

Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #39 A Kaleidoscope of Nausea, Horror, and Malarkey

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Κύριε, ἐλέησον. (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 to informal slavery in three generations.

"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."

— Machiavelli

"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."

— *Life and Fate*, Grossman

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

"Goodness had nothing to do with it."

— Mae West

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

— Nicolai Lilin, from his YouTube channel

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

— Greenwald, paraphrased

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

Never trust a smart Black! I say this without the slightest hesitation (Folks, you heard it here first).

As I'm nothing if not a reasonable man, ever willing to be helpful, a suggestion for my flock, i.e., neighbors: In order that, come *Ragnarök*, y'all gets y'all's stories straight, I encourage you to keep diaries. Helps immensely.

— Berg "Kampfmuzhik" Hawkins

(1) Tales of the ~~Schwartz~~fommando (Credit Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*), where Life imitates Art:

A new section in which I'll endeavor to demonstrate by means of examples, the truth of the notion that "Amateurs use physical violence while professionals exploit existing social tensions." Here I will list what I perceive to be a surfeit of *Aktion* carried out exclusively by what I believe to be "State-sponsored Elements of the Negro Persuasion™." About the font, it seems everything I write, down to *that*, is controversial. A-and, are we having fun yet?

(2) Tales of Tylenol (my evil twin, Tylenol Hawkins, that is) or The *Kompromat* Korner, for it is said: "Money *Kompromat* is like muck, not good (for Tylenol) except it be spread" (Credit Bacon, altered):

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

(2-21-25) Recently overheard around my apartment complex: (1) Mrs. 'Bell: "... 88 ... Jew... Imagine..." (2) Brother *Cantinflas*: "... cancer... too proud..."

(3) Saint Bernard, coming out of his bungalow: "Get out of my bed!" Could the three of them be persuaded to fill out these utterances or ellipses and clarify?

(4-??-25) Another two instances of yr *Pukka* Wanker™ caught out; no further details, I don't do that kind of content... Suffice it to say I was abed of a morning.

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

(3-16-25) I've decided to pay my rent by check from now on and put this month's in the slot provided. Getting a note crediting me for overpayment of \$53.64, I checked my bank account, and found the check, written on 3-5-25, still has not been deposited. (Update 3-17-25, check cashed!)

(3-21-25) On the possibility of yr (upper) management monetizing the ongoing circus around here, a further suggestion. You could take advantage of the energy and fervor recently shown by yr every tenant of the Negro Persuasion™ and bill their collective act as an acrobat (*Endsiegakrobaten?*) sideshow. Though I now understandably confess to a reluctance in acting, as I'd previously suggested, as ringmaster. With the noise, chaos, police visits, and violence ("moderate physical pressure?") around here, it's a wonder you're able to keep any tenants. What's yr secret?

(5-9-25) With both my smoke alarms having gone off by themselves several times in the last couple of months, I've unplugged them. Thinking the batteries might be at fault (both of them?), I bought two more, to no avail. Should someone in yr *Apparat* by chance happen to read this, do send yr handyman around to

install new ones; if I'm not home, he can just drop them off. Also, the front door is coming off its hinges. You can send him over anytime, as the door is left open whether I'm home or not.

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

Caltech/JPL people whose path I crossed: (1) John Hestenes, JPL (2) Willard Brown (3) Arno (last unknown) (4) Carver Meade (5) *Jorg Gustavson* (6) *Subhash Sharma* (7) *Evangelos Coutsias* (8) Richard Feynman (9) Elsa Garmire (10) Arnold Beckman (11) Annette Smith (12) David Smith (13) Edwin Munger (14) Munger secretary (name unknown) (15) *Menachem Cimmerman* (16) *Stephan Suszko*, JPL (17) Lee Browne (18) Robert Tajima (19) Richard Eshun (20) Hal Bright (21) *Ohshima*(SP?) *Tsutomu* (22) *Finn Ravndahl* (23) *Elsa Ravndahl* (24) Jacques Durand (25) *Per Brinch-Hansen* (26) Floyd Humphrey (27) (first unknown) Wilcox (28) Price Walker (29) Mark Sengstacke (30) Robert Sinsheimer (31) *Budak Barkan* (32) Bill Bratton (33) Shirley Marneus (34) Michael *Patynama*(SP?) (35) Victoria Humphrey (36) *Kadri Vural* (37) High school girl briefly attending Munger seminars (name unknown) (38) *Henri*(SP?) *Farhi* (39) Erwin (last unknown), Romanian Saxon(?) (40) James Demmel (about whom, see below) (41) Dan Diner.

I remember Professor Humphrey, for whom I was working one summer (I failed in my work), telling me, apropos nothing: "you're not the early-rising kind." At least he wasn't calling me *cabrón a tout bout de champ* ! Then there is the math TA who, unsolicited, told me I was the kind who talks my way through my classes.

