

Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #40

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>.

« M'étant mêlé d'écrire, j'ai été puni de mon impudence ;
Rebelle au modes, j'ai offensé la mentalité de mon époque.
Les calomnies accumulées peuvent bien avoir raison de ma carcasse ;
Tout inutile qu'elle soit, ma voix n'en survivra pas moins dans ces pages. »
Traduction du poème autographe de Lu Xun (1933)

Having gotten mixed up in writing, I've been punished for my impudence;
Unfashionable, I've offended the mentality of my era.
The accumulated calumnies could very well do in my carcass.
Useless as it may be, my voice will nevertheless survive in these pages.
Translation of Lu Xun's autograph poem (1933)

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, adding [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.

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott. — Bach/Ein feste Burg ist unser Spott./Ein feste Burg ist unser Berg.

¡Aguantar con humor!

« Que cet écrivain écrive ailleurs. Non, mais ! »

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

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

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

— Berg "Kampfmuzhik" Hawkins

"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

"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

"¡Cálmate, mulata!" (Words I've taken to heart)

— Heard on the street (at the so-called Advance Market)

Le maoïsme exerce, d'ailleurs une fascination toute particulière sur un certain type d'âmes cléricales — celles qui ont des nostalgies totalitaires et qui, regrettant inconsciemment la disparition de l'Inquisition et des zouaves pontificaux, retrouvent dans la Chine maoïste l'incarnation d'un songe moyenâgeux ou la Vérité institutionnalisée dispose a nouveau d'un robuste bras séculier pour imposer le dogme, étouffer l'hérésie et extirper l'immoralité.
Simon Leys, Essais sur la Chine, p 263.

(1) Tales of the ~~Schwartz~~kommando (Credit Pynchon's Gravity's Rainbow), where, as so often happens, Life imitates Art:

A new section in which I'll demonstrate by means of specific examples, the truth of the notion that amateurs use physical violence, whereas professionals exploit existing social tensions. Here I'll list what I perceive to be *Aktionen* carried out exclusively by Elements of the Negro Persuasion™. Furthermore, I believe these acts to be State-sponsored. Apologies for the font; it seems everything I write, down to *that* font, is controversial. A-and, are we having fun yet?

(6-21-25) I must regretably report another lamentable *Schwartzkommando Aktion*™ by Dread Corn-fed Golem™ Tyson today. Lamentable because pitiful. Another Kabuki-type attack by this poor man. Tyson, Tyson, how many times must I tell you: „Klotzen nicht Kleckern!“ (Credit Guderian), fer chrissake!

Though I'm not now in Florence, a stroll down memory lane, Arno-side. Here, Arno X (last name unknown) refers to a fellow student: (1) Kicked out of MIT for beating up a student, he transferred to ~~Caltech~~ the Pasadena Шарашка (*Sharashka*). (2) Where, in due course, he set fire to fellow student and friend Willard Brown's dorm room. (3) Apropos nothing, he once turned to me and said: "You've got a bit of the bitch in **out**. [sic, thought I'd written 'you']". (4) He once attacked a student residing in Dabney House by the name of *Gesine(?) Lohr*. Of the incident, I later heard: "... she wouldn't shut up, and he got scared..." (5) In a meeting with Master of Student Houses David Smith to review the incident, Smith asked Willard what should be done about Arno X, Willard later said he'd suggested therapy. (6) Lee Browne, head of the affirmative action program at my Шарашка, once told me Arno X had just been arrested for robbing a jewelry store and had asked him for a character reference... *Jean de Gonfaron, pris par les corsaires, devint mercenaire/et y resta sept ans...*

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

~~Money Kompromat~~ is like muck, not good (for Tylenol) except it be spread":

When the Peruvian government finally caught up with *Abimael Guzmán*, an American PR firm was hired to represent him. The government got its money's worth, lemme tell ya'. When finally trotted out, he behaved like a demented (due to the frenetic enthusiasm he, at that late stage, was still demonstrating for "the Cause") bumblebee (owing to the horizontal-striped getup they had him wear), in a cage, yet. Not to be missed... In this, there may be parallels with me, both in how I actually come across and what I believe have been efforts by the US Government to paint me in a certain light. For an explanation of how this works, see the book *Zersetzung* by Pingel-Schliemann or, below, for my definition of the word, an ordinary word first redefined by the East German secret police, the *Stasi*.

About to return from vacation after my first semester at Caltech, I bought a bunch of dimmer modules I'd previously used to assemble light shows I'd sold to the teen club on base and a US soldier, both customers in Bremerhaven, West Germany. I bought a couple of dozen from *Kernchen Elektronik*, an electronic retail store in town, thinking I could continue this business in Pasadena. Upon entering the US, a customs inspector began questioning me closely about their use. I lied, denying they were for eventual sale. Is there a parallel here with Colette Walczak's first lie to me? That is, was this to be the thin edge of the wedge?

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

Not for the first time, someone walking past me says: Jew! My reply: "Excuse me? Really?" Is there an epigram somewhere here? As in: "One man's meat/Mede/Meade is another man's poison/Persian/..." Or, to be more periphrastic about it, here's a progression: **(1)** One man's meat is another man's poison. **(2)** One man's Meade is another man's Persian. **(3)** One man's Meade is another man's ... ?

As a college freshman in Fleming House, I remember the following incident. Masturbating in my room one evening, I heard loud steps echoing outside, someone walking by from Dabney, an adjacent student house. For some reason, thinking I might have a visitor, I hurried. I was not wrong for, moments later, a knock on the door announced Willard Brown, a fellow student. Pausing to dispose of some tissue paper, I opened. We talked desultorily for a few moments before he left. I remember, though, the first thing he did was to glance in my trash can. Such a young man, and yet a flippin' *salaud*, already working for these Gentlemen of *Salò*™. Or, in addition to being obscure, am I perhaps delusional?

Key points to be belatedly but firmly distilled from my *fantastical* (the word has several meanings) life in this country:

1. A perennial virtual decapitation, "mowing the grass" in Israeli parlance, of the so-called "talented tenth." With results summarized by a blanket statement with supporting evidence and names, in truth, an incendiary phrase. Nevertheless, a phrase I'm comfortable repeating in *any* venue: "Never trust a smart Black." For instance: **(1)** Myself. **(2)** Irene Hawkins. **(3)** Eric Rice. **(4)** Tiffany Anderson.
2. The implications of the phenomenon of children's screams (playground-type) as they play outside, synchronized to my movements while I'm alone in my bungalow are staggering. I've documented this in my diaries for years.
3. Violent, occasionally false-flag, use of Blacks by the US Government; a point succinctly made by a single word: *Schwartzkommando*. Examples: **(1)** Myself (attempted use of against Jews, see my book). **(2)** Neighbor Tyson (repeated assaults on me). **(3)** An associate of Tyson's (again, assault against me).
4. My mental illness, of central importance to this story, also discussed in my book: *Schizophrenia Weaponized*.

