  
Gate A17  
That's very near, no long walk  
Last time I had gates A42 or so

I have the codes for the hotel  
It caused some problems the last time, no smartphone!  
For heaven's sake,  
Will the aeroplane crash?

So far,  
This was such an easy travel  
Only a few hours  
And I will be home again

\*

The shit of the last days and weeks seems to be forgotten  
I look ahead  
Porta Jazz has a very interesting program  
A fish restaurant for dinner?

I already have the feeling of smelling the ocean  
I will visit Florbela later  
It's only a very short walk  
And there are so many nice pastelerias and restaurants around

As always in the past months, year or so  
I have the feeling  
After a crisis  
I return strengthened

And now?  
Let's enjoy the atmosphere at the airport  
The planes arriving and leaving  
Oh, Peter, do not look for stewardesses!

The people arriving and leaving  
Some are rushing, and some have plenty of time  
I like seeing the aeroplanes  
One will carry me soon up into the air, to a distant land

Home, home again!

## **Back Home**

I'm in Matosinhos again  
I made some photographs  
I went to a few places  
The ocean, of course

I had a meia-de-leite and a sandwich at the supermarket  
And decided to have dinner at the hotel  
I bought a salad, sausage, some king pawns, bread, and orange juice  
For a cook, Portugal is heaven on earth

But of course  
It was a long travel  
I'm tired  
It will all start tomorrow

Tomorrow will be a day of orientation  
I have to see how to organize my writing  
Not much writing tomorrow, most likely  
I will start with uma meia-de-leite e uma torrada

The rest we will see.

### **My Strange Mind**

As I stepped out on the street  
Out of the hotel  
To make the first picture  
It was as if I were never away

All is forgotten  
Everything that has happen  
This always happens  
It's strange

But this is my insurance  
My joker  
The fact that keeps me alive  
Offers a bright future

The day I will arrive here ultimately  
Everything past will be forgotten  
I have the feeling  
I will have forgotten how to speak German in no week

Well,  
Six or seven years  
Maybe less  
But, it will not count in the end

I'm happy to be here again.

## First Whole Day

And it feels  
Like never being away  
On the other hand  
Some have changed - yeah, this place also constantly changes

I had a relaxed day  
Start to adapt  
It will still take a long time  
But I see that I can become a part of this place

I do not feel so much like a foreigner  
In this foreign land  
It gives me the feeling  
To be welcome

\*

It's close to six o'clock  
I walked several miles  
Had a nice prato do dia  
Dinner?

From tomorrow on  
I will start with writing  
London for a time every day  
Has to be the goal

Uploading is most likely not regular  
From 9 PM until 11 PM local time, I would say  
It will also depend on when I write  
It has not to be strict - hey, I'm on vacation!

I've been nearly exactly since twenty-four hours in Matosinhos  
I feel so different  
Sure, I have not to work  
But this is not the underlying reason

Enough activity for today  
Later, after dusk  
I should stroll around somewhat  
Not necessarily writing

\*

Well,  
What I know is  
That the next few days will be very nice days  
And I would say, productive

Yeah, it will be a fucking good time.

## Veiga

A place of bliss  
The pasteleria around the corner  
Of course  
I ordered uma meia-de-leite et uma torrada today

Well,  
I would say,  
Tomorrow the same,  
But then I should expand my range

What a nice way to begin your day  
What an enriched culture  
A cup of coffee and some toast  
That's all it needs

Just after twenty-four hours  
I have no clue  
How should I be able  
To leave this place ever again

Heaven is a place on earth with you, as Mrs. Grant sings.

## On A Good Day

You cannot see only the end  
Mrs. Newsom  
On a good day  
You can find confidence

Have started to prepare to find alternatives  
I will start with it tomorrow  
It was a nice and productive day  
Even if not in pages

\*

I walked around in the dark for a while  
Dinner at the hotel  
That's okay  
At home, like you do it normally

It's interesting  
Matters that have been complicated for me the last time  
Are easy now  
I make progress

If you like, you can name it exposure therapy.

## **A Rainy Day**

Stood up  
Took a shower  
A tea by my side  
The TV runs

CNN of course  
What else!  
Good news  
It rains

Will be a very rainy day  
No day to be a lot outside  
Have started writing  
That's good

I will walk to the pasteleria now  
The usual  
For some time with Florbela  
Some Portuguese lessons

I will come back to the hotel then  
Working on the alternatives  
Lunch later, as usual in Portugal  
Writing, we will see

First, I have to finish the day in London  
One more day would be good  
It's the second morning  
Not perfect  
But I see progress

Let it be a day with bad weather but good actions.

## **Speed**

It all gains speed  
I had a nice breakfast  
Started with creating alternatives  
Have continued writing

Now for a walk and lunch  
Rain is very slight now  
Not sure, when visiting London today  
But I will

I'm not so tired  
As before  
Let's see how it will develop today  
Hey, it's only the second day

But now, a walk to the market hall  
A place near there  
Prato do dia  
Peixe in any case today, yesterday frango

A very nice day so far.

### **5:10 PM**

Had lunch  
Continued with creating alternatives  
Was in London  
Had a short rest

It seems to function  
From tomorrow on it should be better again  
Cloudy and some rain  
But not all the time that much like today

I'm not sure what to do with the rest of the day  
TV?  
Going out to drink something?  
I'm not hungry, had still some bread, ham, and marmalade

Wow,  
It's only the second whole day  
And even some hours left  
I start to be productive again

Made a photo earlier  
I think I should be outside again  
Even if it rains  
Who cares

It's so wonderful to be here again.

### **The Day Slowly Ends**

Was out again  
Walking in the rain  
Had another meia-de-leite  
Made three photos

Early upload today  
Have bought me salad  
Made a tea  
Early upload today

Some learning  
How to pronounce some words  
Numbers  
But then I will go to bed

Was a productive day.

## November

Sitting here  
The warm meia-de-leite  
The delicious torrada  
Looking outside

A cloudy sky  
But with sunshine  
It's not warm insight  
Nearly I have the feeling that colder than outside

They would heat the place at home  
The customers would complain  
"Hey, why do you not heat the place!"  
Here, they just keep their jackets on

I feel it as nice  
All seems to be reduced here  
And even with all their personal problems  
The people seem to be happy, much more so than at home

\*

The torrada nearly eaten  
Two-thirds of the last piece left  
I hesitate  
Two more bites, and it's gone!

I have to wait until tomorrow  
To enjoy it again  
Ordering a second  
Feels like blasphemy!

Or shall I be a culprit?  
The next pasteleria only a short walk away  
They do not know that I already had one  
I'm shocked by my dirty thoughts!

\*

The last bite is eaten  
I'm in a massive dilemma now  
The sky has changed rapidly  
Dark clouds from the sea, rain is coming, most likely  
And I understand the sign, the famous church is not far away.

### **Pasteleria**

In the morning  
In the afternoon  
In the early evening  
I always see these old people sitting in a pasteleria

Some alone  
Some as a pair  
Some need a whole table  
I would be alone

And yet,  
Even then, I imagine,  
I could be the old, single man at the table one day  
My heart brightens, at least as much as possible

You need more than nothing to be happy, but not much.\*

\* liberty and peace, especially

### **Sorry, I'm So Sorry!**

The torrada is gone  
The meia-de-leite empty  
Thought about what next  
It starts to rain

As I left the hotel  
The sky was bright  
Then I had my unholy thoughts  
Now it's raining

Punish me for it!  
What a god you are, God!  
In this deeply Catholic nation,  
Why do they all have to suffer because of my failure?

It's a so wonderful feeling to be here again!



## **Leaden Coat**

I have the feeling sometimes  
To wear a leaden coat  
And I cannot get rid of it  
It's devastating!

I have the feeling sometimes  
Like a feather in the wind  
But I cannot preserve it  
It's devastating!

I ask myself sometimes  
Why, why all this?  
And then  
I sit with a cup of tea and look at the sailing ship

Please, please, could you carry me away?

## **London**

For some time in London  
Poetry in the morning  
Some photos later  
But now a break

A shower  
Then out for dinner  
No singer  
It could be that I will finish the day later

Added two parts of the story "Cozy Days In London"  
I can use this story for "London"  
As a reminder for some matters  
But not more

Good progress so far  
Also worked on alternatives  
But now the break  
The rest we will see

I can be productive, on a good day.

## Halfway Through

London  
Now for the second half  
It should be no problem to achieve it by the end of the month  
Even earlier

Matosinhos for December  
I look forward to next year  
I'm getting hot  
Writing, photography, and art

Fuck for the job  
Yeah, I need one  
But I should concentrate on the important  
Art

I can see it  
I feel much more confident this time  
Not perfect  
But it's a good improvement compared to last time

One, two, maybe three times more  
And I should be able to adapt here  
As a foreigner  
But much better than in my "homeland"

I was out for dinner  
I will begin to plan the days better  
Porta Jazz, I start on Sunday  
The next two days in Matosinhos

Do I start to like my life?

## Being A Monster

I enjoy my breakfast  
While others suffer and die  
Is this acceptable,  
Or am I a monster?

Should I travel to Ukraine?  
I could cook meals?  
I feel old in such moments,  
Older than I am.

Palestinians are dying  
Their "government" says:  
Israel, the Jews, have to be extinguished from Earth  
Like we Germans did not that long ago

Do Hams love Germany, the Germans?  
Hey, we're those who have killed millions of those Jews  
In gas chambers, we let them suffocate!  
Ten thousand of them we have executed in a few days in Ukraine!

Maybe Hams should have asked the Germans,  
Before starting the war?  
Only, we have lost the war  
But we fought the world!

Is there a Jewish life more than a Palestinian life?  
No, never!  
But we always have to keep this in mind:  
Who has started the war?

Yeah, come on, Peter, say:  
Who started this all?  
Great Britain could be named, the UN.....  
The Zionist movement, even?

German women were raped  
By US, British, French, and Russian soldiers  
That's a fact  
And now?

As long as we stick to the past, we will never find any solution.

- Gaza Strip as a part of Israel, West Bank as a Palestinian Nation, the Israeli settlers have to leave the West Bank, two undivided nations. Could this be a solution?

### **Three More Days**

Three more days in London  
Okay, I work with excerpts from "Cozy Days In London" on two  
But I simply need the information for the moment  
And there it is

15., 22., 23.

To complete day sixteen until day twenty-one in Matosinhos would be cool  
Long days are coming now  
But I feel prepared

Good writing today  
4:49 PM  
No photography so far  
But this is okay

The rest of the day?  
Let's see  
What about a coffee and something sweet  
Dinner later?

The first alternative is there  
I feel not bad  
It functions better every day  
I'm active again

But I am taking a shower now, the rest we will see.

### **One Week**

One week  
Then it will be the last time  
I will fly home later  
My last meia-de-leite, my last torrada

And yet,  
It feels like an eternity  
Only four whole days here  
I feel overwhelmed

Overwhelmed by  
Feelings, impressions, and thoughts  
Tastes and smells, colors and sights  
I have a severe headache

But it's a good headache  
My brain whirls  
Even more than the last time I was here  
Let me die, let me die here

I start the days with Florbela  
So much stronger than I  
So much bolder than I  
At a very different time

I'm weak  
I would like to be alone on Earth  
With a huge liberty  
Music and art

My body hurts  
I transform  
Like in a manga  
No one can see it

I will begin with my first real novel next year  
Possibly a second one  
I will start with short stories  
Photography

It feels like  
2024  
I could make a considerable step  
Even if not reaching my aim  
  
I'm exhausted this morning.

### **Three Old Men**

Always at the same table  
Always the same chair  
Not far from the TV  
Three old men, not speaking much

Would you allow me,  
I would like to ask,  
To occupy the fourth, empty, chair?  
I'm hear them laughing!

How old are you?  
This is a table for the very old!  
You're still too young to join,  
You still have to prove yourself.

I go back to my table,  
Such right they are.  
But one day I will be allowed to,  
Will the three old men still be there?

Maybe not all of them,  
Two? Only one?  
And if the table is empty then,  
I will remember those three really old men.

### **Linzer Schnitte**

I sit in a pasteleria  
Saw it tomorrow  
Meia-de-leite  
And a Linzer Schnitte

Well,  
The Portuguese way  
A white dough  
Not the dark that I know

It's tasty  
And I cry  
The Linzer Schnitter, or better, the Linzer Cake  
It was my favorite cake in my youth

My mother was a skilled baker  
Her Linzer Cake simply delicious  
I could not name it  
I always crossed my arms and said:

Can you please bake this cake  
Because of the crossed strips of dough on it  
Yeah,  
Her Linzer Cake was so delicious

I'm not such a good baker  
But one day I will try  
With grandmother's old recipe  
Even if I know

Her Linzer Cake was so delicious.

## **Why?**

Started to work on "London"  
Realized  
I have made a big Mistake  
"Cozy Days In London"

From Paddington Station to Dover  
From Victoria Station to Bristol  
Not like in "Cozy Days In London"  
I have to change this!

But I have to use "Cozy Days In London" better  
The task of the next few days  
Found the right beer brand, for instance  
There is too much information there, not to use it

\*

Wow,  
Worked through "Cozy Days In London"  
To copy interesting parts  
Was a piece of hard work

The timelines are different  
The confusion with the train stations  
But now I'm through  
I filed the result

I have to work through "London" tomorrow  
To check if it's correct now  
What's still missing now  
I have not checked it now

It has gotten late  
I needed some time for it  
But I would say  
Much is done now

At least  
Should I find no contradictions or mistakes tomorrow  
But I do not think so  
Fine work today!

But now, I'm really tired.

### **A Slight Mistake**

The concert this evening  
Porta Jazz  
It's not in Porto  
I haven't seen this

It's in a town next to Braga  
So,  
No jazz this evening  
Next chance on Tuesday

I will work mainly on "London" now  
The rest we will see  
A cozy Sunday  
Active from tomorrow on again

It's time to change plans.

### **Three Days**

So,  
Ran through it  
Continued with it  
Three days are left now - 20., 26., and 27.

The rest, I would say,  
Can stay as such  
Three days should be manageable  
While in Matosinhos

Thus,  
"London" should be finished when back in Germany  
The rest of the year for "Matosinhos"  
Seems to be fine

Another five days in Matosinhos are waiting.

### **Day 20.**

I had an idea for day 20.  
Not decided so far  
Have written it  
Two days are left

I feel good  
It's Sunday  
4:08 PM  
I will walk for a while  
The rest we will see

The misstep I have to finish  
Have an idea for "Short Cuts", maybe two  
"Solaris II"?  
It seems to function again

But some time outside at first.

### **Short Cuts**

#### **Everybody Likes To become A Cowboy**

A typical western city, dirt, raw, a thousand times seen in the cinemas. A saloon, a man steps outside, two others behind him, he's obviously upset.

"What's the fucking horse of this fucking asshole?" he nearly freaks out, one of his sidekicks answers.

"Hey, boss. These are our horses," he points to the three middle horses of five, tightened in front of the saloon, "the left or right one, obviously."

"What a clever guy you are, lad, that much I also know."

He started to look at the left horse, then at the right horse, took his gun, pointed it at the head of the right horse, and pulled the trigger.

"Fuck!" the other sidekick shouted. "Why have you shot this horse?"



"I shot him, this horse has no horseman anymore, it's useless like its dead rider. That's why I killed it."

"I fear," a dark voice from behind the camera, "that you have made a mistake. The horseman of this horse has no horse anymore," the voice said, "and the other horse has no horseman anymore. This does not function."

A man in dusty clothes steps in front of the camera.

"Well," he points to the right dead horse, "if the horseman of this horse has no horse anymore, but the other horse," he points to the left horse, "has no longer a horseman, then it will fit again." It appeared that he felt very clever.

"And if the horseman of this horse," he points to the dead horse, "does not like that horse?" he points to the horse still alive.

"That would be sad," jefe said, no longer so clever looking.

"I think," the fourth man said, "that the horseman still alive would like the middle horse the most." to which he pointed.

"Well, this would be mine," jefe said, obviously in a little trouble.

"Give it to him, you can take the one from the dead wanker," his sidekick murmured.

"Or," jefe said confidently again, "we could come to the point that he's one and there are three of us?" He looked at his sidekicks and grinned.

"Stupid mistake," the fourth guy said, as he, unbelievably fast, grabbed his gun and shot the two sidekicks, "I would say that it's a one-on-one."

