

Short Cuts III

Being Hilary Whitehall Putnam

Restart

"Hello, Mr. Maurer, I think that we need a restart."

"A restart?"

"Yes, we have seen that you still have some memories, but to a very different level regarding different aspects."

"Can you be a bit more precise?"

"Of course, Mr. Maurer. Let's start this way. We can see that you still know that you had a terrible accident, that you are knowing your state as such, and how we communicate - right, Mr. Maurer?"

"I think so - you can read my mind, so to say."

"Yes. But there are also some aspects you seem to have forgotten to a considerable extent, or even completely."

"More precise, please."

"There were two programs we had started with you. It was to fear that they could also have negative impacts on your constitution."

"More precise, please."

"Well, let us start with the so-called "Dream Program". You tend to have long and complex dreams with recurring elements. One element is being a private investigator in the USA at different periods. There are other, but not so relevant, additional recurring elements like sitting in a bar. You are more or less aware of these dreams. But we can read these dreams even if you are not aware of them anymore or only in fractions. Your brain has an interesting feature."

"More precise, please."

"Your mind does not forget anything. All is stored in your brain, Mr. Maurer, even all your dreams. You are most likely very surprised now, because we can see that this information, which we gave you already before, is lost again."

"More precise, please."

"Your mind stores everything, absolutely everything, even if you're not aware of it. But it stores it at very different levels. Some are straightforward for you to reach, some partially, and some absolutely not. But we can do so. We can read everything that's stored in your brain, even if you're not aware of it. So far everything should be understandable - or, Mr. Maurer."

"Understandable, yes. But do we not have to discuss some moral aspects now?"

"That's why we have this conversation now. We had this discussion already, and we had an agreement with you. But this knowing is lost for you now, so we have to discuss it again."

"But wait a minute. You said that I cannot forget anything - is this not a contradiction?"

"You have not forgotten it, Mr. Maurer, but this knowledge, this memory, is now stored on a level inaccessible to you. So, this information is now lost to you. We have to discuss it again."

"But you can still find this information and read it?"

"Yes. We have access to every level of your mind. You nearly drowned as a child. Well, you're still aware of it as such. But we could tell you every moment of this incident, what you felt in every second. We could picture you the whole event in all the aspects it had for you. You have rejected this so far."

"As a newborn in the ICU?"

"Yes."

"Okay. So we had an agreement?"

"Yes, and I give you the details. You allowed us to look at your dreams and also all your memories. But we had to discuss the results with you. We had to make everything totally transparent to you. You could decide then what we were allowed to use. This was in simple words our agreement regarding dreams and memories so far."

"Okay, but there would be absolutely no opportunity for me to discover or prohibit any misuse or abuse of your findings. I cannot verify what your findings are, especially on levels not accessible to me, that you're telling me the truth. Right?"

"Yes, you have to trust us. But to be honest, we simply could put you in a state of mental paralysis and could do with you whatever we wanted. You would have no means to stop us. But there's this other program, the "New Worlds Program". We need you to be in a wakeful state for this. Shall we talk about this program for a moment? It's a bit more complicated."

"Okay, go ahead."

"Well, you still know that you have been in this tank for quite some time now, but you lost the information that it has been a very long time. That we have some technical and scientific possibilities today that were unthinkable at the time you had your accident, Mr. Maurer. We found the theoretical possibility that we could send pure consciousness to the stars. Only your consciousness, not your physical body, is needed. But early tries ended in disasters, for the test people, I have to say to my deepest regret. We thought that it would be interesting to have a mind, conscious, without a body - then we found you. And furthermore, we were thrilled as we saw how your mind works. That it stores everything, but that you're also able to shift information on very deep levels. This was the problem with our early tries. That the test people could not manage the knowledge about the travels, about the knowing were they have been, suchlike. I have to say, and it makes me sad, that they went crazy. "

"And I?"

"Well, your mind works differently. We have asked you if you would agree that we would send you to another world. Okay, we were not sure about the effects that would possibly occur, but you agreed. And it functioned in a very strange way. I think you're interested in details, Mr. Maurer."

"Of course!"

"Okay, we're sending your consciousness to a different world. Interestingly, distance is no limiting factor. We just have to know that there's a world as such. The first surprise is that you, when arriving at this world, have no knowledge about where you from. But this is one of the factors that helps you. Just as you're not aware of the travel when you're back again. But we can read all your memories then. And of course, we share them with you."

"That sounds weird."

"It's weird in a way, Mr. Maurer."

"And at this other planet. My consciousness is there?"

"First, there is also a time limit. And there will be multiple travels to the same planet, at least if it's interesting. For the first time you often only for a few seconds there, so that we can get some basic information. Then we give your mind some pictures that will help your consciousness to act better and better on these planets. Like that you would wear a special suit or so."

"Wait, my consciousness is there. My consciousness do not need a "suit" or so."

"That's right, Mr. Maurer. But when the consciousnesses of the test people arrived at their destinations, they always had the feeling of being there as a person. And they were aware of what happened during their travels when coming back. Well, we're exploring unknown territory. Not every travel is something positive. You, Mr. Maurer, have absolutely no active memory regarding your travel when back, no matter how pleasant or awful the travel was. But we saw that it's as well for your conscious helpful when it has the feeling to be as a person on these foreign planets."

"Can I say that this sound very unreliable to me. And by the way, I live in three different worlds now? I talk to you, you are defining this world most likely as the reality. Okay, this world seems totally accessible also to me. Then the world of my dreams, more or less accessible to me. And finally the world of my mental travels, absolutely not accessible to me, at least when here in the reality. Is this what you're telling me?"

"I know that this is difficult for you now, especially that it is presented to you all at once now. I mean, before, all this developed over a longer period. First we started to talk as such, then we talked about your dreams. Much later we asked you for the first time if you would be interested in the possibility of traveling to foreign planets. I should give you time now to ponder about this all, to let

it sink in. Then we can discuss if you're still interested in traveling to foreign planets and that we can take a look at your dreams."

"A last question I would have."

"Yes, of course, Mr. Maurer."

"What planets have I visited, and I as a private investigator?"

"You were interested in the classic American crime novels, the so-called hard-boiled novels. Your brain uses this interest. Currently you are alternating between three settings, but this changes from time to time. You're on two worlds currently, from time to time. Both travels are in a relatively early stage. One is a very strange world with a kind of global ocean that can freeze. We have found organic compounds there, and it's a very young planet. The other one is very old, the sun is very old. Already in the stage to develop into a red giant. The planet is very dry now, but it appears that there has been a time of a prosperous planet with a civilization. We're still not certain about if there's still advanced living on it or not - simple living in any case."

"In an early stage?"

"Well, it's simple. We can optimize your being there with every travel, even if virtual in a way. But it helps your conscience a lot when you feel confident when being there."

"And at the beginning - it all can also develop into a disaster?"

"Yes, but you are no longer aware of it when back again."

"Have I experienced such disasters?"

"Well, the first time on the planet with the ocean? We were a bit late and you drowned. But it was not real and you could no longer remember it when back again, Peter."

"Fine. Should I ask now how often I drowned, how often I died, and what drowning was real, what not, and which dying? Yeah, I need some time to ponder."

Idiosyncratic Worlds – The Endless Ocean

A World Living

I needed a moment to recover, to get some clear thoughts again. I had to admit that I was disoriented for a moment, realizing I was in a spacesuit, not knowing where I was or where I came from. But then a display in the inner shield of my space suit started and provided me with dense information. I would get them more detailed after this first round of information, or I would also be able to demand them at all times from a data and information base. Okay, it began.

My starting point had been Earth. Now I was on a planet called Ptolemy 67/34/RT. A bit bigger than Earth, orbiting a much larger and hotter sun than our sun. And this planet had something exceptional to offer. Well, the reason I was here. It was totally covered by an organic compound with a unique feature. During the nights, like now - I couldn't see the sun - the compound was solid. Yeah, I stood on it, and it was fascinating to see that the surface was totally smooth. But this would change with daybreak, when the compound would very abruptly change into its liquid state. As said, it was night at the moment. Daybreak, and therewith the next change of the aggregate phase, would be in two hours from now. My mission?

I got a brief introduction first that I should not mess "organic compound" with something living. But I should collect data and also should take a sample of the organic compound for further analysis when on Earth again. This was my task. Well, two hours? I had enough information for a start. Now I should find out what data with what tools I should collect. I felt a bit strung up but stimulated being on this alien planet under this so entirely different-looking night sky.

Bar Chatter

Totally Politically Incorrect

"You know," I had to say, "a bar is one of the few places left where a man still can speak out the truth. All is corrupted by these weak asshole boys from the right. These whiny boys who cannot bear the slightest critique anymore. They aren't any longer capable of bearing opposition and contradiction. They are more nelly as every nelly ever could be. Fuck, I hate this whole GOP bunch with every day more."

I had to take a bit longer sip. My throat started to dry.

"Hey, is it now a crime to say that I would not be sad, that I would cheer to see our fucking president would make his last exit, forever? Or to see him rot in jail with other pedophiles? As if this would ever been any question whether he had sex with underage girls. Or as Bill said it: I never had sex with Monica."

All this shit made me thirstier with every day. I needed a new one.

"You know, we will become something like Russia. Only that we will be governed by the deep state led by insane people like Peter Thiel. And this is the problem. You would have to get rid of this figures, but what about all these brainwashed loonies? People even too dumb to put one and one together. Not able and interested in using their own brains. Because of the fear that they would have to challenge themselves and their convictions. No, this all will end in a disaster. It's only a question about how to quit."

My new drink had arrived, just in time for a real gulp.

"Maybe I should have sex with a thirteen-year-old girl, and when in court I would ask: What about Polanski the rapist and all the Epstein child fuckers? I would enter a plea of not guilty, as long as they would not be sentenced. Then I would share jail with them. But this will never happen - okay, I would be sentenced, but not they. The best is to do the same crime as your rich and famous friends. Preferably from different political camps. Matters like tax fraud or sex trafficking, corruption, or being a racist and welfare scrounger. All on a massive scale. The more massive the better. This ensures you that you will never get prosecuted. You would know too much. Like Ghislaine. She will soon be out of prison or be dead - let's see."

I started to get tired. If this were to continue and there would be no longer any hope, then I feared that I would decay into an alcoholic.

The Deep Sleep

The Weakest Link

It was not easy, but I had my connections all around the city - at least in the parts of the city a guy like me normally socialized. But it was enough to find three assholes obviously also not born with the proverbial silver spoon in their mouths. And hey, why play fair? I decided to start with the obviously weakest of them, the asshole who always had parroted his boss' noise. I monitored him a while until I had him in a side street after dawn. Then I thought that it would be a nice opportunity to have a little conversation with him.

"Hey, asshole, are you really that dumb that you don't realize that I follow you?"

Okay, I wasn't dumb, so I already had my finger at the trigger of my little firearm in the pocket of my coat. For the eventuality that they weren't that dumb at all and this would be an ambush. But hey, no ambush. Yeah, they were dumb idiots. He was totally astonished, turned around, not even grabbing his gun. So I showed him mine to clear the situation for him.

"What do you want from me?"

Man, this was all? Come on, still no ambush? But hey, this was a pleasant neighborhood, and my little firearm in my coat pocket was in fact my little firearm. The fat one was still in its holster. The good thing about the little one was that it wasn't that noisy compared to the big one. So I approached him somewhat until I could see him a bit better. And what did the asshole do? Well, he just waited until I shot him in his left foot. Never mind, small caliber and only the foot. It would hurt some days, then it would be good again. He lay on the ground now, yammered, and still no gun in his hand. But maybe it would be better to ask.

"You have a gun, buddy?"

"Fuck no, what's that shit?"

"Come on buddy, you have no gun?"

"No! I have some money, but not more. That's the truth!"

Did this wanker really assume that I wanted to rob him?

"You do not remember my face - hey?"

I tried my best regarding the not-so-best illumination in this littery side street. Still no ambush, and he still hadn't tried to grab a gun - seriously? And come on, he could not remember my face in all honesty? I got the feeling that I had bet on the wrong horse. Would this dumbass be capable of providing me any useful information?

"Okay, around a fortnight ago, you and two other guys knocked on my door. You three thought you have to perform the strongman. Some memories now, buddy?"

Gosh, he really seemed to try to remember - and he could!

"Hey, man, this was only a job. Leo asked me if I would join him to scare someone a bit. Nothing really brutal, like killing him or so. Only roughing someone up a bit."

What a sissy. But okay, maybe he would be at least a bit useful.

"Yeah, Leo, your big boss. Possibly, by chance, any idea who Leo's big boss has been? I assume that it wasn't Leo's genuine idea to knock on my door - or."

I had the little impression that he now started to get an idea that this could get really messy for him. That he should take me very seriously.

"No, you would have to ask Leo. I....."

"Listen, buddy," time to get a bit harder, "you might have realized that I fired a shot, but it appears that nobody here is interested in it. No police, nothing. And I would guess that I could fire a second shot, most likely also a third one, and it would not change the situation - apart from your pain. Hey, I'm pissed off by assholes like you who think that they can do whatever they wanna. Just because they have "big friends". But hey, where are your big friends now? Where's Leo? Ten seconds, then I want to hear something useful from you."

Still no ambush, but I still had to be careful. Even if I had increasingly the feeling that I wasted my time and ammunition. But then he started to talk again, and what he said let me become speechless.

Matosinhos Blue

The Meaning of Life

Working hard, dying in a battle, starving to death as a child, or being shredded by a drone? Come to fulfillment by a creative, an artistic, act? In what a world we're living in, and what mentally disturbed creatures are we? Maybe it's better not to ponder too much. It could have a worse outcome. And maybe it's only the fact of being also one of them, not an alien stranded on this shitty planet hoping for rescue. It might be that I should start a cult for all the people like me who know that they are not humans in fact, but aliens from another planet, or aliens from other planets, stranded on this disgusting planet. I think I should write a stupid science fiction novel. The dumber, the better. It has functioned once. Why not again? But I should start it in California, still a good

place for the real enlightened ones. The worst on it? I fear that it could really function. And not only in California.

The World of The Doors

The Cult of Those who Remember

There was something in the world of The Doors that needed a more profound look. It was common sense that no one could remember something about the time being behind one of The Doors. No matter if for a second, or a year, or for a decade. With one exception.

John Abercrombie, a man who appeared after a period of nearly sixty-eight years again, sixty-eight years behind one of The Doors. At the beginning it was as always. He had no memories at all regarding the past sixty-eight years. And also, as so often, he had major difficulties affiliating in society again. Until three years after his appearance, when he lived like a panhandler. He then suddenly started to claim that he could call memories of his time behind The Doors to his mind again. At the beginning very vague, then increasingly detailed. Many doubted, but some believed him. And as it could not stay out, more and more claimed to have increasing memories about their time behind The Doors. A cult started. And, also to no surprise, the stories about what would be behind the doors started to diversify increasingly - the cult began to divide into more and more movements and sub-movements. And their stories? Well, maybe I should stress that I did not believe in any of these narrations.

The original version of John Abercrombie was that there would be a kind of Garden of Eden behind The Doors, Arcadia possibly. At the beginning all agreed therein but started to contradict each other in details and finally in increasingly significant aspects of the narration. And then, no wonder, suddenly a new narration began that it would be no Garden of Eden behind The Doors, but an underworld, a hell instead. Only that some simply could not realize it. Well, the first fraction argued that the Good Ones, they, would be in a Garden of Eden. The bad ones, the others, had to suffer in an underworld. And then the narration of time travel began. Yes, some said that behind The Doors would be the future to see, to different extents. And yes, some said that it would be the past, a better past - or worse? - than nowadays. And please let me stop here. Maybe, as assumed, this was only the beginning. There are countless narrations today. And of course, they do not love each other. So, we can be happy that so far no real conflict has started, even though it all has already taken lives. And my perspective?

Well, we have types of The Doors that keep you for minutes, or hours, or days, and so on. I have been behind a significant number of The Doors so far, and I have not the slightest memory of it. Around ten percent say they have memories - all imposters? What bothers me the most is how it all started and how it all developed. This all appears not very reliable to me. Well, it's a cult. Do not use your brain too much.

Idiosyncratic Worlds – The Stony Desert

Exploration

I had arrived yesterday, and today was my first morning in this new world. I had used the evening to build up a base camp and to take a first look at my aim - still around ten miles away. A bit strange was that this travel had affected my memories of my home planet, Earth, and even the travel as such. But this, one of the pieces of information given by my instructions, was simply a side effect by interstellar travel.

My mission was to take a closer look at the structure one could see in the distance. A kind of large storage place most likely. Some information had been gathered already, but not very precisely. I was a bit confused about a phrasing in my instructions. One could interpret it as that it would not be the first time for me or that others had been here before. In any case, I had no memories regarding having been here before. Anyway, I packed everything I needed on my vehicle, a very robust six-wheeler with a large load bed - well, no street here. I had to drive through a stony desert landscape. Nevertheless, it would not need long to bridge the distance. I started.

Well, I would not bridge the distance nonstop, but would stop after half of the distance. I had excellent binoculars with me, even a good tripod. So I would start with some observations there to recheck the data already collected. To have more precise dimensions of the structure and to verify that there was indeed no activity. The structure seemed to be abandoned. Well, this was the insight so far.

Ptolemy 116/12/AG, so the name of the planet, was on a list of planets that seemed to be worth an exploration. The thrilling aspect was that it seemed, and obviously was, that Ptolemy 116/12/AG showed many similarities to Earth. Especially the atmosphere, but also the size, the distance to its sun, and its sun as such. And yes, standing here, this could be on Earth as well. One had to be precise to notice the differences. In a way, one could imagine that this could be Earth in a maybe not so far future. But this was not Earth.

The first goal in exploring Ptolemy 116/12/AG had been to find out if the planet harbored life, possibly even intelligent life. My instructions had given me a brief summary about the exploration of Ptolemy 116/12/AG so far. This structure had been found, and the insight that no real activity could have been detected. Okay, this was only a small part of a world, but at one point you had to start. I reached my first intermediate goal, half the distance to the structure. It was time to build up the binoculars and to start some measures. The binoculars could measure distances and could calculate sizes, very practical for me. I also had a range of magnifications, up to a magnification of twenty-five times. This was way enough for my purposes. I would have, most likely, a second stopover after three quarters of the distance, half of the remaining distance. My first impression of the structure? I could approve all so far known information, at least as such, but could see all in more detail, and I even saw more. I started to get my idea of the structure, looking through the binoculars while sitting on my collapsible chair.

Arnold & Maurer

All That Counts

Sitting in a diner with Linda was normally a nice thing to do, having dinner together. But not today. Well, the mood at least left much to be desired. But hey, what did one feel in 1932, sitting in a small restaurant in Berlin or in Frankfurt or in a beer garden in Munich? That the nation, Germany, soon would be a brown Nazi dictatorship and Germany would start WWII? That soon the most brutal war crimes would be committed in Ukraine and Belarus? That soon concentration camps would be built, which turned into death camps in time? Or would you have listened to the public radio broadcast, like we could today by watching CNN on TV, and the anchor not raised the alarm because of the destroying of the democracy? Did they have given Nazis a podium to spread their propaganda unchallenged? Unopposed lies on CNN like it would be Fox News?

We both were upset that the media always fell for their tricks. Yeah, a few ICE officers in Los Angeles and CNN twenty-four hours live on air. Texas? Some more other states? Wow, the VP and the river. What a scandal! All these distraction tactics, and not even the professional reporters were able not to fall for them. But that Peter Thiel, with German roots!, approached his aim every day a little more, to destroy the American institutions by using figures like the Kennedy clown, Musk, Vance, and the one called our president? To create a new Rome, with a small elite ruling in the

Senate? A small elite that always determined one out of their ranks to be the prime leader, the Caesar? Which could, if necessary, also be killed to install a new leader? Suchlike did not seem to be interesting to be reported - or. We agreed therein that suchlike should be broadcast 24/7. Not that the man who called himself president cheated when golfing.

"But we still have a problem, Peter. You know?"

Yes, it was on Linda to get reality a chance to break in again.

"It would be good to have cases to make some money."

It was easy to complete her reasoning. Yeah, we should make some money to be able to pay the bills. But for how long? Until our job would be to trace unwelcome people for the state, until oneself would be declared a person non grata?

"Making some money does not have to mean that we have to be totally passive, Peter. But be blunt. This nation heads open-eyed towards the abyss. And hey, Peter, if it will ultimately happen that we will be no longer be any kind of democracy, then we will be among the lucky ones. We can drive to LAX and fly to Canada or wherever every day. We could also live there, Peter."

"Yeah, that's true, Linda. So, continue working and trying to do our best to prevent it? And if this nation screws it up, emigration? Yeah, it would be interesting to be an immigrant in a foreign country. Whereby, Canada would not be that foreign at all. But I agree with you. We have to continue, at least as long as it's meaningful to do so - did you vote for Newsom?"

"I think you know it. The same as you. You'll regret it?"

"Not more than you, I would say. It's a fucking shit when you have no real alternatives - Cory?"

"The Democrats would have to become "Cory". Suchlike they are only a willing bunch of stirrup holders. Yeah, it all does not look good. In the office tomorrow, Peter?"

"Yeah, sure, we should make some money."

Storytelling

Pearl

"Do you see this pearl, Peter? It's the most beautiful and flawless pearl I've ever seen."

Yeah, I was no expert, but this pearl appeared indeed as something special. And, maybe the most important, he was no blowhard. He always had to present you something, something exceptional, preferably unique, to demonstrate to you how rich and powerful he was.

"I'm no expert in pearls, but even I see that this one is something exceptional."

I tried not to be the party pooper.

"Yeah, Peter, everybody sees the miracle of this pearl. But only some know its deep secret."

Of course, I had to ask him now.

"A deep secret? I fear that you will not tell me."

To what a bootlicker I had decayed.

"You're my friend, Peter. You, I can tell it. A woman died for it. A stunning young woman gave her life for this pearl."

Come on, play his game.

"Isn't this something sad?"

I got sick of my hypocrisy.

"No, because this one pearl, this perfection of nature, was worth it. She has been a pearl diver, and she dived deeper than all the others. And she was beautiful, the most beautiful pearl diver anybody knew. And young, not even picked so far. But for this pearl she had to dive deeper than ever, longer than ever, and even she was unable to bear the dolor of this dive. But as her dead body reached the surface of the water again, her hand entangled the pearl. They had to cut the pearl out of her hand, just like the hand would have been a mussel. What a triumph of will. I adore this woman."

Wow, this has been very colorful.

"What has been her name?"

Give your fancy tale at least a bit of substance.

"Why should I know her name? Her story will last forever!"

Well, well.....

"Nothing will last forever."

I got bored.

"That's true, Peter."

He waved one of his beautiful woman servants over and whispered something into her ear. It took not long, and she came back with a glass and a clear liquid in it.

"You know, Peter," he began again to babble, "the Cleopatra tale is a lie. You cannot dissolve pearls in vinegar. But a forceful acid can do it."

And with these words he dropped the pearl into the glass, and an immediate reaction happened. He did not bluff. The pearl started to corrode. I was shocked.

"Okay, you can do with your toys whatever you want. But you do not tell me that your story about the pearl diver has been true. You are not simply destroying a pearl someone had to die for - you do not, or."

I had problems not losing my temper, still assuming that the story only had to be swagger.

"But Peter, isn't it a wonderful allegory about life and evanescence? Of course, the story was true! I paid the family more for the pearl and their loss than they would be able to make in ten years. Don't get silly, Peter!"

I knew that he was unscrupulous, but.....

"Let me ask one last time: The story is true?"

"If you like, we can visit the family, and I will prove it to you. They still have nice daughters. Not that young and beautiful like my heroine, but nevertheless. One I have even chosen as one of my concubines. If you like, you can have her for tonight."

"Not necessary, no thanks."

Well, with a fast movement, I stood up and grabbed the knives on the table - was for fruits - and rammed it into his throat. And to be safe, I even cut around a bit. And now?

Well, I didn't expect that I would get the chance to leave this place alive, but to see the smiling faces of his female servants was comforting. Yeah, nothing would last forever. But some ended too early and pointlessly, some too late and only after the sorrow had happened. I had the feeling that mine would end right at the right place and after the right deed. I felt totally relaxed as the mess started to happen.

Memories

Playing Soccer

Everything can impact your life, any momentum, in its entirety. Well, no very new insight at all.

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In my youth, still in school, say around thirteen years old, I went once a week to soccer practice. A kind of extracurricular activity. I was not that bad and was always the goalkeeper. As said, a not so bad one.

Well, one day, at the beginning of a short match after the warm-up and exercises, I went to my goal, and while walking there, I made the sign of the cross. This had no reason as such. I did not ponder about it. Maybe I had seen it done by some professionals. But the coach had a problem with it and asked me why I had done it, but I could not give him a meaningful answer. He suspended me for the rest of the training, which seemed very silly to me.

I had no motivation the next week, and I did not attend the soccer practice - I was still pissed off about his reaction. The next day a classmate asked me where I had been. That the coach had settled who could play on the team from now on. And also that I would have been chosen, but I had not been there. But the coach had said that they should ask why I had missed the practice and that I could still become a member of the team when I would be at practice next week again. I never attended the soccer practice anymore.

What would have happened if I had become a team member, especially as a goalkeeper? I do not know. It's pointless to speculate. I did this repeatedly in my life, making decisions from a gut feeling - outright denial of the social norms. Member of the soccer team, it meant nothing to me. Being a member of a team. I loved my stars and discovered art. Later I totally lacked the impulse to have a career - and now, today, currently?

I would like to see a book of mine in a library. Some writing I could imagine for an animated movie - manga? - or as a movie as such. I fear none of this will ever happen. Would everything be different if I had joined the soccer team? Who cares? Soccer is a fucking boring game.

Bar Chatter

We're Fucked Up!

"Do assassinations change anything? What the fuck shall they change? Kill the fucking swine that calls himself president, and the even more dangerous "J.D." will be happy and will make anything worse. We're unable to learn that the other side is not playing fair - or, Fetterman? They are immoral swines. They wanna destroy everything. The rest of education for all that we still have, the rest of health care for non-rich people, the rest of women's rights, rights for gays, and so on. And an idiot like Fetterman says that we should not compare anyone to Hitler - what shit is this! And what about a new Hitler? Would it also be forbidden to compare him with Hitler? And for how long? Until he is our Führer and, therewith, our official Hitler? What a fuck is this all?"

I had a bit of a problem managing to stay on my chair. Not because of the drinks, but because of my anger.

"The media fails, the politicians are failing, and a pathetic liar and hatemonger can be unopposedly depicted as a saint. His fucking wife, even if she's a widow now, has only words of hate. And his child, his daughter? Well, will she be happy to get married at a young age to spend the rest of her life cooking and being pregnant? This is such a disgraceful bunch."

Good that I had ordered overproof.

"Does nobody see that their ideal nation is the same as the Taliban or the Iranian Mullahs? Is this what we wanna? Okay, I'm a man. Maybe I should enjoy the idea of having some wives not worth more than a slave. And hey, these far-right wankers know that slavery wasn't that bad. Especially not for the dumb slaves. What connects a nigger slave with a white woman? They both need the strong hand and leadership from a white man - I could puke!"

I emptied my glass and wasn't sure about whether I should order a new one or not. What would it change? It seemed as if one could do whatever he wanted. The fate of the nation was inevitable. Well, Germany had its Führer, and Italy its Duce. Spain its Caudillo, and Portugal simply Salazar. And we, we would have our "Don" - dominus? It seemed as if we would have to learn this lesson as well.

A World of Peace and Harmony

Let's be Honest!

Let's be honest, if there will be no severe change in the world, then nothing substantial will change - what a nice tautology. As long as some starve to death and some have to ponder about their hundred million dollar yachts. As long as the world accepts the tyranny of old, white, insecure, and impotent - morally and mentally - men. As long as we accept the suppression of women. As long as we see ourselves always as superior. And so much more would have to be mentioned. So long as nothing substantial changes, the world will stay, as it has for hundreds and thousands of years now, as a devastating illustration of what one could call hell. It's simple like that, and we all know it.

Sure, some are the winners. And why should they change something? Why should the slaveholder end slavery? Why should warmongers wish for freedom? Why should racists accept the equality of everybody? Why should woman haters accept the equality of all? Why should one ask them if change would be a good thing? But world of peace and harmony is not thinkable in the current state.

But are the people living on this world interested in a world of peace and harmony? Isn't the real issue that we all are full of greed and grudge? I will die soon, in some years or so, and I think that I will not have the strength to write a utopia again. On what basis should I do so? The only consolation will be that one day nothing will be left of this planet and its pseudo-human apes. Yeah, nothing gold can stay. It would be more bearable if there were at least some golden. Okay, a bit of glimmer in a dark black world - but this is only a cold comfort.

Being Hilary Whitehall Putnam

Quite a Time

"Hello, Mr. Maurer, how are you feeling? We had to put you in a kind of artificial coma for a while. There had been a kind of emergency. How do you feel, Mr. Maurer?"

"What has happened? I have absolutely no knowledge?"

"There has been an instability. Your brain suddenly showed alarming and erratic activity. We could see no reason for it and decided it would be best to slow everything down for a while."

"Isn't 'your brain' a weird phrasing? I'm simply my brain. There's nothing more anymore."

"Yeah, you're right, seen like this, Mr. Maurer."

"Can you tell me what I - my brain - did at the moment when this event happened? On a foreign planet or in a bar?"

"Well, this is one of the strange aspects. All our data tends to show that your brain had been in a low-active state before it happened. It suddenly erupted with no foregoing indications."

"Was it life-threatening?"

"Yes. We have to be honest with you, Mr. Maurer. Yes, it has been a very critical incident."

"Can you tell me whether there are aftereffects, maybe even some brain damage?"

"We have found no indications therefore, Mr. Maurer. But we hope to get a better insight when speaking with you now. Do you feel any differences in respect to our previous conversations, Mr. Maurer?"

"No. If you would not tell me, I would have absolutely no idea that something difficult should have happened."

"No strange memories, dreams, or even new memories, Mr. Maurer?"

"No, not at all."

"I think that it will also be in your interest when we try to dig a bit deeper?"

"Yeah, I think so."

*

"I do not know if I should start to get desperate now or if I simply should get lethargic. But I'm perplexed now. Was all that I still have in mind from the nearer past only a product of the crisis you described to me? And from any past that could be described as "further away" I have only some very vague memories. Who the fuck can assure me that I'm not just right now in this crisis and all this, our current conversation, is only a product of this crisis? I'm starting to get crazy!"

"I entirely can feel with you, Mr. Maurer. Try to get it rational. How large is the possibility that we could be able to send minds to an alien planet? And you have said that you were doubtful from the beginning that you got told that. What's given is that "you" only consist of a brain, a still functioning and living brain. But you have no eyes anymore - the visual sense is so important for us. We cannot let you look in a mirror to see yourself. You have no arms anymore. You cannot touch yourself any longer. This is the misery."

"Okay, but even if we were to come to the point to say, very rationally, that this space travel stuff has been an imagination of myself. The private eye stuff has always been labeled suchlike. That all of what I would call a near past has been a product of this crisis. But I have memories I would put into a past further away, vague but there. But also they are filled with memories of foreign worlds, being a private investigator at certain episodes of the American past, sitting in a bar, and more of such stuff. Furthermore, is it all a product of this crisis, or is there at least any reliable memory left?"

"You're Mr. Maurer, to start with this."

"Yeah, I would agree with you. However, this is only a name, only a label. I have no real idea, but being Mr. Maurer does not seem to be something unique. Even being Mr. Peter Maurer."

"Being Mr. Peter Paul Maurer?"

"Most likely a bit more, but by far not unique."

"Born in Germany?"

"Yes, sure, we could constrict it further on. But the question remains: Did I have a crisis, or is this just the crisis? And we do not have to answer this question. It's a deeply rhetorical question because it's a question that cannot be answered. You're right, I have only one possibility to deal with this situation."

"Isn't it that you feel better now?"

"Yes, in a way. I have to weigh the odds regarding what I take as the "reality" and what as my mere "imagination". But what if I will be on one of these interstellar planets again? Or maybe a new one? Or that I again try to solve cases in the USA of the 50s or so. What's then?"

"Not necessarily something you have to be afraid of. Should I discuss strange things again, about matters that feel unlikely to you, then you should be alarmed. But that your mind tries to deal with this situation by creating various worlds to reflect on what all happened does not have to worry you."

"But I have no memories about what in fact has happened, not even about my previous life."

"You have it, but your mind attempts to protect you and has buried those memories deep inside. They are there, but they are not freely accessible to you. At least not now."

"But you could give them - you have given me that information already?"

"No, we have to wait until your mind is ready for it. But we could start with some basic facts, one after another. Would you have a very specific question that I possibly can answer for you? Can answer you if it will not cause too much confusion."

"What is the date today?"

"October the fourteenth, 2025."

"And the time?"

"It's 4:21 p.m. right now."

"How long has it been since I had my accident?"

"We should stop here. Okay, Mr. Maurer?"

"Okay. Will I start to sleep again?"

"Yes."

"And if I will start to explore a foreign planet again or be a private dick in the States?"

"Then all is okay."

"It's strange, but I feel relieved in a way now."

"Then we're on a good way, Mr. Maurer. But now it's time to say goodbye for now, Mr. Maurer."

"Goodbye - what's your name.....?"

*

I needed quite my time to get back on my feet, at least as good as possible. Well, it didn't always function. Occasionally everything went wrong. And I had to confess that it had been a severe hit that had blown me away. Anyway, in a way I had to say to myself that I could be happy that I was still be able to stand - partially - upright again. It all could have been much worse. Well, as a private dick, you had to risk something. Otherwise it would be better for you to seek employment behind a desk. And I was a fucking private dick.

I managed to reach one of the benches to sit down - Angel's Knoll in the middle of the night? Not quite the best place for a meeting, one would possibly say. But hey, some people you could not simply meet at the next diner or at a busy plaza at daylight. They were shy, shy of being seen and noticed. Just like a shy creature of the night. And hey, also I liked the nighttime very much.

Nighttime in the city that never slept - nah, not the shitty piss pot on the other coast. This was the real city, not for this self-regarding bunch that thought they would be "intellectual". But okay, maybe they were in fact intellectual people. It most likely depended solely on your definition of "being intellectual". Anyway, I gave a shit about them and their smug city. This was the right side of the nation.

A nation in crisis, after we had done something special. Not alone, but with our allies. But now it seemed as if all would be blown away that had seemed to be natural. Yeah, we had never been a perfect nation, built on a bloody genocide. And we always tended to be presumptuous. Always the best, with the highest moral standards, all this arrogance. Okay, we had fought fascism, together with our allies, and we had won, together with our allies. But it seemed as if since then we had started to decay. Slowly at the beginning, then increasingly faster. And it seemed now as if it would be only a matter of a very short period that we would have decayed into what we had fought against not so long ago. It seemed as if an avalanche had started to hit the nation, an avalanche already too massive to push against. An avalanche that would bury the whole nation in a little while. And what was the connection from there to the reason I was in Angel's Knoll in the middle of the night? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Apart from the fact that both make me feel shitty. That I had fallen for his trap, which nearly had cost my life. And then the situation of my nation which did almost the same with myself. Yeah, I was a private dick, but I wasn't Captain America. Well, Captain America, whom would he have combated today if he were a real person? I would say that he would be in Washington now to clean up the White House and the Capitol again. To erase the smell of fascism from there. But this would not be enough to unite such a ragged nation again, at least to some extent. We had lost common ground, the common ground of a nation built on a bloody genocide.

Well, okay, I felt better in a way now. The cold air helped, and I wondered why he had not brought it to an end. He had me on the ground, with nothing left to counter him. But he had not finished it. A big mistake, I would say. If I had the chance next time, then I would bring it to an end. Did this prompt the question of which of us was the relentless predator? Well, something I had learned in those many years in this job. If you have the opportunity to bring it to an end, then bring it to an end. Everything else would be stupid and suicidal. One could not have too much empathy, not in this job. And our nation? Yeah, if there were a simple solution. The avalanche was unleashed. Being kind could not help anymore. It would need a Captain America, but a real one, not that one from the comics. Our governor? Well, he at least was no longer willing to be the rabbit in the headlights, paralyzed by fear. But would he be able to be Captain America? I stood up to walk down the park,

my car parked on the other side of Hill Street. Then I would brew myself a tea when back in the office, which was also my apartment. Trying to sleep for a while. Even if I assumed that I would not find much sleep this night. Not because of the silly mistake I had made, not because of the state of our union.

*

I had left the structure again after being there for hours. It had given me some insights, but many more questions had be arisen. Sure, it had been a storage facility, but it was empty now. Difficult to estimate, but old, most likely very old. More and more damage became obvious, a lot of corrosion. Even in the dry air on this crest of a high plateau. But something else I had discovered, something that had electrified me. I had found a way to reach the top of the structure. I had stood on its roof. There had been a landing site, also a way to carry goods to the structure. But I had seen something down in the lowlands that flanked the high plateau - a city!

Well, I had to use the binoculars to be able to see some details - the city was not near, which surprised me. Why such a massive facility here, on a crest, and a city far away in the lowlands? I could not spot any direct route from the facility to the city, but maybe this was only due to the long time that had passed, and they could no longer be spotted so easily. I had a certain idea that the storage facility got stocked via the pillars and that whatever had been stocked here had been brought to the city by helicopters or suchlike via the roof. But maybe I was on an entirely wrong track. Whatever, the city would have been interesting to visit. What I could spot was that it was no city with houses. It appeared more like a container city - all "houses" were cuboidal and had the same size, or a multiple of a single "house". Yeah, I should visit this city, which was by far no small city at all.

But even if I were motorized, only to drive down to the lowlands would have been difficult and dangerous. Yet okay, it had been a long day anyway. I could ponder on it tomorrow. It would be the best now to prepare my place for the night. To have some sleep and recovery. Yeah, tomorrow would be be a new day.

*

Doing nothing, letting things happen, not interfering - all those good pieces of advice. But hey, it definitely helped you - at least in a way. At least if of white skin, preferably with no tattoos, and not politically active. And if so, then on the right side - whatever this would mean in your neighborhood, city, state, or in your nation. Yeah, I was totally relaxed and focused on the moment when you realized that nothing was of meaning anymore - despit your own untouchableness.

Well, there had been a time when I was interested in all, wanted to know everything, preferably with all the backgrounds. I had been politically interested, interested in all that happened around the world. And it moved me, it touched me, it burdened me, and it nearly drove me crazy. But this was no longer. These days were over, and I had found my inward peace. I felt delighted for the first time in my life.

A wonderful evening of a sunny day. Well, nature could be breathtaking and brutal in the same moment, as life was. In a moment you accepted this, everything was fine. And I had accepted it as I pulled the trigger.

*

"So, what's the purpose of you visit."

Yeah, as always, I had to queue for questioning by the customs officer. And as always with many Arabic-looking men with beards. But of course, we all were obviously randomly selected only.

"I'm here to kill your president. He's a fucking asshole, and I'm pissed off now. I know, of course, that this will not overcome your real problem of being a divided nation - well, it most likely even

will deepen the separation. But anyway, I no longer are willing all the time having to see his orange shitface. The shit he always chatters, and the behavior of his bootlickers. I'm sick of it, and therefore I will kill him."

The customs officer seemed a bit puzzled and needed a moment to react.

"Sir, if this is meant as a joke - seriously? You know, this is a questioning that is meant to decide whether you can enter the United States of America or not. And you're giving me such an answer? What do you expect from me now, sir? That I laugh and tell you that everything is fine? Sir, I would say that you're in a lot of trouble now."

He appeared to be grave, especially at the end, as he started to grab a phone. But I reached over his desk, grabbed his arm, and spoke calmly to him.

"Come on, we both think that he's a racist and fascist wanker. I will walk to the baggage claim now and will fetch my luggage. Then I will leave this building and will wait in my hotel until next week when the dumbass will visit your nice city. Meanwhile I will visit some sights and buy myself a charming weapon - it's so funny and easy to buy a fucking hot rifle in your country. And when I'm satisfied to see the swine dead, then I will leave your country again, and the rest of the job you can manage yourselves - or not. That will not be my problem then. Okay?"

I looked deep in his eyes, and he seemed to be even more confused now.

