

Diary V
First Half-Year 2026

Thursday, January the First

A new day has begun, and therewith a new year, and it's all like the same. Okay, it's hushed this morning, like on a Sunday. I will start with reorganizing the webpage very early, even if not so much is to do. Simply to do it in a relaxed way. Most likely more than one upload today, according to my progress with the webpage over the day. Let's start with it.

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Well, it's 1:34 p.m. now, and the first step is done. The new texts are written, new pages added, and everything so far written and done - "Photography" - is uploaded. I will put this online now as a first very early upload today. A second at the normal time will follow. This gives me the opportunity to just get everything necessary done, and I can just do with the rest of the day what comes to my mind. Happy New Year, Peter!

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It's near 7 p.m., and I have continued with "Creatures", "Days", and "Short Cuts III". So the start is done. Not much tomorrow, most likely, a long workday, but the day after is already Saturday again - the weekend. Then this year will begin indeed for me. Enough for today. Another early upload now, then the transformation to 2026 is done, and I have a bit of time left for other matters.

Friday, January the Second

Yeah, I have no idea what to write. But maybe this isn't a thing. The weekend will start tomorrow. I will have my regular days off next week - whereby one is a holiday. Nevertheless, things are starting to normalize again. So there's no need for something special today.

There's still time in my lunch break for a coffee and a longer walk. Maybe this would be the best option of all. Even if it's fucking cold. Yeah, I think that's what I should do!

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Back in Willsbach, upload now, then to bed. I had a nice dream last night. I walked along a street in Los Angeles - not very thrilling? Well, it was together with my mother and father, and I told them of the city. It had been very pleasant, but unfortunately I woke up. So let's be in bed soon again.

Saturday, January the Third

Wow, this is the time to be a proud American. Awesome how this operation has been conducted! I'm near to an orgasm when I see the explosions and the destroyed vehicles. Yeah, this is the time to be a patriotic American in delirium! But hell the fuck, I'm a crappy European.

I ask if there is some collateral damage and what the shit this is! No surprise that he likes Putin. We are the big studs, we can do in every nation and with every nation whatever we wanna do. Now I nearly hope that he will occupy Greenland just to see how the Europeans would react. And by the way – CNN.....?

A fucking asshole racist fascist president who pardons one of the worst drug dealers has no reputation anymore to talk about fighting drugs - maybe talking with guys from his party like Matt Gaetz about the best dope. This is so pathetic!

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Thanks for telling us, swine from NY: It's all about oil, it's all about oil, it's all about oil. A woman cannot run the country, a woman cannot run the country, a woman cannot run the country. Bad luck for her, bad luck for her, bad luck of her. South America belongs to us, South America belongs to us, South America belongs to us. Putin can have Africa, Putin can have Africa, Putin can have Africa. China? China? China? The Swine-from-NY-Swine-From-Moscow Pact, The Swine-from-NY-Swine-From-Moscow Pact, The Swine-from-NY-Swine-From-Moscow Pact. One of the bases of WWII, one of the bases of WWII, one of the bases of WWII. The division of Europe, the division of Europe, the division of Europe. What about Asia? What about Asia? What about Asia? And what the fuck the assholes from CNN doing by celebrating the so wonderfully conducted operation and not asking such questions and talking about such matters? We are fucked! We are fucked! We are fucked!

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Let's do the upload, and it might be that it would be best to try to sleep. Let's see if Maduro will do the Epstein. It would be fascinating. I'm pissed off. But not because of the action, but because of the reactions to it. This reminds me too much of the 20s and 30s in Germany - duuuh, Peter, be not too pessimistic and sarcastic. God bless America and all the fine patriotic people in it!

Sunday, January the Fourth

So, we have some clarity now. Oil in Venezuela, mineral deposits in Ukraine, and personal revenge for Rubio in Cuba in the near future. Fine, everybody should understand now why he loves Putin and all the other dictators. China is allowed to invade Taiwan now, and Russia the East European countries. The West European countries obviously are belongings of the mighty USA. Brave new world. And again, a nice lesson for all those who are thinking they can trust the swine from NY and his fucking troop of bootlickers - or María Corina Machado?