Subhash Sharma had asked to temporarily move into the apartment I shared with Bill Bratton. After permission was granted, he began sleeping on our living room couch. I did notice, thinking nothing of it, his leaving about carelessly, a novel the title of which is so unusual I remember it to this day: *Baron Orgasz*; no doubt about some Hungarian feller. It was thus inevitable that the inevitable would happen. When, eventually, William Eugene Bratton III cast his eyes upon the book cover, he, tolerance no doubt exceeded, promptly bade poor Subhash move out immediately. On another occasion, Jim Demmel, a fellow student, unexpectedly dropped by with another person about our age. I don't remember what we talked about, only that at some point I was talking rubbish about the planet Jupiter. Demmel, turning to the other man, said to him: "See," before continuing the conversation. They soon left. I've felt embarrassed about that moment ever since. We did not speak again until, decades later, I called him about parallel processing computers, a subject I was once interested in. Oddly, during my work at Sound Solutions, one of the employees, during a meeting, said, within earshot of me: "He's interested in parallel computers."

About Caltech, could it usefully be seen as a *Шарашка* (*Sharashka*, special regime camp of the Soviet-era Gulag for the exploitation of technical/scientific coolies)?

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

(3-26-25) At 12:35PM, as I tried to board Culver City #1, ID 7132, the driver, smiling broadly at me, started to close the doors as I began to board. I turned my back, noted the particulars, and waited for the next one. Is it useful to draw a parallel between the frequent (mis)behavior of bus drivers and that of police officers? Both have lied to me, both have been useless at times, both have tricked me. This is a long-standing pattern.

I may send a congratulatory note to Metro Transit on the regularity of their service as I sat on 5/5/25 waiting for the #37 and, later, at La Cienega and Airdrome for the #105. on a bench feet from bus signs:

- @ 1:33PM, #37, ID 5614, did not stop.
- @ 1:47PM, #37, ID 4119, slowed but did not stop.
- @ 2:07PM, #37, ID 6035, did not stop.
- @ 2:22PM, #37, ID 5700, did stop!
- @ 5:55PM, #105, ID4043, took on a woman passenger standing near the sign. I got up from the bench, began walking to the front entrance (back doors did not open). As I approached, the driver drove off.
- @ 6:14PM, #105, ID 6106, did not stop as I sat on bench about five yards away.
- @ 6:30PM, #105, ID6096, *idem*.
- @6:56PMN, #105, ID5923, I finally boarded along with another passenger!

(7) The Eccentric Shaft™: 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.* » (One splits wood with a wedge of wood)

"Distracted. When a neighbor, Mrs. 'Bell™, after screaming obscenities and threats at me, calls police and, aided and abetted by Saint Bernard™, claims I'm a thief and peeping Tom, among other things, from distraction. When Corn-fed Golem Tyson™ hits me several times with his fist, once even sneaking up on me before attacking me as I sit, sunning myself, eyes closed, by distraction. When LAPD Officer Shelburne refuses to arrest this poor man for several attacks, preferring instead to question me – repeatedly – on whether, as Tyson claims, I've written about his daughter's breasts. When a witness to one of the attacks claims, when questioned by Shelburne, that Tyson used the word pedophile before hitting me several times. Although after I'd asked, in front of a witness who lives nearby, whether he and another man had seen the attack (they replied in the negative). To this farrago of lies, confusion, and nonsense, I can only reply: (1) "Everything," i.e., I've put all of my life in the public domain. (2) "The more the merrier," i.e., I, who know so little of this place, consequently will not be choosy about who I'm willing to talk to. And last, I ask: what exactly is this escalating cascade of strange events (I've never lived like this) a distraction *from*? I'm curious.

(6-12-25) In repeated, surreal moments, Dread Corn-fed Golem Tyson (Last Unknown)™, since his latest *Aktion*, sometimes just happens to walk by placidly just as I emerge from my bungalow. At times, he quietly mutters something in English or another language. It's as though he had an on/off switch somewhere; not unusual for golems, I guess. Regardless, I always turn away to let him pass, never looking at him, saying nothing. Finally, I have a nickname for his wife: "*la Meneuse*" (in English, the lead chorus girl; implying she's to some extent in charge of the relationship), though she may not exactly be *Folie Bergères* material. I've found the type to often associate with H. *ventrambulans*, though, in this case, whether the relationship is of a symbiotic, commensalist, or parasitic nature is not known at this time.

(8) Daffynitions (i.e., Section 8 stuff) With profuse apologies for the obscurity of it. Oh, So Sorry™!:

“Twinkies Defence,” **phrase**: By avoiding the temptation exemplified by the first word, that is to say, sticking to simple, wholesome fare, I hope to extricate myself from a predicament and fate which, to my jaundiced eye, seems all too common these days. By which I mean, of course, metabolic dysfunction... A-and if ya'll can correctly parse that sentence, I'll eat me proverbial hat!

U.D.I., **acronym**: Inspired by that Spitfire pilot gone mad bad, I give you my very own Unilateral Declaration of Independence. Recently, trying to get the exact date of the electricity shutoff I'd previously requested from DWP, I called. And was met with a tsunami of unabrogated fustian from the DWP operator (I use the word advisedly) who answered (June, Team 16). This young woman seemed not to know the difference between DWP-provided solar and off-grid solar. I courteously cut her off as she seemed about to lose it, when, in an exasperated voice, she repeated: “I don't think you're listening to me!” In a *coup de tête*, I then declared my own UDI, immediately shutting off (prematurely as it turned out; seems I'd temporarily gone bad mad) my circuit breakers. My project, once called Solar Smart House, should be renamed Solar Dumb House, so many are the mistakes I'm making in this effort.

