

Cutting losses short

You don't fuck with JR I'm telling you.

Preface

Ok, it's time to sit down and try to write this shit down. I've told it so many times already that my images are fading on me. It's a story about a hotel, about heaven and hell, love, spirit, crime, lame police, persistence, endurance, mountains, Nordic shamans, beautiful women; under cover agents, press and you name it. It goes from a frightening encounter at midnight through an Agatha Christie sequence to a slapstick on lazy mountain police action, to a noid, a local newspaper journalist, a pledge to the underworld, devastation, skiing, jazz, waffles, and an agent drama on a bus, a bust and a plane to be caught and it's all for real.

When I became a father, 15 years ago, I was marveled over the miracle that is life, and how little we control and decide over it. It is truly a rare coincidence and a blessing that people are still coming into this world. I have read a lot of books, plays, scripts etc but the real exiting stories are the ones that for real. Through observing that I have conducted some very unscholarly research and found that reality always exceeds imagination. If someone would come up to a producer and present a story like this, it would be looked upon as totally fake, because it is a little bit too much of everything, just as life itself. I was discussing the content, two years into my research with one of my best friends Jhoan Camitz, godfather to my firstborn, in Paris, just weeks before he was killed by a dead man. Imagination stands no chance against reality, that is why reality shows have taken over as the format of our times, screen writers now write scripts that have the qualities of these shows. It's a very interesting time in history where the borderline between reality and fiction is getting blurred. My story has nothing grand to it, it is a story about the part of any nation that you won't see on TV or film, that I think is the greatness about it. It is a story about something that could happen to anybody. Stakes are not high but still could not be higher. The cast is small but couldn't be cast any better. It's a cheap story but still a gem. It's not glossy but still picture perfect. It's a little bullshit story but it has a lot of content.

Long story short: an unprotected human being gets his livelihood taken away from him but manages to regain some of it and catch the perpetrators through mysterious chain of unlikely events.

I have chose to tell it in the order in which the events took place.

As I told my very good friend the story the other day I started on day 6, already on the bus, just to make it shorter..... It had a very interesting dramaturgical effect then telling him the background as his curiosity grew about the background to the events. I know that time is scarce, I've told it enough to tell that the listener wants to hear the outcome before it's over. Still, it is too hard for the story teller to remember all the little details that are crucial when telling it backwards. Feel free to start reading where ever you feel like. No doubt this story has cinematic qualities and as a film one would probably make constant time-jumps. I haven't done any of that. This is the whole story from a-z

Story begins a year prior to the actual events, a year earlier in March -06. It starts with a play by Strindberg and a cancelled wedding.

After having suffered a major heartbreak our main character bumps into the girl of his dreams. She is the sweetest person he has met since the girl that was going to marry two weeks later, who cancelled her wedding the night before cause she had fallen in love with a perfect stranger, him, only to throw this object of her affection, him, to the vultures, shortly thereafter. The woman he bumps into is initially perceived as a good person, a sincere woman, too young perhaps but uncomplicated, single, breathtakingly beautiful and honest, a rare combination and for sure a perfect cast for the role of Christine in the script that will form the main characters' first feature length movie.

After some time of knowing her, things about her person is revealed that complicate the picture, she appears now not as the loving and self sacrificing girlfriend of the main character, but more of the self centered, egotistical, cruel and careless, a femme fatale that has her mind set on destruction and quite simply seduces the main character in the second act.

In the path of selfdestruction that she embarked on two weeks ago having met a stranger. She cancels the wedding the day before it is going to take place, on midsummer's eve. In one of the key scenes, she agrees, after seducing him, to join him in a venture to the Pacific Northwest. They have to catch a plane and need to get going, he is told to pack his things so they can leave. He grabs his laptop. She tells him he can't bring it, that he's going to get himself a new life and should learn to stay away from material things like these. He hands her the computer and she smashes it with a hammer to bits and pieces. Sitting on the floor with the remains of what was his life he is devastated and tells moans his only friend.

- Suddenly, I feel a little sorry for you Jon, but I will keep myself from feeling anything more for you....

She goes to the bathroom to fix her hair.

So this beautiful girl goes from supporting actress to lead in a matter of five-for the male lead-painful months, during which the different variables of the play fall into perfect place and the filming of something that borderlines imagination of the 20th century with 21st century reality, can start.

A man who has been living in a dump amongst crack-smoking, heavily delinquent gang-members in the ghetto, a man who for years has had his livelihood playing damp, stinking clubs in the city, a man who tries to write music, poetry, stories and make films on his computer -while soon to become us-navy troupers outside the door of his room tamper overdoses and epileptic attacks-rises and sees the light. Suddenly he sees that there is another path, he lifts himself from chaos to order, looks after his rooms and things that have been abandoned from the day he decided that he wanted nothing to do with the world or its' matters. Still, in the eyes of the object of his affection unworthy though.

He lands a part in a big movie, chosen for the part amongst a thousand top actors. Still, in the eyes of the object of his affection unworthy. He gets work from abroad, big commissions from people who should have forgotten his name. He is acknowledged, published and seen on TV. Still, in the eyes of the object of his affection, unworthy.

So, nine months pass, the time it takes for a child to be born, and things are getting unbearable, constant rejection and the humiliation of being in love with a brick-wall renders the victim on new years eve, in a Bukowski like state, vomiting all over his room completely dead drunk, complaining to the object of his affection that maybe it could be because she doesn't love him that he is so miserable. She is just irritated over his unforgivable behavior and thinks of him as nothing but the pathetic old man that he really is. On new years day it is all over.

He decides to quit drinking. He goes back to his, and she goes back to hers, not that they ever shared anything more than his idiotic idea of making her an actress and some quite amazing carnal pleasures, they are still on opposites sides of the planet.

He migrates even further, to Hawaii trying to seek peace from tormenting and she once again has rejects his offer to share some time together. After some reconciliation and much persuasion she comes back to him, but really only to do some additional scenes and voice over recordings, and provide shelter for her collaborators that fly in from Latin America for a film-festival in the city. Love sucks, it is part of common knowledge.

Once again they part, he is about to start the editing process and work on his own monologues loveless and sad when shit starts coming down on him. In a rare chain of events just as he is performing a backup of his hard-drive, his main drive with all his addresses and years of electronic correspondence is lost. His infrastructure so depending on it since he is living outside the grid, inside a suitcase, this is like having a throat cut.

For weeks he is unsuccessfully trying to save whatever can be saved. Then comes more of the same kind, hard-drives crash on all systems and volumes fail to resurrect, data recovery attempts fail as there is a total meltdown of machinery around him...no ways to get out of it...no money to buy new equipment...no way out....and at the same time he is getting his first commissions to write for national TV, something he has been hoping to do for many years. He finds himself in fetus position begging the Lord for mercy- as he tries to stay awake all night and all day, in panic, under a painful, screaming overtone of not being worthy. Just barely does he manage to fend off his clients, make them happy and get them what they want.

Three months of angst and water and bread, a jingle boxed and there is enough money to buy a new computer. Things are looking a little better, he is making plans to go to Everest. His work is played on national TV, lots of other work is lost in the meltdown. He is still without his addresses and more or less unable to communicate with the world. He is asked to write music for a TV-show that deals with the unknown, spirits, ghosts, paranormal things; he is fumbling in darkness but finds a path. Constantly trying to make her love him he once again offers her to join for a visit to a high-end hotel and spa in the mountains of Sweden, where he will be performing and skiing, an offer very few would reject, nevertheless an offer that once again is rejected.

This is where the story really begins.

Day 1:

I am sitting on the plane to Stockholm. My new computer is working fine; I'm now able to handle HD images and can start the editing process stopped in the meltdown. I'm going to meet with the director for my biggest commissioned work ever, due to above complications I'm bringing less material than I had hoped but there is still some time, my work will be performed by the Radio Symphony Orchestra, a great honor. I am going to move out of my old studio in Stockholm that has been standing still since I left for America 5 years earlier, in my absence it has been flooded time and time again destroying ten thousands of dollars worth of work and equipment. Although there unmistakably has been a lot of damage, my

insurance company has managed to find a way to not having to pay, I'm still trying to figure out why. The owner of the building can't solve the problem and has decided to put me in another space. I'm going on tour for a week, to the mountains, to ski when the lift is open and play my music for the guests at a luxury hotel and spa in the evening, in the middle of nowhere. I love to ski, if you put a pair of skis on my feet I instantly become a child again and forget about any hardship.

