

Make Up

In The Bus - A Prologue

While sitting in the bus, I look at a young woman at the other side of the passageway between the rows, totally occupied with her make up. I think a young man sits besides her, but she's bent forward, thus I can't see him really. She's very busy with her make up, nothing she notices, also not me looking at her. She's a very beautiful woman, at the beginning of her twenties maybe, but difficult to say, especially with such a make up. Her complexion is light brown, not Afro-American, but no Latina also. Maybe her parents have roots in different cultures, really a very beautiful woman. She looks nervous, while preparing herself, obviously, for a special event - what kind of event? A casting maybe? Or maybe a photo shooting? Driving with the bus? The bus that slows down now. She stops with her activity, stores her utensils away and gets up - also the, in fact young, man, the young Afro-American man. They leave the bus and I look at them, standing at the bus stop, talking with each other, she looks nervous, he steady, while the bus starts again.....

The Desert Is An Ocean Of Sand

"Hey, how you feel?"

"Well, not allowed to leave the city - have no condo anymore...."

"Where do you stay now?"

"Someone was very courteous - Jerry's Motel at Lucas Avenue, nearest corner is 3rd Street!"

"Wow, had no idea that they love you that much - tacos every evening?"

"My favorite food truck has it's place just around the corner and Gus's? Five minutes afoot! Not, that I've not the feeling I should be at the bay, but Downtown West....."

"Maybe your place is still here?"

"Definitively not, I have to leave! A lot of work?"

"Yeah, bad. A young couple was found at the desert, dead since a couple of days. I wait for the coroners report."

"Will be your case?"

"Yes, not happy about. Both were beaten to death in a very brutal manner, definitively a murder case. No ID cards, but no missing person report fits. Both were dressed in an elegant style, she wore evening make up - will start with the respective night clubs and bars, maybe they had celebrated?"

"Yeah, and I will sit in my motel room and have to wait till they allow me to leave - would like it to do something."

"I cannot involve you, sorry."

"Not what I meant - would like to talk with Lizzy's mom but they not allow me to do so....."

"Sure. They will accuse you?"

"No, for what? Yes, I've pointed my gun at him but.....I not pulled the trigger....."

"Not you - the case has a major impact, even more than the Trifunovski case."

"Yes, now! Now he's dead, now they speak about him - about him! And what's about all the other figures like him? He was the top of the iceberg, but the iceberg as such is still under water...."

"And we both know that he will stay under water....."

".....with a pussy grabbing president....."

"Maybe a female president?"

"As long as her name would be not Hillary, would do our nation good."

Downtown West Blues

Yeah Mr. Hooker, Blues is the healer, to have the blues and to hear the blues. To walk through the city in the night, listen to the city's blues, listen to the sounds of the city, the sirens, all the time this sirens, no rest for them.....

No rest for you, always striving to the next corner, the next crossing, the next lights. Looking, searching, not knowing for what, the sickness kills you, the sickness urges you, the next corner, always the next corner.....

Why not simply sitting down, remaining seated, no next corner, no further crossing, no further light, stay in the darkness, stay in the nightly cold, the refreshing cold, the chilling mood, all the sirens so far away now.....

Hey man, would you allow me to sit next to you? Hey, would be a good neighbor, would share my coffee with you, would be your perdition, like for all the others ahead of you, I'm the harbinger of death, my beautiful queen.....

But come on, I'm a fucking millionaire, my blood red diamond, red like children's blood, a houseboat, Sausalito? Why not just being arrogant? This world with all its problems and sickness, why it should be my problem, my sickness? Enough sick without this world - fuck you.....

Again I wasn't capable to pull the trigger, even not this arrogant swine - and he knew it! Bad luck for you that she had a mother, a shame for me, that I needed one, one who does the job for me.....

No idea what I should do, not in this city, not in the other city. Maybe I should avoid both, maybe I should avoid this state, maybe this nation. Maybe I should drown in Skid Row, 5th Street, why not. But this would be disgusting, as if one of them would be there because he likes it to be there.....

One was obvious, in the moment they would allow me to leave the city I would have to leave the city. Maybe I should drive around a bit, why not the desert? Hot enough here, but the desert? Never I was a fan of the desert, why I should be there? Why I should live there, why some live there? Like an isle in a huge area of water.....

