

... my love  
... I am  
... I feel  
... I don't like it  
... intentionally

... my love  
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Just got my picture back... What the hell didn't even get digitized on my PC... are you kidding I use "I" a lot. Does sum mer make me selfish? I hope not. I do how some people are so ignorant. Did I come here in a plane... is Hawaii a joke... Do I have ink on it... what long was we speak there... SMO... haven't till people seen episodes of Hawaii-5-0?  
**WORDS - PEACE, GOD BLESS & ALOHA**  
The universe

En Tant qu'Être humain, on fera le mieux de nous empêcher de nos offenser. Si nous arrivons à mourir, nos esprits peuvent mouvoir la masse... etc... ce point il ÊTRE humain pourrait attendre une certaine croissance. Hélas, les Hommes utilisent leurs Pensées pour justifier leurs moyens.  
**Quel FLEAU!**

Attack, falling, comes family, friends my love, the indulgence of create tremors of exception. We loved, and, hugged, kissed in the end we were together, a united P.A. family.

Relaxed and coordinated without much contact of process. In too close to the line. So much room and so little to write and being rushed and too lot in various ways. Can you be busy with too much time on your heart? The blinds rattle behind me as so-so-so is discussed and people leave as plans are made. Is she coughing? Much is said with little to be thought about and it's time to finish it off over and over. Again. Can it be without time that pass each other on the sidewalk, paper, pen, picture?

yes I am. We can cr... around with too do... We can go away for... to keep if you want... you know I'm yours to... if you'll have me. We... have some fun with... eardrums. I think it's... for me to know when... come on down to the... show. But when an amou... between the two shows.

Not sure about the stability of the temperature at which the useful chemical is destroyed. Nudging enough that only goes away after consumption of large amount of DXM. Not a pleasurable task to consume the appropriate amount. Perhaps the useful chemical will help with that problem. Want heat for several hours. time

This is Elizabeth Lamb Project. Can so happy have met her. She is the most amazing and kind people I know. There are enough people like that in world. I can't think of anything else to say but need to fill up the space almost done you

I woke up before my alarm at like 6:35. Layed in bed for a while before I went to class. I had some death rock in my CD player, which was Arce

don't think I could be an artist. There are too many roles. I think I would go against the grain. Why would anyone like what I think looks good. I would like my art. I would love my

Mark that... like... sweet... I would love my art.

Sometimes I wonder how I must see me. Whether what see is truly who I am or I will become. Just another... I wonder how some have found to be someone that I mean I a... it. How it is that I feel?

is centered around trying to predict the unpredictable. I do not like trying to plan out what has in store for me. Spontaneous decisions score the crap out of me. I always feel as if each decision made will be the wrong one. If I don't have the time to think about it. Decisions just at what college who will it marry? who will it live? haunt me all... The more I try to figure the more I feel, the better I feel. He is only temporary because it always changes. Then it starts again. This may seem pointless, but

# Hollywood Revisited

\* 2006 Provost's Literary Prize Winner \*

Gavin McQuillan

I went there to find 2600 Santa Monica Boulevard and almost missed it. I'd been there a thousand times in my head. The address was certainly the same, but I expected the squat, dingy buildings of Hollywood to give the cemetery a wide berth. Instead, not only did I discover that the crumbling brick walls of Korean shops and sidewalks littered with fliers abruptly giving way to the small square of green grass and a lonely stretch of sidewalk, which wasn't helpful to finding the cemetery, but the name of the cemetery had changed. There was a big sign in the front that read: "Hollywood Forever," and it had an infinity symbol beneath it. A far cry from its old name: Hollywood Memorial Park. It was a bright, almost sweltering day, but I had the distinct impression that the sign would light up at night; there was something about the black plastic finish of the sign, and the translucence of the sign's words that made it feel cheap. I was expecting a forgotten relic, a gem maybe. But this was glitz and glamor.

I hesitated, but unwilling to turn back; I entered a little worn out from the brightness. I squinted to see the sheer expanse of the grounds, emerald green turf flecked with headstones so close together they were almost piled on top of each other, a maze of gravestones and mausoleums. Maybe that faded feeling was due to the sun, curling and warping the edges of my perception, but there was something amazing about the cemetery, even with the tacky sign in the front and the custom street signs internally.