At the arrival to the airport 6.00 am, not having slept anything, exhausted after having moved things from my old recording studio to the new one for two weeks, I still haven't been able to speak to the bass-player who was supposed to call me at 5.00 am. The plane is leaving soon and I still haven't heard from him. The fat lady at the check-in counter is charging me for overweight. I'm bringing a lot of studio equipment cause I got to work up there. I need to be on my bass-players' luggage quote cause the bass-player is only bringing some light things....30 minutes before departure bass-player calls and says he had been sleeping, exhausted after having been on tour for two weeks bouncing up and down the nation with a crazy combination of Estonians, Brits and Albanians that he had hooked up with on Myspace.

I pay my dues and get on the plane after having secured my bass-player a place on the next plane first. I arrive in Åre and find my taxi not showing up so I share a bus with some friends from Stockholm. Arriving to the hotel I jump on the breakfast buffet, get my waffles and snatch a couple of lunch sandwiches before heading for the slopes. First day of skiing goes brilliantly, there is no performance this evening and it suits me perfect cause after a day of intense skiing under perfect conditions I'm now so tired I can hardly stand up on my feet.

What goes up must come down.

Day 2:

Second day of skiing somewhat troubled by weather conditions, but me and the bass-player meet up at 9am when the lift opens and head for the top of the mountain. We are almost the only ones traversing over to the big lift that will take us up to the glacier. As we arrive on the highest point, we are the only ones up there. All the other lifts are closed. As we step off, our lift shuts down too, increasingly windy, visibility is about 3 meters, 8 feet, we try to find our way down on the east side, it is strange to go downhill when you can't see a thing, heavy snowfall and head winds slow you down making your run feel very odd. You think, totally blinded, that you are moving fast and possibly will hit an ice pillar but look down on your skis and see that you are actually standing still.

We manage to drag ourselves west, navigating by poles indicating the slopes, we find some that would take us back to the hotel but can't find the track. I go first to the left of the poles, pole by pole, further down we are picking up speed. I choose to go right of one pole, suddenly I lose all ground under my feet and fall down an 8 foot ice-cliff and land on the icy track below, on my side.

My bass-player has reached the top of the crevasse and shakes his head asking if I am OK. I get up and run a quick check on broken limbs, it seems I'm ok, except for a slight pain in the chest area. We manage to get down slowly by slowly, back at the hotel there is nothing else to do than to visit the spa further increasing the bad conscience over things that should be done and music that needs to be written, after lunch my pain is getting worse and I'm off to see the doctor. It takes her 2 minutes to confirm a crack in the right second rib, but no damage to the lungs, I can ski but it's going to hurt playing the trumpet, I know. Years of karate training taught me that cracked ribs and blowing the horn don't match. She stacks me up on painkillers without knowing that I simply don't take painkillers, I rather take the pain, I have gotten morphine once and I took anesthesia when I pulled my wisdom teeth but I think that it is better to take the pain if one can than to medicate it away. I go to the reception and get my lift ticket refunded for the rest of the week, no more skiing for JR.

I rest and try to regroup contemplating my sad destiny thinking that it was a blessing cause now I can do what I really need to do, write music. I ask my employer, the general manager if there might be a room for me in the conference section of the hotel, somewhere I can sit and work since the little shoebox size hotel room doesn't allow me to hook up all my stuff. He thinks I'm crazy to come there to work but gives me a room to which I will be the only one except the cleaners to have a key. We walk down to the conference section; it is located in the basement. The hotel is built on a mountain so there is a grand view from my room, we enter through a long corridor and suddenly the hotel feels a little scary and cold, there is a picture with an old photograph in the corridor.

The drummer has arrived, we run a quick rehearsal in the restaurant, confirming the painful cracked rib and trumpet combination, still in pain I return to my room and switch on the TV. I'm just happening to tune into the last program of the season of the program that I am writing the spooky next seasons' music for. The lady whom I met prior to my tour into the wilderness, to discuss the music, is walking around in a restaurant that has been haunted by a lady who slams doors, throws things and switches on and off lights, a pain in the butt for the owners that are now fed up and calling for help. A medium is talking to the ghost and together they manage to get the lady over to the other side for good.

I am taken by the impact and seriousness of the program, it has been a long time since I have been thinking about the unknown for some reason. I used to be rather well connected, almost a little bit too much, knowing who was going to call, seeing things that would happen dead people on the wall and so forth.

I was out with some friends the week before this trip, cruising the clubs of Stockholm, not very uplifting, there is a girl, a friend is talking to her, as we try to keep conversation under the unbearable techno noise I complement him on his girlfriends good looks.

- Oh, she's not my girlfriend, she's justa date, I have my girlfriend at home waiting for me.
- So may I ask you what line of profession your "date" is in?
- I think she's a nurse....
- And may I ask you what her name is...?.... No wait, let me guess.....her name isKatarina.

He gets all white in his face. Her name is Katarina. I don't know where I got it from but I knew her name was Katarina. I even knew that she was a nurse but I didn't want to bother him with that.

Maybe a bad example....but... then, this program, smart thing to do a TV-show on I think, right down my alley. I had been sitting in NYC for weeks trying to write mysterious music and suddenly, a lot of impulses. I am tired from the pain in the chest and fall asleep after dinner.

Tyra on Tott

Day 3:

It is Wednesday when I wake up, the snowstorm has been increasing and on the top of the mountain, winds strong as a hurricane. No one goes out, it's simply not worth the struggle, lifts are closed anyway. The spa and the gym are filling up. I am going downstairs to continue working on the Christmas calendar commission, a drum piece for a conference opening and the mysterious music.... I put my card in the lock, bip, bip, enter the corridor and feel a little lonely, another bip, bip and I'm inside my room, a 180 degree, panoramic view overlooking the Åre lake, the Snasa-piles. It's snowing of course so visibility is not grand today but compared to the little dark room in Alphabet City I am used to it is still great. I am always very precautious about where I keep my livelihood, I have been traveling all over the world in Europe, Asia and Latin America under severe lack of funds, staying at the cheapest hotels all over, places where my load would

feed a whole village for a century so I am careful not to show anyone what I have in my bags. I have lived in the worst parts of New York, Brooklyn, Queens, LA etc and, knock on wood, felt perfectly safe. I travel uninsured because I don't believe in insurance companies, they drain humanity and feed off rich peoples fear of getting in trouble. My experience with insurance companies is that when shit comes down on them they always find a reason not to pay, so why bother, I have had so much shit coming down on me in the past that the last insurance company I had simply cancelled my policy saying it was bad business for them. I hadn't done anything wrong though, some people just have a lot of bad luck, and some people don't.

I am sitting down pulling out my gear, it is calming down a little bit, clearing up, I see the surrounding mountains and the lake and a fire escape on the building next door from which it is possible to look into my room. I go to the window, make a quick assessment, there is a curtain, I start waving it down, it's an old curtain, it's going to take time to get it down and my room will be completely dark. I pause thinking that I now have the possibility to sit and have a grand view, that I should not be so paranoid, that after all I'm in Sweden in the middle of nowhere in a high security luxury hotel in a town where people go skiing for the most part. I take a little picture of myself sitting in this room over looking the mountains and the lakes, like from an eagles' nest and send it to my friends. My rib is hurting like hell and I'm about half way through a first version of the drum solo before it's time for dinner. I make it quick and hurry down to elaborate further on it, do my little warm-up routine and head for the stage and the performance of the evening.

During the first day of skiing me and the bass-player started racing down one of the less populated slopes, it became a serious competition where two, not so good, skiers went far beyond ability trying to be the fastest down to the bottom of the slope, the run would take about five minutes and the rush of lactic acid would cause a burning pain in the thighs that together with the adrenaline high made us laugh hysterically like stoned kids at the finishing line. The races together with the dramatic fall in the middle of the snowstorm would frame the evening, invitations with promises of great prizes were thrown out to the audience for next mornings' full on downhill race with a flying start, all at once where the first one down would be the winner.

As I finished off the show it was time to get back to work. While the guys go to sleep I go downstairs, it's lit, around midnight. I sit down and start programming, suddenly the door opens and a woman with great fear in her eyes enters the room.

- What are you doing here?I heard noises and....I was cleaning up in the other room, we had some kids there today and tomorrow it has to be clean...what are you doing here? It's late, you shouldn't be here, no one should be here.... it's late
- I'm just working here for a little bit....got this room from Magnus.
- Oh, good Lord, I got scared....I thought it was Tyra again...
- Tyra?
- Yes Tyra, the one that built the hotel.....Tyra on Tott, she slams doors and turns on and off the lights....last week she locked us in.....down in the champagne cellar....crazy shit....haven't anyone told you bout her?
- No.

