

New New Orleans

Ladies in hats.

Ladies in hats,
Never seen anything like it.
Ladies in hats,
In bright colors, red, blue, turquoise

Broad are the brims.
Its Saturday Tea
At The Windsor Court.

Ladies in hats,
 And small princess like children girls
In hats,
 Having tea and canapees
as they always have done,
 to the tones of a trio, lush and light
 stating clear that

jazz
was born because there was
class

and culture and much needed
entertainment for.....
Ladies in hats.

(Thinketh and stated the jazzman,
then he steered his steps
To Mothers for a Jambalaya
and their last piece of Pecan pie.)

Voodoo Jazz -----

Hey Jazzman,
Dont forget to
 put
a little voodoo in your jazz

the kind that magnetizes
and mesmerizes

that kind of black magic voodoo
that can make a woman
change her mind
and bring an enemy to his knees,

that mysterious force of life and death
that lies in the churchyards
of the French Quarters,

That voodoo that makes your lover
Ill when you pinch a doll
and makes your lover love you back
When you love her.

Basin Street Blues

So sad to see
Thousands of homes
Broken to the ground.
Families and dreams
shattered before the wind,

Houses are empty shells
have they no soul , no life, no heart.

I cry as I pass block after block of disaster
Disaster zone, houses down, houses burnt,
Destruction, death, no life, all gone,
just broken brickwalls, hearts and poor boys debris.

Basin Street blues, Basin Street blues
The blues is down on Basin Street
A treaty on lives of thousands that
Were blown away and suffocated,
Destroyed by nature.

Basin Street blues, Basin Street blues
What is a sad heart longing for?
When so many sad hearts cry
and their mother blew them away.
What is my sad heart saying?

Im here,
In the cradle and no one rocks me to sleep
New Orleans Is dead, my love is dead,
and so am I, so sad, so sad I am,
My mistress.

My love.

I lit a candle

I lit a candle
For you in church today.
It was a large candle
So it will burn for some time

I pray for you
Because I care for you
I pray for you

To find your way

In the oldest
Christian church in America,
There is a candle burning for Sandra Anne

It is a large candle
So it will burn for some time
(In the cathedral of St. Luis)

Metropolis

Venus Love Goddess (homage au l'arch)

Venus,
love goddess,
the way u dance,
like snake,
slim,
sly.

Venus love goddess love,
do what yr body tells u,
tells me love, tall, snake,
spread snake, rub your body
snake Venus love goddess,
against my body.

Dance, lovedance,
love Venus love goddess,
because one of us is gonna die young,

one of us is gonna die young.

I'm a traveler

I'm a traveler.
The little I have,
I'm happy with.

I'm a traveler.
Nowhere where I go
Is there anything
or
anyone
that awaits me.

No wife

No mother

No children

(My brothers are dead)

No friends.

No house.

No car.

Just this computer

and a suitcase filled with music,

Top compartment has Sad music and

the bottom is Happy.

It's a plastic one on wheels,

and not very heavy.

I'm a traveler.

My spirit is free

My mind is open

My future is unfound.

I am a wandering man.

Home are all the places I have been.

Happiness are all the places I have yet to see

(and I happily wonder aimlessly with my lack of objectives)

because I'm uncomfortable

being comfortable.

I'm a traveler.

I own nothing

and I yield nothing.

I want nothing

and I shield nothing.

I breathe and I smile and..

....I'm a traveler,

as unprotected

as my path is .

I live in Motion Park West,

round the corner from Freedom Hill

you knowäclose to Stillness Avenue,

you knowätwo doors down from

Mrs. Nothingnessä. . .

.ä.who by the wayä

is my companion.

My road has been rugged

and all that I've had I have left behind:

Things and situations

that ponder for volumes that I never owned,

stand as frozen emotions with their mouths open still.

You might righteously say that of me

That there is no future in me,

and that I should get a City paycheck,

but in passing you know

that if you were here

I would crack you open

like a coconut in Haiti,

drink you wet and send you off

to places you would never have

seen, had you not shared

this travelers

insight.

I'm a traveler.

I marvel as I travel

through different landscapes,

tones and shapes

I don't need much

and my children are fine too if

only there is a little food and water and shelter from the storm,

because they are also travelers, and they can think.

Deep in their genes they know that

the road is their destination

and the door to their home.

I'm a traveler.

No one cares particularly much about the traveler.

Because the traveler knows too much

for his own good about too many things but

I think somehow heaven knows and

cares about the traveler

because the nicest

most warmhearted people

come to assist the traveler

on his journey.

When the traveler is gone,

No one moans.

- Well, he was a traveler

- Yes, he traveled a lot.

I'm a traveler.

I am not the

Only One

(But I know

I Am

A

Traveler)

Divided in desires

Wandering around

Aimlessly in the city

Nighttimes.