"Hey, hey, not so fast," jefe even grinned more, "now we have two horses too much. What about that I can keep mine, and you get the other three horses?" Very clever, he thought.

"I need only one, and that's yours," and now he confused jefe totally, as he started to put his gun back into the holster. Jefe thought, I have him, and tried to draw his weapon, but he had not the slightest chance, a nice single hole in his forehead.

Cut!

The horseman starts to put his saddle on the middle horse, as an old man, sitting all the time on a bench in front of the saloon, starts to talk.

"Hey, now you have three horses too many."

"I take one as a substitution with me. You are interested in the other two?"

"Sure, but you're not interested in whom they killed in the saloon or who these three guys have been?"

"Why, they are all dead now."

He gives his new horse a signal and rides away.

## **London Calling**

And it's finished now

It can stay as such

Matosinhos left

I will begin with it when I'm in Germany again

A major step

I had so much trouble with it in Germany

But now I'm through

Matosinhos

I will do it differently  
Starting with all days of the first year  
Then the second, and so on  
Most likely, I will change some while working on it

In the coming days, I will have time to concentrate on others  
Some pictures have to be made  
Jazz club, tomorrow evening  
Let us see

I'm satisfied with the days so far.

## Short Cuts

### Seeing Them Dying

"So," the inspector said, bending over the desk he sat behind, "you want to tell me that you have murdered thirty-seven people - Mr. Maurer?"

"No, I have not murdered anybody, but I have seen them dying. That's what I wanna tell you, Mr. Toschi. Is this so difficult to understand? I thought that you were a special man, Mr. Toschi?" his face did not show the slightest hint of an expression.

"So, you're in to make a testimony - right?" he leaned back in his chair again.

"Yeah, let's call it a testimony."

"Right, Mr. Maurer. You have given me a list of thirty-seven unsolved murders, all of which happened during the last decade. Some we see as connected, some not, and in most cases we have not the slightest idea what could be a motive. There are even cases on your list that we see as suicides or even as accidents. It was nice of you to send us the list two days ago and to indicate you were coming today. Would you allow me one question, Mr. Maurer?" Inspector Toschi tried to appear like a tough guy.

"Sure," he said with a truly expressionless voice.

"How could it be that you have witnessed all these....murders, without being the murderer?" he took a sip from the glass of water in front of him.

"Well, as I said, I am not the murderer. But this does not mean that I cannot be connected with the murders." now it was Mr. Maurer who took a sip from the glass of water that stood in front of him on the desk.

"And what would be the connection?"

"I have ordered contract killers to commit these killings." it seemed as if there would be a little smile on Mr. Maurer's face.

"And then you watched the homicides?"

"Yes, I like seeing people die. I mean, I like to see it live, to look into their eyes while they die. But, unfortunately, I'm unable to do it by myself, to kill somebody. So, I needed some help." now there was a smile for the fraction a second.

"Could you tell me who committed the homicides?" the inspector tried to show no emotion.

"Well, over time? Various people, I have paid them. But, of course, no names. This would be unfair." a merciful smile flashed over his face.

"Unfair?"

"Well, say I would have had sex over the years with underage girls. In a state where prostitution is forbidden. Would you prosecute these girls? Of course not, but you would prosecute me? Of course. I'm the culprit, the others have been only my henchmen, seduced by me." a soft sigh was to hear.

"Okay, let this stay for a moment. Why are you here today? Why now?" the inspector bent forward again.

"Because," Mr. Maurer said with a soft voice, "it all became boring. And, it's time for the next step."  
"The next step?"

"Well, all this effort, for what? Of course, I liked it very much to see them dying - don't you think that I'm a monster?" he made a sharp gesture with his hand. "Yes, of course, you think that I'm a monster because I'm a monster. I choose people out of nothing, no relation to me, no relation between them, no connection overall. I simply decided sporadically that this person has to die. Women and men, old and young, children even, rich and poor. Isn't that fair behavior?" again the gesture. "Yeah, I'm a monster, and now it's time that the whole world gets to know this. I have decided that this is the right moment to step into the limelight and become famous. Be honest, Mr. Inspector, Mr. David Ramon Toschi, is this not what we all are dreaming about, to become famous?" now he laughed insanely.

### **No Writing Today**

A day of break

It's 1:07 PM

I stood up

I have even not taken a shower so far

I will start slowly now

I will drive to Porto later

Jazz this evening

Not sure when back again

Three whole days will be left tomorrow

I will start again with breakfast tomorrow

Some writing should be done

As long as I'm in Matosinhos

But not today

I have eaten nothing so far

And I'm not hungry

I have eaten too much the last few days

Soon I will be back in Germany

And then?

Working?

I have no idea what will unfold

I have a strict time plan for Saturday and Sunday

Will arrive late in Germany

Let's see

I think that I will spend some time at the airport

But today is a day of rest and jazz.

## **Matosinhos**

I have decided to start with Matosinhos right now  
A few days  
Back in Germany  
But it will be better

The days in Matosinhos seem to be arranged in a good manner  
2019 dominates the beginning  
2023 dominates the end  
2021 and 2022 some days more around the middle

I have some matters that have to be arranged  
And if it will not ultimately function  
This Time  
It will make me a fool

Losing weight, ultimately  
Getting to grips with the job problem  
Starting to decide how to continue with the private pension plan  
I have several opportunities

Yeah,  
It will be good to be in Germany again  
Now it's time to start with the arrangement of the "emigration" to Portugal  
I have to shift my focus

I'm tired  
But I learned, again, a lot while being in Matosinhos  
About me  
And all my deficits

I feel prepared for the coming.

## **Two Days Matosinhos**

Started with Matosinhos  
I have to rearrange some  
But it should not be so difficult  
Wow, London is done, now in Matosinhos

I see the differences now  
Los Angeles, London, and Matosinhos  
It all develops further in my mind  
I see now, how different these three cities are for me

But now a break  
Later, maybe the misbehavior, would be good  
I think that I will finish "Solaris II" tomorrow  
I have the end in mind

## **Day Three**

Third day in Matosinhos  
The next two would be my aim until back in Germany  
Another feedback  
Working on alternatives

I have a headache  
It was a strange day  
Enough writing for today  
Two more whole days are coming

7:03 PM  
Now I will eat  
I bought something in the supermarket  
Salad and king prawns

How much I will miss this  
No talking about the pastelerias and restaurants  
But simply the food in supermarkets  
What a pity, that I have no kitchen to cook

Let's try to relax for the rest of the day.

## **Uma Torrada**

The crunch  
If you bite  
The taste  
Of the roasted bread

And yet,  
It's only the beginning  
The prologue  
To prepare you for the following

The butter  
The salt  
In perfect harmony  
Seduces your taste right now

If someone tells you now  
Hey,  
It's only a simple toast with some butter and salt!  
Then you know

A pitiful person stands in front of you  
No longer able to see  
The beauty of the seemingly simple  
A dead person you see

\*

The taste of a strawberry  
Grown in real soil  
The taste of a raspberry  
Grown in real soil

So pure, virgin-like  
So simple, like a well  
Yet of extreme complexity  
If you understand

The taste of a piece of roasted fish  
Some potatoes aside  
Some vegetables  
If someone tells you now

Gosh,  
What a simple dish!  
For me only the most expensive fits  
Preferably with beaten gold on it!

Then you know,  
A pitiful person stands in front of you  
Beaten gold has absolutely no taste  
Only the most ridiculous of us would eat

\*

The thick, buttered, salted, bread has gone  
It's nearly like having committed a crime  
Has anyone seen it,  
That I have eaten it?

But relax, Peter  
These people like  
Like that you like  
The taste of this wonderful tradition

\*

And,  
The honesty demands  
Also croissants in different ways  
And,

Sometimes they eat  
A simple roll with butter  
Even only a piece of bread  
People who begin their day in such a way?

\*

Still a foreigner I'm  
But in my homeland so much the more  
Everything seems more human here  
Like a roasted piece of buttered and salted bread

## **Solaris II**

### **Back Home?**

I sat in a spaceship, heading to Earth, and asked myself: Do I fly home now, or what do I do? And, what will I do when, on Earth again? I had no longer a job, no real place to stay.

They were pretty surprised as I handed them my notice to quit, saying that I would no longer stay. I'm such a good member of the staff, respected by everyone. A big career, no doubt. What would my plans be? I could come back at any time, here or on Earth, the company would always be open for me. But that wasn't the topic.

I had pondered a lot, and found no solution. What would be the right way? Developments, many developments over the days, weeks, and months. People started to become one with the entity on Solaris II. On Earth, they started to create their own businesses, they planned their own space station, started to build their own spacecrafts - Mr. Unterweger always in the middle of it all.

Voices started to get louder. What would this mean for Earth, shouldn't it become forbidden, who should control all this? What if it became a movement beyond all limits? Those who merged with the entity committed all their belongings to a foundation. This foundation enabled all those who could not afford to travel to Solaris II on their own, to do so. But not much was known about this foundation - but, of course, Mr. Unterweger was involved.

I had decided to return to Earth, separating me from Solaris II and the entity, no longer within its reach. I would always have the possibility, in many ways, to return, to merge, if wanted. I could do it in a week, a month, or a year, as long as I would die. Yeah, I could have an accident and die in a second, then it would be too late. Could get ill, but this would be no problem. At the beginning, many sick and elderly people merged with the entity. They had nothing to lose. Terminally ill, what would be the risk? But now so many young people decided to take the step, and I became increasingly skeptical.

As a young girl, the voice in my head, I had the feeling that the voice now, wasn't that voice anymore. It had changed, that was what I felt, I had to separate, to find space to decide. But on Earth, what would I do, wouldn't all those developments not confront me even more with these questions? A poll said that nearly sixty percent could imagine merging and that nearly forty percent wanted to do so in any case. What would that mean, for families, for nations, the Earth? You can be a part of something new, of something great, of a new step in evolution, that was what Mr. Unterweger you constantly said, in all these ads and TV spots. Why did I feel so repelled?

Not long, and we would arrive, like in one of those movies at the end. The hero had done its task, something new would now begin. But I wasn't a hero, and I hadn't done my task, even not knowing what it would be, "my task". I would step on the soil of Earth, not knowing anything or having decided anything. But, there would be no sequel, and I would be all alone.

## **Matters Are Developing**

Well,  
As it seems  
During November  
Will have some decisions

If yes  
Then these will have been two significant weeks  
I will come back  
To straighten things out

Will I be able to this time?  
To be consistent  
It's tough for me  
But I learn, and I would say that I improve

Matosinhos!

## **Enough**

Have started with Matosinhos  
The sixth day  
To write all the first days next  
But I'm getting tired now

It was a long day  
A day with two important mails  
Some ups and downs over the last few days  
I'm tired now

I will lay down for a moment  
Maybe for some time out  
I do not expect to write more  
The last whole day tomorrow

I have to go back  
To come again  
It's better every time  
I feel better every time

I feel exhausted now, I need a rest.



## Florbela

I finished the small book today  
While drinking my meia-de-leite and eating my torrada  
As every morning, I started the day  
Together with you and your thoughts

The book ended with a sad story  
Yesterday  
And an even sadder letter  
Today

Not long written  
Before you left  
Not long read  
Before I leave

You left Portugal  
You left the world  
You could no longer bare  
Was it only a different time, especially for women?

I will leave Portugal as well  
But not the world, not now  
I try to stay strong, or at least I pretend  
Is it only a different time, especially for men?

\*

Tears are filling my eyes  
Not for the first time  
This morning  
When being with you

Thirty-six on the day of your birth  
Would I be a fucking American now  
Then I would say:  
Wow, that has style!

But I'm not  
Not knowing what and who I'm  
In this letter, at the end of the book  
I can see me

\*

Not so nice words for the Portuguese  
The fado as well  
As they say here in the north:  
Fado? This belongs to the south - not the north, you just stay!

Your last years in this world  
In Matosinhos you lived  
I had no idea about you  
As I decided for a hotel in 2019

I passed your statue often as well  
Not knowing who you were  
And it seems almost like providential guidance now  
But I'm this boring, rational, old man

I do not believe in paradise  
And if it wasn't for me  
But maybe one day I will meet you  
Wherever it would be

### **Matosinhos**

Continued working on Matosinhos  
I see the first eight days now  
They will build on each other  
Matosinhos will be different from Los Angeles and London

But so far, for now  
My last day in Matosinhos  
I have to continue this work  
When back in Germany

Do I feel good?  
Well, melancholic in a way  
Of course  
But I know

I have to go  
To come back  
I have to leave  
To be able to come back home again

\*

Most likely  
Good opportunities are waiting in Germany  
To pass the remaining years  
In a meaningful way

The travel back will be somewhat exhausting  
I will arrive very late on Saturday  
Possibly even on Sunday, after midnight  
I plan an upload on Saturday at the airport before departure

The next on Sunday  
Back in Germany  
Most likely, not much  
Next workday is Monday

Upload Monday, we will see  
Depends on how tired I will still be  
But for the moment  
I look forward positively

\*

I have to come to terms with the important matters over the next weeks  
So much is prepared now for 2024  
The next time in Matosinhos could be really cool  
The turquoise room most likely again

I see the last two weeks in a positive light  
I still struggle  
But I am increasingly feeling  
At the end, I will win the fight

And now?  
Some time is left  
Had a menu do dia  
Some hours of daylight are left

I'm sad, but it has to be, I can come back, and I will come back, that keeps me alive.

### **It's Done**

It's done for today  
A walk  
A last photo  
Back in the hotel

Uploading now  
Started packing  
Then some last king prawns  
That it should be

But,  
I don't have to leave early tomorrow  
Way enough time  
A last meia-de-leite, a last torrada

I feel confident now  
This story will continue  
It's only to decide  
In what a way

I should start finally to relax  
The last few years will be over soon  
I see that I will find my place here  
No reason to despair

Well,  
At least if ignoring the world  
Otherwise.....  
It's awful to know, being one of these human beings

### **On My Way**

Sitting at the airport - Aeroporto do Porto  
Had a last breakfast  
The usual  
I took a last photo in Matosinhos

Now I wait  
Check in done  
But I have to wait until I can drop off my luggage  
I'm very early

But this was on purpose  
It makes it easier for me  
I have plenty of time now  
I took a picture of the airport from outside

Later  
After the customs  
In the hall  
I will make one or two more

I only have a limited amount of time, most likely  
Using the WiFi at the airport  
I will upload what I have so far  
If possible, more before departure

Yeah,  
I'm somewhat sad  
But the future is still open  
And you know, what I look for while sitting here.....

Yeah,  
Two significant weeks  
I really have the feeling  
Now, now I have get it

It will not be easy for a person like me  
To implement all those insights  
But I make progress  
And

I have to take it into consideration  
We talk about Matosinhos in the end  
Whatever happens in the upcoming years in Germany  
Will be irrelevant in the end

I don't have to find my way in Germany  
I have to find my way in Portugal  
It's - in the end - not relevant, how I feel in Germany  
I have to find my place in Portugal

And,  
This is my deep conviction  
I'm on an excellent path in Portugal  
I still have some years

So,  
A positive feeling pervades me  
I look ahead  
I look forward to be home the next time

I still have plenty of time.

### **Slow**

The Internet isn't fast at the aeroporto  
Especially uploading the pictures takes much time  
Thus, I will stop uploading here  
And concentrate on the flight

Still enough time  
No need to hurry  
Two rainy weeks I had  
The weather will be very sunny from today on, with no rain

Do I have to ponder about it  
I don't think so  
The rain we had in Matosinhos  
Has reached Germany now

In any case  
The next two weeks in Germany  
Will provide many clouds and rain  
Twice the same rain in two different countries.....

Well,  
It is as it is  
And the time I will live here  
I can enjoy the sun as well

I'm hungry to get it done.

### **Sunday Evening**

Yeah,  
As always  
What chaos  
The Deutsche Bundesbahn

To make it short  
In the end? - I drove with the taxi from Stuttgart station to Bad Friedrichshall  
At the Deutsche Bundesbahn's cost!  
Arrived at 3 AM

Interesting developments  
Interesting letters  
Answering machine  
It will all start tomorrow

Today,  
Have observed the sun, in breaks of clouds  
Have observed the moon, in breaks of clouds  
Let's see if I also see some stars

Early to bed  
No writing  
Give me some time  
Until tomorrow

Well,  
In a way  
It's somber to be in Germany again  
But it has to

It will be an interesting week  
I smile  
It's been a nice time  
See you Matosinhos, until the next time

\*

I would say  
I have changed  
A few weeks  
And New Year's Day

Now I have to decide  
I have to see  
What the path will be  
Ask me at the end of the week again

Kiss the fucking past goodbye!