I have felt a little strange already being in my room, a feeling of being of some kind of disturbance. The woman is soon to leave after she has cleaned the room. I'm feeling increasingly uncomfortable and speed up my work as much as I can. Five minutes to the hour of the wolf I suddenly sense that there is someone in the room. I don't dare to look but she is standing behind me, I can feel her. The hairs on my body rise from my little toes to the top of my head and I get really fucking scared. I think only one thing, get the fuck out of here right now, pack your shit and get the fuck out!!!! You are not welcome here!!! I don't have time to turn my computers off, I look at the watch it's two minutes before the hour of the wolf, I manage to think that ghosts don't care about computers before I slam the door and run up to my room in cold sweat, shaking hysterically. I calm down and go to sleep dead tired.

Yalla, Yalla! dude

Day 4

It's Thursday, we are up early to catch the opening of the lift, temperature has been rising so the slopes are slower as snow is melting, my band and I run a couple of races, we travel east hoping to get to the top where it's colder and slopes faster, weather is bad, lifts are closing down, my fingers are wet and cold, the pain in my chest is unbearable so I decide to go back to the hotel to work while the others continue on.

It's dinnertime and I'm close to happy with the first version of the drum solo. I had been worried bout the outcome but was somewhat satisfied with the result. Three courses, they feed us well here, deer steak and trout, dessert and truffles.....I go back to the conference room to do my warm-up routine, this time I take a look at the picture in the corridor. A woman in her thirties with curly hair, in front of a small hotel, next to another person, underneath, a text: Tyra, Tott 1820. I sit and practice and think no

more about it. It's time for the entertainment of the evening, Jon Rekdal Trio. The topic for the evening was another draft for next days downhill races and how little productive it is to be in love with the wrong person. I hang out with the band for a little bit before it's time to go back to work downstairs, my drummer wants to join and have a listen to the newly finished drum solo.

It's is quarter to midnight.

We walk through the corridor and there, the room, door open. We enter. Everything is gone! Computers, telephones, audio interfaces, cash, you name it, except for some cables and a hard-drive. I think to myself that Tyra has been pulling my leg. I am chocked. The door is open and there are no signs whatsoever that anyone has broken in. Someone in the hotel must have done it, someone who had access to the room. My drummer thinks it is a joke...

- Maybe you've taken them up to your room but forgot about it, I've done that a couple of times....
- No, man, someone has been here and taken them.
- But it's not possible, you were down here just a little while ago, maybe you had forgotten to lock the door and someone saw them and left them to the nightportier.
- No man, they're gone, for sure.

I exit the room, head the corridor wall and scream Faaaaan! Which in Swedish means devil.

My diaphragm is very strong after having been practicing the trumpet since I was a little boy, my vocal cords can't take the beating as I scream as hard as I can, they crack and leave an embarrassingly squeaking sound. I question why? Why now Why me? What had I done to deserve this?.....can't find any good reason other than that I should have listened to yesterdays warning. I go back in make an assessment as to what is left, some cables, the midi keyboard, a hard-drive, my backpack, inside it what appears to be the bulk of the tapes to be edited, a usb-dongle for my music software.

I tell my drummer to go to sleep, that there unfortunately won't be any listening to any drum solo this evening. I go up to the nightportier and tell him that someone has taken my computers and that we must find out who has access to the room, and possibly read off the computerized lock and find out who opened the door between 8-11 pm. He is a young kid; he doesn't know how to do that and tells me that almost all the employees have access to that area.

- I was doing my round down there at 10 pm, locking up and

switching off lights.

- And....?
- The door was open and it wouldn't lock when he tried to shut it, so I left it open.
- Did you look into the room?
- Yes.
- What did you see?
- I saw something that looked like a piano, some cables and stuff...
- Did you see any computers?
- I don't know
- There are no marks on the door, someone here, at the hotel must have done it, this is an insider-job, no one else knew that I was sitting there.
- I don't know man....I'll try to call my manager....
- Who are the cleaners that clean downstairs?
- I don't know.

We go down to the room.

- it looked like this, he says.

We enter the other rooms to see if anything had been dropped, a big storage room with all kinds of crap, Christmas decoration etc.

- So they must have broken in some time between 8pm and 10 pm, right at the time I was performing, they must have known that they were safe, since I was playing, someone at the hotel must have done it.

He goes up to call his manager, I scan the surroundings, sneak into the neighboring kitchen area.... hear people slamming doors, run after them.... see a back disappearing round a corner, run and catch them as they are just about to exit the building.

- Hi, how are you?
- Just fine sir and you?
- Someone has just stolen my computers from a room in the conference section and I was just curious if you had maybe seen or heard anything peculiar this evening
- No nothing, we're on our way home.
- Is this door a locked door? Who comes in and out of this door?
- The whole staff goes down here to smoke, all deliveries are received through this door, there's a lot of traffic here.

They leave and as I investigate a little further, I find that there is almost immediate access to the conference section from the loading dock, a door locked from the inside of the conference section has a door knob on the outside, just turn it and you're in, there is a straight path out of to the loading dock, the hit could have been made in thirty seconds. Enter loading dock, through this door, break the lock, grab the gear and boom, gone! I scan the kitchen for anymore possible witnesses, last man has left, return to the nightporter, a security type of guy has arrived, he is lying on his fat ass on the reception couch. He has a lot of keys on his utility belt.

- Someone broke into Froan?
- Yes, and it has to be someone here at the hotel, it's an insider-job, how many criminal elements are there in a shitty little town like this?.
- Well, well, o my o my...it's not easy, , I tell you.
- Have you done your round down there this evening?
- No, not yet
- When do you usually do your round?
- Well, I would say around this time

I call 911 from the reception.

- 911 can I help you?
- There has been a hit on a conference room at Hotel Tott, a lot of computer equipment. I need someone to come here right away and secure the area, the perpetrators can't be far away, there are values gone for about 15000 dollars worth.
- Really! You don't say... O my, o my, well... we don't have any police out there.
- I need you to come here right away, this crime has been committed not more than two hours ago and with every minute on the phone we will lose any chance of solving this crime.
-well well....O my...And your name was?
- My name is Jon, can you please send someone, this place is not very big, it would be very easy to knock on some doors and find out if there might be someone known to the police involved in this. I do believe that should come and secure some evidence, fingerprints etc, I'm I wrong?
- Well....well... it's pretty late sir...
- It's only midnight sir.
- and well, as I said.....we don't have any one up there right now....what I can do is to inform the captain on duty and give him your number sir, that's all I can do.
- Is this the way you work up here, I mean it can't be right sir, what if someone was standing in a hallway with an axe ready to butcher his wife....would you still not come?

-o my, o my....well, well, sir all our agents are busy at the moment but I will let them know OK? They will contact you OK? What did you say your phone number was?
- It's 0707607681.
-070...and then what?
- 7607681...
- you're going a little fast at me here, 760 and then?
- 7681...
- Ok,.....7681, and what hotel did you say this was?
- Hotel Tott, I'm sitting in the foyer waiting for you.
- Ok that's great, I will let the police know about this and have them contact you.
- Thank you, I appreciate that.
- No problem, have a great evening sir.
-

I make an assessment on the damage, confidential music, edits and scripts, to three ongoing projects, all my numbers and telephones, about 1500 usd cash, an array of computer accessories, sound cards, etc and...two computers.... stuffed with juicy passwords to banking, telephones credit cards etc...I ask the nightportier if I can borrow the telephone and make some important calls to close down my credit cards and bank accounts. I call my friends in the US whose numbers I know by heart and they have a hard time understanding all this. It's about 4 am when I finish the last call down in the foyer, still no police. I am very tired. I call 911 again.

- 911 can I help you?
- I called earlier about a burglary at Hotel Tott this evening, I've been waiting for four hours no and you were supposed to contact me. What is going on?
-o my o my, well, well....o it's you, yes I spoke to the captain on duty and he....is informed....he will contact you....
- But it is getting very late sir, I'm very tired and need to go to sleep, I feel uncomfortable leaving things at the scene of the crime and I don't want to ruin any technical evidence by taking anything away.
-wellwell my o my.....i think you should take whatever you need....the police will contact you as soon as they can.....

I have no more resistance towards this prick, I hang up, go down to the room again, take a look at the picture of Tyra again. She looks kind of happy to me, proud in a way, one would wonder how she died, maybe she was in love with someone...was she trying to warn me? Was she trying to scare me? I don't know, but I don't know that I should have taken my shit last night and gotten the hell out of there, just simply by reacting on my intuition this disaster could have been avoided. I take the hard-drive and the usb-dongle and pass out on my bed, jazz-suit on. The police are not coming. It's been a rough day at the spa.

