

Days In Los Angeles

Los Angeles

Los Angeles: an urban region of nearly 20 million - violence, cold, brutal, porn industry, water, Californian racism, 50% Latinos

<< a sick place, a place to run mad, a place that takes you captive, that lets you no chance, no escape possible, you never every will get it out of our head again

February The First

We will arrive at LAX in time, it's 1:10 PM local time now, unfortunately Los Angeles very cloudy today. The pilot had announced it, so it were no wonder that one could not see much of the city during the approach. Only for a brief moment a glimpse from high above was possible, but was this in fact Los Angeles as such, or maybe a suburb or so? Disappointing in any case, especially not to see the ocean, so far, one could have see so much during the flight.

<< From Frankfurt over England, Iceland, Greenland, the Canadian boarder, endless whiteness with some small lights, mountain area, dessert, clouds. Description of the flight route.

Soon we will land on LAX the pilot said, as suddenly the clouds broke up, seconds before the touch-down, it was the asphalt of the runway one could see now! The clouds obviously up to nearly the ground, shouldn't one call it better haze or fog? What for an idea about "soon" had the pilot, I asked me.

<< long rolling until the terminal. Goodbye to Lufthansa stewardess, talking about Lufthansa stewardesses.

<< way to custom, the escalator, the view into the terminal, the huge American flag

<< problems at custom, a lot of hectic, men with beards.....

<< speaking with the customs officer; first time in the US; yes!

<< fetching my luggage, the toxic luggage, leaving the terminal

<< Flyaway bus, clouds disapearing, first time Hollywood sign, way to Union Station, Union Station, Tap Card, taxi, motel Travel Inn

<< the motel, describing the room

<< first impressions, MacArthur Park, many homeless people

<< Later out for dinner, Gus's, soup of the day, salad with fish, coffee, orange juice, on the patio, all Latinos and Latinas

February The Second

<< Travel Inn

My first waking up in Los Angeles, I looked at the alarm clock, my alarm clock, the alarm clock I had brought along from Germany. It was a quirk, always taking my alarm clock with me, even knowing that there would be one in the room I had booked. But, why learn how to set the alarm? How would the alarm tone sound? No, it would be better to have the alarm clock with me, the alarm clock I was used to. Even if I felt unwell the first time when I did it, the first time? At the airport, security check, in my carry-on luggage, an alarm clock? Could this cause problems? Could they think that I would be a terrorist? Of course, I had removed the batteries, but.....? At the x-ray, when you have to put out your laptop and electronic devices, I also laid the alarm clock and the batteries in the plastic tray so that everybody could see the alarm clock and the batteries – it functioned!

When was the first time? In six minutes the alarm would start, six minutes until 9 AM, local time, of course local time, German time would make no sense – it also functioned abroad.

9 AM, I thought that this would be a good time to start the day, had not to consider any breakfast time, this was America. Maybe better, this was a motel, the Travel Inn, very near to MacArthur Park. Well, in Germany, I always ate no breakfast at all, when working, at home. My plans here, in Los Angeles, America? No plans for breakfast today, today I would have no time for a breakfast at all, at least until reaching my today's aim. My first morning in Los Angeles, I had a mission, had to do something – I had two missions, but first the first, first the Endless Blue at Santa Monica, then the White House at Malibu. But I thought, maybe I should get up first.

In the United States, the first I did was to switch on the TV, local news. The second what I did was, to take a shower – California, not much water but at least two or three times a day a shower, I had to align with the native lifestyle. February, the coldest month in Los Angeles, not that cold for me, the summer heat would have been too much for me. Yeah, maybe no luxury to have more than one shower a day.

<< walking to the Metro, with Red or Purple Line to Metro Ctr 7th Street, then Expo Line to Santa Monica, even homeless people there

<< walking to the pier, looking at the ocean, my graveyard

<< walking to the bus stop, looking for the line, Line 134, Pacific Coast Hwy., The Getty Villa

<< driving with the bus to pass by the white house, but not leave the bus at the next stop to walk back, to spend time there

<< staying in the bus, the Californian girl enters the bus, next to me

<< leaves at Point Dume, I as well, follow her but not entering SunLife Organics, decide for having lunch

<< lunch Ciel Orange, salad?, drinking wine for lunch, problems with tipping

<< waiting at the bus stop, driving back, this time I leave the bus

<< walking to the white house, sitting at the rocks for a while

<< driving back but stopover at Topanga Beach, not knowing which beach it is

<< then finally back to motel

February The Third

<< Tavel Inn

The second awaking, and it was already as if I would wake up in this room every day, my whole life. I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower. A pair of trousers, a shirt, packing the backpack, the dollar note.

I pondered about how to arrange the morning now. Well, could not find any place to buy me my L.A. Times, but would like to buy one to read it. As I arrived at Union Station, the day before yesterday, with the Fly-Away bus, I saw a shop there for travel goods, there I should get a newspaper, if not there, where else then?

<< With the Metro (Westlake Station) with Red or Purple Line directly to Union Station

<< Union Station, the hall, ceiling, Amtrak, resting area.....

<< L.A. Times, Shop, buying an L.A. Times.....had found none yesterday

<< discovering Café Crêpe; Eggs Benedict first day, triple Americano

<< from now on every day

<< with the Red or Purple Line to Metro Ctr 7th Street, then the Blue Line until „Downtown Long Beach“

<< walking down Ocean Blvd until hitting the Los Angeles River (water, in a way nice)

<< high buildings and a Latino with a sign

<< along the Los Angeles River, but only possible for a short way, then along a car park

<< three buildings and a small harbor with an interesting ship

<< further on, finding my way under the highways, an aquarium, but I do not visit it, and the next small harbor

<< again along the Los Angeles River, finding my way to the lighthouse (The Lion Lighthouse)

<< seeing the Queen Mary from afar, but not much interested in

<< finding my way along the next harbor and finally to the beach

<< this time with many ships, whale watching, fishing, and more

<< standing at Long Beach, it becomes visible where the name comes from

<< the day has not been hot so far, somewhat sunny, but now an interesting view

<< along the beach haze, somewhat afar a pier

<< I decide to walk to that pier, feeling the sun, but now it's hazy

<< but the way is long, longer than thought, obviously, and suddenly there is no haze anymore but a now high standing sun

<< in the middle, I see no good way to reach the street again, should I buy me sun blocker?

<< I reach the pier (Belmont Veteran's Memorial Pier) and feel that it has been too much sun

<< nevertheless, I visit the pier, then I look for a shop to buy sun blocker, and I pass an interesting restaurant

<< luckily there's one around the corner, I buy the sun blocker, feel that it's too late as I use it

<< but I'm hungry, and I have lunch in the Gypsy's Mediterranean Grill

<< an interesting place, and the meal is very tasty

<< I walk the whole way back alongside Ocean Blvd this time, to the Metro Station

<< I'm tired as I reach it, back with the Metro, in the motel, I look at the red head in the mirror

February The Fourth

<< Travel Inn

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower. A pair of trousers, a shirt, packing the backpack, the dollar note.

<< standing up, I see and feel my sunburn, I have a red head like a lobster after cooking

<< cool, sunburn in the coldest month in Los Angeles

<< I had to buy me a base cap, now understanding why they could be very useful

<< and always use sun blocker in the morning, and sun blocker in the backpack from now on

<< With the Metro (Westlake Station) with the Red or Purple Line directly to Union Station

<< L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, Triple Americano

<< today Santa Monica again, saw that there's, in fact, a pedestrian area, in the USA!