### **A Busy Day**

Yeah, received a dismissal  
While in Matosinhos  
Yeah, had not to work today  
And will no longer be there

Paid leave of absence after notice until the end of the month  
Okay, gives me some time  
Was active today  
Three job interviews

The first on Thursday - cook, á la carte  
Two on next week's Tuesday  
Salesman in a butchery  
Cook in a retirement home

Two more applications  
Have to make a phone call on Thursday or Friday  
Things are developing  
A break that I can use

I was exhausted for a time in the afternoon  
But now, it's good again  
I will get up early tomorrow  
Job Center

Let's see if new job offers  
But then I'm through so far  
Not much writing today  
More tomorrow

"Days" should be a topic tomorrow  
I feel good  
Developments and change  
That's what I need now

It was not a very meaningful time  
The last weeks and months  
I have to do better  
To let it become a meaningful year in 2024

Soon it's nine o'clock  
Upload  
More tomorrow  
Has been a good first day

I start to like it again, becoming an author and artist.

### **Memories**

I have decided that I will not continue  
With "Memories" in that way  
It will become part of "Short Cuts"  
To concentrate the writing

An idea could be  
From next year on  
Every day - if writing - working on "Diary" as well as on "Short Cuts"  
And as often as possible on "Days"

And later in the year  
Starting with "Death In Matosinhos"  
This seems to be a good plan  
To concentrate everything

Only a few years are left.

### **Not Perfect**

It has become already 6 PM  
Until I start writing  
The first decision for today  
Upload at 11 PM local time from tomorrow on

At least until I have a new job  
This gives me more time for writing  
And doing other matters over the day  
I do feel good

Let's see what will be possible until 9 PM  
For today  
I have only a few plans for tomorrow  
I do feel good



*Yeah, sing with me, sing for the year  
Sing for the laughter, and sing for the tear  
Sing it with me, if it's just for today  
Maybe tomorrow, the good Lord will take you away*

*Dream on  
Dream on  
Dream on  
Dream until your dream comes true  
(Dream On, Aerosmith)*

## **Four And Five**

Two more days are done  
Matosinhos  
The first eight days are done  
Twenty left

The beginning, and all the first days  
I will concentrate now on the remaining days of 2019  
Then the few days of 2021 and 2022  
Finally, the days of 2023 and therewith the end of the story

Good progress today  
Have an idea for "Short Cuts"  
Tomorrow?  
A good step for today

I will upload now  
The developments in Israel?  
I hope that there will be some movement  
It's all so saddening

Let's hope for the best.

## **Short Cuts**

### **Don't Call Me Marlowe - Blackmailed**

"So, it's about blackmailing."

Ernest Kaufman - well, it was no matter of being clever to see that he once had been called Ernst Kaufmann. But okay, the fucking war was over not only for a few years, and this was a free land that gave everybody a fair chance. Who believed in this nonsense?

"Yes, somebody has sent me a film."

"A film, no pictures?"

"No, a film."

Well, this was fucking L.A. We always had a special style here.

"Can I see it, or would you prefer to give me only some hints?"

I looked into his eyes but could not see the slightest reaction as he simply replied.

"I have prepared anything. We can watch it in my small private cinema room."

Yeah, Mr. Kaufmann - sorry, Kaufman - had style. He had made a lot of money - no, not in the movie industry. Even not in the music business or the entertainment business as such. Oil? Nay. Come on, he was a German, he had made a fucking lot of money by producing screws and nuts. In fact, he was the largest producer in the whole USA, maybe worldwide.

We entered his private little cinema, which was not as small as such. Roughly twenty-five cinema seats, and of course, a bar. The two glasses in the back showed that there was a room behind it with two projector, like in real cinemas. But he had set up a projector in the room, most likely so that we could watch the film together, alone.

"Wow, a 16mm film and a huge film reel? Sorry, but how long is this film?"

"Over half an hour, this part."

It seemed that he still showed no emotions.

"This part?"

He pointed at one of the seats, three more film reels of the same size on it.

"Over two hours of material? Are you kidding me? Are they kidding you? To blackmail someone, it often takes not more than a picture, maybe three or four."

"I think that they sent me a signal."

"Would be?"

"That they are powerful. That they can do everything."

"Okay, shall we watch the movie now? At least this part, or a part of it?"

"It's part two. I don't want to bore you with the beginning. But first, let me say something."

Oh fuck, I had feared it — the moral confession!

"I understand you. I'm a private investigator, and you asked me for help. If it is not contrary to my moral principles, it will all be okay. You are a family man, you love your wife and your children, and you have decided to join the political circus. And, you have a good basis to be successful in it. You have a lot of money, good friends, Sundays on the golf courses. - The film?"

"It's only - what would be against your moral convictions, Mr. Maurer?"

"We talk about sex, or."

Now he was showing some reactions.

"Yes, why did you guess?"

"Well, over two hours? Would be dull if no sex were in it - I mean, this is L.A.?"

"Okay, but....."

".....I would be no longer in business if I were chatty."

"Your moral convictions?"

"Something with underage girls or boys?"

"Gosh, no, I'm not one of these swines. It's in a very different way."

"Then.....it's L.A. But, on the other hand, you're not involved in the movie industry - the film?"

He pointed to a seat in the front row, I took the seat, he started the film, and sat down also, an empty seat between us - and the movie began. And what shall I say? It's always interesting to get to know what spiritual abysses humans have to reveal to you. Whereby, I wasn't religious, but wasn't there this story about, throwing the first stone? I was fifty-eight, single, and a private dick, with no hot red-head secretary.....the film began.

## **In The Middle Of The Week**

Mittwoch, in the middle of the week  
10:48 AM

I have completed the last matters connected with the dismissal  
The first job interview is tomorrow

"Days" should be possible today  
Some more writing  
I started with a new "Short Cuts" yesterday after upload  
A continuation today eventually

I feel grounded  
Let's see what tomorrow will yield  
I would prefer - so far - the job as a salesman  
Job interview on Tuesday

But  
So far, so good  
I will prepare the lunch next  
Then the afternoon will begin

I start to enjoy the time that I now have.

## **Short Cuts**

### **Don't Call Me Marlowe - Blackmailed**

Bettie Page, this was my first thought, a very hot Bettie Page. Black hair, of course dyed, or was it a wig? A black leather corsage, very high high heels, black stockings, black garter belt, that was all. On the ground, in front of her, a naked man, on all fours, very visibly very aroused, licking her ankles. He looked up, from time to time, not into her face, and he was therefore punished with a black leather strap by another woman who stood behind him. But before I start to talk about her. I would say, firstly, that he looked up purposefully to get punished. Well, obviously he liked it very much to get punished. Secondly, I had the feeling that looking between her legs was, in a way, allowed. Looking up at her face would have been the no-go. The woman behind him?

Well, I would say that Bettie was well into her thirties, with all the difficulties to judge. The other woman was younger, somewhat over twenty, I would say. Blond, dresses in a black fishnet bodysuit, nothing under it, but with a huge strap-on. Bettie gave, after a while, the younger woman a sign, and she started to penetrate Mr. Kaufman - something that gave him obviously big delight. I looked at him.

"Two hours?"

I had the feeling that he was sweating a bit now, not because he was embarrassed.

"Well, we made two or so breaks. Is it too extreme for you, Mr. Maurer?"

"Definitely not my interest, especially not the dildo. The dark-haired woman? Well, obviously, a stunning woman."

"A very demanding mistress and dominatrix. I'm sure that you would also like it to be dominated by her - she's a pure professional. Not cheap, but very satisfying."

Fine that you mentioned it, Mr. Kaufmann, Ernst. I would never meet with her, and if I did, I would

not be able to afford her service.

"Do we have to see the rest? I mean, it's obvious that this would destroy all your efforts and businesses in a second?"

"No, I think that we can stop her - at least if you wish so."

"Yes, let's talk about the business."

\*

We sat in a very luxurious little cabinet. He had offered me an obviously costly Cuban cigar, and I had said: No, thank you. To his surprise, I did not smoke. I accepted the offered, obviously as well costly, whiskey, and did not make the mistake of drinking it with ice. Should I tell him that I normally was a cocktail drinker? That I had no alcohol at home, but a good deal of different tea? I thought: Let it be!

"You have still not told me what I shall do for you. Hunting down the blackmailer?"

"No, in no case. I need a reliable person, to hand over the money. I have to believe them that they will not keep on with it."

"Why?"

"This is a copy, of course." He pointed at the film reels on the seat. "Someone who can make such a copy can make two or ten of them, as many as they want. I have to pay. That's the only way."

"How much?"

"Half a million."

I had to confess that, for a moment, I had problems not looking too silly.

"Half a million? That's a fucking big deal of money. On the other hand, some say that you're one of the richest people in the United States. You only don't show it, like a real American, still too much of a German?"

He failed to hear my last remark.

"Yeah, a good deal of money. But I have hope that they will be satisfied with it and that it will be."

"Do you allow me a question?"

"Sure."

"They? The two women?"

"What do you mean?" He tried to stay cool, but he was no Brando.

"Come on, you know, whyever, who is blackmailing you. The two women? One of them with a partner? Something like that?"

"We don't have to discuss this. You're here for business."

He started to lose his temper.

"Come on, Mr. Kaufmann. I had the pleasure, together with you, of watching a woman that fucks you with a massive dildo in the ass? Was this also for business?"

"I knew that some say that you're not an easy person. Are you interested in the job? - Yes or no?"

Gosh, he tried to be the tough guy now, with a dildo in his ass.

"Half a million? How much for me?"

It was too obvious now, looking at his face, that he thought that he would have nailed me.

"What about five percent? Twenty-five thousand?"

"Some say that you're one of the richest men in the nation."

"Seven and a half percent, and not a cent more. How much did you make last year?"

"More than that, maybe to your surprise." And this was no lie, only just. And, only because of one very profitable case. "Ten percent and not a dime less. I have all the risk."

"It's my money."

"And my life. Would not be the first money handover that turned ugly for the delivery man."

"Okay, Mr. Maurer - by the way, it sounds very German to me?"

"Yeah, it's all a matter of timing, what you and your ancestors and relatives did before, in Germany, for instance."

Again, he pretended not to have heard or understood it. He gave me all the details I needed,

especially the time and place of the handover. Then he let me alone for a moment and returned with a really large, heavy, bag and a smaller one. He put the large bag down on the floor, not enough space on the small table between our two leather armchairs. He opened it.

"Bills with a large denomination, as they wished it. You want to count?"

He showed me that it was all money in the bag, all big bills.

"No, not this money." Wow, he smiled, straightened again, and handed me the smaller bag. I took it, but did not open it.

"It would not be clever to try to fool me. Do you always have so much money in the house?" I raised my bag a bit.

"Be prepared for everything, always."

## **One More Day**

Day nine

Matosinhos

Have worked on the structure as well

Matosinhos will be the most important part

It was a productive day

The job interview will be my focus tomorrow

Of course

But there will be also enough time for more writing

I found time to be with my collections

Was at my workplace, to give keys back

Four letters

One very long email

The past is done now

Now I can concentrate on the future

Starting with the job interview tomorrow

I'm much more resolute since I returned from Matosinhos

Only three days

And I have accomplished much

Slept not long

But feel less tired

I walked for an hour

In the dark

I have to continue to follow this path

This path is seemingly very useful

But enough for today

"Comic", the coming days

I have changed

I start to become Portuguese

Let's see what the outcome of the job interview will be.

## **The First, The First**

The first job interview  
The first job offer  
Less money  
But

Okay,  
A good beginning  
Continuation on Tuesday  
The following days I can ponder about it

Today?  
Not much writing, of course  
Enough time therefor during the next days  
I need a break

I have to confess  
I'm not unhappy about the situation  
I learn  
I participate

But today, I need some time to contemplate.

## **Proud**

Proud like a god, I pretend to be  
A god that will destroy this world  
A failed project it is  
This fucking world

A good intention  
Miserable implemented  
Full of avoidable mistakes  
I have to confess

Let's try it again  
Better I have to become  
Proud like a god, I have to be  
Let it become my masterpiece

A world without such creepy creatures  
Pretentious  
Saying they would like me  
What blasphemy!

They say  
I have told them  
To destroy my beloved world  
They have to be destroyed

I would destroy them root and branch  
But like a cancerous ulcer  
They have infected my beloved world  
No hope for a cure anymore

So,  
This world has to perish  
No other choice I still see  
To end this madness

I'm your god  
I have created you  
I will destroy you  
The world you contaminated

That's what I have to tell!

*Open your eyes, open your mind  
Proud like a god, don't pretend to be blind  
Trapped in yourself, break out instead  
Beat the machine that works in your head  
(Open Your Eyes; Guano Apes)*

## Short Cuts

### Don't Call Me Marlowe – Blackmailed

I stood at the right place at the right time, with a large and heavy bag, and waited. Well, if one searched for a creepy movie setting in L.A., this would have been an excellent choice. Under a freeway crossing, dark, dirty, it smelled awful, not because of the numerous homeless all over the corners - and I stood there with half a million in cash and waited.

"Put down the bag and leave," I heard out of the darkness. In fact, the bag was heavy, but I still held it in my hand. The voice, a female voice most likely, Bettie?

"Well," I replied, "would that be a good idea?"

"Do what I tell you - and then leave!"

Yeah, that could be Bettie.

"I would need any idea that you're really the person I'm waiting for - you understand?"

"You're here because the brave Mr. Kaufman hadn't had the nuts to come in person. But who would say that this is a surprise?"

"Sorry, but I fear that this is not enough."

I had no distinct plan, maybe I simply hoped that the voice was, in fact, that of Bettie.

"Fuck, why is it always so complicated with you fucking puffed up males?" Yeah, this was Bettie.

"Does it help when I tell you that I have a gun?"

"In a way, the way that I have no plans to die for Mr. Kaufmann, the good Ernst." I had no idea if

she understood the "Germanization". "But I'm a little curious."

"Bad luck, I'm only interested in the money."

I had used the time to locate where the voice came from - from behind, to my left. She stood in the dark behind the pillar of one of the feeder roads. And now? Well, in fact, I was not interested in being the hero, I got paid for handing over the money, not more. I put the bag on the ground and turned around very slowly, making sure that she could always see both of my hands.

"Sorry, I don't know your name, but would you allow me to ask you one question?"

"You think that you know me, but you don't know my name - right?"

"I saw the film, a part of it."

"Which part?"

"Where he licks your ankles and your partner - you know what she is doing."

I breathed deeply. What an embarrassment it would be now, if the other woman, or someone else appeared. But, not now, nobody appeared.

"So, you were not interested in her name? Did you like seeing her pussy? Or was it more interesting for you to see the treatment of the slave?"

"I liked her face." And this wasn't a lie.

I once saw a nude photo. A woman, full-frontal, laid on a settee, a wonderful face. It was her face that captured me the most.

"Yeah, also the rest, I'm not gay. But I'm also not such a submissive masochist like Ernst."

"You think that he's a masochist, this swine?"

"Obviously."

"How much have you seen, of the material?"

"The beginning of what he called the second part. There have been four film reels in total."

"So, not very much."

"No.....," I started to feel uncomfortable.

"Your "masochist" is a fucking sadist, at least most of the time. If he doesn't come to me."

Now I felt uncomfortable.

"The other reels?"

"Ask him."

"But.....," did I only feel like a fool, or was I one?

"In the beginning, as he came to me, I thought that he would be a normal customer - whatever "normal" means under these circumstances. A rich asshole that treats the people around him like shit when he plays the top dog. And from time to time, he visits me to get treated like he normally treats others. But then he started to testify. He started to talk about that I would be his priestess and judge, that he would be here to atone for his sins."

A silhouette became visible. Now I was sure that it was - fuck, I had not even an idea what her alias was. I was relieved and ashamed.

"Would you tell me something about his "sins"?"

"Ask him. Will you give me the money, or do we get into trouble? It was no bluff. I have a gun, and it's pointed at you."

"Not to play the top dog myself now. But, I'm an old and experienced private investigator. You wouldn't have had any chance if I were here to get you, or kill you. My one question?"