Another thing, years ago, when I, to my dismay, discovered someone had, ummmm, "marked my linen" right here, in this bungalow, I, to my everlasting regret, didn't immediately put up a sign outside my humble abode: "No public toilets available." A pity, really.

(4) *Les Potins de la Commère* (Inspired by Sixties French Showbiz Gossip Columnist, *Carmen Tessier*; an Occasional Look at what I Entertain Myself with):

The brightest star in my YouTube firmament is the channel: *Sailing la Vagabonde*: <https://www.youtube.com/@SailingLaVagabonde/videos>. Superb work, by a woman I've nicknamed *Elaynissima*: beauty, editor, narrator with a master-sailor husband and cute kids. Episodes not always for the faint of heart, though...

Watching a *Sailing la Vagabonde* episode, I got a peek at the next one, in which the couple visits a US submarine. Just then, Saint Bernard™ walks by and shouts: "That don't mean nothing!" Assuming synchronicity, what with him being a past master of "stuff that don't mean nothing," I bow before his expertise.

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

(5-28-25) For the third time in several months, one of yr tenants, a woman I've nicknamed Mrs. 'Bell (as in Decibels w.o. Content™), has had the police out here. She's successively accused me of: **(1)** Being a Peeping Tom and stealing wood and a ladder from a construction site. **(2)** Blocking the sidewalk with wood I was working on. **(3)** Two days ago, police again came out, I'm not sure why, but I'd been washing bottles with the communal garden hose behind her bungalow. Complaining loudly and vulgarly, she twice knocked my bottles over and turned off the faucet as I stood using it. In the past, with witnesses present, she's also vociferously threatened me from several feet away. My response, following police advice, was and is to never speak to her. She plays loud music at any hour with her door open, sometimes until 6AM. I've been to the Edelman Mental Health Center, speaking with Carlo Diaz, LMFT, bringing a list of complaints regarding the antics of this poor old woman. Incidentally, Mr. Diaz refused to even look at my bullet-pointed document listing her madcap antics, saying it would go in the trash. He then asked me about my own mental health... (Update 3-4-26, prior to distribution) As an aside, Mr Diaz's question should fully explain the email signature on p. 10 I've since adopted and occasionally elaborated over the last weeks.

Worn or broken (some by me) items, an (incomplete) list: **(1)** The front door is coming off its hinges. **(2)** The kitchen faucet is loose. **(3)** The bathroom sink, cracked for years, finally broke after I wrongly used it to support wood I was hammering. You needn't replace it, as I've made a (removable, no permanent changes made) DIY toilet-sink over the toilet reservoir to recycle graywater. The sink itself, I've taped back together and seldom use. **(4)** Wood in the shower is rotten, I found out after hammering a nail. **(5)** The bathroom door sticks. **(6)** Dog poop (of which there is often a plentiful supply around here – both in my bungalow and outside) carries the risk of ringworm and, since I sometimes sit on the lawn in bare feet and the gardeners when they mow and run their G*d-forsaken leaf blowers, cause dried remnants of that stuff to be aerosolized. Not healthy! **(7)** Though I leave it open as it shows broad, pleasant vistas, the back door to my former pantry is hanging on by its fingernails (much as I do). Should AFJ (upper) Management decide to repair and deem it necessary to charge me, do *please* give an estimate first. A-and do not think to trifle wiv' me by sending yr man over to do the work before issuing an estimate, as happened years ago after I broke a window and reported it, asking for an estimate *first*. Coda: Do not feel this list puts you under any obligation to me. More of that old "benign(?) neglect" will do just fine, thank you very much...

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

Questions I've been asked or overheard in the past that I consider inflammatory:

1. A PC customer once asked: "Were you an abused child?" An odd way to bring up a sensitive topic, especially from someone I'd never seen before
2. Talking to Ms. Thompson, a welding instructor at LATTC, I mentioned Father. Surprisingly, she asks: "Did you kill him?" (though this may not have been said with malicious intent).
3. Carlo Diaz, an LMFT at the Edelman Mental Health Center, after I tried to hand him a document on neighbor Mrs. 'Bell™, not only refused but proceeded to question me about my own mental health.
4. LAPD officer Shelburne asks me repeatedly whether there is any truth to Tyson's assertion that I've written about his daughter's breasts. This, after I'd called them to ask for his arrest after he'd attacked me three times in two days, once hitting me while my eyes were closed.
5. The same officer also asked if I was aware of libel laws, before telling me I could be sued for calling Tyson a Corn-fed Golem, adding that in Tyson's place, he himself would sue if I'd written this of him.
6. Beth Wolfson, a good friend, asks, apropos nothing: "Are you one of those Black men who refuse to accept he's gay?"
7. Paul Blum, a fellow tenant when I lived on Garth Ave., once asked me if I thought pedophilia was OK.

With mom, looking at clothes in a Manhattan department store in the seventies, I noticed a young man loitering nearby. After we met, I saw he was about my age, of Vietnamese ancestry, and a native French speaker; a-and he was cute, too.

Visiting *Stenåke Larssen* one day, he led me to his workshop/room where he kept several radios and asked for help with a PC monitor before leaving me alone. As I worked, a voice from one of his many ham radios began droning on in a strange way. The only phrase I can remember from that long-ago event, this was in the early 90s, was: "... criminally insane mental masturbator..." Conceivably a case of projection?

The Ellsberg/Aussie/*Coigny* (SP?)/*Drori* nexus. In the seventies, while I worked at Clifford Electronics for Tom Ellsberg, he once told me an Australian employee, name unknown (who later started an ambulance air transport service), had asked him to find someone to beat up another person. *Coigny*, a French acquaintance of Tom's, once claimed to have met *Che Guevara*. As Tom told me, *Coigny* was later involved in a car accident when, because of sunstroke, a woman passenger became permanently paralyzed as a result. In connection with this, Tom also mentioned another woman, an accountant in his business, who, after having been seduced by the Frenchman, had, in revenge, forced him to buy insurance for their trip, and that this money was used by *Coigny* to care for the victim. *Ze'ev Drori*, founder of MMI, originator of a semiconductor device called a PAL, invested in Tom's company and soon came to control it, dispossessing Tom in the process. A-and is this not a fine kettle of fish?

How is it that both Irene and I, as seniors, were asked to teach classes at Bremerhaven American High School, Germany while my friend Gus Geracci, also a senior, who was a better student than either of us, was never asked.

Places Father in passing mentioned he'd visited while we lived in West Germany (not in order, with spellings approximate as memory is hazy). Some possibly outlying US military bases when we were in *Neu Ulm* or *Bremerhaven: Biberach, Großstingen, Itzerhoh*.

During my ill-fated software/hardware project at Santa Monica Studios, I went to a presentation on electronics. Afterwards, I was asked to talk about what I was doing to a dozen sales engineers. I tried to be general even though they insisted they were under non-disclosure. As David Rose, owner of SM Studios, had told me not to talk about it, I remained cautious. They insisted and, relenting, I mentioned some facts. With twenty five years of hindsight, looking back on this scam, I become upset. Doubly so, as sales engineer was the line of work ("You can make a lot of money," he said), Bremerhaven High teacher Greg Bailey had recommended I take up after college...