<< with the Red or Purple Line to Metro Ctr 7th Street, then Expo Line until Santa Monica

<< spitting African American

<< first to the pier, a closer look, Santa Monica Pier Carousel, Heal the Bay Aquarium
<< back the street (Colorado Ave.) until the passage, MacDonald's
<< through the passage, Italian ice cream, the American way, but nice, nearly European
<< walking up, Cheese Cake Factory, take a look, but don't like it
<< hitting directly the beginning of the pedestrian area, and at the corner another Cafe Crêpe
<< I have a coffee, then I walk down the pedestrian area, not very impressing
<< some street music
<< getting hungry, had seen an interesting Italian restaurant while passing it with the Metro
<< walk the way back, having lunch there
<< cannot find it anymore, but the Cheesecake Factory is also no longer there
<< after lunch, driving back downtown and to the motel, taking a shower, fucking sunburn!

<< in the evening, I have no internet, but had seen this problem already in Germany
<< had searched for an Internet café nearby, while in Germany, and had found one in Korea Town
<< walking to it, it's already dark
<< the place where the Metro Station is, now many people selling stuff
<< I look at it, wondering who is buying it, buy me a base cap „Los Angeles“
<< walking until 8th Street, pawn shop, at the corner cooking
<< up the hill, homeless people, apartments, dentist, suddenly signs in Korean language
<< arrived at the top, crossing the street (S Hoover St.), shop, now uphill
<< finding the Internet café, finding my place, only Asian people in there – is obviously no longer
<< later walking back to the motel, I understood that this was not Koreatown as such, I would have to go further down the hill
<< food truck or on the parkway

February The Fifth

<< Travel Inn

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower. A pair of trousers, a shirt, packing the backpack, the dollar note.

<< With the Metro (Westlake Station) using the Red or Purple Line directly to Union Station
<< L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano

<< Hollywood today, Sunset Blvd.; Hollywood Blvd.; The Strip, The Château Marmont
<< with the Red Line directly until Vermont / Sunset

<< walking down Sunset Blvd., Scientology, later altering to Hollywood Blvd.
<< Walk of Fame and the other shit, Scientology addresses, „Keep your shit!“
<< I feel confused, try to escape this tourist's garbage, back to Sunset Blvd.
<< the Guitar Center, I search for a place to hide, enter The Griddle Cafe, eat and drink something
<< back on the street again, towards the strip, at the corner, the Château Marmont Hotel, this is not the first time that I have seen it! And not only this hotel, but everything!
<< no, not because of poolside, or Howard looking at the girls at the pool, something was wrong, fundamentally wrong!
<< walking down the street, The Strip, finally the Whiskey A Go Go on the other side, the Whiskey A Go Go?
<< Yeah, The Doors, but I was here, I was here in 2017, in February 2017, staying in Jerry's Motel
<< A few steps more, The Roxy Theatre on the other side, Frank Zappa!

<< I fetch my L.A. Times; February the fifth, 2018, stay cool Peter, it's 2018!
<< but, I could not deny that I had seen this all before, the fucking Scientology building, the fucking Hollywood Blvd., that these Scientology guys had accosted me
<< the Whiskey A Go Go and the Roxy, and especially the Château Marmont, I had seen this fucking hotel just before!
<< but okay, why not? But at the airport, they asked me whether it would be my first time in the States, and I said yes, and they had accepted it!
<< but, if this was 2018, and the newspaper confirmed this, and I would have been here exactly a year ago, then this would be my second time in the States?
<< could it be that all that I thought I had done I have already done in 2017? But if, what about the fact that I always woke up at the Travel Inn and not Jerry's Motel? And if these were all memories from 2017, what would I have done in the last four days? This all made no sense, just like fucking Hollywood Blvd. with all its fucking shit!

<< I decide to go back, Travel Inn or Jerry's Motel? But it was a fucking long way back, to the fucking Hollywood Blvd., to the next Metro station (sports cars), Hollywood Highland
<< I leave the train at Westlake / MacArthur Park
<< as I see the park again, the police is there to remove the last homeless people from the park, this was different in 2017!
<< I walk to the Travel Inn, yes, I have a room there, the key card
<< what about Jerry's Motel?
<< I walk up S Alvarado St., enter 3rd Street, pass Gus's Drive Inn, all the places I know so well, 7-Eleven, coin laundry
<< up the street, the food truck, Tacos al pastor, across the street, the corner of Lucas Ave.
<< I enter Lucas Ave. and stand in front of Jerry's Motel, a sign tells me that it's closed because of renovation!
<< yeah, that's the reason that this time it's not Jerry's Motel, but Travel Inn

<< I walk back, entering Gus's Drive Inn, walk to the counter, all looks so familiar
<< behind the counter stands a young Latina, as she sees me she smiles and says: I can remember you, your tattoos, you were here last year – right?
<< soup of the day, salad with fish, coffee, orange juice

<< back in my room, Travel Inn, I remember the ad, I had an ad in the L.A. Times, I had a subscription, the ad? (March, 19th!)

February The Sixth

<< Jerry's Motel

<< I wake up and realize that this is not the room in the Travel Inn. Description of the room, the rings, it's the room I had in 2017, Jerry's Motel.

<< But I thought that I had understood it yesterday, I grab my L.A. Times from yesterday, still in my backpack, it's the L.A. Times from February the fifth, 2017! But hadn't I been yesterday at Hollywood Boulevard, and it had figured out that it's in fact 2018? Hadn't I owned an L.A. Times from 2018 yesterday? I decided to try to figure it out, TV, it's 2017, but I have memories of 2018? On the other hand, only the Travel Inn was connected to 2018, all the others, as I found out yesterday, had happened in 2017. So, it has to be 2017.

<< I stand up, story about the muffins
<< first day there had been three kinds of muffins: chocolate, hazelnuts, and banana, banana muffins were not my taste
<< I had made a note that I would not like banana muffins, but the other two flavors
<< and in fact, there are only chocolate and hazelnut muffins there, it fits that this is not my first day at Jerry's motel!

<< stepping out, looking down 3rd Street, remembering my arrival in 2017
<< all was like in mind so far, except that I did not drive to the Travel Inn with the taxi, from Union Station, but to Jerry's Motels, nearly the same way
<< Gus's Drive Inn, soup of the day

<< what will be different today is my way to Union Station
<< I know that I have walked the last four days alongside 3rd Street, passing the school, the bath, the soccer field, and the apartment building
<< down the street, the venue, across the freeway
<< the skyline, and I can remember those who photographed the skyline at night, when walking back to Jerry's Motel after sunset!
<< walking down Figueroa Street like every morning(!), passing The Westin Bonaventure Hotel, seeing the interesting building, all the other already known high houses and places until 7th Street, entering the Metro Center
<< using the Red or Purple Line to reach Union Station, just as if I were at Westlake / MacArthur Park Station
<< at Union Station, the same as always: L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano
<< the African American waitress welcomes me, asking: As usual?
<< the L.A. Times is from February the sixth, 2017

<< using the Yellow Line, only one stop, to China Town
<< walking through the houses, reaching the street (N Broadway), just seeing the „landmark“ of Chinatown, the arch
<< walking to it, the plaza, and seeing Wonder Bakery, you can sit outside!
<< I decided to buy me a coffee and a cake, it's still in the morning
<< I sit outside, have started to read again in my L.A. Times, an older man asks if he can sit down
<< he starts a conversation, realizes that I'm German
<< was in Germany in the 50s, Heidelberg, etc.
<< asks if I know that this is not the real Chinatown, that this is a Hollywood facade
<< talks about the old Chinatown where Union Station is now
<< talks about what's the difference between the Germans and the Japanese
<< the Germans were ashamed about the Holocaust and asked for forgiveness, the Japanese never did
<< the whole conversation puzzles me

<< after two hours or so I say goodbye, walk back to the station, and then back to Downtown
<< should I have had a longer conversation with him? Always my problem to speak with strangers, other people about me and my feelings and thoughts. It was too much for me, I had to go.