Endsiegakrobaten, **adj**: German, the word's root is “acrobatics.” An affliction from prior times, correct usage: “acrobats of the final victory.” See the definition immediately below for a fix for this syndrome, which, among its symptoms, features loud, extended, and extreme verbal agitation as well as an occasional propensity for applying “moderate physical pressure” by those afflicted.

Bowser-be-Chillin'TM, **trademark**: As there is people Valium, so should there be dog Valium. I offer here a suggestion for a trade name; the thought occasioned by my repeated brushes with such critters, all badly in need of tranquilizers.

Delatio tremens, **phrase**: Of Latin origin, by way of Poland (Credit *Stanislaw Lem*), the word likely partly describes my Father's unfortunate psychological state. «*Die Sünde lockt/Und das Fleisch ist schwach/So wird es immer sein/Die Nacht ist jung/Und der Teufel lacht*» — *Tanz Mit Mir, Faun*. Alas.

Шарашка, **n**: (*Sharashka*) Special regime camp of the Soviet-era Gulag (from Wikipedia), for the exploitation of technical/scientific coolies (my addition).

“Secret police,” **phrase**: With boundaries blurred between State and Private, not wishing to give the impression of possessing any knowledge of the arcana, I use the phrase, deliberately vague and simple-minded, to refer equally to: FBI, NSA, CIA, Palantir, Google(?), etc., A term of (my) art.

(9) *La Rubrique des Gueules Cassées*:

One part of my health is a slow-motion train wreck where: (1) Part of the problem lies aboard the train itself (me), and (2) Another part is likely to be found elsewhere. I can offer the following facts:

Regarding (1):

- Unusual for me, but consistently very low but within normal range (not dangerous?) white and red blood cell counts.
- Some test results from December 27, 2024 with the relevant ones underlined: CBC (complete blood count): WBC's, auto=4.4 (norm 4.0-11.0), RBC's, auto=4.56 (norm 4.5-5.9), HGB=13.8 (norm 13.5-17.5), HCT=42.1 (norm 41-51), MCV=92.3 (norm 83-98), MCH=30.3 (norm 25-35), MCHC=32.8 (norm 30.8-35), RDW=13.6 (norm 11.5-16), platelets (auto cnt)=171 (norm 130-400).
- Attempts made by me to up my red meat consumption.
- Attempts made by me to up my iron intake.
- Lack of any obvious symptoms suggesting low cell counts.
- Anomaly persisting for over a year.
- No previous history of this problem; had been donating blood for years before this started.
- I follow a peculiar diet which, however, is not, as far as I know, consistent with low blood cell counts.
- Blood donations were refused by the Red Cross on at least two occasions.
- I was invited by the Red Cross, because of a lack of presence of a certain antigen, to join a special donor group.

Regarding (2):

- Possible Kaiser ~~Permanent~~ *Matanzima*TM (Land of the Upright Coke Machines)TM database error in which a set of routine tests ordered, I'm diabetic, was found incomplete; I conclude that their databases may not be wholly reliable.
- Since my donation was first refused by the Red Cross, I have had several more refusals. No explanation has been offered by anyone.
- No hypotheses or reasons for my condition, no forecast of possible future progression offered.
- See message exchanges last year when, asking for explanation/reassurance on the asymmetry in muscle shape between thumb and index finger of hands, as seen on pics I'd sent, I received impenetrable jargon in reply, a reply atypical in its very form.
- Explicit mention made by an MD of blood cell count results being “within margin of error for this test.” Margin of error compared to the difference between the low/normal threshold and my results? This response seems evasive and unclear.
- Suggestion (of the wink-wink, nudge-nudge variety), if I'm not misunderstanding, in which a Red Cross clerk used the word “iron.”
- Suggestion (ditto), if I'm again not misunderstanding, in which a Kaiser MD also used the word “iron.”

The responses to both (1) and (2) parallel two other mysteries: (a) The stenosis of the spine. (b) The violent (no other word is adequate), repeated (around a dozen in a half day) spells of dizziness, for some of which I was seen a month ago. These complaints were met with partial or complete silence by some MDs I saw.

And so, as I fear overly taxing the patience of the good *Doktor Mabuse* in his several incarnations, I shall henceforth refrain from troubling him as much as possible. Gentle ReaderTM, you may have noticed a certain degree of peevishness has crept into these paragraphs. I do confess to seeing the antics of Kaiser ~~Permanent~~ *Matanzima* (Land of the Upright Coke Machines)TM personnel with less equanimity than I do those of my (equally) hapless fellow tenants and neighbors, people I see as *l'armée fantoche de laquais des impérialistes Américain* (I'm under the influence of a film I just watched. Oh, So SorryTM!) in the circus my landlord is pleased to call an apartment complex.