"Let's play the game, Mr. Private Dick!"

"Will you take the money and leave, or do you plan to continue to blackmail him?"

"Why should I? It's enough for the rest of our days."

"Well, you, and whoever "our" is, wouldn't be the first to start to get greedy. It's a fucking lot of money, but it's also no problem to blow a fucking lot of money effortlessly."

"Why are you asking?"

"Well, I have still no idea about his "sins", but.....he's one of these guys who pays once, maybe even two or three times. But there would come a day when, under such circumstances, you would be dead already. You do not achieve what he has achieved without being ruthless, most likely a swine."



"And you get paid by him?"

"I'm only the delivery boy. And I deliver half a million dollars to you."

I turned to walk away as she addressed me.

"Wait a minute, you're really interested in his sins?"

I turned again, and now she was fully visible. And yes, it was Bettie, and I felt relieved. She had a coat on, a simple one. The hem of her black skirt was visible, her ankles, stocking-footed, black, and medium-heeled t-strapped shoes, black.

"I thought that you were fascinated by my face?"

I had strange thoughts.

"And I thought that I wouldn't be an asshole, but maybe I'm one."

"Well, imagination is a natural thing."

"Yeah. We should, potentially, talk about my sins."

## **A Day Of Pondering**

Not much I did so far

5:13 PM

But that's okay

Take your time

Watching CNN

It's said that it could be less cloudy tonight

Only somewhat

If yes, I will try to observe

The day so far

Very cloudy

Often rain

Let's see

The next three days I try to be in Matosinhos

The job interview on Tuesday morning will be important

It would be my favorite job

Salesman in a butchery again

Out of the kitchen again

Would do me good

Would make the last few years easier

We will see

I watch CNN now

I watch the clouds now

Still too much

To do anything meaningful

\*

Some shopping tomorrow  
Otherwise writing  
"Comics"?  
I try to understand

Does this all make sense?  
I don't think so.  
If this makes sense,  
Then this world would be even crueller than I feel.

Let's see if I get a chance to make some observations.

### **Stand By**

Yeah,  
I was able to make a few observations  
It functioned well  
I have to get used to the new telescope

The observations so far fit very good  
A change of telescope is always difficult  
But it seems to fit  
And observing is very fine with it

But now the sky is covered with clouds again  
7:27 PM  
But this can change rapidly again  
Therefore

I will not start writing now  
I look out of the window  
Constantly  
If the circumstances are changing

Observing is now my focus.

### **It's Raining**

Waited  
But now, 8:29 PM  
A dense blanket of clouds  
And it has started to rain

Okay,  
This can change rapidly again  
But most likely not  
A pity

It was nice to start with observations  
I own the new telescope for over a month now  
And not one good opportunity to observe  
A pity

At least  
What was possible so far  
A bit of Sun, Moon, and Jupiter  
A few variable stars and a few deep sky object

It all shows me  
It appears that it was a good decision  
But nevertheless  
One good night would be a pleasure now

Be patient, but it sucks.

### **On A Saturday**

It rains, and it rains  
And the prediction says  
It will only get worse  
Why have I bought me a new telescope?

Well,  
So far  
I can say  
It functions as hoped, and observations are good so far

Haze, clouds, and moon  
But under these circumstances  
Not bad  
But the next really good night for observing seems far away

\*

I'm a bit tired  
The first round was demanding  
Now the interlude  
Tuesday will be the important day

Well,  
Obviously,  
I have not to fear  
To get unemployed

But it would be  
Most likely  
The best  
To be able again to work as a salesman

Cooking with sixty-something?  
Easier as a salesperson  
Of course  
Let us see how Tuesday plays out

Writing  
Yeah, of course  
For a time in Matosinhos  
Of course

I changed, and now I have to solve the job problem.

## Short Cuts

### Don't Call Me Marlowe – Blackmailed

Well, would this be a typical crime or detective movie, or one with a spy, or a novel as well, then I would be together with Bettie now, together in her or my bed. I, in fact, laid in my bed - Bettie? I had asked her about her name, her real name. She had only laughed, saying that I could give her whatever name I wanted. I had said that I would be interested in her as a real person. She had become upset in some way. It would be like asking a movie star: You're in real life the same tough hero as in your movies? She would have thought that I wouldn't be that naive.

She had told me something about his sins, it felt like watching one of these Japanese movies for adults. One, where one or more males molested or even raped a woman, preferable looking young, very young even. In an office, at school, on a bus or train, or at home. Women were to fulfill sick male dreams about sex and domination, to get used by men for their sick wishes. Only that, Herr Ernst, not only watched movies about it but used his position to do it in reality - females employees preferably. And then he was a major patron of the arts and artists in the wonderful state of California. Mostly young women. The rest, she had said, the rest I could cede to my male imagination. She mentioned later one of his confessions regarding one of his "sweet artists": If it wasn't a rape, then it was very near to it - she was fantastic!

I had tried to get additional information about her life, but she blocked me and asked me: Would you tell me everything about your life? I had said, ask me, but she only laughed more. Why, she asked, why I should? I would be able and strong enough to take you as such, whatever your past has been. She told me that a major advantage in her job had been, that she expected men to be boring and unattractive. Dangerous, dangerous like a beast of prey, but very simple-minded. She shared with me that she was, "in real life", only interested in women. I told her that I would understand her, and she laughed even more. She would know a good doctor, but I said, not in that way. It was as it was, and I would be a man, but sometimes.....but only sometimes, to stay honest. She had given me a picture to say goodbye.

\*

Three months later, someone shot down good Mr. Kaufman, he died in the hospital. He had just

started his political career, and our left governor had many tears in his eyes as he gave a speech. What a successful man he had been, the good Mr. Kaufman, Ernest, a pillar of society and democracy in the proud state of California. That we all should pray for him, but why we should - or better: What should it help? He was a rapist and a swine, had attended service every Sunday, donated a lot, had used his position and wealth to dominate and suppress others. Shouldn't hell be the right place for such a hypocritical wanker?

The LAPD tried to do everything to catch the ruthless murderer, but they weren't successful. It wasn't a problem for me, remembering the mourning widow at the grave. What a hard day this would be, she told CNN, what a wonderful man and family father he had been, all the wonderful luxury that he had bestowed her while "nearly" raping and molesting those who could not defend. I had advised Bettie to leave the USA as fast as possible, to implement her plan to spend the rest of her days together with her partner in Europe - money enough they would have. And I assumed that they had both left the USA quickly, and now that Ernst was dead, not many were left who even knew about the blackmail.

I laid in my bed and looked at Bettie's picture, the one she had given me, and did whatever I did.

## **A Day More**

Day ten

Matosinhos

Will become a very long day  
2019, the days in and around Braga are left

Good progress today.

## **Matosinhos**

I continued with Matosinhos

After the upload

I pondered on 2021 and 2022

I did some research, some first steps regarding those days

13., 20., 23.

12., 22.

And I added some on the 08.

The first day of 2023

I see the whole story more and more

Los Angeles will be the basis

The dream of living by the ocean

The hate and love for this city and this nation

London will be a kind of interlude

Back to my past

Eighteen years old

Dover

Matosinhos will become the most private part  
About my innermost  
At least to a certain degree  
We will see

The book will begin with my arrival in Los Angeles  
And will end with my departure from Porto Airport  
Flashback, 1983  
And the years from February 2017 until March 2023

I see good progress regarding "Days".

## **Sunday**

Clouds and rain  
Weather that motivates you  
Weather to stay in bed  
Dark the whole day

Okay,  
Football on TV later  
For the rest of the day  
And some writing

One more day  
Then the next round  
Two job interviews on Tuesday  
I would still prefer the job as salesman in the butchery

But, today is Sunday.

## **Short Cuts**

### **Don't Call Me Marlowe – Waiting For A New Client**

The life of a private investigator? Well, in a city like Los Angeles? The glamour of the film and music business? A good metaphor, in fact!

Los Angeles, the Hollywood Hills, dreamland of a nation - well, maybe not of a hillbilly redneck conservative living in the woods or swamps. But if talking about the civilized part of the nation?

Los Angeles, place of longing for people around the world. The hills and all along the beaches, where the white and rich "Angelenos" lived, this boring and arrogant, corrupt and hypocritical bunch of people. A facade, a bloody lie, the reality as dull as the reality. A ridiculous group of people. Their only eligibility for life was to assure each other how fantastic and important they would be. At least when having profound conversations at parties, or promoting their latest work. In private, they hated each other.

Living as a private investigator, sometimes thrilling, dangerous, often boring, like now, waiting for a new job. It was some time ago that I had a real job. Some banal cases, not much income, over the last time. I had a.....strange case a few months ago, not much to do, but it did my bank account very good. And now I sat here waiting for a new possible client.

\*

"Nice that you have time for me, Mr. Maurer. It was a bit short-term."

On the other side of the small table that I used for consulting clients sat a man, middle-aged. We both had coffee, and I was interested in what his concern would be.

"No problem, I'm not that busy at the moment. I had something crucial to do, but now that it's done? I can concentrate on being a private investigator again. - What can I do for you?"

He nearly started to begin, as he got distracted. He pointed to a place behind me.

"Your daughter?"

"No." I turned around somewhat, towards the small cabinet behind me with the picture and the small bunch of flowers on it. "No, I have no children. It's a picture, a gift, of a woman I once knew. A kind of metaphor regarding the unburdened youth, or so. But this is the past, let us talk about the present, let us talk about your concern."

"Well, I have some problems with my neighbor....."

\*

Yeah, the unburdened youth and childhood, until the day it would end. But, shouldn't you be happy, if you had been able to be unburdened at least over those days? How many didn't even get the chance for unburdened days, in those days of their lives? How many lives ended, not even having truly begun? Yeah, the memory of those unburdened days. How privileged one was to have such memories.

## **Matosinhos**

Day fifteen

The days in Braga are following now

And soon the concert

Important days for Matosinhos

Good progress

Will be long days

I feel hot again

Writing now feels like writing in 2015

I look forward to 2024

I have a deep feeling

Something new will begin

The next step

"Short Cuts" and two long stories

Seems to be a good basis

And I still have some time, somewhat over a month

To straighten out my work life

I think that I'm on the right track.

## **The Next Round**

Monday,  
Two job interviews tomorrow  
Well,  
I have already a new job

But,  
I would still prefer the butchery  
If no downer pops up  
We will see

I should be back from the second job interview  
Around 4 PM  
Enough time to write  
But that's tomorrow - today?

Well,  
It rains, it rains, it rains  
All the time gray  
Not very motivating

It rains in Matosinhos as well  
More or less  
More sun they have  
And it's warmer

But I'm here again  
In good old Germany  
Ready to start with some writing  
Ready to.....whatever

Tomorrow will be an interesting day.

## **Matosinhos**

Day sixteen is finished  
The next day will be the concert  
The climax of 2019  
A very long day

I will not write it tomorrow  
An important day tomorrow  
I will concentrate on the job interviews first  
And then?

Let's see how my mood will be  
Then I can decide  
How to continue  
I feel fine



\*

The last days, since Matosinhos, have been very productive  
I do no longer sleep that long  
I'm active  
I produce

But it's enough for today  
The concert day will be hard  
Most likely on Wednesday  
2019 will soon be finished

I'm on the right track.

### **My Mood?**

Tuesday, 5:46 PM  
Mixed emotions  
The butchery?  
The retirement home?

The butchery  
I'm not sure if it can function  
Job interview with the senior  
I'm not sure if it can function

The retirement home  
The job add has said as of now  
But now it's from January on  
I would get notice in two or three weeks

But what with the job from last Thursday?  
They will not wait that long  
Shall I gamble?  
Or, take what I have?

One is obvious  
I have an aim  
I should be focused on it  
Laser focused, as the Americans like to say

Okay,  
I do not have to decide it today  
But, at least now, I'm not in the mood for Matosinhos  
I think I should sleep over it for a night

Today,  
Let's see  
I'm not in a hurry  
Time will tell

Maybe I should take a walk?

### **No Impulse**

No impulse today  
I need a break  
I have to sleep  
I need some dreams

Tomorrow  
I will continue  
It was a long and demanding day  
I have to weigh today tomorrow

I still do not feel bad, it's Germany, the nation where I live.

### **Wednesday**

After the day yesterday?  
Well, I decided to start writing early  
Started with Matosinhos  
It will be a very long day

It's 4 PM now  
I got a phone call  
The next job interview is tomorrow morning  
I will have a pause now

I will later continue with Matosinhos  
But now I am preparing for the job interview  
I'm not sure if I can complete the 17. day  
It's a special day for "Matosinhos"

But now a break.

## **Matosinhos**

I have continued  
But as expected  
I will not complete that day  
It will be the - by far - longest day in Portugal

It's a day like Dover will be  
It's 7:47 PM  
Still time  
But I need a break

Again, much happened today  
I wrote two important emails  
I will try to come to a conclusion tomorrow  
Maybe not the ultimate, but it could be

The days are not easy  
Since returning from Matosinhos  
But I like them  
They show me that I improve

Not the first time in such a situation  
But I handle it differently  
I feel strong  
I'm on a good way

But now, give me a break.

## **It's Done**

I have a new job  
Well, no contract signed so far  
But an agreement  
Again, cooking in a retirement home

But,  
Only for seventy people  
Two cooks  
And three additional staffers in the kitchen  
Good numbers

Let's see how well it will function  
But the basis is good  
Much better than before  
With a lack of so many staffers

Today?  
It was an emotional day  
The Jazz Club would offer a fantastic concert  
Ice hockey tomorrow

But neither of them, I would say  
Let it become a calm evening  
I can restart again tomorrow  
Work will start on December the fifteenth

Less income  
But enough  
And I need a solid basis  
To be able to finally concentrate on writing / art and Matosinhos

No Matosinhos today  
The concert will be too important  
And very lengthy  
It will include a long detour via Stuttgart

But the aim is obvious  
Finishing "Matosinhos" until the fifteenth  
Then I can concentrate for the rest of the year to ultimately prepare for 2024  
And the beginning of the new workplace - Christmas and New Year, with their specialties

I'm satisfied?  
Yeah, the writing over the last few days wasn't bad at all  
Yeah, I do not expect paradise  
But another year will be over

I have changed  
But I need a night  
To sleep over it all  
Then I can have new thoughts

I should plan my next stay in Matosinhos as soon as possible.

### **A Long Walk**

Made a long walk  
Not bad  
Should do it more often  
Do me good

Made me a good oolong tea  
Which I enjoy now  
No further writing today  
Early to bed

I have no ideas anymore  
Well, two or three "Short Cuts"  
But not today  
I'm satisfied so far

Give me some nice dreams - let's see what I will be able to, from tomorrow on.

### **Ultimately Done**

I signed the contract today  
Everything seems to be solid  
I will start working there from the fifteenth on  
But I start with three days off

The fifteenth is a Friday  
Only one cook works at a retirement home on weekends  
And it would be too early for me  
Therefore, I start with three days off

So, my first real workday will be the eighteenth  
Gives me some more time  
I will use it  
It's done

\*

Not 6 PM  
I will stop "Memories" today  
Will find its continuation as a part of "Short Cuts"  
There will be a time

And today?  
Not sure  
Some developments - Israel, Washington, and more  
Matosinhos?

I think that I will start with a walk  
Like yesterday  
Will be no bad idea  
To start with some exercise

Good idea, let's have some exercise.

## **Matosinhos**

I searched for the data and information in Stuttgart  
And found it, not so difficult  
But I have a problem in Braga  
I tried hard but could not get the information

Okay,  
Black flats, black opaque tights, and these beautiful burgundy pleated skirts  
And, I cannot really remember - what does this tell us?  
I would say white blouses, but I'm not certain

I stop here  
It was a long walk today  
I will finish this day tomorrow  
This is such a special day

\*

Now that everything is fixed  
I can concentrate on writing for the next few days  
At least mainly  
I look forward to

I will cook more time-consuming dishes in the coming days  
I will start with beef roulade tomorrow  
With this new job  
I can continue to cook dinner for my father and me

We can eat together - I should become a more sociable person.