"If you think so, sir. Then I wish you good luck for your businesses. The baggage claim is left."

"I know, this is not my first time in your nice city - and I hope not my last either."

Whereby, I had a bit of a feeling that this possibly could not have raised my chances to enter the country again. But hey, the world was full of delightful places. Even pleasant places without fucking crime rates. Every week, not to say daily, killed schoolchildren. With at least some kind of empathy, and issues like healthcare for all as a matter of course. It would not be that fucking hard if I could no longer visit the States after this - Canada was also nice, at least in the short summers.

*

My spacesuit was also a diving suit this time - I had seen in my instructions that this was not the first time that I was here. Even though I had no memories. But they had told me, in my instructions, that this was a side effect of the travel. So I started to dive.

Well, diving here was a bit different. The substance I swam in, and now dived into, had a much higher specific gravity than water. So I simply sank but could not swim around underwater like I could have on earth, in an ocean. But it was nice anyway.

Not long and all was dark - I could not see anything anymore. Whereby, I also had not seen much at the beginning. But it was not meant that I should use my vision to gain data. The suit, instruments within the suit, had started a measurement program when I started to dive. Depending on my depth, various tools would measure different things - I had no real idea about the details. I had to follow instructions to reel off a schedule. For a certain time at a certain depth - sometimes I had to move up again to a higher level, to sink after a certain time once more. This all would need several hours, but it did not become boring. I thoroughly enjoyed the silence, being alone with me. Only my breath was to be heard, and a soft tone when I had to alter something. A display told me then what my next actions should be. Yeah, it was nice here, surrounded by total darkness, even if a blue hypergiant was above me, with a brutal amount of ultraviolet radiation. But here, here in this dark shell, nothing could harm me. I felt totally cared for.

*

The lake's water was perfectly plane, apart from some soft waves caused by gracile swans swimming on it. The sun let their feathers shine and created a mellow contrast to the green of the trees and meadows that surrounded the lake. And nothing disturbed the beauty of the scenery, the low sound of the flight of the dragonflies. I would have liked being a part of all of that but

understood that I would disturb the image, would destroy it. So I stayed underground and did not become a part of it.

*

I was totally disappointed - all the accommodation containers were empty. Absolutely empty, pure shells, nothing more. And I had had so many expectations that they would start to tell a story that the empty storage facility did not tell. But I got disappointed. Was it longer meaningful to walk around here - either in this empty city or above the hill? Well, this was a whole planet, and I always stuck with this area here. Okay, meaningful so far, but now? Would it not be important now to see also other parts of this planet - flying around would be cool! Was I able to fly any kind of flying machine? It was strange, but I could not answer this question. Neither in a positive nor negative way. I simply did not know it!

*

I had done it a thousand times in my active life, but this time I screwed it up totally. In the second I landed, I felt the pain, and it was not only the pain. It was the feeling, the realization, that something went entirely wrong and had caused more than a bit of pain. I was used to pain. I could negate pain and was trained to continue with my action, even under pain. But this was more than pain. I was simply not able to stand up again. I had crushed my ankle. Well, I was sidelined by myself, by my stupid action. On the other hand? I was the lucky guy of the night.

I had not only incapacitated myself, but also my gun had dropped out of my hand - I felt like an amateur! Sure, I still had a second handgun with me, but it was difficult to reach now, at least not in fast action. If the person I had persecuted had used this moment, then it would have been easy for him to defeat me or even to kill me. Wow, I had the feeling that now the moment had come when I had to admit to myself that I was starting to get too old for this shit now. Whatever, I was the lucky guy who now had to find out how to get medical treatment as fast as possible. Not so easy lying in this fucking dirty backyard in the middle of the night.

*

The insects were much larger than on Earth today - more oxygen in the air. But obviously not as much as during the end of the Carbon. But impressive anyway. As well as the massive ferns. All in all, this could be a primeval Earth if there were not significant differences.

It seemed as if there had been no mass extinction on this planet in recent times - geologically seen - like it had been on Earth during this geological period. The fauna was more advanced. But surprisingly, not even ancestors of mammals could be found so far. It seemed as if the absence of a mass extinction during this period created an advantage for the already existing creatures, reptiles especially. This could have massive implications for this planet in the coming millions of years. But anyway, I had to take a lunch break now. I only needed a place where I could be save - yeah, enough creatures around here who would like to have me for lunch. But I found a kind of clearance, even with a small stream aside. Nice, even if it was not advisable to eat or drink something from here. I had my food rations and water - and also recycled my excrements.

*

The city had turned into a place of turmoil, and the nation as such - well, the world already for a longer time. But it was not that bad if you lived in a nation that bullied other nations and did not get bullied by the others. And as long as you lived in a city that kept at least some independence and did not become completely a pawn in the hands of the powerful. Yeah, and it helped you a pretty lot to

have the right skin color, and to be a male wasn't also a disadvantage. So, I had to say that it all could be going much worse than it went for me.

"This is the last time that I ask you, Mr. Private Dick. What do you know about the death of the honorable D.A. McIntyre? Open your mouth, buddy!"

"Hey, I understand your temper. I mean, someone has killed the D.A. But just consider for a second that I really know nothing about it. What's then?"

"First, for you, it's still the honorable D.A. Charles T. McIntyre. Second, bad luck for you. You will not leave this building again until I have my answers."

"You do not see that this makes no sense? I mean, you can arrest me, sure. But if I have no information, then this is meaningless. At least for solving this case. And all the time you waste your time with me, people who could provide you information, not to mention the killer, are still on the streets and stay undetected. If this makes sense to you - okay?"

"I have information that you have been seen not only once near the D.A.'s house over the last few weeks. But hey, I guess that this was pure chance."

"Well, "near" the house of the D.A. also means "near" many other houses in this area. I....."

".....don't fool me, Maurer! The D.A. is dead, no one else in this area! I think some time in a cell will be good for you. Let's see who we can find as a cellmate for you. You have been pretty active over the years."

Yeah, this was the petty problem of living in those times. If justice and laws weren't any longer the measure, then arbitrariness was the new normal. And it was easy to go to the dogs then. A stupid little police commissioner could be enough. Or should I tell him how it had been to pull the trigger? I mean, his sexual preferences had been an open secret, that he had been corrupt to the bone a naturalness. That he had been a bootlicking salesclerk for the powerful, always willing to bend every law to their favor. Yeah, it was not said that these had to be difficult times for you. As long as you did not find any remains of attitudes or moral convictions in you. But hey, I was a roly-poly doll. I would also cope with this situation. And if not, then I would pay the price with deep satisfaction.

*

It wasn't hard to enter the rundown farm house - well, considering the fact that the landowner had been killed very brutally only a few days before. Sure, the house hadn't been the crime scene, and I knew from sources that the police had ransacked the farmhouse prudently, but nevertheless. And maybe this was not something that had to concern me. And so I entered the house.

The inside, like the outside. This structure had seen much better times. In fact, it was not pretty large. But at the time this farmhouse had been built, it had been a very nice one. But now no longer - I saw a long hallway in front of me.

The hallway seemed to cover the total distance through the house, which was even stranger because opposite me, at the end of the hallway, there was a door. Okay, one maybe would say, what about a backdoor? Yeah, why not?

I was a private investigator. So I did not simply enter a house. Sure, I had rounded it, of course, and had checked the surroundings. I had not seen a back door thereby, not that there could be an annex or something like that. There had been simply a plain wall, seen from the outside - I approached the door.

As I touched the doorknob, it felt cold for a moment - we had summer, and it was shortly after noon? But as I started to turn the doorknob, it was easy to do, as well as to open the door. And then I saw something that I had never seen before. What I saw in front of me was a black something or nothing, simply darkness. But this made absolutely no sense.

It was like a black wall that filled the doorframe. Yet hey, even if there were a room, and you were able to darken this room completely, what seemed to be silly to assume seeing the crooked wooden walls of this farm house. So, even if one could darken the room completely, now that the door was

open, light had to incide from the hallway. But why should there be a room at all? Maybe this was a kind of inky black foil? However, the blackness appeared so strange, so artificial. I dared to touch it. Wow, I could not touch it. There was nothing. My fingertip simply disappeared in the darkness, like it would be swallowed by it - I shied away and looked at my fingertip. Nothing was to be seen. The darkness had no effect on my fingertip. Apart from that I no longer could see it when it penetrated it. What would happen with my foot, my face?

The next try was with my face - would I see anything when being "behind" the blackness? Well, I was still able to breathe, but I saw nothing, absolutely nothing. Moreover, I smelled nothing, and as I moved on and my ears were also covered by the blackness, I could also hear nothing anymore. Wow, it seemed as if this would be the perfect nothing - why was I still able to breathe? I left the darkness again, and it seemed as if it would have no effect at all. I saw again, I heard again, and I smelled the old house again. A next try.

This time I used my foot. Of course, the foot disappeared in the dark, but something else happened. I tried to set my foot on the floor behind the threshold, but there was no floor anymore. There was nothing anymore. And I feared losing my balance as I tried to find out if this was simply a step or a staircase. It seemed as if behind the door a kind of endless nothing would begin - the police had searched the house? And then it happened.

"Don't move! Who are you? What are you doing here?"

Fuck, I had been so fascinated by this phenomenon that I had forgotten anything around me. Even why I was here.

"I walked around here. And of course, I have heard about what has happened on this property. Well, I was a bit curious. And then I noticed that you simply can enter the house, which surprised me a bit. And then I opened this door, and I have no idea what this is. Can I slowly turn?"

What was there to say? Well, it could be the police. This would be the best option. It could be the murderer. That would not be so nice. It could be someone who knew what this darkness behind the door was. And I wasn't sure, but I had the feeling that this could be even worse than the second option.

"Stay as you are! Don't move!" Well, this was his apparent message to me. Okay, no police. A police officer would have told me. Two lousy chances left. A quick move? Of course, I had a gun with me. But I had the fucking feeling that he was approaching and that this was not the moment to risk too much. Then I heard his voice again, very near.

"Give me your device." Did he mean my gun?

"I'm not really sure what you're talking about." - Honestly.

"Don't fool me! You have found the door. This is not possible without the device." Okay, not the gun. But what then? To find "the door"? Well, the door had been just there. It had been as simple as that.

"I hope that I do not upset you, but I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about. There's simply a door. Everybody can see it. My question would be what's this behind the door. Isn't this the real question? And I have a bit of a feeling that you could answer me this question." But would be most likely not in the mood to do so.

"I ask you for the last time about the device. The doorkeeper was not willing to speak, and he paid an awful price. You do not assume that I would have any problem doing the same with a traveler like you - or. I'm not interested in being any longer trapped on this fucking planet." Now my imagination started to run wild, but I should stay clear. Okay, he was the murderer, and he obviously knew what was behind the door - the two fucking possibilities combined. The killed man had been a doorkeeper, and I was a supposed traveler - in any case, I would not give him a chance to do the same with me as he did with the old man, "the doorkeeper".

"Listen," I started, "I'm no traveler. Arkansas has been my most remote travel so far. I....." Then I turned quickly. In the very same movement I plopped down to attack his feet - so my idea and plan. But he was fast, brutally fast. I only could see a bit of him in the corner of my eyes, only a silhouette. And his punch was fucking. He hit the lumbar region, and I felt an awful pain. I slumped down on my knees, halfway turned. I tried to see him better as his next hit struck me between my

shoulders - fuck, he was still behind me? Gosh, I hit the wall brutally - his strength, or technique, whatever, was extreme. The taste of blood in my mouth. This guy would wax me easily, and he would not need many more tries. I had to do something. In a crazy action, I reached out to the doorframe, which was near, and pulled myself towards the door. I wasn't sure, but the attacker seemed to hesitate for a second, and I was able to heave my body beyond the door into the absolute darkness. Well, he had said that I would be a traveler. Time to find out what he had meant with this. And my first expression? Absolute panic! I had once read about a guy who had jumped from the Golden Gate but had survived it. He described the moment when he jumped and started to fall. He had only one thought in doing so: What the fuck are you doing! And: Shit, now it's too late! And exactly those were the thoughts and feelings that I had right now. What the fuck of a shit I have done! But now it's too late. And so I fell into total darkness, no longer seeing something, hearing something, or having any sensations anymore. Only my thoughts, and I started to run crazy. I fell, I fell, I fell, and time was no longer. My last thought? Wow, this will become a heavy impact.

I felt that this could be only nonsense - in a way. If this was in fact a dark nothing, then where should I fall? I had absolutely no fixpoint that I could use to define anything. It was something like talking about up and down when traveling through space. And could it be that other questions would be more meaningful to answer? If this were an absolute nothing, why then could I still breath - did I still breathe? Did my heart still beat? I could no longer hear or feel anything. My whole body seemed to have disappeared. I could no longer see a body. Only my thoughts were still with me. But as I had these thoughts, something strange happened.

So far I have had only the feeling to fall, but it did not feel dangerous or awful. But suddenly it seemed that I would start to stagger, at the beginning only a bit. However, then it started to increase until I had the feeling that I had lost control totally - did I have any kind of control before? Yet how this could be? I had absolutely no point of reference. This skydiver came to my mind, the one who jumped from an extreme height—at the edge of space. At the beginning everything had been smooth, but then he started to stagger. His fall back to earth got out of control. You could watch it live. He had a helmet camera. Even in front of the TV, this looked scary, when for fractions of seconds Earth was to be seen, then the dark space, then Earth again. For a moment it seemed that this all would end in a disaster. But the man stayed cool in a way, and he was able to manage to get control again. He was capable of stabilizing his fall again - otherwise he would be dead now. And I, what could I do?

Well, he had Earth as a reference, but I? Nevertheless, thinking about all that, I had the feeling that I also should be able to get control again. Even if I had no real idea about what it should mean, to get the control again. I simply started to concentrate, told myself that I should stay calm, and then everything would get normal again - and it did. Moreover, I suddenly had the feeling that I could control my fall, that I could see it as "hovering", that I even could stop it. Just to hover at one point, no moving anymore. And now?

Well, this could not be the solution. The solution would be to leave this darkness again. I had entered it through a door, then I should be - theoretically - also be able to leave it through a door again. And I had the feeling that this seemed only to be too natural. But where would be this door in a presumably endless nothing? Anywhere and nowhere should be the logical answer. Directly in front of me, for instance. And in fact, there was a door, the inside of a door. I could feel it - could feel it? And I felt that I would be able to open this door, that I opened the door, that the door was open now - but of course, I still saw nothing. I would have to stride through the blackness to enter - say - reality again. But this would be a risk in any way. However, I had to.

I started to leave the darkness with my face - I had to orient myself, and I was shocked and confused. What I saw was the old hallway of the old farmhouse that I had entered - yeah, before. What would "before" mean? I retreated, my face back in the darkness. The darkness seemed to be the shelter now. I had the feeling that this had to be a trap. Time, could it be that was the critical point? I could no longer see the attacker. And what about my feeling that I would fall? Could it be that this was only a very dark room and all that I had felt had been an illusion? It would help to

understand that I could still breathe. But why could I no longer hear something, all senses dead? Or was this also only an illusion? I had been able to open the door again - how? What became obvious was that it would not help me to stay in this dark room - why I not feel any ground? A floor? But I had to leave this room again. I had to risk it. And so I did.

The face first again, then the feet, the body at last. I tried to be cautious, but I could not detect any danger, and so I started to be interested in me. I felt no pain, no taste of blood in the mouth any longer. If I had not experienced it, I would not be able to say that not long ago a person had nearly beaten me down. That I had suffered a brutal defeat not long ago - how long? I decided that it would be best to leave the farmhouse, to drive to a doctor, and to check the date. I had the feeling that it would be best to do some basic checks and then come back. But this time prepared. But then all my plans became scattered.

"Who are you? Identify yourself. I have no data on your travel." - Oh, fuck, not again! Yet I only heard a voice. I saw no person. And this time it sounded different, not so aggressive.

"I fear that I still cannot help you, like before. Although maybe you can introduce yourself this time?" I was ready to reach for my gun if he appeared again.

"I'm the doorkeeper, as you should know." Wow, the old man was still alive - a travel back in time? Or was this a new doorkeeper - a time travel ahead? Or did I start to get paranoid?

"You're the old man living on this farm?" Now an uncomfortable silence started. I was in total attack mode. I only had no aim so far. And the silence continued until he started to speak again.

"I only get insufficient and fragmentary data from your device. When did this problem start?" Maybe because an asshole had started to beat me to death? And what was this fucking device?

"I have no device. I have provided you this information already." I desperately need some information.

"You know that it's impossible to travel without the device. And I can locate your device, even if there's obviously a severe malfunction. I'm the doorkeeper. I'm here to help you. Well, I cannot really see where you started from?" Okay, again, this was talking about traveling.

"Well, I entered this door, and I left this door again. This was Earth, and this is Earth. Why do you not show up?" That I will be the one this time who smacks you. But he did not show up, and he also seemed to have no interest any longer in speaking with me. So I started to move to the front door to leave the farmhouse again.

Being Hilary Whitehall Putnam

Time

"Are you understanding me now, Mr. Maurer?"

"Yes."

"We had some difficulties waking you up this time. You were in a very deep stage of raptness. Can you tell me something about it?"

"Well, it's like waking up when dreaming. There are memories, but they are fading. But yeah, I remember a deep feeling of satisfaction. I think that it was different this time. It has been nice. It was like a state you liked to be, now interrupted by this conversation."

"This does not sound good for me. You're still aware that this is the reality?"

"Isn't 'reality' not a very vague state, a state open for interpretation? At least when in my situation. There's not much of a difference left, whether I talk to you or not."

"I understand. But it will be important for you to always be capable of understanding that this here, our conversations, are the stages of reality. All others are only in your mind."

"Fine, apart from that, even with legs and arms, with a lung and a heart, we still have not more like our thoughts in our minds. Maybe I'm a private dick in the States in the 50s? Perhaps wounded by a gunshot and in the ICU? Or in the 70s or 'today'? Might it be that I have been a spaceman on a

mission that failed, and I hover in space now near to madness? The point is that nothing would change anything in my current situation. One option is as good as the other. At least as long as these circumstances do not change. And the funny point about it is that it's totally unimportant what the current circumstances in fact are. At least as long as there will be no change."

"Okay, in one way these are profound and analytic thoughts. But they are very dangerous also."

"They are only dangerous as long as there is no change. But if there will be no change forever, then nothing is of any importance anymore. If I swim under a blue hypergiant or if I live in the States in the 50s as a private investigator, both are equal. Both sceneries are equal. Only my imagination is left. What else should keep me alive?"

"That's right, I have to confess. There's no measure for you to decide about anything anymore. Pure thinking might be enough for silly metaphysics, but general validity always needs the validation of observation."

"And hey, I have slight problems with exactly this now. I could be the big metaphysician now, creating funny theories in a vacuum. But I would not be able to prove them by looking at the world, literally spoken. But suchlike theories are nothing more than useless propositions."

"Do you think that I'm uncheckable?"

"For me, yes. Any other answer would be nonsense. At least as long as my state will be like it is now. This is maybe a bit disappointing for you, but it does not mean that I do not appreciate our conversations. However, I also like to explore cities on foreign planets or to find out what the function of a doorkeeper is. It would be interesting to find out if there's possibly a relation to Kafka - even if I see no real hint so far. As long as it's like it is, I see no reason to prefer any "reality" over another "reality". But as said, I also appreciate our conversations."

"Okay, I see no real reason to be concerned as long as this stays. Shall we end for now?"

"Yes, and thanks for it."

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"So you know him?" Well, it was Los Angeles, and we were near to summer. But at this daytime? Also not really warm, at least for that kind of dress she wore. It might have been only a matter of her job specification.

"Yeah, but I have no address or suchlike. I guess that I don't even know his real name. And at all, he was not my favorite client - or I wasn't his favorite streetwalker. He liked it younger and more exotic. Is he dead?" Better he be dead instead of being a mass murderer specialized in prostitutes - every so often I had weird thoughts.

"No, I'm here because his wife wants to divorce him. On behalf of her lawyer." I thought she had a kind of right to get informed.

"Gosh, because he had sex with our sort?" Not really.

"Did he have special interests?" Like he had at home.

"Not really. Nothing one would describe as perverted or extreme. Just sex." Define the normal and the abnormal.

"Well, he obviously kept such activities for at home. When beating and humiliating his wife. But thanks for your information." I would like to be in a different part of the city again - as fast as possible. Not because of the women standing here, but because of all that was connected to it.

"You work for a woman who wants to leave her violent husband?"

"Yes."

"A white, rich, and unfortunate lady?"

"Well, white, yes. Rich, not really. An ordinary woman, I would say. And as said, I work for her lawyer, not directly for her."

"She's able to pay a lawyer."

"She needs help to get rid of her fucking husband. I think that's her priority now."

"Not much to do right now. You're interested? For a man helping desperate women, it would be free." She bent a bit more forward to offer me a some more. And okay, to say that she would be ugly

would be a blunt lie. Especially her long legs her tremendous heels, and I thought that she had a nice face, in fact. No plastic surgery, I would say.

"No thanks, I'm not in the mood."

"Wife and kids?"

"Neither nor."

"You're not looking gay. You're a private dick?"

"Yes."

"I understand, one of these lonely wolves wandering through the rough city by night."

"You should ask Hollywood for a job. What about a drink? I pay."

"Okay, but you're really not interested in more? Or do you like your women drunken?"

"There are matters I do not like to talk about that much. But with you and a drink? I once said that whores are honest, and I also think that they are unerring bystanders." It became a long evening and night.

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"You're Mr. Maurer? Mr. Maurer, the private investigator? Right?"

I had no idea how long this voice had addressed me until I was able and especially willing to turn my head. Whereby, it was not a bad voice, a woman's voice obviously, and it sounded not bad. Maybe worth a try? And yeah, at least as far as I was still able to identify something? Yes, it seemed as if she were a really pretty woman. Very dark hair and very red lips, but not like a cheap woman from the streets. Lean face with nice cheekbones. She was seemingly tall and slim - I wasn't able to lower my head so far to spot her legs. She wore a delightful and tight dress, not cheap-looking either, but good to awaken not only my interest - at least I expected so. The upper part seemed to be transparent, and her smaller breasts seemed to be not be caged by a bra. How old? Potentially beginning thirty with aging make-up or ending forty with make-up for a younger appearance. I had no idea. She could be a good dominatrix or even a flagellatrice. For the upper clients, of course, not for a fed-up guy sitting at the counter of a cheap bar. And this was the point.

If I were interested in a conversation, or even a job or so, I would not sit here in such a bar having one cocktail after the other - the straight stuff would kill me too fast. And even then, at least it seemed so, she was a person ready and willing to draw attention. I was not motivated for anything other than to fuck myself up with booze. So I looked at her, saying nothing but doing my best to appear hacked off and uninterested.

"Some one has told me that if I need a private investigator, the best one is you." I had problems not laughing out loud but could not prevent myself from smiling and shaking my head.

"Only one question I would have, lady. How the fuck have you been able to find me?" And I meant this really seriously.

"Well, I did a bit of "investigation"." Wow, I would be willing too.

"Lady, do you have a case?" I pondered how I would smell, not having seen a shower for several days. I had really to check to find out that I wore the old black shoes, worn red trousers, and one of my ill-fitting black shirts.

"Yes, it's....."

".....no, this has been a rhetorical question." Idiot, not a rhetorical but not seriously meant question - anyway. "If you can find me under such circumstances, lady, then you do not need a private investigator. And even if, not such a loser as me. The best? Wow, lady, when did you ask this question? Ten years ago? These days are long gone." Therewith I started to concentrate on my cocktail again only to realize that the glass was empty - and not only I realized it.

"Another one? I could need one." Well, that sounded interesting. And gosh, she had pretty long legs. Nearly like one of these actresses not working far from here. Not far from such a place? Yeah, this city was capable of changing within a block. What had been the question? Anyway, the next thing I heard was something very nice.

"Two of those for my private eye and me." Well, it might be that this night could turn from dull to stimulating - or even more. Much more!

*

A hard-to-describe feeling conquered me as the surrounding liquid solidified. Would not measuring probes have been able to collect the data? Yes, and they already did. But it had been decided that it would be good to do it in person as a next step. As always, uncrewed missions came first, until the stage of crewed missions was reached. And so I stuck in this solidified liquid now. A thousand feet deep and for nearly eighteen hours - when the sun would appear again, a thousand yards above me. And this was only the beginning. I would dive deeper and deeper in the upcoming days.

My commandership wanted to explore if there were a difference when a human being would spend this time, the solid phase, underneath the surface. The discovery so far was, the insight was, that in the solid phase the liquid formed structures. Like atoms to molecules, molecules to more complex structures, and more complex structures finally to life. And it seemed as if the complexity advanced with the depth, the amount of pressure under the surface. Would something happen beginning from a certain depth? I was here to explore.

Because it was not to be expected that I was already in a critical depth, eighteen most likely very unagitated hours awaited me. But I had music and could even read or watch movies on a display. And of course, I was also allowed to sleep - there was an automatic alarm system for unexpected activities. But I liked the quietness most for the moment. It felt like I was frozen not only in space but in time as well. Only my heartbeat and my breathing set a beat - I had my eyes closed and had dimmed the light inside my immersion suit down to the limit. And I started to daydream.

*

It was hardly understandable for me, but it seemed okay for them, at least as long as they were not affected. Well, it was a funfair, but a funfair to die? Where dying was a part of the amusement for those not dying? But the weird aspect was that it was not to calculate whether you would die or not. The uncertainty was part of the amusement - at least as long as you were not being one among them dying. Always a very awful death, long and painful. It seemed as if it would neither be possible to die fast nor be only wounded but not die.

Sure, there were fun rides with extreme constructions. Fast, high, simply dangerous-looking. You could be catapulted out of them, for instance, falling down from a high altitude. And those who had to suffer this fate always needed at least ten minutes or so to die, no matter how fast or high, which gave those others enough time for some cheap laughs. What even disturbed me more was the fate of those buying something, like cotton candy or candied almonds. Whereby, okay, swallowing an almond seemed not to be that absurd. But to see someone struggling with death for almost half an hour because of eating cotton candy? And for some here, this seemed to be a kind of highlight - better than falling out of a drop tower. Spiked by the horn of the unicorn of the merry-go-round. And this was the saddest part for me.

It was not only that adults died here at this funfair. But also children of all ages, possibly even more than adults at the end. And also this caused a lot of fun - the more brutal, the younger, the cuter, the more. I felt disgusted and repelled and started to scream, as a young mother with her young daughter on her arm turned to me.

"Come on, Peter. We all have only one chance to enjoy the fun fair. You should enjoy it as long as you can." Then she entered the merry-go-round with her daughter. They both sat down in the beautiful swan, just before the unicorn with the nice red horn. Recently painted, the paint was not even dry and dripped down on the floor. And I asked myself if it weren't better simply to buy me some cotton candy as well and to have a ride on the merry-go-round - on the unicorn, maybe? Because in the end, wasn't the young mother right? Not all died buying cotton candy, not all died

riding the merry-go-round, and not even all died buying cotton candy and riding the merry-go-round. I decided to buy myself a bratwurst and a ticket for the bumper car.

*

One of the two girls reminded me totally of the girl on the Blind Faith album cover - the face and also especially the hair. The long and curled hair, her eyes, the nose, her lips - she could be her lookalike. The other had more of a French appearance. Well, sitting together in a café and learning, no bad attitude.

I wasn't sure if they were in the same class because they did different housework - both with a tablet in front. The French one English, and the girl from the album cover math. Nevertheless, a nice ambiance to do your homework. But I shouldn't be too curious - one of my imperfections - and should concentrate on my doing. And it could be that I should scrutinize my ideas of generating contexts. Whereby?

Traffic and Cream were two of the most influential groups for me in my youth, and therewith also Blind Faith. And it would be a blunt lie to say that it wouldn't be one of the most iconic album covers of all time. Well, compared to the aggressive album cover of Virgin Killer by the Scorpions, it had even some "artistic value". And contrary to my lack of interest regarding the Scorpions - Holiday maybe - I had a profound interest in the music of Cream, Traffic, and therewith also Blind Faith.

What would be the girl's reaction if I told her: You're reminding me of a topless eleven-year-old girl on a classic album cover? Well, was it better then or today? Or did only the optics change, but nothing else instead? It seemed so. Like a storm-tossed lake and a totally calm lake. The surface is extremely diverse, but at rock bottom it's the same. I should concentrate on my doing.

*

I was disappointed, had hoped for more insights now that I had a microlight to expand my range. But all I had found were two more similar facilities with attaching cities - both could not provide any further information. Whereby, the one had been a bit smaller than the first one, but the second one was extremely massive. The top part stayed on ten pillars in eight rows! Nevertheless, the whole unit had been empty, like always.

I would need a better plane - would I be able to fly it? I had to leave this area, these mountains, and this high plateau. It would be important to find other vegetation areas. It had all started so auspiciously, but it ended in a flop. Weren't they unable to send me to a different place on this planet? I always had to start from the same starting point. Nearly like in a computer game. It was to cry for.

*

Maybe I would have had to anticipate it, but as I reached the door again, it was closed. So he had trapped me - it seemed. But hey, this was an old wooden farmhouse. Did he really consider that this tiny door could stop me? I took a look at the door to decide how it would be best to do it - shoulder or feet - as the voice started again.

"So for you this place looks exactly like the place you started?" I really asked myself if he tried to bust my balls.

"Come on, buddy. Do not play such silly games with me. This is still the fucking same farmhouse. Show up and we'll discuss this, coward." Well, for a moment I wasn't convinced that this would be the best strategy to attack him that aggressively. The first time we met, he was the boss. But it developed differently.

"I can tell you something for sure. This is not the place you started your travel. And this is by no means a farmhouse. We're underground. Something went wrong with your travel, and you have

problems now adapting to the new occurrences. Your brain is overloaded, and you see what you want to see. Better, your brain is unable to grasp the new occurrences and fills this gap with given images. You never traveled before, right?" Hadn't I said this already? But I started to get the feeling that I wasn't in danger right now, at least not from this voice that called himself a doorkeeper. So maybe it would be clever to be a bit more cooperative.

"No, I have never "traveled" before. I had not the slightest idea that this "travelling" exists, that such doors exist. And I have no idea about this so-called "device" which has been so interesting for the one who attacked me before I could reach the door. Bluntly, I do not know anything." And this was the blunt truth.

"Then we have to work strategically. It would be important that you adapt to the given circumstances - it would be good if I knew your starting point. I would have to try to start a fundamental data analysis of your device. It would be good to have you in slow-wave sleep for a while. Would this be okay for you?" Wow, wow, wow, what the fuck was this! Cool down a bit, Peter.

"To be honest, I have a problem with this. This all is perplexing for me. And now I get asked if I were willing to throw myself on your mercy? This is a huge wish. And by the way. You have no idea where I'm from, but you can speak with me in my language? This is bullshit!" Now I felt a real inner turmoil rising, especially as I heard his response - as long as I was still able to hear it.

"Sorry, but we have to do this now. It's for the security of all of us. You will feel dizzy now, and you will fall asleep. I hope that I have all the answers you and I need when you will wake up again. It....."

If I will wake up again was my last thought before a new deep darkness swallowed me. A dead-like darkness sometimes called sleep, but maybe in fact deadly for me now. I did not expect to wake up again, so was my very last thought.

*

"You're not killing me, coward?" Wow, he would be a perfect cast for a real badass movie.

"Why should I?" Should I?

"Because I took the most beloved from you. You're no real man! You have no balls!" Yeah, and a small and wrinkled cock.

"You know, man, I once saw a movie about the Balkan War. Serbian soldiers raped a young and beautiful woman - a mass rape. One of the soldiers wanted to kill her at the end, but another one stopped him. Well, he was very upset about this and could not understand why he was kept from killing her. You have an idea?"

"Shit! I would have raped her again, would have killed her, only to fuck her once more." Yeah, words of a really tough man.

"The other soldiers explained his doing. If they kill her, then everything will be over for her. But she had been ravished by Serbian soldiers now, maybe even impregnated. They should send her back to Croatia, where she could spend the rest of her life as a Serbian slut. No Croatian man would still accept her after having so many Serbian cocks inside. She would be the Serbian whore for the rest of her life. Especially with a possible Serbian bastard inside. This would be a much more fucking fate for her than just killing her - you understand this?"

"I would spit on her as a Croatian man if she would not be decent enough to kill herself after this disgrace." Yeah, what a brave and hard man you were.

"So you see? Why should I kill you? I have humiliated you till the bones, and everything is taped. The only reason why you're still living is that I have mercy on you - you so big leader. Your life depends on my mercy. I think that will be a nice sign for you guys. What a fucking tough leader you are, not able to defeat the old man. And by the way, it could be that I will change my opinion one time."

I turned and left him alone, naked and tied to a streetlamp. Well, I had to confess that smartphones could be really usable. I would upload the videos later. The one where I forced him to strip naked

and the one where I had beaten him up like a piece of shit. Why should I kill him? It would be enough when everyone could see now how small his wrinkled dick was indeed. And the moment when he asked for forgiveness was priceless. It was so easy to inflict pain on a man, even if his cock was small and wrinkled and it hadn't been easy to find his balls.

*

I ended the phone call knowing immediately that it wouldn't be that easy. But a beginning at least, better than nothing. A crime series on TV - a dead couple. A relationship drama? He killed her and then committed suicide? Murder-suicide? But hey, it was TV. It had to be a double homicide. Nice, was my thought, I'm single. I would only have to kill myself, or it would be a simple murder case. Yet okay, suchlike it was more dramatic.

I felt partially lethargic. I would be a lousy murderer not to have the idea of being a lover. Well, it would be something new - dating via the internet? And what should I say? I do my washing and clean my condo fairly well. I'm a well-skilled cook and have some not-so-cool hobbies. Would that fit?

We saw how the solving of the case came nearer, even with some necessary twists. Well, they have only a quarter of an hour. This would be way not enough for me. But hey, a beginning had been made, better than nothing. Now I would have a whole year of time until I would have to put my cards on the table. And I started to concentrate on the case again. Well, on the hot female inspector always wearing short skirts, nice tights, and shiny heels.

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Well, at the beginning of 2020 everything seemed to be easy, until March at least. Okay, there had been a distraction between 2017 and 2020, but this wasn't that problematic for us in Europe. Yeah, now the real disaster began, and it lasted for somewhat longer. But anyway, one day it was over. So, now it could be good again, but this was a delusion. Yeah, 2017 until 2020 was a kind of prelude. From 2020 until 2023, the first disaster - and then? A moment to take a breath with the insight that we would destroy our basis of life, followed by the ultimate disaster that began in 2025. I wasn't sure if I really got everything in the right order, but anyway. It had no meaning anymore.

"Sorry, lady, but it's your fault if you're walking around here alone." Yeah, now she would start to chatter around that she had no other chance, that she was all alone in this world. Well, as if this would be my fault. It was possible for everyone, everyone not strong enough to fight alone, to find strong allies. We all knew that we lived in a world now where strength and power, best combined with ruthlessness, ruled the world. She had had all the chances to suck the cock of a powerful man, who would have protect her and her awfully nice daughter. It had been her decision to try it alone, to be a strong woman in a man's world. It was not my fault that she would get my cock now and that I would take a look at her daughter thereafter. "Shut up, bitch," I told her.

Was this a charming metaphor now? Was this the time for metaphors, or was it the time simply to be blunt? How silly a movie like Wag the Dog would be today? A fictive war? Well, let's do it in real life. That's so much better - the Epstein files? A war in Ukraine? Let's start a war in Iran. Why do I not get a Nobel Peace Prize? The one for the black man was a joke. He did not deserve it. But I! Yeah, we needed new rules. Otherwise every moral value, every attitude, would be dead or simply a mere joke. We were fucked!

A beautiful landscape opened up, overflowed by light. A wonderful old tree and a slope covered by flowers - hills in the background. It was time to go, to hand yourself over to something higher. A feeling of comfort exploded in my mind.

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So, there we were now. It was good now to be armed, and preferably with a big one. But you also had to be ruthless, the more the better, not thinking but acting. It was good to shoot, not to talk, better to have some side damage, even innocent losses, than to miss a chance to blow a hit. And a liar, not to forget lying, no matter how obvious and transparent. The only importance was to repeat them and to abandon them every time for another lie if it seemed appropriate. Or simply telling the truth, after hundreds of lies even the blunt truth had no meaning anymore.

"Can I count on you?"

Sure, if you paid me in time, anytime. You had to see how to pull through. It was fucking, but since a few years, now at the end of my life? Not that everything had been fine before, but it seemed as if all would increasingly decay with increasing speed. And I had to confess that this was a cause of worry to me.

Being Hilary Putnam

Can You Hear Me

"Can you hear me now, Mr. Maurer?"

"Yes?"

"Good, we had a lot of trouble getting in contact with you this time. It seems there has been some sudden change. Your brain activity changed, and some affected regions have seemingly recovered - or gotten in a certain way into function again."

"Affected brain regions? We only talked about my damaged body so far. About what brain damage are you talking?"

"Well, Mr. Maurer, you're most likely familiar with the aspect that sometimes there is severe brain damage, but it impacts the afflicted person not much. And that sometimes a seemingly slight damage can cause severe consequences for the afflicted person. Are you familiar with this?"

"Yes."

"So, it's not the gravity of your brain damage as such. It's more the question about how much it impacts you. We weren't sure about that and still are not. But we're sure that something has happened recently. Please tell us what you've experienced recently."

"Well, my dreams or visions, or however you want to call them. The topics have changed, at least somewhat. The alien planets have taken a backseat. I have no idea if I'm still a private investigator. It's more political now - who's president of the United States right now? And by the way, would you mind telling me something about my brain damage?"

"Well, the United States no longer has a president. It's ruled by a high chamber of delegates now, nominated by a special hereditary constitutional law. And your brain? Well, there's severe damage that restricts you not so much as far as we can see. But there's also a much slighter damage we're concerned about. And just there we have seen increasing activity over the last period."

"Where is this 'slighter damage'? And who's a member in this high chamber?"

"The damage we're concerned about is in the region of your dorsolateral prefrontal cortex. And the original members of the high chamber were determined by wealth and bloodline."

"Even if these conversations are the only constant here. I truly doubt that this can be the reality."

"What then should be 'the reality'?"

"I don't know. It might be good advice to ask the doorkeeper. I do not know why, but this story seems to have a real potential to represent reality. I had the feeling that this doorkeeper could be a trustworthy person. His story sounded nowhere near as unbelievable as yours. Yeah, I should have another meeting with the doorkeeper."

I was really pissed off, at least as I found my way back to reality, somewhat - whereby, reality? I had had some weird dreams or so when I had been out of things, even if they had seemed to be very real. And now?

"Okay, Mr. Doorkeeper. First, I would appreciate it to see you. Second, you had time now to scrabble around in my brain. Give me some fucking answers. I know where I'm from, Earth, and if this is no longer Earth, then show me the way back. Okay, Mr. Doorkeeper!"

"It's not your mind that's the problem. It's the device that's the issue. It....."

".....stop to ramble on and on! You do not know where I'm from, but you understand me, and I understand you - gosh! Show up and show me this fucking device!"

"I'm no physical entity, I....."

".....but the doorkeeper where I'm from had been an old man - okay!"

"I can materialize in a way like a hologram or an avatar. If it helps you, I will do it."

"Forget it. The device?"

"You know how memorizing in the brain functions. It's....."

".....yes, somewhat - oh, wasn't this a question?"

"No, there has been no question mark. I was in your brain. I read out what your brain has filed up."

"Sorry, you can read my memories by examining my brain, but you have no idea where I'm from?"

"I can tell you where you're definitely not from. I can tell you where you're most likely not from. And so on. But there are still too many possibilities open. The device is coded in your brain like it would be a memory. In your tertiary mind. If it's not needed, you might have no idea that it's there. But if you require it when traveling, then it starts to work. The problem is that your coding is incomplete. I cannot say right now if it was complete and got damaged or if the device was never completely coded in your brain."

"Wow, so little green aliens have kidnapped me and did bad things with me - maybe not that bad at all?"

"It's difficult to say....."

".....but perhaps you can tell me if this is a fucking dream? A stupid illusion? Or are my conversations with "him" visions? You are not real. What I see here is not real. I have a fucking device coded in my brain that allows traveling through space or even time. Come on, Mr. Doorkeeper, that sounds too silly."