(2-18-25)

- I notice an increase in the frequency and intensity of numbness and burning feeling in my fingertips, with some pain when using scissors.
- Went to the dentist after feeling some discomfort, but after X-rays, an exam, and tooth cleaning, I have no cavities, though I am in need of partials. The sensitivity is due to worn enamel, possibly as a result of my past heavy coffee drinking.

- I've started using a cane.
- A mucous cyst on my finger, for which I was operated on last year, is back; I'll have it removed.
- My weight is now dipping into the 140s, with my desired target now lowered to 140lb because of my new limp.

(10) The Quotable Other with "Tales of the *Himmelfahrtkommando*TM My Most Sincere & Devoted Friends."

In a burst, or is it a fit, of activity, during an odd interaction between Tyson the Dread Corn-fed GolemTM and Saint BernardTM in which Tyson accused(?) the Saint(?) of ... something, the words "car," daughter," and a word for sex(?) were heard. Mrs. 'Bell first warmed up the audience when, coming up to the Saint's steps, a few feet from mine, she screeched: "You're the only thing I've got!" After which, Tyson briefly ambled over and did his thing, whatever that was.

(5-8-25) Catching a connecting bus, I chanced on a young woman wearing a curious T-shirt. "Pazi Law," it said, which I, with my no doubt overheated imagination, at first, due to part of the words being obscured, I initially read as "Nazi Law."

(5-24-25) For months now, I've been witness to repeated performances of what's become a staple around here. Mrs. 'BellTM and the SaintTM commiserate about how awful things are (Berg Not LieTM) and that it's time to move out. "I'm getting out of here, " They don't fix things," "I call the office, but they don't answer," "I'm getting out of Dodge," or a variant, "I'm getting the hell out of Dodge." Loudly, repeatedly, for months now, these two have engaged in this ritual *kvetchgesang*, usually near my bungalow. What could be the matter here? (Update 5-28-25) Another *kvetchgesang* in which they were joined by Brother *Cantinflas* contributing his two cents' worth. The loud commiseration went on for some time before *blessèd* silence returned.

(6-15-25) Yesterday, from across the walkway, I witnessed a fine display of a man persuaded to publicly roll in the mud with enthusiasm. The SaintTM, besides himself, in an extended display of incoherence, made loud noises, presumably aimed at his dog. A stream of gibberish, only occasionally using actual words.

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

I'd recently lost a handkerchief while running errands; next day or so, on the lawn outside, I found a gray washcloth, similar in color; *alors, je me suis dit, ça peut toujours servir* (the usual hoarder's lament...) and took it. I'm now using it to control battery charging current from a solar panel. (Update 2-22-25) Cannot find it anymore. (Update 3-19-25) The washcloth, which had vanished, reappeared in an unlikely place days later.

(3-13-25) I had lost a branch of my broken reading glasses days after I'd called Kaiser Vision to price the repair. Today, I found it tucked under my laptop. It had not been there previously, as I often move the laptop. (Update 3-21-25) It's gone again. Darn! (Update 4-3-25) Found the darn thing! Took the glasses to Kaiser Vision the next day and had them repaired. (Update) The glasses are unfixable as both branches are now broken.

(12) *Sassenach*TM and His *Yankee Demyankee* Tricks:

1. It started innocently with a lack of attention by the "Magnificent AndersonsTM," my landlords, to several requests that a plant (pics available), which had grown through the floor to the pantry ceiling, be removed.
2. I had to get a quote from the gardener before AFJ Investments, my landlord, agreed to fix it.
3. Then began a pattern of inattention to repeated requests for repairs, with unanswered requests usually requiring me to complain to LAHD to get anything done.
4. Then, without a written notice by either City or landlord, my pantry was demolished, though a neighbor's in this complex was not. This forced me to cram what was in it elsewhere in my already crowded 500 sq ft bungalow.
5. I'm a hoarder, and the stress occasioned by these moves and much else, including the landlord once telling me "the police are on their way" (email text available) after I refused entry to a contractor wanting to begin work at 5PM, could only have accentuated the seriousness of my illness.
6. After which came the coup de grace. In the form of a citation by City Inspector Reichmann [sic] for "unsanitary living conditions." Which condition I was hard-pressed to remedy, as no written notice of defects or of how to comply was ever received. There were also problems with someone I'd hired to help move some belongings to a U-Haul storage.
7. Once the smoke had cleared, I talked to my psychiatrist at Kaiser *Permanente Matanzima*, (Land of the Upright Coke Machines)TM asking to be evaluated for hoarding behavior. He instantly prescribed an anti-psychotic, which, my sister Irene later assured me, would help me sleep better.

Recently got an email from Irene, which, in answer to a question about a Mrs. *Westhäusler*, German high school teacher, was either: **(1)** "I don't have a single thing to say" or **(2)** "Sorry, I don't recall," depending on whether one credits my memory or the text I just rechecked.

Candyce Ha, employee of that miraculous business (I say miraculous as, in spite of having printed near a hundred copies of my book, the place is still not a smoking hole in the ground), Flintridge Bookstore which, after months of entreaties, cannot give me price for additional copies of my book or a schedule for printing advance reader copies of another. Furthermore, another employee now has to act as a relay as Ms. Ha refuses to so much as acknowledge receiving my repeated emails.