## **Final Sprint**

The final sprint for 2023 has begun  
But hey, not much is left to do  
A few things with the new telescope  
I have to care for my bonsai tomorrow, time for their winter habitat

It has become cold  
Snow  
Not so much here  
But it's white outside

The timing is good  
Fucking months prior  
Two weeks Matosinhos - again a so important time  
Then two weeks of stress - and a new job

Another two weeks  
Until I start working again  
Two more weeks  
And the year is gone

2024 could become a very improving year  
Twice in Portugal will be no problem  
A chaotic year behind  
But it has given me much

Nevertheless, I wouldn't be disappointed if next year was somewhat more quiet.

### **Let's Play**

College football begins  
And I will be for a time in Matosinhos  
Let's end day seventeen  
I had a longer walk

But now  
Let's be in Texas, TV  
And Matosinhos, mind  
And I sit here in Germany, physically

I feel like I would have taken a major step.

### **A Very Long Day**

As expected  
Day seventeen will become a very long day  
The football match is nearly over  
Texas with a big win

I will not finish day seventeen today  
Is emotional  
The rest tomorrow  
The concert as such

The remaining days will be shorter again  
And easier to write  
Do I have a good drive?  
Well, not every good drive ends with a touchdown

But more and more  
A field goal should be possible  
Maybe the winning points  
I have a good feeling

I lust for next year  
Good progress in various fields  
The job is still my weak point  
But if I'm lucky, then this decision will pay off

Okay, tomorrow is the next day.

### **Sunny Sunday**

Wow,  
The sun is shining  
But, clouds are on the way  
The weather prediction says

The night should be slightly cloudy  
This can mean anything  
But, if possible  
I will observe my stars

Thus,  
I begin writing just after lunch  
To finish day seventeen in any case  
The rest we will see

The sun!  
Wow!  
From tomorrow on, heavy rain or even snow fall  
As well as the rest of the week

But now, let's finish day seventeen.

### **Matosinhos**

Day seventeen is done  
As well as day eighteen  
And for this 2019  
The few days of 2021 and 2022 will be next

Then 2023 will be left  
Good progress  
Clear blue sky outside  
Too good to be true!



Not long and the sun will set  
Be patient  
And hope  
Was a major step for the story!

### **Lucky Guy**

I have observed my stars  
All of them  
But the circumstances got worse and worse  
But I was lucky, it was good enough, long enough

Functioned well with the new telescope  
I could observe all my stars for the first time  
Not only a few  
It was easy with the new instrument

A short writing  
"Comments"  
Will follow  
Enough for today

I have the feeling that this can become two good weeks  
Apart from the weather  
Will be ugly again tomorrow  
And for the rest of the week

A time to stay home and write, have ideas for "Comics".

### **Matosinhos**

Good progress  
I decided to continue in a slightly different way  
To work on 2021 and 2022 at once  
The matching days

I have worked at the 6. and 7.  
Some changes and additions  
And the 22. and 23.  
Two days in the market hall

The set-up is nice  
6. / 2021 -7. / 2022  
22. / 2022 - 23. / 2021  
The 21. and the 24. are the jazz club days in 2023

Still left for 2021 and 2022 are three days

2021 - 13. and 20.

2022 - 12.

The task for tomorrow will be at least writing the two matching days 12. and 13.

Good progress

Soon, only 2023 will be left

Then I can ultimately plan this year

Writing feels good again

I will concentrate on Matosinhos over the coming days

If I can keep this level

Then I will not need so many days

The rest of the year will be for "Short Cuts", "Photography", and "Comics"

I feel good again.

## **5 PM**

It's a few minutes after 5 PM

The remaining days of 2021 and 2022 are done

Was hard work

But writing has to become my work

2021 - 13. and 20.

2022 - 12.

2023 is remaining

Nine (ten) days

If I can keep this level

I can finish Matosinhos easily over the week

Next week would be for the other aspects

Then I can start with the new work

A walk wouldn't be bad

But of course, it rains

Let's see what I will do

But now a break

Good progress, Peter!

## **Some More**

Some more time in Matosinhos

After a walk in the rain

To outline the remaining days

I can thus start immediately tomorrow

The days of 2023 have not necessarily being long  
The jazz club days will be long  
But they should convey a feeling  
The feeling that I have found my place

Okay,  
Good work today  
Three more days like the last two  
And I have done it

It would be nice to focus for some days on "Short Cuts"  
"Comics", let's see if my idea functions, I need a new format then  
Some photos at the end of the year?

But okay,  
Matosinhos, "Days", first  
I like the writing of the last few days  
I feel mentally and physically better

Keep the feeling and the dynamic, Peter!

### **Three More Days**

I prepared three more days  
11., 14., 25.  
One more would be my aim for today  
It's 4:50 PM

But I need a break now  
A walk  
The rest we will see  
I have changed the order

I have separated the years  
This will make the writing easier  
To give every year its mood  
I see good progress

But now, let's take a walk.

### **Two More**

Two more days  
19. and 26.  
Four days left  
Two for tomorrow, two for the day thereafter

The jazz club days  
And the last two days  
Thus,  
I will end "Matosinhos" on Friday

This will give me enough time for all the other matters  
Until I have to work again  
Good work, Peter, I would say  
I feel prepared

Three weeks  
And a bit more  
2024  
I will be prepared

8:57 PM, let's see what CNN has for "Breaking News".

### **Two More Days**

27. and 28.  
Not totally satisfied  
I'm somewhat distracted today  
But it's enough to outline the days

The two jazz club days tomorrow  
This will be two longer days  
Then it's done  
The next step

It's a bit strange  
It will be interesting to see what will be on Saturday  
I look forward to next year  
Will be quite unfamiliar writing

\*

I feel relaxed  
In a way, a fucking year  
But I managed to develop my writing  
Especially in the last few months

Take a deep breath  
Let's finish it tomorrow  
Then we will see  
I feel strange

## Learning Portuguese

I found a new place to learn Portuguese  
Practice Portuguese  
It's cheap  
I joined it

I spent some time there to get some impressions  
I think it will be very useful for me  
I should start soon with serious learning of the Portuguese language  
What about next week?

It has become later  
Then the last days  
I will begin writing now  
The jazz club waits

I do not feel bad.

## Well,.....

Okay,  
I will not finish "Matosinhos" today  
Very long and complex days  
I have outlined the 21. and 24. so far, only the concerts as such are left

And these parts will also be long  
But these are important days  
But manageable tomorrow  
It's 7:24 PM

I have pondered about "Comics"  
"Creatures Of A Guilty Conscience"  
The new title, most likely  
But I have to find a format

I could try to finish those two days  
But it needs much concentration  
And I would like to write some more as well  
"Comments"

Let's finish it tomorrow, that will also be okay.

## **That's It!**

"Matosinhos" finished  
It feels strange  
This stage is done  
The real writing will begin next year

Over the next week  
"Other Arts" and some "Short Cuts"  
It was difficult to finish it  
I think that I have made many spelling mistakes

But it's only to outline the days  
And to have all the names and suchlike  
I see the story in front of me now  
I will not mix the cities

All days will be in the following order:  
Los Angeles - London - Matosinhos  
But, they will have entirely unique developments and climaxes  
They will have different functions

The story will begin in Los Angeles and will end in Matosinhos (Porto, OPO)  
Los Angeles: confusion, loving and hating, a puzzling and frightening place  
London: Straight, flashbacks, but no confusion, no deep emotions regarding the city  
Matosinhos: starts with 2019, ends with 2023, it will tell the story of those years

Matosinhos will become the main part  
Los Angeles will not have a climax as such  
London: the concert in Bristol and the day in Dover, both not London!  
Matosinhos: the concert in Braga, the concerts in Porto, but also simply being in Matosinhos

I can ponder about it during the rest of the year  
Do some skim-reading  
Maybe adding one or another aspect  
But not more

And now?  
Some socializing tomorrow  
Some writing in any case  
A whole week until work starts

The last week has been very productive  
Not only regarding writing  
I should keep this level  
Enough for today!

I enjoyed writing over the last week very much.

## **Sunday**

"Days" is finished so far  
A new situation  
Next year  
The writing will be different

Today is a day of reorientation  
Football on TV later  
The next few days I have some appointments and things to do  
To get some information regarding my private pension plan, for instance

I feel satisfied  
It functions  
Since I'm back from Matosinhos  
It will be interesting to start with the new work

But first, a whole week  
Until next Sunday  
Writing and art will be a topic  
But also to try to have a nice time

## **Short Cuts**

### **Matosinhos Blue**

#### **Old Men Drinking Coffee In The Morning**

A very common sight in Portugal: Old men are sitting in front of a pasteleria, or in it, in the morning, drinking um café. A question arises: Where are the women?  
Not that you cannot also see old couples, but often it's a group of old men, and I have never seen a group of old women. Where are they?  
Well, undoubtedly, Portugal is more traditional than other European countries. Thus, it seems natural to say: At home, cooking lunch. And I have the feeling, this seems not to be that wrong.  
Well, and younger Portuguese couples? It seems to me that there is a more traditional understanding of one's role, even among younger Portuguese. But, I have to be careful. I do not have enough insights.

## Short Cuts

### Surrealistic Pillow

#### Don't Be Silly

"I'm an angel," she said, and I replied: "But I do not see wings."

"Come on, Peter, you wrote that much about angels."

"Yeah, at the beginning, metaphorically. I named certain songstresses as angels."

"Did they have wings?"

She looked somewhat annoyed.

"No, of course not, and I stopped it fairly quickly. And, I have never written about angels since then."

"Yeah, and that's right the reason for what I'm here. You should write about angels again, Peter!"

Now I looked somewhat annoyed.

"But I do not believe in angels. And it was a period, a stage, a level. But this is long ago. It makes no sense anymore for me to write about angels."

"But you should, angels are something very beautiful - look at me, if this sounds not too self-regarding."

Well, in a way, it was not to deny, she looked very beautiful, at least I thought so. But, should this mean, that every woman one considered beautiful, gorgeous even, had to be an angel?

"Okay. Let's say, I would write again about angels, whom then I should name an angel? I mean, I would consider it silly, to name those certain songstresses again as angels. This is done, I see them as artists now."

"Do you think that an artist can't be an angel, or that an angel can't be an artist?"

"Ahhhhhh....."

"See, Peter, everyone can be an angel - and by the way, not only women, you should not forget. You have only to be open-hearted, and you will see many angels around you, women and men. And thus, also you, Peter, can be an angel."

"Well, what that concerns, I fear, this is flattering, but very much wrong. Maybe I can be much, could be much, but an angel? A hell's angel, potentially."

"Oh, Peter, if a person like you were an angel in hell, then hell would be a wonderful place - what, by the way, isn't so. Hell is a very terrible place. But with you, it would be wonderful there."

And I thought: Well, perhaps I should stop here, before it turns into a too silly way? And a voice inside my head said:

*Don't be silly,  
turn on Billie.  
She's singing us to sleep  
so we can dream our lives away.  
(Turn On Billie; The Pierces)*



## Short Cuts

### Don't Call Me Marlowe

#### Being A Private Dick

I sat in a bar and had the insight, it was good to be a private dick. Well, standing up every day, five in a week, at the same time, most likely early? Sitting in the car and waiting until the jam moved on, or standing in the crowded metro, were not thrilling imaginations for me. A sip, the cocktail hard, standing up in the early morning? Sure, sometimes I did, for monitoring it could be necessary, but not every day at the same time? I liked that every week was different, every month, not to plan, a kind of liberty. An appointment I would have tomorrow, 10 AM, but I decided if I got up early or somewhat later, about a break after noon, how long lunch would take.

It had always been one of my biggest fears, one of these regular duty rosters to have - most thrilling the change from early shift to late shift maybe, what a shit that would be? I looked at the boys in their cheap suits, and the girls, thinking they would be beautiful, as my target paid. I had given the man behind the counter some bills in advance - thus, I could follow him immediately.

"Hey, Billy!" I said as I stood on the pavement. He turned and looked at me: "Who are you?"

I said nothing. It was enough that he reacted, Mr. James Mayer from Detroit. Not all the time it was good to be drunk, I thought, as I brought him down - another case solved. I would bring him to the next police station, I hated drunken people.

#### Major Change

Well, I found out, last night  
The concert on next Thursday  
Jazz, Altes Theater  
Will be the last concert there

The jazz club will move again  
A pity  
But I have no background information  
From next year on

Concerts then on Mondays  
Have to reorientate  
But not relevant for the moment  
The new venue is, by far, not as nice as the Altes Theater

I need some information  
Sure, next Thursday  
Jazz club  
To say goodbye to the nice venue

Sad, I feel sad.

## **Creatures Of A Guilty Conscience**

I have worked on "Comics"  
To find a new format  
To bring the two together  
Well, I made some changes

Not exactly as I wish  
But when I see my starting point this morning.....  
I can start with some basic strips over the rest of the year  
I should draw many heads of swans

But,  
The next step  
The rest of the day  
We will see

I like the way I do my work currently.

## **Now Or Never?**

I will go to bed early today  
2 AM yesterday due to football  
I will have soon to get up early again  
In exactly a week

Today was for "Comics"  
Tomorrow?  
We will see  
I'm a bit tired

Some Portuguese would be good  
Maybe some reading  
Scientific videos on YouTube  
But no writing or art

Since I traveled to Matosinhos  
Much has changed  
But it will be important to keep it  
To let 2024 become the year

I have the real feeling that I could be able to do it this time.

## **Short Cuts**

### **Don't Call Me Marlowe**

#### **Killing A Child**

"How old was he?", I asked Arnold, a friend I had at the police.

"Young, obviously, but this is not the matter right now. You informed us immediately, Peter, and there's no reason to doubt your story. You had no chance. It was him or you."

I looked at the white blanket on the street, which was very red now.

"It all been very dynamic. My bullet hit his chest perfectly. If I had tried to hit him that way, I most probably would have failed him."

"It's always challenging to see a youngster dead on the ground, but he's absolutely no stranger to the police."

Yeah, most likely various crimes, from battery to robbery, maybe even more severe crimes. But he was dead now, fourteen as I got informed later, most likely a member of a gang, or a hopeful, hopeful to have a successful gang career. Could it be that it would be better if we offered young people the hope of a meaningful career? Not only chattering about the American Lie? Did we really think that these young people would be so stupid and naive that they wouldn't be able to dismantle this lie? Well, it was enough for them to step on the street in one of their neighborhoods, and everything shouted: LIE!

## **Short Cuts**

### **Surrealistic Pillow**

#### **Cosplay**

A nice day, sunny, but not too hot, sitting in a café, drinking something cool. Opposite a park, a pavement with a bench, and as I sat here for a while, three....well.....girls sat down on the bench.

It might be valuable to say that I was not in Japan because all the girls were Japanese, Asian, but obviously Japanese. I was very sure about it because of the way they were dressed - cosplay was my guess. Apart from that, they were seemingly very young, twelve to fourteen, I would say.

The first had a schoolgirl's uniform on. So far, nothing strange, but obviously not a real one, because I knew, that the skirts of real Japanese schoolgirl uniforms weren't that short - and her skirt was tremendously short.

The second was more difficult. I was not really in it, knew that many genres and sub-genres existed, knew that it was a big deal in Japan - a somewhat doubtful matter in some ways, by the way. But, if I had to give it a name, I would choose Rozen Maiden.

The third? Well, easier again, even more ruffles and suchlike than the second, and even more.....sexy. I would say: Fashion Lolita? An orgy in rosé, an enormous skirt with a long rear and a very short front, pink over-knee stockings with red ribbons, unbelievable white shoes - over the waist, everything was covered up.

So, three young girls, cosplaying, very young girls, very sexy, here? Decades ago, Frankfurter Buchmesse, as the manga culture came to Germany, they held a contest, who would wear the best cosplay costume. Well, some of the costumes were very nice, so to speak. And in Los Angeles,

Little Tokyo, the plaza, one could see cosplayers very regularly there. Oh, and I remembered, in my town, a small town, I crossed the river by car, a couple on the pavement. They were both dressed like cosplayers, she in a kind of rococo-style dress, but much more modest than the one on the other side of the street. They both waved at passing cars. It looked very strange, and for a moment, I wasn't convinced that I had seen it right. But these three girls topped everything I had ever seen, as I realized that they had realized since a long time that I was staring at them. They giggled and looked at me, they stood up and came to me. The one dressed like a Rozen Maiden addressed me in English.

"Do you like our outfits? Shall we come to you?"

In a very high, childish voice, I hesitated, not sure what I should say or how to behave. But, this didn't matter because they took a seat at my table. I started to sweat, they talked with each other in Japanese and giggled even more, as the one, dressed like a schoolgirl, with this very, very short skirt, I could see her panties, addressed me.