An endless water surface, a light breeze, tender waves and soft clouds in the blue sky and you wake up in this oneiric scenery, then you know it, then it's real.....

The warm and cozy wet caresses your skin, the light breeze like the earth's breath, and a silent cadence - 80 bpm.....

Then you've reached the final beginning, crazy probably but free, wafting in the ocean like a cloud at the sky.....

All severity is past, facility the endless future, no pain anymore, no gravity, only weightlessness.....

The golden sun will stay forever, no night will come again, the warmth will prevail over the cold, welcome the sun's rays.....

No images torture your mind anymore, no images at all will be there then, only an open mind, and a silent cadence.....

I make me crazy, searching for a way out, searching for the non-existent, non-existent in this world.....

But wafting in the non-existence, there's a way out, out of the black, into the blue, the ocean and the sky.....

Yeah, let it happen, give up, time to go, long enough, no thoughts anymore, no doubts, only a silent cadence.....

I lie in a hospital, old, really old, and breath. My eyes stare into space but starry like the starry dynamo and I'm lost in the machinery of night, am I happy now? I'm not looking for an angry fix, I am looking for a happy ending like I would live in a Hollywood fluff. A kitschy film or novel, why not, at least it would look like I would be happy. Too late to become a star, too late to end it with forty or something - too late as always.....

So I lie there and breath, my mouth open but no words, never anymore, never anymore able to write a word - just over seventy, only a few years are left. But should this be the end? So much beaches, much more than thirteen, so much bridges, so beautiful they are.....

I hope I would be capable of, should it happen - not suddenly, slowly, I will need time for the last journey. Santa Monica Beach or the beautiful bay? The same tender ocean - I wish to die when I'm fully conscious, I wish to feel it, to know it, to have the chance to say goodbye, a last thought, a last wish.....

Melancholy but no depression, disappointment but no hate - really? Life, is this still life? The eyes, the facial features, the gestures - nothing, nothing anymore. The mind.....

I lie in a hospital, but I will not die, not the last time, not this time.....maybe next time? I dream, is he dreaming? I can speak about my dreams, I can write about my dreams, I can try to realize my dreams - he's only able to dream his dreams.....

Yeah, there are moments in life when you have to decide. Do it or not, and you know, not to do it, would be the end.....

Yves

"Hi Peter, how are you?"

"Bored - and you?"

"A lot of work. No information how long you still have to stay in L.A.?"

"No, I try to pass the time without thinking too much."

"And it not functions, I guess."

"Not really. I know that this is the wrong place, but I'm not sure whether the bay would be the right one. I've the feeling that everything is wrong, that I should do something totally different."

"Did you mentioned that you have started to write?"

"Yeah, but that not means that I'm a writer."

"But come on, you're millionaire now. A nice condo at the bay area? You would have all possibilities....."

"Never I will sell the ring, this would be disgusting. But I have to change something, I have to have an aim. There's a possible aim, but it feels strange."

"This is America, this is California. As they say: Live your dream....."

"Yeah, and fifty thousand homeless people tell you how wonderful it is, to live your dream, to be a part of the real American nightmare."

"Maybe a topic?"

"With a million dollar red diamond at my hand?"

"Why not?"

"Yeah, why not - is there a special reason for your phone call?"

"Yes and no. I'm a bit worried about you. You think too much."

"The only thing I'm good in. But don't worry, I look ahead at the moment. I'm not sure what will come, but something will come. I think I've finished with my past."

"Should I believe this?"

"Not more than I. But as long as I cannot leave this city, everything is only speculation. So, that was the "no", what is the "yes"?"

"I cannot involve you into the official investigation, but maybe you could support me? If you like."

"Still the couple that was found in the desert?"

"Yes. First we thought that the key is the agency. But it's certain now, that everything happened after they left the agency."

"Can you give me some more information? I know the information given by the press."

"Then you know nearly as much as I know. They had an appointment at the modeling agency - it was a success. They were very interested in her. We know that they had planned to celebrate, they had reserved a table in a fine restaurant - and then something went wrong. The last what we know is that he rented a Mustang for the ride to the restaurant, that they left their home at 8:00 pm - the neighbors - but they never arrived at the restaurant."

"Whatever has happened, happened between their home and the restaurant."

"Yes. Between Compton and Downtown. They both had a job, no large income, but enough for a small house in Compton. Not that much contact with their neighbors. They were new there, moved to this community three months before."

