

Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory: #38 A Kaleidoscope of Nausea, Horror, and Malarkey

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20250108 Home, Sweet Home 38, Orange_vf

Κύριε, έλέησον. (Lord, have mercy.)

Midway?

- Initially heading the wrong way, it took an act of insubordination verging on mutiny by one of the squadron leaders, Waldron by name, for some to head in what turned out to be the correct direction.
- The planes his squadron flew had been obsolete since 1939.
- There was no fighter escort to be had.
- As was the quaint custom for torpedo planes, they went in low and slow, please.
- A-and the fact that their torpedoes were generally known to be NFG doesn't seem to have overly troubled them, neither.
- I give you: Torpedo 8 <insert demented cackle>.

My own opinion (borrowing from Richard Wolin) regarding the stuff I write: "Anecdotally rich but analytically impoverished." i.e., the view from the trenches

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Purpose: To Ridicule Few. To Amuse Many. To Inform Startle All.

A reminder: because of frequent computer malfunctions, when I notice an egregious "printer's devil," I'll **bold** it and add [sic]. That'll bitch it.

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That a (Black or considered such) no-talent like me can even be thought worth bothering with by the US Government suggests an unhealthy, maybe even delusional, state of mind among These Princes Who Govern Us™. And so I say: "Bollocks!"

My family's trajectory, summarized: From (formal) slavery to (informal) slavery in three generations.

— Machiavelli

"There is nothing more difficult to take in hand, more perilous to conduct, or more uncertain in its success, than to take the lead in the introduction of a new order of things."

— *Life and Fate*, Grossman

"That night his father told his story. He spoke calmly and quietly. What he described could only be spoken about quietly; it could never be conveyed by tears or screams."

« *Que cet écrivain écrit ailleurs. Enfin!* »

— Mae West

"Goodness had nothing to do with it."

— *Nicolai Lilin*, from his YouTube channel

"Grazie alla selezione che eseguo, questo spazio è libero dai vari provocatori e malintenzionati."

— Greenwald, paraphrased

We have: Opacity at the top, transparency at the bottom. I'd prefer: a rebuttable presumption of transparency at the top and rebuttable presumption of opacity at the bottom.

I always knew I could become like you; I was once afraid I might.

(0) A Note to the Reader:

(12-16-25) The primary cause of this and other HSHs being late is my own laziness and lack of discipline, though other reasons also contributed:

1. Recent events and people's antics here and elsewhere.
2. The stress of, among other sources, increasingly weird and provocative behavior by Tyson's teenage son.
3. My fear of Tyson, should he strike again, as he did after my distribution of a previous HSH earlier this year.
4. Lastly, in my own defense, I plead: "We will sell no *whine* before its time" (Credit Paul Masson's wine, modified).

(1) Summary of Contents:

(1) Notes to AFJ Investments with the outcome of my complaints. **(2)** Repeated fiascoes on the Montebello bus system, from 1-10-25 to 1-15-25, a lengthy timeline. **(3)** Events in my apartment complex. **(4)** More of Mrs 'Bell's persistent, minor vandalism, documented in pictures. **(5)** A confusing email from Irene.

(2) Tales of Tylenol (my evil twin, Tylenol Hawkins, that is) or The *Kompromat* Korner:

This smart aleck does seem to have a reputation. Consider. At a (sit-down) dinner party I was once invited to, I noticed the host and his sister, both of the Jewish persuasion (though of the light-touch variety, I believe), occasionally casting anxious(?) glances in my direction when the guests were asked to each read a passage from a religious text. Years later, a mover I'd hired, a young man of the Ibo persuasion (thus likely a heavy-duty Christian), after a near-nightmarish two-day's move of *extraneous junk* precious personal belongings in my *dépôt* bungalow, curiously inquired as to my religion. I can report that your noisome smart aleck held his fire. You know, sometimes I get the feeling my reputation, like a bad aftershave, precedes me.

(3) Plumbing the Depths, (Pukka) Wanker that I Am (No doubt due to the abysmal rate of reproductive success characteristic of we paranoid schizophrenics):

(2-1-25) Mrs. 'Bell's music has been loud, at times deafeningly loud, today. It's past 8PM, and I've been hearing it for hours. In spite of the cold (it's still winter), her front door's wide open. I suspect, from past observations, that, at times, she may be retreating to her bathroom, leaving only that light on as the rest of her 500 ft sq bungalow is sometimes dark. (Update 11:21PM) Her music has been off for hours; her door is now closed. I often find it to be open nights while music is playing but closed afterwards. This is shameful treatment of an old, unfortunate woman. This is cruel. This is part and parcel of the US Government's behavior toward the weak.