"How old do you think we are?" she asked me, giggling.

Well, I knew that Japanese women sometimes could look very young - very, very young. And of course, this could be a solution, that they only looked that young, a lot of make-up, but weren't that young at all.

"Well," I said, "that's sometimes challenging to tell. I think that it's extremely difficult for a European to estimate the age of an Asian woman."

They started again to giggle a lot - and I sweated even more. The girl - or should I say better woman now? - in pink, Pretty in Pink?, addressed me now.

"Do you like Japanese porn? Could it be that you know me?" Now they started to giggle finally, in a boisterous manner. And I started to feel ultimate discomfort.

"I don't think so," I said to say something. "It seems somewhat difficult for me. I mean the way you three look."

"Do you mean our dresses, or bodies?" They all started to giggle again, and I did not feel better.

"I have heard about such movies....."

".....heard.....?" the Rozen Maiden said.

".....that in Japan this Lolita-style is still very common, even in porn movies. But I think that this is very weird." Could this be a good answer?

"Why? I'm twenty-two years old." The woman in the Lolita dress said.

"And I'm twenty." The woman dressed as a schoolgirl said.

"And I'm twenty-three." The Rozen Maiden said.

"Okay, but you all look like twelve, maybe fourteen. And porn movies, especially Japanese porn movies? This very weird porn movies?" And I felt that this was a bad reply.

"You've heard a lot about Japanese porn movies!" The schoolgirl said that, and I started to hate this constant giggling. Okay, they looked like young girls, but how should I take them serious when they always giggled like stupid little girls?

"Do you want to spend the night together with us?" The schoolgirl and I had no idea what to say.

"I think that would not be appropriate." - Good?

"Why?" the Lolita said, "I'm twenty-two, not twelve."

"Yeah, but.....it seems not to be right."

"And if I told you that I'm a twenty-two-year-old woman with feelings and needs? That I would hope to be accepted as a mature woman?"

Maybe you should change your clothing style or restrict your giggling?

"Sorry, but I really think that wouldn't be right." - Convincing?

"So, you think that it wouldn't be appropriate to have sex with me because I look much younger?"

"Well, not only younger, but like a little girl." - Had I made a point now?

"And, young girls can look much older - right?" The Rozen Maiden, this was no good way.

"Yes....."

"On a bed, a twenty-two-year-old woman who looks like twelve and a twelve-year-old girl, looking like twenty-two. With which of them would it be okay to have sex?" Now I would prefer that they

giggle.

"With none of them." What a shitty answer - now they no longer giggled, now they laughed. I would have preferred that they giggle.

They stood up and started to walk away as the Lolita-dressed woman returned and bent down to me. She touched my cheek and caressed it, like I were a little girl. Then she whispered in my ear: "Sorry, Peter, but you failed the test." And as they walked away, they sang:

*Life is awesome, I confess  
What I do, I do best  
You got nothing, I got tested  
And I'm best, yes*

*I'm a dragon, you're a whore  
Don't even know what you're good for  
Mimicking me is a fucking bore  
To me, but babe*

*Lay me down tonight  
In my linen and curls  
In my diamonds and pearls  
Tell me something nice  
About your favorite girl\**

\* Fucked My Way Up To The Top; Lana Del Rey

## **Short Cuts**

### **Matosinhos Blue**

#### **Four Portuguese Schoolgirls**

Crossing R. Sousa Aroso and R. Roberto Ivens, I walked along R. Roberto Ivens, from the beach towards the city, crossed the zebra crossing, on the Niva Porto side.

I had not seen them, they suddenly walked by on the crossing - might it be that they had used the other side of the street before? Or, could it be, that I was too absorbed in my thoughts? Whatever, just in the middle of the crossing, they passed me, and I doubt that they noticed me.

Four Portuguese schoolgirls in their school uniforms - nice shoes and knee stockings, short pleated skirts - one was shorter than the others? - blouses and jackets. A lot of blue, some white, black, and red. They were all in a good mood - talking, giggling, laughing, not really walking, more leaping. They turned right - what would be their aim? - and also I headed on.

## Short Cuts

### Surrealistic Pillow

#### Shining

There is not much I have to describe. An empty hotel, winter, a long hallway, two elevators at the end - we all know it. The display showed that an elevator came from above. Would the elevator stop at my floor, the fourteenth, the thirteenth in reality?

The elevator stopped, opened, and a boy stepped out - I have not to describe him. He came nearer and stopped two yards in front of me, saying nothing. I looked at him.

"Why are you not saying something?"

"I do not understand your question completely."

"Is my question so difficult to understand?"

"Considering the fact that I say something if you wish me to do it, and stay silent if you like it, so - yes. I'm a creature of your imagination and fantasy."

"Yeah, of course."

"If you wished, I could be a girl, innocent and true. Or only the mask of a monster, a hellish creature - I'll say what you want. I'm what you wish for, and you can do with me whatever you're longing for."

"Do you think so?"

"Of course, sure. You could kill me in a brutal excess. You only have to proclaim thereafter that I would have been a diabolic threat to the world, here to destroy the world, and that this would have been the only way to stop me."

"But I would have to prove it."

"Don't try to fool me! In this universe, your word, your words, are the axiomatic truth. If you say that this place has two dimensions, then it has two dimensions. If you say that in your universe, all die when reaching a certain age, then it will be so. And if you say that I'm not a boy but a scary monster that has to get killed, then it's so. You're God in this universe, almighty - but not necessarily infinitely good."

"This sounds too good to be true. Could it be that you're a kind of hidden seducer?"

"Could be. In any case, I'm a creature born of your imagination. Without your mind, I would not exist, and I would not say this."

"Yeah, I'm God, I'm the God of the Gods, I can do whatever I want to do!"

"Do you still need me?"

"Why are you asking?"

"I would go, to continue my way with the elevator."

"But, does this not contradict the conclusion that you're a product of mine?"

"Why?"

"I did not tell you to do so. You articulated a wish. You addressed me, not I addressed you."

"If it were that simple like that. "

With these words, the boy turned and entered the elevator again. I shouted after him, but he did not react - yeah, a creature of my mind! I wondered what would have happened, would I have killed him?

I sat on the floor of the hallway for the rest of the day, staring at the elevator. I asked the elevator to move, stop, and open, but the elevator seemed to be dead now. Yeah, I'm God, the God of all Gods - what a farce, what an illusion! I felt alone. Would I start to run mad now, in this huge and empty hotel? I had the feeling that it would go that way now.

## **A Very Bad Day**

Everything was right until the afternoon  
But then  
Several times in the restroom  
Twice longer

Bad on the toilette  
Bad when kneeling in front of it  
I had severe problems with my circulatory  
Feared to collapse

I pondered if calling an ambulance  
We had clams for lunch  
But my father was well  
A heart attack does not last that long

I feel a bit better now  
The circulation is somewhat better  
I no longer have to vomit  
A bit of writing would be good.....

And,  
I have problems with the PC  
Okay, I can use the laptop  
But....

Of course,  
No jazz club  
No real writing  
But it seems like it will be better again tomorrow

I tried to sleep somewhat, and I will go to bed again after the upload.

## **Well, Well**

I still have some problems today  
But that's okay  
Writing and art for next year are prepared  
A new job from Monday on

I had two things to do  
But then I decided to stay in bed again  
7:34 PM  
I stood up, new tea, something to eat

I still feel tired  
I would need a shower  
Soon to bed again  
But I'm not dissatisfied

\*

In Europe  
Orbán  
It's stupid if one vote can block everything  
This is not useful

In the USA  
An insane bunch like - a part - of the GOP  
Blocks everything only to block it  
This is the road to hell

We always have crocodile tears for everybody, everywhere  
But can we not see the picture as such  
In it's completeness  
We will screw it up

\*

We all say  
We cannot move on as always  
But we do not draw consequences  
And if then it's too little, too late

I did not expect that I would experience such consequences  
War in Europe again  
Democracy in the USA on the brink  
I doubted that climate change would be that fast

But it seems  
That it's against human nature  
Especially because those who cause the most damage  
Are less willing to change

\*

A weekend left  
The last six weeks have been very interesting  
Two weeks in Matosinhos  
Two weeks of searching for a new job

Two weeks at home now  
Two weeks in a new job  
Then the year is over  
2024 begins

A chaotic year is behind  
I look forward to 2024  
And I mean it seriously  
Interesting art and writing waits

But I'm uninspired today.



## Saturday, December the Sixteenth

Well, I feel much better again, the last two days have been difficult, especially Thursday. I did a lot of shopping, cooked, monkfish, and now I think I should have a time-out - it's 3:48 PM.

Monday will be the first workday at the new job, but Monday, today is Saturday. I have some headache. I stopped "Comments" today as the last step in preparing for 2024. The weather is bad, as always - do I have to write something today?

The world is as it is, no one can argue that we would be smart creatures. We're nearing betrayal of the Ukrainians, we fuck future generations by doing nothing significant to stem climate change, we always talk about Israel but not Hamas or the Arab world - shall this be useful?

I need a break now, not sure if I should drink coffee and eat some of the cake my father always bakes. I should be in good shape on Monday, so most likely not.

\*

Corruption allegations in Portugal and new elections at the beginning of next year, a more and more crazy acting coalition in Germany. Perhaps, after all, retirement in the USA? - Okay, it's been a joke! Who knows if there's still something left that one could name "the USA" in a few years.

We have to economize in Germany, we have by far the lowest national debt among the leading industrial nations, but we have to economize. Okay, we cannot raise taxes on the super rich, but taxes on gasoline? Sure, gas is already costly in Germany, why not make it pricier? Why not higher prices for energy overall? Why not let the normal worker pay for everything so that Christian can keep his holy debt limit?

For decades now, the sitting government, for thirty-two years the CDU, has worked with shadow budgets - why thinking that the voters are all fools? Wouldn't it be better to say clearly what's in the cash box and how much money we need for what? Could it be that crises like COVID-19, a war in Ukraine, and our obligation to support Ukraine so they can defeat Russia, transformation of our industry, to fight climate change, require more money than we have at the moment?

Wouldn't it be a practical way to say clearly what's the state of the nation, the world around us?

Well, I'm from the left, obviously, I do not expect the truth from the right, but why not from the left?

Could it be that the German left - what does "left" mean in Germany today? - should tell the truth, even - especially? - if the truth isn't that rosy beautiful? A bit more brave, a bit more trust in the voters? Yeah, there's this German Angst, we would need brave politicians again - Brandt, Schmidt, maybe even, in a certain way - the reunification of Germany - Kohl? But with career-driven narcissists like Lindner and Merz, and cowards like Olaf? At least, they also have some problems in Portugal.

\*

Ukraine In EU - a little step, but a good step, fucking Hungarian government. Ukraine and Europe can only win in the long run, but not if we start now to weaken.

\*

### For What

What's life for?

A philosophical question?

A religious question?

Gave Coover the right answer?

It's just what it is.  
I tend to  
Even if it's somewhat disappointing  
Nothing will last forever

At least in the long run  
Catherine the Great  
A "modern" monarch  
Or a nymphomaniac slut, as two famous German porn movies tell you?

Maybe both  
Or nothing of both  
Do your judgment  
Her name, her name, will be forever

\*

Daily writing as.....?  
Florbela  
It would be nice if we shared something  
Dying in Matosinhos

Hope to be there soon again  
In around four months would be nice  
I searched for a book in English  
And found an interesting bookshop in Porto

I have written them  
More from Florbela  
In English  
More Portuguese literature

I feel better again  
Upload at 9 PM again from tomorrow on  
I feel prepared  
I look forward to my next time in Matosinhos

But enough for today.

### **Sunday, December the Seventeenth**

I will be working again tomorrow, a new workplace, but nothing unusual for this year. This year has been very chaotic, maybe it will find a better end? I have prepared most for next year, but the two days when I felt uncomfot - Thursday and Friday - have been a certain setback. Nevertheless, much is done.

I have cut my bonsai today, observed the sun, but there is not much to see. It will be clear tonight. Fog could be a problem, let's see. If possible, then I will observe my stars later. It would be cool, tomorrow should be a second chance. I have prepared everything for tomorrow, working. I have to get up early again, go to bed early again, and upload no later than 9 PM. But it's a good timing.

There are two weeks until the new year, time that I can use to establish next year's writing routine. I'm satisfied with the last six weeks, all in all. In any case, the year ends much better than it started! I have changed, really, deeply, but I have to become more consistent anyway. Not extremely, that wouldn't be me, but somewhat in any case.

It will be possible to plan the next stay in Matosinhos soon, this will do me good. I have to establish a routine that involves writing, learning Portuguese, and time for others (like my collections). Jazz club? Winter break anyway, the rest we will see. Concerts would be then on Monday, Thursday bar day? But these aren't the most important topics for the moment.

Well, observing would be nice today, but not necessarily much writing. It will be interesting to see what will be possible tomorrow, regarding writing. The next two weeks, I work from Monday until Friday, with days off at the weekend. No day I will be alone, always two cooks, seems to be a good basis for the setting-in period. Okay, I feel prepared, let's have a nice day. We had sauerbraten (marinated pot roast) with red cabbage and potato dumplings for lunch.

\*

## **Short Cuts**

### **Surrealistic Pillow**

#### **Cat's Alarm**

Yeah, last night I had one of these weird dreams, long and very complicated. A slice from it, a part I can remember.

After a kind of longer odyssey, I reached a place that reminded me of a setting from Twelve Monkeys or Metropolis. A gigantic machinery, and a man, huge and hamfisted, dirty like a stoker, but he was very tender in the way he stroked a cat. The cat was a large and spotty cat, but she seemed to be very well fostered, and she obviously loved the stroking. It all seemed very odd, as I started to understand that the cat was a kind of alarm, a kind of securing, if something went wrong with the gigantic machinery. Should something go wrong with the gigantic machinery then the cat would be torn apart, not necessarily very fast, so the cat would scream loudly, would give alarm, if something went wrong. The man and the cat, a strange couple, and I felt sad that the nice cat would possibly have such a bad future.

\*

I observed my stars, it's 8:12 PM. It functioned good so far, a new instrument, but better than the old one. Moon and Jupiter as well, both very nice. But I will upload today's writing now, then a shower, and uploading of the observations. Then I have to go to bed, the rest we will see tomorrow.

## **Monday, December the Eighteenth**

First workday, new job, better than the last one in any case. Let's see how everything unfolds. In any case, a vacation in March would be no problem, as would a vacation most likely in October - that sounds not bad.

I'm tired, did not sleep last night. I will make a short observation - Moon, Jupiter, and three variable stars - and maybe a short writing. But not much more for today.

I need time to let it all sink in, I will need a few days. Days off on 30., 31. and 1. - a very interesting

development. Would allow me all the time to make all the changes to the webpage and to start with the new writing very relaxed. Currently, much seems to be developing very nicely. But a coffee and a slice of cake first, then observing, then a shower, and maybe a short writing thereafter.

\*

Well, observing lasted somewhat longer, but the Moon, as well as Jupiter, have been too nice. I have tried to make some images, with the telescope and the digital camera, spontaneously and improvised. Well, of course, nothing special, but not that bad in the end. I will upload one picture. It can be very well enlarged.

Okay, the first day, over. The weather for the next few days will not be good, with clouds and rain again. I ponder about a schedule, but of course, I need time for other activities as well. But hey, I have two weeks.

The next step will be to see how the workweek develops. The first impression is positive, the rest we will see. Much seems to have eased currently, over the last few weeks. Could it be that an aspect of it is that I am easing? Wow, in March in Matosinhos again? In a few weeks? This would be truly motivating.

## **Tuesday, December the Nineteenth**

The second workday is over, and it functions well. 5:43 PM, have done everything except to take a shower - will take it before I go to bed. We have fixed my vacations, I will be in Matosinhos again at the beginning of March.

This week is to ponder how to structure the time at home, next week is to try it. It counts from January on. My basic working roster is: Monday until Sunday working, two days off, Monday and Tuesday. The following workweek, working from Wednesday until Friday, two days off, Saturday and Sunday - and this repeats itself. A long workweek, a short workweek, and so on.

On workdays, some writing, and some Portuguese, practicing pronunciation, repeating some words and phrases. On days off, more time for writing and learning Portuguese, but also for the other aspects. Of course, sometimes observing my variable stars, jazz on Monday? Well, if working no writing. If a day off, then I would have time for some writing. Something like that, I would say.