A man, tall and of stately bearing, though somewhat toothless, walking, as seems to be the fashion of late, on the wrong side of the sidewalk, blocks my way while I'm on La Brea, making a coffee run. By way of compensation (or was it a mixed message?), he offers a fist to bump and in answer to my stock phrase: "Easy does it." he replies: "It ain't that easy, Bubba." A messenger from the Bundesbank, perhaps? They're known for being tight money people, you know.

(3-20-25) A child, about twelve, turns the corner just as I start crossing Addams [sic] Boulevard. Judging from his shaky control of the mini motorbike he's driving, the kid seems scared out of his wits. Earlier that day, there had been others (accompanied by *moult pétarades*) on similar-sounding instruments of terror. *On tente de sauver les meubles ou quoi ?* (Is someone attempting to salvage something from this wreck?)

(5-29-25) Whether writing or working, I now notice frequent "fat finger" fumbles which always result in a block of text being inexplicably deleted; but, if I'm careful to press CTRL-Z immediately, the text is always restored. (Update 6-5-25) My cursor has also taken to wandering across the page.

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

I bestow on Mrs. Gomez, a long-suffering neighbor and friend, the Order of Mother Courage with Valium Cluster. Thank you for *that* bit of laughter. ¡*Aguantar con humor!* <insert demented cackle> Also, and most important, a fact which cannot be twisted and which no amount of manipulation will make disappear: the Gomezes are no “Johnny come latelies,” they were here before I moved in, a fact I have come to see as being of supreme importance in the peculiar world I, that bull who carries with him his own china shop, (Noooo kidding here, folks.) live in. At times, things are so bad around here, I feel like I’m watching reruns of *Pervitin: the Movie*. Or maybe I’m a bull which carries with it its own loony bin, if I’m not mixing metaphors and, once again, being unclear and confusing the three of you out there who do actually read my stuff...

(14) *Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:*

(2-8-25) Sent the following [partly truncated] email today:

Hi Dear *Spieß*, Hi All,

I can report, carried out today by that poor man, Tyson the Corn-fed Golem™, two separate *Aktionen* in which he hit me several times (though not very hard), leaving [slight] bruises on my face (pics taken by both me and LAPD).

Apparently, he objects to my fliers. I'd been distributing two today, placing them on windshields along Cochran Ave. One flier is an inventory of tenants in our complex, and the other is a copy of a request to the Edelman Mental Health Center for advice on dealing with Tyson's son.

Many months ago, I'd resolved that, as I'm unable to have traction in my attempts to end this circus, I thought the only paths for me were: of s

1. [Avoiding unnecessary conflict and sidestepping provocations, whether with neighbors, bus drivers, random individuals, or Kaiser Permanente *Matanzima* personnel, etc.]
2. Distributing accurate descriptions of the circus here, in the form of fliers.
3. Updating my web site frequently.
4. Practicing, though I'm a right heathen, the biblical precept of “turning the other cheek” (not generally considered an “arrestable offence”).

I believe I acquitted myself reasonably well on both occasions, several hours apart today, February 8, 2025.

Police were called, twice, they responded, twice. Some specifics for both LAPD visits:

- LAPD officer names: Minero, #45056, Shelburne, #45063. Case #25021835 for battery, Incident #: PD2502080001822. Report emailed and received by me, I printed it. They kept copies of both fliers I had handed them as evidence.
- The second time, the same two LAPD officers responded. Case #: 25021932, Incident #: PD25020800002456.
- In the first case, I was walking, distributing fliers, when Tyson, accompanied with his son, hit me several times. I stood, mute, facing him as he did so. He said: "... Didn't I tell you not to put my name on your things?"
- When I asked nearby construction workers and a neighbor if they'd witnessed anything, they all said no. Later, when police interviewed them, one said he'd seen me hit by Tyson and that words had been exchanged. A construction worker also said he'd heard Tyson say: "pedophile" and "looking at his daughter."
- A few hours later, in the second case, I was sitting on the lawn in our complex with my eyes closed when, without warning, he again hit me in the face as he walked into the complex. Saying: "You make a habit of calling the police, this will happen again, move out!" Again, his son was with him. I took a pic of him as he walked into our complex after the attack.
- In both cases, I called 911, in both cases LAPD responded within a half hour.
- In neither attack did I speak, merely facing Tyson as he hit me and, after the second attack, taking a picture of his back from thirty feet away, as he walked to his apartment.

