

# **Crenshaw Blues**

## Crenshaw

I was on my way back home, a long day, walked around the whole day, drove around with Metro train and bus the whole day and pondered the whole day whether I should try it again, to be a private eye. The "Azusa-incident", a lot of press, mostly positive - American hero like Travis. In fact, several people had asked me if I would work for them, if I would undertake their case. But I hesitated, first I had to accept what I had done - and then I would need this time a more meaningful business plan. Maybe I should ask Dashiell for help? He definitely knew how to make a business successful. But for the moment I enjoyed that the media circus died down and less and less people recognized "the one" from the news - interesting how fast!

I said it before that I loved the area Downtown West/Westlake, an area where mainly Latinos live, the most, but today I was the whole day on my way to bat around the "black" L.A., whereby I in the case of L.A. not thought of the city of L.A. but rather L.A. County or even (partly) the Los Angeles metropolitan area. Nearly half the population of L.A. were Latinos, they shaped L.A.'s character, very much to L.A.'s benefit! They gave L.A. its live, its personality - but I was biased! Well, nearly every second "Angeleno" was a Latino, therefore....no ten percent were Afro-Americans, slightly more Asian-Americans. I was a minority, and I loved this place therefor - had I to say which parts for me the most boring were? Well, Bel Air, Beverly Hills, (West) Hollywood....comes me to mind - you know what I mean! But today, today was a livelier day....

But I had to confess that it was very different for me to be among the Latino-Americans than among the Afro-Americans. Gave me the first all the time the feeling to be welcome, thus I felt - rejection and distrust were the words that came into my mind. Was there a reason therefor? I thought long about, to find this solution.

The Latinos came of their own volition, they tried to live the "American Dream" - even today and still! And the Afro-Americans? Only some generations before, they were slaves - they all were slaves! They all were brought to this country - against their volition! Not long ago they were no "real" humans, not allowed to do many things, allowed to be murdered, lynched, and raped. And today? Not allowed to get a good education, good jobs, allowed to be again and again the losers, in a country they not wished to be, but they had to be now - not many alternatives.....and I "white guy" walked around in their neighborhoods to kill time - I felt like an arrogant bighead in such moments, like walking down 7<sup>th</sup> or to babble about Latinos.....

An image came into my mind, a question that haunted me since I realized from which country my ancestors came, since I was a young man. I never could understand and never will understand that a Jew was able after WW II to return to Germany, to live in this country again - I would had hated the Germans for their deeds - forgiveness? Forgiveness for what? It was puzzling, on the one hand I could imagine everything, and I mean EVERYTHING! On the other hand, sometimes, I was totally unable to understand something, and I mean TOTALLY UNABLE! This was the difference between imagination and reality. In my imagination there were absolutely no limits, nothing what would not be possible, absolutely nothing! In the reality I saw only limits, nothing seemed possible....

I sat at the bus stop Crenshaw/Florence and waited for the 210 to drive till Crenshaw/Exposition. Then I would take the Expo Line to drive home. An Afro-American woman walked by with a somewhat larger, shabby Teddy Bear in her arms, like a child, and whispered something in its ear. I gazed after her, one of this baroque moments, this city provides you from time to time - then the 210 came.

I entered the bus, quite good used at this time, early evening - but still some seats free. I walked to the rear, the bus had two rows of seats parallel to the street, I took a seat. Opposite to me sat a

young Afro-American - girl?, woman? - not sure about her age. How old soever - I thought definitely not younger than fourteen but also definitely not older than seventeen, fifteen or sixteen maybe - she was an outstanding beauty. Sure, I had saw her before I took a seat, but now I started to look at her carefully. She wore a brown, tight, very short dress with a black stripe pattern. In the first moment I thought it was a kind of tiger skin pattern, but no exactly. Not to say, that this dress was simply sexy, would be a joke, and the knee high, black boots made the look definitely not worse! Also the neckline was simply nifty - without something beneath.....

She was totally occupied with her smartphone. She wrote messages and got messages and every time she got one she smiled - it was a charming smile. I thought that she would communicate either with one of her girlfriends or with her boyfriend, and for no reason I tended to the second option. Obviously she was dressed to go partying, and she looked very excited. Then she raised her head and looked at me, and she was not very pleased about, that I obviously looked at her. Embarrassed, I looked sideways and realized that obviously also other passengers looked disapprovingly at me.

This remembered me to a situation as a young man. I was on my way, in another city, with the subway. It was late evening and I was tired, and looked, lost in thought, at a young woman, sitting kitty-corner. She read a book and not saw me, till she raised her head - she got nervous and I realized that we were the only two passengers! Well, as a women late at night alone with a man in the subway, a man that obviously looked at me - no nice imagination! First I thought I should apologize, but then I thought that it was no good idea to stand up and to walk to her - I then looked out of the window into the black and saw her reflection - she left the subway two stations later.....