The disappearing Israeli accent, two instances: **(1)** In the aftermath of a car accident with a young woman from Virginia, a man approached and began speaking to her with a noticeable accent which, as the incident progressed, went away. **(2)** At Kaiser, during a doctor's visit for examination and prescription for scabies, the doctor initially spoke with a genuine Israeli accent before lapsing into an American one. Curious.

When I hear some of the "audio special effects" put on by the Organs of State Security™, I sometimes have the presence of mind to say to myself: "There's another ad for my book." Reminds me of a comment by Dick Gregory in his autobiography: *Nigger*. "Mama," he wrote, "when you hear that word, they're just advertising my book."

Heard months ago, "We'll do it differently next time." I'd dismissed this as the output of blowhard *desperadoes*, but, thinking again, I find it useful and true. A reminder to the rest of us, the normal people: "The price of freedom is eternal vigilance." Thank you Ô, Sassenach™, for this, another eternal verity.

It must have been close to my last, abortive, year in college, I was sharing an apartment with Bill Bratton when, unexpectedly, another student, Jim Demmel, surprised me by dropping by with another young man about our age. I don't remember what we talked about, only that at some point I began talking rubbish(?) about the planet Jupiter. Demmel, turning to this person, said: "See," before continuing the conversation. They soon left. I've felt embarrassed about that moment ever since. I did not again have contact with Demmel until many years later, when I called him on the subject of parallel processing. Oddly, decades later, an employee of Sound Solutions said, within earshot of me: "He's interested in parallel computers."

(2-15-25) Heard on the street: "... destined to play a leadership role..." Words, stilted and *empruntés*, from someone walking by as I lay outside, in lizard mode, sunning myself. A-and why not, I, *petit plaisantin* that I am, may be just what this here Republic needs, a refresher course in slapstick and self-ridicule. Suuuure.

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

(6-6-25) Over several days, yr intrepid *Kampfmuzhik* carried out nearly back-to-back *autos-da-fé* in which he walked: **(1)** Home from Costco. **(2)** To Kaiser Permanente and back to Costco. **(3)** To the library. **(4)** To AFJ Investments to pay rent. **(5)** Back to Kaiser for the results of X-ray pics of my ankles. I no longer ride the bus; nowadays finding it more convenient, really, to walk or use Metro Rail. And, as I mostly follow bus routes, not only do I bear witness to injustice done to me, but, additionally, feeling the thing (injustice) must be *seen* to have been done, one might say I'm a walking advertisement for said injustice. And, with my somewhat ostentatious refusal to use the bus, whoever engineered the provocations at the Costco stop of the Culver City bus system #1 stop at Glencoe Avenue also handed me a convenient stick with which to beat them. I find myself using it almost daily. For me, operating in "water buffalo mode," as I called it in the section *About the Author* at the end of my book, has become a specialty of the house, one might say.

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

Zugzwang, n: From a German chess term composed of *Zug* (movement) and *zwang* (compulsion), the word refers to a predicament, not uncommonly found in real life as well, in which any legal (legal, you say?) move results in a bad outcome. Think Admiral *Nagumo* at Midway... on the second day. Even better, think of the predicament of a boa constrictor's prey while in its clutches. BTW, the predicament may well apply to these Gentlemen of the Organs of State Security™ <insert demented cackle>.

Bredouillenik, n: Portmanteau word derived from Russian/Yiddish/French. The supremely talented originator of this multilingual marvel sometimes uses the word in futile attempts at retaining a scrap of dignity after being repeatedly taken for a fool while on errands: e.g., buying long-sleeved orange T-shirts on eBay (see Figure 5).

"Munchausen Syndrome by Proxy," **phrase:** Based on the name of an actual figure, Baron *von Münchhausen*, it was memorialised as the substrate for an eponymous, legendary, and fictional fabulist. Later known as a recognized medical syndrome, with the further accretion of "by proxy," we now have a variant of this recognized illness. Here, a person tries to assuage inner tensions by triggering symptoms of illness in another, usually someone at their mercy, a child, say... It was but a short step for yr *petit plaisantin* (this here joker) to begin, for reasons understandable to anyone following his HSH series, to call the circus cum madhouse where he lives, "the Munchausen Complex." Why, even as I set down these words, it is past 1AM and poor old Mrs. 'Bell™ is at it again. With loud music accompanied by enthusiastic shouts and screams. In short, "The Late, Late Show." It is devoutly to be hoped that this performance is not followed, as has occasionally been the case, by "The Late, Late, Late Show," else yr Friend and Humble Narrator™ cannot guarantee his mental stability tomorrow. NB, the above two "Shows" are not to be confused with "The Late Show" *tout court*. A performance, perhaps not impromptu, in which a Culver City bus driver, tried last year to convey to yr narrator the futility of it all: "You're late," the fellow said to me wiv' a smile <insert demented cackle>.

"Student driver," **phrase:** Has five possible meanings that I'm aware of: **(1)** Exactly what it looks like, a tyro, thus someone likely to drive slow, *real* slow... (Credit Colette Walczak). **(2)** WWII general *Kurt Student's* batman. **(3)** The word can also refer to one of several possible prime movers in a complex mechanism. **(4)** You might ask my fellow tenant in this here Republic, *Gadiel Velásquez*, for another meaning and wider implications of the phrase; he'd know... **(5)** Lastly, a certain, supremely talented individual in the role of a lifetime (wiv' no understudy to be had, apparently).

Habibi, n: Arabic for "darling." Not to be confused with the similar-sounding "*Ha Bibi*," Hebrew for "The *Bibi*," with *Bibi* being the nickname of the Prime Minister of Israel, another well-known, free-world country.

Damfino, n: Watching the Japanese film, *The 47 Ronin*, the pre-WWII one, with hair on its State Shinto chest, I catch myself wondering: "What can it all mean?" My reply: "*Damfino*," "I'll be damned if I know" for those of you from the better ZIP codes.

"Чёрные риелторы," **phrase:** In English, "Black realtors." The term refers to criminal groups or unscrupulous real estate operators who illegally seize properties — often from vulnerable owners like elderly or isolated individuals — through coercion, fraud, or violence. (Credit a review of *Marat Khairullin's: "And to wash yourself with a clear teardrop,"* a book chronicling the Yeltsin years...). Let us hope this country can avoid going down *that* road. The Russian phrase, while not entirely applicable to my situation, is not without its parallels to my predicament, thus of broader interest.

(9) The Eccentric Shaft™: Dubious Interactions with my Fellow Crazyies. 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.)