I'm told, though I couldn't notice much, I have slight bruises on both sides of my face. I later spent much of the day sunning myself and reading a biography when not attending to the above details. This is where things stand as I write this before 9PM on Saturday night. Tomorrow, I'll persist and, additionally:

- I'll tape four fliers to the ground, between the sidewalk and the curb in front of our apartment complex: **(1) *An Open Letter to a Cannibal*. (2) *An Open Letter to Tyson*. (3) *Request for Advice on the Misbehavior of a Child*. (4) *A Tenant Inventory*.**
- I'll then sit in my folding chair nearby, facing the walkway into our complex. And wait. *Papa, j'espère que tu sera fier de moi.*

(2-9-25) Today, around noon, another (minor) attack by the Corn-fed Golem™, Tyson. Following through on what I wrote yesterday, 2-8-25, I was sitting on the concrete between sidewalk and curb, reading and sunning myself after having taped four fliers to the concrete nearby, when, creeping up on me from behind, he kicked my chair. I stood, faced him as he scraped my fliers off the sidewalk without a word. As he walked away, I took a pic of his back before calling 911, speaking with Operator ???, who said police would be sent. Some specifics: **(1) Officers:** Shelburne (same as yesterday) #45063 and Coronado #45665, incident #1964, Time 13:00, Date: 2/9/25. **(2) Incident categorized as “ongoing neighbor dispute. No crime. Adv. Pr to not engage w/ neighbor.” (3) The officers said they spoke with Tyson. At times, his wife was also present. (4) Officer Shelburne said Tyson told of reading on my site that “I'd written about his daughter's breasts.” I replied that this was preposterous and that I'd not written anything of the kind. (5) Shelburne also said: “You look to me like you're not completely in touch with reality.” (6) I gave him two fliers: *Open Letter to Cannibal* and *Open Letter to Tyson*. When Shelburne asked what “cannibal” referred to, I replied: “*The US Government*.” During the visit, Officer Shelburne also asked me: **(1) Do I have a psychiatrist? (2) Do I have a therapist? (3) Am I on medication? (4) What is my viewpoint on things? I wish he'd been as thorough in investigating Tyson as he was in his questions to me. I conclude that, like me, the police, too, have to navigate the treacherous shoals of this world, only in their case, without the babysitting I (for now) enjoy. And I imagine that, for them, this is no laughing matter – unlike (as is often the case) for me. In all, it was a mixed day: though I was able to do an *auto-da-fé* – “turning the other cheek” I was somewhat defensive. For instance, when officer Shelburne said Tyson had accused me of writing about his daughter's breasts, I should have replied: “Does he have evidence?” Such a crude attempt at fabrication is a good sign though. Shelburne also thought it worthwhile to ask me repeatedly whether he'd find evidence of Tyson's allegation in what I've written. I wonder whether he also thought to ask Tyson whether *he* could produce any evidence.****

(2-14-25) Months ago, a neighbor on Cochran Avenue said to me: “... police no good...” While *quite* unwilling to accept this bit of simplicity, I do conclude: **(1) Thinking of the events of last weekend, I now realize I was dumb enough to let myself be put on the defensive by these assorted desperadoes. (2) This republic is “not fit for purpose,” just now. (3) I consider the LAPD to be victims to a far greater extent than I have been. And, as I've said before to my landlords, the “Magnificent Andersons,” I believe we are on the same side. (4) I re-emphasize what I first said publicly to a customer, years ago: “I don't have to walk/I won't run/I don't need their money/I. Want. A. Scandal.” The wife of neighbor Tub-thumper™ once said to me as she walked by: “You'll have to go in.” Curious... Regardless, you can be sure Tyson, that I'll continue to publicize your plight, that of your son, and that of everyone else in this badly run madhouse belonging to AFJ Investments to which you too were lured. Maybe all of you can get some compensation for participating in this nightmare? Be sure I'll speak for you, for as I wrote of that poor devil, Tyson: “I know he only means to scare and not really hurt me.”**

A recap: **(1) Tyson, this poor desperado, actually hit me several times in two separate attacks in one day. Once, while my eyes were closed <insert demented cackle>. (2) The officer who responded said my attacker would be justified in suing me for calling him, in writing, a Corn-fed Golem™ <insert demented cackle>. I may yet dine out on this bit for years to come. (3) A-and after five years of this Tempest in a Chamberpot™, we still have no arrests. Is this end-of-regime conduct or what?**

I once read a piece by noted South African writer *Breytenbach*; it was called *Mandela's Smile*.

(6-21-25) Another attack by Tyson, the neighbor. Hearing noise outside, on the front lawn, where I had solar panels positioned, I came out to investigate. A cable belonging to a solar panel had been torn off, moments later Tyson, the Corn-fed Golem with the On/Off Switch™, appeared. He hit me twice in the side of the face, with his fist, as he mechanically repeated: "Call the police. Call the police," continuing with these words for some time. I, not three feet from him, looked him in the eye, motionless, remaining silent. The police officer who responded to my call to 911 asked me twice whether I would consider moving. Twice I replied with a no, but did not have the presence of mind to add that I want to get to the bottom of this... It's clear that, as with these wretches who pretend (at least around me) to be tenants here, the LAPD (again, around me) are also only pretending to police anything.... Again, I imagine, in the background, Mandela faintly smiling. The officer actually told me "Leave Tyson to us, we'll deal with him ourselves." A phrase understood by me to imply some sort of extrajudicial justice. And so, to this LAPD Officer, Shelburne, I say: « *Chapeau !* » (Usually a congratulatory word). With the compliment, in reality, a backhand insult for, in French slang, the phrase: « *Il en porte un (chapeau)* » (Literally: he wears a hat) means this person "works for the police." Ironic, no?