"At the wrong place to the wrong time?"

"We also had this idea. Unfortunately we found no witnesses and also the traffic surveillance was no real help. Interestingly they not used the freeway, but Alameda Street. We've lost them between Slauson Avenue and Vernon Avenue."

"Central Alameda or the industrial estate?"

"We tried both, but no success. It looks like, as they had been disappeared suddenly."

"My first idea?"

"Yes."

"The industrial estate. Maybe they had an appointment there also. Would lead to something illegal that maybe went wrong - the Mustang?"

"Maybe a key element, never seen again. But you surprise me. Compton - illegal?"

"Not necessarily! Problems with money?"

"No, as I said, both had a job, enough for a normal living in Compton. And then a bright future as a model - no reasons for illegal activities."

"Yeah, what can I do for you?"

"Can you keep your ears open? It's somewhat your former area, your office in West Athens and your condo near the university. Maybe you know someone who knows someone who knows something."

"Then you really stumble about in the dark! Well, better than to do nothing. I try it, but looks not that good."

"You would help me and I can focus on another case."

"Interesting case?"

"A family drama - nothing special, unfortunately! But it's nothing complicated. It would be a good feeling to know that somebody would stick with the other case, that's all."

"This case not leaves you cold - why?"

"Don't know. Sometimes.....a whole family, but everything is obvious, a drama because of money problems, four dead people. But then you have two dead bodies in the desert, no idea what has happened, and I'm not capable to get it out of my mind. I fear that this case will stay open."

"I will try my best, promised."

"Don't promise, was not good the last time. Or, promise me that you will leave the city when they let you go, no matter whether this case is solved or not."

"Promised."

"Yes!"

"Yes."

Investigations

"Hi Rick."

"Peter."

"Have heard that you have some information."

"Maybe. Have heard that you ask around about the couple that was found in the desert."

"Yeah, that's right."

"Have also heard that you will leave the city."

"Yeah, also that's right. At the moment I'm not allowed to leave the city, but as soon as it's possible for me, I will leave."

"And your Chinese girlfriend?"

"Would not call her my girlfriend. I will not forget her and I've not said that I never will be in the city again."

"You not pulled the trigger."

"No. I failed to do what I had to do, I'm a loser."

"And why you're interested in the couple then?"

"Somebody asked me for help."

"Your friend by the police?"

"Yes."

We sat for a while without speaking a word. Both we drank our coffee, he wasn't sure whether he should give me the information he had or not. My reputation was not the best at the moment. Some blamed me for that Lizzy's mom was in jail now - I was one of them.....

But what should I say, there was no defense, no words to be said. We emptied our coffees and I stood up.....

"Hey, you're in a hurry?"

"No, but I accept your reaction, that you doubt on me."

"Who says this? Hey, I've time, you've time - or?"

"I've plenty of time."

"Another coffee?"

"Sure."

He stood up with the cups to refill them.....

"I drink mine....."

".....with one sugar and two milks."

"Still the cop."

"Saw you as you filled yours."

He came back with two hot coffees and started with the conversation.....

"Shit what happened."

"Yes, even when I not know what you mean in particular. Too much shit happened."

"Yeah, too much shit happens all the time. They accuse her of first degree murder - that's fucking shit. And you?"

"Nothing. They try to fuck me a bit, but in the end I did nothing. She has to pay the price."

"Yes, the bastard is dead, that's okay. But he's only one of this bastards, and the price was too high. Why you not pulled the trigger inside the house? You would had good chances to fabricate a plausible story?"

"I'm no judge, and I'm no hangman, I'm....."

".....a pussy!"

"That were also her words, and both of you got right. I thought that there would be another solution."

"Wow, Lady Justice! You're still a dreamer!"

"Yeah, and I hope I will die as one."

"No interest to end like I?"

"No."

"Have heard that you're a millionaire now?"

"I own something that's worth many millions, but I will not sell it. Therefore, yes and no."

"You still try to be upright, you're really a dreamer, a fucking dreamer! Nice, that there're still some of you."

"Can I do something for you?"

"You're head over ears in trouble man, try to help yourself."

"I not live on the street - would be San Francisco interesting for you"

"This is my city. I'm born here and I will die here - San Francisco is only another fucking city."

"Yeah, a city who wears a beautiful robe. But underneath.....you've information?"