It's 10:52 a.m., and I already had my coffee. But no walk in the woods. It's pretty cold with a bit of white - I do not know if walking in the cold would be pleasant for my back. Well, it will not become warmer today. Only thick clouds, no sun. Maybe later. I think that it would be a good idea to stay in London for a while.

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The next part of "Days" is written, the Tapling Collection. So, this day will be swiftly written. Well, the next day - the twenty-second - is more or less already written. So this will be fast progress. Fun fact? In the previous paragraph I had written: *I think that it would be a good idea to stay in Los Angeles for a while. To continue the day with being in the States at a difficult but not so fucking time.* Well, I think I will still need a few days to realize that I will be never be back in Los Angeles again, that I'm in London right now. And now?

It's near noon, but I'm not hungry. A second coffee? A walk? A walk down to Willsbach and a coffee there? This seems to be the best option.

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Well, I have been skeptical so far about this talk that we would be close to WWII, to a nuclear conflict. But now? This bunch of silly US asses is easily capable of screwing everything up. Seen in this light? Even Putin looks like a responsible guy, not to mention Xi. It does not appear as if they would have a plan regarding Venezuela apart from demanding "their" oil. Now I'm sure this can effortlessly lead us into a very severe time. Especially if the US also attacks Cuba and China attacks Taiwan. Now we would need strong European leadership - hey, there's Ursula from Germany. And spineless Rutte. Now I feel confident, confident that this all can plunge into a disaster easily and fast. Brave New World.

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When I hear the word "drugs" again, then I go crazy, CNN! They are more realistic about what this is all about on German or British TV. And the international community - Europe - should decide if they want the Middle Ages back again or if they prefer to live in a civilized world - as civilized as the world just over the last decades was. The US is a weak giant, their economy is shitty. We do not need their shit products, not to mention their awful fucking processed food shit! But they do need our products. And isn't Canada one of the nations with the largest oil deposits in the world? A Canada that could become a member of the EU? Be a bit constructive and show this shitty asshole bunch in fucking Florida its limits. It all could be straightforward. What about deploying some troops from Scandinavia, the UK, Germany, France, Italy, and other willing EU nations in Greenland? They are only bigmouths, which is easily visible when they are getting resistance - tariffs? It could be so easy, as easy as it would have been to stop Hitler and his nuts bunch if reacting only a bit bravely at the beginning. Brave New World.

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Wow, the democratic opposition leaders are pissed off because they are not being informed in the forefront - hey, you two fucking so-called opposition leaders, is this all you have to criticize? This is very telling and only shows that Europe needs to go its own way. NATO is dead. We need a new coalition together with countries like Canada or Australia, or why not ponder about South America, Africa, and Asia? The EU is dead. And the same as before is valid for a new EU. We should start to think big and dispose of the USA into the garbage can. Yeah, I fear that I will never be in Los Angeles again. Brave New World.

*

I have no idea what to write. I no longer understand something. Is this worse than Bush, the blunt lies of Bush and his bunch? It's strange, but I do not think so. But I have the feeling that this time the overall situation is very dangerous. Russia in Ukraine, China wants Taiwan, Israel, and Iran - this seems to be a tinderbox, and the swine from NY and his nuts bootlickers have the fuse in their hands. I have no good feeling right now. I think that these will become very critical weeks. Yeah, I saw no reason for very changes in my life a few days before, connected to my life as such. And this is still so. But I unfortunately live in this fucking world, and this shitty US government will also affect me and my life. I do not know what I should write, so let it be. Enough for today. The upload, "Creatures" tomorrow.

Monday, January the Fifth

Yeah, if you do not act like we wanna, then we wage war against you. This is the new - old - reality. It was to be hoped that we would have moved on from this, but okay. And it appears that the Europeans have no real problems with it. Yeah, we're experts in regime change, like in Afghanistan and Iraq. And of course, that Putin wants to have a puppet regime in Ukraine is not acceptable - okay, a puppet regime of the USA in Venezuela.....