"Reality, time, and space. When you travel from a void to a super-dense galaxy cluster, then you're in an entirely different time coordinate. Time moves much faster now, compared to where you're from. Nevertheless, it's all very nicely defined by science. But it's difficult to grasp."

"For you or for me?"

"I'm not real, not in the meaning you give "reality". The old man hadn't been real, but he got killed. The Doorkeeper got set out of function. You shiver, but it's not cold. You're sweating, but it's not warm. Furthermore, you feel like all around you would tumble down, but is it the case?"

"You're kidding me - or."

"It's your turn."

*

The ICE agents moved forward, and everybody stepped back. Well, instead of me - I stood firm. Not to the delight of the ICE agents, of course, and one ran to me, raising his tear gas canister to gas me - not that way, buddy! With a fast move of my foot, I strike the tear gas canister out of his hand, and my next foot hit his chest to stop him. This fast and unexpected action caused firsthand silence and surprise on both sides. But not for long.

The crowd behind me started to cheer, and several ICE agents started to run towards me now to tackle me, like they always did. These fat, untrained wankers were unable to attack you one by one. They always needed five or six of these fatties to bring a man down. It was to assume that they thought that they would have me now as they came nearer. But I had to show them that a man like me was even not to be brought down by six or seven of these flabby bellies. A few kicks, a few hits,

and all these wankers lay on the ground. The crowd behind me started to freak out, as well as the remaining ICE officers. They did only in a different way.

I saw one of them grabbing his weapon, and I had to warn him: "Hey, buddy, I wouldn't do this. If you attack me in that way, I will fight back in this way." But he did not hear, and so I had to use a bit more force to calm him down a bit, not with the intention to kill him. Well, my projectile that I threw hit him right at his throat, and he slumped to the ground. Again a moment of silence, as a whole troop of ICE officers, all with their weapons in hand, approached me now - and one shouted at me: "Who the fuck are you! Down on your knees or we will blow you away!" Gosh, as if this would impress me, such a hilarious bunch of fat wannabe militants. They appeared like Hitler's SA boys to me. They also had been such a hilarious bunch with their faggot chief, named Ernst Julius Günther Röhm. But okay, they had asked a question, and I thought that I should give them an answer before I would rough them up ultimately: "I'm Captain America. There was a time when I had to fight Nazis in Germany. And to my regret, I never killed the prime evil Adolf Hitler. Now I have to come back to fight Nazis again, but not in Europe, in my homeland instead. And this time I will fight through until I stand face to face with today's Hitler, and I will have no mercy! After this is done, I will do the same with the puppet masters and with those who financed him. Yes, people, call it out everywhere: Captain America is back! And he will end fascism once again! Not in Europe, but in America this time instead! Captain America is back!"

*

"It has been the American decay that plunged the so-called Western World into the abyss. Well, the former colonial powers, the former slave state. We were able to use the chaos that got produced, that powers started to weaken each other by trade wars and real wars, to get to the strength we were always supposed to.

Well, we had enormous natural resources, as well as young, fresh, and powerful people. And we were clever enough to see that we should not lust to find allies in other regions of this globe. That we were such a strong and wealthy continent as such that it would be enough if we worked together as one united force.

There has been a time when Africa was considered a place to exploit. Its natural resources as well as its people. Today we're the stronghold of this planet, and everybody else looks up to us. It all started with the downfall of the United States, the incapability of Europe to get independent, and the stupidity of Russia and China to fight for dominance. The humans came from Africa, and humanity is back in Africa. The circle is closed. History has found its closure. And it all began therewith that Americans started to hate each other, and Africans started to love each other. That's the lesson presented by history."

*

There was always the idea of a savior, the ultimate hero that would redeem Earth from all evil. And yet, there was only one problem to solve: What was the definition of "all evil".

When striding through history, the answer seemed to be clear. Whose history, some others asked. Some laughed about that question.

Sitting on a thoroughbred that once was of the purest white, now soaked in red, I did not waste a moment to ponder. Mercy was a mere comicality. Rage the salvation.

My feasts were their begging for mercy, my potions their painful dying. My lust to hunt them down, my honorarium to be the master of death and living.

I illuminated the night with their bodies burning alive. I darkened the day with the nidor of their rotting bodies. From now on I was also the master of night and day.

In a daydream I shredded the whole Earth with a smile while others effectively died by the hands of real murderers. I was the dark Don Quixote in a world of absolute degeneration.

How to end? The little innocent girl sitting in a flowering meadow or struggling for breath in a gas chamber or dying in ICE custody? The maddest thing a man can do in his life is to never let himself die.

*

Holocaust, January 1979: I was fourteen years old. At the scene of a mass execution with machine guns. There's one still alive. What about climbing down into the pit hole and executing him with your pistol? Yeah, it's no longer so easy killing a Jew when doing it yourself - right? But be assured, the first is the hardest. With time it becomes easy. It simply becomes something normal.

"What do you wanna tell me with this?"

"Maybe you should start killing your first Jew? Or what do you think that I want to tell you with that?"

*

"It's not the existence of greed or ruthlessness as such that burdens the world. It's the incompetence of all the others not to thwart such lusts."

I had the feeling that he awaited now that I would agree with him. Moreover, I would tell him now how smart he was, always by flinging out banalities. But I got sick of that shit.

*

"To create nice sentences and smart metaphorical images, not even change the world once. It was always the deeds that changed the world. Stopped to talk about hypothetical issues. Started to explain the implementations."

Was this more clever now? I wished to sit at the beach with a charming tea watching the waves. This appeared more meaningful to me.

*

"We are all together, like it is asked for every thirty years, to discuss whether the holy rules are still adequate and should found their continuation. As every thirty years it's on me, the leaderess of the council, to ask if someone here in this room sees requirements not longer to follow the holly tradition founded a so long time ago now. Is there somebody who wants to speak out?"

"I think that we can keep it straight as every thirty years. It has been the best idea on womenkind at all to tidy up with this manly foolishness. It was good to create the caste system for manly babies. The ones we immediately castrate to use them as workers. The ones we keep fertile for reproduction. And that we keep them all on low IQ. Since our ancestoresess started this, Earth started to flower, no more wars, no more hunger, only creativiyy and love. So, there's absolutely no reason to break with the holy tradition, leaderess."

"Then it should be so for the next thirty years. We should celebrate this with our feminin beauty and tenderness."

*

"What a fuck! You lousy bastard made fifty-six billion in a day? Shit!"

"And still I'm way behind the high-rider Elon. And maybe I'm well-fed, but I'm not as powerful as Peter, by far. He's the fucking bitch behind everything."

"Yeah, money alone is not enough. You need the right connections and, even more, the right information about the so-called powerful."

"Information does not help. We all know that we all are fucking underage girls. I mean, Hughes fucked them, so why shouldn't I do the same? You need a bit more than "information"."

"What about the guys who prefer to give their babies some harder education? Man, this have been times when niggers simply were slaves, ready to use."

"And nice white cuties from the lower class have been fair game. But these times are gone. At least for now."

"Yeah, but we're on a good way to reinstall the old order. We require no women thinking. We need them ready to get fucked - at least the suitable ones. They have to give birth and have to be pretty. It's for us men to do the rest. We, who are willing to perform, who are innovative, who are ready to take control and responsibility."

"Yeah, it's not by chance that we are all white men. This tells the whole story. Not more is to say."

Being Hilary Putnam

It's Getting Darker

"No, that's not what I said! But instead of traveling to alien planets, being a private investigator, stuff like this, everything gets increasingly darker. I fear that I lose my mind. Do I start to go nuts?"

"I do not get that far, Mr. Maurer. But yes, there's increasing activity in some regions of your brain. Beyond the normal spectrum."

"Which regions?"

"Well, in parts of your long-term memory, especially the non-declarative memory. Also the frontal lobe."

"Okay, old memories and motor functions? A bit of a difficult combination for a brain without any needs or possibility of motor abilities."

"Yeah, this could be the reason for your state. You're aware of that. Consciously and unconsciously."

"Any idea about the memories my brain is dealing with?"

"Deep, existential fears. You're at the brink of a deep existential crisis, Mr. Maurer."

"Is this surprising?"

"No."

"And?"

"We already try to influence your brain with substances to calm it down. But we hesitate to work with very hard intervention."

"What would be the risk?"

"It would be easy in a way to end this condition. There are enough possibilities to manipulate your brain in any direction thinkable. But it's to be feared that we destroy your personality structure therewith. That's why we hesitate, Mr. Maurer."

"Everything could be fine and nice, but I would be no longer. Although if I were to be somebody entirely different, then "I" would be dead then. This seems to be no real option to me."

"We see no unpredictable risk for the moment, Mr. Maurer. We could buy some time to give you a bit more time. Shall we act like this, Mr. Maurer?"

"Yes. If I'm crazy, then I'm crazy. But I cannot be someone else."

*

"So, doors into an infinite number of worlds - right, Mr. Doorkeeper?"

"Well, "infinite" is a bit of a kind of strong word, Mr. Maurer."

"How many?"

"Nobody has counted them so far. But what would be the difference between, say, ten to the power of five-hundred and infinity? No one has found a limitation so far. But this does not suggest, or even prove, an infinity."

"Is there a kind of map or so?"

"That would be one of the assistance programs of your device if it functioned correctly."

"Can you fix it?"

"I can try."

"Do you know many of these other worlds?"

"I have a big database. You're searching for something special?"

"Well, I have daydreams sometimes, dreams, stories in my head. Some are very violent and brutal. But then I have to realize that the world I live in has realized those ideas already easily. What about a carnage, but how brutal and excessive did I have to be not to be easily overshadowed by numerous carnages that have already happened? Killing someone out of pure contempt for humanity? But what about beating a man in a group of seven or so and, when he lies on the ground, killing him with ten shots in his back? Understanding that it can be arousing to abuse young women and girls when it's always documented on millions of pages and nothing happens? That's the world I'm from."

"And what would be your aim look like?"

"I ponder if there's a world existing where the furthestmost evolved species does not wage wars and prey on themselves but can live in peace and work together. Even our best creatives often enough have massive problems in expecting such a world. Typically enough, their worlds are only ideal for a moment but then turn into nightmares. Would there be such a world? And if so, would I be allowed to open their door?"

"Close your eyes, Peter."

*

The printer released the latest issue of the "World News" and I grabbed the pages - okay, sure, I could have read the e-paper, but I still liked to have something in my hand, pages, when reading the news. I liked the feeling of paper in my hands, of course knowing that it was artificial paper. Unthinkable to cut down a tree nowadays.

Birta Bjarkardottir would present her latest work next Monday. She fascinated a worldwide audience with her works for decades now. I would take my time and be among her first-night audience. The new UltraMax gravitational-wave detector was nearly built. The single components had been located by using Jupiter's Lagrange points and would bring gravitational astronomy again nearer to the so-called Big Bang. Wow! After they had managed to observe the first stars, they also approached the beginning of it all increasingly. Cancer was also on the list of eradicated illnesses now, after Alzheimer's and other illnesses. A mother and her son died on a trip in the mountains.

Yeah, so much had changed. So much was better now. Yet, they had not found a cure or a medical prevention for accidents or deaths as such. It might be that we will understand everything at one point, but this will not change the fact that we all have to die. Like everything in the universe will find an end. And the ultimate end will be the end of the universe as such. The words of the unknown soldier like found in a fragment of a field post letter during the Last Big War. Yeah, everything would end one day.

*

It became boring in time. I was no longer interested in all that. Hoped that we would have reached our goals soon - why did we need that long? Africa was nearly nigger-free, but only nearly. To be on safari to hunt niggers became boring. The so-called indigenous people around the world got erased nearly totally, but only nearly. All around the world we had begun to dismantle annihilation facilities because they were no longer needed to that extend - but we still required them. Why?

The progress was breathtaking at the beginning. It was fun to slaughter substandard humans back then, to rape good-looking examples. But with time it became only a burden. When would the golden age begin, and humans would have reached the next level of a homogeneous humanity? A humanity only devoted to science and art, creativity? All the daily aspects managed by robots and automatism? It was time to bring it to an end.

*

The flight of a butterfly observed for half an hour now - what a productive time this has been. A moment of contemplation and becoming one with nature. I took a deep breath, feeling the majesty living in these times.

*

The tenth anniversary of the completion of the cleaning of the world and the fulfillment of its superior species - I was so proud of it and happy getting old enough to be part of it. Yeah, humanity had achieved its aim ten years ago to fulfill the divine providence to dissolve in the decisive form of humanity. The last ten years had been years of optimizing.

The Holy Scripture was a book about white men and their fate to rule the world. But even as the whiteness had triumphed, the genetic pool still had shown some soiliness and defects. But even if only ten years had passed, the improvement of the genetic pool was clearly visible in all newborn children. It would be a constant improvement from now on. I looked out of the window.

Yes, Earth still showed its wounds, harmed by too many and decayed subhuman lives. Yet the drastic reduction to the divine core group of humanity showed already wonderful impacts. The air was cleaner, and the climate had stabilized. The natural resources were comprehensive, energy simply a matter of using natural sources. We lived in harmony with nature, like at the beginning of the first white couple. I had tears in my eyes. I was one of the chosen ones.

*

I had improved nicely over the past years since I could concentrate on art. I had started with painting but had found increasing interest in graphic art. Apart from my interest in photography with my digital camera as well as with my SLR camera. Okay, I was no great artist, but I thought that I could be satisfied with my progress. And who knew, maybe some more years would be bestowed upon me? Anyway, the most beautiful and satisfying years in my life.

*

It was the hard work we had to do, and it was a risky one. Too many of my comrades I had lost, and every day, every minute, you could be the next.

"We will march into the city now. Napalm and phosphorus have done their work, as well as our long-time blockade of the city. But we all know that this by far does not mean that we have got them all. This vermin is difficult to annihilate, like cockroaches they are. We will go street by street and block by block to ensure that no one will be overlooked. If you see one, kill him! That's our simple mission. Occasionally they resist. Sporadically they even dare to fight us. But this only empowers our hardness towards our victory. Let's do it, and let's do it concentrated and clean. This city has to become the next that can be declared as subhuman-free. Let's do it to bestow on our children a better and cleaner world."

*

"Yes, that's what I said. This new theory, developed by me over the last decade, can be considered the succession of Einsteinian relativistic physics. Like Einstein expanded Newton, I can expand Einstein now. We have a solid tool now to understand the physics of black holes or what happened at the beginning of our universe, the so-called Big Bang. Furthermore, it gives the fundament to set the link between the Revised String Theory and the Standard Model of Particle Physics. I will dive into the details now."

*

"I have fixed your device as far as possible now." That sounded not bad, but also not so good.

"What means?"

"You will have better control now. You will be able to return to this place now whenever you want. I also have a better calculation now about where you're from. I was able to narrow the possible world to roughly twenty-two thousand possible worlds with a likelihood of 97.68 percent. If I had more time, I could increase the likelihood and could lower the number of possibilities further on."

"To?"

"I would guess around fifteen thousand by a likelihood of 99.32 percent." Wow, would this be a much better starting situation to find Earth again?

"What I have still not understood is the idea of time behind the doors - and the doors as such." I waited for a moment.

"Well, this is not surprising. Describe your difficulties." Describing what you're not understanding? Fine.

"There's no time behind the doors, but an expanded space with additional dimensions. Would I be able to return to Earth, would I return to the moment I left, or at a future moment, or even in the past?"

"Okay, no way back in time. Back in time is never possible. You're here now. Time is moving on. How fast compared to your world? You have told me that your world lies at the edge of a void in a small group of galaxies. Well, we're here in a massive supercluster of galaxies. Time moves on slower here than on your planet. You would be back in a future time on your planet anyway. But I could only guess how large the offset would be. And it's not totally right to say that there's no time behind the doors. You can move your arms and legs. This needs time. But time functions differently with more dimensions. Whatever, if you find your way back to your planet, it will be past the time when you started. Potentially a long time after." If I found my way back with twenty-two thousand possibilities and no hundred percent. What would be my option?

"Could I simply jump from door to door now? I mean, wouldn't there be someone there asking me: Hey, what are you doing here! Would I be simply allowed to use the doors to try to find my way back? If this would ever be meaningful."

"You have the device. Therefore you can, and you're allowed to use the doors. In a way it's simple like that. Trying to find your way back? Well, you could."

"But would it be meaningful? Thousands of possibilities? What worlds these would be? Parallel worlds to mine?"

"That's not how it functions in reality. One aspect is that the planet has to have an atmosphere you can breathe. You do not see it now, but the atmosphere of this planet would not be breathable for you. You can be happy that your device functioned at least to the extent that it announced your coming and the circumstances needed for you. So I could prepare everything for you. Then I have information about the technical level on your planet and more. And....."

".....sorry that I interrupt you. But even with all this information, twenty-two thousand possibilities? Is there so much life in the universe?"

"Well, compared with the number of suns and planets in the universe, it's best to say that life, especially developed life, is very rare in the universe. But the universe is massive. So that in the end, even with all the limitations, you have an extremely high number of lively planets."

"Wait a minute, Doorkeeper. My universe is 90 million light-years in diameter."

"And you know that this is only a very tiny part of the universe as such."
 "If not infinite."
 "It's not. But much, much larger."
 "And you tell me that the doors are connecting the whole universe?"
 "Yes. A universe imbedded in a higher dimensional space."
 "So I could be beyond the universe visible from my planet now? Right?"
 "Yes, and that's what I nearly would assume. Most likely not so much, but somewhat." That was challenging to grasp.
 "And the doors, they are natural - right? Every world has one door?"
 "Yes, they are natural. But there are different types of doors. Some allow you to travel, shifting in distance, like this door and the door you entered on your world. Some are causing only a delay in time. The phenomenon of the doors is complex."
 "And one door for every world?"
 "No. In a way all worlds are imbedded in the various types of doors. Everywhere and constantly. But a very complex interaction between the universe as such and these, say, fields of doors, creates what we can see as the manifest doors. This can happen at no time, one time, or a vast number of times. It can be temporary or constant. It's difficult to grasp."
 "Yes, definitely. But my question is: Okay, there is a door on my world - got it. It could be everywhere - got it. Hey, it's by pure chance just a few inches above ground, so you can build a nice little farm around it, with a nice little door to it. This sounded totally constructed to me."
 "How many galaxies are in the universe visible to you?"
 "I think that they guess a trillion or so."
 "How many stars in each?"
 "Millions until trillions."
 "How many percent of the hypothetical universe, if not infinite, as it's not, can you see from your planet?"
 "Under five percent, if I'm not wrong."
 "With a trillion galaxies with millions to trillions of stars each and even more planets – right?"
 "Yes."
 "It's the difficulty with large numbers. It's not said that your world has only one door, and only this type of doors. Maybe there's a door deep under the surface or one a mile over ground. But there's one door a few inches above the surface in any case."
 "I think that I need a moment to ponder on that all."
 "Take your time, Peter."

*

The Big Conspiracy

Is it a need now to become a conspiracist?

Billionaires and powerful men, politicians and royalty, have been involved in molesting, raping, and satisfying their perverted fantasies in the Epstein sphere. And now there's a big cover-up, not only but especially in the United States. Super-rich people pollute the environment to an extreme degree but are not asked to reduce their emissions. The largest companies and assets in Germany are all run as foundations. You do not have to ask why. The swine from NY and the swine from Jerusalem, obviously together with the butcher from Riad, have contrived the attack on Iran - hey, oil is much more expensive now. But if we could get a grip on the Iranian oil, this could change again. Some do not know what to do with their money, while others starve to death. Mostly all wars over the last decades have been started by an old white man, mostly with a criminal record and under pressure. Is it needed to continue the list?

Is this all about men? It seems so. They have their problems with women - I have the imagination to fuck and treat a young woman so hard that she screams, bleeds, and fears for her life. Hey, I have a perverted and scrupulous buddy with an isle. So let's do it! We're the elite, we have always been, and we always will. We're too big to fail. We can do everything. We can come to terms with every leadership. Democrats or Nazis, nice people or muderers - you are a bloody racist? It's no concern at all for us, at least as we find a delightful arrangement where we can enrich ourselves further on.

Men are the issue, their sick minds full of shit. It's all about money, power, and oppressing others, especially women. Sure, this all can be very enjoyable and satisfying. I say this not in a cynical way. I say this as a man - come on! Isn't it often enough thematized by literature, movies, and music? Theater and even ballet, not to forget. The idea that a young girl suck your cock while your looking at your bank account. Knowing that you can realize in reality what others only dream of when watching porn, or why not child porn? That you can buy the most expensive, overpriced shit while others do not know how to come through the week? That you have no idea about truffles, but those white ones are so outrageously costly? That you can fire someone if you like and can ruin his life - to ruin a woman's life is so fucking easy!

Why are men still allowed to vote, not to talk about getting elected? Okay, working, potentially for sports and singing? What's the in-depth meaning of a man's life other than giving his sperm so that a woman can carry a baby and give life? Not much, it seems.

If God created men, then he made total shit! Okay, made in the image of God. And God is imaged as a man. Could this be the soul of the problem? Not for me, not believing in God. Believing in one's own responsibility. Men are responsible for their misbehavior on their own. But it appears that it would need women to clean up the male pigpen. Yeah, it seems as if this is the underlying mistake of nature to favor men. Men who are incapable of realizing that they are no longer the dominating lions. That humans could have a cultural evolution as the continuation of the genetic evolution. "Could" because it seems as if males have a concern to realize this. It seems as if the male mind is incapable of grasping the cultural evolution fast enough. They are overchallenged by this. They still live in caves and act like cavemen. Yes, you can rape a young girl, and maybe this idea makes you horny. When she is resisting and crying. But hey, was there something about the Age of Enlightenment? Not for the men, it seems. It's tiring to ponder on suchlike.

*

It had a long tradition in human history to slaughter your enemies. Whereby, it was necessary to define who your enemies were. But this was easy this time. All those not white, all those opposing, all those too weak. The majority, of course. We had to free the high-standing minority that had reached the ultimate level of human existence. We could use AI and robotics, no longer needing the mass of cheap workers, willing soldiers, obsolete, all those we previously had needed to enable our sophisticated lifestyle. It was time to get rid of them, to free Earth of them, to renew and heal Earth from all that they had caused throughout their existence. Hey, it was the big slaughtering, the ultimate slaughtering, but we had to go through this phase. And it was good that we could use biological and chemical weapons, as well as our automatic and robotic strike forces on land, in the air, and at sea. Whereby, it had its own little pleasure and thrill to also do it by your hand. Fucking a little black vergin while choking her to death, after you had razed out the rest of her family before her eyes? The dominator was godlike, born in his whiteness.

*

With my own hands, I had tears in my eyes seeing what I had created with my own hands. Well, still far away from perfection, but I had never thought that I would reach such a level of skill. And it seemed as if this didn't have to be the end of my development. Quite the contrary! Yeah, with my own hand I had acted out my creativity. This was the ultimate human destiny.

*

The Big Epiphany

The Thing-In-Itself

Is there a god? Is there God? And which one? The Christian, the Jewish, or the Muslim God? Even they cannot tell, cannot tell if Jesus was the Son of God, an important prophet, or only a prophet among many others. This looks like a big mess.

What is the thing-in-itself? Well, even Kant wasn't consistent in using this term. Heisenberg described it, if a scientist would even use it, as a mathematical structure. So, like the law of gravity, for instance. There is nothing to discuss. It's plain and simple.

Yeah, nature appears to be simple and understandable, even if there are some questions left. What's inside the Schwarzschild radius of a so-called black hole? Or, what happened at the so-called Big Bang, which was a "bang" in no way? But hey, it's science, the human effort to find insights. And it's still a program in progress. How complex human behavior instead? It seems as if there is no real meaning in it. Contradicting, inconsistent, driven by behavior shaped for fundamentally different circumstances. We're unable to live together, especially also today, even if it's clearly visible that working together could be a win for everyone - really? Or would a tiny group have to make some - some - concessions? Is this the "thing-in-itself" regarding the circumstances on Earth? That the world has to suffer as such because a very few which aren't willing to change?

And why do women always have to present their "tits" on red carpets? Does this have to be? Is this a law of nature? Why not simply change it by wearing an elegant dress where your "tits" are not always falling out? Or that you have to wear extremely short dresses while attending a late-night show so that it's always difficult to sit down. Is this a law of nature? Mr. Colbert or Mr. Kimmel, is there something to say? The thing-in-itself regarding human nature, the male nature in particular? It seems to be something very dark and frightening. Hey, I'm a male, and was this politically correct to describe the "bad" as "dark" - "black"? Maybe I give a shit about it.

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"There is some doubt arising in me, Doorkeeper."

"Doubt?"

"Well, why I should try to find Earth again? I was not happy at all there. It's not the nicest place one can imagine."

"Right. It's a very violent place."

"And all this other door you have selected for me - they also would bring me to a violent planet?"

"I have selected those planets in such a way that they fit the information given by you as well as possible. Well, you were able provide me with information about the approximate population, but not exactly. You can provide me with some information about continents, but not an exact map. Information about countries, but not totally precise. All this causes me to not be able to bring the number down to one precise planet. There are too many variables and far too many planets. And yes, that it has to be a violent planet with wars is one of the pieces of information. That there are different religions that fight each other another one. That science is rejected by some for reasons of betrayal as well. Well, also that some live in unbelievable luxury while others are starving to death. Yes, also that information has been considered by me."

"But why I should wish to return to such a world? To may travel to hundreds of worlds fitting into those descriptions only to hope to find my violent world again? This sounds totally nuts - or."

"Well, it's this wish to consider one place as your home. And the wish to be there."

"But there have to be numerous worlds out there with good living conditions for me - respirable air for instance - which are not violent."

"Sure."

"Could you give me a list of those? Would it be possible to me to spend the rest of my life travelling to those worlds. Maybe I would find one where I would like to stay?"

"Sure."

"I think that I have found my destiny now - if destiny is a good word for it. But to be able to experience that it is possible in fact to do better like we do on Earth would be something incredible. To die with the knowledge that life in the universe not necessarily have to develop suchlike dissapointing like on Earth would be something wonderful. A strange feeling conquers me, Doorkeeper."

"It's the feeling to find your place in the universe, Peter."

Being Hilary Putnam

The Big Confusion

"I increasingly have the feeling to drift away, to drift somewhere, but I have no control. I cannot affect it. This is an awful feeling. I have the feeling that I'm on my way to doing something stupid with the knowledge that, in fact, I'm unable to do anything in my situation. But it's this feeling that it just happens, that I'm only the passenger not able to control the direction or speed. Everything is different now. Everything changes. Nothing is like it was before. I'm no longer a private investigator. I no longer visit alien planets. Instead of this and others, I have awful visions. And some that could be interpreted as utopian could also be nothing than a disturbing dystopia. I mean, there is a disturbing dystopia, and what could be utopic could be nonetheless also be nothing more than the same dystopia. This is highly frightening.

And then increasingly new stuff is popping up - I fear that I will lose my mind. Crazy stuff is running through my mind. I see me sitting in front of a keyboard, ill-shaven, alcohol and coffee by my side, not working for years, but writing like in a rush. This is such a cliché, it's hilarious. Crazy, violent, and disgusting fantasies seize me that I'm happy that I'm only a brain swimming in nutrient fluid, not able to do anything. I fear that I will lose control over myself, that I will run mad. I....."

".....let me interrupt you at this point, Mr. Maurer. I have waited for a moment, but I can assure you that you have nothing to fear. We have full control over everything, Mr. Maurer. We see that your brain values are a constant up and down, partially nearly chaotic. But if they reach critical values, then it will be possible for us to counteract with various means. The brain functions on a biochemical basis. We can influence everything with the suitable substance. The stimulus transduction of the neurons functions with ion exchange. Of course, we also can interfere here. We can suppress or stimulate, whatever we want. But for now it seems best to let things roll, Mr. Maurer."

"Can I say that I have an evil feeling right now? That it feels like what happens right now with me will determine whatever will come afterward. And I'm out of control. I do not have the feeling that this should continue for any longer."

"It's all okay, Mr. Maurer. The next time we speak, you will feel much better. I'm sure about that. But now it's time to relax again. Now it's time to have new dreams and fantasies, and you will see how wonderful they will be. Time to dream further on, Mr. Maurer."

"But I....."

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It was a strange world I walked through. Not much was to hear: the wind in the leaves, the gurgling water of a rivulet, suchlike. But the air was filled with scents. Manifold and intense, but why? There

was no creature living on this world able to smell all those multifarious scents because no fauna at all had developed on this planet. It was a planet covered by flora only.

Only in case a traveler entered this world, there was a receptor to discover and sense all those beautiful scents that filled the air - but why? Even the doorkeeper couldn't give me a definite answer. And yet, as a product of this vast number of planets in this nearly unlimited universe, this planet was by far not unique.

"I think that I need a hiatus, Doorkeeper. The impression of this world overwhelms me. I have to enter the habitat again."

"Of course. Shall I neutralize you right now?"

"I'm not sure. I think that I will be outside at least one more time. I think that I will keep the neutralization steady. It's a very complex procedure to be prepared to enter this world and be sure that you do not contaminate it."

"If you have any needs, please let me know."

"Yes, Doorkeeper."

I sat down on a kind of seating accommodation and tried to order my thoughts. This world was such a strange and intense experience. Only flora, no fauna, but this did not mean that it would be a kind of wholly peaceful world. A large tree abstracted sunlight from smaller fauna. Some species could be considered in symbiosis, but others as parasitic. But it was a silent struggle for survival. Yeah, this world was perplexing. I should visit a world with a progressive civilization living in peace. But first I had to try to grasp this world.

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She was beautiful to see. I always got hit by these young élèves, their grace and elegance. Their perfect bodies in white tights and leotard - not to forget the ballet shoes. Black or red, preferably spaghetti straps and showing the gorgeous back. Why not combine it with a light ballet skirt? Seeing her doing her exercises was always a feast.

And we did not have to be silly and dishonest. These young nymphs had always been prey for men - and often enough for women as well. In paintings and literature, movies and music, even in ballets themselves. Sure, typically enough, it was trimmed with metaphors and romanticism, but everybody knew the code. The icon of the Russian ballerina was the icon for the horny man.

I would undress her slowly now. It was time to urge a bit more. Not that it was necessary to make her a woman today, but anyway. She was the incarnation to fulfill my needs. It was incredible how horny I was. And one day I would make her a woman - awaiting her little tears now as I started to touch her body and kiss her.

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Total silence and one high-pitched tone - this could be the beginning of all. It would be the beginning of everything, because everything could develop from this one single high pitched tone. Every symphony ever written, every symphony ever to be written. Every piece of music in the very end.

A white canvas and a single tiny spot of color - it was not even important what color. From this single tiny spot every painting ever painted could emerge, every future picture that ever would be painted as well.

An empty sheet of paper and a single letter on it. No matter which, no matter from which alphabet. Every text ever written could come to light now, every upcoming text as well. This was what was called art.

From every single tone, from every tiny spot of color, and from every single letter, the whole universe could emerge. There was silence at the beginning, but then no longer. The creation needed the destruction of silence. The creation required color. The creation required words. The creation required the flow of thoughts and the honesty of self-examination and self-observation.

Was the moment when nothing was of meaning anymore the moment of pure liberation? What a wonderful thought. Was the moment when nothing was of meaning anymore the moment of infinite truth and honesty? What a remarkable thought.

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I could not believe that her little tears were capable to make me even hornier than I had already been. As I pulled down her tight black leotard - a red one would have been too aggressive - to pet her stunning rose nipples. Then I pulled the leotard more down to be able to put my hand into her white - of course opaque - tights. It was simply charming how she tried to resist my demand, how she tried not to open her incredible, elegant, slim, white, stocking-footed legs. But my demand was forceful and successful, and her maîtresse instructed her to lay one of her legs on the bar like when stretching. Her tears were a constant stream now - her charming sobbing as well.

She knew that she had no right to not fulfill my demands in the end. Yes, her maîtresse de ballet had prepared her well, and she was satisfied with what she saw not standing far aside. I could not even be sure about how much my little élève did not play-act, perfectly trained and prepared by her maîtresse. Whatever, what was for sure was that she was totally innocent with her thirteen years. As innocent a girl that age could still be, on the brink of becoming a whore.

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The impact on the brain - yeah, one could obviously describe it on a biochemical level. But this wasn't what you felt, what your body felt, hearing music, looking at a picture, or watching a movie or a play. This was something different. It could be considered a rush, an orgasm even. And this was only the perception. How much more intense the creation had to be. So much.

To dissolve totally in the creative act - this was his dream. Yet, not even capable of letting loose under normal circumstances, he was. Not even capable of just taking the risk to fail miserably or to make a mockery of himself - to get threatened with hostility. This was no good basis for dissolving in a creative act. This seemed to be his curse.

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I was out again, this excessive rush of blossoms and leaves, of flowers, bushes, and trees. I was mesmerized by all this and really developed the thought to stay forever. But this would be silly, and not only for one reason, not only for practical reasons. But I had just started this journey. This was the beginning, not the end.

"I think that I will end my stay here now, Doorkeeper."

"Okay, I will implement all procedures. It was nice here, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, it has been a very incredible experience. However, I have the need to move on. This was an outstanding beginning, but there will be so much more."

"You can return whenever you want. As you know, all the doors you pass are stored in your device now, since the first Doorkeeper has restored it as far as possible. It's easy now to return to any specific door again."

"Yes, I know, Doorkeeper. But there are so incredibly many doors to discover, even with all my limitations. I fear that we will never meet again."

"Sure, there is an incredible number of doors. But it's only a matter of time, after all."

I had not reacted immediately to the Doorkeeper's last words because I had concentrated on stepping through the door into the nothing there. It was still something very uncommon to me. Should I return - it would be effortless now - asking him how I had to interpret his last words? Well, I could also ask the Doorkeeper in the next world as well. Yeah, it was a very astonishing feeling to be behind a door again.

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The Big Epiphany

The Cultural Evolution of.....well, men or man?

Can we simply do as if there wouldn't be certain circumstances, no matter for the moment why they are present? Is there a reason why we shouldn't be able to talk about them and handle them? Is it that we're simply still nothing more than hormone-driven beasts? And who is "we"? Is this about men or man? Masculinity, possibly?

If you are in a position - simply accepting this now - to be able to dominate somebody - at a workplace, family, suchlike - is this a reason that you have to? That you have to exploit this? Not only, but also in a sexual way? Is there something like an own will, responsibility, or a sense of responsibility? Sure, we do not have to ponder whether we find examples to illustrate such a fact of exploitation. That it seems so that it is a need to outlive a possible possibility to dominate - and do not have pathological cases in mind now. Like a person of lower degree of intelligence incapable of controlling his instincts. This is a nice subject for novels and movies, for right-wing propaganda as well. I see Weinstein, Epstein - wow, two times "stein"! I'm from Germany. So I know exactly what this means. Nothing!

I see men in exposed positions and ranks, and this can also be the shift supervisor in a fast food restaurant. It appears that you always have to express your capability to dominate. And this can be found everywhere, not least in the arts. It has nothing to do with wealth or social status, whereby more money and a higher status obviously enrich your possibilities. It has nothing to do with your profession or position, whereby obviously certain jobs and positions enrich your possibilities. But it seems to be deeply connected to your gender.

There is a possibility of self-reflection. There is something called empathy, the possibility to understand and share the emotions of someone else. But this "empathy" seems not to be a common and universal matter. In the Declaration of Independence of the United States, you can find that "all men are created equal". That sounds impressive. However, "men"? Well, a nice bunch of white men, slaveholders. "Men" seems really to be the fellowship of humans with a penis. And white, of course. As the swine from NY likes to say, when talking about people as vermin or even naming Nancy Pelosi as an animal. "Men" definitely did not mean the "nigger slaves" and by far not the so-called "Native Americans." It's always a matter of definition.

So, empathy with whom? White slaveholders have empathy when it's about white slaveholders, but of course not with the slaves. They are means of production with a certain value. So, it's sad when one of yours dies in the Civil War, but not when killing a "nigger slave". Apart from the financial loss. It's a tragedy when an immigrant molests or even rapes your - white - daughter. If it's a white man, especially if wealthy and with good connections, we have to talk about it. But if you are molesting or raping an immigrant daughter or a daughter of a lower social class family - wo cares? Nobody is above the law - also one of these disgusting American lies, and not only in the USA.

Oh, Valerie, shall we kill all men? And I mean men now. Or at least emasculate them after giving some amount of sperm or so. If this solved the problem, then it should be done in any case! Can it be that creating two sexes was the cardinal mistake in genetic evolution? But even if, what about our cultural evolution? It seems as if the cultural evolution has not arrived for most of the men. To see the swine from NY is like seeing an oinking caveman - sorry to all cavemen! The ship of fools has arrived in the States - in Germany they had at least a clear aim and acted consequently. The Nazis. But this bunch of loonies cannot even define a clear aim, not even for a war. And what about those crazy women among them? Do they contradict my saying? I think that I have written something about how you will be at the right place to find critical examples when looking at men. This does not exclude finding examples among women, especially when they define themselves as: "hard as men", "at least as hard as men", "manlike", and so on. Nevertheless, it seems as if it would

be worth it to try and to see what would happen if you were to get rid of all the men. Starting with the handful of most toxic ones, but not stopping then. Quite the contrary! And if there should also be the one or other woman among them - not matter! Wow, this would be a wonderful dream.

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The Big Conspiracy

The Onion Layer Model

"Do not do this," I shouted at him, "you have no chance anymore. Lay down your gun, and I will arrest you then, and we will have no further problems." It had been a brutal hunt, but now I was successful.

"Arrest me for what, henchman?" Well, if I were a henchman when enforcing law - given!

"You don't really think that I will read the long list now of all the cruelties and murders you have done? Do I have to tell you that your specialty is to get a grip on whole families to torture and kill them? Raping mothers in front of their men and sons, daughters in front of their mothers. Do I have to tell you this, motherfucker!" I had no real idea if he was the worst mass murderer of all time, but he was a monster in any case - I just should have blown a bullet into his brain. But it wouldn't be bad to get him alive. Maybe it would be possible to find and identify even more of his victims. The death penalty for him was cast in stone anyway.

"And what if I did none of it all? If there were another reason why they are interested in getting me?" Oh, buddy! Not such a fucking conversation now.

"Sure, it's all a big conspiracy. Nobody got killed, and it was all a hoax. And I assume that you are some kind of freedom fighter or so - drop your fucking gun now, or I'll put some bullets into your back! And believe me, it will not be the first that kills you, you filthy swine!" My finger at the trigger started to move as he surprisingly let his gun fall on the ground. Then he moved around very slowly, hands up, and kneeled. I looked at him.

"Wow, you have the strength to rape and kill eight-year-old girls, to torture ten-year-old boys until death, but you're not man enough to look straight into your fait. I'm very near to just blowing your head off. You're such a disgrace." He simply disgusted me.

"I would never have the "strength" to do all these awful crimes. It's about knowledge that I have and a possibility that I have." Yeah, sure.

"You can narrate this on court." I cuffed him and wanted to inform the headquarters.

"Wait a second. We know that I will never see a courthouse from inside. That I will be dead long before, presumably a suicide. Give me only one chance to explain something to you. I can prove you something." That you're a spawn of the devil?

"One chance, buddy." I was simply curious what lie he would tell me.

"This world is not real. You're not real. Not in the sense you're thinking. This is a simulation, I know it, but I also have the means for ascension. Give me one chance to prove you something." Wow, and the earth is flat. But in a way he amused me. He had brutally killed at least thirty-five people, and now he tried to fool me in such a hilarious way? No one in the office would believe me this.

"I'm all ears, buddy. Prove it!"

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The Big Epiphany

Too Complex?

Why are humans failing that miserably? Can it be that they are simply unable to cope with certain matters? With each other, nature, the world around? And maybe today even to a higher degree than in previous times?

There was complexity all the time. These lights in the night sky, why there are years of droughts, why this man shall be our leader. Questions, challenging to answer. But I live today.

It seems as if humans are absolutely not capable anymore of coping with anything. Men have problems with their masculinity, and they are looking for cheap answers why this is so.