Friday the 13th

Day 5

It's Friday the thirteenth, a day of grief. I wake up with a notion that something had happened last night but wasn't sure if it was a nightmare or simply for real. I walk down to get some breakfast, my appetite is low, I grant myself a waffle. The rest of the band, sympathetic but eager to hit the slopes, which I am not. My body feels heavy, I come up to my room, lie down and stare into the ceiling, call the object of my affection, not that I think that there will be any great support, more out of lack of other ideas....

- Suddenly I feel a little sorry for you, Jon.
- Well thanks, darling, that's kind of you....
- I was out with some friends last night, we had a blast, and now I'm going to go for a walk in the sun, with another friend, I'm really stressed, gotta get ready now, hope you get things sorted out up there.....
- Do you remember how you found my trumpet at that restaurant in New York...days after we happened to leave it there in the middle of the night, after my show?
- Yes.
- Well I thought I'd ask you to do some of that juju of yours so that I kind find my stuff.
- Haha, you're crazy, you believe in that stuff, don't be stupid.
- I'm serious...please....I know you have those powers.
- No I don't, but ok yes, I will, gotta run now, bye bye.
- Love you.....

Click

Not a very uplifting conversation, but who could blame her? She didn't love me. She wanted to be single, she had managed to shake off her high-school sweetheart, days before I met her, was convinced there were better parties out there and... even if we had taken any possible chance to bang like madmen.... we weren't officially connected, very few had ever seen us together. She was part or at least wanted to be part of the new generation, the hooking up culture that has been much written about, the girls that you see on Skype and MSN, hook up with once or twice, and the never see on Skype or MSN gain. What happened in the 60's has finally gone full circle. Nowadays, because of an increasingly thinner plastic bag, with emancipation and equality as alibi, girls have become just as bad as boys...

...looking at things somewhat objectively, she wasn't anymore than a very reluctant first time actress in the first place, and a wanna be documentary

filmmaker/ political journalist who sat in a shitty little town writing about local bakers and tailors for a shitty little local newspaper to get by, not that she wasn't talented..... She, a doctors daughter from a very protected and happy upbringing had-due to what I understood as a bad conscience for being so privileged- ambitions to change the world, I've seen it before in rich people.....She wanted to go to Latin America and work with poor kids..... but was about to go to Serbia to teach sons and daughters of rich men -that not long ago entertained themselves with ethnical cleansing- how to make video and political propaganda instead, All possible through a smart financial setup via a cultural organization in Sweden that had managed to skim some money off the European Union. (nothing wrong with that) Her friends that she loved to death were a pack of sorryassed, not very smart nor sweet, adolescents in the cultural field using the very elaborate Swedish system for keeping nonproductive citizens alive, nice people but with no ambition or drive....

Still, I thought she was the most wonderful girl in the world. I was in love with her and couldn't let go, couldn't help myself, I was stuck as I had been since the first time I looked into her beautiful green, round and big deer eyes, and couldn't do much about it.... I should have known better than to call her. I had lost my livelihood and that was it....big fucking deal.

I start calling other people I'd like to call my friends, I don't know what else to do I guess. It's quite evident that people have a difficulty grasping what it means being violated like this (things are constantly popping up in my head as to what was gone, what numbers and documents I will never be able to retrieve etc)....they start talking about themselves and get annoyed by be the bad news, want to hang up and continue their life. It's easy to feel somewhat short of luck and love. I had hoped that I would cry, but I can't cry about material things, I'm sorry, I can't. I only cry when I hear afrouban drums or flamenco or if somebody I love passes away.

The weather is nice and my band is out in the slopes. I can't move. I'm still paralyzed, not feeling sorry for my self, just unable to move. I stare at the ceiling, for hours. I'm probably in chock. 11 am I get a call from the police, it's been 14 hours since someone broke into my room and stole a lot of shit. The chances of getting my stuff back should be pretty slim by now.

- Hello, there, this is the police...we have learned that you have lost some electronic equipment....
- Yes.
- Is this Jon, which I am talking to?
- Yes.
- Computers, was it?
- Yes.

- Well we thought we might send someone over there to take down a police report.
- Ok.
- When would it be convenient for you?
- Anytime.
- 2 o'clock, would that be OK?
- Yes.

I manage to drag myself up around 1 pm. It's 2 pm when criminal inspector Hakan Hemlin strolls up the stairs of the reception. He is a tall man in his forties, he carries a gigantic forensic bag, light blue eyes and a calm, very typical for people in these areas, it is quite evident that Mr Hemlin is not in a hurry.

- Good day sir, are you Jon?
- Yes, sir.
- It's a nice day today, well, maybe not for you...I heard you have lost some things.
- Yes sir, I wouldn't say lost, but yes, someone stole my property, that is correct.
- What a shame that is....and it happened last night I heard.
- Yes, sir, 15 hours ago.
- Can you show me the place where you lost it.

We go down to the conference section. Someone is working on the lock. This is a crime scene and someone is working on the lock, if possible, evidence of what had happened the night before. I ask him what the hell he is doing. He tells me he was sent down to fix the lock. When he sees the police he gets very apologetic. It's full daylight now and we can see tiny little marks on the door, the lock is quite obviously broken, someone has broken their way in, at least that's what it seems like. The janitor leaves, we sit down. The panoramic view remains impressive.

- Your name is?
- Jon Rekdal
- Can you describe what happened...
-

I give him the full rundown, complete with the Tyra story and all. I tell him I'm a little psychic and should have listened to her. He doesn't add that to the protocol. I tell him I have no insurance, he marvels, all people in Sweden have insurance, everybody, individuals and firms alike, everyone is paying for protection that is nothing but fake, cause when something comes down on them, they're gonna have to pay anyway...I explained that the incident of course was all my fault, that I shouldn't have left my stuff where I did, but that I had felt safe in a locked up conference section of a 5star hotel. Then he asks me the oddest question.

- the Rekdal (Rekvalley), is it the Rekdal that we have up here?
- What do you mean sir?
- There is a place here up on the mountain, not so far from here, about 5 hours walk, called Rekdal. It is holy grounds for the Lapps (Scandinavian indigenous people)
- Well I don't know about that sir, I come from Rekdal in Norway, straight west, by the Atlantic coast.
- The Rekdal River runs out of the Rekdal, it is grazing grounds for the Lapps, they keep their reindeers there, holy territory.

He looks out the window. It's almost like he sees the sacred grounds of the Rekdal when it says it. Suddenly I can see it too, and there is a noid (a Nordic shaman), he sits by the Rekdal river with a drum, joiking (traditional throatsinging)

- A beautiful place it is, all lush and green in the summer....I go trout fishing up there.

It should be noted that Rekdal is a very odd name, all my childhood I was mobbed for carrying it, everyone else's name was Andersen and Larsen....Rekdal was strange, it even sounded strange. I had to take a lot of beating for it. I got my sweet moment of truth when one of my cousins that I hadn't seen since I stopped going to my grandfathers farm after my uncle who had taken over, had trashed the place -last time I was there, there had been a storm that blew out all the windows of this six story giant cement block built like a moric fortress, my uncle had left it like it was, keeping only one story with windows, so he could shit and eat and sleep, the rest looked like Dresden 1942, probably still does... this was the world cup -98, Norway was in it for the first time ever (and probably the last). Mr Kjetil Rekdal sends in a pass from midfield to a forward that scores 1-1 against Brasil. Later at a penalty he sends the worlds greatest football nation ever home with a bitter taste of defeat. Rekdal became a word on everybody's lips.

The hotel manager joins in. He stands in the doorway. I'm sitting down with inspector Hemlin at the empty table.

- Hi Jon, I heard about what happened
- Yeah man, it has to be someone at the hotel, I'm telling you...
- It's quite obvious that this must be an insider job, everything points to that, inspector Hemlin adds. -Do you happen to know if there might be a chef working here?... tall guy, very tall.
- Ehhh....no...
- Someone whose name is Fred?

- oh yes I know who you're talking to, no he doesn't work here anymore sir, last time I saw him we had to throw him out.....you know he was all high and unpleasant as he can be...I live not so far from him...haven't seen him in months...
- I see...
- And the marks on the doors sir?
- Well they look a little fake to me.... it's probably cosmetic, someone could very well have used the code and put some marks on the door to make it look like it was someone from outside.....(he takes a breather) - Do you have an insurance that covers Mr Rekdals stolen goods?
- Jon, I think you have to speak to your own insurance agency
- I don't have one.
- You're not insured!!!?
- No, I don't have any insurance.
- Shit!
- Yes, I know.
- I don't know if we can cover you but ill call our broker and check.
- Yes I mean I'm working for you guys, it's not like I come here to for holidays.