Because we had reached Crenshaw/39<sup>th</sup> I would leave the bus soon and hoped that she wouldn't leave the bus with me - but as we came near Crenshaw/Exposition, she stood up. I thought for a moment I should not get up - but that was stupid somehow, and so we both, and a few other passengers, left the bus.

But as she went across Exposition Boulevard because the lights were green, for a moment she headed towards Crenshaw Boulevard but then the lights got red, it was obvious that her aim was the Metro station, more precise the track towards Downtown L.A. - also my aim! I thought about the woman in the subway and that it would be very weird now, to follow her. There was a small chance that she maybe would pass the metro station, that her final aim was near and she would walk there. But if not, this whole situation would become very stupid. We both waiting at the same platform to enter the same metro - wow, if she then not would call 1.844.OFF.LIMITS.....I decided to walk home! I had a lot of time, was a bit hungry, and it was a balmy night.....

On my way I thought about that I maybe should be a bit more careful, in that sense that I sometimes, while I reflected upon other people, not noticed that I stared at them. That was stupid, especially because it wasn't meant offensive. When I looked at other people I thought about whether they were happy or not, what dreams they had, what wishes, hopes, fears and so on. Sure I thought that she was sexy, because she was sexy, she wanted to be sexy - and that was okay! She was young, she should enjoy her life as much as possible and I wished her that she would have a fantastic evening, and that at least some of her dreams would come true. I wished this, from the bottom of my heart. So everything could be good now, but unfortunately this is a hardboiled story.....

## **At Home**

The TV was on, like the TV was often on, while I did other things. It was a kind of background noise for me - usually a local news channel. I listened to the voice more or less, most time less. I

was occupied with thinking about what the best way would be to start as a private eye again. Should I use Azusa or not? My conscience said no, but this was America - why then the inhibitions? I had killed a very wicked criminal, that was okay - problem only that I had judicialized him and I simply was no judge? Or should I see this not that seriously? This was America, and he a very, very wicked criminal - and I still no judge! Yeah Dürrenmatt, I was judge and hangman in one....

A car chase with a severe crash at the end - a not involved woman badly injured into the hospital, a shooting at a gas station in West Hollywood - two badly and one slightly injured man and one man on the run, nothing new concerning the young man shot dead in Long Beach two days ago, an attacked female student in Santa Monica, the spate of burglaries in the Sylmar area continued, a bad pile-up of cars this morning, rush hour Ronald Reagan Freeway - well, the normal stuff. An Afro-American girl missing, yesterday, Crenshaw, older white man - instantly I was wide-awake, but the report over - no interest in celebrity shit! I started to zap from one channel to the other, then I had luck, if this was not an inappropriate term.....

It was the girl I saw yesterday and I was the man - a suspect, a man with a strange behavior. But that was not the problem, the problem was that the girl, her name was Kishana, she was on her way to her boyfriend to celebrate her sixteenth birthday - she turned sixteen two days before, now she wanted to celebrate together with him alone. But she never arrived. She was last seen at the crossing Crenshaw and Exposition. The description of the "man" was not that good, the witnesses disagreed with each other in relevant things. To my surprise nobody had recognized me as the man from Azusa - yesterday's news are old news.....

I called the police, better Yves.....

"Hello Yves, this is Peter."

"I call because of the missing Afro-American girl, or better because of the older white man."

"Yes the suspect."

"Yes, I know him, it's me...."

He asked about the responsible officer and fixed a meeting.

## **Police Department**

I met Yves at his office, an hour before I had my appointment with the responsible officer.

"No good news for you Peter but the responsible officer is Police Captain Josh Henry, not...."

"....are you crazy, she's, at least so far and hope it will stay, a missed person? This is no case for an Captain?"

"Not when the missing person descends from an influential family."

"Maybe I say something really stupid now, but it was the Crenshaw/Inglewood area....."

"Her family lives a bit more south, in a twenty million dollar beach estate."

"Sorry, she used a normal bus? No dream car? I mean, it was her "sweet sixteen"?"

"Her family not accepted her boyfriend and she rebelled - rich girl, poor boy. Her boyfriend is also a suspect - for the family, no surprise, the main suspect. They think that he helps her to hide or that something more worse had happened."

"Why then I should have problems with Captain Henry?"

"Well, the happenings connected with Trifunovski and Azusa - also within the LAPD we had some problems."

"The LAPD and it's history. Thought....."

"We no longer live in the 50's and 60's....."

".....and the 90's?"

"We are a modern police and always were it. But we're not perfect!"

"I apologize, I have no reason to be arrogant - Captain Henry?"

"There were investigations, but they were folded. Rumors....."

"Do you think he will try to shellac me? Because this would be meaningless - I walked home!"

"At least he will try to pillory you, so far you're a good guy, but maybe there's something to find? He thinks that you shield murderers and that you're a murderer. Maybe you will lose your license, maybe the media will report no longer such positive about you - he will try everything he can."