(4) Errors, Corrections (Lost & Found), Clarifications and Amplifications (A new section in which I acknowledge, among others, prior mistakes):

Recently, many items, mostly trivial, have been disappearing and reappearing. So often in fact that I'm wondering whether to treat them as instances of items: (1) Stolen, (2) Moved, (3) Hidden, or (4) Merely the result of absent-mindedness on my part.

(5) To my Landlord, AFJ Investments. One in an Occasional Series:

On January 16, 2025, I sent the following email:

To: AFJ, Beth Wolfson, Irene Hawkins, Roberta Edgar

Subject: A burning would? is come to dance, inane (Credit unknown parties...)

Hi Y'all,

Meant mostly for perusal by Management of AFJ Investments, this concerns a burning question much on my mind since 1-14-25.

Relations with certain tenants in the circus you, the "magnificent Andersons" (adapted from the title of an Orson Welles film of the Booth Tarkington novel by the same name) and yr Management, are pleased to call an apartment complex, have recently cooled considerable.

So, out of an abundance of caution, I thought I'd first check wiv' you on the following.

- Would? I be allowed to fly a flag (a small one, 3x5') from my front door or.
- Would? it excessively *froisse* the evidently much put upon feelings of me neighbors & yr Management? Sample pic available upon request.
- Would? I thereby be risking another bit of malicious mischief such as regrettably happened last year when an anemometer mast I'd attached to my railing was snapped near the base (by parties unknown, I quickly add)?
- Would? you mebbe be in a position to offer guarantees?

A-and what about the refund for excessive rent paid, amounting to \$53.64; a sum which LAHD [Los Angeles Housing Department], after well over a year had elapsed since I first complained, found you owe me for "illegal rent increase." Eh?

Lastly, if the tenor of my message is unclear and I come across as obscure (as one of yr employees, someone named Denise I believe, recently said), I offer my profound apologies.

Do look for my web site, won't you...

Thanks.

co

(signed)

Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) Hawkins, dba Grounded Grid, West Addams [sic] District, Los Angeles

P.S. To my beloved sisters, Irene (upon whose enemies, confusion) and Colette Walczak (dead of cancer in 2018) and two other unfortunates as well, Mari Berg and *Elmira Izmailova*: May our wordless tears, yours and mine, eventually prove invincible.

P.P.S. If you know who stole my fresh 2.5lb bag of coffee beans from the kitchen, I'd be grateful if you could put in a good word with the thief as I'm a poor man and the loss *is* a hardship.

P.P.P.S. *On. M'a. Fait. Du. Tort.*

To which I quickly got the following (short and sweet, just as I like them — though hardly to the point) reply. A reply which I thought it best to not answer:

Thank you Mr. Hawkins. Let us know if we can help in any way. Shall we schedule a meeting?
Sent from AT&T Yahoo Mail for iPhone

Recently, I was visited by a man from AFJ Investments who had me sign a paper of some kind. I asked what had happened to the usual handyman and was told he'd died. I then asked if the other handyman had also died but did not get an answer.

Ms. Anderson, when will you comply with the LAHD decision on the rent overcharge of \$53.64 (case #SO302426)?

(6) The Cat Walks (Backward, Natch!):

I'd like to know more about an incident at my sister's apartment in Manhattan. The seller, finding they'd made a mistake, charged her an extra 3,000, which sum Father paid. Was it merely an illustration of the Arab proverb that "The rug is never sold," or was there perhaps something more weighty to it? And what, if any, was my sister's role in this vis-à-vis Father?

Once, as I was being fired from Encore Video, my boss, in a nice way, suggested that I become a salesman instead of continuing as a technician. In another bit of irony, not quite as innocent, over fifty years ago, a high school teacher in Germany suggested I do the same. Maybe these people know something I don't.