"Yes. You know the corner Alameda and 48th Street?"

"Sometimes I drove around in this area the last days."

"There's a shop for car parts. Have heard that they have a lot of Mustang parts at the moment."

"Anything else?"

"Have heard that also the companies around are interesting."

"More precisely?"

"Sorry, that's all I have."

"Don't worry, you helped me a lot. Another coffee?"

"Sure, black....."

Mk II

Immediately as I parked my car at the car park in front of the shop the attention was all mine. Even more after I got out of the little car, with my blood red diamond and my cheap red-golden watch. I decided not to enter the shop, but the garage.

"Nice car sir. Cool British roadster."

"Yeah. You've knowledge about British roadsters?"

"Not really, but this a real beauty."

"A Sunbeam Tiger Mk II."

"Rare?"

"A bit more than five hundred were built. V8, Shelby is the name."

"Wow! You wanna sell it?"

"Good God, no! This is a car for an auction. I'm searching for spare parts for a Mustang."

"We're no specialists for classic cars. I fear that we cannot help you."

"No, no classic mustang. I search for spare parts for a today's model."

"That's a surprise now - such a classic roadster and now a modern muscle car? But why not. What does you need?"

"I search for very special parts. One could say I search for a very special Mustang."

"I'm all ear."

I described him the mustang whom the victims had rented. Fortunately the car had a very special paint job and some more specifics. Without any doubts it was obvious about which Mustang I talked, and he began to get nervous.....

"I'm not sure what you're talking about. What spare parts you need now?"

"As many as possible, with pleasure the complete car."

"Okay, that's a bit confusing. Can you wait for a moment?"

"Sure, maybe it's the best to inform your boss."

"Yeah....."

He disappeared and I waited for a while. Some nice cars in the garage, but no Mustang. Interestingly the other mechanics acted as if they would still work on the cars. After a while the one I had talked with came back, with a guy in a suit and three gorillas in tow. The man with the suit addressed me.....

"You're very interested in a special Mustang?"

"Yes, you know, the one you had in your garage. The one with the young couple."

"Not sure about you. You're a bit crazy? No idea about what you're talking."

"Okay, you're no idiot. Would be surprising, would anyone be able to find any clue of the car still now. No, you're no idiot!"

"Okay buddy, nice show. Nice car, cheap watch and your ring is an absurd showboat. Hey, your ring and you? Cool combination."

I had the feeling that this had been a joke. At least everybody laughed, except me.....

"I've made a mistake."

"That's what I thought. Have a ride with your nice car and we forget everything."

"I really thought that you're no idiot, but that was definitively a mistake - you're an idiot!"

"I'm absolutely not sure, you're tired of living?"

"Yes, but that's not the point. The car is real, okay the watch is cheap, but the ring, the ring is fucking real! And as you said, we're a good combination!"

"Now I know you - the pussy who not could pull the trigger! Man, fuck off!"

"I will, but only because I know now everything I need to know."

"That would be?"

"The Mustang was here, that's all I have to know."

"Maybe I wouldn't like it when you would leave us now?"

"Too late. Ah, you know that I've backing."

"Don't see any."

"You're really an idiot! Backing?"

"Okay, you will leave - and then?"

"You know now that I know it. Let's see what will happen."

"We should shut him up!"

"Don't panic Phil. Baseless accusations, nothing than accusations. But I have to confess, you're balls are bigger than I thought. Why you not pulled the trigger? Ah, the lady had to do it....."

"Yeah, but maybe I've learned something."

"Let me not die stupid."

"We will see us again. For a last time - nice food supplier next door, also the cold storage around the corner....."

"Boss?"

"Keep cool, he only pokes around. He knows nothing, absolutely nothing!"
"As I said, I've learned something. See you....."

I turned around and walked slowly to my car. I not looked back, I had learned. Even as I entered my car and drove off the car park I payed no attention to what happened at the garage. As I had said: Now I knew it.....

My Thirteenth Beach

An unlighted Ferris wheel, an empty pier, an empty beach - a homeless man sleeps in the sand. The small crescent of the decrescent moon high at the sky and the soft sound of the waves. The cold ocean's breeze and the birds begin to sing and you know what's behind you.....

The big dying, the city so rich and poor, full of emotions and numb and the insight that this life, this world, is not yours. You're an alien, like Bowie as Newton, and there's no doubt, we're near the end of the movie.....