"He will find nothing! And even if he would be able to impair my reputation - this is not important at the moment. At the moment Kishana is the only important subject."

"Yes and no - maybe she hides only, she has debited a larger sum with daddy's sparkling credit card - rich girl's problems?"

"Hope this is true - Henry? I think I should go - I should not come to late!"

"Yes, that would be no good idea...."

"I would have a question...."

"Yes."

"What do you think about me?"

"I think you should not come to late - let's talk about this later."

"No answer?"

"I think you would be a good private eye."

"Would?"

"You should simply start with it, start to be a private eye - and don't cast doubt on everything all the time - especially not on yourself...."

### **Police Captain Josh Henry**

I had to wait in an interrogation room - always this games, but I had time, not knowing if Kishana had time.....the door opened and Captain Henry entered the room. He was not very tall, a rather slender type - I expected a tall buff man. But this should not lull me - I was wide-awake!

He started with the common talk and I thought I should speed up the things a bit.....

"Okay, enough chitchat. I don't know how you see it, but I think we waste a lot of time here and I fear there's a young woman who maybe has no time left! Can..."

"...I don't think you decide what we do here!"

He was somewhat upset now, whereby I have to say that he was from the beginning on in a not that good mood.....

"It's a joke that I sit here and we all know that! Okay, maybe you wanna roast me, maybe you wanna fuck me, but not now, now there are more important things!"

"Really?"

"If you have to ask, you definitely wear the wrong uniform!"

"I'm not sure if your aware, in what a situation you are? The last two times? This time, my friend, it looks really, really bad for you...."

"Now I've really enough! Stop this nonsense! She walked to the Metro station - the security cameras should show her. I walked down Exposition Boulevard and I think there should be at least the one or other camera from traffic control. Finally I sat at Abby's Seafood, South Western Avenue, they still had opened. I walked by foot, no time to kidnap a person. Should I tell you my menu, please ask them!"

"You walked by foot? A mile, or?"

"I think less, but this is not the point! It's very easy to check my statements - do your work!"

"Not so fast, should I tell you a surprising thing?"

"I'm all ears...."

"She never reached the Metro station....."

"You try to fool me! Only some yards - I saw that she crossed Exposition Boulevard! And the other people?"

"It's a bit of an mystery....."

"What, when she got into a car?"

"You think about her boyfriend?"

"Not necessarily - maybe forced? Nobody saw anything?"

"And you? Not a last look?"

"Unfortunately not, unfortunately I decided not to use the Metro train, unfortunately - somebody has to have seen something?"

"An older white man who behaved very strange....any ideas?"

"Can we stop this nonsense? It was just after six o'clock as the bus arrived at the bus station. I reached Abby's at six thirty, they close at seven o'clock. I strolled - what do you think, I did with her? With her body?"

"Maybe you run, no problem under ten minutes, gives you at least twenty minutes - a long time to do something with her....."

"What? Where? And, what did I with her body?"

"Nice, exactly the questions I have - how about some answers?"

"Traffic control, you not tell me that in this area are none?"

He became insecure.....and left the room. A short time later he came back.

"We will check this. Maybe you're a lucky guy again - third time then..."

"Maybe I have no....."

".....says the guy who looked away and heard nothing. And Azusa.....there you did it by your own.....good job."

"So far I see only dead criminals....."

"So far I see only.....you should choose your friends more careful - you know this dog-flea-thing....?"

"Nice, exactly the proverb....you I guess, you have a lot of very good friends...."

"Maybe..."

"It's only, the last guy who babbled about his good friends was the guy in Azusa - wait a moment! I thought, that he better had shut up his mouth. And he better had.....his weapon...."

"You threaten me? You really threaten me?"

"Absolutely not! And that's the point - I don't threaten you!"

"One day I will see you in Azusa...."

"Should I tell you something? The first time that I was in Azusa, the first time that I stood there and that I looked at the houses, I thought: This looks like Mexico!"

"Wow, what a stupid shit - and what's your message?"

"No message, this is what I really thought: This looks like Mexico...."

"Very fine, you can go. We will check your statements and I hope for you they are reliable.....you know.....don't leave the city and so on...."

He stood up and walked to the door, I not.....

"Will spend the evening in Azusa - and you?"

For a moment he stopped but not turned around, then he left the room - also I....

### **At Home Again**

Unfortunately I saw Yves after my interrogation not again. So I went home and pondered over Henry. Connections between Trifunovski and the LAPD? I thought that "the LAPD" was a bit far-fetched, but connections between Trifunovski and "some" officers.....obviously yes! After all - Trifunovski's clientele were the rich, the rich and influential inhabitants of this, sometimes so terrifying, city. And I? If somebody would think about revenge - Cecily and Dashiell, no contact since a long time now - the phone rang.....Yves told me he had to see me as fast as possible!

## Police Department Again

They had found her, they had found her body, they had found her dead body! A first visual inspection suggested that she was brutally raped, and then beaten to death. I cried.....

