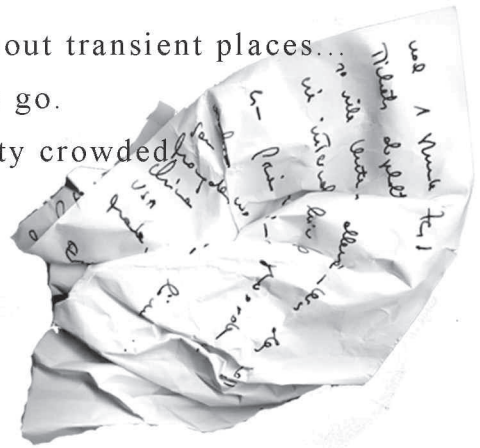


## FROM VIENNA TO L.A.

Finally found a place to have coffee and think about transient places...

7 p.m. now, just picked up the tickets, an hour to go.

Lots of people here from all over the world, pretty crowded



And almost nowhere to sit, only the separate lounge is empty as always. Images of all sorts of places I could be going to come to mind: London, Rome, Paris or maybe a tropical island with palm trees and sandy beaches...I can almost hear the ocean...



Thinking back to Senegal, to my arrival at Dakar airport, seeing men in boubous and women in wonderful wax-print dresses. Or to the time when I arrived in Yerevan in the middle of the night, an airport full of people singing and shouting, spotlights and cameras. Were they welcoming a film star or welcoming back a relative from far away lands? And then there was Addis airport, when we were leaving Ethiopia. The scan of my suitcase revealed a suspicious metal object that the security people mistook for a bomb component. Why is one being screened leaving a country I thought. And after unpacking and packing three times the mysterious object was found to be a Maria Theresia thaler, a souvenir bought in Gondar.

P4:2/2  
Title: From Vienna to L.A  
By: Lisl Ponger  
From: an airport in Vienna

And with all these pictures running through my head like a film it crosses my mind that perhaps it's not that all airports, train stations, hotels, cinemas etc. look alike, but only the ones in the West. And not even those, I think I have different memories of Schipol, Heathrow and Charles de Gaulle. Maybe it's not so much about interchangeable places but about travellers losing their sense of locality, just like when Alice asks herself, " ...but which longitude and latitude have I reached?"

Almost lost track of time.

Last call for L.A.

I pay and pick up my bag, the journey is about to begin...



...in Cinema 7, showing L.A.Crash.

Was it in *Kino und Stadt* I recently read "The waiting room of the city is the cinema "?