Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #42

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

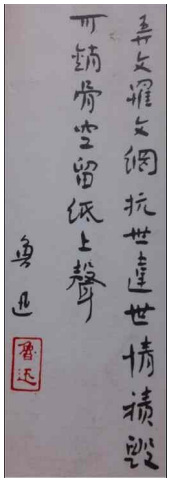
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Purpose: To Ridicule Few. To Amuse Many. To ~~Inform~~ Startle All. A reminder: because of frequent computer malfunctions, when I notice an egregious "printer's devil," I'll **bold** it and add [sic]. That'll bitch it.

This newsletter is in the public domain; anyone is welcome to republish and reuse, including in translation. Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) Hawkins, Los Angeles, West Addams [*sic*] District, USA, 2026

« M'étant mêlé d'écrire, j'ai été puni de mon impudence ;
Rebelle au modes, j'ai offense 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.
(My own) Translation of the autograph poem of *Lu Xun* (1933)

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.

"Goodness had nothing to do with it." — Mae West

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

"… silence is the ultimate consent." — Tim Cook, CEO, Apple, 2017

As I'm nothing if not a reasonable man, ever willing to be helpful, a suggestion for my neighbors: So that, come *Ragnarök*, y'all gets y'all's stories straight, I encourage you to keep diaries. Helps immensely — Berg "*Kampfmuzhik*" Hawkins

« *Ne cessons pas de relire ['Ombres chinoises,'] pour constater qu'au siècle du mensonge, parfois la vérité relève la tête et éclate de rire.* » — *Jean-François Revel*

"*¡Cálmate, mulata!*" (Words I've taken to heart) — Heard on the street (at the so-called Advance Market)

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

« *Car la vérité, par sa nature même, est laide, sauvage et cruelle ; elle jette le trouble, elle fait peur, et elle tue.* » — *Simon Leys, Essais sur la Chine*, p 805).

"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 écrivailleur écrive ailleurs. Enfin!* »

"Grazie alla selezione che eseguo, questo spazio è libero dai vari provocatori e malintenzionati." — *Nicolai Lilin*, from his YouTube channel

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).

¡Aguantar con humor! — Berg "*Kampfmuzhik*" Hawkins

"Liberal democracy appears to represent, above all, a diffusion of power." — Williams, 2006, preface

"Your precious notes may get you killed." — Irene Hawkins, 1995, Florence, Italy (personal communication)

On this third planet from the sun, among the signs of bestiality, a clear conscience is number one. — *Wisława Szymborska*

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.*

"Systems are like pancakes, you have to throw away a few before they get any good." — Carver A. Meade

"Powerlessness corrupts, absolute powerlessness corrupts absolutely." — *Giulio Andreotti*

(0) Some Pressing Questions, i.e., Is yet another burning would? come to dance, inane:

Is there anything to all this? Or am I , once again being delusional?

- Would anyone care to explain the talk given by an *Ewald Marwede*, representative of the NPD party, in Bremerhaven, West Germany, around 1970, at which the base commander, a Colonel Wendt, was present.
- Would anyone care to look into how Dennis Allard came to know of the incident at UCLA medical center in 1998-9 in which I made a certain salute?
- Would anyone care to look into the immigration status of Tyson the Corn-fed Golem w. the On/Off Switch™? This churlish question prompted by the recent travails (I write this in October, 2026) of House Representative Ilhan Omar.
- Would anyone care to look into the immigration status of a certain associate of Tyson X, a man who once, in view of Tyson, shot me with what police later said was a Nerf gun, in the back and forehead. This man, possibly from the Caribbean, wore a Porsche T-shirt. Eh?
- Would someone please verify that Father actually did visit London in the 60s, allegedly to have some suits made?
- Would anyone be interested in my on again/off again (blood work recently pronounced "stellar") dangerously low blood cell counts? So low that for some years, the Red Cross refused to accept donation of my blood?
- Would someone elucidate the tangled web of my relations with Tom Ellsberg as illustrated by the following timeline?
  - Tully's unfriendly driving.
  - ellsberg older daughter, he tried to set me up with her. Eralier, when I ,lived in on Stewart garage I had asked her out, she repulsed me.
  - Tully pickup me up, took tom and me to airport from xentel
  - Pablo Riviere and wife: inbtro info about ruth and daughter "british acent, odd" by pablo and wife
  - intro to ruth by ellbsberg in his office.
  - He leaves, I ask her out. refusal"No. You're crazy!" then a call

- Ruth Brodie: refusal, meet at Tom's office, her call, involvement, her curious comment you could do this for a living" my reaction. She leaving me alone in her No Hollywood house with her daughter apparently in the next room. He return, question about why door moved open. My sleepy reply. Subject dropped. Her friend's visit another day. I walk away, insulted. Years(?) later, I call.
- Ruth' s comment after sex: "You could get a job doing this." My reply: her reply. (as aside: *spécialité maison*, wot?)
- ruth and daughter, concern
- ruth's friend?? remark
- Beth Wolfson's cautions, she gingerly probed, while riding bike at beach. (*c'est elle qui m'a mis la puce a l'oreille*)