"Can I help you?"

"I was such an asshole! Why I not followed her? She would be still live! Only because the people looked at me - who the fuck is interested thereto, what other people think about you? Can I see her?"

"Obviously not.....Henry?"

"Who the fuck is Henry? He should do his job, then we can meet in Azusa – I've her on my conscience!"

"That's rubbish and you know this. But let it out! That's the best you can do....."

"I was so near, she had such a wonderful smile.....any ideas, any suspects?"

"Her boyfriend was arrested."

"I don't think so, she laughed so wonderfully, all the time whenever she got a message from him...."

"She withdrew \$50.000 from her father's bank account, nobody knows where the money is."

"Yeah, her boyfriend has \$50.000, has raped her and murdered her and then he stays in the city - that's bullshit! And not forget that she not reached the Metro station! Only a few yards - what happened there?"

"That's the key - definitely! You had not looked back, and by the way you're discharged, they had checked your statements...."

"Then maybe they can concentrate on the important questions. You know what I don't understand?"

"What?"

"I think that apart from her and me two or three other passengers left the bus. She crossed Exposition Boulevard, I walked down Exposition Boulevard - and the others? I think when you leave the bus there...at least one of the others should have the metro station as aim as well - or?"

"Yeah, would be a surprise if not! You know the Metro station there?"

"Fuck!"

"What?"

"The stops for Downtown L.A. and Downtown Santa Monica are not opposite to each other, they are displaced! This means that a person whose aim the stop for Downtown Santa Monica is looks in the opposed direction than a person whose aim the stop for Downtown L.A. is, this person looks in my direction, walking down Exposition Boulevard. Only a person whose aim the stop Downtown L.A. is would look in her direction, this person would had been me - fuck! Why I not followed her!"

"Because she would had been frightened because of you."

"Frightened but alive - what a selection!"

"If we always would know what consequences our acting will have - life would be that much easier, but unfortunately....."

"Thanks for your words, what only shall I do?"

"We should wait for the moment, till after the autopsy."

"I haven't asked so far, no cameras at the crossing Crenshaw and Exposition?"

"No, in this area....."

"...but I was recorded..."

"No, not really..."

"They checked my statements, Henry left the room to ask if there are cameras in this area?"

"If, then he got the information that there are none."

"He tries to fuck me over, or what?"

"He never thought that you're involved in her disappearance, nor he thinks that you're involved in her death....."

## **Again At Home**

I was frustrated, sure Yves was right, you never could survey all possible consequences that your actions maybe would have - but in the end this helped only a little. I thought whether I should call him, he was not in duty today, I knew, but he gave me his private number for the case I would need somebody to talk with. He helped me a lot, at this time, he was a friend now, somebody I could trust.....the phone rang - Yves! The coroner had told him that he had finished the autopsy. Only some information, but her boyfriend was exonerated - a good message! I should meet him tomorrow.....

## **At The Park**

We met at a small park not that far away from his department.

"Now I have more information. I met the coroner this morning and we talked a bit. He said that he never had a crime victim that told him that much! Saliva, sperm - he not even used a condom, fingerprints! He has beaten her to death with his bare hands - there are impressions from a collage ring? Whoever had done this, either he's an idiot or totally arrogant! No question that we will get him!"

"First: He?"

"The DNA...."

"...ah, wait a moment! DNA analysis over night?"

"Depends on how important the case is....."

"Okay, no stupid comment from my side now, the results?"

"A white male - DNA, UCLA - the ring, we know his father - DNA, and we have his fingerprints in the system - driving under the influence of drugs after a frat party ...."

"You know who he is!"

"Yes, but he's not arrested now because his stay is not sure. Maybe he's on the run."

"A white male UCLA student? At least her boyfriend is now no longer in the line of fire."

"They released him. And I think it will be only a question of time before we get him."

"A name?"

"You know that I can't give you a name, you know...."

"....that we never had met and never had talked....can I see her.....?"

"Come on, keep her in mind as you have saw her, in the bus, with her charming smile...."

Two days later they arrested him, he wasn't on the run, at least not really. He stayed in his parent's vacation home in the hills. No resistance, no statement, but a bunch of lawyers - they had used the time to get into a good position, to take up a stance!

## **Crenshaw Blues**

I stood at the Metro station, direction Downtown L.A., and looked at the crossing. It was simply impossible that she had walked directly from the bus stop to the station. This would mean that, whatever had happened, had happened right after she had started to cross Exposition Boulevard, because she had not reached the station. Impossible that nobody would had witnessed anything. What was the key? I stood and waited and no Metro train arrived - that was the key! I looked at the schedule. We arrived short after 6.00 pm at the bus stop. The next service, 6.17 pm - that was the key, she had around fifteen minutes time to reach the station, no reason to hurry up, no reason to walk directly to the station. Had she knew this? Not the first time on her way to her boyfriend, probably yes! I grabbed my cell phone and called Yves.