Like a rebel without a cause

Divided in desires.

Brother Bleeker

I like Bleeker street.

It's my favorite street, going West.

Sometimes I take it East too.

Against traffic it becomes

more troublesome.

I do it cause it is my favorite.

I like the name of it:

Bleeeeeeker.

It sounds kind,

like brother:

brother Bleeker.

And it makes me smile, like when you say cheeeese.

Right before the picture snaps.

But mostly I like it because it's asymmetrical,

It breaks the square structure of the numbered streets

by going West and South, North and East,

at the same time.

A Night in November

My friend has a new toy.

His ≥Triggerfingers≤ is an Octapad, but smaller.

ãthe wonders of technology

never seize to marvel the human soulä.

..and we need not fear any longer,

those moments of loneliness.

An elevator brings us to the ground

where we partää

ä.and I see Phedre

as a fully structured game of badminton.

Aphrodite, humiliated

tells Hippolyte a lesson:

Always to respect her though the son

thinks so ill of his fathers' weakness.

Expecting a clear to the backhand corner,

he retreats, whereupon the goddess gently

drops the birdie by the net. Humiliation.

The darkness tells us winter, but the heat is unreal.

Never before has November felt like this,

I glide through it on my bicycle.

The wind comes from California.

Wendy's sides again

In the line, on the phone:

- Yeah and I tell you, I've found the cheapest way to get fed in New York.
- Yeah? Where?
- It's at Wendy's mama, you take a Chili, a sour cream chive baked potato and a side salad. Boom, full mealä..

Silence

- ä.. It's 3 dollars baby, you can't beat that.
- Wendy's? I would never go there! I'll never set my foot there!
- You being snobbish about it? You, who are a starving artist like myself? Well, of course some of us don't have parents that buy my art and pay my gym-card! Come on! It's cheap for crying out loud!

Jason, I met a gingerbread house tonight

On the sidewalk, en passant, outside a bar on Halloween, a group of young people smoking:

Girl:

- Jason, I met a gingerbread house tonight.

Jason:

- Yeah?

Girl:

- ...yeah, and then I met Superman, Peter Pan and a crew of tall,
gorgeous blonds dressed as flight attendants from Virgin airlines.

Jason:

- Wow.

125th.

Play it jazzband

you know that tune

that longs and cries at

the same time.

Let America be America again.

(On 125th

There is a platform

From high and up I look down.

Beautiful Black Babyboy and his mom.

We are inside the car now

November is on its' way)

Hello Shoe

Shoes protect my feet from getting beaten up and blistered, they are a perfect shield against the hard, cold and merciless surfaces of the concrete jungle.

Sometimes new shoes can blister feet though, eversooften they are shiny and hold promises of happiness and self-fulfillment. (Prada shop)

I put my shoes on in the morning and walk with them all day until I get comfortable enough to take them off, mostly when I come home but sometimes if my boss is not around and I deem the office clean enough.

Don't show the soles of your shoes to a chinaman, it is considered very rude to do so.

Her are a pair of shoes making its way through the big city.

Shoes on grass, asphalt, dirt, water

Transportation prevents shoes from wear and tear and provides pleasant environments where my shoes meet other shoes.

- Hello shoe.
- Zup?

Shoewowners have little consideration for shoes own needs to be close to other shoes except for owners own needs to do so. (making out)

Shoes in bus, taxi, subway, bike.

Shoes are excellent for kicking things around whether it is a can, a ball or your bosses rear end prior to leaving an employment.

Every time I put my shoes on it feels like I am surrounded with love and it makes me feel less lonesome.

There are many different kind of shoes, I prefer sandals in the summer, though I put socks in them to prevent anyone from thinking that I am somebody, boots are good for winter.

Shoes meet other shoes on their way but there is little time to deepen any acquaintances, they are more like ships passing each other at sea in the dark of the night.

Shoes come in all different colors, sizes and shapes. Mine are usually sort of neutral (when I don't put socks in my sandals) because I like to keep a low profile. They are always 41 and a half in Euro.

If I didn't have my shoes I would probably walk around like a savaged naturalist and live in a tent somewhere on the lower east side or in Tompkins Square Park or maybe in the south.

If there is a later

The emperors daughter

Who's the daughter of the emperor?

I am looking for the daughter of the emperor.

Where is she?

She is not here, she is behind bars.

(discomusic)

- voulez vous coucher avec moi ce soir?

Who's the daughter of the emperor?

Who's the daughter of the empress?

Distortion, tormentionä.ahhhhhä..

The Chinese Yakuza, I'm sure there is one.

(never get so attached your baird gets full)

That's my baby! Moves like a serpent,

kicks like the bee.

Almond eyes, honeysuckle nose,

Lotus lips, skin soft as a princess pillow,

When she speaks she says:

- U (she waits a while, then)

- My emperor.