Inspector Hemlin finishes his investigation without ever opening his giant forensic bag. He doesn't think fingerprinting is necessary, the damaged lock, evidence of manipulation is left on the table as we walk to the reception.

- Is there no way you can communicate with the underworld here in Åre? I mean I'd be willing to buy back my stuff for double the value than anyone else would pay. There can't be so many criminal elements in this little town; it would be a fine bargain for them. I know that police sometimes collaborate with elements from the underworld, like solving the stolen Shriek from the Munch Museum in Oslo.
- Well, I don't know about that sir.
- Maybe you can tell the press and they can have the crooks contact me....
- There is a journalist at the local Lanstidningen newspaper, Elisabeth Rydell

He pulls out a papernote and writes down her number and his own.

- feel free to contact me if you have any questions.

It's 3pm when I get back to my room, the newspaper calls me, the reporter wants to come right away. We go down to the basement; I give her the full

story, with Tyra and all. She's in her fifties and tells me she'd been living in NYC for 15 years prior to getting married and having kids here in this little town where she came from. As we part I tell her that I want her to add a pledge to the underworld from the artist who lost his livelihood, and an email address for them to contact him, my price will be double that of what anyone else would pay for the stolen items.

There is not much I can do now, there is still another hour until the lifts close. I love skiing and it always puts a smile on my face. I am starting to come to terms with my destiny. I have been questioning my dependency on computers for many years already. I studied for a while with a resident composer, ex Donatoni alumni, up at Columbia, to rid myself of this drag, to go back to a pen and a paper, which was what is used when I was a kid, before I got involved in the business. I had forgotten how to do it and now romanticize about it, I have a general disgust towards material things and this is the last outpost. I don't have much more than my computers and my numbers, when I travel I bring my jazz-suit, my horn, some underwear and my computers. Being robbed of this cancer must be seen as a blessing. Years ago while severely miserable I bought a fancy car to see if material things would better misery, surprisingly enough it did. I was happy when I sat in my 12 cylinder, 329 hp, BMW, rolling to the store to buy some milk, easily burning 25 bucks of gas. When I finally got rid of it taking a tremendous loss I swore never to buy another car ever in my life, had to buy one when I came to LA, found a 900 dollar firebird at the liquidators, an -83, 350 V8, it's still standing in a garage in downtown LA. When I'm done with the above mentioned film project, I'm gonna take it for it's last ride, across to NYC in a Thelma and Louise like, semi fictional road-movie....need a girl with some guts and good looks to come along so anyone interested, please contact me.....

Anyway...I was starting to think positively about this disaster. This, was nothing but a blessing, I would never again buy another computer, my days with computers are over, no more fetus position at dawn over hard-drives bugging me.... no more sitting in front of a screen waiting for it to boot, no more of that shit, what a relief...I put on my gear, and head for the slope, becoming all too aware that I haven't had anything to eat, hardly slept anything.... my body is a mess, not even going down the slope can erase that...I'm still devastated.

It's Friday the thirteenth, I should stay in my room so that no more shit comes down on me, I've had enough already. I've finished up some paperwork and documentation for the management of the hotel to see if I might be covered by their insurance, my hopes are not very high. I face a great expense on my return to civilization; I don't have any money cause I haven't gotten paid by anyone so it's going to be tough. It's soon dinner, my rib is still hurting, I'm sad and I feel a little lonely, wouldn't mind crawling

up by her side.... just for a hand on my head and some calming words... nothing more, just some empathy, not even sympathy, just you know, whatever a person could do to be kind, a little kindness, no love or affection -I know that would be too difficult- just a little kindness...

I meet the crew for dinner; there is a damp tone in everybody's voice. I'm trying to cheer everybody up by stating that it has been a blessing and that it might not be so jolly but at least no one has died...there was no topic to the performance that evening, my voice was jammed, I tried to encourage people to come to the downhill race the next morning...but couldn't really curb out any big enthusiasm about the event...one can sing out of joy and one can sing out of despair, this evening had a lot of ballads in minor.

Evening of our last performance, I thank the crew and apologize for the inconvenience of not being able to pay upfront since the money I had so wisely brought to pay them had come into the wrong hands. Our last crème brulee and truffle and I'm off to the sack.

What a ride!

Day 6

Saturday and the weather is perfect, not a cloud in the sky. I manage to get some food down my throat and we're off for a couple of hours of skiing. I race my bass-player like a man who has nothing to loose, we have been pretty even earlier in the week but today doesn't stand a chance. Soon the bus leaves and it's bye-bye Åre, time to face reality. I pack what's left, return the rentals, get a small advance from the manager-letting him know that in spite of the bad luck I would love to come back and play-.... and then, check out.

We enter the bus and sit in the front where there are some cute girls to look at. I ask him if he thinks they are the -90s. After looking at them very thoroughly he says that there is a high probability they might be. One of our topics around the dinner table this week has been my bandmembers concern on who of them will be the first doing someone from the -90s. It cheers us up a little bit knowing that a reptile mind works even low on oxygen. I feel tired and push my seat backwards to rest. The big, fat and ugly dude behind me start screaming.

- Hey, you! I don't have any place here; don't do that!

I get pissed off, I've had enough shit and I can't take this too. Do I have to argue about pushing my seat back? My seat is equipped with a mechanism that allows me to do exactly that for a reason and it's not like there is anyone sitting next to this dude...and it's not like there is someone sitting

next to him so that he can't move over if he feels that space is tight, but..... I don't want to fight him, simply don't have the energy to do that. I tell my bass-player in a loud enough voice for Fatso to hear me, quite irritated.

- I'm going to sit somewhere else cause I need to rest and this fat ugly prick behind me doesn't want me to lean my seat back because he's too fat to fit in his own seat.

I walk to the back of the bus, sit down at the first seat where I can sit by myself. This is the time when I need to call my clients, who all expect me to deliver grand merchandise in 24 hours, something I had promised them to do prior to going on tour, prior to these events.

I call the ghost lady first, I explain the whole thing, Tyra and all, that the music to the other programs like the famous Christmas calender (biggest childrens TV event of the year) has been lost. I wont make my deadline so I realize my job will go a competitor, but I come up with an idea.

- I was thinking you might be able to help me, maybe you can speak to your people, the mediums, the ones that stay in touch with the supernatural, like Saida (famous for finding lost things, had her own TV-show 10 years ago) I know that my stuff is somewhere close, Åre is a pretty small town.
- I'm sorry Jon, but they're not finders, they're mostly spiritists.... I'll see if I come up with something. I'm sorry about you mess up there. I fell bad for you.

I finally get to push back my seat to rest, this time with no objection from the guy behind me. As I lean back I see in the corner of my eye someone across the aisle to the left on the row behind me pulling out a computer from a trunk. I turn around, look at it and lean back, turn around, and lean back, it looks like one of my computers but I can't believe that it really is. I look at it again, I look at the guy, a humongous dude with shoes the size of boats. He pushes the button.

Windows XP has a sound that everyone of this day has heard, it probably sound billions of times everyday on a global scale. Just as he pushes the button I'm sure that there are a million pcs all over the world sounding exactly the same in the very same instant... but, they don't sound exactly-exactly the same because they have different speakers. I know when I hear this sound that it is my computer that he is fingering. I've heard it a thousands of times before, in hundreds of different rooms. I see it booting up, slowly cause of the recently installed anti viral software. He is surfing the Swedish TV home page. I fake an urgent need to go to the bathroom, pass him on the way, the bathroom is locked, I hold my hand on the door knob as I lean over behind the giant and take another, closer look, from this perspective. I look at it and yes, it does look like my computer, it could

be a coincidence but this is not a very common model, it cost about 3000 dollars at the time of purchase 4 years earlier when I had packed my shit and left for America with only two laptops. Return swiftly to my seat I lean back one more time, count to ten, then sort of turn his way, lean somewhat curiously over to his side and start the conversation.

- Hey, say, I'm just wondering, is that a Tecra Satellite 7300?
- Oh no....ehhh, this is a 4100.

The man is gigantic. Hi eyes are those of a very little intelligent one, a big Dumbo in his late 20's, early 30's. I see that he gets all white and perplexed by my question.

- Hm... I see.