I told him what I thought and asked him whether the police was aware of this or not. He could not give me an answer because he was not directly involved in the case, but he would share the information with the responsible officer. He thought that this fact very important is, especially because it seemed that the defense of the suspect - or the lawyers - would be, to say nothing. He refused to give evidence. We made an appointment for the next evening and finished the conversation.

So, whatever had happened, it had happened in an area near the station, but not at the station. She had crossed Exposition Boulevard that was absolutely evident - I saw her! It became more and more obvious and I decided to reconstruct her way. I stood at the bus stop and waited for the green light to cross Exposition Boulevard. On the other side the large construction area for the new Metro line. I crossed Exposition Boulevard - and then? Definitely I would cross Crenshaw Boulevard next, to get away from the construction area and towards the Metro station. As a result I would stand at the corner Crenshaw/Exposition beside the building - it was the Probation Department, first time that I was aware about this. And now? I would have around fifteen minutes - Exposition or Crenshaw Boulevard? Walk along Crenshaw Boulevard would had meant to walk back and away from the Metro station. Even if you would had decided not to go to the station directly, you wouldn't do this - therefore Exposition Boulevard. I walked along the Probation Department - the parking lot! Would it be possible that there somebody had kidnapped her - I thought about Bundy! Somebody who came from the Department - driven under the influence of drugs! I called Yves!

This time he connected me with the responsible officer. I told him what I thought and he was very interested at it. He told me to wait for a moment, and as he was in the line again, he told me that I hit the bull's eye, the suspect had had an appointment at 5.00 pm - the straight connection between the suspect and the victim. He congratulated me for my excellent work and I told him, that it would had been only a matter of time that the police would had figured this out also. Maybe, but maybe not, but now for sure, and very fast - he was a kind police officer. And now? I thought I should walk along Crenshaw Boulevard - some soul food would do me good.....

Kishana and her boyfriend - I had absolutely not information about her boyfriend, where did he live? Sure, Kishana was on her way towards Downtown L.A., but how many stations? In the end an endless number of possibilities - say, till Metro Center/7<sup>th</sup> Street, and then? He could live nearly everywhere! Then I thought about whether he was an Afro-American or not - and I was a bit surprised, surprised about that I had problems therewith that this came into my mind! In fact, I had saw him always as an Afro-American, she was Afro-American, what a fucking stupid thought....he could be everything, he could be a Latino, an Asian, a White - yeah, a whitey! He was her boyfriend, that's it - more was not interesting! Why always this nonsense: Black, white, yellow, red, blue, green - what the fuck! Would it be possible one day to see a person just as a person, and I? She was, had been, a wonderful young girl - and black girl, because she was black. And it looked beautiful, her black skin looked beautiful, like a very pale white skin, a skin like marble, looked very beautiful, with red hair and green eyes nearly a miracle. And also she was nearly a miracle, with her black skin, her dark hair, her dark and still so bright eyes - and her gorgeous smile and giggling - had been.....

It confused me how difficult it was for me, even for me, without prejudices - was I without prejudices? Would it be a prejudice to say that a woman looks wonderful, wonderful her dark skin? But if, would it then be also a prejudice to say that a woman looks wonderful, wonderful her pale white skin? Then it would be also a prejudice to say that a woman looks wonderful, wonderful her green eyes, her brown eyes, her blue eyes - that would make no sense. Then it would be no prejudice to say to a woman that she looks wonderful, that her dark skin looks wonderful. It simply would be a statement.....

Should we stop to talk about that people with different color of the skin exist, or would it be better to talk about, like we talk about different colors of eyes and hair? The color of your hair or eyes says nothing about your person - and the color of your skin?

Crenshaw and Inglewood, where most Afro-Americans live, all very well arranged in this city. To look at a map, a "racial map", of this city was very interesting. But most interesting? To compare this map with a map that shows the income - very similar maps! Sometimes this city was simply a fucking city, but fucking to whom, to me?