But now I have to gain more experience in the new workplace. And then I have to decide whether the turquoise room again, or not. Yeah, still, I feel grounded at the moment. I have the feeling, if it functions with the new job, and in any case it's more relaxed now, one more stay in Matosinhos with better preparation, then it might be over. I could have found my way then. - 6:00 PM, I think I should take the shower, the rest we will see.

\*

7:14 PM, took a shower, booked a room in Matosinhos, and searched for a flight at Lufthansa. I have not booked it, but I have found a nice one. And now? I have a lot in my head right now, I need time to work through. As I got told after booking the room: Only 76 days until your next stay.

O Sardinhas again. Not in the same room, but turquoise anyway. The other room from the first time was not available, and My Stay Matosinhos also nearly booked out. Only the petite room from the first stay, or a considerable one, would be available there. But okay, nearer to the ocean again, September will be the next time, maybe My Stay Matosinhos once more.

\*

7:56 PM, no writing today. I have decided to go to bed. I require some time to get clear on it all. The aim will be to write something tomorrow, some Portuguese as well.

## **Wednesday, December the Twentieth**

Okay, it works better with every day, working, but I have a strong headache today. Okay, Christmas is coming, and this means that everything is different from normal. And especially for me, as someone who just jumped in this week. But, two more days, and then it's time to let it sink in. I have booked the flight, and I will be in Matosinhos again on March the third - on the fourth my first torrada. Nice prospect!

Colorado, South Park? I doubt that the Supreme Court will confirm this ruling, not such a corrupt and politicized Supreme Court, but charming anyway. It's interesting to watch this all-American soap opera. To consider that this wanker could, in fact, become president again? What does this tell you about the state of the American nation? - 5:21 PM: The shower waits, then some writing.

\*

## **Short Cuts**

### **Matosinhos Blue**

#### **Family Sunday**

In Matosinhos, on Sundays, especially if the sun shines, both promenades, on both sides of the harbor, are crowded with people, especially families. Nicely dressed, especially the children, it's Sunday.

I said it already, Portugal is more traditional than Germany, more family oriented, but I'm not sure how I should interpret this. Is it good? Well, I'm in no way a family man. Is it bad? Why should it?

And I have to say, to confess, that I feel attracted to those sights along the promenade, that I feel comfort among those people. But, I cannot imagine living such a life - and I never will.

Not long, and I will be in Matosinhos again, but only for one whole Sunday. Should the sun shine, spending time along the promenade? Not a perspective that would repel me.

\*

6:49 PM, less headache, but still. I would like to write, but too much occupies my mind - I cannot concentrate. But, and this is just the third day, I have some ideas about to structure the days. Working at the new place is different in some aspects, even if it is also a retirement home, but not as a disadvantage. The rhythm is different, even if less stressful, I will need some time to adapt. And, it's this Christmas and New Year's time. It will be more structured from January on, and I will have seen the different aspects. Currently, still on the third day, I need more insights and experiences. But, it seems much easier there than in Schwabbach - give me some more time. Mrs. Grant accompanies me in the car.

\*

Gaza, Gaza is a shame, a shame for the Arab world, the conflict between Sunnis and Shias. Blame Iran, Russia, and even China, and of course, also the radical fascist right-wing Jews - a terrifying

combination! But, maybe, we should not mix the Gaza Strip and the West Bank too much. The Gaza Strip has to get rid of Hamas, and the West Bank of the radical racist Jewish settlers. It's interesting how close enemies can be to each other if we're talking about their toxic ideologies.

\*

## Short Cuts

### Don't Call Me Marlowe

#### One Lonely Night\*

"I hate communists, they are not better than fascists - have you ever fought against them? I have killed communists and fascists, in Asia and Europe - and fuck, I'm proud of it!"

Well, it was sometimes not easy to sit in a bar, only wanted to have a drink and some time to ponder about the fucking world - to be alone.

"I'm no friend of communists," I said to be polite, " and we have not to talk about the fucking Nazis, but I'm not happy with McCarthy."

"Have you ever fought for your country?" He was upset in that way, only half-drunk people were able to - he seemed to have a very high level. "We have stopped the Nazis, we will stop the communists as well."

"Yeah, like in Korea." Yeah, I hit the trigger perfectly.

"What the fuck you're talking about, you bastard. I do not allow you to sling mud on our troops. We....."

".....listen buddy," I had to cool down the situation, "I also fought against the Nazis as well as against the communists. And even if Korea was very different from fighting the Nazis, I would do it again if needed. And some say that we're not far away. But, and that's the point, McCarthy is too mad about hunting down communists. He's an extremist, extremes have never been good advisors. We should stay away from them."

He seemed to cool down somewhat.

"You served in Korea?"

"Yeah, and I thought that it's a dirty war, that we should never do it again that way."

"And Europe?"

"We had to stop the Nazis, they had been a threat to the whole world. As well as the Japs in the Pacific. And if it should be necessary, then we have to fight against the communists in Russia or China, but not in a proxy war. Korea wasn't the problem, it had been only a symptom."

"You're talking about a nuclear war? The Russians also have the bomb."

"Yeah, maybe we should stop with that shit, at all."

"That we all become communists?"

"That we find other ways than fighting shitty wars. We behave like immature schoolboys who come to blows in a school yard."

While saying that, I laid some bills on the bar, enough for my two drinks and that the bartender would be satisfied, left the bar without listening longer to the words of my brother at the bar. Yeah, we fought in the same wars, but we did not live in the same world.

\* One Lonely Night, Mickey Spillane

\*

Okay, I feel better again, have started writing once more. More tomorrow.

\*

A new pause in the fighting - Gaza? Still, for me, the Arab world has to show its colors. They should look at us and see how wonderfully we support Ukraine with everything they need. It all is fucking. We're such scary creatures.

### **Thursday, December the Twenty-First**

It was a very satisfying workday, but I'm tired. The last workday for this week is tomorrow, and then it's time to make a first summary. 5:48 PM, I'm sick of the shit on CNN, the shit out of the USA. But is Europe better? Germany? Germany turns more right-wing as well - with such a devastating governing left?

Okay, not much today, tomorrow, a weekend, a week more, another weekend, then the year is over. I look forward to the weekend. I started the week very nervous, but now I'm fairly relaxed. But I have to ponder about it, and it will be interesting to see how January develops. When we have a normal work rhythm and not all these holidays. - I will be in Matosinhos again in around nine weeks.

\*

### **Aims**

I am pondering a lot right now  
What shall be my aims?  
I mean  
Apart from such clever statements like:

I want to become a writer  
An artist even  
Like:  
I want to be a philosopher

That's no matter of  
To want or not to want  
You are one or not  
And finally, we all are philosophers down the road

\*

In any case,  
I need more stability in my life  
To be in the mood to take matters step by step  
Like learning Portuguese  
Or writing "Days"

I will start in January to develop a plot for "Death In Matosinhos"  
I see two possible beginnings  
I would say that this has time until my second stay in Matosinhos in 2024  
In October

\*

The point is,  
I would still have so much time  
For instance, learning Portuguese  
Over six years

Even if the single steps are small  
Say from month to month  
In six years, the progress will be significant!  
But it needs, therefore, first and foremost, consistency!

\*

A fundamental division of time could be  
Back home around 3:15 PM  
News, emails, the Internet, looking for new items for the collection, some relaxing.....  
4:15 PM, cooking dinner, and having dinner with my father  
5:15 PM, starting with writing, the "diary part"

Shower  
More writing and arts until around 8 PM  
Some practicing Portuguese thereafter  
News, relaxing, uploading, bed

That's how I do it today  
Seems practical  
And of course,  
Sometimes observing, jazz club, bar?, .....

On my days off?  
Maybe also more writing  
But also more time for me  
More time to intensely learn Portuguese

\*

Compared to the time before Matosinhos  
In Matosinhos  
The week after Matosinhos  
I feel eased

I cannot remember when it was like that for the last time  
I think that the progress with "Days" was very significant  
To establish the habit of having breakfast every day in the same pasteleria  
That I have found a new job fast, a job that offers a much better prospect

\*



7:27 PM

I would still have some time for writing  
But, of course, the division of time is to have benchmark data  
Flexibility will also be important for me

So,  
Enough for today  
See you again tomorrow  
Let's have a good sleep

### **Friday, December the Twenty-Second**

It's time to start the diary after the first workweek at the new job. They have a somewhat different structure at the weekends. They then cook with a reduced staff. The same at holidays. But they therefore make plenty of preparations for the weekend. The issue with this week, with not only a weekend but also two holidays thereafter, is that this means four days in a row with a reduced staff. Or the other way around: I had to make preparations for four days! But, it functioned well and provided me with the information that the preparations for two days shouldn't be a problem at all. Especially if I work over the weekend. So far, everything appears to be good feasible.

The same is true for the nursing home director. It should be good to work together. I've had enough negative experiences with nursing home directors in the past. He is very young - for such a position - and started in June to work there. So, a new director, new cooks, and a new nursing management has started today..... - the house has a not such good past. He's from Bosnia, and the nursing management is a woman of African heritage. In the kitchen staff from Iran and Armenia, the woman I do not know so far. We two cooks are from Germany, some nursing staff as well, the rest of the staffers are very mixed. I start to relax and start to feel comfortable. The next week will be interesting, new experiences during the Christmas holidays (Monday and Tuesday) with reduced staff in the kitchen. But I see no reason why it shouldn't function.

\*

A strange situation, my mood has changed dramatically, as have my perspectives. But, the base for it is still fragile. Thus, I can do nothing except go on. The next week, to get more impressions and to end the year. January, to start to enlarge the base. February, to stabilize the base. March, to be in Matosinhos again. I have the feeling that if I can continue with this progression until I'm in Matosinhos again, then I would be through. I should have such a wide base then that I could start to be very optimistic that I will be able to start something consistent this time. And now? Lean back and try to relax, Peter. I cannot do more than continue - and hey, the last six weeks haven't been that bad! Do the next nine weeks the same, and it should be a self-fulfilling development. Too good to be true?

Firstly: I have invested something in the past six weeks. It's not a development "out of nothing". Secondly: I will have to continue to invest. It will not be a process without effort. But: It appears that my behavior over the last six weeks has yielded something, that it was good behavior. Means: If I be able to continue that way, then it should further yield something. And I still have over six years of time.

It has become 8:30 PM. I do not have to go to bed soon today. I will cook a lot tomorrow, but I will stop writing now. I think that I have reached a good point after the first five days of this new stage of life. A stage of life that will, in fact, begin on January the first. The bar will be, how long this stage of life will last. The longer, the better. It's as simple as that.

## **Saturday, December the Twenty-Third**

Well, it's become late today, 6:40 PM, but I'm in a good mood. I shopped a lot, cooked a lot. We had pike with polenta for lunch. I have also cooked beef tongue and beef cheeks, mainly to freeze them. And a mousse au chocolat for tomorrow. But I have made everything now, now I have time for others, what about some writing?

\*

There are rumors that Putin is ready for a ceasefire? Because he has what he wants, especially Crimea. What a shit that would be? Crimea is a part of Ukraine, as are the regions of Ukraine currently occupied by Russia. It would be interesting to see how the Ukrainian government, and the Ukrainian people would react, would this be more than a rumor. And I? Well, I have nothing more to say, the Ukrainians would have to decide. But, whatever they would decide, and I mean whatever, we would have to support them. Even, and especially, if they decided not to accept it, if they decided to continue to fight for the sanctity of their nation.

\*

## **Short Cuts**

### **Don't Call Me Marlowe**

### **Nighttime Loneliness**

I rained slightly, December, dark already, even if not such late, tomorrow, Christmas - I walked around the city. I had nothing better to do, no case, the shit on TV? The program as such hardly bearable, but around Christmas simply too much. The news the whole day the same shit, about the swine that tried to become president again, to destroy our democracy finally. About the war in Palestine, and sometimes still even the one in Ukraine - a yeah, a volcano, Iceland. An island sitting on a volcano, created by volcanic activity - wow, really, a volcanic eruption there?

The people were not satisfied with Joe, what did they expect? Did he not achieve already a lot? After four shitty and chaotic years of devastation, was it not good enough that we no longer had such a criminal without scruples in office? Obviously not! And in fact, he still had a chance to become president again.

The good old days, the old news, the simple truths. The communists were the bad, we were the good, and the rest of the world was underdeveloped. Our lifestyle was the best, and the rest of the world was there to look down on it. The old movies, the stories about my city, so white and easy - maybe a Latino as decoration on the sideline, or for a rough final in Chinatown. Did you know that African Americans also lived in my city? Well.....? Yes, Compton, dead rappers, and the national guard. In any case, violence and destruction!

Shaft? We had Columbo. Dirty Harry, at least? We had 77 Sunset Strip, what a shit! Living in another country? One could think that my city would be a white city. All would be movie stars, music stars, or would at least work for the entertainment industry. But this was only a small and boring part of the city, I thought, as I looked down on the beach, the pier, the Ferris wheel, and the rollercoaster, all nicely illuminated, down to my left. The Boys from Brazil were not here today, the boys from Brazil Street - was there in fact a street in the city named Brazil Street? I had never heard about it, but this didn't mean that it couldn't be. Even if I thought that not many places existed in this metropolitan area, which I didn't know. Whatever, I thought, shall I walk down, along the

beach? In such shitty weather, not many whores and drug dealers would be there tonight. But I decided to walk to the Metro Station, midtown, whatever "midtown" in this city should mean, 7th Street, to stroll around midtown. This would be the perfect place for me tonight, the ways through the high buildings, devoid of humanity.

## **Sunday, December the Twenty-Fourth**

Yeah, it's Christmas Eve, and nothing has changed. There are not many words to say, the second workweek starts tomorrow, again differently. Two holidays, then the preparations for the new year's holidays, but it will not be more difficult than last week. But, different constellations, different tasks, I'm again somewhat nervous, before the workweek begins. The same as last week, it functioned very well the last week. I will go early to bed - allow me some time to let my mind free rein. I lust for that the week is over, the year is over, and we will have a regular working rhythm. Eight weeks then, in Matosinhos again, also these days will past.

\*

### **High Hopes**

High Hopes  
Great expectations  
I have none of them  
A year without changing my workplace would be nice

Five workdays ahead  
Then three days off  
30., 31. and 1.  
It's perfect to edit the webpage for next year's writing

It would be interesting to see  
What one single year could yield  
A year of constant working on my issues  
Not with all these interruptions

So,  
Five more days  
They shouldn't be that difficult  
Strange, how different working is now

\*

### **Short Cuts**

### **Matosinhos Blue**

### **Merry Christmas, Matosinhos!**

Warmer, less rain, even if it also rains in Matosinhos over the days, today was very sunny, and tomorrow will be very sunny as well. Would I like to be in Matosinhos currently? Sure, and in some

years I will.

I'm tired today. So many thoughts in my head, my brain whirls. My knee is better, as is my elbow. Both are not perfect, but they have made constant progress over the last few weeks. I would say that if it continues until the next time in Matosinhos, then I will have forgotten it.

Christmas, in this Catholic nation? But, how religious are the young people? I have no real idea. Maybe I should join a service next time? It would be interesting to see if only the old would be there, or also the young. It would be my first Catholic service, and the first as such since many decades. Possibly interesting? I pondered in Los Angeles about joining a service in a Latino or African American parish. But hey, who would be crazy enough to assume that I would ever have dared to do it? Not I!

As I was in Matosinhos the last time, they built up stalls at the Jardim Basílio Teles. A Christmas market in Matosinhos? I do not like them in Germany. Too many people, too much commerce, and not much that I see as exciting. Would it be different in Matosinhos?

Matosinhos Blue, this is my overall aim now. To live there one day, at least in this region, and if I had more than five years, to become a Portuguese. To die in Matosinhos as a Portuguese, a nice thought, an important thought. I will begin a new webpage then, the day I move to Matosinhos, and a new one when I become Portuguese. I have to start setting definite long-term goals.

### **Monday, December the Twenty-Fifth**

The workday was good, but I'm somewhat tired, I'm still tensed up. Not much can happen tomorrow - I have to make many preparations from Wednesday on. I have not considered that I have to prepare two meals for Monday. The residents liked my cooking very much today.