I lean back again, count to ten, lean somewhat curiously over to his side and continue the conversation.

- Excuse me sir, my name is Jon Rekdal and my computers were stolen from hotel Tott 36 horns ago, one of them looks exactly like the one you have there, do you mind if take a look at it?
- No, of course, no problem

He closes the computer and puts it back into his trunk.

- Excuse me sir but do you mind if take a look at it?
- No of course not.

No computer.

- Excuse me sir, do you mind?

I point at the computer inside the bag. He very reluctantly pulls it out when I show him that I am not going to let go of my request.

- well you see I have some extremely sensitive files on this here computer.
- I'm not interested in your files sir; I just want to take a look at it.
-

The origin of the computer is confirmed by the little remainder of tape located on the lid to the connection socket. I am now certain that this is my computer. I hand him the computer.

- Sir, this is the computer that was stolen from hotel Tott 36 hours ago, would you mind telling me how you got it?

- Well, eh, I found it outside the sauna at hotel Diplomat in Åre yesterday night.
- At about what time?
- Round 8 o'clock
- In the evening....
- Yes.
- Outside the sauna?
- Well, yes.... it was standing outside the sauna, there were some kids, 15-16 years old....they were very noisy. But you can take it, here! Take it....

He hands it back to me along with the computer bag that I had forgotten about and forgotten to report stolen and what appears to be a fake ID, from Finland. The shoulder strap of the computer bag had broken due to the heavy load of two laptops and a terra byte of hard-drive space. The strap was gone and the upper metal brace where the strap used to be was bent, this is my bag, it looked much cleaner and newer than I remember it, the thief must have washed it, in the sauna?

I am obviously very happy to get my stuff back, inside the bag is the little purse that contained my cash, telephones and computer accessories, phones and cash are gone, the rest seems to be in order. I immediately put my bag down next to me, go up to the bus driver and ask him when we will arrive at the airport.

- In twenty minutes, he says.

I call 911.

- Hello, I'm calling in regards to the theft at hotel Tott in Åre 36 hours ago. I have a man here who has my computer, he claims that he found it outside the sauna at hotel Diplomat in Åre 16 hours ago, he has a Finish driver license and his name is Juha Lehtonen, I need for you to send an inspector to the airport to take down his testimony. We arrive the airport in 20 minutes.
- O, well...20 minutes, well I will let the captain on duty know that you called....
- No Sir! You should act right now! This is a great opportunity for you to expose a positive image to the public for the effort you make up

here, it will be written about in the newspaper! There is an article about this in Lanstidningen today where I believe that there were some doubts as to the way this case has been handled on your end. It will look good that you come to the airport; maybe we can come to the bottom of this.

- O my. o my, well, well , sir.... I will let them know, and that there is a little bit of a hurry.... your number sir....
- You should already have my number, but for your records it's, 0707607681
- Did you say 760?
- Yes. Please come now! Ok?
- The police will contact you.
- Good.
-

I stand there waiting for at second, hoping that they would call, but no...they won't call and they won't come. This dude in the back is going to be gone the second we arrive at the airport. I go back to the guy sit down in my seat and start befriending him seemingly happy to have gotten my computer back. He is putting his phone in his breast pocket. He's been speaking to someone.

- So what brings you to Åre?
- I drive mobile.... snowmobile...I was down in the sauna cause my shoes got dirty.
-

I look at his shoes, they're a little dirty still, but more than that they're humongous....

- Snowmobiling sounds so fun, I have an uncle that does that, in America.
- It's great fun...
- I love skiing, I love to go fast, I'm not so very good, but I go fast...
- Yeah.... skiing....
- I play music....you know, piano...
- Oh yeah.....hmm.....what kind of music?
- Jazz, I love jazz, you can go to my website and download it if you want to....
- ..you... have a website.....?...

Dumbo reaches for a pen and pulls out a note to write down the address.

- yes, it's www.jrlll.com, you can download all kinds of things, music, films...so you found it outside the sauna of hotel Diplomat?
- Yes, I checked in on Wednesday....hotel Diplomat, you know, in Åre town...

- No, I've never been there; I've only been to Tott, where the computer was stolen.
Have you ever been to Tott?
- Oh...Tott...no...I came to do some snowmobiling, was out yesterday, my shoes got dirty.
- It's so great that you had my computer, I'm really happy about this, would you mind talking to the local newspaper about it? You can tell them how you discovered it and so forth?
- ...Sure, no problem

I call Ms Rydell at the Lanstidningen paper.

- Hi there Elisabeth, listen, you won't believe this but I'm sitting on the bus with a guy that found my computer yesterday evening, outside the sauna of hotel Diplomat, he has agreed to tell you his story, thought you might be interested.
- Yes, that's great, I'm so happy for you. The article was in today's paper, perfect to follow up with a happy ending.
- Ok, I'll hand you the phone; here he comes.

I turn over to Dumbo, hand him my telephone.

- I have the newspaper on the line, they're very interested in your story...please speak to them and tell them how you found my computer.

The running around and speaking over the phone has not gone unnoticed by the rest of the bus. The woman sitting in front of me turns around, pokes me for attention and speaks through the whole in between the seats.

- Do you really believe him? He answers hello axehandle to all your questions.
- No, of course I don't believe him.
- Well, forgive for asking, but I couldn't avoid hearing your conversation earlier about the music to the Christmas calendar...my friend sitting over there is a police; maybe she can help you.

She points to the front of the bus. I see a short sturdy woman, blonde.

- Well, that would be great, any help would be gladly appreciated. I already called the police but I don't think they're gonna come.

I walk over to the undercover agent whilst Dumbo is talking to the press. I explain the matter and tell her that I've spoken to her colleagues but have little hope that they will act. She had been part of the local police force up here for 4 years, six years ago before getting promoted to Stockholm. I tell

her he has been calling people on his phone, that they should check his phone. She comes with me up to Dumbo. Dumbo has finished his conversation with the press; I get my phone back.

- Hi my name is Elisabeth Anderson and I am a police, I work in Stockholm and don't bring my badge today. I just want to inform you that considering these very special circumstances it will be necessary to hold a short interrogation with you when we arrive at the airport.
- Eeeeh. Yes..... no problem... I found the computer outside the sauna of hotel Diplomat, my shoes got dirty... I had been snowmobiling...

Meanwhile I sit down in my seat and call Elisabeth again, to see if she'd gotten anything out of him.

- Do you really believe what he is saying?
- No, of course not.....what did he tell you....?
- Same thing as you told me...

We do a little small talk as undercover cop approaches, she's been on the phone for a while.

- Hang on Elisabeth....I think I have to hang up, let's speak later
- Ok, good luck Jon.

Undercover cop:

- I just want you to know that it is confirmed that the police is going to meet us at the airport.

I think: yes! Thank you Lord! She commanded these lazy fuckers out of their beds, fucking great! We're five minutes from destination. Bus driver has slowed down the pace obviously. I see two policemen, with happy faces standing at the airport as we arrive, they're kids. As we line up to get off the bus it strikes me that Dumbo had spoken to the person behind me, when we entered the bus in Åre, I don't know how I observed that but I just suddenly remembered. I had gotten my computer back yes, but it was the one that contained nothing of great value, a relatively old PC. The brand new one with all my numbers, bank accounts, work files etc was still missing, and that was the one I really needed to get back. I whisper in her ear:

- The tall guy was talking to the guy behind me, he was bald.... short guy... tell your colleagues they need to check him too, he has my other computer.
- Damn, ok.

All passengers exit. I tell my bass-player to check in my bags and walk over to one of the inspectors with Dumbo and introduce them. Meanwhile undercover cop speaks to the other one, informing him about the second dude. They enter the departure hall while the interrogation starts with Dumbo. I am more interested in Shorty. He comes out minutes later with one of the police, now I'm standing between two real criminals and two real police inspectors, but it all seems all so surreal. Bass-player comes with my bags and the luggage tags. My plane is about to leave. I approach Shorty's inspector and ask him if I can take the computer. He calls the captain on duty to get an official release of goods right away. We are waiting for response. I overhear this hilarious interrogation with Shorty. Policeman speaks in a very slow manner. Shorty speaks with the pace of an Italian speedcar.