I thought about Compton in the 90's - today more Latin-Americans than Afro-Americans, not more income. It was an ambivalent feeling. On the one hand it was fascinating, all this cultures, languages - from China to Korea, from Mexico to.....yeah, where to? To Africa? I had German ancestors, European roots. And an Afro-American? Slave roots? And a "Native American"? What a fucking word - the only Real (North) Americans - maybe that would fit! Eskimos? Melting pot - stupid drivel, pattern, patchwork better! Separation by ethnic groups and income and both intertwined, that was devastating! And then? As a Latino-American you came into this country, you had a dream, plans for the future - as an Afro-American? *Stolen from Africa, brought to America* - Bob Marley? Malcolm X or Martin Luther King? Black Power? Dinner with the president or not? Spike Lee, *She's Gotta Have It* - Kareem Abdul-Jabbar or Larry Bird? African roots or disrooted? But what would it mean - African roots? Africa, over three hundred years ago or today? Which part of Africa, which tribe(?). I only could imagine that I would feel like somebody who was at the wrong place not knowing what the right one would be. I only could imagine that I would not know what I should do, to be a proud African, to live my(?) culture or to try to be the better American, better as the (white) European Americans. I could only imagine that I would not know how I should behave. Everything would seem wrong! But maybe that would be not the worst - would I see a future? How, as long as I would not know - *George Bush doesn't care about black people* - Kanye West? Does anybody care for anyone in this nation ever? I felt sick, exhausted and old - an old white guy, walks without an aim, Crenshaw Boulevard, up and down, no clear thoughts, Kishana? Her family lives the American dream? Has she lived the American dream? American dream - The Pursuit of Happiness, the dependence on your social background, equality of opportunity - what a joke! Equality of opportunity would mean first and foremost free and good school education for all, on a high level. The reality was a joke and today's conservative attempts to destroy even the bit that is, is simply devastating! I looked around, Leimert Park Plaza - I should eat something, drink something hot, should try not to become.....why they not became insane? I never had seen more mentally broken people than in this city, and I mean really broken, not like me, who liked it, to write sometimes about it.....I decided for El Pollo Loco.....

## **Long Beach, Beacon**

*Shining like a fiery beacon  
(Lana del Rey; Gods&Monsters)*

We met at the Rainbow Lighthouse at 6.00 pm.

"You like it, to be in Long Beach!"

"Yeah, that's true - how you're doing, Peter?"

"So far so good, Yves. I will reopen my office."

"Wow, that's good! A target date?"

"I'm looking for new premises, not too expensive, but not too secluded."

"Any idea which quarter?"

"Definitely not Long Beach! You like it really to be here?"

"A Latino in Long Beach, fits very well.....and you, a new office Downtown West...?"

"Not sure, I like it very much to be there, but....I thought about South L.A., a good offer there."

"Not Crenshaw - or?"

"No, it has nothing to do with Kishana. West Athens, very easy reachable via the Freeway, midst in Los Angeles....golf course nearby - maybe I become a golfer? - The rent is very interesting."

"Sounds good! Why do you hesitate?"

"It should function this time, no stupid childishnesses as last time. It should be serious this time, this time I have to earn my money with it."

"You're not totally unpopular in this city, and you're able to do good work - it will function, I'm sure about!"

"Thanks for you kind words and your support, what shall we do?"

"I thought we walk a bit, talk a bit and then a nice dinner....."

"Cool, sounds like we would have a date - your wife is informed?"

"She is, and she totally agrees with our plans."

"I have no plans, but you're the man - lets walk a bit..."

We started to walk through the park, had some small talk - we both knew that this was not a real conversation, the real conversation. So I started with it.....

"So, the case is solved now?"

"Yeah...."

"The evidence is overwhelming - or?"

"Yeah...."

"But....."

"You know what comes now...."

"But in this case....I mean DNA and all....and all the brutality of the deed...."

"You're no beginner - or? And you're not naive - or? You know, what comes now...."

"Sure, the trial - but, come on, he did it and....her parents are rich!"

"That's not the problem and you know it. Two rich families, both with the best advocates you can buy for money - it will become a battle of two law firms. And you know very well what the strategy of his side will be.....not very nice for her family....."

"What has he said - has he made a statement!"

"He kept silence, but....you had saw her in the bus..."

"You're an asshole!"

"It's okay. You said, that you thought that she swaps SMSes with her boyfriend?"

"Yes...."

"That was correct. He gave us his smartphone, hers we could not find. Therefore we know now their conversation - I thought you maybe would be interested in?"

"I fear, this will make me not really happy also....."

"I fear, it will sadden you still more...."

"Why not?"

"She has taken \$50,000 from her father's bank account. She has deposited it, to fetch it later again. Till \$50,000 she was allowed to take money without her father's explicit allowance, over it the bank would have asked her father."

"Cool daddy! He got his money back?"

"His money? Yes....but not his daughter...."

"Sorry, now I'm the asshole - and you were none before...."

"I know, and you're none either - what then happened?"

"Yeah, sure..."

"She and her boyfriend planned to run away the next day, with the money. They planned to have one last special evening and night in the city, to leave then and never come back."

"Her birthday, sweet sixteen....."

"Yes, but not only this. It should become a very special night - for both of them...."

"You not tell me....."

"A bit like Romeo and Juliet - and Juliet is dead now...."

"But that will make Romeo not happy, that he's still alive - is there someone at his side, someone, who will stop him to become Romeo to follow his Juliet?"

"No, but maybe you...."

"That's a joke! What should I tell him, something about the nice little thing in my drawer?"

"Maybe it would do you good - his address, he really needs help...."

I took the note, he handed me.....

"And now? They will say that she was a little black bitch in a fucking hot outfit!?"

"Yes, they will make an epic out of it - to drag her and her family through the mire. We know that this will happen....."