My father once told me he lived in a cemetery and I didn't believe him at first. How could he, right? Though, I did believe him once I was standing just inside the entrance to Hollywood Forever. Unfortunately, I knew only a few of the details; he had been about 25, worked at a bistro, and he witnessed Mary Pickford's cremation. He had said that the embalming fluids made him sleepy.

Much of his stay at Hollywood Memorial Park remained a mystery to me. The obvious question would be how he landed there, or what attracted him to it. But once I arrived, the place worked its strange magic on me too, and I knew. In childhood I often woke up with a sense that I was in the middle of a movie, that everything around me was only real for a moment, that it would fade with my belief in its existence, once I fell out of character. Ironically, it was always the sense of being in a movie that faded as I woke up and had a little time to take in the things around me. And there was something akin to that sensation about standing among these tombs—that I was in a movie. There was a certain crinkled graininess to everything I was

seeing, like it was recorded on old film. Only this feeling lasted longer than the sleepy disbelief of another day come to haunt me from my dreams. The cemetery housed some of the founders of Old Hollywood, including D.W. Griffith and Douglas Fairbanks, and was punctuated by Paramount Pictures' famous water tower directly to the south.

My father was in love with Old Hollywood; that was no secret. The surreality of Hollywood Forever rekindled that childlike wonder from my past, and I understood why my father had stayed. It was then that I became interested in how he came to leave. I needed to understand why he left.

I could picture him waking atop the crematorium roof partially covered by a weathered green sleeping bag and maybe a little ash from the night before. The sun, still low in the sky, was streaming through the fig leaves projecting little shadowy fingers that prodded him into wakefulness. Mornings weren't his favorite time—sleep always came slow to my father. Though there was something about this place that made it even harder to wake up. Mornings passed as if in a dream since he began living here.

Each morning his schedule must have looked the same. It was a thing of precision—he would wait for the night cremator to end his shift each morning. My father could have set a watch to it if he'd had one. At this point, my father would cook a can of condensed soup on his hot pad. The pad was plugged into an electrical cord that snaked to a socket just inside the adjoining chapel dome, through a crack in the window and hidden stealthily behind the molding. No one inside could see it, and the cord draped around the back of the dome to his side of the roof above the crematorium.

My father breakfasted and resumed his sixth or seventh reading of Cannery Row, taking in the scene of Mac's flophouse in the novel and pretending his own abode, with its adobe-style raised walls, were his own kind of palace of the poor. He wondered how his friends in Santa Cruz were doing. It had been a while since he'd seen any of them—must have been months at least. He heard that they had their own cabin up in the mountains. It might be nice to visit, he thought.

The cremator's truck door closed hard on an old truck in the parking area on the other side of the chapel. It was early in the morning, and the landscape crew wouldn't arrive for another hour or so. Alone in the graveyard, he strongly felt the reverberation of antiquity, perhaps falsely so. He fumbled through his bags, digging through his possessions in search of a small bar of soap. He'd have to get to work pretty soon. The Fairbanks memorial was the best place to bathe. It was partially secluded from view on one side by a large chapel and on the other by a miniature grassy knoll. It gave an appearance of privacy. The memorial itself resembled the Reflecting Pool



in Washington D.C. My father had said he liked it despite the hyacinths because it was deeper than any other pond in the park, plus the plants covered the soapy film left on the water after his baths. The walk to see Fairbanks was far though. I think my father would have known to economize his time in order to leave the park unnoticed.

I stood here at Douglas Fairbanks Memorial, where father had told me that he used to bathe, and where Douglas Fairbanks was still buried, and I was beginning to believe him. Johnny Ramone of the early punk band was playing a stringless guitar in black marble relief behind me, slogans of friendship from people like Elton John and Marilyn Manson were chiseled into the base of his gravestone. I still couldn't picture what had driven my father from the cemetery. It was amazing here, like living in a beautiful garden all the time, but he held a job as a food server. And, if I know my father it was possible that he made a fool out of himself because of a woman.