White people are scared of all not white - so of the vast majority around them - and they see no good way to deal with it. Okay, to keep them out, everything they are standing for, their culture, it's to have pure white enclaves on this non-white globe. They try to colonize us, nearly like we whites did for hundreds of years as the globe consisted of Europe and its colonies - and the whiteness, the white culture, spread all around the globe. This has been a good time.

There had been a world, and heaven and hell. This has been a clear worldview. Now there is a mind-bogglingly large universe with an uncountable amount of galaxies, all with an unbelievable number of stars and planets, structured in vast voids and extremely dense clusters of gigantic galaxies. Humans are no longer a product of a creation but part of an ongoing process lasting for trillions of years now, called genetic evolution. We have to be self-responsible for our deeds. We have to care for our planet on our own to handle the obscure complexity of processes connected to climate.

It seems that not all humans fail to the same degree. Various differentiators could be defined. Like the level of education or how much a person sticks to an ideology, how fanatically a person follows a certain ideology. But also, when looking at such differentiators, it seems as if one differentiator overlies all - gender.

It seems as if men as such have more problems coping with all given complexities than women. They not only have - as white men - the difficulty that non-whites have demanded participation now, but women as well. They are threatened in their identity not only by non-whites, but also by their own people, white people, in the form of women. This seems too much for white men, especially due to all the other matters around and in the world that also get increasingly complex all the time. If it were be at least defined that the white man is always a leader. At least for a certain group, like a family. Or that he has a higher status just because of being white and a man. Well, then this would help.

The inability of men - also non-white men - to accept limitations, to accept incapacities, to accept that being a man does not mean being a kind of god without any limitations. But that being a man means being a human with all the therewith connected limitations.

That you have to come to terms with a highly complex world, which is not understandable by developing simple ideas and simple answers. Could it be that an underlying aspect is that for men, reproduction is a matter of getting horny, getting an erection, and having an ejaculation? Already done for the men, when does it just begin for women? That it will be a matter of months and distinct changes for women? It seems so.

The Big Conspiracy

The Onion Layer Model

"I could do something even better. I could enable you for ascension like I can do. And I can provide you all the knowledge about the real structure of everything that I have." This guy was really a funster.

"Sure, they killed - or let's hope that they only faked the killing of whole families. But they did it only to hunt you down to get certain information and the capability to ascend? And now I have you, and you would give me all your information and this capability for free. How naive do you think I am?" I could not believe that this was a cold blooded brutal mass murderer. But this was always their trick.

"Listen, I will not be able to bring it to an end - if there's an end, in fact. I'm exhausted, and I have made some major mistakes. The way I tried it had to fail. At least it seems so. They have killed these families, they have, and I'm responsible therefore." Well, we were on a pretty good way now. Responsibility as a first step, perpetration next.

"So, you would encourage me to ascend - right? But assuming your story would be true, then it seems that ascending isn't that cool of an issue. I'm not interested in running into such troubles like you." Buddy!

"I will give you some advice that will help you. That will help you to veil your existence. I made the mistake that I was careless and left an increasing track of hints so that they were able now to hunt me down." Oh, buddy, if I tell somebody else your story, they will laugh about me.

"Okay, I understand this right, you already ascended? To here, but from where, and whereto?" Now it would become interesting.

"This here is a simulation. But not of Earth as such, and not for a timespan of billions of years. This would be much too complicated. There is a horizontal and a vertical layering. The horizontal layering describes Earth always over a certain time span and is built of a certain amount of single but linked simulations. Well, a large city with millions of inhabitants is more difficult to simulate than a whole state with only a fraction of people scattered in a large area. So, a city can be its simulation, but also an entire state or a vast area of land. Think of it that way. As long as your simulation has not explored the deep sea, you simply needed no simulation for it. But as they started to explore the deep sea, they required more and always better simulation of the deep sea. This is one of the reasons why the horizontal layer of simulations always covers only a certain time span." He looked at me, and I wasn't sure if I still should pretend interest. On the other side? It could be a good story for a science fiction novel.

"And this horizontal layer of simulations, what's its time span?" Asked the simulation the enlightened hero.

"Well, this time span will end very soon. And it nearly always ends in a catastrophe. A devastating new world war, the climate catastrophe, and suchlike. Very rarely it does not happen, very rarely." Wow, there was the apocalypse, and the horsemen appeared.

"And when the simulation is over?" Then it's time to say goodbye?

"Then it will start anew." And I will be born again?

"And I will be born again?" I lost concentration and the track.

"Could be, but not necessarily. This is one of the problematics. This could be one of the very rare simulations of this time span where you exist. Isn't this an interesting inside?" Well, if I didn't exist, then I wouldn't know that I did not exist - right? My brain started to whirl.

"Okay, this is all very funny. Give me some quick information - okay?" It would be interesting to see how quick he was to create no fantasies.

"Okay!" Then we should start.

"At what date does this simulation start? Quick answer, please!" One, two,.....

"January the first, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty." This was fast and funny.

"Why?" I had to be faster.

"If born, then persons like Einstein, Planck, and Heisenberg are in it." Got him!

"This makes no sense. What about countries that just existed and suchlike? Politicians, artists, and suchlike? Are physicians the measure of the world?" I had not thought that it would be that easy.

"That's not the way it can function. This is the rule of the vertical layers. Every horizontal layer spans a certain amount of years. This layer spans exactly two hundred years. And yes, not physicists, but scientists. This is the time span of fundamental insights in science, in many disciplines, but especially astrophysics and particle physics. But it will end soon, very soon." Apocalyptic again.

"And what will happen then, the following simulation?" Tell me more about the apocalypse, buddy.

"I have no knowledge about the coming, not until I have been in these coming layers. I only know how this here will end, mostly. And what has happened before, of course." Oh man, if this is no contradiction.

"So, you have experienced this time span more than once?" Idiot!

"Yes, a vast number of times." Dumbass!

"And if you don't get born? Or will you be born all the time? By the way, what's your birthday? Today, maybe?" This all became hilarious.

"No, I have left my simulation. I do not exist in this simulation in a way. This means that I will not end with it and will be there again when it starts once more. I'm a bug, if you like, a misfit in the system." What a crazy fantasy.

"Your birthday, buddy?" Now I was curious!

"March the thirteenth, in the year thirteen hundred forty-six, in France. What France was then." A Frenchman!

"The time span of your simulation?" Come on, be creative.

"January the first thirteen hundred until December the thirty-first fourteen hundred and forty-nine." Always from January to December.....?

"No nice time, right?" Well, I had no distinct idea.

"No, ot really. The temperatures dropped, bad harvests, plague, and endless wars. No, no good time." Much better today - at least until 2049 or so?

"You ascended how often?" Should I ask him for exact dates?

"Four times." Could this be? I was a bit sluggish. My brain was a bit sluggish after all this narration.

"Why do you stay so long here, in this time span? Why not move on?" Hadn't he said that he had to ascend more and more?

"This time span ends nearly always in a mere disaster. This means that the next time span will begin most likely with a disaster and will become most likely only worse. This is a great risk. I need a certain time to prepare to enter the next horizontal level. The next time span always starts with data from the previous time spans. It's easy to move horizontally between simulations. You don't even notice it. New York is a simulation for its own, large enough. When you leave the city and enter the state, you alternate between two simulations, but you don't realize it. But to alter between vertical layers, the simulation of different time spans, is difficult." It was crazy that I still listened to him.

"To ascend?" I started to become curious.

"You can also descend. It's more or less the same."

"You did?"

"At the beginning, often."

"But now you want to reach the.....top?"

"Well, there's a certain risk. As long as you only ascend or descend from your original time span, there's no risk. You're not there for the system, the simulation, and therefore you do not age. But when you enter your time span again, cross it, so to speak, then you're back. And when crossing it, being in it again, after the time of your death, then you're dead. For your simulation, you're still a part of it, and you cannot exist if dead. It will erase you then. And it's also a disaster when you hit it at the moment of a restart of your simulation, or very near to it. Your existence ends also then. Bad luck for you." Bad luck for you, buddy!

"How often would one have to ascend to reach the....."reality"? When would it be? At what era?"
More science fiction, please.

"I have no real idea. But I think that it has to be a vast number of ascents. I mean, they can simulate all this? And there is also another point, but I'm not sure about that." Now he had reached the point where I started to become curious, in fact.

"You mean?" You mean what?

"They simulate this planet - okay. But does this have to be the only planet they are simulating? They can do it once. Why not twice or thrice? Why not a thousand times? Would there be a possibility to alternate between these simulations? I mean, not horizontally, not vertically, but diagonally?"

"Like stepping through doors to enter wholly new worlds?"

"I think that this would be a good metaphor."

Wow, he had nearly engrossed me now. I started to like his imagination. That all would be a simulation - even I. And, of course, the families slaughtered as well. But how could one prove this? Not by ascending horizontally, but vertically - diagonally? I started to get curious and tired.

"We're at morning, buddy. We have talked straight until morning."

"And now, will you commit me to your superiors? You will be the hero then who has hunted down the prey, the monster. Just like it's the hunter's task and joy."

"I have not informed them so far. It's a bit late now. This simulation will end in fourteen years, and most likely in a disaster?"

"Yeah, twenty-four years and definitely in a disaster again. It all develops as so often. I'm running on empty, and I do not have the courage to alter to the next time span under such circumstances. I have made principal mistakes."

I looked at him - the Frenchman from the Middle Ages. Not aging anymore? Back and forth in time? But this seemed to be his mistake. If you wanted to reach the reality, then you had to be laser focused on this aim - I assumed that he would have had too many love affairs in all those simulations he had been in. The Frenchman. Yeah, you had to ascend constantly and as fast as possible, not being interested in the actual simulation you were just in now. Did I start to become crazy now?

"My name is Peter. What's your name?"

"The name I use currently, or one of the numerous other ones, Peter?"

"I call you Jean then. Not very creative but catchy."

"Okay, Peter."

"Jean."

*

The Big Epiphany

When Reality Kills Comedy

What's to say, what's to write, when reality kills everything - even comedy, even sarcasm? When you stay speechless, ask yourself how you should sharpen and exaggerate what happens to use it for comedy and sarcasm. If the result were that weird that nobody would follow you because the reality as such is already pure comedy and sarcasm? But no comedy and sarcasm that fights with words, but a reality that kills with bombs and by taking away rights and support from people. This is the new reality that's built on lies and misinformation, and it seems as if comedy and sarcasm got caught with their pants down.

There is a satire show in Germany called "Die Anstalt" - "Anstalt" means mental hospital. They made a program about whether they have failed or not. For years they have made their programs and sketches about the AfD, the right-wingers, and fascists. But the AfD rose and rose, especially in the former communist eastern part of Germany. Sure, a comedy show cannot win a war, the war for

democracy, but they doubted that they had even been able to win one battle. I think it's good to have some doubts and express them publicly. But what's the lesson from such doubts?

Well, obviously not that you should stop with comedy and sarcasm, but that you have to admit that you will hardly win a war with it. Arts can be a powerful weapon, but it stands that even a powerful weapon alone wins no war. It needs more, a broader resistance. And I do not see such a resistance in the States, and also not in Germany, at least not now. But I could assume, at least for Germany, that this would change should the AfD become a party in charge. Well, there will be two very telling elections in eastern Germany this year - and the midterms in the States. It might be that we will be smarter at the end of the year, and I could look like a fool. Let's be open and see!

*

It was all dark around me, no perceptions at all, like I would waft in an infinite nothing. Whereby, after a while, I got a wholly contradictory idea about my situation. I did not waft in a kind of total nothing. That I instead would dive in an absolute everything. It seemed as if all my perception that I had ever made, all my knowledge that I had ever found, all that I had sensed, heard, seen, scented, and felt, that everything would be present in this very moment. All superimposed everything and ended in a total mental overload - and the resulting perception was that it seemed as if there would be nothing whatsoever when there was anything at all in fact. It was simply an act to secure my mental stability, not running crazy. Not more.

I pondered if it could be possible, if I were able to, to select certain ideas, perceptions, sceneries, and emotions from this darkness made of all this overlaying perception, ideas, experiences, and thoughts, which I was made of. In theory it should be possible, but would I be capable of it? And how would it be? Would I stand like a third person narrator aside, watching the scenery, knowing what someone would feel, think, or perceive? Or would I be I, and I would be not even be aware that I simply recalled a certain event, feeling, perception, or idea? Well, before becoming that "philosophical," wouldn't it be better to stick with the first question first: Would I be even capable of navigating in the darkness? To find certain isles, reefs, and all the other places? I had the strange feeling that I would lean back, surrounded by this seemingly infinite darkness, a glass or a cup in my hand, breathing deep, closing my eyes, and starting to try to find any starting point in this complete darkness. And suddenly I felt relieved, weightless, and untouchable – timeless.

*

"Hello, Peter."

"Hello, Doorkeeper."

Well, it started to become cool, traveling through the doors. I started to get some routine. And it functioned increasingly better, even with the limitation of my device. I had asked myself how I should handle this situation - trying to find a way back. But for what? Wasn't this an ineffable gift that had been bestowed on me? Whereby, there was still the question unanswered why I had the device in me. Since when and how I got it. If the device were intact, then it would be easy to read out its past. One Doorkeeper, and they had affirmed to me what I already had in mind, that they all were connected. So, one Doorkeeper had made a remark that they weren't so sure anymore that my device was simply defective. Defective, yes, but it also seemed that my device showed some special characteristics. Whereby "special" seemed to mean that, like the Doorkeeper said, it's maybe from the past, the very past. But he wanted to be not too specific, because it would be still be a matter for further investigation. Wow, that could be a sentence from a politician on Earth. Nevertheless, I knew now that the Doorkeeper as a whole took a look at me and were interested in learning about my device. It seemed as if it would be something special, but more in the way an old computer was something special, but no one had the idea to use it again. Nevertheless, it gave me the possibility to travel by using the doors, travel the entire universe. Even beyond the universe visible from Earth.

"Everything is arranged for you, Peter. This world fits your needs nearly exactly. There will be no further preparations required. Have a nice stay, Peter."

*

The blackness seemed to show some structure, hardly to grasp, and in no way like a stream, but like a mere chaos. Like flashes in the corner of your eyes. When looking at it, it was already no longer to be seen. There seemed to be something, but then something else, and something else, and it was absolutely not possible to grasp anything. It was simply too much in a too short time. And I still asked myself if there was in fact anything at all in this infinite darkness. Were these all illusions of an overloaded mind, or was there something real? Did I start to "understand" this darkness? Could I make some sense of it? But for the moment it felt like I would wobble around helplessly, and I tried desperately to find any halt in a space that seemed to be empty at all. I was near to losing control, the control over my mind, to run crazy.

*

Call it Utopia

How to Kill the Beast

"We can no longer act like this. This will lead to nothing. This will not even harm the system, but it harms those we want to free." I was near to falling into despair. It had turned into shit, what we did.

"We have wiped out a complete barracks of those fucking ICE goon squads, Peter. If this was no success, then I doubt that you're still one of us!" Yeah, what a success.

"Yeah, we have killed one hundred and sixty-five of them. Wow! And in reaction, they have grabbed one hundred and sixty-six from the streets and simply gunned them down publicly. Sure, they have been careful to choose the right skin colors from the right neighborhoods. And they were cautious to have a good spread in age. From children to seniors, males and females. And then their wonderful humor to kill one more than we did and therefore selected a five-year-old Latina girl, killed nicely by a headshot. Okay, not much was left from her head thereafter, but it amused the convinced followers. The Chosen Ones." This spiral of violence had to end.

"Hey, Peter, this is what they want to achieve! That we start to doubt. We're the only resistance left. We....."

".....fuck we! We are killing a few of the system's henchmen, and we celebrate this as if this would have even the slightest effect. They laugh about us. This all will lead to nothing." We had to stop this useless deeds.

"So, what's your idea? Killing the Supreme Leader, or at least someone from the inner circle? This will destroy the system - right?" Not by cutting off a head so that two new ones can grow. But what about slitting open the beast and eviscerating it then?

"We have to find better strategies. We have no chance to come near to the Supreme Leader, not even the inner circle. Not as freedom fighter, not as a freedom fighter." No, not as a freedom fighter. "Let us search for better options - shouldn't we?" We had to.

"Okay, Peter. But I hope that you can offer then something more substantial as right now." I will, believe me, I will.

*

"We were only too clever for this world, kids. It was so easy in the end. You only have to use fear and greed - that's all. Let me illustrate this with one example.

Destabilizing Asia to better wipe it out later. Well, you might be surprised, but we helped the bad North Korea to invade the such democratic South Korea. Not officially, of course, but we helped

them with specialists and information, but mostly with doing nothing against it, and by supporting them in the international institutions. A veto there, or simply narrate that it would be absolutely a mess to attack the nuclear power North Korea. And hey, they united Korea again, they were willing to make economic deals, and they were our friends. Well, as long as they were useful for us. Okay, also we had to see the danger for Japan - when we talked secretly with them. And we always assured them that we would help them. To make it short, the Japanese-Korean War was a moment of glory showing our superior intellect.

Destabilizing, confusing, using your advantage in a straightforward and ruthless way - we had the fucking best and largest military on Earth ever. And it was not our aim to defeat a nation or to subdue a nation. It was our aim to erase them. Much better to do after they have weakened themselves or even destroyed themselves. Using nuclear weapons? Well, what fun seeing Tokyo wiped out by a Korean nuke! We were not interested in this shit land formerly called Japan. We were interested in that the small part of the superior class would survive. China was also interesting, how they struggled to deal with this situation. But this will be a topic for a later teaching unit."

*

Silence, total silence, was that even possible? Your heartbeat, the blood in your ears, and breathing. A bit like total darkness, the theoretical absence of any photon. But even then, stimulating your visual cells by pressure - seeing stars.

A moment of hearing and seeing nothing. But what would this affect? Being dead for a moment? Being hyperactive - your brain - for a moment? Drugs? Meditation? It seemed to be an idea impossible to implement. As there was no real vacuum, the absence of everything possible. Maybe this could be the ultimate clue to understanding life? I had to ponder on it.

*

The Big Conspiracy

The Onion Layer Model

"And now, do I have to take a pill or a drug or something like that?" I was really curious.

"What nonsense! You're part of a computer code. What do you expect? Seeing all green suddenly and countless moving numbers? I have to integrate a new part into your code, the code that describes you. It's as if I added something to your DNA. If your DNA actually existed." Wow, I had the impression that I could follow his words.

"You said that you would be something like a bug. Wouldn't be computer worm or even a virus be not even better?" I hoped not to shame myself.

"Both do not fit well. You do not reproduce yourself, and you do not want to harm the program. My additional code makes you invisible to the program as such, and you cannot only alter between the horizontal layers but also between the vertical layers. Even if it's more complicated and if it always needs some time and preparation." Okay, and.....

"The diagonal layers?" That had sounded interesting.

"They are hypothetical so far. I have no idea how you could alternate between them if they even exist. We should concentrate on the known and possible." He was not wrong with that.

"Okay, how will you manipulate my code?" Where was my code?

"There's an interface between "you" and the system, the code, as such. You're not a simple hologram or something. You have, in fact, something that can be described as a free will. Otherwise it would be boring to always repeat the simulation because it would always yield the same result. The valid part for whoever this all runs is to see the alternatives. To create possibility scales. For instance, the probability that this simulation ends in a catastrophe." Now I had to ask.

"A number?" High, obviously.

"In 97.67% of this simulation, this time span ends in one catastrophe or the other. It depends a bit on which of the worst-case scenarios develops fastest. Is the next and final world war faster than climate change? Suchlike." Thank you for that information.

"You said that you have lived through this scenario numerous times. Why are you not alternated to the next vertical layer when it has not ended all up in a catastrophe?" Again, I was very curious about that.

"I missed it. I was an idiot. I thought that I would have all the time in the world. Yeah, in a way I have it. But I cannot fasten time. I always have to wait until the simulation of this time span is over and it starts anew. Always two hundred years." I started to understand.

"How often have you lived through this simulation?" Now I was very curious.

"Fifty-seven times. Yeah, it makes way over ten thousand years." What the fuck was this stupid doing?

"Okay, you missed alternating at a good ending. But why not alternated when the simulation ended and the end was not that bad, even if not perfect?" You could not have everything always.

"I hesitated. I started to hesitate. At the beginning it was not such a problem, but then it was all the more. And I started to leave marks. Very, very tiny, but they summed up. I have screwed it up. And this time this time span will again end in a fucking mere disaster." Thanks for the alluring prospect.

"It will." As if I needed details.

"Well, a few years are remaining. Much can happen. But you have destroyed your planet. The effects will increase dramatically over the coming years. It's not so relevant about the details, the ultimately decisive reasons, but the world economy will crash within the coming few years. We will have heavy wars, most likely. It's one of the really devastating worst-case scenarios we're heading to." So I have nothing to lose, right? In 2049? Well, I would be eighty-four then. But I had to confess that I also had the feeling, like many others, that for several years now, every year had become shittier. However, would the next time span be better? From smoke into smother? But what if I were to carry it out better than he did? I did not have to stay all the time in a time span, did I? I needed additional information, and then I had to decide.

"Can you start with the procedure right now?"

"Yes. I need a bit of time for a few preparations, but then we can start."

"Then do it, Jean."

*

I stepped out. It was the first time that I entered an inhabited world, a world inhabited by intelligent life. It was very strange to realize that they could not see me, that I was nonexistent for them. If we assumed that a traveler would enter a world and would become a part of this world - he inevitably would change the history of this place, nation, or planet. And this was to omit, this was secured by the inability to interact with the surrounding reality. And this was what went wrong on Earth.

This guy had lost his device. So he became a part of Earth and was suddenly able to interact with its surroundings. Also with me. This was the reason the Doorkeeper were overly interested in finding Earth to solve this problem. And my device got activated as I stepped through the door. It was inactive before, so I could interact with everything while on Earth, being a part of it. Only a kind of BIOS was on standby for the case I would come near to a door, to be able to realize that there was a door. But the moment I passed the door, the real booting routing started to initialize my device. This was also a reason why I was totally disoriented for a while as I had passed the door. But still the question remained: Why did I have a device, and what was the way I got it? But for now I should start to concentrate on the world I entered. A world on a scientific and cultural level way beyond Earth had been.

*

Call it Utopia

Melting Into Thin Air

"Has anybody seen Peter? Or heard anything from him?"

"No, since days not. You also?"

"Yes, and I do not know what I shall make of it. Well, we had a dispute, but.....? I mean, he was always one of our best men, always in the first row, always with brilliant ideas. We had arranged a meeting to discuss our different ideas, to find ways for a better and more efficient resistance. I was open-minded. He was a brilliant strategist. I don't know."

"Okay, but he was also increasingly unsatisfied with our way to organize our resistance. Maybe he will try it his own way."

"This is not the way it functions. We have to coordinate our efforts. We have to work together. There might be another reason for it."

"That they have got him?"

"I do hope not. They would skin him alive, literally."

*

The Big Conspiracy

The Onion Layer Model

"Before we start, I would have a few more questions, Jean."

"You're still not totally convinced, Peter - or are you?"

"Well, this is a brutal story, and I have my problems understanding everything."

"Sure. Please ask, Peter."

Well, I would allow an assumed mass murderer, free of every conscience, to manipulate me. This sounded not so clever. On the other side? His idea that this all would end in a disaster was not new to me. I have had this feeling for a longer time now.

"When would it be possible for me to alternate? I can alternate at any time, after some preparation. You waited only always until the end of this simulation to live through it again to see if there would be a better outcome this time. This is right, or."

"Yes. And I would recommend you always alternate as fast as possible. Do not make the same mistake I did."

"The system, the simulation, those who run the simulation, whatever. I was able to hunt you down. Why are they not already here - wherever "they" might be? I have you. Why don't they have you - and also me - already in custody?"

"Well, this is a simulation of around over eight billion humans. Then we have animals, plants, clouds, scents, and so much more. The system as such cannot have the overview above all of that. It needs sub-routines, sub-sub-routines - you understand?"

"Sure, so far." And I had a bad feeling now.

"You are a sub-sub-sub-sub routine, something like that. You are part of an anti-virus-program if you like. You are hunting for irregularities in the code. I'm an irregularity, and you have hunted me down. The system conceptualizes this for you in your job as hunter." Wow, this was a wholly new job specification, like the one I had.

"But why is the system still not aware that I have you?" This was not to understand!

"Did you already send the report of your success to your headquarters?"

"No."

"That's your answer." I felt like I had goosebumps. If only a bit of it would be true, then.....

"Can I ask you some more questions?"

"Sure."

"You lived in a time long ago, and you have discovered this all? You have found out that this all? You, as a simulation yourself? You have found a way to alter vertically, to stand outside the system. Furthermore, you have written - if this is the correct wording - all the therefore needed codes? Are you sure?" This was one of the major weaknesses in his story for me.

"No, Peter. I haven't done it, like you will not have done it too." I hated it when a question only yielded more questions.

*

The Big Conspiracy

Kings and Queens

Well, there was a time when one did not have to ask who rules the world. It had been the kings and queens. Really? Okay, it would be to define the influence of the church(es). But this was often the same if we talk about ruling dynasties. One on the throne, one in Rome. Merchants, we have to talk about merchants? The Fugger, as an example. Nevertheless, all in all, easy-to-grasp circumstances. And today?

Well, who rules today's world? The global capital? The Jews? A few infamous male political leaders? Big Tech? The men in the background? It all seemed to be much more complicated today. Or is it only an expression for having so much (too much) information today? Being unable to see the forest for the trees? Let's stop here before talking about aliens!

*

Call it Utopia

And the Story Begins

"Okay, Mr. Whoever You Are. You promised me a foretaste of your ability, and I have to say that you delivered. Okay, it was only a small local resistance group that we have picked up. But nevertheless, we have ten of these swines taken out of the underground, and four of them even are still alive. Nice material for our "specialists". But this does not seem to interest you much, Mr.....?"

"No, not really. As said, this was only a foretaste of all the information I have."

"And why do I not simply hand you off to one of our "specialists"? They know how to get every piece of information."

"Have you ever seen the movie Brazil?"

"No."

"You should. I can only recommend you doing so."

They escorted me back to my cell - well, they were cautious and suspicious but treated me with something that could be nearly described as respect. Well, this was more than I had expected, as I had lodged my "offer" with the headquarters of the secret police. I had told the man at the porter's lodge that I would have information about the resistance and that I would like to share this information with them. But only with a high-ranking member of the secret police, and only by making a deal. Well, the man in the porter's lodge, a young officer, was a bit surprised for a moment but then informed his supervisors. It all needed a minute, then the action started. Several well-armed officers approached, and I got arrested. And I was still arrested, of course.

Sure, I had them proven now that I obviously had valid information for them after bestowing them a first taster. But I would have to show them more. It was to be expected, at least, but I could sit here now and wait. The risk that they would torture me? Well, I did not expect that they would start

watching movies now, but I had a little secret as a little surplus. Overall, it would be stupid to torture me while I was obviously willing to provide them the information without them having to torture me. The deal that I targeted?

I had broken with the resistance. This made no sense anymore. This was no longer meaningful, what they did. Killing a few subordinate guys so they would have a reason to outlive their perverted brutality? By killing plenty of innocent people and declaring that it was only because they had to react to the resistance's wrongdoing? This led to nothing, only to death and suffering. It had to end. And I would try to end it, even if this would also cause death and suffering. But only to end it. I knew that one could criticize me. But I had decided, and now I was on my way to implement my decision. It had to be.

*

The Big Conspiracy

The Onion Layer Model

"Okay," it started to get tiring, "so someone gave it to you?"

"Yes, someone gave it to me." Wow, could we come to the point.

"Who!" I had the feeling that Jean also started to get increasingly tired.

"He gave me no name - well, are names really relevant under such conditions?" Not really. "He was exhausted. He had tried to find something. He had alternated between the layers for an incredibly long time." Said who?

"Where did you get this knowledge, Jean?" Yeah, where from?

"He told me." That's all?

"This sounds a bit naive to me, if you ask me." And I asked myself many questions now.

"Sometimes you have to trust someone, Peter." To a certain degree, maybe.

"But you cannot simply trust anybody whom you absolutely do not know, Jean." How naive this Frenchman was!

"Well, I was young, and it was a different time. Please keep in mind that I existed in a layer away from your time, much earlier. I was not happy in my time, with brutal wars, famines, and the plague. I thought: what would I lose if he were to betray me? And the answer was: nothing! I thought the worst would be losing your life. Something that could happen for various reasons every day. So my feeling was that I can only win. He was totally exhausted as we met. He said: now or never! And I answered: now! That's the story, Peter." All or nothing - was he an idiot or simply a brave Frenchman?

"What did he, what would you do with me, Jean?" Wasn't this the crucial question?

"I have to manipulate the code that defines you. Well, there's the code, and there is "you" as a manifestation of the code. I cannot manipulate "you", because in the end you're not existing as such. But my manipulations will also be manifest in "you", because "you" are the manifestation of your code. If the code changes, also "you" change. But you will not have three arms after it or so. In fact, externally, all will stay the same. - A short interlude, Peter.

There has to be a kind of link between "you" and the code, a kind of interface if you like. And this interface manifests as your brain. My manipulations of your code will manifest as changes in your brain." Wow, wow, wow! Stirring around in my brain? No way!

"Hey, you want to manipulate my brain? My code, if you like - or my interface, whatever. You....."

".....do I appear like a monster or a zombie to you, Pete?" Well,.....

"I mean, wasn't there something with slaughtered families, Jean? I mean, maybe I have something to lose, Jean?" Even I wasn't sure what.

"And what? This simulation will end soon, and it will end in a disaster. Okay, if you like, then enjoy the rest. I can only tell you that from now on everything will get only shittier with every day and week. Maybe it's best that you inform your supervisors that you hunted the monster down. I'm tired

now. I want to think that it will find its end." Yeah, what would I have to lose? You could definitely argue that I simply was a loser, for sure.

"What would happen with my brain?" Did I start to become mad or a bit brave?

"It would not change your personality or something like that. Most regions of your brain would stay the same. The manipulation would apply to the source code, the object code, manifested in the "oldest" parts of your brain, the medulla oblongata, pons, and partially also the midbrain. But the manipulations would be additional, embedded in the given code. Scattered, very difficult to find. You would not even realize them if they did not give you the possibility to alternate between the layers." I had the feeling that I would need a break.

"Would I see the "reality", my layer, every layer, differently than now?" No green numbers, he had said at the beginning.

"No, as said, the code as such still exists. The additional code would only undock you from your layer and would give you the possibility to alternate. You see, not much would change as such." I required a break.

"One last question - I need a break, Jean."

"Of course, Peter."

"Can you describe to me the impression of alternating between the layers? What do I have to do to start this process? How does it feel? Something like that?"

"After a break, Peter?"

"After a break, Jean."

*

The Doorkeeper, I had often pondered about them over the last time. It seemed - first off - that they were a kind of artificial interconnected network. But connected throughout the whole universe, the real whole universe, not only a certain accessible part of it? How should this function? Multi-dimensional? I had no clue.

Sure, the Doorkeeper answered me. But typically they talked in images and metaphors to me. Okay, it was acceptable that they told me that it was all too complex and too unknown to me. And we should not forget that I was neither a physician nor a mathematician. Would I? They would have most likely much better options to explain matters to me. So, I had to consider and accept this circumstance. Nevertheless, this question came to my mind constantly.

It did not seem to me that the doorkeepers were physical identities like myself. But they also seemed to be much more than just a tool, a program, or suchlike. And also not an avatar of a tool or a program. They were seemingly much more. They seemed to have an overview of everything, literally everything. Gods, a god, the incarnation of a god, or the avatar of a god? This seemed silly, especially because the rule that you could not and were not allowed to interact with the worlds you travelled seemed to be universal, not only for myself but also even for the Doorkeepers.

Well, it would be easy. Traveling to a "primitive" world and being a god there. But this was not allowed. It was not allowed to affect anything. A world in war, a brutal dictatorship - it was not allowed to kill the dictator. Everything had to develop like it developed. All these virtually infinite worlds, all these virtually infinite lines of action, everything thinkable would be present at one of these worlds - at least virtually. Had I asked the Doorkeeper if they knew if there would be a multiverse? I had in mind that I had asked, but I wasn't sure about their answer. Would it be possible to travel between these universes? I had the feeling that this all started to overwhelm me. That I would be soon no longer be able to grasp it even to a certain extent - if I understood it even to a fraction so far.

A highly developed world I was in. They had managed to colonize their planetary system. Some planets, but especially also moons around gas giants. They were even capable of traveling to two of their neighboring planet systems, in a longer timespan, of course, but neither offered good places for colonization. Now the question arose: would they be able to develop the technical requirements fast enough to manage also longer space travel to for them usable planet systems further away? Or

would their star develop faster, into its giant star stadium, and further on to its final stage, which would be a supernova? It was challenging to understand that such a mature and successful civilization could finally fail because of such reasons. I should have another talk with the Doorkeeper.

*

Call it Utopia

Trustworthy?

"So, what's your final opinion? Is he trustworthy or not?"

"Foremost, I would say that he's dangerous. Okay, he has sent this little group of resistance fighters to their doom. And I would say that he is a resistance fighter himself. What was important was that he showed no emotion at all as I told him that we would torture the remaining four of the group. It seemed irrelevant to him."

"Well, we always torture this scum, even if only for our fun. This had to have been obvious for him, as he provided us the information where and when we can find them."

"That's true. But I'm only not sure whether he's simply a good actor or numb monster. I have no good feeling when I speak with him."

"Some say that we're numb monsters. But, has he said now what deal he wants?"

"Not exactly. Immunity, of course. He said that he wants to become a part of something better, greater, more successful, and future-oriented, becoming a part of us. But he was not very specific so far."

"Okay, what's your idea about carrying on this matter?"

"He would be willing to provide us more information about other groups of resistance fighters to prove his honesty. But I am not convinced that this will be very telling."

"Why?"

"He will do, but what should this prove? He had no scruples about betraying ten of his former buddies and handing them over to an awful death. Why not twenty or thirty? What shall this proof be?"

"So, what's your advice?"

"We have to decide. We can kill him, or we can torture him. That would be two of the options free of risk. We could try to involve him, to have a deal with him, and maybe he would be a fountain of information for us. But I see some risk here, that he could play both sides of the field. We would have to control him very precisely."

"Risk, or no risk, that is the question. Whether it's nobler to be careful and modest or to take the jeopardy and stand against it. Well, conscience cannot make us cowards. That we have learned. Resolution offers his natural hue, not the pale cast of thoughts. Enterprises of great pith and moment cannot turn awry and lose the name of action when we stay brave to our convictions. I will inform you about my decision soon."

"Thank you, my Fueher, blessed by God like his own son."

*

The Big Epiphany

lupus est homo homini, non homo, quom qualis sit non novit

Is this right, that we simply would have to get to know each other, and then we would be no longer be wolves to ourselves? Well, this is no stupid idea, it seems, but it seems also a bit naive. Especially in a world, and we should take the reality, not nice highly hypothetical assumptions,

where strong forces are not interested in this happening. And hey, look at the USA, for instance. The world's best, oldest, and strongest democracy on Earth ever. You will never find common ground with such asshole thinking.

The constructs of race, nations, and national states seem to be total bullshit and the beginning of all troubles. Religion is also a very broad topic here. We would have to overcome this all first or describe it as a total personal matter. And I do not see - realizing the reality - how this should function.

The simple problem with all this is the inequality between being constructive and destructive. It needs a much longer time to build a house than to destroy it. Thus, destructive forces always have an advantage. Furthermore, to build something means that you have to have plans, you have to follow rules, and it's demanding. To destroy something only requires the will to destroy, because the result is unimportant as long as something has gotten destroyed in the end. So it seems as if there would be a total mismatch, and this mismatch seems to be the casket nail to all optimistic thinking.

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The Big Conspiracy

The Onion Layer Model

I had used our break to rethink everything - as far as I could. Well, it would be a matter of trusting him or just not. I would have no possibility to prove his words, at least not in advance. It was a bit like dying. Any kind of god or simply nothing - it would become obvious only after your death, or even not. If there were simply "the nothing". So, I could get a final answer only if I tried it. Therefore I should try it. Or was it, as he had said, simply a question, a consideration, about what I had to lose or not? Well,.....

I was a hunter. Well, not that very long ago, a generation or so, I would have been called a policeman. But today I was a hunter, a hunter with much broader rights than policemen had. It was not recommendable to ignore my orders or even try to resist me. It could easily cause your death. And I was on the safe side due to my elaborate immunization and upfront pardons. Did I have to be happy?

Well, I had seen crime movies in my youth, and they became increasingly violent and alike. The foreigner was the enemy, and the brave citizen the hero. Especially when wearing a uniform. The day I joined the police, it still was a police authority, but special forces still existed. Especially to secure the borders and to hunt illegals. Illegals meant criminals, rapists, and drug dealers, mainly from the south and therefore non-vital citizen. They were all the same in a way. Then, more and more, the police authorities disappeared, and all became various special units. The day I had to choose to quit or to join, I joined a special force for domestic crimes. "Domestic Crimes" meant that you got the order to hunt down a criminal, that was your job. The authorities defined who's a criminal. Mainly non-natural citizens, but increasingly also natural white citizens. Well, sometimes, very quietly, it was to be heard that this mostly meant a person not accepting our leadership. But it always gave a case, like this time. The "resistance"?

I could not say that the system would be unfair to me. Well, I had my income. I was able to make my living. Yeah, I was not rich, and there were others much richer. Yet I was only a hunter, not the leader of my special department. And I was no politician leading our nation. And I was no business magnate with the responsibility for our economy. Yeah, the so-called "resistance".

I came in contact with all kinds of rabble. It was therefore only natural that I had some knowledge about what this self-appointed "freedom fighter" claimed. I had monthly psychological talks due to that so that I would not fall for their traps. They said that it would have gotten a time when there had been various political parties that acted in competition with each other. But for what? We had a Senate formed by the most competent of our nation. And this Senate elected their leader. Who

would be more competent to elect our leader than a caucus formed by the bravest and smartest? And then they did not worship. And if so, then they worship the antichrist. But.....

It became constantly harder - yeah, I had the feeling to see contradictions. Never mind climate change! Okay, but it got harder every summer, with less and less water. If we had such a perfect nation, why then did we still have crime? And then it seemed as if the crimes got increasingly brutal, like this case. Or, better, they seemed to become more and more common. If this development were to continue, then.....yeah, what would 2049 be then? If someone told me that there would be a better place, a better nation, a better world - but would the next layer be better? Most likely not, to follow the Frenchman. But I could move on, higher and higher. Maybe even diagonally? But whereto this should lead? Well, there should be something like the "highest" layer. Or the "prime" world. There should be an entity causing all this. I would not age anymore, I would have all the time in the universe, and potentially beyond, to reach the aim. The uppermost layer, the prime world, the first universe, the first-ever entities.

"Jean."

"Yes, Peter."

"Give me some final insights about what I will experience. Then I'm ready to do it."

"I cannot say that you will never regret it. I'm not sure if I regret it. Well, I have experienced so much now, but at last I have the feeling that I have failed. I wish that you would be more successful, my dear friend Peter."

"A few fucking years more, or a whole universe and way beyond. There's no room for hesitation left, my dear friend Jean."

"Then it will be so, Peter."

*

Some idiots have asserted that insecure people, typically men, would compensate for their insecurity by racism, by suppressing others, especially of different color and race. Especially also women. Would rape them, would kill them, or would wage war on them, metaphorically, but even factually. That this would be the only way for them, males, to get a boner, by seeing others get humiliated, have to suffer, or die. I, for one, can only say that this is pure nonsense and bullshit.

First, as a basic stupidity, this thinking implies that all would be equal. Take a look at the Nobel Prizes, for instance. And I mean nowadays. It's still the white man who dominates them, not the colored woman. Not even the white woman. Okay, about such silliness like those for literature and freedom, we have nothing to say. Well, might it be that dark people from certain African trips are dominating kinds of sports, such as running away as fast as possible? But it's the white man that triumphs in real sports like race cars, soccer, football, and ice hockey - wait, football? Well, it's the white quarterback who throws the ball that the dark man can catch the ball. That's the truth. And maybe some have a better feeling for rhythm, one could say - whose painting can be seen in the Louvre? Whose architecture dominates the world? Whose movies and acting? If you were to obliterate all white aspects from Earth, this Earth would lose its identity. But as we started to obliterate all non-white aspects from Earth, it is, as expected, no loss for Earth. It is a purification, a concentration on the real necessary. All unnecessary aspects have to get obliterated, have to die, have to become annihilated.