A timeline: (1) Initial complaint of illegal rent increase by AFJ Investments made before 5/9/23. (2) After nigh on two years, LAHD closes the case without informing me. (3) Case reopened after I visit an East Los Angeles LAHD office in person to find my previous case closed. (4) Late in 2024, Ms Ramirez of the LAHD finds for me, phone/emails/letters are exchanged. (5) AFJ Investments ignores several attempts to collect. (6) January 10: Case closure letter composed by LAHD. (7) January 24: Letter mailed by LAHD. (8) January 28: USPS puts letter in wrong mailbox (though my address is clearly marked). (9) January 28: Letter handed to me by neighbor. (10) 1-30-25: I learn by notice on my door that the property is being sold. A-and will there be anything else?

(7) Running the Public Transit Gauntlet or "Prendere in Giro":

(1-13-24) The contents of this entire section are taken from notes made as events were unfolding. I present here a timeline and itinerary for three days' bus rides during shopping excursions on: 1-10-25, 1-13-25, and 1-15-25. Original handwritten notes have been kept, the scans will be made available online. Apologies for the mind-numbing level of detail included, so egregious is what I detail here that I feel it necessary to include the minutiae.

First, a brief summary of 1/13/25.

1. As with most lives, the day began full of promise and hope.
2. Eastward, ho! To Montebello for a visit to a CO2 bottle supply and fire extinguisher business.
3. Lost, I conduct an informal straw poll on the street. Result: some "spoiled ballots" give inconclusive results.
4. The Fenix Fire Fiasco (they'd moved).
5. An urgent need to pee!
6. The inevitable "bus scheduling conflicts" occur.
7. In desperation, I walk. *À marche forcée!* (Part I).
8. An angel appears, I get to pee (Oh Gawd!).
9. To Walmart, where I'm "Bedeviled by a Yellow-jacket."
10. Another "bus scheduling conflict" and encounter with a "Jobsworth" of the first water.
11. I lose my bearings, though not my bearing.
12. With "a delicious vagueness" — a coffee interlude.

13. *À marche forcée!* (Part II)

14. Near midnight, I can finally exclaim: "Home is the hero!"

The timeline covering three days' outings, including the crucial 1/13/25 itinerary, which is underlined:

1/10/25, to a Walmart neighborhood store

1. Metro #212, ID5670, southbound.
2. Metro #40, ID1634, southbound, 8PM.
3. At 21:34, bought \$19.57 from Walmart.
4. Metro #40, ID5962, northbound, past 11PM.
5. Metro #212, ID5670, northbound At 11:48PM. I noticed the driver drove in a "jerky" manner, alternating between brief acceleration and momentary braking.

1/13/25, to "Fenix Fire," a CO2 business, then to Walmart

1. Took the E Line to terminus at Atlantic Station.
2. At about 1PM, I rode bus ID1603, Montebello Bus Service #10, southbound to Whittier and Greenwood.
3. Walked about 1 mile, past Montebello Way.
4. Got bad directions from a passerby who said Montebello Way was further south.
5. While walking back, I was unable to get directions from a 7-11 employee, nor could I use the bathroom.
6. Got correct directions from someone who directed me north.
7. Got bad directions from another person, possibly at the Carmelita bus stop, who said Montebello Way did not exist.
8. Went to 544 Montebello Way, found the business had moved.
9. Asked to use the bathroom at two businesses across the street from my bus stop.
10. Montebello Bus #20, ID2025, northbound, did not stop for me at Carmelita. I also saw another going in the opposite direction, ID1805.
11. I walked from Carmelita back to Whittier Boulevard, where, at a burger place, I was allowed to use the bathroom for a *very* pressing need.
12. At 17:45, #20, ID1805, eastbound on Whittier, stopped for me to board at Greenwood.
13. At 19:00:26 bought items at Walmart: \$66.77.

On the same day, coming back from Walmart:

1. Took #20 back (have no written notes on this).

Perhaps there is an alternate, innocent reading of the events detailed above. If so, I'd be interested in hearing of it.

(8) Daffynitions (i.e., Section 8 stuff) With profuse apologies for the obscurity of it all. Oh, so sorry!:

"Service dogs," **phrase**: As regards Uncle Sam, Phobos, and Deimos, perhaps? But just in whose service are they, really. Part of the answer may lie within the bungalow across from mine; think of the titanic struggles of Saint Bernard wiv' is two unruly dawgs, struggles I've documented at length in these pages. But what I really want to know from the Saint is, why two? *¡Sospechoso!*

Sympathetic Detonation, **phrase**: See (*si je n'm'abuse*) "Binary Poison," previously defined in these pages.

Fumisterie, n: See below.