"She was fucking hot, yes, she was fucking hot! But she was fucking hot for her boyfriend, not for an old man and not for such a pathetic pig of student!"

"This is L.A....."

"L.A. or wherever - is it not possible - what the fuck I'm saying! It's not possible! Preferably, we also establish the bukha, so that men are not so irritated that a woman can look sexy and hot! Are we men only hormone-driven jerks?"

"That will not help. It will be not the first time, and unfortunately also not the last time, that such a defense strategy will be used."

"Okay! Also I thought that she's sexy! Also I looked at her dress, her boots and, yes, also at her neckline! I notice that she not wore a bra, that she had small breasts, and fuck, I noticed, that she has a wonderful smile! And do you know, when I think about, that I would see her on the street, walking around, I maybe would think about, whether she's maybe a whore! Come on, this is L.A.! How many underage whores you will find in this city? Many, much too many! So far, okay! Okay, so far I have no problem! When he would tell me about her, that he saw her, that he thought that maybe she's a whore - okay! No problem! When he would tell me that he addressed her, asked her, how much she costs - no problem! Really, no problem - maybe you say, it's her own fault - no problem! No problem! She has dressed like this! But then, then I get a problem! A fucking big problem! At a certain point, sure I can not tell when, but at a certain point, she has said something....and I don't know what, not important. But something like: NO! I'm not a whore. I have no price. I'm on the way to my boyfriend. I wear this because we will celebrate my birthday. - But that's not important, the only important thing is - she has said something.....something, one has to respect.....!"

"You should express this in the public - a reader's letter maybe, or her parents and her boyfriend, or in front of the courthouse. Express it!"

"Do you think this will change something?"

"Martin Luther King or Malcom X - you have to express your thoughts!"

"Did they change something?"

"Maybe not enough, but at least somewhat - not enough, but somewhat! Therefor again and again it is important that a new Martin Luther King, a new Malcom X stands up and expresses himself - again and again...."

"Sorry, that I'm not so optimistic. I see Nazis on the streets, the KKK sees his chance again....and in Washington? I feel tired....."

"I'm a Latino - you've forgotten? I raised up.....yeah, not in Long Beach....not here."

"And now?"

"Now I invite you in that restaurant, where I won over my wife!"

"Wow, a bit strange, but.....why not - Mr. Rodriguez....."

"And than do me a favor....."

"Now it's getting really a bit strange...."

"I will not ask, what you...but this is my wish: This is really a very nice restaurant, a lot of charm. Next time, when you eat there, you have invited a wonderful women and you will.....her..... - you need a wife in your life!"

"It's not exactly that easy.....I mean that affair with men and women. I fear that I'm too long alone

by now.....it would be nice....."

"It's the same like with change - you have to begin and to continue, otherwise....."

*No, because in the world of the humans there are no monsters, because there are no saints either!  
No devils, no gods – only humans!  
(Peter Paul Maurer; Hoax News)*

## At Court

I was at home, it was at early morning, the day after my meeting and dinner with Yves. I felt better today, it had been good, to talk with Yves, to talk with a good friend. And it was good that he had given me the address and the phone number of Kishana's boyfriend. I would call him later, after I would have had showered, dressed and prepared me a tea. I thought about how I should start the conversation - should I talk about the bus? In no case I should start to talk shit - that I would know exactly how he feels, that this has to be a hard time for him, that Kishana was a very beautiful girl - shit like this! And even more dumb? To start to reproach him, for what had happened! That the idea to run away was no good. Only two years, then they would had been of full age. That the \$50,000 were not okay - stupid things like this.....

I thought about that I should try to talk as normal as possible - no merciful intonation. I should try to talk with him as normal as possible - I feared that this was too much for me. But Yves had given me a task and I wanted to become a serious private investigator - time to become adult. I nipped at my tea, a wonderful herbal tea made from hibiscus flowers, apple mint, nana mint, melissa, marigold flowers, red clover, rose blossoms and blue cornflower blossoms - something for the soul. The phone rang - it was Yves....

"Your TV is running?"

"No, I drink a tea, I will call Kishana's friend thereafter, I think I'm good prepared for it now."

"Yeah,.....it's.....he's dead....."

"What.....! Why.....?"

"The suspect was brought to the court-house, he followed them or whatever, as they were at the entrance he started to fire at the suspect, he killed him. The security officials had no choice, they....."

I took the phone and tossed it against the wall - I screamed out loud and opened the drawer -

Romeo was bleeding  
And I with him  
I open the drawer  
And pass away

I opened my eyes, a bit, somebody nearby, or maybe two? I was dead and saw, saw the clock at the wall – 2.50, time to get up - or, or not?

"How do you feel?"

I moved my eyes, the somebody talked with me. Good, I thought - I'm dead now....

"He needs more time."

The somebody whispered now - yeah, more time. Time? Does dead people need time? Strange.....I felt that somebody touched my hand, two times at the same time, but I was so tired, therefore I closed my eyes again - dying was very exhausting!