<< in the evening, Gus's, had done some research at the Internet café, the story of the real Chinatown and the arch
<< what he had said about the Germans
<< sit on the patio with all the Latinos

February The Seventh

<< Jerry's Motel

<< I feel secure, it's Jerry's Motel again

<< I stand up, tee, muffins, TV, shower

<< way to Metro Center

<< alongside 3rd Street, passing the school, the bath and the soccer field, the apartment building

<< down the street, the venue, across the freeway

<< the skyline

<< walking down Figueroa Street, passing The Westin Bonaventure Hotel, seeing the interesting building, all the other already known high houses and places until 7th Street, entering the Metro Center

<< using the Red or Purple Line to reach Union Station

<< at Union Station the same as always: L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano

<< the African American waitress welcomes me, asking: As usual?

<< back to Metro Center, Red or Purple; with Expo Line until Expo Park / USC

<< on one side is the USC campus, and on the other side is my aim

<< first the Natural History Museum, the fish

<< then the California Space Center, not the Space Shuttle, too expensive, and I have already seen the Russian one in Germany

<< the Rose Garden, but it's February, Rose Garden in Stuttgart

< walking around, the Olympic Station, the boycott, the Douglas DC 8, the Californian African American Museum, but it's closed (Monday, Tuesday – Februar 7th, 2017 is a Tuesday)

<< I should come back, but I will not come back!

<< thought about Langer's in the evening but had to realize that it was closed

<< only in the morning until 4 PM

<< decide for Gus's

February The Eighth

<< Travel Inn

<< The last two days were wonderful, now sure that it's 2017. But now I'm waking up at the Travel Inn again! The L.A. Time from yesterday is from 2018!

<< I have to ask myself what's wrong. The first „time-jump“, okay, from 2018 to 2017. It made sense, only the Travel Inn seemed to be wrong, everything else fitted.

<< But now we're back in 2018 again? What about the last two days? I bought an L.A. Times yesterday, from 2017, and today I have one in my backpack from 2018? This makes no sense, it's like Candid Camera, so let's play the game. Today is 2018. Let's see where I wake up tomorrow.

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower. A pair of trousers, a shirt, packing the backpack, the dollar note.

<< With the Metro (Westlake Station) with Red or Purple Line directly to Union Station
<< L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano

<< The Valley, with the Red Line from Union Station to the final stop, North Hollywood – the Red Line complete. From North Hollywood, continue on with the bus, Line 901, Orange Line, again until the final stop, the whole line, Chatsworth. Have to by me a ticket?

<< A big surprise, the bus does not use the streets, it has its own busway, in fact, a part of the Metro system. Not so much is seen from the houses because, very often, like driving through an alley, there are trees on both sides.

<< My aim, a shopping center and another pedestrian area. I found the information online, a second pedestrian area there. I'm not sure about the market, was it Ralphs? I don't think so.....? But would fit with walking down the road. Okay, was in 2017!

<< Disappointed, there is no pedestrian area, and the market is not in the best shape. Two floors, many shops closed, and hardly any people in it.

<< Search for a place to eat, one restaurant is closed, another is open.

<< Walk around somewhat, think about what my first thought had been, the first time I have heard about a part of the city, called The Valley. I have to smile. In a way, it's like an own, not so small city, not Los Angeles in fact, and in a way boring. I decided to go back.

<< Back at the metro station, I see the café, Groundwork Coffee Co, and decide to have a coffee and a snack. Thinking about the dead shopping center. But then back to Downtown, the Metro Center.

<< In the evening, dinner is at El Pollo Loco, Alvarado Street. Plastic, open grill (Germany), bar with salads and toppings.....I like it, and it's nice for me!

February The Ninth

<< Okay, Jerry's Motel again, 2017 again, also my L.A. Times says it, yesterday from 2018! But I ask myself if this has to bother me.

<< I stand up, tee, muffins, TV, shower

<< Not to Union Station today, Elysian Park

<< I have decided to use the bus. Walking 3rd Street up to Alvarado Street, of course, breakfast at Gus's today.

<< waiting at the bus stop for the bus to Elysian Park, near to Elysian Park – Line 4

<< until Sunset / Portia – Line 4

<< walking up Portia Street, Scott Ave

<< Elysian Park Trail, back Elysian Park Drive, again Elysian Park Trail until house 1418

<< though the small path, up Quintero Street, MacBeth Street, Sutherland Street, St. Andrew Ukrainian Orthodox Church of the USA

<< back to Portia Steer and Sunset Blvd

<< looking for a place to eat something, Patra Burgers On Sunset

<< evening, Internet Café Koreatown, if you come nearly every day, what about a membership?

<< only on vacation

<< well, five dollars for a life-long membership, all for half price – okay, why not

<< decided to walk down the hill, to see the real Koreatown today and have dinner there

<< I hit Vermont Ave., and just at the corner is the first Korean restaurant, I turn left

<< many more restaurants, but cannot decide, do not dare to enter

<< walk back to where I came from, but not back up the hill again
<< decide to walk further on, more Korean restaurants, decide for Book Sae Tong
<< problems with ordering, nervous, but nice food
<< should become more relaxed, I'm a cook, and only Korean people are there
<< a nice walk back to Jerry's, street food

February The Tenth

<< Jerry's Motel again; okay, have not bought an L.A. Times yesterday, I accept that it's Jerry's and that it's 2017.

<< I stand up, tee, muffins, TV, shower
<< way to Metro Center
<< alongside 3rd Street, passing the school, the bath and the soccer field, the apartment building
<< down the street, the venue, across the freeway
<< the skyline
<< walking down Figueroa Street, passing The Westin Bonaventure Hotel, seeing the interesting building, all the other already known high houses and places until 7th Street, entering the Metro Center
<< using the Red or Purple Line to reach Union Station
<< at Union Station the same as always: L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano
<< the African American waitress welcomes me, asking: As usual? Where have you been yesterday?

<< back to the Metro Center, back to the bridge, crossing the Harbor Fwy.
<< down Beaudry Ave., entering Temple St., over the Hollywood Fwy., Angelino Heights
<< the house from the story, it was Edgeware Rd., but I'm not finally certain which – further research is needed
<< the house(s), have no idea about the famous houses, but I see the interesting architecture
<< the car, nice area, but of course not cheap
<< walking down to Sunset Blvd., Stereoscope Coffee

February The Eleventh

<< Travel Inn again, somewhat nerved, but accept that it's Travel Inn again and I do not look at my L.A. Times from yesterday

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower. A pair of trousers, a shirt, packing the backpack, the dollar note.