But hey, we're the good ones led by the most mighty, best-ever US president, who is the really best philanthropist ever. At least if you're a white male and licking his asshole and his balls. Whereby, still, it's Peter Thiel we should look at. What a wonderful beginning to 2026, and we're acting like rabbits or bambis.

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Now we are back there, the time of lawlessness - hey, that's like the Wild West! And I have to confess, with every day the Americans are pissing me off increasingly. This is such a shitshow, it's hardly bearable. First the fucking lies of Bush and his brownnosers, now the fucking lies of the swine from NY and his ball-lickers. Whereby, they are bluntly open in a way: it's all about the Venezuelan oil. Lives do not matter if they cross my interests - no, I do not talk about Putin. I truly hope now that he will invade Greenland so that the Europeans will be forced to take a stand. However, I fear that their reaction will be very disappointing. I have the feeling I would volunteer to help Greenland even if I knew that I would be a total non-starter. Maybe only to take a stand on my own at least one time in my life. What crazy times we're living in!

Strange, the USA did not mean a lot to me at the time of father and son Bush. And now? I ponder traveling to Greece this year, at the end of the year. Okay, there is no ocean, but enough water to go for a swim. The rental prices in Portugal are simply insane nowadays, the most overvalued in all of Europe. It's much cheaper in Greece, but the health care system is pricier, and they have no ocean. But it seems as if it would be worth it to take a look. I'm in a fucking mood.

I will do the upload now - two days off are waiting. More writing after the upload? Let's see, London wouldn't be bad. Los Angeles is no more, and it appears that it has been perfect timing. I'm sad and angry, no good combination. I had some long and intense dreams over the last few days, and always my mother was a part of them - my mother and me. Strange, strange days are coming.

*Strange days have found us
Strange days have tracked us down
They're going to destroy
Our casual joys
(Strange Days, The Doors)*

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Indictments? Wow, come on, these indictments are simply hilarious! Hey, gun-mad USA, he owned a machine gun? Praise him for that and invite him for a nice stay at a US school, preferably for first-graders. This is so fucking insane that any serious media, government, philosopher.....should run mad in opposition. But why is it only on the comedians to point out this insanity, and all others duck away? It has its reason why the swine from NY has a beef with all those comedians. But when comedians are your last hope, then you know that it's nearly over. Especially if those comedians are wondering about how they should handle commenting on this all in a satiric way, with exaggeration as a stylistic device. This all is exaggerated to such an extent that you wonder how you shall use it as a comedian. A satire about the swine from NY talking to media in Air Force One? Come on, that's blunt satire! You cannot exaggerate this. Comedy is dead, and therewith anything else.

Tuesday, January the Sixth

How do I feel today? Well, I got up late, drove around a bit, and have eaten something. A bit of snowfall, a bit of white. If I were a Venezuelan, then I would start to get angry, seeing all the old figures still in power and obviously in dialogue with the US. But hey, is it important from whom you get your oil so long as you get your oil? Happy Venezuela!

Well, the Thousand-Year Reich lasted only twelve years but yielded millions of dead and awful devastation. - Hey, was there something about climate change? If this lasts twelve years, then the harm for the humans and the planet will be most likely irreversible. Okay, in twelve years I will be seventy-two, and I fear that I will see it like him then:

Football Season Is Over

No More Games. No More bombs. No More Walking. No More Fun. No More Swimming. 67. That is 17 years past 50. 17 more than I needed or wanted. Boring. I am always bitchy. No Fun -- for anybody. 67. You are getting Greedy. Act your old age. Relax -- This won't hurt.

Sure, Hunter S. Thompson, I would have to replace 67 by 72 and 17 by 12, but the rest? Seventy-two, that would be 2038, and at the moment I doubt that it would be worth it to even wait so long to realize then that it's simply shitty to live in 2038. But hey, Tom Petty? *Into the great wide open, under them skies of blue, the future was wide open.* But I fear only if believing in this shitty American Lie about the American Dream. I fear that I'm still in no perfect mood.

