

Dear all,

The office around me is depressingly empty; my apartment already hosts a new tenant; the phone number that I had for 3 years "is no longer in service" as the cold recorded message says. That's about it - my remaining days in Los Angeles are numbered; LA slowly transfers from the present into the past.

The last months were dedicated primarily to two things: producing the return to Israel and exhausting the LA-experience. Those two types of activities are completely different and, in fact, complement each other: The first means countless hours of shopping, comparing prices, questioning, driving, calling, faxing, planning, thinking and, eventually, deciding; in short, a big splitting headache. The second means going to restaurants, bars, clubs, shows etc. and spending with great ease amounts of money that dwarf those that I worked so hard to save in the first activity.

In my last email from long time ago I promised to write soon and to describe these great days to which I shall definitely long. However, I couldn't find the time nor the proper 'state of mind' to write. I wanted to write about the fantastic times I had with some of the guys here watching the NBA play-offs (only now I discovered how exciting it actually is), the great music clubs we checked out, some other clubs to which I was forced to go against my will ('fuy' and 'tfu' is all I can say), restaurants that provided an unforgettable evening (whether for the food or for the people-watching), celebrating 'The Fourth' (of July), the incredible experience of watching the movie 'Independence Day' with more than thousand pumped-up youngsters here in Westwood Village, the 16 days of Olympics on NBC, the LA rite of summer and many other things. I wanted to write about those things because these variable-frequent-letters of mine are not merely communications but also my memoirs from three very special years. In 1993 I couldn't imagine that I would become so emotional about LA. As Eitan Tadmor wrote to me a few days ago - it's hard to think of LA and emotions in the same sentence; but this city grows on you slowly and unconsciously. For me, it took almost a year to develop some feelings to this place; now, I enjoy so much showing LA to my guests from out of town and I enjoy even more seeing the surprise registered on their faces by my enthusiastic display of local-patriotism.

Two hours ago I said goodbye to my one-before-the-last visitor from out of town. That was my friend Yakov who's spending some time now at Stanford. My last visitor, and the most important one, will arrive on Thursday. That will be my Mom. I planned our trip very carefully and, in part, it will serve for me as a farewell trip from California. The farewell from California will be then followed by Aloha from Hawaii. That will bring us close to Rosh Hashana. I will stay in the US (despite major plans of going to Fiji, Australia and what-else) and fly to NY. I will spend two weeks in the east coast, visiting some universities (NYU, Brown in Providence and Carnegie Mellon in Pittsburgh), giving talks and meeting colleagues and friends. Then, it will be Spain where I shall be joined by Yaffa from Israel for the grand finale. I expect to be back home in late October.

See you then,  
Yours, for the last time from Los Angeles,  
Tamir

P.S. Shana Tova