<< again up 3rd Street, breakfast at Gus's, bus stop Alvarado Street until Sunset Blvd., Line 2
<< along Sunset Blvd. With the bus until the end. Line 2
<< not so a nice area like in Hollywood, homeless under the bridge
<< entering the boring part, Scientology, Chateau Marmont.....the parts I already know
<< the street has suddenly green areas in the middle, very enormous houses, Beverly Hills
<< down the hill, in fact, towards the sun
<< a sharp turn, suddenly very different again, like a hill street

<< University of California, Los Angeles. Frat houses, like in a movie with the silly Greek letters
<< a windy road now, suddenly at the beach
<< a stay at the ocean, back, Pacific Coast Hwy., bus Line 134
<< leave at Santa Monica Pier, at the pier, eating, cosplay
<< back to the motel

February The Twelfth

<< Jerry's Motel again, I surrender, I will wake up wherever, it's okay, it doesn't matter

<< I stand up, tee, muffins, TV, shower
<< way to Metro Center
<< alongside 3rd Street, passing the school, the bath and the soccer field, the apartment building
<< down the street, the venue, across the freeway
<< the skyline
<< walking down Figueroa Street, passing The Westin Bonaventure Hotel, seeing the interesting building, all the other already known high houses and places until 7th Street, entering the Metro Center
<< using the Red or Purple Line to reach Union Station
<< at Union Station the same as always: L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano
<< the African American waitress welcomes me, asking: As usual?

<< enter the Yellow Line, but not to Chinatown, not only one station, the opposite direction, a much longer ride, to Azusa
<< an fascinating way, Pasadena, along the highway, alongside the hills, the desert on the other side
<< reaching Azusa, Azusa Downtown Station, expressions?
<< the mountains very near, looks like Mexico to me, the Target market does not fit
<< entering the Target, buying sweets
<< walking around Azusa, looks quite unfamiliar, like a small town, very clean, not like Los Angeles
<< eat at (have to check, story or diary)
<< more walking around, back to town

<< dinner, Royal Indian Tandoori, Alvarado Street
<< walking back to Jerry's, coffee at 7-Eleven, sweets, homeless man, do you have some change, I give him nothing, feel irritated, homeless in Germany

February The Thirteenth

<< Travel Inn again, it's okay

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower. A pair of trousers, a shirt, packing the backpack, the dollar note.

<< With the Metro (Westlake Station) with Red or Purple Line directly to Union Station
<< L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano

<< aim today, to see Venice, the canals, missed them the year before, had no idea that they exist – never reading a tourists guide!
<< Red or Purple to Metro Center, Blue Line (Expo) until Culver City, bus Venice Blvd, Line 33 until Pacific Ave. / N Venice Blvd.
<< the canals around the corner, they look silly, and to imagine that there have been gondoliers in the glamour days of Hollywood makes me laugh
<< walking around, finding another interesting place with water (Del Rey Colony), not seeing the marina, Marina Del Rey, more Del Rey around here if not wrong, Del Rey sounds nicely
<< continue walking, I walk a lot, reaching a place with flowers at the street side, a sign tells you that these flowers are paid and cared for by the neighborhood
<< I get hungry and thirsty, but I cannot find a place, a housing area with nice green houses – should be Culver City
<< a larger road, Culver Blvd., cannot decide on a place to eat, continue walking, no idea where I'm, hit a larger street, it's Venice Blvd. again!
<< I ate something at the next place, Wendy's, I needed something to drink
<< back to Downtown the same way back

<< dinner at Gus's, soup of the day, patio, I'm exhausted

February The Fouteenth

<< Travel Inn

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower. A pair of trousers, a shirt, packing the backpack, the dollar note.

<< With the Metro (Westlake Station) with Red or Purple Line directly to Union Station
<< L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano
<< Red or Purple to Metro Center, Blue Line (Expo) until Downtown Santa Monica
<< last year at a beach, now I know that it was famous Topanga Beach
<< Again Line 134, Pacific Coast Hwy, until Pacific Coast Hwy / Topanga Canyon, walking around
<< strange houses
<< further on, passing the white house again, until 23017 Pacific Coast Hwy, Malibu Pier
<< but it's not the beautiful Santa Monica Pier
<< a café at the front, but not nice and expensive, and the restaurant at the beginning even more
<< on the other street side, also nothing interesting, a boring place
<< decide to drive back
<< for some time in Santa Monica, eating at Joe's Pizza

<< dinner at Gus's, the usual

February The Fifteenth

<< Jerry's Motel

<< I stand up, tee, muffins, TV, shower
<< way to Metro Center
<< alongside 3rd Street, passing the school, the bath and the soccer field, the apartment building

<< down the street, the venue, across the freeway
<< the skyline
<< walking down Figueroa Street, passing The Westin Bonaventure Hotel, seeing the interesting building, all the other already known high houses and places until 7th Street, entering the Metro Center
<< using the Red or Purple Line to reach Union Station
<< at Union Station the same as always: L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano
<< the African American waitress welcomes me, asking: As usual?

<< Red or Purple to Metro Central, Blue / Expo Line to Santa Monica
<< Pier and beach; volley ball, coffee, musicians
<< pedestrian area, lunch at Café Crêpe, Italian ice cream
<< back to beach, sunbathing, tattoos
<< deciding to walk along the beach, fitness, and yoga
<< up to Venice Beach, New Muscle Beach, weed, tourists, selling, disgusting
<< Venice Beach by night
<< deciding to drive back Downtown
<< not with Metro, using the bus Pico Blvd., Line 30, until Pico Blvd. and Flower Street
<< Los Angeles Convention Center, Staples Center, L.A. Lakers, American sports, picture on the wall

<< bus ride difficult, handicapped people, quarrel

February The Sixteenth

<< Jerry's Motel

<< I stand up, tee, muffins, TV, shower
<< way to Metro Center
<< alongside 3rd Street, passing the school, the bath and the soccer field, the apartment building
<< down the street, the venue, across the freeway
<< the skyline
<< walking down Figueroa Street, passing The Westin Bonaventure Hotel, seeing the interesting building, all the other already known high houses and places until 7th Street, entering the Metro Center
<< using the Red or Purple Line to reach Union Station
<< at Union Station the same as always: L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano
<< the African American waitress welcomes me, asking: As usual?

<< it has become evening, dark, arriving with the Blue / Expo Line at the Metro Center, but not walking „home“, I start walking down 7th Street
<< I walk down the street, would hit the Diamond district, look into a backstreet
<< little dogs are playing there, a closer look, no little dogs but not so small rats, and it stinks, it's downtown Los Angeles
<< I pass the Seven Grand, to reach Olive Street, where the sparkling begins
<< I walk around for a while, look at the shop windows but see nothing thrilling or exciting, boring white stones are all I see
<< Hill Street I hit 7th Street again, to reach Broadway

<< looking down and up Broadway, the old black-and-white movies, the vibrant life of a bygone time
<< Spring Street, Main Street and, what a farce, Los Angeles Street, now it really begins
<< one tent after the other, and I know that 7th Street marks on border of Skid Row, the real Skid Row would be up to 5th Street
<< but enough, and yet, suddenly, everything so quiet and peacefully
<< closed tents, nearly no traffic, no one on the street
<< I walk down 7th Street and feel safe and, in a scary way, comfort
<< the high houses, the lights of Downtown always in sight
<< I reach Central Ave., it changes, a bus stop, I sit down
<< on the other side of the street, an older / older looking? African American man with two fully loaded carts
<< this is the wrong side of the street, I think, where you wanna go, you have no tent?
<< two other people now waiting with me, I feel safe, waiting for the bus
<< as the bus arrives, I step in, back I ride to Metro Center where I leave the bus again
<< I'm irritated, this was Skid Row, the place a tourist never ever should go?
<< why? Because it's unsafe? Because tourists better should visit the harbor and fucking Hollywood Blvd., should not see the ugly face of Los Angeles and the American reality?
<< I walk back, irritated and confused

<< Gus's? Homeless on the bench.

