

Days in Los Angeles II

**February the Tenth, 2018
until
February the Nineteenth, 2018**

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, 13th beach

Santa Monica Pier

An Afro-American plays the electric guitar and sings
Wow, a black diva walks by
Her heels are high and her dress is short and tight
Her legs are long and her naked shoulders wonderfully brown
Ah Old Man, waiting to die

Santa Monica Pier

A white old man – electric guitar and singin'
Wow, he has a drive
Some young girls dancing thereto
Granddad says from Michigan
Pretty cool!

Tellin' them a story – he once hold
A trumpet in his hand, one of played
By great Louis Armstrong, now at Beverly Hills Museum

Past Days always

.....

Later he sings and plays
What a wonderful world
Yes, what a wonderful world this could be
Always could

Does this happened, does I cried at Santa Monica Pier
It's the day I die

And now I will wipe away my tears
Turn around and eat a burger or suchlike at Pier Burger

<< 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

The Little Girl: Yesterday on my way to the Internet cafe, at the place in front of the entrances to the Westlake Metro Station, where many offer their goods, a white woman with her little girl walked around. I stress "white" because they both fit not into the scenery, like I would fit into the scenery. They were poor, you not had to think about this. The woman always said something about, that she searches for something for her, for her daughter, but I could not understand what she was looking for. According to the places where she searched, something to wear. I thought about the girl, about her future life, about her chances, especially in this country. No, also poor people in Germany. No, they have not the same chances as rich have. But at least she would have more chances, and maybe more important, she would live in a country with a welfare system and free education! Hey, you're the country with this "American Dream"! Does some - American – artists, writers.....have called it: "The American Nightmare"?

<< 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.

but to the direction of Marina Del Rey. But the bus was “short line” and we not reached Marina Del Rey and I decided to change direction again, to walk along Sepulveda Boulevard, discovered that now Culver Citybus served the street. But, so I thought, after a certain time, Metro should be in the play again – I started to walk trough Culver City. The plan functioned – almost.....

After three-quarters of an hour (!) I reached again a crossing street with Metro Bus stations. The aim? Marina Del Rey! But, why not for the second time Marina Del Rey and this time it functioned very well. I saw the harbor, some very nice houses, and we drove till the beginning of Venice. Therefore also the channels, more nice houses and Venice Beach, the part with new muscle beach, new to me, so far I only knew the part around Santa Monica Beach. And then, I thought it would be nice, sunset at Santa Monica Beach. I looked again for a bus, walked around Venice and decided, after half an hour, to use this time, for the first time, a Big Blue Bus. And now? Now I sit at Santa Monica Beach, sunset is not far away. What a journey today! Okay, not really Compton, but now I have seen some of the missing parts of L.A. West. Really, it was an interesting day so far, a bit exhausting, but very interesting! And now, the sunset.....

<< 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; Culver City

<< a larger road, Culver Blvd., cannot decide on a place to eat, continue walking, no idea where I'm, hit a lager 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

<< Valentine's Day!!

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, but not entering the

Metro Center this time

<< Starbucks, Figueroa Street, Chai Tea Latte, Venti; Have a good day Peter

<< sitting outside, L.A. Times

<< watching the people, business women, skirts, blouses, flats, sometimes heels

<< an African American woman, tall, gorgeous long flowery summer dress, fast she disappears

<< Flower Street, pancakes, grill, Seven Up, writing cards, one for C, and her two Collies, IHOP

<< IHOP again, Swizz Mocha, Blue Cheese and Bacon Burger with Fries and added Egg, Belgium Waffle

<< 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

<< no gunfire at the gas station – Hollywood

<< no car case live on TV, or with an accident and a death

<< 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

<< later, il caffè, Broadway – sitting outside, mocha extraordinary, like in Stuttgart Karlsplatz

Handi Kebab House

The young couple – Afro American and Latino American
With a handicapped child

She is so sweet, he so tender
In such moments my heart cries

<< a storm will hit L.A., the most heavy since six years

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

Drove further on down Compton Boulevard – crossed the Los Angeles River, Paramount now, what a shock! Suddenly the houses a solid, and look very new. A green strip in the middle of the street with trees? I saw suchlike in Beverly Hills or Bel Air last year. No longer a “black” community, mostly Latinos. Reminds me to Culver City yesterday with flowers at the walkway – the people there had founded a (not exactly sure at the moment) interest group (!) to make the streets more beautiful. This here looks at least as beautiful as Culver City! Are the Latinos here the richer relatives of the Latinos Downtown West and Westlake? It seems so.....

I sit in a strange place now. A butcher with bakery, small market and a restaurant, you can cash in your checks and much more. Some eat at a large table, but I'm not hungry – big breakfast. But I ask if I can take something sweet and sit down to eat it. So I sit here, with a bottle of water and the two pieces of pastry were very good. Had feared that they would be sweeter – this is America, everything is normally very sweet. But they are very nice for me. On the other hand the plates of the others! I cannot say if it would taste me, but I know that I would be unable to eat that much! Especially the plate with fried meat, rice, beans, salad, tortillas, cheese and more.....but the smell is very good.....

<< 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