True in two ways: **(1)** Mrs. 'Bell's mentally ill, or acts it. I'm mentally ill. **(2)** She's Black, I'm considered Black (a-and am, for all I know)

"**Distracted** (When a neighbor, Mrs. 'Bell™, after screaming obscenities and threats at me, calls the 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 hitting me as I sit, sunning myself, eyes closed and unaware) by distraction (When the LAPD's 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 supposedly claims, when questioned by Officer Shelburne, after I'd asked before a witness who lives nearby whether he and another person had seen the attack, that he'd heard the word pedophile used," the underlined words together form a phrase I dimly remember from R.D. Laing. To this incomplete summary, a total farrago of confusion and confusing 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'll talk to. I then 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) After his latest *Schwartzkommando Aktion*, in repeated, surreal moments, Tyson the Dread Corn-fed Golem with the On/Off Switch™ sometimes happens to walk by placidly just as I emerge from my bungalow. At times he quietly mutters to himself. 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. Also, I now have a nickname for his wife: "*la Meneuse*" (the lead chorus girl). In the past, I've found the type to often associate with H. *ventrambulans*, though whether this relationship is of a symbiotic, commensalist, or parasitic nature is not known to me.

(6-30-25) Has the Saint™ moved? Early this morning, while in bed, I heard him rummage around before exclaiming, "I don't want to go to jail" as he walked out. Gone, 'e is. ¿*Para luchar en otros frentes?* (Update 6-30-25 at 12:10PM) False alarm, he just walked in. (Update 7-29-25) Finally moved out, 'e did. Gone at last, gone at last, thank G*d almighty 'e's gone at last! (Update 8-20-25) On second thought, I see other possibilities: **(1)** Could an incident in which Mrs Gomez, a long-time tenant, walking by, used the word Valium, be pertinent? Mebbe on account of his increasingly audible agitation. **(2)** His *impresario* may have felt he was overexposed. **(3)** Maybe he's no longer thought *Salonfähig*. **(4)** For whatever reason, it may also have been convenient to have him skip the rumored upcoming "snap inspection" by the City.

(10) La Rubrique des Gueules Cassées:

Will be attending my second National Association for Mental Illness walk tomorrow, May 10. You can see my NAMIWalks page at: <https://www.namiwalks.org/index.cfm?fuseaction=donordrive.participant&participantID=628029>. (Update: 5-10-25) While there, I even managed to edit a few lines on my Netbook, this in the teeth of State-sponsored *Nudnik*™ static and occasional (but pronounced) inattention by vendors as I wandered from booth to booth. I even heard the word "shy" mentioned as I fruitlessly tried to get the attention of one. Shy? Shy, you say? Why, I was wearing my finest war paint: a

Day-Glo Orange T-shirt, my loud blue/gray camouflage shoes, and a red kaffiyeh (*¡Qué coloricos!* Mom would have said.) —practically me calling card nowadays.

Last night, a YouTube video on nutrition by an academic and MD left me hopelessly confused. She claimed carbohydrates to be an essential part of a normal diet, and quite convincing about it, she was, too. This assertion flies in the face of everything I know (which, admittedly, is not much) about the Mongol, the Inuit, and the Masai diets. Rubbish, pernicious rubbish, I say! No Masai worth his salt would ever be caught dead eating 'is veggies unless, of course, 'e were a poof. Which, to some, would make this woman's assertion a slur on the good name of Masai everywhere. Not to mention the Mongols, a poof Mongol! Imagine. Regarding the Inuit, though, I'll hold my fire for now.

(5-16-25) At Kaiser ~~Permanente~~ *Matanzima*TM Urgent Care for pics of my finger. I found my blood pressure, on first measurement, to be 14?/??, and on retest, 151/97. There's a medical term for fear of doctors; is there also one for fear of hospitals? Recent doctor's visits and X-rays shows new bone spurs in my ankles, not surprising as they are in such bad shape that, in future, I must remember to bring smelling salts whenever I visit my poor podiatrist.

(6-23-25) A perhaps frivolous goal: I now aim to get my weight down to half that of poor Tyson the Dread Corn-fed GolemTM's. So, eyeballing his (can't very well go up to him and ask, now, can I) to be around 280lb, a calculation thus makes my target 140lb. A dandy talking point next time I call in the LAPD, no?

Experiencing possible problems of a mental, neurological, or stress-caused nature: **(1)** Difficulty solving topological-type problems. **(2)** Occasional problems in direction-finding. **(3)** Occasional temporary memory loss. **(4)** Some of these deficits may be caused by hippocampus shrinkage due to my diabetes (T2D). **(5)** Recently unable to fast for more than 3 days. **(6)** Numbness in my right hand.

(7-21-25) Coming home on the train, just as it began moving and I was about to sit, I fell but was not hurt. In general, I find my sense of balance to be a bit worse.

(11) 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, Tyson accused(?) the Saint(?) of ... something; the words "car," daughter," and a word for sex(?) were heard. Mrs. 'BellTM 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.

(5-24-25) 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 possibly be the matter here? (Update 5-28-25) Another extended *kvetchgesang* in which the two were joined by Brother *Cantinflas*, contributing his two cents' worth. The 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 roll in the mud with enthusiasm. The SaintTM, inside his bungalow, beside himself in an extended display of incoherence, was making loud noises, presumably at his dogs. A stream of nonsense sounds, not even rising to the level of gibberish, only occasionally making use of words.

Here are examples of misbehavior and of the acutely toxic environment around me, both in my apartment complex and beyond. Not unexpectedly, this has led to a sustained, heightened stress level:

- Verbal intimidation.
- Gratuitous insults.
- Computer sabotage.
- Persistent noise or loud music when I sleep.
- Physical attacks at near-random times.
- Petty vandalism and thefts.
- Burglaries.
- Duplicious behavior by landlord and others.
- Strange behavior by tenants.
- Physical harassment.

Introducing yet another (unsound, thank you, Ô Gawd!) thrashing neighbor Tyson recently administered to yr Friend and Humble Narr~~r~~ NarratorTM, he thundered: "You do weird/crazy things" or words similar before hitting me on the side of the face twice. Quoting Martin Sheen in *Apocalypse Now*, around here, this statement is like handing out speeding tickets at the Indianapolis 500. Further, taking a leaf from the US Government, Tyson ought to consider complaining I'm abusing his human rights by writing such huuuurful things about him and his family. A-and why not, after all, LAPD officer Shelburne did say that, in Tyson's place, he'd sue me for writing such mean things about him <insert demented cackle>. This place does have its moments of irony.

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

(6-5-25) Missing an old pinstriped shirt I work in. (7-29-25) Many files for upcoming HSHs, anomalously found present yet empty. See Figure 4.

(13) *Sassenach*TM and His Yankee Damyantee Tricks:

Recently got an email from Irene, which, in answer to a question about a Mrs. *Westhäusler*, a 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. Old age is a shipwreck. Sigh.

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, after months of entreaties, still cannot give me a price for more 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 my repeated emails.

A man, tall, his clothes hanging loosely on his frame, 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 this 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.