- Well, great, we thank you for your cooperation sir...we'll just hold a little interrogation here...so....then... I just need to see an ID.
- Well, it's kind of like, I mean, well...you know. I don't have an ID...it's like I...you know, I lost it in the slopes....
-well.... you know you can't fly on the airplane without an ID.....
- But, it's like...kind of... like I thought you know.... that I'd take care of that...at the airport.
- Ok...then I just need a Name
- Ok....it's, kind of.....you know....it's... Aari Hymminen.
- And do you have an address here in Sweden?....
- Yea...sure, well it's like you know...yea sure I have an address...
- So....? Do you have an address sir?
- Yea sure...like a billing address huh?... you know sure, it's like, you know... Po Box 3468, 113 46 Bromma

I think to myself...boy.... you're so busted....both of you. Somewhat encouraged of the outcome of this bus trip I approach the inspector interrogating Dumbo.

- Sir, my plane is leaving in 10 minutes, I need to go and check in my bags. Is it ok if I just step inside for two minutes and check my bags?
- I think so yes, for the moment, yes.
- I'm back in two minutes.
-

I run into the departure hall jump the line and head straight for the agent at the counter.

- Here please, I'm sorry I'm so late, I need to get on the plane, can you hold it for 5 minutes? We have a serious police bust outside.
- We can't hold the plane sir, that's impossible, but we are a little bit delayed....

- Ok...

I hand her my bags, get my boarding card and run back to the police. Stopped midway in the door, undercover cops' boyfriend, dressed in a fleece sweater, and a big smile, points down into a white, normal sized trashcan, wrapped with a black plastic bag, underneath it, my other computer.

- Is this the other computer?
- Yes, sir...how the hell did it end up there?
- I saw the short guy going to the bathroom so I went after him and searched it, found this...
- My brand new macbookpro, 2.33ghz, 2 gig ram.... that's beautiful, thanks man, I owe you my life for this.
- Don't mention it, it was fun.

My computer in its' case, next to the trashcan, Lanstidningen wrapped around some tools, hammer, screwdriver etc, quite obviously tools useful for breaking into rooms in fancy hotels. I hurry out to the police. This misery sure has taken quite a peculiar twist I must say. I call Shorty's inspector who comes up to me.

- Sir, I'm sure that you are aware that my second computer has been found in a trashcan, inside the departure hall
- Yes, we have been made aware of that.
- So is there anything else you need me for? I guess you need to keep the computers for forensics?
- Yes, that is correct sir. And these guys are not going anywhere today. We will contact you tomorrow or the day after.
- Ok, the I'm off, let me take the opportunity to thank you for your excellent work.
- Thank you guys for finding my computers!

I thank the thieves. They look as taken by surprise as I am.

- Sirs, have a good rest of your day. I have a plane to catch.

I rush into the departure hall, boarding has started, accompanied by a real undercover cop.

- Excuse me for asking Madame but judging from his quick and immediate thought, following Shorty's track, is it possibly so that your husband by any chance also is in the policeforce?
- Oh, know...but he would so much like to be one....he loves things like this....

I reach security but can't find my ID, lady from the counter says:

- It doesn't matter, I recognize you.

I'm in!!!! I busted two bandits and got my livelihood back. Before we join the rest of her party she says some quite revealing words.

- To be quite frank with you....I am chocked to see how my colleagues have handled this, but don't tell anyone I said that.

I'm not chocked.

Let's spill it out!

I left Sweden after having been in two incidents where the crime was handled by imbeciles in the justice system and the perpetrators got away with nothing. I was assaulted by a lunatic that smashed my face and said he was going to kill me, he was freed by a clause in the law saying that the jury must favor the answering part if there is no witness confirming who started the fight. In the second instance I had managed to track down a witness, a friend of mine, an artist whose album I played on who saw the latter phase of the assault. The perpetrator got away because the witness, no longer a friend of mine, denied his own written testimony in court when it has become known to him that the perpetrator was a friend of someone he knew. Perpetrator was freed from charges of assault and was only sentenced to pay for the dry-cleaning of my clothes that were smeared in blood and torn beyond recognition, a couple of hundred dollars for the pain of having a broken face. I had a big article published in the biggest newspaper in Sweden about this, a shame on the whole justice system.

The other incident was a lunatic that tried to break his way into my house barricaded with a steel door. He kept me and a friend, prisoners in our own house, fearing for our lives, slowly breaking his way through the door by catapulting himself with a big cement block from the hood of my Mustang - 97 (fucking awesome ride, broad brims, 230 hp, 1-100 in 4 sec easily) for the good hour it took for the police to arrive. I called 911 three times. this was 5 o'clock in the morning, no traffic. When the police came they had gotten his story first and insinuated that the perpetrator was a buddy of mine and that my cars to which he had wanted the keys were stolen, quite disturbing I must say. Later in court he was sentenced to straighten the door, paint it and pay for a new lock. I was shocked but not surprised, no consideration was taken towards the mental trauma of such behavior. I packed my stuff and left the country. My friend still has problems sleeping at night.

Sweden is regarded a country with a high level of justice. This, is an illusion, Swedes quite deceitfully consider themselves safe and protected. They are not. Sweden lost its innocence in -84 when our prime minister Olof Palme was assassinated in the street, unprotected by the secret police. Since then a foreign minister has been assassinated too.

Back in -88 I was dating a girl that lived in Alby, she had just broken up with commandante Gonzalo's nephew, he was pissed off and wanted her back. She was on the lease and had kicked him out. Gonzalo was the leader of the Peruvian Sendero Luminoso Gerilla, their HQ was in Alby, Sweden. She had five Chihuahuas in a cage. I had just gotten my driver license, it was awesome to drive out there late at night and park my car on the parking lot, less pleasant waking up in cold sweat dreaming of how the militant nephew either put a bomb under my car or would storm in with a band of guerilleros, fully armed with ak47s and just paint the walls with my brains. I would say that there probably doesn't exist any terror organization that hasn't at one point or another had their HQ in Alby or some other place in Sweden for that matter.

Life takes at times take unusual twists and turns. Some time ago I bumped into a friend whom I haven't seen for almost 2 decades, she used to be part of a circle of people that would come to my shows in the beginning of my career. She had become a teacher and is currently teaching science and Swedish at an Iraqi private school outside Stockholm for 3rd graders. She is hired amongst a collegiate of Iraqis that hardly speak Swedish to teach subjects that they can't teach themselves for more than one reason...

She is almost stoned (real stones, no drugs, just an old execution method) by the children's parents when she teaches the kids according to the Swedish curriculum, in Sweden (!!!) that human beings, according to science, are regarded as mammals, that the pregnancy cycle is nine months etc. The children are taught that by their mothers and fathers you go to the doctor to get a pill and nine months later you go back and pick up a baby, that mother grows fat only because she eats so much.

This is Sweden today! Back to darkness soon! An average orthodox Moslem family do not practice safe sex or use any kind of prophylactics so they average 7-8 kids per unit, whereas an average secularized Swedish family according to statistics averages 0.3 kids.....(these numbers might not be totally accurate but you see what I mean.....) It doesn't take a rocket scientist to see where this is going.....and even though orthodox practitioners are so far out numbered.....It's probably gonna take a couple of generations before these kids start thinking differently about science. It will be a battle against time and the outcome is uncertain. We can only hope that reason prevails.

I have nothing against Islam, as a matter of fact I like Islam and consult the Koran quite frequently. I am taught the importance of believing, I don't drink alcohol, I try to keep things clean, I don't violate virtue nor innocence, and as opposed to what many people think there is no law against playing music....or jazz for that matter, there are a lot of good things to be taught in every religion and I think that a good Moslem is probably the most humble person you will ever meet. But this? on taxpayers' expense?

Now listen to this...

Why would any teacher work under such conditions?

I take myself the liberty to step off the bust at the airport and my general disgust over a deceitful sense of protection to give you this. Everything is of course made up and any resemblance to any person or situation that you might have heard about is purely coincidental. I'm not trying to bring about any kind of social justice, just make another little remark that reality always exceeds imagination. This story will never be told otherwise because some women have no voice of their own, the women that make themselves heard are the ones that don't suffer from the toils below.

The same very friend, a teacher, a good woman with a big heart, an intelligent and well educated person with great social competence, has been deemed unfit to be a mother to the child that she bore 11 years ago and raised until the nation took her son away from her; or rather, a preppy old, ugly, gruesome and heartless bitch at the social authorities in the fanciest neighborhood in Stockholm did.

She had managed to get out of a terrifying relationship with the father to the child, who she was married to (after three weeks of knowing each other he knocked her up and more or less forced her to marry her so he could get out of another marriage). When she had born their son, he started to bang her head against the radiator on a regular basis, after a couple of years of putting up with that, she took her son and escaped. She was given custody of her son by the authorities. She sued her husband for domestic violence, she had no means to afford a lawyer and came nowhere because people backed off their testimonies, medical reports were not sufficient etc. In order to possibly win her case she would have had to go back to him, let him bang her head in the radiator one more time, ask a friend to film it and them present it to the jury.