(15) 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?):

Text of an email [corrected, with an addition] I sent out on January 30:

It is with tears in my eyes... 'cause I'm laughing so hard, that I bring to yr attention this film, in which France is (once again) occupied. In a word: *Jean Yanne !*

Hi Dear *Spielz*, Hi All,

I'm not sure the original email went out as I can't find it in my Sent folder, so here it is again, this time with a link to the movie I forgot to include. An oversight due, no doubt, to the running-dog lackeys of the American imperialists my annoying/noisome neighbors, people much on my mind lately.

Les Chinois à Paris, a film. With the first half admittedly better than the second; see particularly:

1. *Le film commence par un discours télévisé qui sent quelque peu. Pétain!* (See starting at 00:00:00).
2. Quickly followed by, not one but two, *débandades* (see 00:19:40. Get it?).
3. Why I even sang along (Berg Not Lie™), in the best German I could muster, to the *Ode to Joy* during the second (see starting at 00:05:20); when not choked by hysterical laughter, that is. Laughing at a scene also hinting at the veritable *hécatombe(s)* occasioned by the Chinese revolution and its aftershocks. A scene where, as their convoy drives by, incoming Chinese troops throw flowers at a traffic jam caused by (fratricidal[, i.e. "*Les Français parlent aux Français*") Frenchmen fleeing the red horde. Too killing.
4. The return (return to *Festung Europa*, you say?) aboard a well-festooned (typical Cultural Revolution stuff) train, from a re-education camp (see starting at 01:20:00). With the depictions of likely psychological sequelae not bad neither, i.e., "recant, recant, though the frost lie hoar"...

A-and no, I will resist mentioning a certain word, a regrettable lapse in an otherwise wholesome movie, the French slang for "Heathen Chinese™," used throughout the film. A word which, though "triggering" (unaccountable and deplorable) paroxysms of laughter every effin' time I heard it is, lamentably, used all too often. Huuurtful, really.

Lemme close with this (see starting at 01:05:20). *Inspiré par Jiang Qing, façonné par Jean Yanne, je vous présente, et oui, l'opéra "Carmeng," [sic] mis à jour, bien sûr. A... l'Opéra.* Complete with running-dog lackeys of the imperialists, readily identifiable by the Coke bottles to be found nearby. To my mind, proof positive that the War Party and the Sugar Interest are one and the same!

Quand je pense qu'il a tourné ce film en 1973 (le Maoïsme faisant encore, excusez-moi camarades, fureur en France). Il en avait du cran, lui.

Why am I, in Solzhenitsyn's words about "another place": "One who laughs [like a jackass] while a hundred cry." I'm goofy because I haven't suffered. Period.

(16) Pics:



Figure 1: I leave a conveniently placed and labelled trash receptacle outside, but people still persist in dumping just anywhere. Exasperating. Seen here are fragments of fliers I'd recently distributed on the windshields of nearby cars.



Figure 2: Corn-fed Golem Tyson (Last Unknown)™ making good his escape after yet another daring surprise attack on yr Friend and Humble Narrator™ today. Wanted for other attacks, he has so far eluded capture by the LAPD. In this, the second attack in one day, he has just hit me in the face (likely intending to scare, not hurt, mind) with his fist as I sat, eyes closed, sunning myself. He then kindly suggested I move out unless I wanted more of the same.



Figure 3: This time I was bothered to first bag. Found on 3 my solar panels do do that dood

Figure 4: On 3-20-25, after sunning myself on the lawn for thirty minutes, on return to my apartment, I found these droppings by my steps. They had not been there before.



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

(Originally written in early 2025) (1) I'm still unable to get so much as a reply to repeated requests for official written guidance on California's "Solar for Renters" program. (2) Have made good progress in drastically reducing energy use in my bungalow. My bimonthly electricity consumption has dropped from over 200kWh to under 80kWh.

(18) Les Lamentations d'un Batracien Désabusé:

Is even one person in a thousand aware of the presence of something called Wagner in Africa? Well, Irene is.

While resting in the sun, if I hear footsteps, I sometimes catch myself thinking: "Not inna face! Please, not inna face!" (I can't help it).

Sure, some of what is done to me routinely is subtle, subject to interpretation, part of the "atmospherics," not illegal, thus not actionable (almost the very definition of *Zersetzung*). But at least the assaults, burglaries, fraud, and blatant disregard of rules (I'm thinking of the bus system) *are!*

Malice personal or malice governmental? A partial list:

1. A phrase, heard in 1988, in an ambulance taking me to a mental hospital (At the time, I was psychotic and had just made a suicide attempt): "This animal doesn't want to talk to us." My sister, Irene, was present.
2. In 1990-1, on my first day at Encore Video, a woman exclaims, as she walks by: "That's a nigger and a half!" Witnesses present.
3. Exiting Fiumicino airport in Rome in 1995, an Italian man strolls by, and I hear "... nigger..." Witnesses present.
4. That same year, while I stayed with her and her husband, Irene had suggested we visit the Boboli Gardens. On our way, a man with kids, walking on the wrong side of the path, in an unsolicited remark, says: "*Negerschwein!*" I remained silent. A witness, Irene, was present.

