

Days in Los Angeles III

**February the Twentieth, 2018
until
February the Twenty-Eighth, 2018**

February The Twentieth

<< Travel Inn

<< President'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

<< 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

<< prostitutioun 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

<< three young German girls
<< talking about the things they plan to visit in New York

<< 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 an oolong tea and a cake, both wonderful!
<< I get my tea and a tea timer – three sand watches, 3, 4, and 5 minutes
<< cool, never saw this in Germany
<< 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

<< bus stop
<< African American woman passes by
<< with a Teddy Bear, like a little child
<< whispers something in his ear

<< young African American couple in the bus; she's an outstanding beauty
<< short tight dress, sexy, not much under it, cleavage, knee high boots
<< they talk, she laughs a lot, they leave
<< what will be their future

<< 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

<< on the pier, an African American woman plays the electric guitar and sings
<< her heels are high, dress is short and tight
<< her legs long, her shoulders naked

<< not far away
<< a white old man, electric guitar and singing as well – he has a drive, some young girls dancing

<< he's from Michigan he tells them
<< once he hold a trumpet in his hands, played by Louis Armstrong himself, Beverly Hills Museum
<< later he sings: What a wonderful world, and I cry
<< burger at Pier Burger

<< then I first walk 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

but I could still see that, not far away, on a blanket, a young woman was doing yoga. A man walked by and asked her what she would do - yoga, I would say. But she answered: I say good bye to the sun. Then she sat down in the Lotus position, and looked at the sun and the ocean. Yeah, still California, and I asked myself if it was naturalness that she was white. Would a young Latina do the same, here at the beach? Or an African American woman?

<< 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

It happens at the giraffes. Giraffes are without any doubt elegant animals, and very impressive ones! But I have to confess, that I had so far no special relation to them. I passed by their enclosure, and she stood there. I think "she" was a she, with her large dark eyes and her very long, and natural, eye lashes. She looked at me and I looked at her and what should I say? It happened! So we stood there for around twenty minutes, looked each other into the eyes – we both felt it.....

Well, she was a young one, and even when I have no real knowledge about giraffes and this things, I thought, a bit too young for the old man. For a while an older giraffe joined us and looked at me – probably her mother, and I understood the message! But it was hard to leave, as she looked at me with her big dark eyes and her outstanding eye lashes – she remembered me to whom.....?

She was so cute, and I thought: Wow, could it really be, that the old man would be still able to fall in love? But you and I, that cannot have an future. We live, in a real sense, on different sides of the fence – we're too different.....

<< 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
<< Downton 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