And no, this is not an arousing act. Like shooting thirty thousand dead in a weekend. It is hard work, it is dirty work, and it is like cleaning up and renovating a rotten house. But you know that one day you will have build something wonderful, that you will proudly look at the house that you have rescued, that you have bestowed a new life, a new future, a better and brighter future. This outlook gives you the spirit and strength to do your deeds, to stay tough until the end.

"What do you think, Graham?"

"A good speech, Mike. We have to motivate our troops to be strong enough to hang though."

"Yeah, and we're on a good way - by the way, Jeffrey has sent me a message."

"And, good news?"

"Well, he asks if we were interested in joining a party next week. He has a nice assortment of pretty young nigger girls straight from Africa. For having fun. Interested in, Mike?"

"Yeah, it's always pleasant to party with Jeffrey. You know, Graham, in confidence? I feel a bit sad when thinking that the time will come and we will have annihilated them all. I think that keeping some for use in breeding stations isn't that stupid. Niggers, the good ones like Himbas or Nuba. Some Asian, like long-legged Korean bitches or tiny Japanese dolls. You know, Graham?"

"I wouldn't say this too loud, Mike. But I strongly agree with you."

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It was a strange but also arousing place. Only by thought could you see every picture ever made, watch every movie, hear every piece of music, and walk around every piece of architecture. And it all appeared to be real. It was like standing in front of a painting, like sitting in a movie theater, being in a concert hall, or walking physically in a building. And you could jump from a museum to a theater and back, from a concert in a stadium to a jazz session or attending a chamber music evening. It was a frenzy of inspiration no kind of drug ever could offer. I was with Bach, then with Haydée, followed by Joplin, and finally Doinel. The list could be endless.

The artistic act as the highest expression of being human. The homo artifex, the artistic human, as the crown of the human being as such, on a level with the homo scientificus, the scientific human. Both represent the human being as a purely constructive being. To consider that these two homines represented the world today was breathtaking. It was a redemption and bliss to be bestowed to live in this world today.

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"Would you answer me one question, Doorkeeper?"

"Of course. Please pose your question."

"I can travel between worlds throughout the entire universe. At least if there is a door, a door suitable to this kind of traveling. I know that there are other kinds of doors, but I have no real insight into what they are or what they cause if passing them. But this is not my real issue.

You allow me to travel between planets. Okay, I have to respect some rules, but these are common rules and not only valid for me. So they are okay for me. But now my problems start.

I have never met another traveler so far - okay, this guy on Earth who attacked me. Yet he had lost his device, whatever this shall mean. So, I have no idea about the other travelers, and especially not about why they are traveling. Is there a multiverse?"

"Okay, these are many questions, and partially difficult to answer questions. Let's start with your last question: this is not the only universe, there are many universes. You know that a universe has a beginning and an end. There have been universes before this universe, and there will be universes after this universe. And yes, there are many universes at the same time."

"Is it possible to travel also to this other universes?"

"Yes, but not through this kind of door. Traveling between universes is something very different from traveling between planets. Your device is not strong enough, apart from being somewhat restricted due to the defects, to travel between universes."

"I'm more and more confused. Have I asked if traveling in time would be possible? Is it?"

"You have already asked the first Doorkeeper you met. And....."

".....why you know this?"

"We Doorkeeper are all connected, as you know."

"Yeah, that's true. If I recall correctly, then he said that it's not possible."

"Not in such a way you think, and not with your device."

"Means?"

"You can travel back in time in a way, but only to visit it - like you visit the planets. You cannot interfere. You could not change the past."

"I have another question."

"Yes."

"Why do you give me all this information? I'm obviously no common traveler - whatever a common traveler would be. You should answer me this question as well. But it's not solved why I have a device, nor why and when it got damaged. You nevertheless provide me all information and allow me to travel wherever I want to. Why?"

"Whatever you are, you are a traveler, and you have a device. Even if damaged. I'm a Doorkeeper and my task is to help you travel. That's what I'm doing."

"What's a 'common traveler'?"

"I can see that you have provided us the information about the status of your civilization regarding the discovery of planets beyond your own planetary system. The sensation regarding the first finding and the astonishment about what crazy planets could be found in other solar systems. Sometimes so weird that science fiction authors would not have dared to describe them as such. But now they became real. Your civilization has not found life on any other object than Earth. Guess?"

"I think that the story would repeat. The first alien lifeform would be a sensation. And at a certain stage we would be surprised at how crazy and weird 'life' could be - right?"

"Apart from that, it's, of course, much more difficult for a civilization to discover foreign lifeforms than planets, yes. 'Life' can mean a lot. A common traveler is a lifeform with a device. The device is what defines a traveler. That's it. 'Traveler' means device, and 'device' means traveler. It's a symbiosis. One without the other is not possible."

"Does every traveler have to have a brain? I mean, that's where my device is located?"

"You start to understand."

"But I'm not the only traveler - or."

"No, oh no. All this only for you? And you have already met a traveler. Right? Even if he did not have the status of a traveler at that moment because he had lost his device."

"Why have I not met any other traveler so far - apart from the one on Earth?"

"We are still not sure who you are, why you have a device, when you got it, and when and why it got damaged."

"This is a blunt answer in a way."

"Yes."

"Would you be able to use this kind of door or maybe even other kinds of doors?"

"No, I'm no traveler. I'm a Doorkeeper, a Doorkeeper for this kind of doors."

"Could I be theoretically capable also of using other kinds of doors?"

"The phenomenon of the doors is complex and manifold. There are even certain kinds of doors that need no device at all. But they lead to nothing, so to speak. And yes, it would be, in theory, possible for you to use every kinds of doors. But the procedure is always a very diverse one. Like doors can often need very different kinds of keys to open them."

"Who invented, or built, or whatever, all this? Not the Doorkeeper, seemingly, I would say now. Who is 'ahead' of all? Who has the oversight, the overview of all this? God? This would be a bit crazy for me."

"If you were to enter a simple civilization, seemingly from out of the nothing, they would most likely assume that you're a god. But you aren't one."

"This is no answer to my question, Doorkeeper."

"Right."

"Wow, are we at a point now where I suddenly get no answers anymore?"

"Yes."

"Would you tell me why?"

"Yes."

Call it Utopia

The Enemy Within

"We have lost five cells now, mainly on the West Coast. And it all began as Peter suddenly disappeared - fuck Garrett, do not tell me that this is a coincidence!"

"It were five relatively unimportant....."

".....fuck, Garrett. You're disgraceful! Tell this to the dead men, the men they got alive to torture them and their relatives. We....."

".....it's okay, Noah, but....."

".....no, Garrett, no! It's not good! Nothing is good!"

"I did not mean it that way, Noah. We have started to react. We change locations and more. Whoever the fink is, his knowledge will be very soon very old."

"Peter?"

"But why then does he not reveal our most important locations and cells? Our headquarters? Only small cells? I cannot believe that Peter is the fink."

"And where is he?"

"We had different opinions, and he was angry. But this does not make him a traitor. I will try to find him."

"And bring him back - seriously?"

"Of course not. But I agree with you. It would be good to know where he is."

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The Big Conspiracy

The Onion Layer Model

"Okay, the first information that I still would need is what will happen when I alternate and what I have to do to alternate. Please provide me this information first, Jean."

"Sure, Peter. So, what happens when you alternate? This is most likely difficult to answer because it seems as if this depends a bit on the person who alternates. At least this is my idea. Simply because I sense the alternation in a somewhat different way than the person who enabled me to alternate described his impressions while alternating. But there are similarities."

"Okay, describe to me these similarities and your impressions."

"So, you experience that the alternation between the different simulations within a layer happens without you experiencing anything. That's obviously the case."

"Sure, as long as I travel around the world in my layer, I notice nothing about that I alternate between different simulations. That's set, Jean."

"So, this is simply because you are a part of this simulation and that all simulations of one layer, even if separated in a way, are also connected with each other in a way. But this does not apply for different layers. They are running independently. It's only that a simulation, when it starts anew, can use data from former simulations of the same time level or before, but there is no direct link. And, to be able to alternate between different layers, you have to "decouple" from your layer - let me talk about this first for a moment.

I will change your code, manifested as your brain, in such a way that you are no longer a part of this layer - and of course, this will have consequences! You will be no longer be able to interact with this layer, but also this layer can no longer interact with you, Peter."

"Wow, this means?"

"That you can do everything in a way, but also nothing. You are a simple observer then. Say that you see that someone is in danger and you want to warn this person. You cannot do it! You are

outside this layer now, every layer. But this gives you the possibility to alternate between the layers."

"Wait a moment, Jean. Would I be a kind of supernatural identity then, only not able to interfere? Could I walk through walls, walk over water? I do not get it, Jean."

"Well, I feared that we'd come to this point, Peter. That's the moment when your doom will begin. When you start to ponder what all would be possible, especially if I could interact with a layer in some ways. You have to decide, Peter. Is your wish to ascend, or is your wish to play a bit being Jesus? It's your decision, Peter."

"One more question, Jean. Ghosts, gods, prophets? Could it be that this all is related to what we're talking about right now? Jean?"

"Forget it, Peter! This is no shitty Hollywood movie, Peter. But I have to confess that I had similar thoughts, and I wasted a lot of time in finding it out. Remember that I come from a time when suchlike has been treated very differently. No, these are all human fantasies. Please, Peter, swear to me that you will not make my mistakes. Swear to me that you will concentrate on the only thing important: to ascend as far as possible - do you swear this to me, Peter?"

"Yes, Jean, I will swear it to you. But,....."

".....yes, Peter."

"There could be an endless amount of layers - or suddenly no layers anymore. I mean, if they are simulations, then all could be possible."

"Not an endless row of layers. But I know what you mean. Is there an assurance that, if I ascend only high enough, I will find answers? That's your concern - right, Peter?"

"Yes, Jean."

"As I said already, Peter. I cannot guarantee that this all will become satisfying for you. I see a good possibility that there will be a moment when you're me and you will hand over the possibility to ascend to someone else. Most likely it will be so. But maybe someone will find answers at some point. That's all I can say, Peter."

"And if they just stop this simulation at one point, Jean?"

"And if the String Theory is right? That the universe is a brane in the higher-dimensional bulk and the Big Bang is an event when two branes collide - what could happen at any time? See it this way, Peter: will you be able find an answers to the "crucial" question? Most likely not, to be honest. But it's much better than waiting until this time of this simulation of this shitty layer finds its end very soon. I feel blessed that I had the possibility to ascend, but I'm disappointed in what I made out of this possibility. It's your decision, Peter."

"How does it feel to ascend, Jean?"

"I feel it like a "nothing", like there would be nothing anymore, the "space" between two layers. But is it possible to "feel nothing". It's like thinking of nothing. Like being dead, but you are aware of being dead. At the beginning I had the feeling that this would last long, nearly endlessly, but most likely the transfer from one layer to another is more or less instant. I think that you're simply not able to grasp the moment of alternation, and therefore your mind tries to find a solution for it. That's all that I can say to you about the moment of alternation, Peter."

"Okay, nevertheless, I believe that this helps a lot. How do I start the process, Jean?"

"I will add code to your code. As already said, it will be written mostly in the most initial parts of your brain if we use the image of your brain. You have only to have the wish to alter. This will trigger the process. It's like giving a computer the command to start a program, and the program starts to run then. Never forget: you, your brain, these are only manifestations of a simulation that runs a code. The code is the only existing as such. But I have to tell you that it's difficult at the beginning to start the program - to stick with this image - and "exhausting". What does this mean, Peter."

You have to develop a routine in alternating between layers. I needed many tries to get it to function for the first time. It requires concentration and calmness. But it will function better every time you alternate. Exhausting, yeah, it feels exhausting, especially at the beginning. The first time that I managed to alternate, the first time I manifested in another layer, this was totally overwhelming. It

totally overwhelmed my senses and mind. I required an apparent infinity to deal with it. But hey, you would have an infinity, Peter! You are outside the layers then. You will no longer age. Time is no longer for you. So, do not panic after the first time. Just give yourself the "time" you require. Another strange aspect, Peter?"

"As if this wouldn't be enough, Jean. But of course. The more I know, the better."

"What do you think, being outside the layers, Peter? Still hungry? Will your heart still beat - being timeless? Will you still breathe? What do you think, Peter?"

"I feel overwhelmed right now, Jean."

"I can only tell you my experiences, Peter. I always had the feeling that my heart would still beat, and I breathed, not knowing if this would make any sense. I felt hungry, but how should I eat, and why? And so I realized that I would not have to eat - I did not age anymore. I think that also such impressions and feelings are simply only an expression of the difficulty to understand and deal with the capability to alternate between the layers. I fear that you will have similar impressions and experiences, Peter."

"Okay, I have the feeling that this was a blunt description of what awaits me. How will you give me the code, and what will happen with you, Jean?"

"I cannot copy the code, nor could the person who gave me the code. I will transfer the code from me to you. As a manifestation, I simply have to touch you. And no, Peter, I do not touch your head, doing something "holy". I simply can touch you everywhere. We can hold hands if you like. So, this part is simple in a way."

"And what will happen with you, Jean?"

"I will become fully manifested in this layer thereafter. A layer I do not belong to. It will be my end, Peter. But do not worry. It will be a redemption for me. And it will be easy for me knowing that you will be more clever, that you will concentrate on ascending as much as possible to try to find the answers, Peter."

"Then let's do it, Jean."

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Call it Utopia

First Step

"The High Council of the reborn GUSA, the Greater United States of America, announces you, Peter Paul Maurer, to be our newly created Special Counselor for Fighting Domestic Terrorism. Mr. Maurer, will you accept this honor and commitment?"

"Yes, I will, High Commander of the High Council."

"Will you swear by your life that nothing is more important for you than the perpetuation of the GUSA, the flourishing of the GUSA, the glory of the GUSA, represented by our Prime Spiritual Fuehrer, the almighty Divine Holy Father Donald the First?"

"Yes, I will."

"Then take this torch and start the fire that will devour one and six of his domestic enemies that you offered us by your deeds as a sign of when it all began. Their screaming will be the background vocals to end this ceremony."

"I thank you, High Commander, for your confidence in me, and I will not fail you." I took the torch.

"I know that some doubt, but I'm not a man of words. I'm a man of action. This seven to burn alive can be only a symbol for my will to serve the GUSA. Like they are a symbol of the day when the movement started to change everything and showed how weak and shameful all the former was. I will burn another one and twenty-one that we will become arrested this night as my first official action, in a private celebration tomorrow, to honor the day when all started to manifest."

I took the torch and lit up the fire. Started the fire that would burn seven people, three men and four women, alive, and my pulse rate was not accelerated. Well, I did not know them, not privately, and

even if I did? This was no moment to be sentimental. It was a moment to be cynical. I did not hear them screaming, as I did not hear the screaming of the world as such. I had a mission, I had a goal, I had one purpose in life left now. And everything else did not count any longer.

"I'm impressed, Peter. I do not see the slightest compassion for our unlucky burning seven."

"Why should I, High....."

".....call me Pete, Peter. The formal part of your inauguration is over. I hope that you're not too disappointed that it wasn't nothing public, Peter?"

"No, absolutely not, Pete. I'm no man of words, I have said. I'm also no man who's interested in formalities. Well, I have an aim, that's all, Pete."

"I give you some advice, Peter. Maybe someone could understand this as a danger for his position and person, Peter. Such blunt talking. You understand, Peter?"

"Of course, Pete. But to be frightened of me, you have to be one of my enemies. My friends can rely on me until my death. Would you give me the honor of attending my private celebration tomorrow, Pete?"

"You will burn another twenty-two, Peter? Of course! I hope that you plan some additional amusements, Peter?"

"Of course, Pete. Whereby, I fear that I will not be able to keep up with what's said about your celebrations, Pete. Nevertheless, it will be an evening with my friends and enemies. It would be an absolute honor if you were one of them, Pete."

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The Big Epiphany

Why This Civilization Will Fail

This civilization will fail? Give me one reason why not! I once wrote a utopia and thought that I should not make it too easy for myself. Not in the way: I woke up and suddenly everything was fine. I thought that I should therefore find a good reason that the human civilization was able to give all a positive turn and creating an utopian future. The only reason I could imagine, after pondering it for a longer time, was that humankind nearly annihilated themselves. But even this seemed not to be enough. Even after this, warlords started to fight each other until only a very limited number of humans were still alive. And now, even under such pressure, only some created the idea that it could be maybe a bit more clever to work together than to finally erase humankind. But not all came to this idea. There was resistance, but more and more followed it to gather in one city - not more were left. They started to work together, and they were able to build a new society, which required a very long time. They simply figured out that working together was the clue. And why will our civilization now fail? Well, just because of this!

We are deeply selfish creatures, not able to share or to help, even if it would help everybody. We cannot find solutions in an open process, because solutions would mean consequences, and these consequences could mean restrictions for me. And the more one "has to lose" the more selfish. This seems to be a rule. Even up to the perversion that if "losing something" meant to "lose" a hardly to realize amount of what's there. Even this possible petty "losing" becomes exaggerated to something threatening, blasphemous.

Maybe this world is another planet's hell - a quote attributed to Aldous Huxley. What I do not understand is the "maybe". Sartre? Assumed that Earth would represent advanced life in the universe as such would be horrifying and staggering. As a possibility, okay. But as a rule, unbearable. But even if only a possibility, it would be necessary that nothing like a warp drive or hyperspace ever could exist. That traveling over interstellar distances would be possible. Then you could reshape the quote: a planet like Earth is the universe's hell. Bad luck for you when living on one of these planets.

*

It was a vain discussion, but occasionally it had to be.

"Come on, what's more fucking lustful than to mow them down by the hundred? Having a fucking big gun in your hands and pulling the trigger like in a frenzy. Seeing them shredding, hearing them screaming, seeing them falling down like pins? Sure, a guy like you tells everybody what "sportsmanship" it is to lie in wait and stalk your prey, waiting for hours for a good moment for a shot. To hit them down unexpectedly. But man, that's nonsense. We do not talk about a proud prey like big game or a mighty bird of prey. We discuss vermin and scum not worthy to be called humans. They are less than a rabbit or a snake."

They could not understand that the real act of the art of hunting was to compete with your prey, especially in the manhunt. Sure, they were human scum, but interesting as prey. Not only once was I close to risking losing the fight, which made the victory only sweeter. What they made was canned hunting. What I did was to compete with the prey to persist as the dominator. They had no idea what it really meant to be a manhunter.

"As far as I'm concerned, I prefer the flamethrower. I like them roasted!"

Their laughing only revealed their petty-mindedness. I would have a fantastic hunt next week. A whole family on an isle. Father and son would be my biggest enemies, the mother for cutting her down, and the two daughters for having some fun. Five versus one, this was reverential for a white male dominator. Not their silly little games!

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I had worked for hours on it now, but still I felt that it still did not represent exactly what I wanted to express. I felt devastated, imperfect, and not able to achieve one of my goals. Was I even predestined to achieve such a near-hubristical aim, an aim never achievable as such? It was about the fight with this contradiction. This was the aim: to resist or to fail, to create art or frippery. And so I started again to work on my work, knowing that I would be still, even hours or days later, not be satisfied with the result. It is this insurgency that emerges the homo artifex, the opifex, the ultimate incarnation of the human as artist. That was for sure, and only this.

Being Hilary Putnam

All Changes

"My first, simple question, Mr. Maurer, would be: How do you feel? You can give me a short, basic answer, Mr. Maurer."

"It's a bit challenging to tell, especially in a simple way. But as a summary, maybe, very differently from the last time."

"Would you say that it was a longer time ago that we talked for the last time, Mr. Maurer?"

"As a feeling, I would say: yes. I have such a huge amount of pictures and storylines in my now. I have the feeling that there is much more complexity, and in a way all seems to be connected with everything - at least more or less. All seems to point in one direction, towards one certain point. But I'm not sure what would be happen if I were to reach it. Apart from that, there are some "glimpses" that disturb me. They do not seem to fit other aspects, but maybe they reflect a kind of inner truth. I feel like a lot would be in progress."

"And I apologize that we interrupted you, Mr. Maurer. But also we have noticed a development. It seems as if you start to relax, create longer moments, and even loops. Your mind seems to be a significant amount less disturbed. It nearly seems as if a chaotic stage would mount into a creative stage. Could you see it this way, Mr. Maurer?"

"Well, I'm not sure. There seem to be different layers. Some are seemingly very elementary and basic. Like a basic instinct coded in the most ancient parts of your brain. This aspect appears to be disturbing. But there are also moments of exploring something huge, discovering various aspects of it, step by step. It's incredible to see what a hard-to-grasp space this seems to develop. And then there are moments of deep contemplating - I just do not know whether it's nonsense or something profound. All in all? Yes, "creative" seems to be an interesting word. But I also have the feeling that all could overturn effortlessly. Where will this all lead to? What if these disturbing "glimpses" become more dominant? "Creative" seems to be a nice word, but if you had asked about fearing to run mad, I would also not have negated this. As said, I have no idea where this all will lead."

"Well, I also will be unable to answer this, Mr. Maurer. But I have the feeling that giving it all a chance would be fascinating, Mr. Maurer. What do you think?"

"What alternatives would I have?"

"If it was your real wish, Mr. Maurer, then we could end this all at any time. You understand, Mr. Maurer?"

"Yes."

"Shall we end it?"

"No. I'm too curious about what will happen next."

"Then we continue, Mr. Maurer?"

"Yes."

"I have to tell you also that it would be another possibility to keep you conscious, Mr. Maurer. But we have no idea what this would cause. We think it would be too early currently. But it would be your decision, Mr. Maurer."

"No."

"So we continue with our program, Mr. Maurer?"

"Yes. I think that I need more time to ponder, to dream, to imagination."

"Then it will be so, Mr. Maurer."

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The Big Conspiracy

The Ripple Effect

I wasn't in a good mood the whole day, a dull day, with only gray clouds and partial rain. Fifteen days after we had celebrated the one hundred and thirty-seventh birthday of our everlasting Great Führer Adolf Hitler - as always, it had been a lavish festivity over five days. Only to bridge to the fifty-first anniversary of his death five days ago. As always, it was celebrated with a three-day-long national mourning ceremony. So, this all ended two days ago - was this the reason for my mental state? First the celebration of his birth, then the grieving about his death - was this the reason? I did not assume this, to be fair.

I had been nearly ten years of age as he died, and I had no distinct memories on it - what would be not be in my favor if I spoke this out loud. Next month, June, would be my birthday, my sixty-first birthday, and shortly thereafter the third anniversary of my mother's death. And the next month, July, the same with my sibling's birthday and the second anniversary of my father's death. But also, this was no explanation for my mental state. Memories popped up.

Eleven years old, a year after our Great Führer's tragic death, I came back home in a perfect mood, back from school, main school. I told my parents, my grandmother was still alive, that someone had addressed me at school. A representative from the Hitler Jugend - the name never changed - was in our class and had asked for our interests. I had shared with him that I was interested in the stars, and he had asked me if I would like to join the HJ. There I could explore the stars at a public observatory in Heilbronn, on an academic high school. I should not be hesitating, not fearing, because it was on an academic high school. I would be welcomed there as a member of the HJ.

Well, my parents weren't delighted about this idea, especially not my grandmother. How should I drive to Heilbronn from Bad Friedrichshall, from Kochendorf? And maybe late at night, back again? Only later did I understand that this wasn't their biggest concern.

Greater Germany, the Greater German Reich, the largest and strongest power that ever existed. Genghis Khan or Alexander the Great, the Roman Empire or the British Empire? They all were nothing compared to the Greater German Reich. Whereby, we Germans had been a bit more clever - or history had endowed us. It had not been self-evident. Even if this was, of course, the official interpretation.

The Second World War had reached a crossroads - Germany and Japan fought together. Nearly the whole world tried to force us to our knees, but they had not assumed the German greatness. After some difficulties at the beginning and the bumbling tries of our enemies to stop our efforts, it were the great German physicists who developed the first nuclear bomb in 1943. From now on the German will was unstoppable. Shortly after, we had two, then three, then five nuclear bombs ready to use - but we were clever Germans.

We threatened the USA with dropping them on the most important American cities if they wouldn't stop their hostilities towards the German Reich immediately. And what wankers they were! We had not even had to use one of our bombs, which would not have been easy at all in the States, even though Wernher von Braun had already developed the V-5 missile. But hey, Roosevelt chickened out, like every pathetic Yankee, and he consented to a peace agreement. The rest was easy: threatening London and Paris, now without the American backing, they had to surrender. We gave three of our nuclear bombs to the Japs to threaten China - but hey, the Japs were ruthless. They bombed Beijing, Shanghai, and Nanjing - to finish the job this time. And we Germans? Well, we were clever enough to establish a doctrine: Germany was the only nation allowed to have nuclear weapons. And we enforced it.

Sure, the USA and Russia thought they were clever. But we located their sites where they tried to develop their own nuclear weapon and nuked them - as well as Chicago, the city of niggers, and Stalingrad, to make fun of the Russian pyrrhic victory in 1943. Yeah, and we had to nuke Hiroshima and Nagasaki later, to tell the Japs who was the ultimate leader. But since then, it was enough to threaten with the bomb. We no longer had to use it. And this was good. Like our H-bombs or cobalt bombs. And today?

Well, I had to confess, we Germans were clever. We were not interested in invading other countries anymore. Sure, we had to expand the territory of the Greater German Reich to its natural borders towards the east, west, and south. But apart from that? It was more interesting for us that the world, under the German leadership, supported us with all our needs in natural resources and whatever we demanded. We gave a shit on who ruled in the Middle East - they loved us after we had annihilated the Jews. We got all the oil we wanted. That was the deal. Who was the dictator in what African shit nation? Why should we be interested as long as the current dictators worked through our list of demands? The same in South America and Asia. Europe was naturally our home soil. We had the everlasting chair in the European Council to govern Europe to our will. And North America? Well, we allowed the Americans some leeway to feel a bit like a strong nation. But it was like with the other continents: only as long as they fulfilled our wishes. But then we were generous, and we helped them to make Canada one of their states. No, "all for Germany" was not our motto anymore. However, "all that we want" was our demand.

Yeah, it was not a nice day today, and it was not because of the dead Führer or my dead parents. It was - was all okay as it was? Well, maybe this was a strange question for a German. No society in history ever had such a high standard of living like we Germans today. Every citizen of the Greater German Reich, every German by blood, got a lifelong and lavish basic income. No German had to work. Well, we therefore had a whole world to work for us. Of course, we needed German officials to organize everything, and German soldiers, of course, as well. But it was a voluntary service that amplified your income, of course, and bestowed upon you various privileges. But you did not have to. And why was I unhappy now? A guilty conscience, potentially? I was a German. I was superior

to everything due to birth. Why should I have suchlike scruples? We had annihilated the Jews, and the Arabs loved us for it. So, why should I have scruples? I had loved it being on the observatory.

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The Big Conspiracy

The Onion Layer Model

Two things had happened - three if we counted the transfer of the code as well. Yeah, I was no longer a part of this simulation - nobody noticed me anymore. But I was also no longer be able to interact with anything in this simulation. The good aspect was that I was untouchable now, at least as long as I did not have the impulse to create any kind of connection to the layer as Jean had done. And I had made some first experiences that nothing was real anymore for me now - I could literally try to walk through walls or walk on water. But, firstly, nobody would see it. And then, it was simply useless, like a hole in your head. I was no longer a part of this layer, and it was a strange feeling, like being in a transparent bubble. I saw what happened, but it was like watching a movie. Yeah, I needed time to adapt to this new situation. But this wasn't my aim anyway.

I had started to try to ascend, but also I started to understand that it would not be that easy. I wasn't so much a person for meditation. Not that it had to be meditation as such, but it would have helped me a lot now had I be used to it. I felt that there was something, something that hadn't been there before, but it required concentration. And I was not good at it.

I got distracted too often - pondered if I should simply let the time pass by to see what the next few years would yield. I would no longer age. Time had no meaning for me anymore - would it all really end in such a disaster that Jean had anticipated? Jean? Well, he had demanded that I not observe his fate. He had sent me away. No longer should I see people formerly known to me. I would not come to the rest then, to ascend. I stayed most of the time in nations like China, Japan - or Africa. Well, I could still observe the layer, and I tried to find some insights that would help me find the inner rest to create the amount of concentration to ascend. Was it all a fake? No, I felt that I improved. That it would be only a matter of time. And time was what I had beyond all measure now.

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Call it Utopia

Trust the Trustworthy

"I do not trust him, he's too perfect."

"Whatever, we're on a good way to erase all our enemies within."

"But I'm not convinced about that this would be a good aim. We use this fucking resiststance to justify our restrictive domestic laws. What if we have no enemies within anymore, High Councilor?"

"You have been always a very clever guy, often acting like a jester, Councilor Jack. But you were never interested in to reach higher honors, did you?"

"I'm satisfied with my status, High Councilor. And I would be interested to keep it. But there's an arriviste who spreads his tentacles only the more all the time. It's said that he's no longer satisfied with his stats as a "Special Counselor for Fighting Domestic Terrorism". It's said that he wants to become a regular councilor, even a member af the High Council."

"He's only a puppet, and he will realize this when it's time. He's doing an outstanding job right now, but we decide how long and how far. He's a greedy man, but he will not be able to jar our wonderful nation. Yeah, he might be greedy, but we're the greed. He might be relentless, but we're the relentlessness. He might be devious, but we're the deviousness. He's the arriviste, as you correctly

said, but we're the supreme of this nation. In two months, we'll have him cornered so that he'll squeak. Don't worry, Councilor Jack. He's only a means to an end."

*

Up Your Ass

Neverwhere

I was a bit disoriented for a moment, waking up naked in a sparse white room - lying on a kind of simple daybed. But puzzled I was as I started to look at my body - not that my body didn't appear to be interesting. My first guess was easily and definitely beyond six foot six and at least 220 lbs., plus a sight more. Whereby, I connected the weight also with something else, but not the body size. And I connected the weight to fat, but what I saw was pure muscle, brutal muscular mass. And I had to say that what I saw between my upper legs also pleased me extremely well. The only thing I had problems with was that I had two names in mind. Peter had the weight but not the size, and between the legs something small and shriveled. And then there was David. But I associated nothing with David apart from the feeling that David should be me. The man who was massive in size, tremendous in muscles, and breathtaking in masculine pride. I noticed that I had no mirror in my sparse room as the door opened - four women entered it. Four gorgeous women. Not naked as I, but concealing nothing with their clothing. I was a bit shy as they stepped in.

"There's nothing to be hidden," said the woman with black hair and a white kind of tunic that was so transparent that it was no matter of fantasy anymore, "all that I see is absolutely presentable."

"I think that he's still confused by the fact that he's here now, Valerie." Well, braun hair - or was it reddish-brown or so? - and a green tunic.

"Sure he's still a bit confused, Jenny, but that's no reason to be prudish. Especially if suchlike equipped - what do you think? Dorothy? Marie?" Blond hair and a red tunic, and red hair and a black tunic.

So I had their names now, and it seemed that there was a clear hierarchy: Valerie, then Jenny, and finally Dorothy and Marie. Well, in a way they had some things in common but were also different - apart from the hair color and color of their tunics. All of them seemed to be roughly the same age. Not young, no twenty-something anymore. But not old either - not much beyond forty or even older. I guessed that Valerie would be at the end of her thirties or at the beginning of her forties. Jenny was possibly a bit younger, and Dorothy and Marie were a bit younger in any case. Whereby, I was lousy at guessing women's ages, and they all appeared to be arousing what I could no longer cover up. But hey, they seemed to like it - and I was also satisfied with what I saw, more than satisfied. Although not all of my blood wandered downwards, I was still capable of forming a question: "Would you please tell me where I am, and maybe eventually even who I am?" Now I was a bit puzzled that my question caused cheerful laughter.

"This is the planet Neverwhere, and our habitat is named Ventnor City." It was Marie who answered me, who approached me now, the redhead with the black tunic on - whereby, a simple move, the removal of a fibula, the black tunic was gone. Now it started to become difficult to form a sentence as I stared at her full but well-rounded and natural breasts with the glooming pink nipples, down her body to her firm thighs and the red hypnotizing bush in between: "And my name?" A voice from behind. It was Dorothy. Well, I could glimpse the blond hair, no red tunic anymore: "In your world you are Peter, but in ours you are David." Now I felt Marie's hand between my legs and Dorothy's from behind, and also Valerie and Jenny wore no tunic anymore. Then it became hard to catch anything at all.

*

"I have told you that there are different types of doors, that you can travel between planets without any limit, and that there are many universes. Also that you can travel in time - okay, forward in time is one aspect. But even back in time, but with limitations. You might have the feeling that this all fits together in a certain way, but that you miss a connector. Well, it's more than a connector, but in the end it's only one certain piece of information. And sorry, I cannot provide you this information right now, what all connects everything you know."

"I have pondered how this travelling functions - is this behind the door a kind of hyperspace? Between universes via something like a warp drive where the space is moving but you're steady? I think that there has been something on a higher level, something superordinated."

"Yeah, there's nothing like a hyperspace or a slipstream or whatever. And a warp drive is funny, but not more. But yes, as said, there's something that connects everything, and because of this connection, you can travel."

"But you will not tell me, Doorkeeper. Right?"

"Right. At least not now. In a way it's straightforward, way easier than all these ideas about a hyperspace or a warp drive. But it has massive consequences. And as said, it is unclear to us why you have a device. It should not be, but it is."

"And if you find your answers, will this be the end of me? At least of my capability of travelling?"

"Bluntly?"

"Yes, Doorkeeper."

"It would depend on the answer we will find."

*

Up Your Ass

Everywhere

Well, I had lost track of time, but it had been hours, I would say - at least! And I knew that I had pleased the women, all four, and not only once - even if I had no insights about the details. Over and under, frontal and from behind, in whatever hole, in whatever combination, I had done a fantastic job. But now I was run-down.

We had adjourned to a different room after some time of foreplay, a room with a giant bed, a davenport, a robust table, and various useful chairs - this room offered charming opportunities to get creative. But we all lie on the giant bed now, two of the women on both of my sides. My cock got cozy pleasure, and I pleased the pussies alike. It was a perfect moment - and I started to have breath again to form some thoughts.

"I would rather not spoil the mood, but there's still a question left - better two. Questions I would have." I hoped that this would be no downer. Everything had been simply incredible so far.

"Of course not," it was Valerie who answered me while she sucked my nipples, "we have to explain to you some special characteristics of Neverwhere anyway. But what are your questions?" With this, the sucking changed into a biting - a soft biting, of course.

"Well, I still have no idea why I'm here and how it happened that I'm here." It all was pure pleasure so far, but you'll never know.

"This is the planet Neverwhere, and you are in the city of Ventnor. Well, the planet of Neverwhere has some special features, as does our habitat." It was still that Valerie speaking, but now she started to put her tongue deep into my mouth, and it seemed as if Jenny would continue. I could not see so much with Valerie's face directly in front of mine - and sometimes also her perfectly formed large tits.

"It's not by chance that only women are here right now, because the planet Neverwhere is populated by women only." I tried to follow her. I could understand her words, but I had a bit of trouble processing them and creating my own thoughts. "And we have to confess that usually we do not feel this as a disadvantage - women can have much fun together." And right already now I felt

another tongue starting to play with my glans as I had four lesbian women in my mind. "But Neverwhere is unfortunately no paradise, not outside the habitats. Quite the contrary. But we have managed to keep the outside out, and so it's mostly wonderful here. As long as the outside does not manage to penetrate our habitats." Wow, I would like it now to penetrate something else, but I thought that it would also be no mistake to get some answers. "As said, ordinarily we women are in no need of anyone else, but if the outside penetrates, then we have to confess that we're only women. We require a man to help us then, to save us. And what we can offer as a reward, we are showing you right now." Okay, but wasn't there one more question? Ah, yes!

"How is it that I'm here now, no longer on Earth, no longer being Peter? Now I'm on Neverwhere, and I'm David." Not that I would not like it. I mean, pondering on Peter's personal best so far? One of these women would have been too much for him. Marie penetrated my range of vision and answered me.

"As Jenny mentioned previously....." I had known that it had been Jenny! Only her voice was fucking hot apart from the rest. But I tried to follow Marie's words. ".....we're only women on Neverwhere. And also, in any reach, we do not know any planet with men on it in our universe. But we discovered how to use the multidimensional space to explore other universes - in the end it's simpler than exploring your universe. And after some efforts, we discovered Earth, a planet populated by women, but also by men. We can transfer life from other universes to ours, but not the other way around." Wow, even under such circumstances, I caught these words. "Would this mean that I cannot return to Earth?" "Would you like to be Peter again, David!" And this was Dorothy as she grabbed my cock, put the long and hard rod into her pussy, and started riding me. "Not really. Fuck, not a bit!" And this was the fucking truth while I felt that this other question started to dissolve in the next hours of pure and dirty sex without any limits: Why the fuck was I here?

*

Mercy

Not Today

I had him in my sight, and he had not the slightest idea that he had come into the firing line of me. He talked frolicsome with a waitress, unsuspecting that his life could end with every second now. Yeah, life was a fucking bitch.

My finger at the two-stage trigger, I felt the pressure point, the moment of being the master of life and death. But not today, buddy, not today. My finger decompressed, I started to breathe again, and put my sniper rifle aside. Today wasn't the day. Not today.

*

Judge and Executioner by the Monsters' Mercy

No Choice

"It's all over, buddy," I said, "let's bring it to an end."

Hey, we both knew how this would end, so why put off the evil hour? But okay, there was this survival instinct, and I had to deal with it. And if this ended in that I could not read his rights before executing the sentence, then it would be not my fault. So I chased him a bit more until we reached a good place, then I used the hand-held flamethrower to burn him down. He would not be dead immediately, and I had a bit of time to do my duty.

"Charles Mingus, due to the rights bestowed on me by our gracious leadership, I condemn you as a judge to death, and as an executioner I enforce it immediately. If you want to enter a caveat, then you have the opportunity after the enforcement of the sentence."

Well, it was his fault that I could not respect the common order of procedure. But anyway, it was a death sentence caused by subversive behavior. No appeal was designated anyway. I got the name and all the available data, and then I sentenced the subversive element and executed the sentence just after the sentencing. This was a time saving and economic procedure. Well, we talked about subversive elements. It all had to be quite correct. This was important!

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Three or four beer bottles fell from the table as I tried to stand up - it was my job. I had to do it. I had become selected. Fit but not so clever, they had said. Well, it was true in a way, always an average pupil in the state school. My parents could not afford a public school, and it would have been wasted money, obviously, anyway. But I was fit and was good at sports - but professional sports was not for common boys like me. Only public schools and universities offered this opportunity. So they asked me - well, it was a rhetorical question - if I wanted to serve my country and become a servant of the state. Well, there was only one answer left: Yes, yes, of course! What an honor!

It was hard at the beginning, all the.....executions of the sentences. Whereby, the sentence was always the same. They told me what the sentence should be. And I read it and issued my verdict therewith. And to make it simple and fast, I also executed my verdicts immediately thereafter. It was a very clever procedure in a way. And one week of paid special leave after every closed case. Apart from a good salary as such, perfect health care, and an all-round carefree package for retirement. Workers had to work until death. No retirement was planned for them. Only for the civil servants. I was privileged. I opened my next beer.

*

Up Your Ass

Everything Has Its Time

It was undoubtedly a fact that one could define me as the masculinity as such. But even due to this fact, I had to confess that after the second round of hard and dirty, hours long, sex with these four ladies, I needed immediately a break - "he" needed a break.

It all was shadowy, but I definitely had four pussies in mind, four asses, four faces and mouths, and four backs and necks - I was not the guy interested in feet. Okay, thighs and calves by any means. The point was that I had fucked like hell for hours once more, that I had gotten fucked for hours like hell once more, and that I was dead now. They required me to be their savior, to protect them from the "outside". Whatever that would mean. But was this a good way to prepare me for my task to suck me out totally? I would need strenght - would I? Not empty, sucked dry balls - or? But okay, they hadn't said that they would need me as their savior immediately. And yes, this was a very nice way to motivate me, showing me what would await me after fulfilling my duty.