Admonished to never use *that* word, my use of the phrase "regular house nigger" (BTW, is the word nigger capitalized in these august times?) regarding Soul Brother Number One™ once occasioned long-term concerted efforts to both exploit the breach and minimize the faux pas by the unsophisticated peasant that I am. A faux pas occasioning the "Obama situation" as it was once delicately referred to. Considering the atmosphere attested to by the above list of remarks, I call any effort at moderating my intemperate language, a false economy <insert demented cackle> amounting to purblind folly. Moreover, efforts to widen this particular breach (yes, there have been others) continue to this day.

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

The most, the only, valuable thing I have is the credibility you and, potentially, many others are willing to accord me. And that, no one can ever give or take from me; only I can do so.

I've been accused of being a talented man, a vicious, absurd *lie*, in my opinion. Unless one considers my ability to first attract the attention, then hold the interest of the several Establishment factions I believe to have been babysitting me these fifty years to be evidence of "talent."

How can one successfully plot without privacy? Another reason to think the participation of what I call the State of Israel-Palestine was essential. For me, only a State has, potentially, the means and sophistication to muster the requisite privacy. This suggests that *that* party was *crucial* to my "Fifty Years War."

Father used to say, "I must be respected." Me, not so much. I think it is more important to live in an atmosphere in which *I* can respect others. To this end, an autobiography, properly done, can work as a landmark for the reader to use to get his bearings and see just what kind of society he inhabits. It should not be a way to showcase oneself.

The phenomenon of "sync" involving, as it sometimes does, children, puts paid not only to the notion of this place as a republic but, perhaps, even to the very ideas of the Republic or of human dignity as viable notions in the future. This owing to the character of both the technologies evidenced by this phenomenon, and that of the people who wield them. And they say the truth (foul obscenity, more like) shall come from the mouth of a child...

The very fact that I'm still around after fifty years of this *Grand Guignol* (blood-soaked show) implies a broad-based, long-standing opposition to the current situation here. I'd not have been able to live to tell the tale (and write it up) otherwise. One could almost say with McLuhan that "The medium (me) is the message." I'm literally living proof of it. Still here, still running my mouth; that implies it!

It's clear that, as with the wretches who pretend (at least around me) to be tenants here, the LAPD (again, around me) are also only pretending to police anything... I imagine, in the background, Mandela once again smiling (Another *¡Ay, mi Raza!* moment).

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

I don't know what kind of an impression I'm making on youse guys, but you're certainly not making a good one on me. Perhaps the point?

In the interstices between power blocks, there may be some freedom to be had.

Don't laugh, my other car is an *auto-da-fé* (Or am I repeating myself here?).9ii9

Most of the food we eat is to food what rap music is to music. S.A.D. (Credit Clemenceau, heavily paraphrased).

A legal maxim (with apologies to friends Matt Horns and Jon Howard, both of whom would know a sound thrashing when they see one), updated: "If you can't pound the facts, pound the law, if you can't pound the law, pound the table, if you can't pound the table, why, pound Berg ("moderate physical pressure" only, please)."

My salvation, if there is to be one, lies in the aggregate. We individuals, being exquisitely pressure sensitive, are as nothing when faced with the State in its Hideous Strength™. Does this imply I can rely on no one? True, except maybe (to some extent) on Irene, for the simple fact that we two benefit from considerable help.

The efforts of this grotesque, obscene farce of a Republic to neutralize, control, and use yr Friend and Humble Narr Narrator™ have been the making of him.

Haribo: The God that Failed (Me).

When so many people start calling you “Sir,” it may be time to count the silverware...

The reaction to my bloody stump (crude and, I hope, striking) writing style has been that of a troupe gang of baboons (by which I mean These Princes who Govern Us™) who, on seeing their reflection in a mirror, smash the mirror in fury (Credit van der Post, adapted).

Relooker un freluquet. Story of my life.

Ignoramus (I/we know nothing)! My current war-cry.

My last word in this latest kaleidoscope of nausea, horror, and malarkey I call *Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #39*: A reminder to self: “... He spoke calmly and quietly. What he described could only be spoken about quietly; it could never be conveyed by tears or screams.” (Credit Grossman)

Thankyou!Thankyou!Thankyou!

A valediction:

Hoping I remain yr Fair-haired Boy™, I am, Sir/Madam, yr Friendly Neighborhood Paranoid Schizophrenic™ (Better to be thought madman than made man, wot?™).

The only things I can say in my own defense regarding the above <weasel word warning> inappropriate </weasel word warning> statement: Firstly, it is heartfelt and sincere. Which confession probably aggravates my case? Sigh. Secondly, being part of the title of my book, *Schizophrenia Weaponized*, it is central to what I hope will eventually become a scandal. Thirdly, it has the additional advantage of being true (Credit Richard Nixon).

(signed)

Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) “*Kanalarbeiter u. Naseschleimentladunggesichtiger Gör* (Sewer worker and Snot-faced brat)” 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.