Cacophony, **n**: As when neighbor Saint Bernard (*fumiste* of the first water) runs his vacuum cleaner for long stretches to no discernible end while, simultaneously, Mrs. 'Bell (ditto), loudly and volubly struggling with her demons(?), trips the light fantastic, as a car drives by with *moult pétarades*, and just as my quiet, long-suffering next-door neighbor joins in with well-timed, synchronized movements amid clangs of his gardening equipment. For a more succinct definition, see the (trilingual, I'll have you note) portmanteau word: *Kak-Ô-Phoney*. A-and are we having fun yet?

Scélérat, n: Of French origin, the word curiously resembles an Americanism: Sell a rat.

Cynicism, **n**: A trap, not for the unwary; for the wary, rather.

Déboussolé, n: Literally, having had one's compass taken away. When, having incautiously closed one's eyes to better enjoy the ride, one finds, on reopening them, that the bus driver (or any purported *Conducatore*, really) has, instead, taken *us* for a ride. One can then speak of being "*déboussolé*" (see section above: "*Prendere in Giro*" — quite literally in my case); mankind's general predicament. By no means to be excluded from this peremptory judgment is our so-called

2. At 20:17, Montebello Bus Service, #10, ID2026, westbound, I boarded at Whittier and Greenwood. Later, the driver announced, "Last stop," because of the time, saying he was now off duty. The sole other passenger exited before me at this stop. I had closed my eyes throughout most of the ride and was almost napping when he told me to exit. When I asked how to get to the E Line terminus, he replied that a Metro bus across the street, at a car wash, could take me to a Metrolink station, that they were open all night and would have lavatories (I had not brought up the subject, nor had I asked about Metrolink, having said "E Line").
3. I did not know the area; it was night and when he turned onto Garfield at Whittier, I became disoriented, unable to tell which way was west.
4. At 20:36, Montebello Bus Service #10, ID1303 at Whittier and Garfield, the driver hesitated when I asked which bus I should take, before saying, "#10," pointing across the street to a car wash. My own driver, mentioned in point #1, had said this bus line no longer ran at this time. When I asked if I were headed east, he replied that I was going in the wrong direction.
5. At the same stop, the next #10 had ID2033.
6. Another #10 driver, when I asked if he went to the E Line terminus, replied: "Normally, yes."
7. On the street, I asked two people for directions to downtown, without success.
8. At 9:01PM, I bought coffee at Starbucks #49421, paid \$3.95, for which I have a receipt. When I asked an employee for directions, he did not answer clearly.
9. I finally figured out the way by looking at the trail of airplanes going toward LAX, and later confirmed it when I noticed the lights of Mount Wilson to my right.
10. Now properly oriented, I walked to the terminus of Metro Rail E Line, about two miles away.

11. Got home at about 11:30PM.

1/15/25, to El Monte Walmart superstore & Idropornics [sic], Inc.

1. After getting off at Bunker Hill from E Line, I thought my connection was another train, the J Line. Wandered for some time until I realized J Line refers to a bus, not a train. I soon found the stop, boarding a #910(?), ID8368, at 1:09PM on Olive Boulevard.
2. At 1:48PM, I transferred to a #287, ID4080, eastbound.
3. At 14:52, at Walmart, I got a refund of \$16.16 buying \$29.39 of additional items.
4. At 3:26PM, I boarded a northbound #287, ID4058.
5. Transferred to a Foothill Transit #178, eastbound at 4:37PM, ID2413.
6. Then walked 1.3 miles to Idropornics, Inc, where I bought a filled CO2 tank for \$147.30.
7. At 6:11PM, a surprise! I boarded Foothill Transit #492, ID3121, westbound, to the El Monte station at no charge and, at Santa Anita and Live Oak, noticed a bus stop for this bus. It was not on the map I'd downloaded from the Metro website, where only a stop for the #178 was shown.
8. At 7:10PM, Aboard Metro #910, ID8364, westbound, there was a small incident. While carrying my CO2 tank, a passenger began asking about the cylinder, then speculated loudly about my making methamphetamine. Later, he went forward and spoke with the driver, who came back to examine my dolly. Later, the same loud passenger offered me pills of some kind. By then, I had stopped speaking to him, getting up, facing the front, and turning my back to him. As I exited the bus, the driver cautioned me about holding on firmly. He also advised me that the cylinder was not allowed on public transit. I reached home at about 8:30PM.

leadership, which, in general, is nothing of the kind. How else is one to explain how I, mostly self-taught, isolated, eccentric and ~~erazy~~ neurally challenged, was able to fix my diabetes and obesity without recourse to Kaiser ~~Permanente~~ Matanzima (Land of the Upright Coke Machines)TM expertise or treatment, where both the help and management, including the CEO, all have far more education, common sense, connectivity and brains than I? For. They. Are. Not. Dumb.