"How many women are living in this habitat?" It was even hard to form such a simple and obvious question.

"Two hundred and fifty of all ages." I had no idea which of the ladies had answered my question because I had my eyes closed. I was exhausted and had no real idea where I was right at the moment, or the ladies. Not in the bed, it seemed. But two hundred and fifty? And, "of all ages"? Sure, also a mature lady could still be very arousing. Enough examples popped up in my mind. Okay, maybe not endlessly. And the other way around? Well, I tried not to be infamous. Whereby, a technical question arose: What would "deflowering" mean here? I started to get at least some blood back in my brain. So I opened my eyes and raised my upper body.

I lay on the davenport, Dorothy between my legs. I was able to spot Valerie and Jenny on the bed. It seemed as if they had had a special round of lesbian sex there. Marie? I had some problems spotting

Marie. So I decided to try it again as previously, just speaking out a question without addressing someone directly. "Would one give me some better insights into the task in front of me, my duty? What does "fighting the outside" actually mean?" Wow, I was surprised and impressed with myself that I was already again capable of forming such a clear and well-structured question.

"Come on, David," it was Marie - not that I could identify her voice, but the other three did not speak. I had to twist unhealthily to see her behind me sitting in a huge leather armchair. She was seemingly relatively fresh and still horny. Could it be that she had gotten neglected over the last few hours? That would break my heart. She had her pussy spread, using a creepy-looking device, and a charming little lap dog licked her clit. "Come on, David, there's a time for everything. We will advise you profoundly when it's time. But not now. Do not destroy this nice moment!" Well, at this moment it seemed as if she would have an orgasm - not always so distinctively interpretable by women. We men were always very distinct, not only regarding our orgasms. But she had the charitableness to address me further on before she concentrated on her fluffy lap dog again. To kiss the piece of fur and not only the French way. "You will fight a monster for us. We women are too weak to fight monsters. This has been since all the time the endeavor of men. Like Perseus to rescue Andromeda from getting devoured by the sea monster Cetus. Only that you not get only an Andromeda as a wife for your bravery. You will get hundreds of Andromedas, Cassiopeias, and Berenices at your own disposal. Venus and the Virgin, and much more than only The Seven Sisters." I got the impression that she was a wise woman, as her cute lap dog licked her nipples. As Dorothy had nearly my whole dick along with my balls in her mouth. Yeah, there was a time for everything. So I leant back again, closed my eyes again, and started to prepare to be Perseus - or Achilles, with waving blond curls? Yeah, everything had its time. And now I was David!

*

The Big Conspiracy

The Onion Layer Model

For six years I had tried it now, to ascend, and the one or other time I had the feeling to be very near, but it had never functioned in the end so far. Six years, but time had no meaning for me anymore - I did not age anymore. On the other hand, an hour was still an hour, and a day was a day, only that I got no longer affected by it.

The time span of this layer, my previous layer, headed towards the end, and as Jean had predicted, it all became worse with every year. The climate was increasingly out of control because short-term interests of a few, but a few able to fool a majority, spoiled everything. One fucking president in the States was no longer able to maintain the facade and collapsed, but his successor was even more destructive in the end. Russia lost his war and collapsed, but the others weren't able to stabilize the collapsing Russia, not becoming a wholly failed and dead-end nation. China saw his opportunities and invaded Taiwan, but especially the eastern parts of Russia. And "the western nations" had no idea how to answer such development. Moreover, not as Israel, now totally out of control with an insane leader, used its nuclear power to subdue the Middle East. The land that was bestowed by God through the Holy Book. And Europe decayed more and more and became a part of history itself. I followed Jean's wish and did not try to figure out his fate.

*

So I sat on the top of a soft hill in the Gobi desert - the monotouniousness around me helped me to concentrate. I tried, as so often before, not to try to put something into operation. I tried to empty my mind, which was extremely difficult for me, even after six years of training. It simply had to happen. That was what Jean had told me. And the one time or other it had been near, I had felt it, but at last I always failed. And so I was also not this time very optimistic - quantum physics? Even

something presumably not possible can happen, with a certain degree of possibility - okay, this was a very basic view on the tunnel effect or radioactive decay as an example for it. But the point was that something possible as such, even if highly unlikely, would happen one day. So, if I tried it again and again, then it should happen one day - I knew that this all was pure nonsense. But it helped me not to despair.

And so I sat on the top of the hill, gazed into space - I had learned that it seemed to be better with open eyes and not by closing them. And then suddenly a strange feeling, motion, captured me - it felt like a tremendous force would catch me and would throw me away! I was no longer able to seize anything. Was this the moment I had waited for six long years now? Then I lost my consciousness.

*

The Big Conspiracy

The Ripple Effect

What separated a German, say, from a Jew? The chosenness? Well, what could one expect more than to be chosen by God, to be the Chosen Ones? To be superior among all because God favored you? Well, Jews, it had not functioned, this with your God, and we had annihilated you. I would guess that Jews would not have hesitated one second to annihilate others to get their from God bestowed land. Only that we had been faster.

The ruthlessness? Well, what all the Japs had done with the Chinese - well, this was partially hard stuff even for us Germans! And the Chinese in the former Russian western parts now? There was this story about a German soldier who grabbed a baby from its mother's arms to hit its head against a stone wall until death at the Warsaw Ghetto. Well, the tutorial therefore one could find in the Bible, and not only once! Had we to talk about African leaders who slaughtered their own people in extreme ways? Honestly, I would not eat a body part of a Jew, and definitely not one of a German. No, and I meant this seriously: I was not convinced that we Germans were the most ruthless of them all.

Smartness? Well, the first jet, the first real rocket - chemistry, biology, physics, mathematics. We dominated the world, and in fact the whole world. It seemed that this should be a point. The capability that Germany was able to get matters done. The first nuclear bomb, and using it if necessary. Yeah, we Germans were a nation of doers.

The land of poets and thinkers - okay, Rousseau, a French guy, and Dante, also no German man. And Einstein, even if not religious as such, a Jew. But even if it was not to exclude that others also could have great ideas, it was the German spirit that was boundless. And Einstein was born in Ulm and lived in Switzerland and Berlin. Not in France or Italy, and definitely not in the shitty USA. Yeah, the German spirit was boundless, and this was the German advantage - even a secular Jew could benefit therefrom. And the idea of humanity? All men are equal? This had always been a scam, a lie, an illusion, a joke. The German's will defines humanity. All other ideas, the important insight, had to be thought to be silly.

*

Mercy

Not Today

She was a little pretty thing - whereby, it was obvious anyway that she was much older than it appeared to be at the first glance. It was like with one of these tiny Japanese pornstars, looking like

twelve but being over twenty in fact. Nevertheless, it was nice to look at her ass and the nice long and slim feet as she served me my drink.

"Could it be that you don't know what to do later in the evening," I addressed her directly. Not really expecting that she would be interested, whereby I had an appointment later anyway. But I was a man and a bit bored right now, and she was a really handsome stunner.

"It's not allowed to meet with guests privately," was her rehearsed answer. Normally I would have started now to show her that it had been a rhetorical question. But in two hours I would have my appointment, and I had no distinct idea currently how long it would be.

"Okay," I said while laughing a bit, "I accept this answer for today. Yet only because I already have an appointment later. You should learn a new answer for tomorrow when I'm back again." Well, she was a little service bitch.

"Maybe I have a day off tomorrow?" Sure, honey. She started to get boring.

"Well, then we will meet on Thursday again." Now I started to ignore her so that she could start again doing her boring job. I would be in the city until Sunday morning, and it was obvious that I would not leave not having nailed her.

*

Judge and Executioner by the Monsters' Mercy

Conscientious

"I hope you have enjoyed your special week of vacation, Peter?" Yeah, one of the usual set phrase when being back after a successful closure.

"Thank you, sir. But now it's time to be on duty again. The nation has to be defended all day." One of the usual set phrases to signal that you were back again. Full of zest for action, of course!

"I have a difficult case for you, but you're a skilled hunter, Peter." Sure, that was why I always got the shittiest missions. "Here's the dossier. You're hunting a guy who calls himself "Chet"." He handed me the files, which I simply took.

"Subversive behavior? Death penalty, sir?" This was just a rhetorical question, and I was a bit puzzled that I did not see him simply nodding. That our conversation was not over now.

"No, not in this case, Peter. This "Chet" could lead us to an even more dangerous guy. We were able to intercept a message of him to another guy. He said: All I have, I have from Miles. If this Miles were "The Miles", a person in a top spot of the most dangerous enemies of our nation, then we should get him alive." Did he kidding me? Since when had I been trained to arrest people? Fuck, I was trained to execute the death sentence!

"But sir, there are other hunters for such cases. This is not my normal range of duty." I was absolutely not interested in having all those quarrels when trying to arrest someone. It was better to make it clear and sound.

"You have fantastic skills in scaring up the bad guys. And we need somebody who knows how to behave in certain circles, underground circles." Now I had to be careful. "And don't worry, Peter. A hunter with a track record like yours can also have a kind of special private interest." Yeah, thank you. "And if you need additional information or support, you can contact me at any time. And any time means any time, Peter." Sure, when being at one of those "parties" or at home with the nice wife, the kids, and the fucking hot servants.

"Thank you, sir." Now our conversation was finished. I left the building with the files, and threw them on the passenger seat. I would need a coffee now, and then something harder. Chet and Miles? I felt almost blue, a kind of blue.

*

Call it Utopia

Doing the Right Thing

"Is everything prepared for the meeting, Sarah?"

"Yes, of course, Special Counselor."

"Do not always be so formal, Sarah. I'm Peter, and everybody assumes that I nail you anyway. Funny, that I don't do it - right Sarah?"

"Yes, in a way, especially since I assume you aren't gay, Special Counselor."

"No. But maybe respectful in a way in an unrespectful world - could this be, Sarah?"

"It might be, Special Counselor. But this could also be a big mistake."

"Why, because you cannot report enough to the domestic secret service about me, Sarah? Believe me, there's nothing else you could report - they even know which kind of porn I prefer to jerk off to. And it's definitely nothing with gay."

"Maybe I'm not such a disloyal person then you think, Peter. This meeting seems to be a trap."

"Of course it is, Sarah. But do you know what the advantage is to living in such a corrupt, dishonest, and unscrupulous world like ours, Sarah?"

"I would like to hear your opinion, Pete."

"That you cannot be enough corrupt, dishonest, and unscrupulous by yourself. Do me a favor, Sarah."

"Which one, Peter."

"Do not choose your side too quick. Wait at least until the meeting has started, Sarah."

"I have the feeling that there's no need for hesitation, Peter."

"Then I look forward to meeting you again after the meeting, Sarah. There will be a lot to do thereafter, and it would be nice to have an unbribeable, honest, and moral person at my side, Sarah."

"The stakes are high, Peter. But I have the fucking feeling that you have a sixth card in your sleeve. Right, Peter?"

"Look at me, Sarah, look at my arms and my tattoos. Short sleeves, no place to hide a sixth card."

"As if this would be a problem for a good magician, Peter."

"I have the feeling that the time is near to come to know you better, Sarah."

"The same here, Peter."

*

"I would like to tell you a story, a kind of science fiction story. And to say it openly, I will analyze your reactions and comments. Is this suitable for you?"

"Yes, Doorkeeper."

"Consider a planet orbiting a sun with a mass, near to be a red dwarf, but not just yet. Such a sun would offer stable conditions for a long time and would give a civilization many billion years of time to develop. And of course, we have to assume that this civilization would be clever enough not to destroy its planet or itself. But then this civilization would have an immense timespan to develop science, to understand the universe. Do you agree with me?"

"Yes, of course. Would there be such a planet, and I could travel to it, Doorkeeper?"

"You are disappointing me! I try to develop a highly hypothetical idea, and you cannot follow me. I'm not convinced that it was a good idea to try this with you."

"I'm sorry. I did not realize that you were talking on a completely hypothetical level now. It would be nice if you continued."

"I'm a bit skeptical, but let's try it again. Okay: There is this planet orbiting a sun with a stable lifespan of, say, 30 or 40 billion years. And the civilization on it can stabilize its culture and set science into their focus - not creating empires by wars and such nonsense. So they start to explore their universe."

Well, it's as it happens often. First the idea of a solar system, then discovering being a part of something much larger, a galaxy. Then the question about various kinds of nebulae, if it could be that some would be other galaxies as well. The next step is to prove that some nebulae are in fact own galaxies. The universe starts to get bigger and bigger, and the number of galaxies explodes. Something like that. But what if the insight were that all these other nebulae would be nothing more than nebulae in your galaxy? That there would be your galaxy but nothing beyond? Yeah, a galaxy with stars, star-forming regions, planetary nebulae, and supernova remnants - all familiar to you as well. And you would understand that the surrounding universe would be huge, extremely huge, maybe even infinite - but with only one galaxy inside. Your galaxy. Wouldn't this be weird?"

"In any case! And it would have severe consequences."

"Share your ideas with me."

"Well, a massive universe with only one galaxy inside? This would seem to be created. But there's also something else. If this galaxy were like a normal galaxy, and you have mentioned star-forming nebulae as well as supernova remnants, then this lonely and single galaxy would have a limited life span. One day the last star would have been formed, and the galaxy would start to die - as it also happens in our universe. Only that there would be one galaxy. Something comes to my mind, Doorkeeper."

"I'm all ear."

"The expansion of the universe. Could it be that you are outlining a situation many billions of years in the future? When the expansion of the universe is so far advanced, especially in the voids, that there will be very lonely galaxies separated from any other by vast distances?"

"That's a good idea. But our galaxy is no old galaxy. At least at the beginning of my story. It's a young galaxy with still a lot of gas in it. The civilization was able to calculate that the oldest stars in their galaxy are no older than ten billion years. Their sun is around six billion years old. It has needed five billion years of chemical and biological evolution only to bring a simple life form into existence. But then the speed of evolution increased dramatically. Any ideas?"

"Well, this would be more or less the circumstances of this universe, of the galaxy I'm from, the planet I'm from. So also the other circumstances should be relatively similar as well. A partially visible universe with trillions of galaxies, a cosmic web, and more."

"In fact, their universe would be even somewhat younger than ours."

"Yeah, what about the cosmic microwave background? What about the Hubble constant? This would be a weird universe."

"As said, their insight was that the universe would be huge, maybe even infinite. That it did not seem old, but that there would be a development. But not of the universe as such, at least not in a way measurable for them, but the galaxy they lived in had a development. It seemed as if all had started with a cloud of nearly only hydrogen atoms, and then a first generation of colossal stars formed - is that a known story to you?"

"Yeah, this is the story of this universe and all the galaxies inside. But melt down to only one galaxy. However, I see no in-depth meaning in it, Doorkeeper."

"It's not about 'meaning'. It's about the question of what would happen with this civilization after having such insights. Especially also when they would be able to explore their galaxy and would come to the further insight that they were the only intelligent life form. A massive universe with only one galaxy and only one intelligent lifeform - irritating, isn't it?"

"A moment to become religious? Is this where you want to lead me, Doorkeeper?"

"Yeah, this could be a moment to become religious. But what if I tell you that our civilization reacted fundamentally differently? They were shaped by rationalism and scientific thinking. What did not have to mean that they did not develop something like art or emotions. I think we can focus our attention now on this civilization. I think that I have outlined the strange universe enough."

"Yes, but give me a moment to sort out everything said so far. Well, this would be indeed a very weird universe. I mean, looking at the cosmic web, those simulations? You always see a cube with a side length of, say, some billion light years as a result with the delicate filaments of the cosmic web inside. But even the slightest filament would represent hundreds or thousands of galaxies on such a

scale. This is our universe. This other universe on the same scale would be simply a black cube. Nothing would be in it. You would have to zoom in nearly endlessly to discover, after a very long journey, the only bright spot in the wholly dark universe. This seems simply surreal to me. I would run mad, and I'm very curious now to hear something from this civilization. But please, give me a break to breathe deeply, Doorkeeper."

"Of course, Peter."

*

Up Your Ass

I, David

Yeah, I was David and no longer naked - it was time now to become a hero, to rescue the women. Well, I was a bit puzzled about my "outfit" - the outfit of a warrior?

I had to say that I felt a bit "gay", knowing that this was inappropriate. But hey, I should face a monster soon, and I looked as if I would be marching against Troy as a Roman soldier. A lot of leather on my body, but the ladies had assured me that this armor would be much better than anything else. And okay, also my arms and legs were covered up. Even some metal was to be seen. But what was weird the most were two other aspects. Firstly, I wore a gas mask that looked totally silly together with the rest of my equipment. However, it seemed as if the monster I had to fight would smell awful, especially its breath would indeed be toxic. Then my weaponry.

A sword - would I face the Wyvern now? With the Gram in hand, to face the Lindworm - something like that? Maybe my name should be Sigurd? Whatever, it was not a normal sword. Firstly, it was a monstrous sword - Zangetsu, Tessaiga, Murakumo, or even Samehada? Shouldn't I look more like an anime character? It was larger than I, and it seemed to weigh more than I, but as the ladies told me, due to being perfectly balanced, it seemed to weigh nothing. And it would be much more than simply a sword. It offered special features.

My task would be to ram the sword deep into the monster's heart, where the sword would enfold its inherent energy to kill the monster. Well, as I mentioned and asked if this sounded all a bit confusing, if it weren't be better to use heavy guns and explosives, the ladies weren't much amused. It was their planet, they said, that it was their monster, and they would have the experience to get threatened by it. Would know how would be the best way to fight it. And Valerie, standing in front of me, with something in her eyes, asked me whether she would have made a mistake by thinking that I would be a brave man. That she had thought that a man, being as virile and masculine as a man even simply could be in bed, should also be a perfect hero. And whether she had been incapable of showing me how much they would be grateful to me after killing the monster. It all felt like an indistinct mess.

But I had to confess that the ladies had bestowed upon me unforeseen pleasure. Me, David - Peter? I was David now. Peter would potentially dream about being with only such a woman. David had them all. Peter would never be able even to lift this majestic sword. David would be capable of fighting with it. Whatever it would be, David had to be gracious to the ladies that they had bestowed on him this new life. That they had transformed the weak and wimpish Peter into the strong and virile David. But now he had to fulfill his task. And even if there would be a risk, the already tasted bounty was worth every risk. What could be the worst scenario? Sure, that he would fail - fail? David? And why should it be that the ladies would not do everything that he could man up? It seemed as if a bit of Peter was still in me, this always hesitating weakling.

"I'm ready, ladies. Show me the way where I can face the monster to cut it down!"

"This is our hero, David! Let us show you the way to eternal fame and glory!" I could not really spot out who from the ladies said this - the gas mask. But it was not so relevant in the end because they all together said it now: "Let us show you the way to eternal fame and glory, David!" Then they explained to me which way I had to go.

*

The Big Conspiracy

The Onion Layer Model

I opened my eyes again, and what I saw seemed to be total chaos. Okay, had I been in the Gobi desert - still? Had I asked Jean if I would be in the new layer at the same place or not? Was this of any importance, as whatever happened around me could not affect me? And, who basically said that it had really functioned this time and I ascended? I had had a blackout, but for how long? And I had the feeling that blackout wasn't the right word for it, more a mental overload. So, could I be certain about my impressions right now - I should be cautious about that. Jean had said that I should assume that ascending would be different for me than for him. And especially the first time, the first few times. The most important insight was that I would be safe from whatever just happened around me. Like the one in his time machine, as long as he traveled in time. No atomic war or massive volcanic eruption could harm him as long as he was in his bubble while traveling in time. And I was totally autarchic in my bubble created by the device Jean had bestowed on me. I should close my eyes again, should try to bring my pulse low once more, and start to breathe deeply and wittingly. Then I should open my eyes again to analyze what just happened around me. And then there was another aspect.

I should not be too much interested in what just happened outside my bubble. I should be interested in coming down again to prepare for the next ascend. And then for the next, for the next, and again for the next. But what also would not function was to try to ascend further while be in panic. So the circle was closed. I had to come down first, and then I had to figure out first if I were even ascended at all. I closed my eyes and started to find a regular breathing rhythm.

*

Mercy

Not Today

I had had my meeting earlier today - but, it wasn't a real meeting as such. We met in a café - no, not that one. Well, it was just a good-looking man meeting a good-looking woman. Most likely his wife or his mistress. They had a coffee and a cake, did the usual small talk, and went their ways thereafter. Most likely they would meet in the evening again, for dinner and sex. But what was definitely true was that the man had an envelope thereafter that formerly the woman had. This had been my meeting, and now I sat in my hotel room in one of the very comfortable armchairs and studied the envelope's contents.

*

A woman? Well, not for the first time, but this was not so common anyway. But I was emancipated. It didn't matter whether it was a woman or a man. Only children were a taboo. A fucking beautiful woman, middle-aged but absolutely hot. Well, also this could be no criterion. I read the instructions carefully.

My today's meeting would meet her on Sunday in a public café right on the plaza in front of my hotel. This would be the moment to fulfill my order. A nice location. No, not the café or the public square. Sure, both were wonderful, like everything in this charming nation, but the border was only two miles apart. It would be easy to cross the border at this small border crossing after finishing my

job - I had good papers. And then, only a few miles more, and a pleasant small airport would be there, just to bring me ultimately away. But what to do until then?

Well, tomorrow would be enough time to monitor the location a bit, from the hotel, from being on the plaza. On Thursday? Well, I could nail the silly but hot waitress to kill some time. I should act as unobstrusive as possible. And for a business man like me it was a part of having a nice time to nail the hot bitches from the hotel stuff and sweeties like this waitress. Friday and Saturday? Well, I had told her that it would be far enough would I come two or three days before the job should be done. But okay, she paid me, in a very gorgeous manner, and therefore she was in charge. Maybe I should order something from the room service to check her out - most likely they would send me a guy. It was simply stupid to be here so early. I was a bit pissed off.

*

Judge and Executioner by the Monsters' Mercy

Unhappy

This was shit! I was no "policeman", I was a hunter who rooted out his prey to kill it. Not to be cozy with my prey. Why not hunt down this "Miles" directly, after having brought this "Chet" some feet underground? This all sounded a bit too complicated to me.

And yes, I was a simple hunter, not one of the highly educated guys from the secret police. They would say that my intellect would be simply too low to understand the circumstances and the ramifications. But yeah, maybe I wasn't that naive at all?

I had not decided to live in this country, nor had I chosen this job. You're born where you're born, and jobs got simply allocated - at least on my level. Yeah, "my level" in a society where all should be treated the same - up to their possibilities. And who decided on "your possibilities"? As if there were a free and fair contest. Possibly I wasn't that naive. And my target persons?

Well, sir, wouldn't it be only proper to give the suspect a free and fair trial before fulfilling the death sentence? But he had a fair and free trial. Everybody is treated fairly, facing Lady Justice! But he wasn't there. He could not defend himself. He was invited, but if he does not appear, then it's his fault. Nevertheless, we are a very fair nation, the fairest ever to exist on Earth. Even if he is not man enough to appear, he will get an independent lawyer who speaks for the defendant. And so on, and so on. And what would happen with me if I were to ask for another job or to express doubts on the procedure? I needed another beer.

*

Call it Utopia

Time to Speak Out

"It's nice that you found time to attend our meeting, Special Counselor Maurer. We are....."

".....shouldn't we make it straight? To save all those sententious words?"

"I do not get your point, Special Counselor. This is a meeting of the....."

".....this is a meeting to grill me and to sideline me - if not more."

The fucking High Council of the GUSA started to get a bit upset - all those pathetic old white men. All those mentally ill and mentally degenerated old white men. The High Commander nearly got a heart attack - well, his idea about this "meeting" had been obviously a bit different.

"Okay, before the first of you old white men gets a mental overload, I'm not here to be your "toyboy". Oh, High Commander, it's especially charming to see you upset when everybody knows that you always enjoy a boy's cock. And Pete, do me a favor: do not try to pretend to be a man, or even worse, a tough guy. We all know that you're not more than a weak pussy, not able to satisfy a

real woman. Only little girls you can delude into thinking that you're a real stud when raping them. Could we all come down a bit so that I can tell you how my view on all this is?"

Well, it did not help much, and now even armed security guards appeared. But I had just time to put an envelope onto the desk in front of me - "TOXIC" was printed in red on it. And I had time for a last word: "If the content of this envelope gets public or receive the resistance, then you all will be dead, and this nice fucking system will pass." But hey, the High Commander seemed not unjustly in his position.

"Before I take you out of this holy hall to get executed right in front of it: what's so fantastic that's in this pathetic envelope that could save your life. Apart from dirty lies about the members of the High Council?"

"In fact, there's nothing in it apart from some blank sheets. I'm not that stupid to show you my hand. And I haven't to, because I have the nuts. This talking about that you all are only sick assholes with perverted sexual habits was only a warm up. You're not aware that this is standard gossip on the streets? That a guy like Kash gets only a boner when he can beat his bound teen victims? Well, this is common knowledge, nothing thrilling. But I think that, for instance, the resistance would be overly interested in your biggest security failures. Or that two of the three children of your daughter are in fact yours? I mean, being a pervert until a certain level is okay, but even for the hardcore idiots, limits exist. And hey, all this stuff and much more is secure and secretly saved. In a way that, if I do not do certain things regularly, it goes into public. Well, the resistance gets them first to have time to destroy you, and then it all went public. It's a bit like a dead man's switch."

"You have destroyed the fucking resistance, idiot!"

"Oh, Pete, do not always think that because you are an idiot, everyone is an idiot. Hey, Kash, your incapable agency was unable to collect information about the resistance being more and more surprised that no really significant installations got destroyed? That often old installations got hit and that the number of casualties could be much higher? Kash?"

"Council member?" Wow, the High Commander started to ponder.

"We have clear insight that the power of the resistance is broken. They have gotten massive losses in infrastructure, but especially in bodies. Hey, he himself has burned members of the resistance alive! Can we trust him!"

"I have the feeling that especially because of suchlike I have to trust him. At least be cautious now. You burned your former comrades alive. Right?"

"You're near High Commander. Two aspects. First: everything has its price. Second: I haven't said that it's my purpose that the resistance will win."

"And what's your aim, Special Counselor?"

"Well, now we are starting to act like adults - well, apart from such clowns like Pete, who tries to get a gun to shoot me down. High Commander?"

"Stop this nonsense, asshole! Or I put a bullet in you!"

"Would you allow me, High Commander?"

"You have no gun, Special Counselor. You got frisked carefully."

I raised my hand, and surprisingly, a kind of handgun was in it. Two bullets into Pete's chest, the next two for Kash.

"Okay, what about sitting down now, that the two most pathetic loonies are down, and starting to do some meaningful conversation? High Commander?"

"I do agree with you, Special Counselor."

*

Up Your Ass

Starting to Become a Hero

I knew the way through corridors - more or less - and had gotten fine advice. The most telling had been: if you do not find the monster, the monster will find you. Seen in this light, I could simply walk around until the monster would find me.

And the monster was a monster. The women had described it - hadn't they had pictures of it, no surveillance or so? Whatever, the first was that I heard it. Normally it would be the first that I would smell it, the ladies had said, but therefore I had my gas mask. And then I saw it for the first time, while being in a broad corridor, high as well. The monster entered it from a smaller branching corridor. The smaller corridor had not been much larger than the monster itself - wouldn't it have been better if I had cornered the monster right there? But no, it would have limited the monster as well as me. And I needed to reach out for the belly, his weakest part, to ram the sword into his tar-black heart. The monster?

Well, as the ladies had described it: thrice as high as I, the shoulders, but this was not of importance. I would not have to climb on it. Quite the contrary. A massive, more or less cuboid body, resting on six massive, columnar legs. A short neck and a massive head with a large mouth with large and ugly teeth. But all this was not the most important aspect - I looked at the belly. The potbelly was around four feet off the ground. It could have been a bit more, which would have made it easier to come under it. And then I had nearly forgotten his long tail.

I saw his tail at the last moment and was just able to duck away before the tassel of his tail hit me. The ladies had warned me that this was a mighty weapon of the monster. I stepped back a few steps - the monster was surprisingly static for now. So I could have a better look at his skin, his awfully ugly skin. All over he was covered with boils - pus ran down his skin. His breath was of pink color and would kill me immediately, as the ladies had told me. The only bit of a positive aspect was that the skin of his belly was smooth and not so disgusting. I had to start to develop a strategy.

*

"Wow, no real action so far."

"Don't always be so impatient, Jenny. Give him a bit of time. It's boring when it's over too fast."

"I hope that the monster will rip him into pieces."

"Oh, Dorothy, always the same fantasy. I would like to see a fair match."

"Come on, Valerie. We have given him an excellent basis to fight the monster. And an awful lot of motivation as well. I would say that he has a fair chance."

"Yeah, I agree with Marie. He has a fair chance to beat the monster. We have created an equality of opportunities. Now it's on him to provide a good show and possibly win. And hey, he not only simply attacks the monster like some of his predecessors did. He's building up a plan of attack. I think that we have a fine chance to get a good show, girls."

"I want to see blood and shredded muscles."

"Oh, Dorothy!"

*

"Shall we continue, Peter?"

"Yes, Doorkeeper. I'm very curious now to learn the story of this civilization."

"Okay, Peter. So, this civilization started to explore the universe. What meant first and foremost for them to explore their galaxy in first hand. But also to discover all those laws of nature. Like the speed of light as something exceptional. And we should not forget the factor time. Because their star provided over many trillions of years very constant conditions they had a very long time for this. And, even more important, they got the feeling to be something special, their civilization as such -

in such a weird universe with only one galaxy, with only one intelligent life form. They understood that they had to deal carefully with their planet and with their civilization as such as well. And it functioned perfectly. Now something about their development as such, and then something about an exceptional aspect about this civilization.

Well, even that their sun provided nearly constant conditions over trillions of years, also this so huge timespan would be over one day. They started to colonize their galaxy. In the way that the task was always to find a new sun until the current sun would enter its final stages. They always choose smaller stars, again and again trillions of years time to find the next home planet and to colonize it. And so this civilization lasted over an unbelievable span of time. But even then, one day the last star got born in this galaxy, started its life, and ended. This is the overall aspect of this civilization. Now to the question of how to deal with such a universe.

They were brilliant scientists and got an extremely in-depth knowledge regarding their universe, but one question was hardly to answer: Why there was only one galaxy. One possibility to find an answer seemed to be to run simulations - well, like your civilization is doing to understand the universe. But they expanded this all to a massive project.

Sure, they started small, with some basic simulations. But soon they started to develop complex simulations, single aspects, but more and more they connected aspects. They started to simulate whole planets, with a deep diversity in starting assumptions. They were shocked as they had to realize that it seemed that the path they had found was not necessarily natural. It seemed that self-destruction would be more natural. So they started a vast number of planetary simulations and ran them again and again. Although this was only a first step. Then they started simulations of solar systems, of larger groups of stars, complete galaxies. And of course, finally, simulations of entire universes. But even this was not the ultimate terminus. They started to create simulations for the purpose that they created own simulations that created again own simulations and so on. You know, that this results in an exponentially increase. And then there was something else.

A civilization that last over a quadrillion years, they developed incredible theories about everything. But they were also wonderfully creative individuals - can you imagine what such a culture would be capable to in creating arts? And yet, there was one question that was a total taboo to ask - can you imagine what question this had been, Peter?"

"Yes, I think this question is very obvious."

"Then keep this question in mind when starting to travel again, Peter."

"Is it okay to travel again, Doorkeeper?"

"Sure. One day every star in every galaxy in every universe will have stopped burning, Peter. It's only a matter of time."

*

The Big Conspiracy

The Ripple Effect

The world developed into a better place over all under the German leadership. The only condition was to accept the German leadership. They understood that it was smart to give the Germans what they demanded and to follow their recommendations - yes, "recommendations". It were no laws or rules, just recommendations. Sure, if some leader or nation thought that they could negate those recommendations like they were foolish bargaining chips, then we had to react. Of course, always appropriate and according the circumstances. Maybe some sanctions or higher demands, possibly by regime change, we might supported a willing neighboring country to enable them to subdue the stubborn nation. Very rarely we used our own troops, sometimes a carpet bombing to annihilate a larger city, we were always guided by what was best for them and us and the entire world. As said, the German leadership bestowed Earth a prosperous future.

The manifestation, therefore, was that there were always leaders and followers, globally seen as well as down into a family. Globally Germany was to be leaders, but also interior in Germany there were leaders and followers. And of course, in the same way there was futile life on every level and aspect as well. Like handicapped people, mentay disabled people, or Jews. And the world saw what a wonderful easement it was, from the families up to the whole globe. This had been a very significant first step. The Germans did not talk about it, the Germans implemented it.

*

"We still have to decide which South American nation should be the overall leading nation, gentelmen."

"We have to say that they all strived to do their best to get rid of their so-called indigenious populations."

"Yeah, after we wipped out Suriname, Gyana, and Trinidad and Tobaco to bestow them to Brazil. The nation that understood as first that a new era had begun."

"And that they have to listen to Portugal again, a European nation."

"So, it seems only too obvious that Brazil has to become the leading nation of South America under the advisory of Portugal."

"This appears to be too obvious, especially after the fantastic anex of Uruguay and Paraguay, these two little shit nations."

"And they have the by far hottest mullatas."

"They have created special protection areas for them to protect their species."

"A good commodity."

"So I think we have found an agreement, gentlemen? I see no dissent? So then we can register that Brazil will become the leading nation of South America under the advisory of Portugal. The next time we should discuss whether it wouldn't be the best to have only two nations in South America, Brazil, and Argentina. So, I think that we have gained good progress today, Gentelmen. For celebrating this I would suggest a very nice club with always fesh and young representatives from South America - any dissent? No? Then today's workshop meeting is over. We have earned some distraction after the hard work, gentlemen!"

*

The Big Conspiracy

The Onion Layer Model

It had functioned! I had entered the next layer, and this was definite now. And now? Trying to ascend again as fast as possible. But what should be my aim? Would there be something like a "last layer" and what should this mean? The last layer of this simulation, or the opportunity to reach something "beyond" this simulation? I tried to recollect whether Jean had spoken about that or not, but it all appeared like behind a light curtain. But one was obvious now: Jean had not lied. It was possible to ascend. There were layers, and I had lived in a simulation. Well, in a way I still did. And now?

I understood that it was tempting to explore this layer now - well, I even could travel back in time. But this would be stupid. Everything else would be stupid from now on then to ascend as fast as possible to see where this would lead. And then there was this other aspect.

I had hunted down Jean, as it was my job as a hunter. There was a "force" not interested in that some ascended - this, of course, triggered the question of who and why. So my task was obvious now - I had to ascend as fast as possible again, as often as possible, just to see what would happen. Well, according to Jean, as long as I did not try to interact with the current layer, nothing. I would be safe, untouchable, and invisible. I should not risk this state.

*

Call it Utopia

Let Get Things Done!

"Okay, I think that we have two options - and I have to say that I'm a bit unhappy that you were so eager to kick me out. I'm a bit undecided which the most beautiful and satisfying of the two options could be. But because you were so much rushing, I no longer have time to ponder on them. But it's like it is, and I have to deal with it."

And this was the fucking truth, at least I pretended so. The truth was that they had been a bit too much rushing. A few more weeks would have been nice. Although, as I had said: It's like it is - always this was true.

"The first option would be to become a special "Special Counselor", a special "Special Advisor" possibly - yes, I wouldn't be interested in becoming High Commander or so. Well, why be satisfied with a little when able to get it all."

I would have nearly assumed to see more turmoil. But maybe this could also be the expression of a kind of shock: Hey, she had not resisted! She simply had taken it!

"The second option would be to bestow all the necessary information to the resistance they need to destroy this system in total. I would be the total destroyer then, even if it were not clear whereto this all would lead. And sorry, this is not a kind of introduction to start a discussion about the two possibilities now. This is only to inform you that I have not finished my pondering up to this date."

It was funny to see all these degenerated old white wimps, as if it would still be interesting what they would think.

"I will leave now to be back in my office - by the way, I need a more representative one. I will inform you about my decision in due time. And by the way: Sure, you can influence my decision. Better yet, you can decide by yourself. But only in one regard. Should you kill me or something like that, then option two will be implemented automatically. Thanks for listening to me. I wish you all a good evening by fucking young boys or girls, should you still be able to get a boner."

So I stood up, no longer interested in this bunch of old white suckers, to return to my office. I would never be interested in them again. Especially because they would be dead soon - one way or the other. And I? Well, it would be appealing to see if I would be able to return to my office again or not. In any way, there would be dramatic change soon.

*

Up Your Ass

Man Means Hero

A strategy? On one hand, pretty simple: I had to ram my mighty sword into his soft belly, hitting also his tar-black heart at best. On the other hand, the question stood: How to reach the lower part of his massive body without getting killed by the monster. Well, not a pretty simple question, obviously.

"Wow, he has been pondering for a long time now - did we make him too smart this time, girls?"

"Come on, Dorothy. You wish to see blood, and you will see blood. Isn't it nice that he works on a plan on how to attack? I'm sure that we will see a good fight this time."

Okay, his most wide-reaching weapon was his tail, with this very dangerous tassel. I should prompt his use, but this time I would be prepared. I had an idea of how to weaken the monster that was still surprisingly inactive. Wow, I saw a good chance for myself to fulfill my mission and to get bestowed not only by four pussies this time. Every pussy of every age - okay, still a bit of an

equivocal statement, it seemed. But I had to concentrate on the monster, only slowly waving with its head, producing this awful breath - even if I could not smell it. To see the pus running down his body was enough to make me almost puke.

"Okay, don't say that it's not starting to get boring - Valerie? Jenny? Okay, Maria, you always commiserate with the guy."

"Do not always slang me only because I can also see the aesthetics of a male body, especially when fighting a deadly fight. It's a matter of art, not sex, Dorothy."

"As if 'art' indicates anything else than sex."

"Hey, concentration you both, he's moving."

I had started to approach the monster slowly. Well, I had a good idea of the action scope of his tail. I should be very near to it now, but still a bit away from it. So, total concentration now, as I did the last steps - and it functioned perfectly.

Sure, it was still a question if the attack came from the left or right - it had been from the left the first time. And also this time, extremely fast, but my idea wasn't to attack his tail as such, but to use the tails momentum. I ducked but raised the mighty sword so that the tail would hit the sword but not me. And it was astonishing!

I nearly did not sense the impact of the tail on the sword. It was sharp to such an extent that it simply cut the tassel from the tail, and I felt nothing. I was completely nonplussed! But not only me.

"Wow, look at that, girls. Our male puppy is pretty mature. This was a very clever action, to deprive the most wide-reaching weapon of the monster."

"Yeah, yeah, Maria, it's all only about aesthetics. I'm not so sure sporadically if you aren't bi instead of a lesbian."

"Stop mocking me, Dorothy. I'm totally....."

".....can you both stop now! Maria? Dorothy? I do not want to miss the action because of your constant bantering!"

Yes, also the monster, which came into action now. And very static and slow so far, apart from its now cut-back tail, the monster started to be very agile. Six feet, but able to synchronize them, and every step easily more than six feet - now I was surprised about its action. And that the monster's strategy seemed to be to simply trample me down - why not use thee head, the massive mouth, and the awful teeth? But maybe this shouldn't be my interest now. I had to avoid his feet, which did not perfectly work out.

"Can you see how much he's hurt - say!"

"Oh, Dorothy, can you wait a second until we get a close-up!"

"Sorry Jenny, but I cannot spot it."

"Look at that, his chestplate is heavily torn open. A claw, most likely. Hey Dorothy, I can spot a lot of blood and maybe even raw flesh!"

Fuck, I had been too slow for only a fraction of a second - should this be the end of the fight? The pain was awful. I saw blood bubble out of my chestplate - I felt the huge flesh wound, if not even ribs were broken. I was fucked up, had failed - or? Then I noticed his fucking belly over me - could this be? Could it be that the monster would be so stupid to offer me its weakest part? Or was I simply the lucky guy, lucky that the monster had not hit me with the foot, only with its claw, and had not killed me immediately? The sword was weightless in my arm, and so I raised my arm and hurled the sword full tilt into his fucking shit belly. I would most likely not hit its tar-black heart, but I should be close to. And the ladies had told me that this would also be enough to kill the monster. And me probably when the monster would collapse, me looking at his belly from upside. I blacked out.