(?-?-25 — the exact date can be verified from police files on the incident)

1. Back from an errand, Mrs. 'Bell™ starts yelling at me when she sees me taking up space on the sidewalk as I assemble a solar stand.
2. Later, I hear her loudly complain on the phone to someone.
3. Gardeners show up, they begin "working," in doing so repeatedly revving up their implements of torture gardening tools.
4. Police soon appear. After listening to her complaint, they courteously remind me that I cannot block any part of the sidewalk and leave after handing me their card with an incident number.

(5-29-25) When writing, I now notice frequent fat finger" fumbles which always result in a block of text being inexplicable deleted. 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.

(7-22-25) Returning from my daily walk, as I was about to cross Montclair Street, I noticed a Spanish-speaking woman standing there. A car pulled up, and she got in through the driver's side rear door. Then, as I got halfway across, the car, which had been blocking the protected sidewalk, began backing up. I, momentarily puzzled, chose to change direction, passing in front. I paused to note the plates: 976D204(?). This is a common occurrence. A year ago, in a similar situation, I'd opted to pass behind a motionless pickup as I crossed a driveway, only to find the driver backing up; I had to slam my palm against the car to warn him. Cars have also failed to stop at crosswalks while warning lights were flashing. In other cases, cars stop for me, then abruptly inch forward a bit just as I reach them. Since then, I mostly try to choose the safer way, making myself noticed by passing in front.

A recent addition to the bag of tricks deployed by Sassenach™ is the peculiarly timed squeaks of car brakes, sometimes in sync with my movements. Though it started with my next-door neighbor at 2628 S. Cochran Ave., it now happens elsewhere as well.

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

(6-4-25) Two days ago, at Kaiser Permanente Matanzima (Land of the Upright Coke Machines)™, a man approached, commenting on my resemblance to Gandhi. Bergie, gee! Later that day, having run my errand, riding the Metro rail back, I happened to stand next to a young man sitting nearby. After some time, he, seemingly oblivious, stepped on my foot, keeping it there for the rest of the ride. I, saying nothing, eventually moved my free foot on top of this would-be bravo's whose errant foot was still on mine. This was to the possible disapproval of a nearby bystander who may have shaken his head slightly. I, persisting in my audacity, ignored it all, only removing the offending foot as my stop approached. Definitely not Gandhi-ji material, I am.

A rube's progress: I used to classify what I dimly perceived as two sets of factions involved in: (1) The good and the bad guys. (2) With the passage of time, after peak enthusiasm (I once exulted: "It's morning in America!"), I've somewhat moderated it. And began calling them "White Hats" and "Black Hats." (3) Nowadays, following the sage counsel of former friend *Evangelos Athanasios Coutsias*, i.e., "We have to be realistic," I put them into two piles: the *Verkrampste* criminal element in the US Government and the *Verligte*, my masters, the faction(s) protecting me. Why? It has partly to do with my perception of their attitudes toward Moscow, Iran, and Beijing. While, as I imagine, the *Verligte* might be satisfied with Moscow, the *Verkrampste* will settle for nothing less than going to Beijing. Then there is the question of Iran; with Langley receiving its baptism of fire in 1953, going from there to "*luchar en otros frentes*" (not without some considerable success, I observe). Now, with this latest attack (I'm writing in July 2025), we've closed the circle. From what I hear, there's also the even more important question of the coming struggle for materials with which to carry out the Green transition. As I hear tell, it would take the resources of several planet Earths to satisfy the material needs of every human being at a level Americans would consider satisfactory. It seems the Gods (whether above, in *Asgard*, or below, in *Langley Midgard*) are not through having their fun.

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

(5-26-25) As I tried to wash some bottles with the communal hose behind Mrs. 'Bell's™ bungalow, she came out, followed me, watched for a moment before screaming obscenities and making threats. Objecting to my use of that hose and faucet, as I ignored her, she twice knocked over the two bottles I was washing and turned off the water. I eventually took my bottles back and documented this incident in my diary and here. After I returned to my bungalow, she continued screaming and pacing up and down the walkway, I said nothing throughout. At 13:29, the police came, first to me. I gave my name, explaining my situation briefly. The two officers: Liogrande(?) #45445/46445(?) and Gonzalez #31294 left a card with the note: "05-26-2025. Time: 13:45, Incident #22395. Inv. Neighbor dispute only no evidence of crime. Kept the peace." Then they went to Mrs. 'Bell's bungalow, what then transpired, I don't know.

(5-27-25) After watching a YouTube video on the travails of *Eskom*, the South African power company, I don't much feel like complaining about my lot. Brought in to turn it around, after three years, *André de Ruyter* was poisoned when he revealed infiltration of the company by criminal elements. Cyanide in his tea, I believe. What's more, some felt he should be charged with treason. Well, I declare! A-and quickly add the obligatory: *Nkosi Sikelel iAfrika! De Ruyter* also added a new word to my vocabulary, one which may have its uses here as well: "soldier." Not without irony, I note that he now lives in the US.

A timeline for the Golem's latest:

1. Last night I heard very loud music from Mrs. 'Bell's with her door open and she was occasionally screaming.
2. This morning, around eight, I set up my solar panels outside on the lawn, as usual.
3. Went around my street placing several dozen copies of HSH #35 on windshields and in mailboxes.
4. Walking into my bungalow, I cross paths with neighbor Mrs Gomez, we say hello.

5. Back inside, working, I notice Tyson going back and forth on our walkway several times.
6. Stepping outside, I notice minor vandalism of my panels. I repair them by moving them back to their original location.
7. I fill out an online police report about this.
8. Minutes later, outside again, I find further vandalism and note the model and manufacturer of the vandalized panel. It is then that I find some items, MC4 solar connectors, stolen and cables torn (see Figure 1).
9. Tyson appears in the front yard, where I am.
10. He begins berating me loudly, says: **(a)** “You do strange things.” **(b)** “I told you to leave my name off your sh*t!” Then, he hit me twice in the side of my face with his fist. **(c)** After which he begins mechanically repeating himself, saying: “Call the police! Call the police!” as many as a dozen times. I face him, look at him, motionless, expressionless, silent. He leaves.
11. I call 911, report the incident, and ask that police be sent.
12. One of the LAPD officer who arrives asks me *twice* whether I would consider moving. *Twice*, I reply in the negative.
13. During their visit, one officer quotes Tyson as saying I’m crazy. When I ask how Tyson came by this observation, the officer replies that Tyson’s heard me mentioning my illness. Apparently, police find it significant to repeat what Tyson, overhearing me, repeats back to them, while refusing to arrest him.
14. An LAPD sergeant drives up and confers with the two; I had not asked for a supervisor and do not know what was discussed.
15. I repeatedly ask officers to arrest Tyson and give me paperwork while they, more than once, ask me for background and my history with this man, I refer them to my website and book. No arrests are made and, as of this writing (around 6-21-25), no police report has been issued.