I imagined that one morning, the sun flickered over my father's face as he woke. He noticed with just a glance that the cremator had already left in his rusted out pickup. No bath today; he was running late. Most days, the bistro where he worked was only a thirty minute bike ride away, depending on traffic. Uncertain of what time it really was, he removed his bike from its hiding place between the exterior cemetery wall and a row of hedges, and peddled hurriedly East on Santa Monica toward Leroy's Bistro.

He'd been working for about four hours, half way into his shift, and my father was settling into that space where serving soup and cutting bread for sandwiches became a rhythm, but before it became monotonous, and before his back ached from standing so long. The Bistro was a clean and orderly place, with black and white tiles on the floor, reaching halfway up the walls. In the spaces between the windows posters displaying famous movie stars from the 1920's and 30's hung in dark frames below the wooden molding. Its 1950's décor was tasteful, even the sign boasted fresh baked bread; nonetheless it left a bitter taste in my father's mouth and he couldn't really discern why.

Concerned about his odor, he kept himself busy in the back of the bistro. He checked soup temperatures, adjusted them so the soup didn't brown on the bottom, stocked silverware and napkins, cleaned counters and cut extra bread for the next rush. Eventually his good nature bested his judgment and he found himself on the front line talking to Pete or Jacki, his co-workers. He could tell that they enjoyed his company. He was witty and uplifting. So much so, that if he ever smelled they wouldn't have the nerve to tell him. And today they didn't.

A crash at the back of the restaurant startled everyone on the soup line, and my father

looked back to see Leroy's wife, and also the Bistro's only baker, huddling among a pile of baking pans with edges that were starting to brown with age. She reminded my father of someone, a distant relative maybe, a person that he'd seen in old pictures, magazines maybe. He paused to think for a moment, before walking back to help her gather the scattered baking pans. His demeanor was casual, his face passive. Mentally, he was still lost in thought, trying to place this newfound recognition in his employer's wife. She was staring at his hands, and he noticed her intent gaze.

She was called Lisa. While her name is certainly plain, my father would have always found her to be attractive. But now, with this unexpected intrigue, images of her would begin to flutter between his thoughts, like subliminal messages all telling him that someone special, someone important wanted him. He completely forgot her temper. If she wasn't yelling at an employee, she was screaming at Leroy—Leroy didn't make it down to the Bistro very often. So, naturally, the relationship between her and my father would not have ever crossed into what might be construed as friendship; though after the incident with the pans, Lisa seemed to look out from the back room to the register where my father stood more often. He would imagine the crashing of those pans for days afterward.

While wiping the counters, he lingered over one of the images that was floating through the tumult of what-ifs in his head. It was Lisa again, in that moment when she was slightly crouched over the fallen pans, with her shoulders pulled inward and her eyes closed. The ceiling fan was cutting the light from the window across the whole room, leaving long shadows that, in his mind, seemed like three shadowy fingers reaching across the room. She looked so vulnerable in this pose, enclosed in a frame of countertops and ovens, as if praying silently that nothing would fall on her. She wore a long, black apron, which made her seem taller, though she was actually quite short. Her hair was long and wavy, blonde with dark roots. She looked surprisingly glamorous in that static position, framed in his mind. My father wanted nothing more than to just help her from that position, to give her his hand, to tell her a joke like he did for Pete and Jacki out front, to make her laugh. While cutting more bread, he winced at the pure thought of talking to her again. There was something to it; she wanted to be with him. He felt it every time she looked up between the bins of flour at him. He knew it in his bones. Today is good, he thought.

Later, after the rush of customers had come and gone, Pete had taken over cutting bread. Jacki was preparing different cuts of meat, and my father was wringing out a towel to wash down the front counter when Lisa called out from the back.

"Ben," she called softly, "Can you come see me for a minute?" My father was both anxious and expectant. Her voice was more delicate than usual. "I have something I need to tell

you and it's rather difficult to relay. But something has come up, Ben." My father's stomach tingled and burned a bit. It's all happening so quickly, he thought.

"What is it, Lisa?"

"Well, to be perfectly honest, I don't think we'll be able to keep you on here."

"Keep me on?" asked my father, hoping to talk her down.

"Well, take a look at your hands for instance." She gestured to the hands at his sides. He looked and saw that there was dirt under his finger nails and wedged into the fissures and crevices of his palms. Shamed, he put his hands in his pockets. Her tone definitely wasn't delicate, nor was it sweet.