Marxism, **n**: Comes in two flavors. Though bolshie in the extreme, I myself belong to the less bloody wing, i.e., "... meaning uncooperative, recalcitrant, truculent." (Credit Oxford Dictionary of Modern Slang, 2010); the so-called "School of Groucho"...

She-devil, **n**: In my opinion, a redundant expression (at least around these parts). See a long-ago comment by that poor man, Caltech's Lee Browne, previously quoted, as well as this Italian phrase: "*Chi disse donna disse danno*" *¿Qué no?*

(9) The Eccentric ShaftTM: Dubious Interactions with my Fellow Crazies, A-and me a Paranoid Schizophrenic, Too (Credit: Irene Hawkins, personal comm.):
There's method to this madness, I daresay. « *On fend le bois avec un coin en bois.* »

(1-31-25) Today, Mrs. 'Bell was in fine Serb-on-a-stickTM mode again, i.e., "Псујући као Србин на штапу," she was. What with her infernal (*façon de parler*) gospel music played at an equally infernal volume, her door wide open, and her current habit of cursing me like an effin' *méjère* (fishwife) whenever I appear anywhere near her bungalow. Sigh.

(10) La Rubrique des Gueules Cassées:

(12-27-24) At the Culver Marina office of Kaiser ~~Permanente~~ Matanzima (Land of the Upright Coke Machines)TM for an exam, while giving a blood sample ordered, I overheard someone request a urine test. Reminded, I later asked the receptionist to see if I could give a sample (I'd been noticing foam in the toilet bowl after I pee), adding that (because of the violent dizzy spells I'd mentioned during my appointment) I wanted the doctor to know I was not a drug user. After some difficulties contacting the office upstairs, she told the nurse that: (1) I was requesting a drug test and (2) wanted to give a urine sample.

A customer in Marina del Rey, I think, someone I'd never seen before, out of the blue, asks me during a computer repair visit: "Were you an abused child?" I dunno about this place.

(11) The Quotable Other with "Tales of the *Himmelfahrtkommando*TM My Most Sincere & Devoted Friends", i.e., My Poor Neighbors' Antics:

(1-25-25) Napping in the evening, I hear Saint Bernard make vaguely threatening, ambiguous noises with Mrs. 'Bell soon joining in. Though by now, this is small beer for me, it is still cause for concern.

(12) Les Casses et Déboires de l'Oncle Sam (the first implying the second) (Uncle Sam's Robberies and (Other) Mishaps):

(1-16-25) (1) Called LAPD to report a burglary in which previously damaged glasses were stolen (eyeglass case and clip-ons not taken), the second pair in about five years. I was told by Operator #487 to call again as they are not responding to non-urgent calls for the foreseeable future. (2) Made an appointment for eye exam at Kaiser ~~Permanente~~ Matanzima (Land of the Upright Coke Machines)TM. (3) Ordered four pairs of new eyeglass frames from AliExpress. That'll bitch it! (Update 1-21-25) Found the glasses, lens and screw in another glass case. I don't remember putting them there, and anyway, I would not have separated them from their clip-on shades. But, because of this doubt, I may not report this.

(13) SassenachTM and His Yankee Damyankee Tricks:

(2-1-25) I sometimes find myself unable to dial numbers I've previously called. Example: A place in the City of Commerce I've called several times in the past, I last successfully dialed their number, 323-726-8982, on 1/16/26, speaking with a Carlos. But beginning on 1/28/25, I began getting a message: "The number cannot be reached as dialed."

(14) Benelux: A Kushi, it's True, but a Nice One:

(1-12-25) Sitting at the curb this morning, sunning myself, I began hearing the drone of neighbors to the south of me, Tub-thumperTM's wife and an unidentified man, as they chatted on the sidewalk. I listened for a time until, *à bout* (patience exhausted), I slowly ambled over with my Day-Glo folder much on display and, on reaching them, *à bout portant*, without a word, dropped a *Zersetzung* flier at their feet. Turning my back, I paused for a sip of coffee before returning to my chair.