The police, much as with most everyone around me, appear to be operating on three levels: **(1)** They pretend to police and, for all I know, may even manage (usually) to do so. **(2)** They carry out their (unofficial) “mission,” i.e., steadfastly refusing to arrest criminals around here; lying, even, at times, gaslighting me. **(3)** At the same time, they, as with most other such victims of the US Government, “sabotage” their “mission.” Next time Tyson attacks, as with previous instances, I’ll again not fight back; it might be misunderstood... For me, this is all most confusing, but one conclusion of this repeated pattern of LAPD do-nothingism is reassuring; someone is afraid, so afraid that they are willing to occasionally turn the LAPD into buffoons, e.g., an officer cautioning me I could be sued for writing that Tyson’s a Corn-fed Golem with an On/Off Switch.

(6-23-25) A bit of autocritique. I judge my performance with Tyson, the Dread Corn-fed Golem™ in this latest engagement, to have been fine, as I still hold the high ground and acted in a fashion which brooks no misunderstanding. But, concerning other recent interactions with LAPD officers, I’m less satisfied. I’m defensive and taking this circus at face value (behavior I’m less inclined to when dealing with tenants of this “Munchausen Complex™”).

(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?):

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.

(17) Pics:

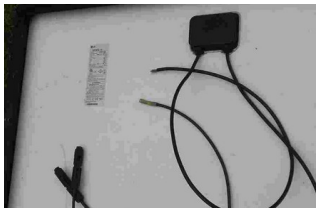


Figure 1: Before another attack by fellow tenant Tyson on 6-6-25, this solar panel cable was torn off while my solar system was operating. This damage was shown to the LAPD during their visit that day.



Figure 2: As a result, while still intending to eventually go off-grid, for now, I’m reducing exposure of my solar stuff by limiting “value at risk.” Shown here are some tiny panels I use to charge batteries for lights.



Figure 3: However, as you can see, the moment I turn my back... A-and, there are no suspects at this time.

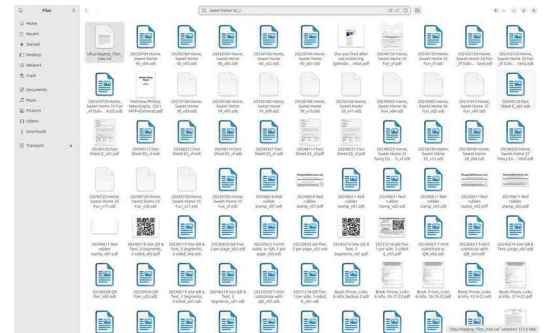



Figure 4: Files, not deleted, but made to have zero length.

Awaiting shipment
 Order date: Apr 30, 2025 • Order total: US \$13.15 • Order number: 11-13017-32152



Returns accepted through May 30.
Paid
DRI-FIT Long Sleeve T-Shirts, UPF 50+ Sun Protection Shirt Safety Orange
 Size: M
 Quantity: 2
 US \$13.15
 Sold by: [salaz_benja](#)

Figure 5: From **(1)** “Soldier of (Day-Glo) Orange” to **(2)** Showing solidarity wiv’ those darn “Toiling Teams of *Tenochtitlàn*”, e.g., construction workers often wearing this color, who keep me up mornings with their “racket” to **(3)** The “Orange Free State” (suggestive, here, of a state of being). All of it a condensation of some feverish lucubrations in what passes for my mind. There is, however, a fly in the ointment, a-and this fly has a name: [salaz_benja](#), seller on eBay. See transcript of messages reproduced below when I tried to pickup the items I’d previously paid for on eBay. Once again, a *bredouillenik*, I am.

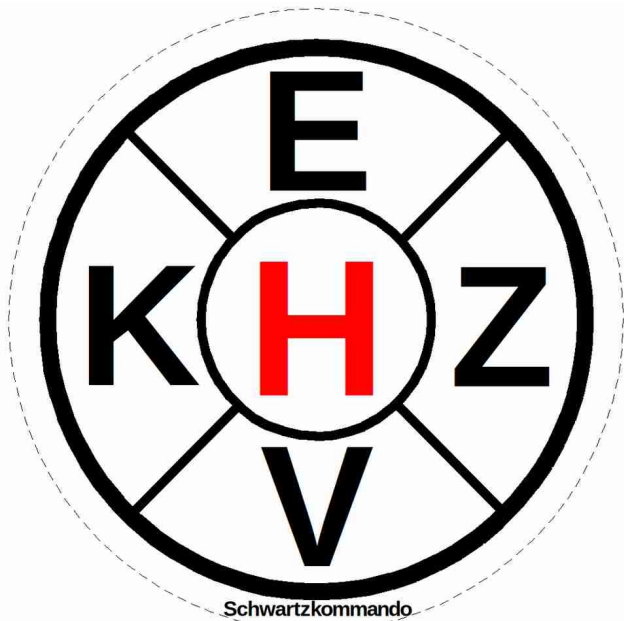


Figure 6: For your delectation and viewing pleasure, I present here a representation of the logo of my would-have-been posse: assorted "Cutthroats In America." I may have mentioned the word before: *Schwartzkommando*. With the letters **KEZVH** standing for: *Klar. Entlüftung. Zündung. Vorstufe. Hauptstufe!* (merely the command sequence used to launch V2s, as I once explained to a bemused librarian). I've had it embroidered on a scavenged baseball cap. A-and, as an aid in flirting with likely young women, so very thick on the ground these days, the cap will sport a propeller to be twirled as occasion warrants. That'll bitch it (so to speak, as it were). You'll note the word *Schwartzkommando*, drawn from Pynchon's novel, *Gravity's Rainbow*, is my crude attempt at irony drawn from my peculiar fifty plus years here, a case of life imitating art. The word itself, a thumbnail illustration of a novel(?) approach to the Negro Question™... I'll also deploy the cap whenever I detect that, once again, I'm being played for the fool that I am. If ever asked for an opinion on such diverse subjects as the Obama Question, the Jewish Question, the Homosexual Question, or, for that matter, even the *Schleswig-Holstein* Question. With most of these "questions" having, to my disarray (Oh, Gawd!), come up in the past. Call it my cogitatin' cap. A telling comment on this place; tailor-made, one might say, for what increasingly looks like the *Schwartzkommando* concept made flesh: Tyson, the "Dread Corn-fed Golem with the On/Off Switch™" (and associates). Truly, this US Government of ours is only digging itself in deeper. *Messieurs, je vous préviens, vous n'arrangez pas votre cas.* I mean, really...



Figure 7: Picture of the man who had just shot me in the forehead with a toy pistol (Nerf gun). While, walking just ahead, one can make out the partially obscured figure of neighbor Tyson also making his getaway (back into our apartment complex...). I showed it to an LAPD officer who asked, "Where's the gun?" Reminds me of an anecdote: Years ago, a Louisiana highway patrolman was fired after issuing a ticket to someone from a prominent family. Reason for dismissal: "Bad eyesight. The Louisiana Highway Patrol couldn't have an employee whose eyes were so bad he couldn't tell a Long when he saw one." Maybe the LAPD should consider implementing the same strict standards as Huey Long's Louisiana did in the interwar years.