You have to leave, but whereto? This world is not your world, but whereto you should go, how you should leave, leave this world? I'm looking at the ocean, the place where we're all from.....

No doubt that all this makes no sense, not the life, not the death. Should one become religious, to find a lie, a lie that leads you to believe in, that this life has a sense? Well, why should this life has a sense, a sense given from above, from a transcendental place, from a transcendental identity? Maybe because the humans are incapable to give their lives a sense by themselves? I wasn't sure, living on this planet as an alien.....

The big tragedy of life, not composed of unavoidable circumstances of life, the Greek gods were dead, thanks to the Age of Enlightenment, self-imposed immaturity, no, that wasn't the reason. The tragedy was that this was the Age of all Possibilities, and the humans failed miserably, failed at themselves.....

Greed and ruthlessness, the more and more, maybe no tragedy but more a comedy, a very bitter one. The Greek drama, four thousand years no progress, no mental progress. Four thousand years no answers to the always same questions, who would be capable to decide whether this was a tragedy or a comedy - at least is was the reality of human life.....

Out of joint - never understood how it should be possible to live a so-called normal life. A wife and kids, a good job and a house, a nice car and a yearly vacation - a fulfilled life. I would become insane, insane not crazy. But maybe that was the key, to become insane, insane in an insane world.....

The old man sits on the patio of his little house at the beach and enjoys his cup of tea. Water till the horizon, water everywhere and a tender hand touches his shoulder.....

I made a phone call with Yves after I had left the car park.

"Hi Yves, I think I can give you a tip."

"The couple?"

"Yep. Alameda corner 48th Street. A shop for car parts with a garage, a food supplier and a cold storage. I can't tell you exactly what will happen there, but I think it would be interesting to observe this place. Preferably from now on, but especially this night."

"Where are you?"

"I've parked my Sunbeam at El Faro Plaza. There I changed my car and at the moment I park at the Yaegaki Corporation. It would be good to observe the whole area, would this be possible?"

"I place some civil vehicles in the parking lots around this corner. I will come to Yaegaki Corporation."

"Okay, I sit in a 65 Shelby Mustang."

"You're a bit crazy - or?"

"Hope so!"

At The Parking Lot

"I will arrive in five minutes."

"Very good. Please park your car next to mine. I park right next to the entrance."

"This would be a bit conspicuous?"

"Why do you think I sit in a 65 Shelby Mustang?"

"Why then you have changed your car?"

"I play with them. Let's see how they will react."

Yves arrived at the parking lot and placed his car next to mine. I exited my car, he also.....

"Your plan is that they notice you - and me."

"Yeah, and start to think about who you are and whether you're the only one or whether there are more of us."

"What do you think will happen?"

"I had some time to think about it. But maybe it's more interesting what happens right now?"

"Sure?"

"As I had changed the car I drove by the shop, and very interesting? A lot of hectic, a big clean-up operation and an impressive amount of bleach."

"They try to eliminate traces, to eliminate blood."

"But they will have no chance. You said that they were beaten to death very brutally. With all this cars, things like the lifting platform, the tool trolleys and much more? What do you think, would it be possible to clean-up everything? I mean in a way that the forensic will not be able to find at least one drop of blood of the victims?"

"Hardly. But that would have to mean that the victims were killed in the garage."

"They clean the garage, not the office."

"You got it! But unfortunately it will be not that easy to send the forensics to the garage - you've a plan?"

"Yeah, how many cars are here?"

"Four more."

"Wow, how you managed this?"

"Well, so far I've a good reputation in the office. And then I could name a good tipster."

"You not tell me that I've still a good reputation?"

"Not everywhere maybe, but definitely on the street and at my police station - what's your plan?"

"We wait. I know that the food supplier and the cold storage are involved. I guess drugs. They fear that maybe the police will start a search, what would you do?"

"I would try to get rid of everything that could incriminate me?"

"Yes, that's my idea."

"But....."

"Assumed that they have stored something, say drugs, would you try to get rid of them during the normal business hours?"

"Would be dangerous. But what's your plan?"

"We wait till it's just before closing time. Say a truck will drive away then, I will ram the truck."

"Are you crazy? You want to ruin a 65 Shelby Mustang?"

"Ah come on! I've still another car at this parking lot."

"You're crazy, you really planned something!"