Où est la sœur de l'empereur.

Elle est en prison, derrière les bars.

Est-ce que vous êtes elle?

Vous, mademoiselle?

Shopping in Shanghai

Shopping in Shanghai is what a westerner would find himself doing in Shanghai even if it's not part of his normal behavior, maybe it comes with the climate, the prices aren't that much better here.....and you get skinned all the time...especially if you're stupid enough to leave your creditcard in the ATM and run into a cab to go to a meeting and don't know where you are 1.5 hours later and discover that you have made the blunder of a lifetime and start to wonder what might happen on the mountain if one can be so stupid so far from home, where is home anyway? Luckily there was a phone to be borrowed at the blue ice adventure company, and Turtle helps you dial a very complicated set of numbers to get out of the country and call the bank that only had registered two unauthorized withdrawals on your account, is there an expression to be Shanghai'd, yes, it felt like one had been Shanghai'd and it did not get better once one had come over the loss of 500 dollars to Chinese intelligence and gone to the touristy Yunnan garden where there is a Mac Donald's' besides the thousands and thousands of stores selling antiques and traditional stuff, all fake of course.....

-1200 for this jade-bracelet sir

- I'll give you 100

- buy this one then sir

- I want that one

- 700 sir

- 120

- oh, no I can't do it sir

- ok I'll go

- no, no no sir 400 last offer

- 120

- then buy this one sir

- no I don't want that one, I want that one

- cant sell it 370 sir, last price

- 150

- 165

- ok

From 1200 to 165 one feels so good and don't discover until when one comes home that the chinaman has slipped the cheap one into the package, one unknowing, and now packing and packing outdoor gear for tons of money and at the end of all of it looking at the itinerary only to find that the flight is not due in two but twelve hours.....sleep and rest and forget bout China.

So, yours truly mixed up the arrival time with the departure time on his itinerary and that gave him an extra 10 hours before the actual time has come to leave this frantic place where an average salary is 120 dollars and a beer is 6 dollars.....some of course make a lot more and some probably a lot less....

I want the duck!

I want the duck!

I want the duck!

I want the duck!

....and its not like I haven't paid for it.

I'm sitting here and you're asking me what I want

And I tell you

Give me the fucking duck

Are you deaf?

Yes I know you have the salmon and I know you have the chicken

But I want the duck!

Sorry? You are sorry? You only got five ducks?

My ass you are sorry, you are the devil and you've come here to torture me.

Gimme the fucking duck, and give it to me now!

If you don't give me the duck, i'm gonna hijack this here plane and take it straight down in the North Pacific with aaaall the people in it.

I want the duck and you're telling me you cant do anything about it..

...Its not like I haven't paid for it....

Believe me, I've been sitting behind the curtain many times

and not had the duck, but now im in front of the curtain

and it cost me a bunch to get me one of these fancy chairs

and I have read the menu

and I know what I want.

I want the duck

I want the duck

I want the duck!

...and you're telling me there is nothing you can do about it?

Its not like I haven't paid for it....

Sep 11

Drama on Ranier

And yes it was dramatic when mt Ranier showed itself in its pride.

Luring the conqueror to think that it was an easy climb, majestically appearing and disappearing on the horizon this cliff stands 14400 feet up from the surface of the earth and is the toughest endurance climb in north America, mt Ranier where jrs' great uncle Sig Hall, the downhill skier, pioneered as an equivalent to what would today be called a ski bum...only he was 70 years ahead of his time along with a technique which he had developed in Norway going straight down the mountains of Sunndalen which was taken up by the US army first ski division in the 30's....unfortunately he hit his head on a rock and died on the mountain in -39 during the legendary "silverskies" race from camp Muir to Paradise cove, where a total of 75 skiers all started at the same time and only a handful made it down alive.....

Having a good reason to visit the mountain JRIII took his trip also reconnecting with long lost Norwegian branch of his family in Washington state, well taken care of, the climb started with a mandatory climbing school which he tried to skip after seeing the forecast.... so that he could go a day earlier for the summit climb telling the guiding company that he had climbed peaks in the Himalayas as well as in Norway and the UK!!! summit day was a little cool after having spent a day sweating on an almost melted dirty snowfield at paradise....

Gaining elevation the weather got worse and snow and high winds were ripping fingers freezing cold as the climbers and there guides desperately tried to keep warm on the mountain, after climbing for a long day, climbers could rest for a couple of hours before the summit climb would start in the wee hours. JRIII had reached the hut with a splitting headache and was not sure if this would be a great day for him....after all his training and staying fit in pursuit of his great uncles legacy.....altitude was affecting him to the extent that he felt drunk, sick and definitely lost his appetite for freeze dried foods....knowing that the only way out was drinking copious amounts of water and hyperventilate all night till the climb, much to his fellow climbers irritation he started the painful process of downing 4 liters of water in combination of extreme hyperventilation to acclimatize in record time....thinking only one thing really....