"A couple of your co-workers have complained about you showing up to work stinking to high heavens earlier this week. I didn't notice until today, but they're right. I can't permit you to handle food like this, and you should know better. If any of the customers saw your hands like that we could have a serious problem. Litigation, who knows what else. We have to let you go." Her voice trembled a little as she belted the stern tone at him. She was so furious that she shook.

Reeling from the double impact, the realization of what all those concerned looks had really meant as well as from the loss of his job, his face reflected a deadpan look of despair as he walked to the curb and sat down for a cigarette. My father waited a while longer before stubbing his butt out on the sidewalk and leaving it. What was I thinking, he wondered, seething at his self-delusion. But there was no one to mend his wounded ego.

He looked back to the store, to the faces of his co-workers, to the doorway that led back to the ovens, back to Lisa, and he felt dejected. That is, until his eyes lit on a poster that hung over the employee entrance. "Mary Pickford: America's First Sweetheart," it said, practically shouting, in big, red block letters. The poster was of a woman's smiling face. Her light brown ringlets falling around her face. Her eyes were unmistakably Lisa's. Of course! He hadn't been able to place the resemblance before because the poster was something that permanently existed in the Bistro's periphery.

Looking at the poster, he whispered under his breath, "I didn't need that fucking job anyway," and decided that the resemblance wasn't so close. He picked up his bike and rode back to the cemetery.

I walked back to where the crematorium once was expecting to see its smokestacks, but they'd been torn down long ago. The area was now a traditional Thai cemetery. So much had apparently changed since my father lived here.

I wasn't convinced that a lost job or a bruised ego would justify leaving the walled gardens

of Hollywood Memorial Park and its rent-free accommodations, or its strange appeal. I've known him to go months without a job. That shouldn't have been the cause. Something else, I thought, would have had to have frightened him away.

Maybe he returned immediately after he had left Leroy's Bistro. He'd be angry and a little depressed. All he'd want to do would be to read a little more from Cannery Row and go to sleep. The sun would have still been wrestling for its last few moments of influence over the sky: it was getting dark. Dusk was always such a risky time. My father had never arrived home early from work before, and he wasn't sure what to expect.

The cremator's rust-dusted truck was sitting in its parking space for the night. This wasn't unusual, but my father never attempted to climb up the back of the building using the old, seemingly forgotten access ladder until he felt safely hidden in darkness. Concern about being seen gripped him. With all the nearby traffic, he wasn't too worried about being heard. The bike was easily stashed in its place behind the bush, but he had to remain vigilant for the cremator, who could have been anywhere at that point. With any luck he would be tucked away behind a desk filling out forms, or wheeling a gurney with someone's body to the furnaces, far away from any sizable windows. The last thing my father needed was to be thrown out of the cemetery as well.

My father passed under all the windows stealthily, and ascended the old metal ladder to the flat roof over the crematorium without incident. He waited with an ear to the goings-on below for a few minutes before retiring to his sleeping pad with a flashlight and his paperback book. Before he settled in, he decided to open another can of food—perhaps peaches rather than soup this time. He needed something sweet to end the day. Weak from hunger or perhaps a little fatigued from all the added stress, the can gives him difficulty and he slips several times while he tries to open it with a pocket knife. Each slip made a loud noise like that of running a stick across a washboard or a rock falling down corrugated roofing.

Just after one such slip, he heard someone. Though, my father couldn't be sure if it was an echo or something down below. He heard it again. No, it couldn't be an echo, my father thought. Holding his hands still, he heard it again. The distinct voice of a man could be heard just over the ledge, but at first it was impossible to understand what he was saying.

"Hey," the voice said, "Come on down. I saw you climbing up there. Why don't you join me for a beer?"

What, he thought. The day hadn't been kind to my father, so what if he called the cops? Would he have to leave Hollywood Memorial Park? Go to jail for trespassing? While my father went over the increasingly tenuous possibilities, the man raised his voice.

"Hey, can't you hear me? I know you're up there. I've got a beer for you if you want

it.”