"My idea is the following. I put pressure on them since the whole day, they know that I'm here, that I'm not alone, that something looms. I hope that they get nervous, two murders! The guy from the garage is clever, but we need only one who makes a mistake. I will ram the truck that drives away from the food supplier, one of the other cars will ram the truck that will drive away from the cold storage. I'm sure that we will see two trucks. Our aim? I need the police, my car is a rental, I will need the police and I'm sure, that they will be not very happy when the police arrives. And the other car? Hey, that's the police! We need one guy who loses his head, that would be enough."

"Okay, still around an hour time. I will give some instructions. What's your other car?"

"This old Ford Del Rey - an ugly car....."

Time For Action

We waited and from time to time one of the other cars drove down Alameda and 48th Street to check the situation. Then our time came. Still a lot of activities in the garage and the office of the shop. But a last truck at the food supplier and also at the cold storage - our truck drove away first, and I waited in my ugly Ford. In the moment as the truck came near the parking lot I stepped on the gas and ignored his right of way - without any doubt I was the accident perpetrator. He T-boned the Ford and I felt some pain in my limbs, also my head got hurt. But that was okay, the truck had to stop. I emerged from the Del Rey and the truck driver stood in front of me.

"Are you nuts? You not saw me!"

"Fuck that's a rental. We need the police."

Suddenly more and more guys appeared, some from the garage. The situation started to get confusing. Yves appeared at the entrance of the parking lot, temporizing. And not that it was true, but I started to shout.....

"I see guns, they have guns! They threaten me!"

"I'm police officer Yves Rodriquez! Drop your guns, kneel down and hands behind your heads - all!"

And if that not had been confusing enough, more and more police cars, plain or official, arrived now. A remarkable coincident effected that just at this time an unusual amount of police cars patrolled in this area. Due to this coincident the police was capable to gain the control very fast. The police seized some guns, I had seen them before, but more important was that in the garage, the office, at the food supplier and also the cold storage they could notice conspicuous activities. But I got more and more problems with my head - blackout.....

On The Street

"I really can't help you?"

"All is okay, the coffee is good."

"Yeah, please don't tell me that you like it to live on the street"

"Not the worst. Hey, this is L.A. not the fucking NY were you freeze to death in winter."

"Sure, freedom is nothing left to lose - always thought that this is fucking shit. Especially when you fly with the helicopter to your tattoo artist."

"You don't like her?"

"Her music? Something special, but always this hedonism."

"You use the word in its negative sense?"

"Sure."

"What would you do, when you would be famous, when you would earn a lot of money?"

"I would need one car, one sleeping room, one kitchen and one patio. Okay, I would like it, to hear the ocean in the morning, after I stood up."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, and you? A tent on the sidewalk?"

"I've no parking spot for my car. I no longer need this shit."

"Another coffee?"

"Anytime....."

"Was a cool stunt, the thing with the car."

"Well, luck that the truck had good brakes."

"Your arm cuff looks cool - okay, your head not that much."

"The Del Rey was no good choice. The safety features are a disaster. But the end justifies the means."

"It was your life you've risked."

"And your life?"

"Made a mistake - you know the story....."

"Not everybody thought that it was a mistake."

"And you?"

"You rescued two lives. Whatever you would had done, always somebody would had criticized you."

"I infringed the law."

"Yes, you infringed the law and rescued two lives. You lost your job, dishonorable, and now the street? Come on, let me help you."

"Maybe you should help the woman who's accused of first degree murder? A lot of people you have to visit in jail now?"

"That's okay. Yesterday was a large demonstration against the accusation. I've the hope that the DA will have no success."

"You were there?"

"Yes."

"What would you do when she faces the death penalty?"

"Don't ask me....."

"At least you say goodbye to the old city with a bang. First the Culver city case and now this - real Hollywood-style!"

"Don't see the happy ending?"

"You will move to San Francisco and become happy?"

"I've some doubts concerning San Francisco."

"Come on! You're a rich guy now - I'm sure they will have a helicopter for you!"

"Yes, and wonderful chocolate and fantastic sea food. The gorgeous bay? Depends a bit where you live - Golden Gate....."

"You can be happy in every city, in the same way that you can be unhappy in every city. L.A. or wherever, that's not the point."

"No, but to be dead in the fucking Hollywood hills? This city is crap, and to live on the street much

more!"

"Try it, maybe you will change your mind."