He, of course, sued her back and won custody of her son because the aforementioned woman at the all-knowing local social authority after hearing the fathers' story deemed that the mother to the child lied, that in fact all

women lie about domestic violence when they want rights to their children, and she might be right.....

As I heard this story it struck me that upon divorcing my co-liver many years ago, she suddenly started saying that I was violent, I had never laid hands on her so it pissed me off every time I had to stare into the face of her girlfriend posing as body guard when we met to discuss our affairs. (it didn't help that her friend was ugly as hell and had the face of a hippo). I didn't understand where it came from but saw it as a very disgracing provocation, probably encouraged by exactly that, the possibility of provoking violence later to be able to prove that I was violent should I be disputing her right to the apartment that I had bought and renovated with my own hands and my own cash, and her right to the custody of our two children, but I was not and I was not about to, too bad for her.

- Her lie is what I and many other women with me have to pay for, my friend says, missing her son.

Anyway the father of this child is a rich and very successful man. He has all the means he needs to run this to the highest instance and bears all the qualities of a perfect psychopath. Three women have sued him for domestic violence and he has gotten away every time. His daughter from an earlier marriage is severely messed up by her father's sexual crimes against her as a child. A little boy is in the hands of this madman who, if he hasn't already fucked his son, for sure soon will. Everyone knows that this guy is bad luck. My friend is now in financial devastation trying to fight for her right to even see the child she once bore. Not even on Christmas Eve is she allowed to see him. It's heartbreaking.

She is so devastated over the loss of her child that she thinks that teaching kids out in projects to speak and read and write the language of the country that they have been welcomed to after their parents former employer Mr. Hussein could not provide for them anymore - and that the human being is a mammal- will make a difference. She gets some of the love and affection that she can't get from her own child because it has been taken away from her by a forewoman at the local social authority that claims that she is a liar. It is heartbreaking but probably not unusual, this is Sweden, the most advanced society in the world. Things take strange twists.

Hollywood Moment.

I step on the plane in a euphoric state of mind, my life that felt like it was taken away from me had for some strange reason been given back to me. What I had started to look upon as a blessing has been reverted and I am more or less back where I started, with a strange taste in my mouth.

Maybe it felt good totally crushing my bass-player in the slopes, earlier the same day, simply because I had nothing more to loose, but this feeling of relief, euphoria, mixed with a sting of revenge, was much more enjoyable. I am the last one on the plane, completely confused and so happy I don't even know what my name is. The woman who approached me from the seat in front of me on the bus, the undercover cop's friend, is putting her bag in the overhead compartment. I almost bump into her. She turns around again.

- I'm so glad that the music to the Christmas calendar has come back, you see we have children, and it would have been so boring with a Christmas calendar with no music.

I want to hug her and kiss her and make love to her and have lots of kids with her that could watch Christmas calendars for years with music that would never stop playing right there and then but, realize that it might not be unadvisable, so I merely express her and her party my deepest thanks for lending me a helping hand.

I sit down by my bass-player who had been the first time witness to all these events. He put the stakes high in the beginning of the trip by missing the plane so it might be that he had been more of an active part in the whole play than one would think at a first, but he is still like a question mark, since he merely had been an observer during the whole bus-ride.

- Fuck Jon, I'm telling you man, this shit is crazy, what the fuck just happened?
- Nothing much man, just got some of my stuff back I think.
- But I mean, it's just unbelievable.....shit like that doesn't happen, maybe in a movie....but I mean come on... for real dude...
- Yea, you know what. You don't fuck with JR are I'm telling you, you don't fuck with JR, you hear what I'm saying. Y O U D O N T F U C K W I T H J R!!!!

I realize that I'm standing up screaming out loud completely furious so that the whole plane hears me. I sit down again feeling a little ashamed of my sudden outburst.

- You don't fuck with JR..... period.
- Missing the plane, breaking ribs, Tyra, the police, the busride....everything...it's just a little too much....no one will ever believe this shit.
- Like I said man, strange thing happen around JR for some reason, if you go on tour with this here man, you'd better get used to it.

I pause.

- This....

-

I pause again.

- ...my friend.....is just another day in my life. Can I buy you a reindeer wrap Sir? Let's celebrate!

I call for the stewardess and she brings us something to eat and drink.

As I return to civilization, this story hits the fan and becomes national news within 12 hours.

The Music To The Christmas Calendar Saved!

I tell the story a hundred times and a hundred times I wonder if anyone listened to what I said. In some papers we learn that the police saved the music to the Christmas Calendar, which quite obviously wasn't all true. In some papers a mysterious undercover cop saved the music to the Christmas calendar, which wasn't all the way true either. So therefore I wanted to tell it only one more time, in my own words before it faded on me. The police called me after fumbling with the technical forensic investigation for 10 days; they wanted to send me my computers. For some reason I tell the inspector, not Hemlin this time that Tyra on Tott had warned me and that I should have left the room immediately.

- Well sir, I don't know so much about that but I know that the room that was broken into is a room where not even trained plicedogs want to enter.

I will be surprised if the bust on the airport will have any significance in getting this crime solved or these two criminals their fair sentence. In my opinion they are guilty beyond doubt, mainly because the tools they used to break in with were found together with my stolen property. It will take another imbecile DA not to be able to convict them, but there are enough of those I have learned. However, it is also beyond doubts that that they will be released without charges, with a possible charge of being reasonably suspected for burglary. They might be a little troubled that their records might be somewhat tainted having that little suspicion pointed at them. They missed the plane and that, beyond doubt, will be something that they will sue me or the people of Sweden for, so either way someone will have to pay for that and it's not going to be them. If they get convicted they won't have to pay anything, they already returned the stolen goods...except my money. The money they found on Shorty and Dumbo is money I have to prove that was mine, cause of course they claim that the money that was left after wining and dining on my expense for two days was theirs. So I

after the airport-bust I have to go to the police and leave my fingerprints to prove that it was my money although I explained to the police that the money was withdrawn quite some time ago, was part of my travel-cash for unexpected expenses, that I had handled the money once after the withdrawal and that they for that reason won't find any of my fingerprints on them. The judge will decide whose money it is and the judge must decide that the money belongs to them, if there are none of my fingerprints on them; it's as easy as 1, 2, 3.

I got my computers back, yes and I am as happy as can be for that, yes. I am back in the US yes, I have been able to start working again, yes. Thank you Lord for keeping your eye on me. The police wants me to claim damages and I see no reason because I know they're gonna walk away anyway. If I would claim anything it would probably just equal their legal right to a finders fee, after all they found them outside the sauna of the hotel Diplomat. Remember? If my stuff was worth 30k dollars their legal right to a finders fee would be 10%, a total of 3k. The jobs I lost (forget about the cash) when I couldn't work for 2 weeks were about 3k..... see what I mean? That is justice for you in a nutshell.

Luckily I am still ignorant as to how things work in the US but I have no reason to think that there is such a huge difference. I just know that when I was hit by a yellow cab in NYC, he made an illegal u-turn against a red light as I was rolling my bike over the crossing, snatched the rear wheel of my bike, I managed to jump off but he totally demolished the bike. I stand there with my broken bike screaming at him, asking him what the fuck he is doing. He takes off. I memorize his license plates and call 911. In 30 seconds I have two police patrols and two ambulance patrols in front of me. The ambulance people asking me again and again if I am alright, the police writing down a report immediately. Like I said, I don't know how things work in the US but I just know that there was an immediate response, and the mere knowledge that had I pursued getting correction from the company for whom this prick was working for, in this case yellowcab (taken that a spilled hot coffee at mc Donald's can render a multimillion damage check and not only a credit at the local dry cleaners)... is enough for me to at least feel somewhat protected. Who knows, I might have gotten a nice lump sum of money.....had I asked for it.

Western society is based on forgiveness, it's part of the Christian principle. One can think of capital punishment as medieval. Maybe, maybe not, maybe it's just a constant battle in flux between two opponents. Who will siege? Does it matter? Good and evil is just a reflection of the same thing, good might be evil and vice versa. There are always three sides to the story, the two opponents sides, and the truth.

The Vikings had a city council where people treated unfair would state their case and a verdict be handed out agreed on by chosen men, this was a long time ago. Protection in Sweden is high for the perpetrators; to get any one convicted in Sweden is almost impossible. Criminals know that and therefore they love Sweden. Hello Sweden, wake up!!!

Jon Rekdal May 5, 2007®