(18) Beruf: Luftmensch (In which I discuss progress, if any..., on my projects):

(1) Still unable to get so much as an acknowledgement from *any* official sources to repeated requests for official written guidance on California's "Solar for Renters" program. (2) Have made progress in reducing my energy use of the fridge/freezer. (3) Bought 1.5kWh of LiFePO4 batteries (safer than Li-Ion) after learning of two battery fires in large facilities. (4) Proceeding with a vertically stacked battery idea where sensors mounter on an elevator will continually check the temperature and voltage of each battery in a stack of about fifty. (5) Made successful tests of my freezer/fridge cold storage with solar. I've scheduled DWP power disconnection for Friday, February 21. (Update: 3-13-25) Am now running a fridge/freezer plus a laptop with a single 24" monitor, modem, and phone from 1500Wh worth of batteries though I'm experiencing occasional technical problems. (Update: 5-28-25) After numerous problems of various sorts, I went back to the DWP and, hat in hand, had them reconnect me. I can only characterize this abortion of an attempt at going off-grid and the DWP's handling of certain aspects of our interactions negatively. (6) Now using my regulator and CO2 bottle to make sparkling water, my results are good with costs a fraction of store-bought sparkling water.

The outcome of several attempts at going off-grid over the years: (1) An initial, limited attempt made several years ago, successful, was ultimately aborted when the bike cart holding a 300W solar panel was stolen from under it. Previously, I had, for many months, perhaps a year, been able to run my induction stovetop exclusively on solar. (2) A second attempt, begun in February, 2025, in which I went off-grid, lasted about two months and did succeed in running my whole bungalow, though with major inconvenience. It ultimately had to be abandoned and DWP power restored when the scooter battery packs I was using became bricked, as far as I can tell. (3) A third attempt was aborted yesterday when vandalism and theft resulted in my being unable to guarantee the safety of my solar panels.

I seem to be a bull that carries with it its own china shop.

A-and in case you still don't get it, here's another sample, an exchange with eBay seller "salaz_benja" beginning on April 30. As of May 3, I still have no details:

<p>hi there, we work at downtown LA at the warehouse and when customer order local pick up, we get your order and bring it to panorama city where we live, let me know if you have any other question thank you 9:19 PM Hi, Tried to come to you but, due to a map reading error on my part, I am not there yet. Leaving WLA again to try once more, as soon as I can figure out what to do once I get there. But the address, 8525 Tobias Ave Panorama city CA 91402, is a restaurant, and</p>	<p>the man who answered the phone has no idea who "salaz_benja" is though he adds there are apartments at that location too. How do I get in touch with you once I get there? I'm curious... A-and I neither know your name, phone, apt. # (if that is indeed where you live), nor do I know whether you are at a business or a house/apartment. A fine kettle of fish this is. Thanks. (signed) Berg (as in ...) Hawkins, etc., etc., etc.</p>	<p>4:40 PM Leaving WLA now. Do look for my web site: bergendahlhawkins. won't you? Thanks (signed) Berg (as in ...) Hawkins, Los Angeles 2:23 PM Hi,</p>
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It is getting perilously close to the afternoon and, as I've had numerous "bus scheduling" conflicts of late, would like to give myself plenty of margin. Can you confirm that the 2 are OK? A-and, if not, then never mind, I'm a-comin' anyway...
 Once again, thanks.
 (signed)
 Berg (as in ...) Hawkins, Los Angeles
 12:18 PM
 May 2, 2025
 Would like to leave WLA in the next 2 hours to pickup my 2 T-shirts, may I do so?
 11:33 AM
 S
 you can come Friday in the afternoon, let me confirm by Friday the order and this is the address

8525 Tobias Ave Panorama city CA 91402
 5:56 PM
 If I come tomorrow, May 1, will my order be ready? What are yr hours? Thanks.
 5:22 PM
 Will pickup 2 pieces of: DRI-FIT Long Sleeve T-Shirts, UPF 50+ Sun Protection Shirt Safety Orange, Size M. Can come now. What are yr hours? Business or residence?
 Order date: Apr 30, 2025, Order total: US \$13.15, Order number: 11-13017-32152.
 Thanks.
 (signed)
 Berg (as in ...) Hawkins
 11:42 AM
 Hi, pickup code: 291213. Can I come now?
 11:01 AM

What are your hours? Business or residence? Can I come today?
 Thanks.
 10:45 AM
 S
 just let me know your order and ill have it ready when you stop by thanks
 10:23 AM
 S
 8525 Tobias Ave panorama city CA 91402
 10:23 AM
 Apr 30, 2025
 Hi, Am in WLA (West Addams [sic] District) and would like to pickup. Address please.
 Thanks.

(5/8/25) The seller, unwilling to provide his full address, has also made it impossible for me to order one more T-shirt and have them all mailed through eBay.

(5/9/25) I tried to show the flag and, incidentally, pick up my two T-shirts (see Figure 5). The few bits of information in my possession not amounting to a full address I, nevertheless, betook meself to far-off Panorama City. I can report the following: **(1)** Arriving at “salaz_benja’s” address, I scrolled down the list of names on the digital intercom list, finding two likely matches. **(2)** Selecting the most likely, I called. **(3)** I introduced myself over the intercom: “Berg,” “eBay T-shirts,” etc, and asked if he was the seller “salaz_benja.” **(4)** He confirmed this was the building but would not confirm the name. **(5)** I asked again, and he mentioned a warehouse where the t-shirts were normally stored (I’d asked for a pickup location, an option available on his listing). **(6)** I then asked to pick up the two I’d paid for, he replied I was to leave the package! **(7)** When I corrected him, saying that I was there to pick up, we were disconnected. I did not call back. **(8)** I left for my bus, but stopped at a nearby Walmart to try my luck. **(9)** Returned home, a “bredouillenik” late, near midnight. **(10)** I would complain to eBay, but four: **(a)** He seemed like a nice man. **(b)** I’ve already given him good (Effusive, really, albeit in *that* German) feedback. **(c)** eBay has, once again, shown itself unreliable, making further complaints useless. **(d)** Unsolicited, the seller refunded me on 5-11-25.

(Update 5-20-25) The seller declared me ineligible to make further purchases from him (I’d thought to buy one more and have all three shipped, forgoing the savings realized by pickup).