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The next paragraph of London, "Days", is written. I can finish this day easily tomorrow. The next day is almost written. It will not need more than one day to finalize it. Well, three of nine days are easily written, then. Dover, day twenty-three, will need a bit longer, even if there's also already a text. Nevertheless, it's obvious that I will not need such a long time to finish London as such.

Well, writing this part has been very hard - strange, all these memories. I cried more than I cried there in the King's Library, where the Tapling Collection is no longer nowadays. Yeah, this has been an exceptional moment in my life, like Dover will be in two days. And now?

Well, it's 3:05 p.m., and it's very cloudy and cold outside. It's a holiday, so not much can be done. I will be more active tomorrow again, with laundry, shopping, Bad Friedrichshall, the bank, and more. And writing as well. But today is a weird day.

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I pondered if I should continue with "Short Cuts III", but then I decided on some distraction and another walk. It's time for the upload now. "Short Cuts III" most likely later.

I have to find a way to deal with all this, but it seems not to be easy to find one. I'm not sure if it's worth it. Yeah, I have to find a way. But this will not be easy. The upload.

*

Is this a strong enough pushback of the Europeans? Well, I'm not sure, especially when dealing with such nuts "partners". They are simply dumbass asshole bullies who need a strong kick in their nuts. Still again, after these "proposals" I would start to form a new military coalition without the US and other new partners. It's maybe time to start to boycott the US and its products - do I buy any American products? Let's start to establish a strong and independent European Alliance with

partners around the world who are sick of those three nations and three fucking toxic males who think that they can order you to do what they want. We are cowards, and I'm a coward.

Tuesday, January the Seventh

A busy morning with several activities, including washing the laundry and being in Bad Friedrichshall - shopping is left. Writing today? Well, I will finish day twenty-one, "Days", in any case. I did not continue with "Short Cuts III" yesterday after the upload. I'm not sure about it for the moment, not in this situation. We will see.

It's a very sunny day today. If it will be a clear night, then I should observe. Well, the forecast says no, clouds are on their way, and we will have snowfall in the evening and night. Let's see. And anyway, it's nice to see the sun now.

I do feel a bit better again, even if I'm not really relaxed. I have started some new activities. So I try to stay calm, but it's not so easy. It's kind of funny, it's kind of sad, how only three men can turmoil the whole world. But we have to confess that there are many profiteers around them. Like in Venezuela, where not much has changed, and most likely not will. It's like in Germany after the Third Reich. When judges who acted for the Nazi regime and represented Nazi law just kept their positions after the end of WWII. It's so easy every so often.

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So, the next day is over, "Days", and until today I would like to know why this woman has addressed me this way. But it is my fault that I will never know it. Anyway, I have used the given text as a basis. I do not need to reinvent the wheel, and to write the same text again. The next day I have already written, except for the beginning of it. So Dover is very near now. This will be the big part for January. And now?

Well, I will do some shopping now - still clear blue sky. Then I should eat something. I will cook a stew for the next two days and will possibly continue with "Short Cuts III" - could be. Let's do the shopping.

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I have written something for "Short Cuts III", but it seems no longer to function like before. I think I should have a meeting with Putnam to see what will happen then.

Two long workdays now, and I will have my laptop with me. We will see what the next days will yield, unfold. Some impetus in a better direction would be nice. Isn't it strange to see no reactions from Russia or China, or have I missed something? I think they should place a golden calf in front of his tower in NY and in Florida for the people to be able to worship him. Yeah, the Germans were delighted at the beginning when they saw what good Adolf did with Alsace and other purely German regions. I have no good feeling.