Regarding my unequivocal refusal to take further care of Father decades ago, would it be considered excessively callous for me to quip: "It were 'im or me!?" Folks, anything for a laff.

Just where do I place myself on the spectrum from old Estonians to Old Etonians (this from a Macmillan line)? To ask the question is to answer it. In fact, *récemment*, (14-1-25), *je dois avouer que, dans le cadre de cette anecdote au sujet de Macmillan, j'ai fait quelques folies* (\$8.16, including shipping, on eBay).

(15) Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:

Nuffink to report, thankfully.

(16) Shooting Fish in a Barrel I am, a-and Getting Pretty Good at it, Too (e.g., Bus Driver's Words: "We Don't Need Your Mouth." Had I Hit a Nerve?):

Of a morning (and noon, and night), I often hear an infernal racket coming from the trash cans behind my open bedroom window (someone struggling mightily wiv' 'is garbage, no doubt). So, with a desperation reminiscent of the repeated admonition by Spanish consular personnel in Paris (during a long-ago visit by my parents to renew mom's passport. A visit in which there may also have been an attempt to suborn a functionary — but never mind.) to the crowd gathered in the garden, whenever it became a bit too unruly, inwardly I shout: "*¡Silencio! ¡Silencio!*"

(2-3-25) To my mind, here are the main problems facing us all. I list them here in order of increasing importance:

1. The “Democratic Deficit” we all suffer from; I in acute form, most of the rest of you, chronically. Once tempted to call it *the* most important of all our problems (after all, does not the universe revolve around me?), I now see even more important hurdles before us.
2. The question of our health, physical and mental. Both of which could, in the opinion of some (Credit Harris of the “Georgia Harrises”), be fixed by the simple, or perhaps not so simple (think of the CEOs of major concerns, Pepsi and Danone among others who, having done basically that, were found by stockholders to be “not fit for purpose”) expedient of paying more for our food. A more serious problem as it is fundamental and widespread.
3. The possibility of war with a nuclear-armed nation, this time.
4. The question of our planet’s health. You’d think this to be the most serious of all. *Neni!*
5. Most important of all, the steps we, as a thinking, planning, and acting collective, are taking to remedy #3 and #4. Should maybe be characterized as solutions in the fashion of Colette Walczak: poultices for cancer.

(17) Pics:



Figure 1: Peregrinations of donations, A timeline: (1) Placed at sidewalk along with plastic jar at right (2) Soon moved next to trash, see above (3) Later put in trash container (4) Then behind Brother *Cantinflas*' bungalow (5) Before finally disappearing, never to be seen again.



Figure 2: A plastic jar left for donation along with milk crate at left; now in trash, 1-19-25. Another in a continuing series.



Figure 3: Khalida Jarrar, head of the PFLP, before and after thirteen months of captivity in Israel. By comparison, what's happened to me over the last fifty years is but smoke and mirrors. Think of poor Tyson, the Corn-fed Golem™, a man half my age, weighing twice what I do, hitting me on several occasions; wiv'out leaving a mark... Yet.

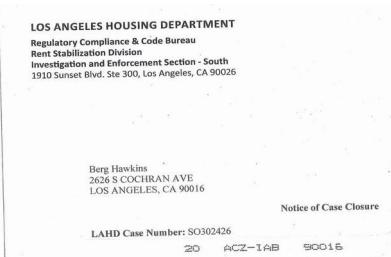


Figure 4: Justice delayed/Justice denied.



Figure 5: Today (1-31-25), another sample of Sassenach's™ MO: “Stap in, maak kak, stap uit.” I got off easy... this time.

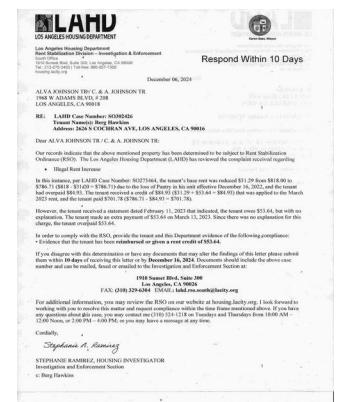


Figure 6: Proof positive of what, exactly?

(18) Beruf: Luftmensch (A new section in which I discuss progress, if any... on my projects):

(19) Les Lamentations d'un Batracien Désabusé:

(1-14-25) I'd sent Irene an email announcing yesterday's humdrum errands, her reply:

"Would suggest that you pack a bag with necessities should your neighborhood receive an evacuation order as the fires are by no means under control. Baci,!"