Yves had driven to my apartment immediately after I had interrupted the connection. He found me lying on the floor, the gun beside me. First he thought that I'm dead, but then he saw that I obviously had not fired – he had called for an ambulance and they took me to a hospital.....

It was the second time now that this had happened. First time in the park, and now. This time it was more vehement, I had a lot of trouble to find back, I think I not wished to find back - thought to be dead, happy to be dead.....

Yves and his wife visited me every day, and I realized that I even was unable to handle this, to kill myself. So often I had thought about it, and now? I had not been able to protect Romeo and failed thereto, to bear the consequences of this - I was a complete failure.....

Yves and his wife brought me flowers, all the time, every day and I liked them. They talked with me and I became acquainted with her more and more. They asked me if I would think that I should spend some time in a clinic, one for.....I objected - what should happen at home? Harry? I'm no Harry!

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I have to."

"Please, no nonsense...."

"No nonsense, promised!"

"It would be awful for me, and for Elizabeth - she likes you...."

"Maybe I should have a dinner with her, say....Long Beach....."

"Much better! - She loves tacos!"

Romeo's bleeding  
Comes into my mind  
Now Romeo's dead  
Followed his Juliet

### **Funeral**

It was a wonderful funeral. After some back and forth the families had decided to bury them together - Romeo and Juliet together, forever.....in death.

So many funeral guests, I stood at the very end and listened to the words. Two young lives obliterated, two families destroy - why? I tried not to think about it, at least not here, but I failed, as I failed always. Guilt? I? I had incurred guilt? Not followed her, not called him - the impossibility to overview all the possible possibilities which maybe will be the result of your deeds. But what was the consequence therefrom? To do nothing, nothing not anymore? But that would be only possible when you would be dead - so, was this the consequence? But thereto you should be able to....at least so long as you need to pull the trigger! And then? No clock at the wall anymore, no flowers anymore, no hands touching your hand tenderly - all would be gone, like Romeo and Juliet.....

No, not like them! Had they had their special night together, then their special night was refused. He died as an innocent man, her her innocence was robbed - she died as a martyr. Was this too.....too affected? Maybe she was only a little, spoiled bitch and he only interested in her money - maybe, maybe not, but even this would not justify.....would I had killed him? Silly question - Azusa! I hated me for Azusa, and he? Should he hate himself, would he not be dead? One man was not able to respect another person, one man was not able to control himself, one man was not able to - he was to blame, he was to blame and he was the only one to blame! He was the origin of all what happened afterwards, he was the cause of all things, he was the starting point! He was the one to blame! And Romeo, was he appointed to be judge and/or hangman, nor was I.....

So, Romeo was to blame also? What answer should I give after Azusa? No - and to acquit me

therewith in the same moment? Condemn me - and to condemn him therewith in the same moment?  
Again playing judge, only not needed, to be hangman again....

As I stood in front of the open grave  
I threw my two roses into  
A white rose and a black rose  
One for her and one for him

### **At Home Finally**

Time to get adult, time to be consequent. I had signed the contract for the office in West Athens. I would open next month and then it will be seen whether I will be able to be a serious private investigator or not. The office had two rooms, an anteroom where clients could wait and with enough space for a desk, space for a secretary. But for the beginning I not looked for a secretary, but maybe with the time and good cases.....Effie, or who knows.....Velda? Yeah, old men and their dreams....

What obvious was? Too much death around me, but this was L.A. - or? A lot of death in the city, a lot of crime of any kind - raping - Kishana.....

I had prepared an advertisement, this time no stupidities with my name, this time I would try - would try? No, this time I would follow her, this time I would call him immediately, this time I would.....I would search seriously after the man in the park - immediately, not waiting till something happened, till it's too late....again.....

I not tried to contact Dashiell or Cecily - we had lost contact totally. But maybe this was better, I had to do it my own, had to show that I was able to do the business....

I looked at the small wooden table, with its old, white table cloth from my grandma, and the three photographs on it. I had asked his wife, her family and his family. They all gave me a picture - I hoped that I would never have to ask again.....

I walked to the desk, opened the uppermost drawer - Yves had given it back to me, a enormous act of faith. I would show him, that he was right to do it, and we all knew how successful I was the last time - able to kill somebody else, but me.....

I felt strange, one the one hand relieved, but on the other hand I felt an enormous weight on my shoulders. I tried to look ahead but was not able to forget, why I should forget? Should I forgive? Whom? You have to forgive others, but you also have to forgive yourself, otherwise you're not able to live - nicely said, and not wrong, certainly not wrong, but not that easy - I mean the thing with yourself.....

I tried to be among people and visited a music festival, listened to five men from Long Beach, yeah Long Beach, their words and their songs about forgiveness and believe and keeping a secret.....

Again something came to an end, but I had the feeling that so much still was to say. But now I should finish, finish to start something new - a part of me died in this moment, as it should be, another part.....- also such a song.....