February The Seventeenth

<< Jerry's Motel

<< I stand up, tee, muffins, TV, shower
<< way to Metro Center
<< alongside 3rd Street, passing the school, the bath and the soccer field, the apartment building
<< down the street, the venue, across the freeway
<< the skyline
<< walking down Figueroa Street, passing The Westin Bonaventure Hotel, seeing the interesting building, all the other already known high houses and places until 7th Street, entering the Metro Center
<< using the Red or Purple Line to reach Union Station
<< at Union Station the same as always: L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano
<< the African American waitress welcomes me, asking: As usual?

<< Union Station, Yellow Line, one stop to Chinatown
<< A special day today, Chinese New Year
<< Crowds of people already alongside the street, Broadway
<< the Firecracker Run already running, nearly its end
<< walking around somewhat, looking at the people, many white people, tourists maybe, not so much Chinese people I can see
<< the Golden Dragon Parade, Miss Chinatown
<< go to Wonder Bakery, by something to eat and drink, searching for a place to eat, the words of the old man
<< this is only a movie setting for the tourists, this is not the real china town
<< jazz club

<< Gus's, sitting on the patio

February The Eighteenth

<< Jerry's Motel

<< I stand up, tee, muffins, TV, shower

<< way to Metro Center

<< alongside 3rd Street, passing the school, the bath and the soccer field, the apartment building

<< down the street, the venue, across the freeway

<< the skyline

<< walking down Figueroa Street, passing The Westin Bonaventure Hotel, seeing the interesting building, all the other already known high houses and places until 7th Street, entering the Metro Center

<< using the Red or Purple Line to reach Union Station

<< at Union Station the same as always: L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano

<< the African American waitress welcomes me, asking: As usual?

<< sitting outside, what's behind the station?

<< after breakfast I walk to see the area behind the station

<< a large tree, Father Serra Park, and a festivity

<< many people, Latinos, a monument, El Pueblo de Los Angeles

<< walking through a small street, selling many things, clothes, knick-knack

<< a plate, the oldest house of Los Angeles, Avila Adobe, nice name and built in 1818

<< 1818, the oldest house of L.A.? Two Hundred years, in Europe this is not that much old

<< okay, much destroyed not only in two WW, but often rebuilt

<< the picture on the wall, Blue / Expo Line, Los Angeles, established in 1781, not very old

<< my city of birth, Heilbronn, over a thousand years, firstly mentioned in 741

<< the city I live, Bad Friedrichshall-Kochendorf, Kochendorf firstly mentioned in 817!

<< I decide to drive to Downtown, Skid Row by day

<< back at the Metro Center, 7th Street, I left Flower Street

<< a homeless man sitting at the corner of 7th Street, not often seeing a homeless Downtown

<< and yet, Sid Row not far away

<< a cupboard in his hand saying veteran

<< really a veteran? And even if not, many homeless are in fact veterans, many suicides

<< The United States and their relation to their army – Germany, I

<< a shame how they treat their veterans, especially for the conservatives and their alleged moral values

<< the same way, but not interested in the jewelry today, heading fast over the crossings

<< Hope Street, Grand Ave., Olive Street, Hill Street, Broadway – fast looking right and left

<< Spring Street, Main Street, Los Angeles Street, and then the disaster begins

<< this time it's not so quiet, more traffic, the tents open

<< homeless people sitting in their tents, or in front of them

<< still the high houses of Downtown always in sight, reach a small side street, San Julian Street

<< shall I go deeper into Skid Row, but I feel like a swine and have tears in my eyes

<< I cannot bear the situation, now seeing all these men, tent after tent, I have to escape, I run away

<< I do not feel unsafe or threatened, I have the feeling that the homeless people only want their peace, no quarrel, it simply feels like I would be a visitor in a zoo for humans

<< look, this homeless looks very scary, and this one is really dirty and smells, my behavior is disgusting!

<< I cross the street, 7th Street, away from Skid Row, that's my only thought
<< obviously I hit the Fashion District, know that there's one, but not interested in fashion
<< first shops offering fabrics, later clothes, I see not street signs
<< many on the streets to sell fruits, or soft drinks, or ice cream
<< it's a hot day, is it hygienic, a homeless would be happy to get anything of it all
<< I walk around, not interested in anything around me, the fucking clothes, the people around me having fun in buying all the offered shit, I'm sweating heavily
<< I buy me a bowl of fruit, costly, but I need something
<< I cry and feel like a naive asshole

<< Gus's Drive In, patio

February The Nineteenth

<< Jerry's Motel

<< I stand up, tee, muffins, TV, shower
<< way to Metro Center
<< alongside 3rd Street, passing the school, the bath and the soccer field, the apartment building
<< down the street, the venue, across the freeway
<< the skyline
<< walking down Figueroa Street, passing The Westin Bonaventure Hotel, seeing the interesting building, all the other already known high houses and places until 7th Street, entering the Metro Center
<< using the Red or Purple Line to reach Union Station
<< at Union Station the same as always: L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano
<< the African American waitress welcomes me, asking: As usual?

<< yesterday had been a difficult day
<< decide for a different part of the city, even in not Los Angeles as such
<< the City of Los Angeles, Los Angeles County, the metropolitan area, Anaheim, Orange County
<< with the Red or Purple until Metro Center, Blue Line again, but only until Compton
<< last time to Long Beach it was different – really? Many African Americans in the Metro, more and more. Suddenly someone entered to sell soft drinks, now I understood the constant announcements, some young African Americans with a blaster, loud music
<< Compton, N.W.A., Rodney King, have still pictures in my head, German TV, burning blocks and military, did not understand it
<< Rap Music, never thought made for a white middle-class boy in Germany, not my music, not my reality, Jay-Z
<< I steep out and orientate, three young African Americans sitting there, a „ghetto blaster“ listening to rap music
<< is this a joke for the tourists? Hey, this is Compton, here the West Coast Gangsta Rap started! But Compton no longer the African American neighborhood of the 80s and 90s - change
<< I listen – Snoop Dogg? Not Kendrick Lamar, Snoop? I have the impulse to ask them, but I do not dare
<< I walk to the next crossing, Compton Blvd., cross the street, start to walk down Compton Blvd.

heading right, some shops, then I cross the street again to enter a smaller street, Chester Ave.
<< it's a housing area, smaller houses, not Angelino Heights, but definitively no ghetto or so
<< but like in Skid Row, I start to feel uncomfot, feel like an asshole, this is not my private zoo!

<< I walk back to ride back, but decide to go further on, sit down at the bus stop at the crossing where I came from, the metro station in sight
<< first I'm alone, then other people are coming, all African Americans, no Latinos, Whites, maybe I'm in the wrong part of Compton, the bus comes
<< I enter, after a short distance we cross the freeway and a kind of ditch made of concrete
<< I know this from the movies, a bit of water in it, now I get it, this is the Los Angeles River!
<< but very different from in Long Beach? Wow, this ugly thing is the Los Angeles River?
<< after crossing the Los Angeles River, everything changes dramatically
<< green and clean, is this still Los Angeles? A green middle part in the street, like in Beverly Hills?
<< I step out, walk down the road, Somerset Blvd., until I reach an open field with power poles, it's a park, an American park, not a European park
<< I do not enter it, I'm hungry and thirsty, I walk back, some houses are looking very Mexican
<< later I will see that I was in Paramount, movies
<< a building, not sure what it is, you cannot see through the windows, but obviously, you can buy something there,
<< La Flor de Michoarcán (shop), Envios de Dinero (eating), Western Union
<< I enter it, and I'm surprised, it's much larger than thought and different
<< I enter a small market, could buy me something to drink and eat, but to my left there's much more, but confusing
<< the next is a bakery, self-service, but good-looking sweets
<< then there's a counter, a menu above, you can order something to eat there, everything is somewhat dark, and I'm nearly alone, the pasted up windows
<< but this it not all, more in the background a larger table, a few people around it, and finally a counter where one good buy cigarettes and suchlike, but especially also for money orders, lottery
<< a place for everything?