"What can you see, Valerie? Is he under the monster?"

"I'm not sure, Maria. We need other ankles."

"Wow, he has killed the monster - kudos! It would be a pity in a way if he were squashed by the monster."

"There, there he is, girls! But he's not looking good. Cool, or Dorothy?"

"I see a lot of blood, and the arm where he held the sword is under the monster now. But he's still alive - I see at least some movement in his legs. This is not very satisfying. No torn-off limbs, no squashed body, no due to pain screaming male - where is the fun this time?"

*

Mercy

Today

It had become Thursday, I was bored, I had done my homework, and now I sat in the café again. It was in the early afternoon. Well, not the one for the job, the one with the little bitch for the evening entertainment. At least if her schedule allowed it, I was not interested in waiting too long to fuck her. It would be interesting to see how much a smart girl she was.

"Nice to see you again, sir. The same as on Tuesday?"

"I don't think so - did you reveal your name.....?"

"My name is no secret. I'm called Sarah, sir."

"Okay, Sarah. And what's your phone number - or shall we simply arrange a meeting in one of these nice hotels around here? Not in mine, of course, but I think that you know a fitting one around here - Sarah?"

"I am not convinced that this is an adequate conversation, sir. Your order?"

"A coffee and a slice of your sweet Black Forest cakes, please. And please keep in mind your phone number, Sarah."

She tried to pretend that she had heard it and walked away, to return not so long thereafter again with a coffee and a slice of their really nice-looking Black Forest cake. Well, normally I did not stick with such cream cakes. But such a cake was like our little Sarah. Very sweet, a bit of alcohol, a bit of cherries, and sponge cake. But in the end, not much more than too much and too sweet whipped cream. So she put all on my table, smiled at me, and, as she already started to turn around, she softly informed me that she had to work only until 4 p.m. today - this little bitch! And no surprise, under the napkin of the cake was a little notice with her phone number. So I started to enjoy my strong coffee and my sweet cake to ponder what to do with her. Four o'clock would offer several options, and I was no swine. A not-too-expensive dinner, or driving around a bit before nailing her? Maybe both? Yeah, life could be nice - well, not for all of us. Not for my "meeting" on Sunday at least.

*

He was such a one-dimensional figure. He was simply one of these male assholes. Always thinking I'm the best - hey, I'm a male, I have cojones, I'm always the best. I gave him a last moment to be self-regarding, to dream about an easy bang with a little waitress bitch. But then I got bored and overcame the pressure point. I had to pack my things now to get ready for my second target - this time a woman. I had never said that women could not also be fucking assholes - at least if they tried to act like men. The point was that also female supervisors in concentration camps were not known as less disgusting than their male opponents. No, also a woman was able to be an insane psycho. Simply the way as men as such. This was the important divide.

*

Up Your Ass

No More Heroes

I started to recover consciousness, and the first thing I realized in my mind was pain. Well, I had my eyes still closed and felt awful pain, not able to locate - most likely it was everywhere. I tried to take a deep breath, which was a fucking idea. A terrible attack of pain permeated my chest and lung, blood in my mouth, and I had the impulse to crouch - the next fucking idea! My left arm was pinned, and now I cried out loud due to the currently heinous pain that ran through my body in waves - I blacked out again.

"Wow, still alive and still a good show - not that bad, or Dorothy?"

"I have to confess that this bonus was better than the rest. But I would like to see more of it, Jenny."

"I doubt that he will regain consciousness again."

"I would not be that pessimistic, Maria. It seems as if he is tougher than we thought. Interesting parameters this time. Good that we have saved them."

"I will walk to him to see if there is still life in him. I have to say that he has impressed me a bit."

"Are you sick, Valerie? A man impresses you? You are kidding me!"

"Don't worry, Jenny. He's a man and therefore inferior. Nevertheless, I would like to have a last look at him."

"Why not simply dispose of him together with the monster as usual? I'm distressed, Valerie."

I lay open-eyed now, and my eyes eyeballed the curved ceiling of the tunnel. I had no idea if I still breathed, if there was still a heartbeat. I did not even feel any pain anymore. Then suddenly it seemed as if I heard a voice, the voice of an angel, soft and full of tenderness.

"So you are still not dead, David. Do you feel pain?"

I tried to shake my head or something else - it was not to exclude that I would be dead already.

"You have been a real hero, David. You killed the monster! This was a real heroic act of you, David."

I assumed further on that this could only be a vision as something slid between my eyes and the ceiling.

"It's me, Valerie. I wanted to look into the eyes of the dying man for a goodbye. Sorry that I wear this protective suit, but be sure that I'm naked under it - it's always interesting to see how easily you males are to manipulate.

Well, did you really believe in this story from a parallel universe, that you're from a different planet? That you were an overweight older man, not really a woman's dream, and not very skilled what women's needs belong? But that you here suddenly are a musclebound dream man and dream lover, with an unbound libido? Who would believe in such nonsense more than a man? Yeah, simply a man would do so.

Some simple facts, Peter - if you like to be called Peter now. This is Earth, the only Earth in the only universe that we know. Traveling between universes, if multiple universes exist, is pure nonsense - apart from this stupidity of a superman. This is Earth, and this is the only planet you have ever been on. By the way, Peter, this funny question arises: Who are you, who, who.....? Well, let me tell you a story, a not very funny story, a fucking awful story, a story of man. And "man" does not mean "human kind" or so. No, "man" simply means man in our story.

There was Earth ruled by men, and this was not good. Endless wars about everything, only because of their paltry egos, unlimited libido by limited skills, and their constant fears and paranoia because of the knowledge that women would do everything much better if their suppression ended - the war against women. And then they crushed it ultimately: climate change, rising asshole leaders of the most sucking kind. In the former USA, for instance. Their only answer was war against everything and everybody.

For centuries and even before, women had tried to prevent everything from the worst, but they were always too weak. Weak in the meaning that they were always too hesitant, too soft regarding the fucking men. Like a mother not able to punish her spoiled boy in a necessary way. It was we

women in the end who raised all these male monsters because of our indulgence and obsessive sympathy with everything done by them, even if it were the greatest shit.

But as said, there had always been women who warned, who demanded severe consequences for the inept males - but they did not get heard. Even as if it became obvious for everybody - every women - that longer giving men the right to lead would inevitably dump us and the whole planet into the abyss. And so it happened, the civilization as such found an end, life as known before found its end, not much survived. And after the total downfall, the ultimate decay, who started to have the loudest voice again and demanded leadership for the few who survived? Yeah, the fucking men who had caused it all! But then, at least now, the women stood up and acted with consequence by killing all the men. And thereafter they were clever enough to kill all the women, thinking they would have to be the better men. And then?

Earth is dead, nearly. This was no fairytale. We are living in habitats, and outside is a dangerous and deadly world. But we invented new technologies to make life as comfortable and worthy to live as possible. Especially also genetic engineering. Genetic engineering helps us with food production, reproduction, and fighting the outside. Yeah, these monsters are real, a product of a completely contaminated planet Earth. And yes, from time to time such a monster can penetrate one of the habitats. And then?

I have to say that there is not a general procedure for every habitat - and not only regarding this detail. Some habitats are strictly female in every regard and always. Some others think that's funny occasionally to let a bit, strictly limited in every regard - well, to allow a certain influx of masculinity. We really have a problem with these monsters, and the idea came up that it could be funny to clone some musclemen, to backlog them, and to activate them when we have trouble with a monster again. And we experimented with them to get some insights into the male mind and behavior. Some got more muscles, some less. We made some a bit smarter, some less. We told some a nice story, some not. Not only that, but we had extensive sex with some, with others not. You had a good deal of muscles, but not too much. Also a good deal of smartness, and we told you an enjoyable story. And of course, not to forget, a very profound amount of sex. It seems as if we are nearing a perfect balance. Isn't it puzzling? It nearly seems as if there could be a perfect balance for a man, which nearly would indicate that there could be men worth living. But.....

Come on, you really believed in this shitty story about Peter and David? How ridiculous do we have to dress you, how nonsensical do your swords have to be until you would start to resist? Oh, four pussies and so many more of all ages, I understand. No, it's always the same. You always prove why we have such a good developing restart since we have erased all males and all masculinity from Earth."

I felt the naked hand of an angel penetrating my chest via my awful wound to grab my hurt heart, to rip it out, and devour it. Could it be that it was such a devastating matter to be a man? The only thing that became clear to me was that I was definitely Peter and by no means David. It was time to die ultimately to give Earth its freedom and peace.

Being Hilary Putnam

Down To Reality

"I really have severe problems describing what happens right now, in what way things may be developing. Some aspects have gone away. I'm not a private investigator anymore. The USA nearly erased. But suddenly there's a lot of images about traveling through space and even time, whole universes, multiverses, and the questioning of reality as such. There is no way back if you start to doubt, the ultimate doubt is the way straight into a dead-end road. Well, you can defraud like Descartes did, but this all is then no more than a fake argumentation. If you start doubting, then there's no limit at all.

And there's this other issue, that nothing is proofable in the end. Not even your existence, not to talk about anything else. All could be an illusion, a dream, a computer program, the deed of an evil god, or the evil as such. If you start with suchlike, then also there is no limit anymore.

And yet, it has not to be. "The reality" can simply be the reality, and you can simply be you. There's no hard indication that would contradict this view. It all could be but it does not have to be this or that way. You have to decide about all this without any real hint for the one or the other. It's like a coin flip.

But your decision has consequences, very severe ones. If it's you and the reality, nothing more, than you have to stand for everything you're doing. If all is a dream, a computer program, an illusion caused by whatever, then you're off the hook. Seen in this light?

I'm confused - am I a private investigator in the USA say in the 50s, or do I travel through doors, or is all this only a simulation trying to find out what would happen in such a situation? I have no ears, no eyes, no nose, no tongue, and no skin anymore. But even if, would this bestow me any kind of higher certitude than I have now in this situation?

I'm totally relaxed because there's no way out of everything. Everything could be, and no one has any possibility to decide. But if everything could be, why not assume the most likely, the obvious choice? Sure, this could be wrong, as wrong as everything else. So, everything could be a fake, but it seems as if I simply would be a brain in a vat, a brain in a vat filled with heavy dreams and weird imaginations. Whereby, I have to say, in the end, not as heavy and weird as they could be. In the end, they are tame and suitable for the masses. Nothing about the lust to rape, mangle, and kill little girls, stuff like that. Not even guro.

Compared with the Pervert Inhumanity humans are capable of? But hey, even Kurtz was a philosopher, James Sligo Jameson, Edmund Musgrave Barttelot, so many names could be added! A US president eventually, happy to bomb people for petty reasons. I don't even dream about it. Well, the imagination of a monster that rips off my chest with its claws - okay. Becoming the prey of a black female jaguar - okay. Dying in a desert of thirst. Drowning in an ocean. And all those buried in a tar-black heart.

Everything could be, but that does not mean it is. Kurtz was therefore an excuse that we would in fact be nice people, unless something would break us. But if it would not be inherent, not always there, then even a broken man would not be capable of it because it wouldn't simply be there. And even if Hollywood pretends, not every psycho is a broken man. Not having eaten his sister, traumatized by war, pretending that, as long as we wouldn't be tricked to eat our sister or would be traumatized by war, everything else would be okay.

I feel reassured because I'm simply a brain in a vat - I have no legs, no arms, whatsoever. Only a mind. And in my mind, everything can happen without any effect. Do you think that I'm crazy? I'm not so sure about it. But even if, as said, as a brain in a vat? All you have to do is separate reality from your mind - and you have to decide what's reality. And I'm a brain in a vat, and nothing else. Do you think that I'm crazy? Do you?"

"I don't think so, Mr. Maurer. But as you clearly analyzed: Even if, you're nothing but a brain in a vat."

*

Call it Utopia

Whatever Will happen

I reached my office again, and even Sarah was still there. So I sat behind my desk and simply waited. Well, Sarah had followed me and stood in front of the desk now, but said nothing.

"I have no tasks for you currently, Sarah." I had really the intention just to sit here for a while simply to see what would happen now.

"I have got some information about what has happened at the meeting of the High Council. It has caused extreme turmoil in the boards. I'm surprised that nobody is here, Peter." At least she had called me "Peter" this time. It's said that women would be attracted to men who had killed. And I had killed everything not long ago. Only the reason was still unclear.

"I would say, Sarah, that they are undecided about how to deal with this situation, to deal with my person now. I have pulled the rug out from under their feet, so to speak."

"And you are just waiting, Peter?"

"Just waiting and seeing what will be is often an excellent idea, Sarah. Let's see what will happen next. And Sarah, you do not have to fear the future. Whatever will happen, you're safe." And I really meant this as the doorbell to my office rang - it was not just possible to enter my office. Better to say, to enter the anteroom to my office. You had to ring the bell, and Sarah would use the videophone to check who would be outside to decide then whether this person was empowered to even enter the anteroom to my office.

"There was a ringing, Sarah. Could you check who's at the door - and leave the door to my office open." This would fasten the things a bit as Sarah walked into her room, had a look at the videophone, and was a bit uptight as she shouted to me: The High Commander and some other people from the High Council. Well, I told her that she should let them in and should bring them into my office, which she did. So I sat behind my desk and did not stand up, as the High Commander stood in front of the desk as some moments before Sarah did. The other guys stood behind him - I saw no security agents, which I sensed as a bit negligent. He tried to appear composed and confident.

"We had a short but vivid discussion, Special Counselor Maurer. And I and my acolytes are here to convey the results to you. I....." I raised my hand to signal to him that he should stop.

"Give me a moment, High Commander," I asked him as I opened the top drawer on the left side of my desk and grabbed a fucking big handgun. It was a good distance, and two bullets in his head, no problem. "I think we have to come to the point that it's indeed no longer interesting what you losers are thinking. Sarah!" She stepped in, and it was obvious that she definitely did not feel comfortable in her skin.

"Yes, Special Counselor Maurer."

"Accompany the remaining rest of these wankers out of my office. And call somebody to clean up this mess." I pointed at the dead body on the floor. She took a deep breath.

"Yes, Special Counselor Maurer." And to my surprise, they followed her and left the office again. Sarah came back.

"This will have no good outcome, Peter. It has been too easy for you." And it was obvious what she thought.

"Don't worry, Sarah. I have decided now."

*

The Big Conspiracy

The Onion Layer Model

I had learned, and I had to say that all tended thereto, that I was a fantastic student. It was effortless for me now to alternate between layers - in both directions. Yeah, I had trained myself to be able to alter nearly instantly between layers to prepare for what had to happen. I even spent some time in a layer occasionally, but more to get a feeling about everything. Again as a preparation. And okay, I had also been a bit curious.

But I thought that I had not made this one mistake, like Jean, for instance. I was always totally aware that this all was a simulation. Would it lead to a utopia or a dystopia? Both wouldn't be the reality. Both would be a simulation. Seen in this light, it was not really interesting to me to see where the one or other layer, simulation, would lead to. This all would be only important if you

could stand "outside", not being any part of the simulation as such, looking at the simulation in its totality, and this over a longer time. Hundreds or even thousands, better yet, tens or hundreds of thousands of simulations of all layers would be the database needed to be able to draw conclusions. Everything else was only a snapshot in time and not expressive about the matter as such. Okay, anyway.

Now able to alternate between hundreds or even thousands of layers nearly instantaneously, I tried to get at least a certain impression about humanity before starting the ultimate ascent. And yeah, it was devastating. Humanity failed, always. It was only a matter of how exactly and how fast, the definite circumstances. Humanity seemed not to be capable of doing it in any way right. I knew theories from my layer - well, evolution. That every species had its climax, and a decline followed. The dinosaurs, for instance, but also many other species. And most species over evolution had already been extinct up to my original layer. Why should it be different thereafter, and why should it be different with humanity?

Well, there was this biological evolution. But humanity had also reached a cultural evolution, a technical evolution, a scientific evolution, an artistic evolution, and so on. Shouldn't this cause a decoupling from the biological evolution? Well, the answer seemed to be: No! And aspects like developing weapons of mass destruction seemed even to reinforce all negative aspects. It seemed as if humanity had to fail in the end - could it be that this could be simply a matter of the parameters set by the simulation as such? Well, such ideas were frightening and caused anger in me.

Whatever. Humanity always failed, decayed, and even became totally extinct after a certain time. Just like the dinosaurs. Sure, this did not mean that Earth would be dead now, no life as such anymore. Humanity decayed and became extinct, but life went on - yeah, it simply went on, but whither?

I had ascended to a certain point so far, several times now. Humanity was no longer, after a certain given time. But nothing that one could call "intelligent life" followed. The sun was still a yellow star, even if further developed. It was hotter on Earth, but life as such was still possible. But what should this mean? The simulation as such was not over at this point. Should this mean that it wasn't a simulation about humanity as such? That humanity was simply a certain chapter in this much longer simulation? All that I did now and before was to prepare to find this out.

I prepared myself to be ready to ascend in an almost infinite number. This was a simulation - there was a starting point, and there had to be an endpoint. The so-called Big Bang as the possible beginning - but what would be the end? When the sun would heat Earth that much that life would be no longer possible? There was only one solution: I had to find out where the endpoint of this simulation was - would this be even possible?

Yeah, sure! I was no longer affected by this simulation! A nuclear bomb could explode next to me, and it would no longer impact me. The surface temperature on Earth could be way over the boiling point of water, and it would no longer influence me. I could hover in space, and it would no longer impact me. But there was one special consideration.

A layer had often only a timespan of a hundred years or so. Okay, the longest I had found so far was a thousand years. But we talked most likely about billions of years. Only to go back to the beginning of Earth, if this were the starting point, would have meant four billion years. That could mean millions of layers, if not even more! And the endpoint? Therefore I prepared myself right now: to ascend millions, tens of millions, hundreds of millions of layers, or whatever was needed to reach the endpoint. If answers were to be found, then there. I was like a person preparing for an incredibly long run by pushing the limits constantly further on. But I felt that very soon the moment would be to do it. To ascend in a frenzied rush, whereto this would lead soever. I took my place at the starting block, waiting for the starting signal.

*

I was puzzled about the words of the Doorkeeper, his last words, but also about the whole rest. What should this all indicate? It had been such a long travel so far.

The moment I had stepped into this old farmhouse had changed everything, not only "my life". I got a wholly new sight on everything, the entire universe, so to speak. Various types of doors there would be, travelling between planets with no limits in distance, but also between entire universes. But not also in space, also in time? And how should I deal with his narration? All was only a simulation?

Well, not all could be a simulation - or not? There would have to be a kind of reality, a kind of first ground. The crazy aspect was that not even a kind of "first creatures" could give an answer, those who had started the first simulation. Because it simply would be impossible to define those "first creatures". So, what could be an answer then? A religious cult, or simply the insight that it could not be excluded, but it was a question with no possible answer in the end. It was simply a matter of what you would be able to bear, how much uncertainty. Uncertainty that could not be removed, except by creating a new and even bigger uncertainty. Could it be that this was simply a challenge for me? That the Doorkeeper tested me on how I would react to those thoughts and ideas? This seemed to be an idea standing to reason.

I should keep this conversation in mind when I would start travelling now again. There was such an ungraspable amount of planets to discover. And yet, at least in this universe, at least in this area of this universe, all was subject to the same laws of nature, the same natural constants, and this limited possibilities, of course. Yeah, I should simply continue travelling, and there was still the fact that the Doorkeepers tried to find out why I had a device and why it was damaged. There was enough stuff for a continuation, even by blind out the aspect of simulations.

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Call it Utopia

Into the Great Wide Open

We sat at the beach, Sarah and I, and watched the sunset - we did not talk. Nevertheless, Sarah said a thing: Crazy, isn't it? It's already five years ago. Yeah, right, five years. Five years with a lot of change. Well, not everything was perfect now, today, but so much better than before. And wasn't it as always?

All these empires made for eternity but vanished forever. As she liked to sing: Nothing stays forever, not even the mightiest empire. They often last only for a decade, or a few decades possibly. And even if for centuries, then only with a lot of change, severe change, like the Roman Empire. No, nothing stays forever. And so it had been this time as well. There will always be something or someone who ends it.

But it was a bit melancholic to talk about that because it applied to all political systems, not only dictatorships or dystopian societies. Furthermore, no democracy had lasted for very long now - not to start to ponder times without wars. It seemed as if it was a kind of natural law, or a part of humanity itself, that nothing could stay forever, even if it was to seem as positive and meaningful. Alexander the Great created a gigantic empire by constant wars and causing endless suffering. But like history had a cynical day, it started to fall into ruin already instantly with the day of his death. All these wars and suffering just to create an empire to decay immediately again - what a nonsensical and disgusting deed!

I had caused the end of the GUSA, and of course, this had a mighty impact worldwide. I had burned men and women alive - was I so much better than Alexander the Great, if even? Did the end indeed justify the means? But if a situation was past bearing, would not every deed be justified then? Yeah, the old question about who defined what. I had been the policeman, the prosecutor, the lawyer, the judge, the hangman - well, I had been everything. This seemed not to be meaningful. Doubtful, questionable, but maybe very effective as well. I had changed the world, and I had changed history. Yeah, and all with the knowledge that nothing would stay forever. So, even if this all would lead into a bright future, it was foreseeable that also this bright future would end one day as well. So

why any endeavor at all, to affect anything? Because it was inherent to humans? Just like the obsession to be the humans worst nightmare as well? The sun had drowned.

*

The Big Conspiracy

Back to Life, Back to Reality

All Those Hackneyed Phrases

Back to life, back to reality
Back to life, back to reality
Back to life, back to reality
Back to the here and now, yeah
Show me how
(Back to Live; Soul II Soul)

"Okay, man, should we now just work through all those dumbass conspiracy theories?"

"No, I have just argued that what would be if one of them all would be true."

"And I say that the problem is that they all are structured such that one cannot disprove them - at least if they are at least a bit ambitious, which they are normally not to the slightest. It's called immunization strategies."

"Yeah, sure, and I do not say that, for instance, Jews are ruling the world in secret. But what if something were true?"

"Wow, the Jews are ruling the world. They got persecuted and killed in the Middle Ages. Millions got killed by the Nazis - what a fantastic ruling is this? The founding and history of Israel - well, they do not appear as the rulers of the world to me. To make it short, this idea about the Jews as the secret rulers of the world is bullshit!"

"Hey, this was only an example. But what about "big money" or something like that?"

"About whom are you talking now? Big pharma, big arms industry, Elon Musk, or Peter Thiel? Peter Thiel, an extremely dangerous person, but definitely not the ruler of the world. If, then this world would be an extremely diverse one."

"So you're not interested in any kind of discussion about such topics?"

"Why should I be interested in wasting my time with such nonsense."

"This seems myopic to me."

"Well, maybe it's farsighted?"

"In what respect should this be farsighted, Peter?"

"Well, all these conspiracy theories have aspects in common. They tell you a lot about those who believe in - not necessarily so much about those who have created them. Could it be that there are underlying, or maybe better, superordinate aspects worse to be examined?"

"And where should this lead to, Peter?"

"I fear to some simple, always-for-a-long-time-known basic insights about humankind."

"Like?"

"Well, let's try it that way. Do you know this character from "Lord of the Rings"? This ugly looking gray guy, always yawning for the rings?"

"What was his name?"

"I have no idea. I haven't read one of the books and absolutely not watched one of these shitty movies. But I have seen a clip of him, I think as a meme, yawning for one of the rings or all. I think this is a good metaphor for humankind. And I do not exclude that this character was meant this way by Tolkien."

"So if so, why then would it be needed to discuss anything further on?"

"Because the wheels are still turning. Maybe therefore."

*Big wheels
Keep turning
They turn forever and ever
(Big Wheels Turning; Electric Light Orchestra)*

*

Hard-Boiled

Red is the Color to.....

My new client sat in front of my desk to tell me about her concern - my secretary, now back in her anteroom, had accompanied her in. Yeah, Velda, a redheaded girl with a huge axe - well, I was starting to run off the track. In any case, Velda, nicely shaped - I always loved when she wore green, and not only her green clothes. By the way, green clothes? Blouses, skirts, and dresses, which were often enough revealing not only a good deal of skin but also what was there behind. I sometimes asked myself why I had hired her as I had searched for a secretary and not one of the other applicants. Self-chastisement? It was like showing a hungry dog a bone. Or, when starting a diet, sitting at a table having a wonderful rare steak in front of you and a plum pie with plenty of cream aside. I had no idea what had gotten into me just to hire her - bah, I knew it! Apart from everything else, she was a fucking good secretary and way beyond. I knew that I could count on her in any situation.

"What's your concern, Mrs.....," I tried to recall her name.

"Miss Elizabeth Miller, Mr. Maurer."

"Ah, yes, Miss Miller. So, what's your concern, Miss Miller?" Well, Elizabeth was a nice first name, but "Miller"? Not really the greatest of all family names. A bit too common.

*

Judge and Executioner by the Monsters' Mercy

The Two Chets

The piano at the beginning, then the trumpets set in, and finally the brush at the drums - it was fascinating to see and to listen. It was challenging to separate the two trumpets, in nearly perfect accord - one guy so handsome, the other battered by life. The piano got its part again, together with the soft sound of the drums. It was almost to cry. And yet.....

.....they started to sing. Now the melancholy caught you relentlessly, and everything was way beyond "almost", and I started to cry. To cry because the song was over - this was the guy I had to hunt down, who should lead us to this other guy "Miles"? But was it the young one or the old one I should follow - or both? And why always this "almost"?

Could it be slang or a code? And, should I maybe enter the stage to shout: You're under arrest! Simply to see who of the two would react? And if both, and if both would try to scoot in different directions? I ordered another whisky sour - the show was still not over.

It would have been dangerous to be here, but I had needed some time to find it. Even if I was quite familiar with this city and the places underground. Yeah, there was a big dark town, a place that I had found, and I started to like it - it would have been easy to send everybody here around to their doom. A simple message to my authorities would have been all that would have been needed. I felt alone and together.

Beyond the world, and they seemed to be proud. Yeah, to cling together made them strong as long as they were together - was this the solution of the two trumpet players? But at last they were vulnerable. Well, I had found them so others could find them as well.

I looked at the sketches of Spain on the walls and felt a kind of blue as my whiskey sour started to taste like bitches brew as some obvious witches took a place at my table and said: Try it in a silent way, Peter. This could be the birth of cool. There are still seven steps to heaven.

Now I seemed to understand, jumped on my feet, and shouted: Hey, Chet, tell me, where's this man with the horn, this fucking Miles? And it was no longer a surprise to me that they stopped their wonderful tender playing together and looked at me: Chet Baker sings, but you will not like the melody. Then they started to laugh frenetically as a black guy wearing black clothes and a black hat entered the stage. In one hand a Tommy gun, a handgun in his other: Don't play what's there; play what's not there. That was that he said in a somber tone as he started to fire at me, and I woke up. Yeah, I thought, confused and not really awake. It was indeed not what was to be seen. It was always about that, what wasn't to see.

*

The Big Conspiracy

The Onion Layer Model

It was not possible to ascend without being at a layer for a certain time. It was like walking through doors. You opened a door, walked through it, but then you needed a moment to grab hold of the next doorknob to open this next door. I had trained a lot, but we also talked about doing the same procedure a million times and even more. So at the beginning, even when I was already fast then - even a very short time became a massive number multiplied by a million, ten million, or a hundred million. So I was right from the beginning interested in improving my fastness so much that nearly no measurable timespan was left from one ascending to the next. It nearly could be interpreted as an instantaneous ascending. But this made it only more shocking.

It was like a mix of the movies "The Time Machine" and "2001: A Space Odyssey", their traveling. Only that the succession of images, structures, and colors was way faster, and became faster and faster. But the more it happened, the more I was able, if only for nearly no time then, to see something. Like you would be able to fragmentize a normal movie in its single pictures at the beginning, but then a high-speed shot, always faster and faster. A succession of impressions for nearly no time span. But the shorter they became the more I was able to see them, even like stills at the end - it was irritating and fascinating at once. And what did I see?

Well, my problem was that I always saw only one image of a certain time span. So it was not a real movie that I saw, or a movie where you only saw one single frame every minute or so. Watching a movie with a very elaborate storyline, I had to say. I was unable to form a plot of all that I saw - but I should not forget that this was not my reason to ascend.

It was the idea that at a certain point the movie should come to an end - I would have reached the end of the simulation. If answers could be found, then there. Earth was no longer. The sun had been a red giant for a longer time now, in the state of a semi-regular pulsating variable star, on the way to becoming a white dwarf by creating a planetary nebula - the simulation still continued. A certain kind of nervousness started.

I was an alien in the system. What I did was not meant to happen. I could not expect a welcoming with joy at the end of my travel. Well, I had learned that this simulation obviously did not simulate the human kind, and not even Earth alone. I had become aware that this simulation was much larger and expanded. But did this not contradict ideas of Jean? Well, he never ascended really, only a bit. He could be wrong. The whole idea could be wrong. Could this be the simulation of an entire universe? But if I had no longer limits on Earth, should this mean that I would have no limits in the

complete universe now? Yet I ascended far too fast. I would have to stop my ascent to verify this idea. But it would distract me from ascending. And ascending was the only thing that counted.

*

Did not everybody dream about something, and for some of us those dreams were connected with the stars and the universe. What about living in the Large Magellanic Cloud? First, to have the Milky Way in full size in your night sky. But also being near to the Tarantula Nebula, hosting some of the heaviest stars known. Or what about a planet located in a globular cluster? The sky would be spangled with bright stars - it should look incredible. What about a galaxy in the middle of an empty void - apart from the stars of your galaxy, there would be nothing more. A planet orbiting a triple system with a blue star, a red star, and a black hole? What would that mean? Sure, there would have to be a door to get there. But the universe was so incredibly large, with so many possibilities, that for whatever you imagined, there should also be at least one example with a door. And the Doorkeepers had all the knowledge.

"I have no idea where to start, Doorkeeper."

"Well, what about one by one, Peter?"

"Yeah, but I fear there's too much. I mean, I will not live forever, Doorkeeper."

"No, not forever, Peter."

*

The Myth of the Doors

A Grain of Truth is Everywhere

"Sure, Doors for travelling in distance are common and relatively easy to understand. More difficult are those that seemingly cause only a delay in time. Well, the question still stays: where is "behind" the Door. Where is the person in the time "behind" the Door. We should not forget that the delay can become as large as centuries. Maybe even more it could be. But the real myth is the Doors that allegedly allow travel in time. I mean, travelling distances is trivial, but in time? This is forbidden by all laws of nature and our best theories about the universe and everything. And yet, the rumors still stand that such Doors would also exist."

"But it's meaningless to discuss something that possibly exists. We have enough to explore about the Doors that definitely exist."

"That's true. But we should not totally neglect the possibility of Doors allowing travelling in time. Should they exist, they possibly could be the key to understanding the existence of Doors as such. And by the way, there are serious theories that we still are only starting to learn about the Doors. I'm sure that big surprises are still waiting."

"Yeah, maybe eventually could be. We're not in a third-rate Hollywood movie - so, in no Hollywood movie at all. That's my opinion."

*

Hard-Boiled

Too Hot for the Common Man

"Well, it's a bit delicate, and I'm not sure right now if you're the right person to speak with. I hope that you do not sense this as offensive, Mr. Maurer."

She had a nice and soft voice, and only now I started to take a real look at her. She had appeared a bit like a plain Jane at the first moment - but.....

Well, she had a pretty beautiful face, delicate features in fact. Okay, the hairdo was a bit "provincially," not like Velda with her red capturing curls. But she had a nicely shaped body, and her clothing was "restrained" but pleasant to look at. I had captured her knee-length skirt as Velda had accompanied her in my office - more an eye on Velda's.....I should try to concentrate. The little jacket was delightful, and her white blouse - even if of course, closed up to the last button - just a bit transparency was to be seen. I had to say, all in all, not a spectacular beauty, but a pretty charming person. Maybe I should say something.

"Well, Miss Miller, it's on you to decide who would be the best contact partner for you. And it would be okay for me if I weren't the one. If you could give me some hints, I might be capable of recommending someone else."

"I mean, I would prefer a woman in some ways, but I haven't found a female private investigator."

"And to be honest, I do not know one in the whole town. Would it be helpful for you to speak with Velda, my secretary? Or that she would at least be in, together with us?"

"I think that this could help me, Mr. Maurer."

She was very formal, working in an office most likely. I pressed the button to inform Velda to come in. Then thin glass door opened, and she understood the situation on the spot. She simply grabbed one of the additional chairs and placed herself next to Miss Miller.

"What can I do for you," she asked, not looking at me but at Miss Miller. It was interesting to see these two so different women sit side by side.

"Well, I have some problems at my workplace," she said with a now fragile sounding voice, and for the fraction of a second, Velda's eyes hit me without moving her head. Yeah, this was one of the "characteristics" of Velda, apart from her physical appearance, which should not confuse and lull you, that she was a highly professional and skilled person. And I knew why I had omitted the word "secretary" now. And I knew that I was at the sideline now, that it was Velda's turn currently, that I had to start to become professional immediately. We had a new client.

*

The Big Conspiracy

Back to Life, Back to Reality

The Gist of the Matter?

"Could it be that all is very simple in the end?"

"Nothing is simple in the end, that's a meaningful rule. Simple is only the surface, simple is only the deceit or the lies."

"Yeah, but what if the core of the problem is that we have so much inequality? That some think and live as if they would be superior?"

"Total equality is a lie, because we're not equal, we are very diverse indeed."

"Yeah, sure, regarding the outer appearances. We....."

".....are all human beings, and therefore we have all the same rights. But about what rights are you talking? To own a superyacht or not to starve to death? We are human animals not capable of thinking ahead, feeling real empathy, or pondering about humankind as one big society. Only a little moment in the history of the universe we are. We appeared on the scene billions of years after the beginning of the universe, and we will be history billions of years before the end of the universe. That's what we are. Who cares about how dumb and incapable we are?"

"That's very nihilistic, Peter."

"I would say realistic."

*

Call it Reality

The Sluts and the Men of Culture

I looked at both, better to say: I looked at the screen, watching them - just nineteen - how they obviously enjoyed it to get fucked hard by ten men in all their holes. Some white men, some black men, of course with extra-large cocks, and they were small, pale, and frail. All three at once, sandwich, two cocks in one hole, deep throat, piss, ass to mouth, ball licking, ass licking, swallowing everything, fisting, coughing, blushing, slapping, wiping, tears, simply the whole program. And at the end, everything was done - what fucking sluts they were!

Sure, they did it for the money, the men maybe not only, and the "studio" made most of everything. It was a business, a billion-dollar business, whereby it seemed that it had never been in human history that suchlike was so easy to get and so cheap in the end. It seemed as if an endless row of willing sluts only waited to get fucked extremely and to get treated like a piece of shit in front of a camera, and not only teens, all other ages as well. And for what? How long? For a year, two or three perhaps, apart from some legendary exceptions. Was it possible to make enough money in such a time, enough money for the rest of your life? And if not, what to do after your porn career to make your living. Marrying?

Was it the one watching it - the slut as such? - maybe even paying for it despite all the unbelievable amounts for free? To satisfy his unmet "needs". Watching something disgusting, how young women got treated in an awful way, like they would be mere sex object. Was it the one watching?

It was good to be a man of culture, like a president, from the United States, or Russia, or China, or Turkey, or Argentina. Or a man of vision, like the tech billionaires, like Peter Thiel or Jeff Bezos. Or a man enabling sports, like the king of them all, Gianni Infantino. They would never do suchlike in front of a camera, getting fucked in all their holes. They were respectful men, only doing in the dark, fucking little girls in all possible ways. But not only little girls. They fucked everybody in every hole, regardless of when and how. But always secretly. The richest families on earth, sponsors of arts and sports, and artists and athletes, while plundering Earth and all the other humans in an unsavory way like no nineteen-year-old would ever in front of a camera. What was more disgusting? Seeing Sasha Paige and Nicole Murkovski get fucked in all their holes, fisted, drinking pee or listening to the lies of the swine from NY and seeing that the Nazi (means anti-democrat and democracy destroyer) Peter Thiel gets honored in Germany? Not a second of reflecting about it has to be needed!

*

Hard-Boiled

Reality sets Limits

It was good that Velda led the conversation now, even if I was not really satisfied with where it led. But this was not Velda's fault, and I couldn't blame Miss Miller as well for it. Whereby, I asked myself why she was here and what she expected from me to do. Sure, it was an unpleasant situation for her, but it was nothing for the cavalry. I had to say something.

"May I join the conversation here at this point - Miss Miller, Velda?"

Well, Miss Miller seemed to be willing, but Velda's eyes told me another story. Nevertheless, it was not for the first time, and it wouldn't be the last time, and always the question arose: What the fuck should I do to change it? I was no knight in a shiny suit of armor who was able to solve every problem. There should be a real case, and not a disgrace accepted by society - at least as long as it related to a Miss Miller.

"I know," I tried to surpass Velda's displeasure, "that your situation is unacceptable, but we have a problem. Such guys, like your supervisor, know the laws only too well. They know how far they can go. It's....."

".....as long as we have no case of a rape or even harder in the near future, Peter. It's....."

".....as always, Velda. You know how difficult it would be even in the case of a rape to make a real case out of it. She wore a slightly transparent blouse, and the way she always crossed her legs, it simply made me horny." It was easy to see that my words shocked her even though she had not crossed her legs, sitting very modestly on her chair. Miss Miller, of course, not Velda.

"So the solution as always, Peter? As long as nothing severe happens, like a murder," now Miss Miller appeared to be really shocked, "everything is okay. That's shit, Peter." If looks could kill.

"Yeah, it's shit and nothing is okay, Velda. And you know how much I hate such wankers who exploit their status. But we both know how difficult it is to take action against such issues. Sure, I could visit him and give it to him straight. But what would change this? The fucking truth is that he has the upper hand in such a situation. He simply could denounce me and sack Miss Miller to try it again with her successor. These are the fucking rules today, and we both know this, Velda."

"These are fucking male rules, Peter, and we both know this. So you are sending her home, or what, Peter?"

We both knew that such cases always ended messy - the one way or another. I had made my experiences, and Velda had made hers. Yeah, what one could suggest Miss Miller? A new job? Caving in because he maybe would have his limits? Everything would be shit for her and a win for him.

"Advice born by experience, Miss Miller?" I felt like a daddy near to telling his daughter that not everything she thought about the world would be true. That the world would be indeed a fucking pigpen.

"A new job?" I had no idea what I should respond, and Velda only shook her head. Not much, very slightly. And every so often it felt simply fucking to be a man.

*

The Big Conspiracy

Back to Life, Back to Reality

How Much is Enough?

"Let me start this conversation."

"Okay, Peter."

"Would we all need superyachts and cars with a thousand horsepower, or could it be nobody would need them in reality?"

"I fear you're very close to communism now, Peter."

"Only if you're an American dumbass incapable of using your own mind. Not understanding the differences between socialism and communism and suchlike."

"But if someone makes a lot of cash, then you cannot tell him what has to be done with it"

"When someone likes to fuck teens and then turns to preteens, then you cannot criticize him, or even more, because it's just his taste. And when momy sells her six-year-old daughter to him because she is desperate, then you maybe can blame the mother but not him."

"I doubt that this is comparable, Peter."

"If somebody thinks he can manipulate elections, can decide on political systems, or can decide the fate of other people, sending them into senseless wars only for his own profit and suchlike simply because of being wealthy, then this is far beyond every obscenity of any over-the-hill crack whore at the street corner. They are the social parasites that have to be brutally sanctioned and thrown out of

every country. They are the ones who are destroying everything and making life so much harder for nearly everybody except for themselves and their buddies."

"Now you nearly sound like a revolutionary, Peter."

"No way. Why waste energy on something that will yield nothing in the end? Orwell or Pink Floyd, what more could be said? And what did it change? Pink Floyd is too optimistic, and Orwell? 1984 was over forty years ago, and we're beyond. Brazil and 12 Monkeys - they all could not dig to the core. Who are they, those we never really got to see? What are their names?"

"Now you sound like a conspiracy theorist, Peter. Honestly, Peter."

*

Hard-Boiled

It's a Man's World

It was one and a half weeks after Miss Miller had been in the office, and Velda still welcomed me with a dismissive and displeasing expression when I entered the office and greeted her - she was normally somewhat earlier in the office than I. It was not different today, even though she addressed me today, not simply grumbling something, as I had nearly reached the glass door to my part of the office.