I do not watch that much news right now, it's always the same - more or less. Four more days, then.....? What I do right now, I think, is, I give myself the time that I need. There is no need to hurry, especially not in January and February. I would say that I have to have accomplished this transformation by April, when I'm back from Matosinhos. This should be manageable and realistic.

I have an idea for a longer story "Don't Call Me Marlowe", written in parts, "Short Cuts". Spontaneous writing, wherever it will lead. The title will be: "It's Dark, And By No Means A Game". At least on two levels: the communist hunt in the 1950s and the religious right today. Two Peters, and possibly one level more, but I'm not sure about that.

Some kind of science fiction story? I've had an idea for a long time, but I'm not sure if it would be good for a story. On the other hand, what about a try? - "The Voyage"

Today? Well, "Comic" would be good - writing? Early to bed again, I would say. The last long night has been very fascinating.

\*

### **Better Or Not**

Is the world better today  
Then, let's say, a hundred years ago?  
We know much more today  
That's no question at all.

We have wars  
Human history is a history of wars  
We had a pandemic  
Illnesses have repeatedly killed large parts of the human population

We have movements towards totalitarianism in Europe  
Europe has been, for the largest part of its history, totalitarian.  
We have an inequality of wealth, even in the so-called Western world  
For most of the time, even in the Western world, "wealth" has been an abstraction for most.

Shall I continue?  
Shall I give an answer?  
Only one would be possible,  
The world today is better than the world a hundred years ago.

But,  
Unfortunately,  
This does not mean,  
That the world today is good, bearable, acceptable, equal.

What if the world has been worse a hundred years ago,  
But is still bad today?  
The world today would be a bad world,  
What an insight that it could even be worse?

Yeah, one could define progress over the last hundred years  
Regarding humans living together  
But what if this progress is simply unbearably slow, even always endangered?  
What if we screw up climate change ultimately?

It needed trillions of years,  
From the beginning of life  
Towards multicellular organisms.  
I would say that we have no longer such a time span.

## **Tuesday, December the Twenty-Sixth**

Good and quiet workday, at home, three more workdays, and then three days off. Not much writing today, socializing. Dinner with my sister, it's Christmastime.

Three days with more work are waiting, but it functioned last week, and then the holidays will be over. The regular roster can begin.

I would still say that everything fits and seems to develop well. Everything has changed extremely, but it's too early to judge finally. I no longer have to start working at 4 AM, I will have to clean dishes on the weekend, less staff, but with this good preparations it's good to handle. I have learned today what all is to be done in the early shift - do not see that I cannot handle it. Especially, it's enough to start at 6 AM also at these days.

I start to relax, see the chance that I can soon concentrate on writing and art - not wasting always so much time pondering about the job. The ultimate starting signal still should be the day when I'm back from Matosinhos, or say the first of April.

\*

Another Russian warship destroyed? Well, human lives are destroyed, but it would be a significant strike for the Ukrainians. Putin wants a ceasefire? He should ask the Ukrainians what claims they

have.

\*

I'm back from dinner, but I will go to bed now. Tomorrow will be a new day.

### **Wednesday, December the Twenty-Seventh**

Yep, I discovered that I have even more to prepare for my days off. On the other side, I could do more today than expected. So, everything still appears to be okay.

Two more days, and the next subgoal is reached. One year ends, another year begins. One stage of writing and art ends, and another stage of writing and art begins. And I have three days for the transition - more or less. Shopping and suchlike, as well as some socializing on New Year's Day.

I have lost contact with the news somewhat - not, that CNN is no longer running. But not to such an extent, and I need more time for myself at the moment. Israel the hard way, not much interested in negotiations - I do understand them. Ask Hamas to make admissions, and tell Israel that they immediately have to stop the shit in the West Bank. Ukraine? If we do not betray them, they have a good chance to win this war.

And today? Writing? Well, all is prepared, at least nearly all. I will again go to bed soon to have a long night - intense dreaming. I like the moments when I wake up, for instance, to have to go to the restroom, when the dream slips away more and more. It would be nice to have it again tonight.

\*

### **The Ultimate Goal**

I have had this thought even before  
But I think that this should be, in fact, my ultimate goal  
To be the man in Matosinhos  
Writing weird texts all day long

A photo sometimes, or maybe even a painting - even more?  
Sitting in a pasteleria, then in another, later you can see him at the beach  
He doesn't speak much  
But smiles a lot

And if you ask him why he smiles  
He only smiles more  
He feels ashamed  
Because of being blessed by living near the ocean

That was his deepest wish  
And the dream came true  
It might be because it hadn't been an "American Dream"  
Somewhere, somehow

But still, it's not more than a dream  
But a realistic dream  
A few years  
Only a few years

## Thursday, December the Twenty-Eight

The next day is over, and all is well so far. Tomorrow, the last workday this year, tomorrow, I can concentrate on the next step. I feel empty today, another day, but still another day. I do not expect to write something today, I await tomorrow. I feel like standing behind the stage, waiting for the opening music to start, to hit the stage. Okay, it will be way less dramatic, very silent, and I have to do my shopping on Saturday. I have to visit the optician as well, I have lost one of my glasses, I need a new one. So, a busy Saturday morning and afternoon, but then, then I have time to slip into the next year - *time keeps on slippin', slippin' into the future*. Yeah, *I want to fly like an eagle to the sea, fly like an eagle, let my spirit carry me. I want to fly like an eagle, 'till I'm free*. Yeah, the rest of the song text, Steve Miller Band? Talking about social grievances, or about drugs? I always tended toward drugs.

We will soon celebrate the New Year - well, I never did, it's just another day. But many do, also on the battlefields in Ukraine and Gaza. The human race is a failed race, we're lousy and dumb creatures. The ocean is beautiful, not "man" made.

It's interesting to ponder how small particles have to be, if not quantum fields. And how huge the universe is, made of those particles. The one is too small so that we could grasp it, the other is simply too large. And we humans in the midst of it all, made of the one, would not exist without the other. And yet, we are killing each other because of money, religion, because guys like Putin have a too small cock. That's nothing funny.

I will go to bed very early today, have bid on some items for my collection, let's see what happens. Upload soon, the rest we will see tomorrow.

## Friday, December The Twenty-Ninth

Well, this week also functioned very well, especially today. Everything is prepared, everything is done. One of the staffers in the kitchen will have three weeks of vacation next month, but it should not affect me much. So, let's see how January unfolds and what the month will yield.

I have slept for a longer time, since returning from Matosinhos especially, on the settee. Constantly over the last few weeks. It's good for my back. I have changed the position of the bed and the settee now, so I can sleep on the settee near the window, not in the corner of the room. If it will ultimately function, then I will dismantle the bed to use the settee as a bed. Will give me some extra space for something else. The knee and the arm also become constantly better.

Today? Not too late to bed, have some to do tomorrow. Optician, shopping, cooking - some like that. But there will be time for writing. I have to prepare the texts for the new part of the webpage as well. Two weeks, only two weeks, and I feel much better. I calmed down very well, I dreamed deeply, and it all helped me get my mind free. I feel physically better after two weeks. In any case, it should be a nearly perfect start to the new year - a very different situation compared to the situation twelve months ago.

I have to learn to think more straightforwardly. I have to focus my aim, and I have to be flexible enough to adapt to current situations without losing my focus. Sure, it will be easier the less adjustment will be necessary. Nine weeks until Matosinhos.

Maine? Well, one or two more states would be very nice. It will be very interesting to see how the Supreme Court acts. It's to be hoped that independent voters will be clever enough.

Israel? Tell the shitty Hamas that they have to stop firing rockets at Israel. Israel has the right to defend itself, especially if constantly attacked - but hey, the swines from Hamas are not interested in stopping this! The more the Palestinians have to suffer, the more the swines - male swines! - from Hamas are getting boners, especially those not living in Gaza or the West Bank.

Ukraine? As long as nations like Germany do not enable Ukraine to strike back like-for-like, the war will not be decided. Bring the war to Crimea, and the war will be decided - the wannabe Adolf Putin most likely as well.

\*

### **Lost In Perception**

Perception  
The lack of perception  
The inability to gain perception  
That we cannot grasp the smallest and the largest

Lost in time and space  
The vastness of time and space  
A W boson has over eighty times the mass of a proton  
And travels at nearly the speed of light within the particles

We're made of these particles  
Within ourselves, the supermassive W bosons travel at nearly the speed of light  
Weird things are there to discover  
In our theories about nature

But we waste our time  
We do not work together  
To discover the world around us  
To get a better understanding

It's sad  
That we waste our resources  
Our human resources  
Ourselves

A New Year's resolution?  
To use my resources better  
But I'm only one of these fucking humans  
And to cap it all of

*I'm a man, yes I am  
And I can't help\**

\* I'm a Man, Chicago

### **Saturday, December the Thirtieth**

I was not at the optician. I will do it on my next day off or on a workday in the afternoon. This gave me time to do the shopping easily in the morning. I still have a pair of glasses, the second one would be to have one for work and one for home. This has time for next week.  
We had sturgeon for lunch, now coffee and something sweet - too many sweets. Well, it will count from Tuesday on, weighing after work.



But today is a day to laze around. Tomorrow will be the day to finish a chapter and make some changes. The day after is to begin a new chapter, but today is a day to laze around.

I will make my last comic for this year tomorrow - do I have to make a photography? I don't think so. There is no obligation to do it. It will be a moment to say goodbye and be ready to say hello again. But that will be tomorrow.

\*

## **Short Cuts**

### **Don't Call Me Marlowe**

#### **Facts Are Relative**

Even in Ancient Greece, they pondered on the relation between dreams and reality. That it's sometimes not easy, if at all, to decide what's a dream and what's reality. Even more difficult is deciding about the nature of something. One of the most stupid phrases, and always a moment to start to be cautious, is something like: Can you not simply accept the facts! Apart from that, the real message is: I'm the clever guy, you have to agree with me, otherwise you're an asshole! Such a phrase is totally useless.

The "fact" as such is not the problem, but the interpretation of the fact. We can all agree that we see a comet in the sky, but what is this - a comet? Some comets can span the whole sky. Should they not be within the atmosphere, they would have to be colossal. The further away, the larger. But, even if they were a part of the atmosphere, such a comet would still be a giant object. The idea of the ancient Greeks was that comets would be something like clouds in the sky. We have other ideas about comets today, and about how incredible huge the coma and the tail of a comet can become. Such a comet is the largest object in our solar system for some time!

So, we all can see the comet, the fact that there is a comet. But, what a comet is as such, is a difficult question to answer. We all agree that there's a war in Ukraine, even Putin calls it a war nowadays. But why? What should be the outcome? Now it starts to get difficult. There's a war in Gaza with the same problems. Immigrants at the border of the USA and at the European border - that's a simple fact. The rest is very difficult. An electron is a charged particle, a photon is not. It's been easy so far. You only need a magnetic field to show it, it's a simple fact. But, if you ask what this means, that one particle is charged and the other is not, then you have an issue. The fact as such, charged or not, is not the difficulty. The interpretation of the facts is the problem.

\*

"Poppy Asher from the L.A. Times. Can I ask you some questions about the closure of your latest case, Mr. Maurer? A very spectacular case!"

"Had no idea that I'm now famous enough for the Times. I'm on my way to have breakfast."

"I could accompany you - the bill would be mine."

"Yeah, the Times will pay. I doubt that I'm in the mood to answer questions."

"Was it shocking for you to discover that the murder, we all thought was a political murder, wasn't committed by some right-wing extremists but by some illegal immigrants? Simply to rob the mayor!"

"I'm not the one to feed you a story. It's not my problem that some liberals were quick to blame right-wingers for the murder. Do you have any information published in the meantime about why the mayor was alone in this neighborhood late at night? Do your job!"

"How does it feel that the right-wingers celebrate you as a hero now? Because you have shown that it has been illegal immigrants who have committed the crime?"

"Well, it has been illegal immigrants, that's the fact. And now? What does this mean? Do your job, talk about the fact that the world is not black and white - but we with our fucking two-party system? A fucking lot of colors exist, and we always see only black or white, left or right from the aisle, rich or poor, white or not."

\*

## Fame

Taylor Swift is shockingly famous now  
Even more than Kim?  
It's interesting to see  
Who are the most famous people in the world.

Seen in this light  
It would be very doubtful to become famous  
At least to such a degree  
But, one could say that there's no reason for me to be afraid of it!

It's like McDonald's  
All over the world  
But a fucking company to work for  
And the food is overpriced shit

My aim  
Seriously  
Is to become a kind of local famous person  
There is this museum in Matosinhos

The one with this spectacular staircase  
It's for young local artists  
I would like to have contact with them  
Local artists

This would be a goal of mine  
And, of course  
Some world-wide readers via the webpage  
That would be okay

I will delete the link to the Patreon page  
Not the page as such  
Like the Substack page still exists  
At least for now

It's strange currently  
I have to concentrate  
Everything seems to function very well right now  
The next three months will be very important

## **Sunday, December The Thirty-First**

I stood up early - well, later, as when I have to go to work. The last day for the old writing is today, and I will modify the webpage tomorrow. Not necessarily much writing tomorrow, socializing in the evening, dinner together. The real beginning will be on Tuesday, after working. I really look forward to next year, still an underlying tiredness, but I have eaten a lot of sweet stuff. The next two months I have to be strict, to lose weight again, and then it should be better. The next thing I will do is cooking, duck legs. A quite end of the year, I feel privileged, a new year can begin.

\*

### **Everything Prepared**

I have written a text to say goodbye  
A comic  
I have arranged everything to close this chapter today  
And everything so far to start a new one tomorrow

The text for the new chapter I write tomorrow  
I also have to rearrange the sides  
The rest we will see  
A strange feeling

I have no real idea how it will be  
From Tuesday on  
When working again  
But I have a given rhythm

"Diary"  
I can start every day's art and writing with "Diary"  
And the rest we will see  
I think that this could function

Half an hour or so for learning Portuguese every day  
Such ideas I have  
And I see a good chance that it will function  
This time

A long workweek ahead  
My next days off will be Monday and Tuesday in a week  
My first weekend alone  
But not much can happen

I only have to do it  
To get some experience  
Everything has been easy so far  
Okay, I never said that I would be a bad cook

But apart from that  
Everything is more relaxed now  
This workplace seems to fit  
Better than everything else for a longer time

Nine weeks  
Then it will be time for my first resume  
In Matosinhos  
I cannot remember when I had such an easy and relaxed end of the year for the last time

Okay,  
Let's bring it to an end today  
Let's start anew tomorrow  
And then let it happen

\*

## **Short Cuts**

### **Matosinhos Blue**

### **Happy New Year!**

If I be in Matosinhos today, would it be different? I would say yes. I think that I would be at the ocean - most likely not sitting at home. I'm not sure if the pastelerias and restaurants opened today. I would say, some at least.

It's puzzling in a way. I feel more and more like I feel in Matosinhos. I see it as a good sign. Every stay in Matosinhos is a push for me. And it was good that I could manage to be there regularly. A new year starts tomorrow. Let it be a year with two stays in Matosinhos. The first in nine weeks, the second at the end of the year in October. It would be a good basis for further development. Matosinhos Blue.

\*

## **Very Early Upload**

I think that it will be the best  
To rearrange the webpage before I go out for dinner  
Not sure when back home again  
And I want to have no stress, go to bed early, relaxed

Thus,  
Uploading at 5 PM  
There is no reason to further complicate it, as it has to  
Let it be an easy day tomorrow

The first day of the new year.

\*

## **Short Cuts**

### **Don't Call Me Marlowe**

#### **Happy New Year!**

Yeah, I walked through the streets, looked at the tents on the sidewalk, and yeah, they would have a real happy new year. A New Year's resolution? No longer living on the street? If it were that easy! The system was not interested in giving them a fair chance. There was a limited amount of money and resources, to give them more of it would mean taking it from those who had much of it. And hey, this was America, the land where we worshiped the greed for money.

New Year's Eve, even former presidents spent some time in a soup kitchen to demonstrate their compassion. At least better than former presidents who saw in them only vermin and scum, losers like soldiers who died on the battlefields.

And I, should I slip a bill into one's hand? It would be like fighting climate change by using the toilet flushing only every second time. As long as we did not start with those who caused the most, we could end it immediately. But hey, it was New Year's Eve, I had reached my aim. I started on Skid Row, arrived at Santa Monica Beach, now I awaited the spectacle.