If I walked in that door right now.....would you give it to me?

....drinking so much leaves opportunity to observe the heavens at night when water must be shed under the stars, the snowstorm had increased during the evening and visibility was virtually nothing as he stepped out to the john....a stinking little outhouse kept by the park rangers.....but as he returned from one of his many rounds he started to talk to the mountain and explain why he had come and that the mount Tahoma should let him get to the top because his uncle had don the first ascent on skis, unheard of at the time!!! in 1935 and that the mountain owed him because she had taken his uncles life and also the life of the love of the life of

his grandmother (according to correspondence that he had read between his great uncle and his grandmother) and that this also would explain why she after having herded kettle along the sides of the mountain of Sunndalen (very steep) totally turned against her children doing anything that had to do with mountains and things that one could do in them....and that the love of her life, her brother , the tall handsome, strong and smart Sig Hall was to loose his life to her and that she owed to his grand nephew the honor of getting to the top and as he did this and suddenly felt the urge again to throw his water, so much in a hurry he didnt reach the outhouse, he went out and the weather had cleared and he could see all the stars of the milky way just like in Nepal years ago in kumbu climbing Imjatse much higher but just as beautiful, a soup of light and he thought that the mountain had heard him and his headache was gone and he could sleep, well acclimatized and ready for the climb.....

...the wakeup call didn't come much later but by then it had started snowing again, not much, but enough to make it a beautiful start with all the headlights heading for the top of the glacier.....long lines of climbers eager to get to the brim of the volcano...the snow increased and got worse and it got cold and 2000 vertical feet from the top they had tot turn back when the mountain guide with 280 summits on Ranier could not see his hand before him and much less find his way in the vastly crevassed glacier, now oversnowed and increasingly avalanche dangerous....that was the story of the climb....mt Ranier from sweating your rear end off in shorts and t-shirts to freezing it off in all the fleece and down you had, in 24 hours.

Coming down from the mountain defeated is never fun but one must remember that big cliffs like Madame Ranier need more than one day to be climbed....the steak dinner in total haze due to sleep deprivation that followed filled up holes in the organism and further induced sleep, the next morning it was time again to leave for southern California.

The Perfect Modern Tragedy

Picture this:

the daughter sharing a meal with her father,

she has just turned nine and is too smart for her age.

Picture them in, lets say an establishment of significance to her parents, long before she was born.

Picture her big black eyes and anticipating smile

as they sit together side by side on the couch.

Picture her having fish sambal and her father the traditional roast.

Picture tears falling off his cheek as he mixes
the sauce and the mashed potatoes with the lingonberries,
and you have the perfect modern tragedy.

Picture the children how they grow and how time flies inch by inch as they rise.

Picture them growing heads between the times they see him.

Picture that all they want is someone that is there when they come home from school.

Picture that the girl still has hope but that the boy has already turned cold.

Picture all this and what you see is the
picture perfect modern tragedy.

River called Saigon

By the south east end of something that looks like a peninsula there is a river fronting the sea. It's a river called Saigon.

There is a river called Saigon that people on the peninsula call the heart of their existence.

Without the river they would be nothing, because that's a river called Saigon and there are opium dens along the river called Saigon and there is sin along the shores of the river and lizards flank the houses of this river named Saigon.

The girls so beautiful in their silk pajamas, white as the innocence yet filthy as the rear of the old lady stepping off the bus taking a leak by the river named Saigon.

And the shoe salesman that sells you shoes that loses the heel after walking two blocks and the restaurants in the streets doing their best to poison you for a cheap dollar, by a river named Saigon.

There is the bride and her friends and the people that want to wish her the best and the groom and the people from all corners of the world, there is an opera house and there is a yellow star on red background and there is the 7th floor of the hotel Caravelle in front of the fancy Q-bar in front of the hotel and there are scooters,

about a billion of them

and there are these girls so incredibly beautiful that you cannot imagine how they have been bred through generations of meticulous choices taken towards high cheekbones, eye and hip formations, hair and skin quality and silence, though silence speaks I will speak for it and say:

Hail you Vietnamese for standing up against the people from abroad,

Hail you for protecting your country and not buying into the idiocracy

of the western world.

Hail you for proclaiming what was yours to begin with.

And all of this is all, although now it seems that this is gone and will be soon and it is all taking place by a river called Saigon and no matter what you call this place the rivers' name is Saigon, Saigon, Saigon,

And there is a mistress and there is a mystery

And the mystery is Saigon and the mistress lives for all times, the mystery of a river called Saigon, Saigon, Saigon, Saigon ,

Saigon, Saigon

Sai-gon