"You like black music, Peter, right?"

Wow, I was not sure if I should turn around to answer her or if it would be better to ignore her words and to enter my office, where I could close the door. It was her intonation that left no room for interpretation: she wanted a quarrel. So, whatever I would do, it would be wrong. But I was a private investigator. I should not duck, and so I turned around, not opening the door, even with the doorknob already in hand.

"I like a lot of different music, as you know, Velda. But yeah, also music one could name "black music". Why are you asking?"

"What about the new hit from James Brown?" I knew immediately which song she meant - and why.

"Well, I do not stick much with James Brown. More with jazz, as you know, Velda." I tried to speak softly and downbeat. "Coltrane, Coleman, Shorter, or Davis. Charles Mingus and Chet Baker, by all his troubles, the most." I knew that she would try to provoke me now. And maybe this was what I had deserved.

"Isn't it a disgraceful song," she didn't even mention the title, "where men are doing everything, only needing "women or girls", most likely girls especially, to comfort and assure them?" Well, I hadn't heard the song often so far.

"I think there's room for interpretation, but I think also that I see what you mean. I mean, when he sings something like men are caring for the little girls and boys because they have made the toys, then this is hardly to bear, Velda. I think this has to piss off every mother, I would say. And of course, it's the man who makes the money. Mommy is at home and waits dutifully for him. As said, I do not stick much with him and his music." I hoped that this would be a good answer, and it wasn't a lie, but Velda was more pissed off than I had thought.

"So you also think that this is a male world, Peter?"

I decided that it would be best to speak it out. "Yes, it's a fucking male world, and it's mainly shit men are creating. We're deep in the war in Vietnam now. We have an old white president, which is needless to say. Men are declaring war, men are fighting war, and men are winning or losing wars. And sometimes it's simply that men are thinking that women are their puppies, their toys, their sex objects, a subject for whatever they wanna. And women are always the victims, like in a war or like Miss Miller. Yes, Velda, this is a fucking men's world, and men are always giving a shit on what women are feeling, thinking, and wanting to do, and I think that Mr. James Brown isn't most likely a nice guy backstage. But it all appears to be okay, killing in war as well as treating women as

submissive creatures – okay, as long as not the own daughter is affected. Tell me what I could do for Miss Miller, and I would do it, Velda. It would need more women like you, Velda." I had no real idea anymore what I brabbled. Hey, I was simply not the right guy for that. I was sick of all the masculine shit, but a man of my own. This was a fucking situation, and I knew that it would become even harder.

"What do you mean by "more women like me", Peter?" I dugged my own grave.

"Well, look at you and Miss Miller. You with your red curls, your expressive clothes, and your self-confident demeanor. Miss Miller could be like you, at least in a way. I would rather not blame her, but what would happen when I would start to chatter about your hot natural red curls, your tight dresses, your legs, and I would start to fondle you? We would need more rights for women." I simply produced words with thinking.

"Wow, Peter, you were able to narrowly avoid the disaster in the last nick of time. Yes, that's the point, Peter. We would need more rights for women. That's the crux of the matter. Damn, Peter!" I took a deep breath after I nearly got a shock. It seemed as if not all had been nonsense that I had said. I looked at Velda, and she seemed a bit more relaxed but still belligerent. She tilted her head somewhat to her right side: "Can you tell me why you assume that I'm a natural redhead, Peter? I mean, apart from in your little wet dreams when you're home alone in your condo after we have said goodbye in the evenings, Peter?" She could be so brutally direct and confrontational.

"Well, I always assumed so. I had never a reason to believe that it could be different, Velda."

"Oh Peter, that's why men are always so disappointing. You always assume something, and therefore it has to be so. But Peter, hey, you simply haven't seen enough of me to be able to decide." Now she showed me her most sardonically smirk she was able to. Yeah, she was right, and we both knew that I would never find out.

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It was simply breathtaking, a sky studded with the brightest stars. And in between the broad band of fainter stars and a haze, the hundreds of millions of stars of the Milky Way as seen from afar. What would it mean for a civilization to develop under such a night sky? Well, I could find out by choosing a civilized planet in a globular cluster, but this one was totally lifeless - it was by purpose. I simply wanted the impression with nothing around me - okay, I had a price to pay. There was an atmosphere, but not breathable for me. So I could not simply stand here - totally liberated - and look ahead. But as the doorkeeper had said, I could do it one by one. And there was still my question. This view was so overwhelming, but what if finding out that this haze between the stars was a galaxy, that you were in a dense packed globe of stars, just orbiting this so much larger galaxy? What would this mean? I closed my eyes to take this impression in. It was simply arousing.

*

Hard-Boiled

Fucking Karma

The waves had calmed down, and it was nicer again to go to work in the morning, to enter the exterior door of the office, to enter Velda's realm, to see her smiling, to get a charming response from her. Even more, the last days she had seemed to be totally relaxed and in an outstandingly good mood - but not today.

It was nearly as if I had felt it right as I had touched the doorknob to enter the anteroom, to look into Velda's smile - but there was no smile today. As I looked at her, still in the doorframe, she did not raise her head. She did absolutely not react, and I knew immediately that something had to happen. It was Velda.

Regarding some aspects, we were very close together. We both were people who sometimes still did not have any interest to speak with someone - I noticed, even she had lowered her head and the red curls nearly covered up her face, that she had cried. It was Velda.

I walked in my office to shed my coat, took a deep breath, and wanted to walk back into the anteroom - I wanted to give her a second before addressing her. The L.A. Times was on my desk - Velda always bought one on her way to the office. But normally she had it on her desk. She read it first, and I fetched it normally later. But today the newspaper was laid on my table. It looked very much simply thrown onto. I turned to walk back to the anteroom, but Velda stood in the doorframe of the connecting door now. I had not heard her. It was obvious that she had wept bitterly. Should I embrace her now? But as I still pondered, she said something hardly to understand. Her voice sounded suddenly so frail, in no way aggressive.

"Sit down, please, Peter. Page 13, local news and sundries. At the lower page."

I had a fucking feeling as I did so, sat down, opened the L.A. Times, and turned to page 13, down at the page: Dead Body Found at the South Gate Park. And I read only the first line. It told me: The dead body of a twenty-two-year-old woman was discovered by a female walker and her dog at the South Gate Park near the western entrance at Tweedy Boulevard last night - no name. I looked up at Velda's stony face.

"They mention no name, Velda." Knowing that it was Velda, she was no bleeding-heart crybaby. I knew that she knew more.

"Now I know why she was not at home yesterday evening, Peter. It's difficult being at home when you're lying dead in a park, Peter. What are your plans, Peter?"

I knew that she would only accept one answer now.

"Hunt him down to make him accountable, Velda."

But first I had to embrace her now. I did not really know why I knew it, but I knew it, and I had tears in my eyes by doing so.

*

The Big Conspiracy

Back to Life, Back to Reality

The Sirens' Call

The woman as the most dangerous thing for man, like in the Hollywood black-and-white movies Elizabeth sometimes refers to, especially in one of her early videos. The seduction of man with clothing, jewelry, makeup, perfume, hairdos, and the covering up or revealing of their primary and secondary sexual characteristics. All on the woman is pure seduction.

The man is the victim, as religion always tells you, but not only religion. The man gets harassed by the woman's doing, which sets in no later than the start of hitting the age of puberty. Sometimes even earlier, even very young girls love to make themselves up, have a lust for extraordinary clothes, and sophisticated shoes. Not to talk about jewelry. It's a part of their being.

The man has to react, to handle the woman's lust, to cover up all the nasty, at least, preferably everything of the seducing woman. The woman gets banned from the outside, from the visible, from everything. It was a mistake to give the woman the right to vote, as every great and patriotic American will tell you, and not a few right-wingers in Germany will agree. It was a mistake to give the woman any rights, subordinated to man. The man fathers the child in an activity, and the woman receives the child and carries it out. Just the natural way.

*

Who decided what a woman has to wear and bought her jewelry? Was it to please her or the man? Who decided to raise boys and girls differently to prepare them for the upcoming - who decided what the upcoming had to be? Who decided that young girls have to get circumcised, who the same with boys - and it was not a certain scripture who simply demanded it or a tradition that had erstwhile to be formed over a given time. It was always those who had the power, and no matter if religious or secular, one was common: it was the man.

*

A woman has nice legs, and apart from, that this can mean a lot and is definitely not consistent for me: what's the implication of that assumed fact? About the woman as such, apart from that she has obviously nice legs, at least for me. Yeah, nothing, nothing beyond the nice legs. And seen suchlike, the statement "I think that XYZ has nice legs" does not give any further information or implication and describes no further facts. This does not have to be so. Information like XYZ is a professor for physics, automatically implies that this person has to have a profound knowledge of mathematics. You will not understand physics without mathematics on such a level that you need to become a professor. You may be able to give lectures at the community college, but you will never become a professor of physics - well, maybe honorary. And so the statement "You have nice legs" is a very trivial one, with not very much content. So I would say that Taylor Swift has gorgeous legs, very fitting to the rest of her body, but this does not mean that she is a good singer. Hey, this does not change the fact that her singing is a boring sing-song, at least for me. I even would say that her legs are more beautiful than those of Elizabeth Woolridge Grant - okay she, her body, and her legs changed over time not only once, but as a rule. But her songs, Elizabeth of course, are still hitting me in a way hardly to describe and unique, even when her music has also changed a lot and not only once. Her legs aren't so essential. But for Taylor Swift? They are necessary for her. I like Faye Reagan's freckles, especially at the beginning of her "career" and Jessica Biel's cheekbones - okay, Faye's freckles disappeared increasingly during her "career", and Jessica Biel had plastic surgery. Yet neither the freckles nor the cheekbones does tell anything substantial about these two women, nothing at all in the end.

*

The Sirens' Call unfolds especially something: the weakness of man. Odysseus and the sirens or the boatmen on the Rhine at the Loreley, they all act like purely hormone-driven pussies - okay, we all need this for a good myth, I know. But hey, it has a reason why a man has to rape a woman with arousing legs wearing a short dress - maybe even with heels! Man cannot resist the sirens' call, and I have to take a look at Jessica Biel dancing the tango now, with fantastic Colin Firth - I thoroughly love the white stockings and the golden t-straped dance shoes. Okay, her dress is also not so bad. And then I should take a look at Fay's freckles, and not only her freckles. That's for sure!

*

The Female Body

A Divine Nimbus

"Did you really write that men are boring and two women together are a natural beautiful thing, Peter?"

"Something like that, yes."

"Could be considered homophobic in a way, Peter."

"But I'm no dumbass American snowflake, preferably white, and maybe a man, having no problems with homelessness and slavery but with every shitty trifle instead."

"But you are, and even if in Europe, also a man, Peter. Being together with a woman as a natural beautiful thing will be hard for you, Peter. So as a man?"

"Yeah, it's fucking to say this as a man. But I am what I am, a fucking shitty man."

*This is the female form,
A divine nimbus exhales from it from head to foot,
It attracts with fierce undeniable attraction,*

*Hair, bosom, hips, bend of legs, negligent falling hands all diffused, mine too diffused,
Ebb stung by the flow and flow stung by the ebb, love-flesh swelling and deliciously aching,
(I Sing the Body Electric; Walt Whitman)*

"You know that he has also written about the body as such in that poem: *That of the male is perfect, and that of the female is perfect*. Right, Peter?"

"I haven't said that I do agree with everything he has written. In the end, in a way, he also was nothing more than a man. Maybe not a shitty one."

*

The Big Conspiracy

The Onion Layer Model

I was not hungry, I needed no sleep, there was no time anymore, and my wristwatch stood still. But I breathed. There was a heartbeat, but no further bodily functions I could find. A heartbeat in a timeless space, how should this be possible? Well, I was a simulation dropped out of a simulation. It seemed as if some aspects of the simulation that represented me were still valid, others not. Or maybe I had only the feeling, the idea, that they were still valid. I was unable to decide and to understand.

But much had changed. I ascended at an incredible speed now. It seemed as if hundreds of layers within a heartbeat, possibly thousands. There were still kinds of images that I saw, but it was more like a constant and impenetrable flurry of camera flashes. I interpreted it as that I had reached a new level of ascending, whatever this should mean. But it was different from before, something entirely different from the beginning. It simply felt different. Yet an anxiety overcame me, that this all could be too much for me, that I would, had to, run crazy from a certain moment on. And this moment seemed to approach, unstoppable, and with massive steps. The moment was seemingly very near. And then everything was over.

*

I ascended no longer. That was for sure. But I could not grasp what was now. It was like waking up dazed and disoriented. A bit like being drunk. I felt that my problem was that I had no experiences regarding my current stage. I had no idea how to interpret what, how to understand anything, just like you would tell someone not used to physics at all that inside a proton, consisting of three quarks, there would be mediators. In this case the gluons mediated the color force, the strong nuclear force. How should such a person grasp this? And I felt like such a person right now.

But it was not that the person not understanding your talking about gluons would be dumb, but everybody needed a basis, and I missed this basis right now. I had nothing to start to build knowledge to understand what my state was right now. And I had the awful feeling that my mind, my knowledge, and my experience would not be enough to find any ground here, wherever I was now. Descending again?

Well, ascending was such a trivial issue now to me. Descending should not be less. Descending until I could find any leverage point again? This seemed to be a smart idea - I had literally all the time in the world in this simulation, whatever this simulation was. But this also meant that I could stay as such now, as long as I wanted, to see if there were some developments from a certain moment on. And a sudden feeling of liberty overcame me. I had tears in my eyes - the simulation had tears in his eyes. Hey, I could decide to do whatever I wanted. I nearly felt like a little god just now.

*

Hard-Boiled

Some Of Us Have A Private Life

I had done two things - better, I did one, but not the other. What I had done was that I had called Yves Rodriguez, a friend of mine at the Los Angeles Police Department. He could provide me some details and did some phone calls either. Well, it was Miss Miller, beaten and strangled, at the park. Whereby the police still weren't totally sure if this also was the crime scene - did they require help from their friend from Las Vegas. They would not need long to be here.

What I hadn't done, which was superfluous in a way, was to ask Velda about her relation to Miss Miller. It was obvious that they stayed in contact after Miss Miller had left the office after her visit. More was not to be needed to know for right now. But sure, I had to ask Velda if she had some knowledge about a possible murderer.

"Could it have been her supervisor at work? What do you think, Velda?"

"I don't think so. He was only handsy and crude at her workplace. I see no indication that he was interested in her apart from that, Peter. Not interested in why we still had contact with each other?"

"No, it's your privacy, at least for now, Velda. But have you been to her home once? The police have sealed the house."

"Since when do you encounter problems with such a triviality, Peter?"

"Maybe I can get information more easily, Velda?"

"What are your interests, Peter?"

"Well, anything that could help to solve the case, to nail the murderer."

"There was nothing special in her home, Peter. Modern in a way, but not exaggerated or so. She loved music, jazz especially, and she had a jazz collection with some real gems. But I see no connection to a possible murderer."

Yeah, I had the feeling that she was not willing to tell me all and that she knew how I felt. Maybe it was simply too early a day after, and to know that it was definitely clear now who the victim was. I thought that it could be no disadvantage to have at least a look at the house where she had lived - perhaps there would be an opportunity for more. Not far away from the park, Tweedy Boulevard, corner of Dorothy Avenue. Not just around the corner, but late at night I would not have to fear traffic jams.

*

The Female Body

Always A Ravishing Beauty

A funny aspect of being a woman seems to be that whatever the own appearance would be there was always a time and a place when you would have been the ravishing beauty in perfection. Okay, bad luck for you if you did not live in that specific time and place.

There was a time when women had to be ample, with large breasts, and then a slim body with small breasts was the ideal. Well, bad luck for you with small breasts doing everything to create a "beautiful" cleavage. And later a woman with large breasts did everything to cover them up. The same with hair, legs, and everything else. Thank the lord that we have plastic surgery today. In ancient times it has been much more difficult. And males?

Well, yes, in a way. But isn't it still the normality - especially in conservative circles but not only there - that the male makes the wedding proposal? The man is the dominant force. He does not have to be beautiful, and this is good for the male. I mean, if beauty were a criterion for males, they would fail miserably. If there is something that seems not to fit really to males, then it's beauty. Okay, beauty is a mere definition and mostly organized by men, but for women. I think that males have three advantages. Males otherwise were in big trouble, not able to deal only with one of it: menstruation, giving birth, and having to be beautiful. And the fact that women can handle this, and all at the same time, males are scared by women. They know that, in a fair competition, they would be the stone losers. So, time to be unfair and suppressing!

*

I had come to the conclusion that it would be a kind of being pathetic when only travel to planets nice and fascinating, to have a cozy time. And so I tried to find planets even worse than my home planet. Well, my home planet was unable to stop having permanent wars. And yes, I could find a planet enmeshed in a global war for centuries. Not permanently all the time everywhere, but constantly globally with all its implications. And yet, also there one could find war profiteers and a wealthy elite. It nearly seemed as if those elites were comfortably happy with this state and not really interested in winning the war finally. A constant flip-flopping with no end in sight.

The same way it was easy to find a planet with an advanced climate crisis, beyond the tipping points, no way out was left. Billions were fleeing with no aim, and also there was a small elite living a relatively cozy life in their completely air-conditioned habitats. And as easily as a planet even beyond this state, with a nearly erased intelligent life form, and even the elites in a state of mere vegetating.

It was easy to find everything, positive or negative, but why? Was it a simple coincidence, born on a planet in peace or constant war? Like being born in a certain country on Earth? Why were some civilizations able to do it better and others not? Should I use my time therewith to find this out - wow, what would it mean to find an answer to such a grave question? Yeah, I should use my time.

*

Hard-Boiled

The Enhancement in Beauty

I had parked my car at the car park at South Gate Park. Well, it was already dark, and I had decided to walk the short way to Dorothy Avenue, just three and a half blocks. Well, it was a balmy evening, and it was not bad to make the way from the park along Tweedy Avenue to my corner. It was a clean housing area with nice family homes, different from what I had thought of. But this was Los Angeles. You could not simply say something about a neighborhood before being there. It was sometimes enough to cross a street to enter an entirely different world, or the Los Angeles River, or simply a metro track. I live at Sunset Boulevard - what a impressive information this was. Well, no. 1524 or 4810 or 8221 or, why not, 9641. 17080 could also be an option, or a tent under a bridge in Silver Lake - gold was sold out. But yes, this was a pretty pleasant neighborhood, and I was a bit surprised that Miss Miller had lived here. I knew no exact housing prices here, but this appeared more to be an area for settled families with two or three kids and two not-so-bad incomes. Not the

place for a young single woman at the beginning of her career. But as I reached Dorothy Avenue, some things became obvious.

On my right side was anything but a cheap-looking house. Some Mexican elements - arcades made of bricks. The four sophisticated lampposts were telling enough. Yet, okay, this was not my aim. My aim was on the other side of Dorothy Avenue, no. 4550. At the first moment it could have been a motel, but it was in fact a not much to this area fitting little complex with some condos. And in one Miss Miller obviously had lived - this fitted much better to a young woman with a not so pretty income. I started to take a look at all of it.

There was a way to an inner yard at Dorothy Avenue with a lower closed steel gate, but this shouldn't be my problem. Nevertheless, I also had a glance around the corner - in fact, it was an assemblage of two houses - but there was, as from the front at Tweedy Boulevard, nothing interesting or closed with a higher wooden door. So climbing over a higher wooden door at a boulevard or jumping over a lower steel gate at an avenue? Nothing to ponder obviously, whereby "jumping" was a bit flattering. Nevertheless, I managed it and started to enter the inner yard, as I just could see a silhouette sneaking around the corner at the larger building. Between the larger building and a wooden fence was the way that would lead to Tweedy Avenue, to the higher wooden door. Well, it could be an inhabitant, of course, but something told me that not. It was like this person sneaked around the corner, like somebody not wanting to be seen, not an inhabitant alarmed by someone suddenly being in this private inner yard. I walked along the wall of the larger house towards the narrow path that led to Tweedy Boulevard as I then really realized that no light had started. Okay, not immediately, maybe after I had managed the gate, but there was already someone in the inner yard as I had arrived, and it was still dark. Good circumstances for strolling around, but also dangerous - I grabbed my gun out of my backpack as I had reached the corner to the narrow path between the house and the wooden fence towards Tweedy Boulevard. Next would be to have a brief look around the corner to evaluate the situation. Okay, I did not expect to see someone there. An inhabitant would be already in the house and would have most likely informed the police. Someone else would have climbed over the wooden door to escape - I saw a fearful appearing man in the corner of the wooden door and the house. Okay, fearful looking did not mean harmless - I assumed that he thought that I would be an inhabitant of the house here.

"Don't move, buddy. I have informed the police. And I have a weapon, and I will use it if necessary. What are you doing here?" I was a bit astonished about that we had not caused any stir so far as I realized that he had been very silent so far and that also I had spoken with a subdued voice.

"I live here. You have terrified me. It's shitty that the lighting of the inner yard is defective." He seemed to relax a bit, but it all was obviously a lie.

"Open the door of your condo and everything is okay. Or can we speak bluntly?" He said nothing. I had approached slowly, and he had noticed my gun. "I'm a private investigator, and you are everything but no inhabitant of this house. If you're telling me the truth, then it will be the best for you." I was curious about the answer.

"No police, promised?" Okay, not perfectly an answer I had hoped for.

"Well, it will depend a bit on why you are here. I mean, this is a house where a woman lived, murdered only some corners away in the park. Man, you understand?" I had the feeling that he understood very well. He was suddenly very chatty, even if not informative, and I had to stop him not being too fast and especially not too loud. The last thing I needed now was to get noticed by someone.

"Stop, stop, and lower your voice. A deal. You have an identification or a smartphone, something like that? Hand it to me." He seemed not to be thrilled about the smartphone.

"I have no ID with me." No problem, buddy.

"Your smartphone." I let no doubt that I would want it. And he gave it to me hesitantly.

"But it's locked." I looked at him, mercifully.

"I require something private from you. And now my proposal. We will climb over the gate at Dorothy Avenue again, and then we will have a walk to my car at the car park at South Gate Park. There where she has been murdered. And when I'm satisfied with your narration then I will give you

your smartphone back, will enter my car, and drive away. Sounds not so bad, I would say." He was near to shit in his pants, he was definitely no burgler or something like that. I had another idea. Whatever, he agreed. So we climbed back to Dorothy Avenue, and I gave him time until Tweedy Boulevard to come down a bit more.

"Okay, here is my license so you can see that it was no joke that I'm a private investigator. I play with an open hand. Now it's on you to tell me the truth." I feared that it would become a very slow conversation as he surprised me.

"I'm a voyeur, but I'm no murderer. I'm only interested in watching. I'm not interested in any direct contact with a woman - honestly?" He looked at me hopefully. "Go on."

"I'm shy, totally shy. I cannot even address a woman directly. I have no idea what to do if a woman - I mean a real woman, no sex toy or so, or a woman on the internet - would be with me. It's only looking and dreaming." Wow, this seemed to be a very honest statement.

"And you have spied Miss Miller as well, the woman who got murdered?" Now it would become interesting.

"Yes, I have read it in the L.A. Times - it was not even worth a real article in the local section, only a notice." Did I have him trapped now?

"They mentioned no name?" I looked at him.

"Yes, but a young woman, in the park here, living not far away? And the police were here and at her apartment. I have watched all." Okay, this was a plausible explanation.

"Was it nice to spy on Miss Miller?" I was not sure why I asked this question.

"Well, she maybe appeared conservative and decent, but her sex life was rowdy. Always other guys, no restrictions about sex practices and races, and at last also with a fucking hot redhead. It was a swine that has killed her." And he really seemed to mean it in that way, that he felt sorry for Miss Miller, who could be no longer his jerk-off material.

"The redhead. Could you please describe her somewhat?" I was not sure if I should ask this question.

"Tall with a fantastic body. I mean, not too much, not too little. Wild red curls - and she was a real redhead, definitely. And what they did was fucking hot." I should stop here.

"You have made photos?" I felt lousy now.

"Yeah, and yes, they are on my smartphone. At least some of them and the last ones." He looked at me, fearing for his smartphone now, and I felt that I had gone too far.

*

The Female Body

The High Definition of Beauty

"I could never understand," he started, "why some are committed to blonds or redheads, to women with small breasts or large breasts, with short hair or long hair, straight or curly. As if all other women couldn't be beautiful as well." Well, I could understand his argumentation.

The beauty of a ballerina, and I had a Russian one in mind, one of these extremely graceful and flat-chested ones. Not to top what delicate women are concerned with. But what would be a woman in nylons, a petticoat, and a polka-dot skirt without calves and a deep décolleté? Fashion and circumstances seemed not to be irrelevant.

The perfect beauty of long hair and the fascination of a bob. Blond and black and red and brown - why not pink and blue? Straight or in wild curls, everything was captivating. And this was only the beginning that could easily lead into a frenzy.

"Men only attracted to a very limited type of woman," so he continued, "could be simply considered very limited men. Not able to see and define beauty as such, but only fixed to a little idea of something." Yeah, this seemed to be more than true.

*

Hard-Boiled

The Love of a Woman

"I did say that I'm not interested in your private life, Velda, nor was I interested in Miss Miller's private life, and I stand by this. But what about the possibility that your insights could help to solve this case, Velda?"

I was not angry or anything. Well, I was a bit snitty because of that. Velda had something someone could call a private life. It would have been dumb not to assume that Velda had something someone could name an active private life. And not only because of her appearance but especially because of her suavity. And the fact that she seemed to prefer women seemed only too natural. The beauty of a woman compared with the stupor of a man.

"....would you mind lending me an ear, Peter?"

Wow, I totally spaced out for a moment.

"Sorry, Velda, but I have to come to terms with some aspects."

And this was the blunt truth.

"That I have sex with other women - really Peter?"

"That it was a woman who was in our office, Velda."

This seemed to be a lame argument.

"A woman you refused to accept as a client and therefore no client of us - comprendre, Peter?"

This seems to be solid argument.

"Yeah, you're right. Do you see some hints that the murder could be connected to her sex life, Velda? One of her male lovers, maybe?"

"I had no problem that she still felt for men, Peter."

This hadn't been my question, Velda.

"This hadn't been my question, Velda. I mean, we have a voyeur who made plenty of photos. On one of the images could be the murderer eventually."

Was this incorrect to argue so?

"Did you like the pictures with me, Peter?"

I was emotionally too manly but not a swine.

"No, I was not interested in the pictures showing you. I would exclude you as a possible murderess of hers, Velda."

Lame again.

"You'll never know, Peter. Who had assumed that I'm a lesbian and a real redhead? I would say you definitely not."

I had always assumed that she would be a real readhead - the women? Looking at her? There was this silly image of the lonely maverick sitting at the counter of a shabby bar as the door opened. A breathtaking redhead came in and took a seat not next to him but near. The rest was a very wet male dream.

"Can we ponder on if there could be a connection between one of her nightly acquaintances and the fact that she got murdered?"

I felt that the ice under my feet was thin and already had cracks.

"You're right, Peter. It's our obligation now to find her murderer. We can discuss the rest later - you really had not even a glimpse of one of the images with me, Peter?"

Not at the photos as such.

"No, Velda."

Was I a liar now?

"I'm happy about this act of respect from your side, Peter. Not necessarily a matter of course."

And I felt like a swine again.

*

The Big Conspiracy

The Onion Layer Model

I had calmed down, I could take as much time as I wanted. Time had no meaning anymore, and so I waited for eons and pondered about everything to come to a conclusion - I had reached the core, the core of everything. Would I had been religious, then I would have said that I saw in the Holy Face of God and Jesus and the Holy Spirit. But this wasn't so. What I saw now was so much more. It was all and nothing.

It was all to the effect I had the whole universe in front of me now, all that whatever would happen, from the beginning to the end in an endless succession of beginnings and endings. But it was nothing, because it only was a gigantic simulation of everything and, therefore, nothing. I would be able now to reach every place in time in every single layer that was still running or had ran, or would ever run. Yet for what?

To see an endless stream of possibilities? To be able now to say that there would be a certain possibility for a certain possibility? But for what? For what, if being a prisoner of this all-encompassing simulation? And yeah, this was overwhelming but useless, like being able to see every single photon, electron, and quark in the entire universe at every moment. This would be meaningless as a person was not understandable by looking at the gluons travelling at the speed of light inside every single atom. To understand a person, you had to look at the person as such, not defined by the tiny rest energy and the much larger kinetic energy of the particles the person was made from. I seemed to be trapped inside this simulation, not able to understand it as such. Like I would be inside a person looking at all those octillions of atoms, not able to see the arms and legs, a facial expression, or tears. Who said that this was the only simulation like this? There could be an infinite number of those simulations, even simulations that always created new simulations in an escalating cascade effect. I had the feeling that this would be so.

*

I was trapped in a three-dimensional universe - no time any longer - embedded in a higher-dimensional something called reality. But I was unable to grasp these higher dimensions protruding and entering the higher dimensions called reality. But if this were a simulation and there were a "reality" then there would have to be a connection between them, something that could be recognized and explored. Would it mean that, if I wouldn't been able to find such a connection, even after an infinite amount of time, that there would be no higher dimensions, no reality. That this simulation was all and there would be nothing else. However, where would this simulation be running then? Who had started this simulation? Was reality a misconception, like a subtle world not recognizable by us but that would affect us? But there would have been a connection between these two world, even if this other world would not be recognizable to us, the connection would have to be. At least in the way that there had to be effects without a measurable cause. I had to find a connection between this simulation and reality, or at least a connection between this simulation and other suchlike simulations, or everything would have been useless.

*

I had to hunt down Jean – but for whom I had to hunt him down? I had been a hunter, but now I had to find the master of the hunt.

*

Undefined Structures

The Tannhäuser Gate

I stood in front of it, the Tannhäuser Gate, after such a long time, and wasn't sure how to react. What had I expected? Well, something breathtaking, something outstanding, something so strange and special that it would be hardly graspable. And.....

.....now? Well, it was tiny, like the Gates of Hell by Auguste Rodin, and boring as the Hollywood-gates east and west of Chinatown, Los Angeles. It was just an arc, just something to pass through. I was shattered. But.....

.....there seemed to be something more, not simply visible. Would I have been an esoteric loony? Well, then I would have called it something like an aura. But I was strongly rooted in science as an evidence-based scholarship. Evidence, not fanciful wishful thinking, was my idea of the world. It could be understood as an electromagnetic field - I had to do more and better research later. However, what seemed obvious was that this field was much more expanded than the visible gate as such. In fact, I hadn't been able so far to find a limitation of the field. So it seemed.....

.....that the Tannhäuser Gate wasn't this tiny little ugly gate that stood visibly in front of me, but this field instead. And if it was in fact a field, then it could be that it had no limitations at all, could fill the whole universe, and could be the universe as such. But.....

.....maybe I was a bit too crisp. Shouldn't I start with the obvious, the substantial gate in front of me? One or two steps and I would have trespassed it - wouldn't this be the obvious first that I should do? And.....

.....so I did. Was it as expected? Expected? What had I expected if I trespassed the Tannhäuser Gate? Hearing music from a German anti-Semite, like in a German science fiction series, the world's longest-running? That there would be a replicant telling me philosophical wisdom? I looked at the night sky now so differently appearing. How was this possible after only a second or so that I had needed for those two steps? Could it.....

.....be that I was on a different world now, like a stargate would do, but this time in a quite unspectacular way? I looked around, the landscape, and some had changed indeed. But there were still the massive mountains in the dark in front of the background of stars. And not all had changed at the night sky. I could remember some. Some structures of stars seemed to be, at least nearly, untouched. But others were completely out of shape or even lost. I tried to remember those illustrations of the Great Bear constellation at different times. Not an exact idea, but such illustrations operated with ten thousands of years, if not a hundred thousand or even more years. Could it.....

.....be that the Tannhäuser Gate was a time machine - time machines weren't possible in the universe. Time was a vector, a ray, a half-line, something with a starting point and oriented in one dimension - maybe also with an endpoint. The beginning and the ending of the universe. But not reversible or multidimensional like space with its three dimensions where one has the freedom of choice. Sure, using the relativistic physics from outside a black hole inside a black hole, what seemed to be silly to me, reversed this. Time was suddenly multi-dimensional, space no longer. Past, present, and future were there, inside the black hole, like space outside. Everything was there all the time - past, present, and future. Could it be that one trespassed a black hole inside the Tannhäuser Gate? But.....

.....as I had said, this concept seemed silly to me. And yet, this was no argument that it wouldn't be so. What if I went back, the reverse way? I had to try, definitely, and I did. And it was so disappointing - nothing happened. Yeah, this was the universe. It was possible to travel to the future in various ways but not back in time, like traveling at or near the speed of light. It was obvious that, if I trespassed the Tannhäuser Gate now again, I would travel in time again, jumping again into a very far future. Was this the contradiction that the Tannhäuser Gate was connected to a black hole, or the idea, like I assumed, that the known relativistic physics was no longer valid inside a black

hole? That it would need an expansion of the relativistic physics in a way the relativistic physics was an expansion of the Newtonian physics? No contradiction, an expansion only. This seemed only too likely - but.....

.....maybe I should ask again whether this tiny little ugly arc was the Tannhäuser Gate or rather not the field that I had found, the most likely electromagnetic field? Whatever, I had made a jump into the future, ten thousands of years or even more. So I had found the Tannhäuser Gate now and had even understood its principle of operation but had lost everything for it. Or maybe.....

.....I had won everything? What about a field that fulfilled the whole universe, like a field of a certain particle in quantum physics? The gate I saw in front of me was not much more like an excited state of this field, like a photon was just an excited state of its field, the field of photons. At least according to quantum physics. But I had no idea why I created this idea, this a bit strange-sounding idea. It seemed as if it simply emerged in my mind, just like out of nothing. I had the impulse to trespass the Tannhäuser Gate again, and again, and again, and again, until this planet would be no longer - and then? Would this end the existence of the Tannhäuser Gate? This seemed to be a silly thought, as I trespassed the Tannhäuser Gate again. Again, and again, and again.....

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Hard-Boiled

Murderer's Hand

We had had a longer discussion, not only regarding the attempt to limit the set of possible murderers but also about this topic. We agreed that it would be negligent to omit Miss Miller's supervisor - or Eleanor, like Velda named her. There was no connection visible so far, but nevertheless. Miss Miller, Eleanor, had told Velda that her supervisor no longer harassed her. But it was too early to omit to many too quick.

One of her acquaintances seemed to be more obvious. Velda had told me that she normally cultivated only one-night stands. Mostly men with no special preferences, but women too. Mostly made in special bars - Velda proposed that I should also try it. But, and this seemed important to me, that after Velda and Miss Miller started their relation, after she had left the office, that they came closer and closer to each other, that Miss Miller frequented those bars less and lesser. A former lover now jealous? I did not ask Velda how close they came to each other. It seemed not necessary to ask.

"This voyeur, Peter, could he be the key to the case?"

"Well, his pictures are important, but I doubt that he is as a person as well."

"No suspect at all, Peter?"

"I think that I can place trust in him that he's really only interested in watching. But yes, we should not cross him off from the list too quickly."

"His pictures, does he still have them?"

"No, of course not. I have taken them all. It could be that they will become important evidence."

"Also those of Eleanor and mine?"

"Yes, also those, of course. And I cannot hand them to you. If there were a trail and those images would become evidence, then this could be considered an abstraction of evidence. It would be devastating if this killed a murder trial. I think this cannot be your intention, Velda."

"No, Peter, of course not. But you understand that it's a fucking feeling for me, especially for me as a woman, that those pictures exist. I wouldn't be happy if those pictures fell into the wrong hands. I mean, I think that also you wouldn't be happy if pictures about your night time activities would exist. Whatever your night time activities are, Peter."

Yeah, this was Velda. Always speaking it out without speaking it out. And since when she used words like "fucking"?

"Of course not. Even if I am not convinced that they would be interesting for someone or many."

We talked about Miss Miller's acquaintances, if there were someone of special interest. But unfortunately Miss Miller had never mentioned that there would be a person who had been conspicuous, suspicious, or even intrusive. We went around in circles.

"The supervisor? Back to the supervisor, Peter?"

"But how to connect him with the park and other aspects, Velda?"

The phone rang, and I grabbed the handset - it was Yves. He had had the opportunity to take a look at the autopsy report of Miss Miller.

"And?"

"It has been Yves. He could read the autopsy report of Miss Miller."

"Whoa, Peter, I sit next to you. It's not so that I'm deaf or dumb. What was in it, Peter?"

"Sure. Well, she has not been raped or anything. She had no sexual intercourse before." Yeah, it was planned later with Velda - just the lesbian way in a way.

"Peter?"

"Sorry, it's not easy for me, Velda."

"Easy for you, Peter?"

"Sorry, Velda. Occasionally I act a bit stupid right now."

"Just like a man, I would say."

"Yeah, let's concentrate. She got bludgeoned to death, just bludgeoned to death, Velda. It seems as if someone trapped her or fooled her into a meeting in the park. And then this person just bludgeoned her to death. In a very brutal way."

Velda appeared to be totally composed, but I knew that this was only pretended.

"It has been the supervisor, Peter. And don't ask me now why I know it."

"I can't see it, Velda, but I take your feelings seriously. In any case, they have no good traces. It seems as if the murderer wore leather gloves and a jacket or something. Some fibers under her fingernails, but no tissue. It was an act of mere brutality conducted by a person with at least some strength. Our voyeur is a lank guy - did you saw her supervisor, Velda?"

"No, and I don't have to. He murdered her, Peter."

This was a bit scary now, and I asked myself if it could be that she had not told me everything she knew.

"Whatever, I have to have a meeting with her supervisor now."

"To tell him what?"

"My secretary thinks that you are the brutal murderer of Miss Miller. My secretary who cherished feelings for Miss Miller. Feelings that got reciprocated. Let's see how he will react."

"Tell him about the images, Peter. And if it's needed, show him some of them. The good ones, Peter."

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I visited planets appearing like hell, even worse than my own, and planets looking like paradise, only bearable with heavy tears in my eyes, knowing now that such planets really existed. But I did not find common ground.

I had thought finding something like that on bad planets there had always been circumstances of competition for survival, but on the beautiful ones it had always had everything plentiful. From the beginning of life until the development of intelligent life. But this wasn't so. There was a planet most barren, and life on it had been a permanent struggle. And yet, even under such extreme conditions, it had come to the insight, especially when everything was so hard, that working together made it at least easier to handle the struggle for life. And on the other hand, a planet with everything in total abundance but a culture of total greed had developed, which turned a potential paradise into the worst hell. It all seemed to be not that easy. I had to dig deeper. Should I ask the Doorkeepers? They all were connected in a way, and I doubted that there was more than one in the end. One Doorkeeper and a mere infinite number of doors - or only one door with many entrances and exits and a mere infinite number of Doorkeepers. I started to lose ground.

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The Theory of Everything

What if we were wrong in all?

"What, had been my thought, what if all our theories were wrong, all our ideas about the universe, of the largest and smallest. No holographic universe, no block universe, no three-dimensional universe in space, nor with whatever number of additional dimensions. No particles, no quantum fields, no strings, simply none of it all. Maybe following the Duhem-Quine thesis, at least as much as I have understood it. We aren't living in a "world beyond", we have no look at the universe, we are part of the universe. If we were to create a universe, say as a simulation, then we could say everything about that universe and see every aspect of it. But this is not the case.

We aren't the gods of this universe, because we potentially are gods. But not of the universe as such, but as a result of it. We can understand, but do we understand? Aren't we like 5th graders, "understanding" the world around? It would be surprising, I had thought, if we just now would understand the fundamental aspects of the universe. I would be surprised if we weren't not like the Greeks, assuming Zeus would throw the lightnings while sitting on the Olymp. Sure, the value of the gravitational constant will stay, but not our idea of gravitation. Not regarding quantum physics, string theory, or Einstein. That was what I felt.

In a hundred years we would have entirely different ideas about the universe as such, its beginning and end, about particles, and whatsoever. Just because it would be pathetic to see it differently. But, this I have to stress, all would happen on a scientific base, even if also "scientific base" could not be taken as something fixed forever. So, this was a brief introduction to how it began. More I will describe next time."