Not knowing what else to do, my father slung his body over the edge and began to descend the old access ladder, all the while wondering if the ladder and its characteristic grating noise was what had betrayed his presence, and for how long the cremator had known.

“Hi,” my father said as soon as he reached the bottom. He raised his hand in a short, nervous wave.

“Here you go,” said the man in response, handing my father a cold beer. It was too dark to read the label. The man looked different from what one would expect for a person working the graveyard shift in a cemetery. He wasn’t old and crotchety, hunched over, or balding with gray hair. He didn’t have a sneer on his face and he didn’t appear to be disgruntled about life. Instead, he smiled at my father as they sat together on the grass while the cremator was on break. The man said his name was Marv. Marv was a fairly young guy, probably thirty or thirty-five, with dark hair. But the startling thing was that he was so tall.

Marv and my father would have exchanged small talk for a few minutes before he’d ask my father if he had any kids. My father would have lied and said that he hadn’t. Marv would have conceded that my father was lucky.

“It makes the divorce really difficult,” Marv said. He shook his head and took one last swig from his bottle. “I miss my kids. Never got to see them even when I was married because of my work hours. Now I only see them every couple of weekends.”

“It’s always jobs that get in the way, don’t you think?” My father replied. “I lost mine just today. Got fired from Leroy’s Bistro downtown. You know the place?”

“No, I’ve never been. Sounds like a nice place. A bistro.”

“Yeah, it was alright. Just a soup and sandwich shop. Nothing special about the food, but considering where you work, you might appreciate the decorations—all early Hollywood movie posters, hell they’ve even got one with Douglas Fairbanks and another of Mary Pickford,” my father said with a wide sweep of his arms. He started to let go of the fear of getting kicked out. Marv had only been friendly.

“Wow, that’s interesting. You know that Fairbanks is buried here?” Marv asked. My father nodded. “What’s really interesting is that his widow, Mrs. Pickford, is here now too.”

“Wait, wouldn’t they be at the same memorial?”

“No,” Marv paused to smile, seemingly proud. “She’s here to be cremated. Her corpse is in that back refrigerator.” He opened his second beer. “She’s scheduled for tonight.” Marv said the last part softly, coaxingly. “Do you want to watch?”

My father didn’t know how to respond. He stuttered for a while, and then after a pause accepted the offer. He wanted to see. A strange and malign sense came over him. A fonder



of Hollywood, a pillar of its history lay dead in the very building that he called home. She had just been alive, my father thought.

A guilty pang struck his gut for the things and the people he had missed.

Should he weep for society's loss, for his loss. We're losing more every minute, he thought. He didn't even know her, and yet, gone were the bike rides to Leroy's, the interactions with Lisa, with the other workers, and with Leroy; even Mary Pickford was gone—only leaving her shadowy impression in black and white films, fading away into history.

When Merv put the body—Mary's body—on the slab and he closed the furnace door, the sky began to turn from a murky, chemical black to a speckled gray. Through a dusty, narrow window near the ceiling my father could see a bit of light taint the sky. It was later than he realized. It grew lighter and lighter and for the first time that he had ever really noticed, purples and blues mixed with the grays and danced through the graveyard, among the tombs, over the fake mausoleums, marble altars and obelisks, feeding the hyacinths, and restoring depth to the ponds. My father would have started to panic. It would start in his hands. They'd shake and he'd put his beer down. He'd bid Marv good night, recognizing the anxiety swelling in his body. It was time to leave the cemetery.

Maybe it was seeing Pickford that gave my father the idea that it would be better to leave the cemetery before the surrounding death wore him away and he could no longer feign life. I wondered if he had died there in some binge on top of the roof if they would have given him a plot out of respect for the only person to live walled within that city of death, a sarcophagus of the past. I wondered if he hadn't left the next day on a bus for Santa Cruz, and saw his estranged friends. In truth, I couldn't say what had made my father leave the cemetery. But I was starting to realize that if he didn't leave, he might as well have dug himself a hole so that he could die there lonely and forgotten. Perhaps the sight of color returning to the sky, after the ash from Mary Pickford's body covered his belongings and his books in a light powder, perhaps then after the smell of embalming fluids dulled his senses and made him feel woozy, maybe then he left. I only wondered if he had ever wanted to come back here, to come home.