<< I cannot remember clearly: I have bought something sweet, but something hot? I sat at the table, I have eaten something, but what? Try to remember.

<< I hesitated, but then I sat at the table
<< I would say that the other men on the table had been workers, clothes
<< one said, enjoy your meal
<< would have been a good opportunity to start a conversation, but I did not dare, as usually

<< Westlake and Paramount, both Latinos, but very different
<< Westlake, if you see something whizzing in a backstreet, or at night between parked cars, do not ponder, it's a rat, but rats you can also see Downtown (sometimes garbage for days in the heat on the street)
<< Paramount, extremely clean

February The Twentieth

<< Travel Inn

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower. A pair of trousers, a shirt, packing the backpack, the dollar note.

<< With the Metro (Westlake Station) with Red or Purple Line directly to Union Station
<< L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano

<< sitting on a bus, I'm looking out of the window
<< two orthodox Jews on the roadside, one more
<< the bus stops and I step out

<< I look up and down the street, many “ordinary” looking people, could be Jews
<< but more and more orthodox Jews I see in their typical clothing and hairdo
<< I know, many Jews live in Los Angeles, only in New York more, many orthodox Jews as well
<< look for women, assumable Jewish
<< there's a Holocaust Museum in Los Angeles, most likely in this area
<< have I to visit it, as a German
<< but fear that I could not bear it
<< a kosher restaurant on the other side
<< ponder on German history and obligations, the words of the Chinese man, Jews and orthodox Jewish, have I to accept the role of the women in Jewish orthodox life, can I criticize Israel?

<< Gus's, patio, soup of the day

February The Twenty-First

<< Travel Inn

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower. A pair of trousers, a shirt, packing the backpack, the dollar note.

<< With the Metro (Westlake Station) with Red or Purple Line directly to Union Station
<< L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano

<< with Red or Purple Line until Pershing Square
<< on the street I plan to visit Pershing Square, but a demonstration
<< wow, a demonstration in L.A., and in fact not so a few people
<< research why!
<< I see some who call themselves communists, communism, and the US!
<< some speeches, but I'm interested in looking at the people there, some police
<< some Latinos with a grill on wheels, shall I buy something?
<< as they start to march, I decide not to follow them, it's not my demonstration
<< I start to walk down Hill Street until Grand Central Market
<< I walk into the market hall somewhat, but decide to eat or drink nothing, I went out
<< I cross the crosswalk, the Angels Flight, not running
<< back to Pershing Square I'm not sure what to do, I walk up 5th Street
<< I come to the building I see every day when walking to the Metro Center 7th Street to ride to Union Station – well, at least when waking up at Jerry's Motel!
<< it's the Library, is looking gorgeous, but I do not step in, a staircase fetches my intention
<< I walk up, reach Hope Street, the corner of 4th Street
<< I enter the plaza, art, to stand opposite to the Westin, above Flower Street, bridges, a strange feeling catches me

<< corner 7th Street and Broadway, but not further on today

<< enter Broadway, the old black-and-white movies
<< Los Angeles Theater, Cameo Theater, the old days, the 70s and 80s, blue movie theaters, change today (Precint?)
<< Bradbury Building, Million Dollar Theater
<< evening, queuing for clubs, homeless man aside

<< Gus's, the usual

February The Twenty-Second

<< Travel Inn

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower. A pair of trousers, a shirt, packing the backpack, the dollar note.

<< With the Metro (Westlake Station) with Red or Purple Line directly to Union Station
<< L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano

<< it has become late, dawn, at the Union Station again
<< with Yellow Line until Little Tokyo / Arts District, Alameda Street (today no longer, today underground), one station
<< at the station some spray, the first rainfall, some girls specially dressed, cosplay
<< cross Alameda Street to enter 1st Street, a large building with a plaza
<< the Japanese American National Museum, but not enter it, the girls and other people heading on
<< cross the street to enter Little Tokyo as well
<< it's one street, pedestrian area, at least the tourist part
<< some restaurants and cafés, a central plaza, Japanese Village Plaza, the girls are there with other cosplayers, obviously also a place for music
<< decide for having something to drink and eat at Yamazaki Bakery
<< having reached the other end of the pedestrian area, I cross the street, 2nd Street, the continuation of the pedestrian area, I reach a plaza, Isamu Noguchi Plaza, art
<< San Pedro Street until corner of 3rd Street, decide to walk down 3rd Street
<< should bring me back to Downtown and Downtown West, reach Hill Street
<< exhausted, again a day with hours of walking, Los Angeles is a hilly city
<< back where I was yesterday, walk to the Angels Flight and use the stairs
<< Californian Plaza Park, reach Grand Lower
<< walk up Grand Street, interesting buildings there, The Broad, Walt Disney Concert Hall
<< Enter The Broad, look around, insecure as always, selling books, I think that I have found the way, someone addresses me, difficult for me
<< asking if I wish to see the exhibition, I say yes, sorry we're closing very soon, I'm sweating
<< I leave the building again, feel like defeated, a misstep, should be enough for today

<< Gus's, the usual

February The Twenty-Third

(Dover)

<< Travel Inn

I stood up, switched on the TV, took a shower. A pair of trousers, a shirt, packing the backpack, the dollar note.

<< With the Metro (Westlake Station) with Red or Purple Line directly to Union Station
<< L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano

<< I stand in front of the gorgeous building, this time I step in
<< discription of the front
<< I walk through it, until the escalator, looking down, the street outside, the lighting and art
<< I see the different libraries, but do not dear to enter
<< I walk back, a room gathers my intension, posters in there, an exhibition
<< chinese imigrants – describing, the texts, the images I have
<< the Chinese immoral women, the Chinese man and his words about the old Chinatown
<< prostitutiun because no other chance

<< A larger flashforward when leaving the library again?

February The Twenty-Fourth

<< Jerry's Motel

<< I stand up, tee, muffins, TV, shower
<< but not to Union Station today to Metro Center
<< breakfast at Gus's
<< thereafter, walking down Union Ave., entering Temple Street, then Glendale Blvd.

<< Echo Park
<< a surprisingly beautiful park, looks like a European park
<< not large but fine
<< “Lady of the Lake”, water lilies and lotus
<< have a very nice time, walking, sitting, drinking a coffee, a cozy time
<< decide to have lunch at Langer's today, time until 4 PM

<< Glendale Ave., Temple Street until Alvarado Street, up the hill, down the hill, Langer's
<< about Langer's: Rough area they say, but good parking, MacArthur Park (homeless people) in sight
<< mixed emotions
<< not the famous no. 19 (Pastrami, Swiss Cheese Cole Slaw Russian Style Dressing), but the no. 6 (Chopped Liver and Pastrami Russian Style Dressing) and Cheesecake with Strawberry Topping

<< entering MacArthur Park, a park divided by a boulevard, typical American
<< walking around, not so nice than Echo Park, football playing, Under the Bridge
<< decide to walk along Wilshire Blvd.
<< Bullocks Wilshire Building, Robert F. Kennedy Inspiration Park, Wilshire Boulevard Temple, The Wiltern, Lake Pit, L.A. And oil
<< Fairfax Ave., killing Notorious B.I.G. (Tupac Shakur)

<< Gus's, the usual

February The Twenty-Fifth

<< Jerry's Motel

<< I stand up, tee, muffins, TV, shower

<< way to Metro Center

<< alongside 3rd Street, passing the school, the bath and the soccer field, the apartment building

<< down the street, the venue, across the freeway

<< the skyline

<< walking down Figueroa Street, passing The Westin Bonaventure Hotel, seeing the interesting building, all the other already known high houses and places until 7th Street, entering the Metro Center

<< using the Red or Purple Line to reach Union Station

<< at Union Station the same as always: L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano

<< the African American waitress welcomes me, asking: As usual?