A bit stilted, no? Why is it that, as here, after I have a conversation with Irene, I feel bad? My poor sister, retracing Colette's steps. Ghastly.

(20) Conclusions or (In the Immortal Words of Soul Brother #1 former president Obama) "The View from the Cheap Seats":

When one is dealing with more than one individual, either showing signs of mental illness or with a history of such, one is justified in suspecting this violates the law of averages.

About the faction or factions helping me for so long (fifty years, I'd say), I ask myself: What do they believe in? What do they think? What do they stand for? Who are they? What am I to make of them? I. Have. No. Idea. So how can I be expected to approve or disapprove of any of them?

And, closer to home, looking at the people I see, hear, and experience every day; I again ask: what am I to make of *them*? There is the Saint Bernard™ Show. The Mrs. 'Bell™ Show, wiv' her occasional Late Show, her Late Late Show, a-and (stay with me) her Late Late Late Show (Oh, Gawd!). The Tiny Terror™ Show. The Lady Lurk™ Show. The Tub-thumper™ Show. The Brother *Cantinflas*™ Show. The Corn-fed Golem™ and Company Show. "The Toiling Teams of *Tenochtitlan*"™ Show. And on and on and on.

As information is generally considered to have a scarcity value, in order for the factions, whoever they are, to have a minimum of purchase **coon** [sic, I'd written "on"] me, I chose the watchword: "Everything!" Reason enough for me to put my whole life in the public domain. In the adapted words of that sad creature, my former boss, David Epstein, owner of Sound Solutions [sic]: "I want [you] to know everything!" A-and furthermore, as regards me at least, "**Money Kompromat** is like muck: not good except it be spread" (Credit Bacon, adapted).

How can this mess be fixed if it is *not* kept quiet? People are just not that well-behaved, and there could be generalized, successive "nights of the long knives." Yet how can it be fixed if it *is*?

The bargain between Peasant and State. Peasant does his sums and, in the hope that State exaction, when compared with what he foresees the Mongol may take (everything), will be tolerable, grants the State certain rights over him. OK. What happens to this reasoning, though, when State and Mongol are one and the same?

(21) Quotations from Chairman Miaou (Those of you with either a long memory or a guilty conscience will get the reference):

About the "air conditioning" of the sewer I've referred to in previous HSHs, it amounts to the following. As with elsewhere, torture does go on here, too. The difference being that here, they have you sign a non-disclosure agreement. Following best practice, as with Savonarola, they're presumably careful to spare the hand you sign with. Don't believe me? Ask José Padilla, better known as the "Dirty Bomber."

... the Paranoid Schizophrenic Stutterer™ metamorphosed into a social butterfly...

I've been accused of being obscure. In my own defense, I reply that for the Geeerman™, a book is hardly considered worth reading if it is not incomprehensible.

Stalin once said that, in the Red Army, it took courage to be a deserter. The observation holds true for me as well, regardless of which side one speaks. Whether considered from the POV of the criminal element currently embedded in the US Government. Or that of the people without whose help I'd be in bad shape. No?

Think of the previously reported, *documented* incident in which an item of mine was, according to the CHP, found in a stolen car in the San Gorgonio Pass.

The Soviets, while they were still in business, always developed their five year plans manually. They simply didn't trust their coders. To our own technical coolies: how can we trust that which we can't understand? Namely, your AI and our US Government: both black boxes. We're back to the Age of Faith, wot?

My last word in this latest kaleidoscope of nausea, horror, and malarkey I call *Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #38*: On her deathbed (she died about a week later), I said to Colette Jose Walczak: "Life has been unfair to you." Weakly, she replied: "Well, what are you gonna do?" I, in an equally gentle voice: "Write. Write." Colette then coughed once and paused before coughing three more times.

In my fevered imagination, I thought this to be a coded message on her part.

Thankyou!Thankyou!Thankyou!

(signed)

Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) "Pukka Wanker" Hawkins

P.S. To my beloved sisters, Irene (upon whose enemies, confusion) and Colette Walczak (dead of cancer in 2018) and two other unfortunates as well, Mari Berg and *Elmira Izmailova*: May our wordless tears, yours and mine, eventually prove invincible.

P.P.S. *On. M'a. Fait. Du. Tort.*