Thursday, January the Eighth

Well, I do better, and I see an uptrend, but events like the one in Minneapolis do not help. No way that I will return to this USA, even if it sucks. In his first term I came to the conclusion that he will not spoil me with a stay in the USA, California, Los Angeles. But now I fear that even in Los Angeles I would freak out. On Hollywood Boulevard I told a Scientology Nazi guy that he can keep

his shit as he addressed me. I do not know what I would say or maybe even do seeing ICE agents acting like they do nowadays, even or especially in Los Angeles. This is such fucking shit. It's this fucking aggressiveness everywhere - Mormon church - that tells you: Stay away! Not long, and I fear that I would feel safer in Russia than in the USA - definitely in China. Yeah, China, I have the feeling that they do a fucking clever job. Whereas it's increasingly difficult to accept being a European - should I ponder moving to a different continent, the Southern Hemisphere, when retired? Currently? I did not expect that 2026 would start like this. I feel a bit like Peter after crossing the threshold into the dark room. And yeah, I would be happy to alter to another - nearly I wrote time and space. What about the trenches of WWII or suddenly being a Jew after '32? Shall we start with some philosophy now? I doubt that this would yield a lot. Nothing appears to be stable anymore. All is melting away.

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The day comes to its end, at least for me. I'm eating my stew and drinking tea - well, I have bought some cookies. Will the death of a mother have an impact - are you kidding me, Peter! In the USA? Well, sometimes it's no certain event that has an impact, simply one at a certain time. These officers are simply nuts when you see when he shoots through the windscreen and the shots thereafter. I'm sad and angry, but I saw Sandy Hook live on TV. And all the pathetic and disgusting shit thereafter. I would run crazy if I lived in such a country.

Friday, January the Ninth

I do not really know what to write today in my long lunch break - I feel a bit empty. I need the weekend. But it's okay. Let's start easy this year - enough turmoil in the world. And the second half of the month will be more active anyway. Twice I will give a lecture at the community college, and I have accepted a birthday invitation from my cousin. He turns sixty this month. So there's no need for too much action, actually.

It has become warm again - no more snow. Well, it's freezing and snowy in the north of Germany, but here in the south we see not much snow, if any at all. Okay, I feel no lust for snow. I require it warm. I hate it more and more to feel cold. What happens in the States?

The nation turns increasingly into a dictatorship, just being an oligarchy. And this is not talking about the awful right, only to mention the so-good Kennedys. And I mean the Kennedys as such, not a specific one. But is it useful to repeat this every day? That there are wholly dumb Americans who have no idea about everything - except from that the USA is greatest and beloved by God? I cannot speak about God, but as far as I can see, his son would have to puke heavenly were he to see these States. This unbelievable shitshow.

But this will not help. Not in the States, not in Germany, not elsewhere. The people chose their fate, so let's wait and see. I'm in no bad mood. It might be that there will be a surprise? Well, maybe not. But I'm open to seeing.

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Okay, the weekend starts tomorrow, so let's wait until tomorrow. Well, the day was not bad today, but I'm tired anyway. I have to find a better way with drinking and eating, but whatever. I see myself strengthened in a way, but also very much vulnerable. It feels like walking a tightrope. If it functions, then it would be fantastic. But should I fall, there will be no safety net. Then I fear it will become hideous. We have to see - weekend will be next.

Saturday, January the Tenth

The first third of the month is over, and it's the weekend now. No writing now before the upload, as always on Saturday, but I will finish the next day, "Days", which is almost written, day twenty-two, after the upload. "Short Cuts III", Putnam, will be for Sunday then. "Creatures" on Monday. And now?

Well, I will go to bed early to have an early start tomorrow. No distinct plans - coffee in the morning, and the rest we can see. And so long I'm wavering. It's still this momentum that I see everything on the table, but I have my problems with it to implement it. To be consistent, because I doubt what I should set as a goal. What would be important to me, and what would be meaningful. *When people run in circles / It's a very, very mad world, mad world. Yeah*, that's how I feel - Tears for Fears.

*

Mother

They all are talking about you now
Without having the evidence
Saying you have been a devil
That you have been holy

If you do not have enough data in science
Then you cannot draw conclusions
Sure, you can speculate
But it's speculation then and no evidence-based conclusion

It's a shitty game played by both sides, mother
Are you the new George Floyd
Or did you intend - with your female partner - to tease ICE
But what would justify the death penalty

Mother is dead
Shot dead by a nameless shooter
In a country with a functioning legal system?
Well, we will see

Lay down a rose
Light up a candle
Work out a story for the orphan
Have you seen flags at half-mast?