<< Red or Purple Line until 7th Street, Blue / Expo Line until Expo /Crenshaw

<< starting walking down Crenshaw Blvd., soul food and Wiener Schnitzel, looking for Inglewood Park Cemetery, not knowing the exact place, but should be something north

<< a long walk, no sign or so, maybe it would be better sometimes to know the route exactly, the cemetery should be somewhat to my left

<< get thirsty and hungry

<< I should be in Inglewood now, but have no distinct idea, suddenly I pass "Mingles Tea Bar"

<< a tea house in an African-American neighborhood? That's the advantage of walking around, finding special places

<< I enter the place, description, many sweets, nobody there

<< looks interesting, could be Sunset Blvd., could sit outside, but no guests and no staff

<< somebody comes, I sit outside, get the menu

<< all tea, leave tea!, and sweets – I would have not expected such a place here, I know no comparable place in Germany

<< okay, the varieties somewhat strange, decide for a white tea and a cake, both wonderful!

<< but still, where's the cemetery

<< when paying, I ask the waiter

<< he smiles, it's very near, walk up to the next crossing, Manchester Blvd., the cemetery is a few blocks down the blvd., you can use the bus

<< I do so, and in fact, a few stops and I stand in front of the entrance to the cemetery

<< I'm uncertain if I can simply enter, but it seems so

<< the cemetery of Chet Baker and Ella Fitzgerald, but of course, I do not know where exactly they are buried

<< I enter it, it's an American cemetery, very different from a European cemetery

<< sure, many urns, some "buildings"

<< shall I look for the graves?, I walk around somewhat and decide to leave the place

<< I do not have to see the graves as such, it's enough to know that they are here

<< I enter the bus again to continue driving down Manchester Blvd., not knowing where the ride would bring me

<< Gus's, the usual

February The Twenty-Sixth

<< Jerry's Motel

<< I stand up, tee, muffins, TV, shower

<< way to Metro Center

<< alongside 3rd Street, passing the school, the bath and the soccer field, the apartment building

<< down the street, the venue, across the freeway

<< the skyline

<< walking down Figueroa Street, passing The Westin Bonaventure Hotel, seeing the interesting building, all the other already known high houses and places until 7th Street, entering the Metro Center

<< using the Red or Purple Line to reach Union Station

<< at Union Station the same as always: L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano

<< the African American waitress welcomes me, asking: As usual?

<< Red or Purple Line to 7th Street, Blue / Expo Line until Santa Monica

<< Santa Monica Pier and Beach, first walking up towards Malibu, collecting five stones and three shells; one day I will bring them back

<< then I walk back to the pier, to walk southwards, Ocean Front Walk

<< Blue Ribbon, music, Original Muscle Beach, yoga

<< I walk along, but it becomes boring

<< it has become evening, still at Santa Monica Beach, it's getting dark

<< I sit on a bench, Ocean Front Walk to the north again, watching the sun setting

<< a young woman not so far from me, in the sand, making yoga

<< then she sits in a yoga seat, a man walks by and asks her what she is doing

<< she answers, I say goodbye to the sun

<< I think, yeah, that's California, the Californian girl from the first day, the arrogant white aspect of Los Angeles

<< after sunset I walk back to the pier, the dance crew again there

<< the usual show and slogans

<< come on, clap along, and for the white guys, if you have problems, look for the next black guy near you and do the same as he

<< and I think the same as always: you could place black guys around me and I wouldn't be able to keep the rhythm. And, by the way, I do see only white tourists here, boring white tourists. It would be different with black guys as an audience, I would say.

<< Gus's, the usual

February The Twenty-Seventh

<< Jerry's Motel

<< I stand up, tee, muffins, TV, shower

<< way to Metro Center

<< alongside 3rd Street, passing the school, the bath and the soccer field, the apartment building

<< down the street, the venue, across the freeway
<< the skyline
<< walking down Figueroa Street, passing The Westin Bonaventure Hotel, seeing the interesting building, all the other already known high houses and places until 7th Street, entering the Metro Center
<< using the Red or Purple Line to reach Union Station
<< at Union Station the same as always: L.A. Times, Café Crêpe; Caesar Salad with fruits on top, triple Americano
<< the African American waitress welcomes me, asking: As usual?

<< back with Red or Purple to 7th Street
<< walking to Olive Street
<< I knew that I had to use bus line 96 and that I could enter at Olive Street
<< but I had trouble finding the bus stop, not to find a bus stop as such, but one served by line 96
<< I had to walk for some time to find finally a bus stop served by line 96
<< I nearly gave up, thinking that maybe some better research in the forefront would be better
<< sitting at the bus stop, waiting until my bus would come

<< in the bus, riding down Olive Street, passing Pershing Square, until its end
<< entering 1st Street until Spring Street, entering Spring Street until Ord Street, entering Ord Street
<< following Ord Street until Hill Street, entering Hill Street, now I was in China Town, the real Chinatown, not the fake gate for the tourists
<< now it started to become complicated, we changed streets, a freeway, tunnels, no stop for a longer time
<< the American way of planing roads and freeways, Germany all ordered, American often confusing
<< had no longer an idea in what a direction we drove, or where we were
<< after the tunnels it all became more confusing, a crossing of freeways, and we in the middle
<< we crossed the Los Angeles River, and suddenly all became structured again, we entered Riverside Drive
<< on one side the freeway, Golden State Freeway, on the other side houses, straight on, bus stops again

<< after a while we changed sides, under the freeway, shortly after under the next confusing crossing of freeways, but we kept our direction
<< then everything changed, we entered Griffith Park, was not at the Observatory, and I would never be interested in, even as an amateur astronomer, Crystal Springs Drive now
<< Cafe and Pony Rides, the typical, not so green, hills, a strange idea of a park
<< golf courses, the Americans, and their relation to golf and country clubs
<< we arrived at the bus stop for the zoo
<< a short walk and I stood in front of the entrance

<< after leaving the bus, no question where to go
<< the entrance, huge and ugly, like the advertising of a movie theater
<< but hey, it's L.A., always everything a fake movie set
<< all has to pretend to be bigger as it is in reality
<< what a difference to Stuttgart, the Roman villa
<< ropes like at the airport, but not much people
<< I buy me a ticket and enter the zoo
<< suddenly everything is different, I'm in the zoo
<< pondering about what a zoo means to me

<< I ignore the shops, walk straight on, the first animals I see are the pink flamingos and swans with black necks
<< pink flamingos always fascinated me, not me, me the black swans I firstly saw in London as a young man
<< the swans with black necks also nice, but the graceful real black swans much more beautiful - Black Swans
<< I move on

<< my next stop is the aviary, looking at the birds, nice, but not so emotional

<< the Merry Go Round and the building the next
<< Tree-Tops Terrace and Tom Mankiewicz Conversation Carousel
<< no long halt