"Definitively not. I wish to wake up in a bed, no golden bed, but in a bed. Really?"

"It's okay, I've found my place. Now it's time that you will find yours....."

Yves

"Have heard that they have allowed you to leave the city now?"

"Yes, but they have told me also that it's not over now - idiots!"

"When you will leave?"

"Not sure, you know....."

"The trial, I mean her trial?"

"Yeah, the DA is an asshole."

"Two bullets in the head? But I cannot believe that this accusation will be persistent. Too much protest now, too much people think that the wrong person is charged."

"But she pulled the trigger. He only destroyed lives, in a very sophisticated manner. He enabled careers, he created them, he was the key for success. This is a fucking system. Honor the ones who denied themselves the system! Honor the ones who spoke out loud."

"And you?"

"Not sure, at the moment I've no idea where to go. Every possible place seems wrong to me."

"Why not stay here?"

"No way! Maybe I should sit in my car and.....no aim, only driving, would be a good basis for a novel. An American topos, the endless road, why not the Route 66? Nah, that would be a bit too kitschy."

"You, your Sunbeam and the red diamond. You should sell it to Hollywood. Have seen much worse TV shows!"

"Yeah, does good, to talk with you in such a way. But she.....still not allowed to talk with her."

"Shall I pass on message to her?"

"Would you do this for me?"

"That's a rhetorical question?"

"You have to ask?"

"You remember Rick?"

"The police officer?"

"Yes."

"Of course. The last I've heard was that he lives on the street now. He gave you the tip?"

"Yes. I saw him from time to time. It's shit. You should meet him, he's a good informant – and a good friend."

"Where I can find him?"

"5th Street."

"Sid Row?"

"Yeah."

"Maybe I can give him some support."

"That's too late I fear. What's funny? Maybe he really found his inner peace – maybe....."

"You not believe this – or?"

"No, how I should?"

"Will we have a dinner before you leave?"

"Why not, dinner is always a good idea."

"I can give you the latest information about the case?"

"More than the newspaper knows?"

"A bit more, but not that much more. You had a good nose, they killed them in the garage, and in fact drugs. But you know this. But we know now who the murderers are. Also that the boss of the garage the head of the organization here in L.A. was. Arrests in several states, in Mexico, Canada, even in Europe. Was a big success. "

"And the couple?"

"He was involved for some time. But after he met her he tried to become honest. The boss didn't liked this and they set a trap for them. One time a member, always a member – you're not allowed to leave."

"Everything so without any sense – fucking drugs!"

"You need a prescription?"

"Depends on – high by the beach.....“

Lazy Days

Lazy Days and I wasn't sure what I should do, were I should drive to. So I decided to stay in the motel as long as I was ready to leave. Sometimes I sat in my car, listened to music and asked myself whether I should drive left or right, the 101 or the 110, north or south, east or west, till I stopped the music.....

Yeah San Francisco, the city by the bay, intellectual and a beauty. Where else should I go? Should I use the 101 or maybe the interstate? As if this would change something, the aim would be the same. But maybe this was not the aim, why not still driving more northwards? Why not driving around the rest of my life? No place I could imagine would offer me a reason to stay. This life don't offered me a reason to stay.....

I felt displaced, not knowing were my place had been, or should be. In a cockleshell on an endless ocean, a falling star in the endless universe, like nothing in an eternity. How about a sand grain in an endless desert? Endless images, but no clue, no idea, no point to link something to.....

Parallels cross in the infinity, an infinite space of possibilities, the melancholy of a moment, the finiteness of life, the unrepeatability of life, the unstoppable time, the come-into-being and fading, time to fade.....

Westlake

I walked through the streets as so often at this time. The lights so far away, the life so far away. I tried not to think about something, only to walk around. It was a balmy night, half-moon at the night sky and a bright Jupiter, sometimes one could get a glimpse of Venus. I looked at the palm trees, not much of them more north, but much greener at the end. I waited, waited that something would happen, something that would tell me what I should do, where I should go – but nothing happened.....

The melancholy of a female voice, no homeless anymore in the park, the neighborhood changes, would change in the future, and the people? A young couple, boisterous, wish you the best, the best for your life, at the end of mine.....

Sirens! A lot of sirens! The fire department, police, ambulance – chaos! I looked at the lights, trance-like but fascinated, and a star falls from the sky.....