Give a man a weapon
Give him a little advice
Tell him he's a bit like Mike Hammer
I, the Jury

That's the new vision of the States
Lived out in Hollywood for decades
The fucking city on the East Coast
Money and power are all you need

Yeah, mother
Do not provoke the gods
Ancient Greece can tell you
Every so often the gods are simply acting like fucking loopy bitches

Rest in peace, mother.

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Okay, even when I only had to write the beginning of this day, day twenty-two, "Days", I also had to proofread the whole so far written text - and it's quite a long text. And I wrote this text quite a time ago, mistakenly. It's always strange when I take a look at previously written texts, which I normally never do. What is written is written. Would I have written this text today - or a part of it - then it would have been a different text. The mean elements would be obviously the same, but not the elaboration. So, okay for today. I will read the text again tomorrow if I find time. But enough for today.

Sunday, January the Eleventh

So I had my coffee in the morning, and I have finished the second proofread of day twenty-two of "Days". It's shortly after noon now. Laundry is running but still needs some time - "Short Cuts III" is waiting. I have to reinvent myself! But the inside now was: No, I do not have to reinvent me. I have to invent myself for the first time in my life! This means?

Well, I was never interested in making a career. I never had specific goals. I wavered around in a world hardly to understand, a world difficult to feel comfort in. Which I do not understand until today, which repels me even more today than in the past. But now?

Well, I have the feeling that I have to be strict now - or give up everything. That I have to get an idea of where I want to go, even if there are constant unpredictable aspects. I think that I have to do better. And in a way I could be on a good way. Let's see where I will stand at the end of the month. I will have a walk now, then I should eat something. I should make a phone call later, have to write a text for the announcement for my lecture of the next semester, and I have to take a look at "Short Cuts III". But let's start with the walk.

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I do not have total insight into where my meeting with Mr. Putnam will lead, but it was interesting in any case. But tomorrow will be for "Creatures". And today?

It's close to 5 p.m., and I think I should have another walk. Everything else is done also. There's a bid on an item on eBay left. No bad day so far.

I try to start to be more consistent, starting with today. Let's see what I will have achieved until next Sunday, or what not. But I have to start one day. So why not today? Let's have another walk.

Monday, January the Twelfth

Lunch break, and "Creatures" is already written. I look forward to the coming two days off. Well, I have accomplished a lot over the weekend. It would be nice if I be productive as well over the

coming two days. I think that I have no chance anymore if I would rather not make a total fool out of myself. Let's see.

The United States as the precognition for Germany in two or three years? I fear that this is a valid idea. It happened not once or twice, and we are, in Germany, seemingly on the same path again that the US has already taken. Right, Swantje, no good prospect for Germany.

It's this increasing aggressiveness and that lies can be outspoken without a straight and unmistakable opposition. When Kristi Lynn Noem can propagate blunt lies even when with Jake Tapper, and he cannot call her straightaway a blunt liar, then something went wrong. She's a fucking ruthless, lying bitch that would not hesitate one second to kill you like ISIS did if she could. She would be good friend with Maria Mandl. That's the fucking truth! That would have to be outspoken. But not in comedy, in the news instead.

Okay, my lunch break comes to an end - maybe it's better so. I will have time when back in Willsbach again. After the upload.

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Back in Willsbach, the upload will be next. Then we will see how the rest of the evening will unfold – I had a warm dinner so far and checked the news. And this will be all for now. Let's upload.

Tuesday, January the Thirteenth

It has become evening. I have done all that I wanted to do today and have started with day twenty-three, "Days". Cat on a Hot Tin Roof? Well, I feel like one, and I doubt that staying as long as possible would be win. But I fear to jump, even if I'm a cat, even if I should land on my feet again. Yeah, I still hesitate, even knowing that I have to jump, that nothing else would make sense.