<< I move on, the gorillas and the elephants
<< the gorillas, the silver back, how strong but also gentle they are, a group
<< the orangutans, always nice to see them, Stuttgart
<< the elephants, huge and strong, but also emotional creatures

<< I move on, pass birds and gazelles, lions and okapis, reach a coffee
<< I like the okapis, more interesting than the lions
<< the okapis are charming animals
<< I decide to buy something, everything expensive, but typical American
<< I decide for a coffee, not more

<< I move on, the area of the giraffes, but from behind
<< more apes, "primal" species
<< downhill, around the area of the giraffes, the giraffes on one side, the chimpanzees on the other
<< not so much interested in the chimpanzees
<< one can give the giraffes food, something for the children
<< I watch for a moment, not as always hurrying
<< a young giraffe comes to me
<< no, I have no food, I think it's a female, very elegant in its movements
<< she looks at me, I look at her, such we freeze
<< I have crazy thoughts, but she doesn't leave, neither I
<< after a while, a grown up giraffe comes, I would say her mother, and takes her with her
<< it's better so, I think, you are much too young for me
<< but I will come back to see, to see what has become of you
<< a beautiful elegant giraffe with some nice children, most likely
<< I move on

<< up the hill again, seeing a huge condor in a small aviary
<< it's like in Stuttgart, even smaller
<< it's a Californian condor, had no idea about that in California condors live, South America

<< I move on, see rhinos and hippos, bears and tigers
<< a wooden bridge and a snow leopard
<< Stuttgart, black female jaguar, Petra
<< I reach the outer way of the zoo and a place where you can watch birds flying
<< Angela Collier World of Birds Theater
<< I have to wait something, but soon the next performance

<< the birds, happy or sad, the large ones and the small
<< in a way I enjoy it, I find some rest

<< a detour to the jaguar, not much to see, but that's okay, they have the right to cover
<< spiders and otters, I'm getting tired
<< I walk back, the flamingos and swans for a last time, I will come back
<< still not interested in the fucking shit for the tourists
<< back at the bus stop I cry
<< have I to hate zoos, which I like so much, like a little child?
<< the bus arrives and I enter
<< the way back, back in Downtown, I feel empty and sad, but happy to have seen all those beautiful animals
<< the Californian Condor in his small cage
<< Downtown, so cold and brutal, the bank towers so near, the Westin, Skid Row a few blocks the other way
<< I wish I could be a lighthearted child again

<< in the evening, after back from the zoo, Santa Monica Beach and Pier
<< tears in my eyes, saying goodbye to the big ocean, to my graveyard
<< one day I will be dissolving in you
<< a last time the Boys from Brazil
<< a fucking feeling of mental overload

<< later, Gus's for a last time, soup of the day out, no matter, patio
<< walking back to Jerry's Motel, the homeless man lying on the bench at the bus stop
<< not seeing him for the first time, not for the first time I have asked myself, shall I give him some money
<< but how much? A dollar, five, ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred? What would that mean for him? Would this help him? Wouldn't it be better for him not living in such a fucking cold-hearted nation, exploited by a corrupt white wealthy class? I feel powerless and give him nothing. I have tears in my eyes, feel like a piece of shit.
<< buy me a coffee at the 7-Eleven – no, I do not wanna choose one of the fucking sweets that goes with a large coffee for free, I wanna have a simple fucking coffee and not more!
<< I will not sleep that night

February The Twenty-Eighth

<< Jerry's Motel

<< standing up, a last time a shower, brewing tea, eating a chocolate and nuts muffin
<< local TV, the usual stuff (car chase!)
<< a last time dressing, packing the last stuff, walking down to the car parking to wait for the taxi that I have ordered yesterday

<< with the taxi to Union Station, tears in the eyes, not seeing much
<< arriving at Flyaway to LAX
<< pay and tip

<< a young African American man asks me what airline I use
<< I tell him Lufthansa, he went to a desk, takes a sleeve for my luggage and tells me at which terminal I have to leave the bus

<< I ponder about the young man
<< the bus arrives, first the passengers leave the bus, then we can enter, the young man stores all the luggage
<< we leave Union Station, drive some curves, tents on the pavement, taken aback, in the corner of my eye, have I seen a homeless man sweeping the pavement in front of his tent?
<< was it an illusion? It would be a nice goodbye, rats Downtown, but a homeless sweeps the pavement!
<< we enter the freeway, Santa Ana Freeway, to change the freeway shortly after, Harbor Freeway
<< passing Downtown, the skyline, the arena
<< changing the freeway again, now on our way to the airport, Santa Monica Freeway, the last time the fucking Hollywood sign, we drive fast
<< the fucking Hollywood sign and my feelings

<< another freeway or so, I'm no longer interested in
<< we are cornering, and I see the LAX sign
<< I'm crying, and I'm not interested in if someone can see it
<< we arrive at my terminal, I step out, get my luggage and enter the terminal

<< check in, luggage, customs, nothing special
<< enter the area after the customs
<< buying an L.A. Times, it's February 28th, 2017

<< walking around, from one end of the hall to the other
<< looking at the shops and places for food, but buy nothing, eat or drink nothing
<< I look at the people, people on their way all around the world
<< see through the glass the people arriving, from all around the world
<< the escalator and the big flag through the glass
<< not greeting this time, this time, a time of saying goodbye
<< I buy a coffee and sit down

<< some stewardesses walk by, Russian airline, they appear pinched, or is it only a cliché?
<< later some stewardesses from my line, Lufthansa, they laugh, also “staunchly” make-up, but not so pinched appearing
<< yeah, stewardesses, women in skirts and heeled shoes, chauvinistic or only natural? Alfred Hrdlicka
<< pondering on stewardesses
<< walking around again, seeing stewardesses from Emirates, walking down behind glass
<< too much, looks more silly than nice

<< back sitting, another coffee, still enough time, I don't want to fly back
<< could I stay, seeking employment, staying in the city?
<< but would this be good, wouldn't be a toxic relationship she always sings about
<< a sick city, sick as I, it would fit, it would kill
<< a city like sick like a loopy woman, promising tenderness, warmth and security, being your perdition
<< what an embarrassing male fantasy. Like in old Hollywood movies, like in some of her videos
<< I have to find other thoughts

<< this city is broken, like the whole nation is broken
<< California is as corrupt as the rest, maybe even more
<< the white surfer girl and boys, who lived in Laurel Canyon?
<< how many Latinos, Asian Americans, African Americans?
<< death penalty, Arnold
<< the big fucking American lie
<< and nevertheless I love it, being in the city
<< Downtown West and Westlake, Crenshaw and Inglewood, Chinatown and Koreatown
<< I have to come back, back to the real Los Angeles, the real USA, come back in a year
<< and in a year, and another year.....until I live their forever
<< I cry, have tears in my eyes, everybody can see it, should see it, why I have to leave?

<< sitting in the aeroplane, the largest passenger aeroplane in the world, the stewardess?
<< she was tall, the Lufthansa uniform with a skirt not trousers, she sat while starting and landing
always at the emergency exit, kitty-corner to me
<< I looked at her face, and I had the feeling that she was afraid, while starting and landing
<< a perfect-looking stewardess with aviophobia?
<< maybe only another hilarious male fantasy
<< I like the hours-long flight, the silent sound of the engines
<< I have to come back, come back or die
<< I have some shells and stones from Santa Monica Beach with me, I have to bring them back
<< the city has stolen my heart, owns my heart now, she's my first love and will be my last one
<< she's like Double Indemnity or The Postman Always Rings Twice, and I'm the male schmuck
<< I'm the male schmuck, happy to be at least something