The above story typifies the sort of stance common to:

- | | | |
|--|------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Kaiser Permanente <i>Matanzima</i> (Land of the Upright Coke Machines) TM | 6. Los Angeles Building and Safety | 12. Santa Monica transit |
| 2. USPS | 7. LAPD | 13. Montebello transit |
| 3. Costco | 8. eBay | 14. Culver City transit |
| 4. AFJ Investments | 9. DWP | 15. LAPL |
| 5. Los Angeles Housing Department | 10. City First Bank | 16. LATTC |
| | 11. Los Angeles Metro transit | 17. Walmart (Oh, Gawd!) |

(19) Les Lamentations d’un Batracien Désabusé:

My Colette had a picture of me I’d forgotten I’d given her. I found it among her things after her death. It showed me reading a story to an enthralled child sometime during the years I lived on Mesita Road in Pasadena in the seventies. Conceivably, given another turn my life could have taken, a dangerous possession. I speculate that she, had that fatal turn taken place, might not have agreed with the likely consensus — thus the danger for her. Later when, as I imagine, the people backing me turned her down for protection, her bitterness was evident: “Are yours any better than mine?” she once spat dejectedly. A profoundly depressing, moving, and memorable moment. Right now, under the influence of this bit of woolgathering, I fully agree with her judgment. It was as memorable a moment as when, years later, she quietly mused about suicide as we sat in her car near Santa Monica beach. My Colette. Not knowing exactly what it means, unable, even, to pronounce it correctly (unusual for me), in my sorrow, I introduce here a fancy word, **Zugzwang**:

- Colette Walczak, in **Zugzwang** for having been faced with unpalatable choices in her entire life and either revealing what I imagine were her crimes or lying about them.
- My long-suffering neighbors, in **Zugzwang** for continuing to take part in this degrading (for them) farce or “facing the music.”
- The faction(s) supporting me, in **Zugzwang** for being faced with either continuing to “eat the frog” as that pretty Polish phrase goes, or fashioning the (mildly?) eccentric paranoid schizophrenic I am into some semblance of a paladin for this here Republic <insert demented cackle>.
- Finally, the US Government, in **Zugzwang** for having to either “bite the bullet” with unknown (to me) consequences or continuing, Vietnam style, to imitate a snail crawling along a razor’s edge.

And so, with my Colette in mind, I say: “**Zugzwang** for thee, though not for me.”

Reading *The Long March* by Sun Shuyun, her attempt at fact-checking official Chinese records of the Long March, I remember two quotes attributed to Napoleon. Quote the first: “China is a sleeping giant, when she wakes she will shake the world.” Quote the other: “History is a set of lies agreed upon”

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

Just as the moral and psychological currencies of Tsarists Russia were debased by a medieval absolutism (see *Saltykov-Shchedrin* and *Custine*), so the outlandish atmosphere (though, so far, implemented *sub rosa*) which prevails around here can, over the long run, only have a profound and devastating impact on our mentality, culture, and very being.

Sources of inspiration for a Syncretic AtheistTM: **(1)** Los Angeles Bishop Robert Barron, for his YouTube explanation of “turning the other cheek.” **(2)** Gandhi for some how-to tips on (1). **(3)** *Vladimir Vladimirovich* for his inspiring attempt at autarky. **(4)** Martin Luther for his *monumental* and unavoidable(?) betrayals...

(5-24-25) Over the last months, the provocations have become more barefaced, the shouts louder, the insults more pointed and in-your-face, with less of that plausible deniability in evidence. Whether from tenants, neighbors, passersby, employees of businesses, or officialdom, this is so. Cause for despair or jubilation?

After the sort of life I’ve lived, considering my environment and the state of my mental health, asking for my opinions on *anything* is a crude provocation.

Both Saint Bernard™ and Mrs. ‘Bell™ were practically baiting me from the day they moved in. In the Saint’s case, literally. How come?

In the years he’s lived here, the Tiny Terror™, Tyson’s teenage son, has grown so much; he’ll soon be of a size to start hitting me like his father.

I think my neighbor, Saint Bernard™, is avoiding something/someone. Reasons: **(1)** He has two of what he calls ”service dogs.” Why two? **(2)** The dogs seldom see the outside and are mostly kept behind his bungalow in an enclosure. **(3)** He’s seldom seen outside. **(4)** His living room lights are never on, and at night, there is only the flicker of his TV. **(5)** A TV that is never off. **(6)** He has few visitors. **(7)** His conversations are strange, both in tone and sound, at times even self-contradictory in theme. Example: he’s consistently negative, whether in grossly overt or subtle ways, yet I believe he once made a *strongly* supportive statement. Quietly, he’s also given me honest and sensible advice. Puzzling and confusing.

Exceptional is the Gomez family, who, not surprisingly, were the only ones here before me. When I consider the other “tenants,” this complex is unlike anything normal people experience. A-and so, from this, the smoking wreckage of an apartment complex (if not of a Republic entire), a pun! *Cálmate pour mieux colmater*? The increasingly transparent and grotesque travesty that is the Addams [sic] Family Show and apartment complex is mirrored by another, equally transparent and grotesque travesty, namely that of the US Government. I begin to wonder if G*d did not create this government as punishment for our sins.

I’m a *Kagemusha* (see Kurosawa’s film of the same name), a man much visible though otherwise unimportant. Not allowed to make my own way in life, guided, manipulated, and, above all, protected both from the bad guys and some of my own deplorable instincts. Since before I arrived over fifty years ago, no innocent friends, girlfriends, marriage, family, or career. I was fated to remain *Sonderling*. Needless to say, I was never consulted about any of it. For me, life was to be a staged show, managed from behind the scene. A show which, more and more, wherever life took me, seems to have been an open secret. Beginning in Europe, it followed me wherever I went.

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

Lies, lies at every level. **(1)** The lie witless. **(2)** The lie *tout court*. **(3)** The lie brazen. **(4)** The lie self-administered. We begin with: **(1)** Witless lies told by foot soldiers Tyson, Mrs. ‘Bell, landlord Tiffany Anderson, and others. From here, we progress to: **(2)** The lie *tout court*. Lies of the LAPD, USPS, and the Social Security Administration. Then there’s: **(3)** Brazen lies of the LAPD (the one in which I’m told I’ll get a police report by email) and Tyson (According to the LAPD, he claims I’ve written about his daughter’s breasts on my website). Finally, the lie self-administered: **(4)** The lies I’ve told (to myself and to others).

Not only do I accuse them all of being liars but of the ones I can expose trivially (Ms Anderson especially), of being *witless liars*.

My job is that of a microscope; I hope to make visible heretofore invisible parasites. I say again: microscope, not microbiologist.

“No problem,” said the bus driver as I boarded the Metro #37, my last, on 5-21-25. Was she referring to prospects for Democracy? News travels fast, no?

Why am I sometimes so obscure? Why do I sometimes not translate what I write? I write partly for fun and, as Tyson once so eloquently said, “It’s survival!”

My last word in this latest kaleidoscope of nausea, horror, and malarkey I call *Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #40*:

“The Long March is a declaration... The Long March is propaganda... The Long March is a machine for sowing...” (Mao, Dec. 1934. *Sun*, 2006, pp. 190-1)

So foul a sky clears not without a storm (Shakespeare).

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 defense regarding the above <weasel word warning> inappropriate </weasel word warning> statement: **1)** It is heartfelt and sincere, which confession likely aggravates my case. **2)** The keyword, part of the title of my book, *Schizophrenia Weaponized* (free download available), is central to what I hope will eventually become a scandal. **3)** It has the additional merit of being true (Credit Richard Nixon).

(signed)

Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) “*Panzerschokolade*” (For the walking I now do because of the persistent unreliability of *Greater LA* bus systems) 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.