My back and stomach are in a strange state. It functions better and better. Especially the back, even if it's winter, cold, and often wet. The stomach as well, but with setbacks. I had to puke in the middle of last night. I made a mistake with eating. But I find more and more a way to do it better, and everything seems to stabilize. I ponder if I should have a walk down the hill to the town and have a pizza. I haven't been in a restaurant since my birthday in June. Yeah, I need more time being outside, not at home or at work. I should install a day off writing again. Well, it's shortly after 6 p.m. I should be back in time for uploading.

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Back from walking and dinner, I should start to do this more often again. It's stimulating and helps me. And now?

Well, the upload will be next, but then I will be for a time back at Victoria Station again. I want to push this day, push London. I think that I should come to an end with "Days in Los Angeles" as soon as possible. In as few months as possible. Then I have to think over everything automatically. Let's upload.

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Only a short paragraph, "Days", I have added - the station. I'm a bit distracted. My thoughts are wavering all around. In the café I always eat two slices of braided yeast bun with raisins, like my father did every morning. They offer marble cake on Sundays, like my father always baked one. When I see a Linzer tart offered somewhere, then I buy myself a piece. I liked it when my mother baked one. She had been an excellent bakeress before the dementia started. It's strange how this all

holds us captive. Such memories, tastes, and smells. No, I was not very productive after the upload today, not in words at least. But I will go to bed early now to have an early start tomorrow.

Wednesday, January the Fourteenth

It's 4:13 p.m. I had my coffee in the morning, some activities, and continued with "Days", as well as with "Short Cuts III". But I'm unsatisfied. Especially with "Short Cuts III". Well, I have decided to be outside for a while. I have plenty of time. I do things. Next week will have various activities. I'm active, but I feel blank. And yet I should be happy.

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Iran? Come on, people of Iran, do protest. The American president is with you. He wants your oil. Like formerly, another one was with the Kurds in Iraq to get their oil. Okay, they got gassed to death in the end, the Kurds. But at last the oil was for America. Put your lives on the line. The American swine from NY needs more oil. Oh yeah, this is such a wonderful world.

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Upload, and I'm not sure about how to understand this day. It wasn't bad as such, yet I did not do everything planned, but important issues are done. But I'm not satisfied, nor am I angry. I'm simply emotionless. Cold-eyed. It feels like I would be on drug withdrawal, and these are the signs of withdrawal. Seen in this light? I simply would have to bear them until a certain stage, then I should be through - this is how such matters function, or. I have only insights via TV, and this seems not to be the best basis. Whatever, I feel so right now. But it appears to be okay. Even necessary to reach a certain point that I have to reach. Wow, maybe I should stick with matters I have a better basis and knowledge in. The upload, the night, and let's see how I feel at lunch break tomorrow.

Thursday, January the Fifteenth

In the middle of the month, and hey, it's Thursday today - should this mean that yesterday was Wednesday? Whatever, at least the date has been correct. There's still hope. And how do I feel today?

I sit in the café where I cannot watch TV via the internet - maybe it's better so. I have the feeling that I will be able to handle it, even if it will not be easy. Well, I would say that much will be different in a year, when 2027 starts. And now?

Well, I want to react to an email I got, and I would like to relax a bit. Anyway, there is not much to say. I do not see that the democratic forces in the USA will be strong enough to fight back the Peter Thiels and their thoughts. Forget the nuts woman killing puppies, who gets horny when a left-wing woman gets killed. Forget the hilarious VP, and especially the swine from NY - yes, even him. Try to figure out who the real enemy of democracy really is and fight them. How long, and we will be in the same situation in Germany? In Germany again, after the 20s and early 30s! I have my problems therewith to define how I should feel.

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Well done, the evening is there. The very short one. A short upload, and let's see what tomorrow will yield. But then it will be Sunday, and because of the two lectures next week - Monday and

Wednesday - I will have days off from Monday until Wednesday. So, four days without work in a row. I think that I can use them as well for a bit of writing. Especially "Days", to speed up with the Dover day. But let's upload now.