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

(2) The *Ca'canny* Family™, that double-barreled bunch of State-sponsored Nudniks™, whose M.O. and psychology I call passive-aggressive mischief-making:

Whether home, running errands, or out for my walks, I sometimes hear the word "Leave" softly whispered by someone nearby. This even happens with bike riders. I first noticed this unsettling phenomenon with neighbor Gadiel Velasquez' daughters, the three teenage girls I've nicknamed "Three Bland Mice™."

(3) 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":

I do feel ashamed for having refused poor Tom Ellsberg, a man who may have done more for me than Father, a trivial sum of money.

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

Diana "Weatherwoman" Gomez's *moue* (manipulative, deceptive,), a couple of MoU(?), and my moo(d) and her "Late Show" act.

- Walking home, I come across "Weatherwoman' Diana and her sister, both emerging from the walkway. ….<TELL> Gave the show away, those two did. Poor things. Maybe this was part of an extended "show" begun last year; a show whose ultimate aim is to avoid publicity. --- (update 7-31-26) Yesterday, there was another attempt by the same person, Dianna to do the same.
- There I apply the same judgement to my sisters, all neighbors, LAPD, doctors, etc…
- I see theser maneuvres as an attempt at putting the onus for failure squarely on my shoulders … with the attendant guilt due to my personality type. Interesting.!

Nowadays, when I see poor Diana, someone I saw grow from an extremely shy teenager to today's adult, I think of Colette Walczak, I think of poor Irene Hawkins. Could it be that the US Government has , over the last year, deployed (deputized?) the entire Gomez family, people I consider friends, to try to place the onus for the current stalemate(?) on me- in an attempt to make use of my well-known mentality. Also, after several appearances over the last year or so, something unusual for her as she no longer lives here, Diana is no longer "underfoot" so much.
Is this show, manifestly orchestrated over months and involving other players, notably Tyson X, smelling of the "oven cleaner" concept mentioned long ago by that machinist in Montebello, this time implemented by the whole of the Gomez family (onto the third generation?), the very people I feel closest to in this place, a place that tries to passes itself off as an apartment complex. No wonder I've been reporting a strong, varying smell of sewage around here for years.

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

- *From Ozzy Osborne's Black Sabbath,* in the album *Paranoid*, listen to the track *War Pigs.*
- *A-and now,* do send in the *Beach Boys*, won't you? By which I mean, of course, the song *Barbara Ann.*
- That *Gopnik hardbass* musical genre; featuring guys scarier-looking even than the *Die Antwoord* duo.
- *The King's Choice*, a Norwegian film about the opening days of WWII, set in *Drøbak* Sound. I've watched it twice. Uplifting. To me, King *Haakon VII* was, along with de Gaulle, the last great European. Honorable mention: Schmidt, Brandt, Monet, McMillan, *Mendès-France*, Thatcher (not among my favorites, though), and Attlee (*qui, comme nous autres Américains d'aujourd'hui, n'a pas su prendre son virage*, poor fellow). At least Clem's hands were, mostly, "Ajax"-clean). Though, on account of that very same "Operation Ajax," I do *not* include Churchill in my list as, mentioning the sum of forty billion dollars in lost yearly revenue, he once pressed the Americans most intently for something now called "regime change" in Mossadeq's Iran. The contrast with what's on offer nowadays in Europe's political scene is stark. Think *Haakon VII*-types vs. what we now have almost everywhere, quislings or worse. Such a shift, and in such a short time, too. Weird. I must end this now; enough insult for one day. (Update 10-28-26) I just heard a Norwegian academic and commentator by the name of Glenn Diesen is considering asking his university for a one year unpaid leave of absence to relieve the pressure of an intimidating atmosphere on him and his family.
- *Zamyatin, Lem, Ellul, Lu, Hašek, Dostoevsky, Čapek, Kadaré,* Lewis, Kafka, Mumford, Feffer, *Shteyngart*, Orwell, Huxley: They all foresaw, announced, noted, or deplored; with some even mocking, the 20th Century arrival of "*That Hideous Strength.*"

(6) To my Landlord, Tiffany Anderson-*Ca'canny*, "Our Lady of the Perpetual Inspections™." One in an Occasional Series:

A tale best characterized by the catty titles: "A Tempest in a ~~Teapot~~ Chamberpot." or « *Les Jeux de Passe-passe de l'État* ». Take your pick.
(1) Filed case #SO316129 on 11/5/2025 for required online payment, harassment. **(2)** Case closed without my being informed. I received notice on 12/15/26. Reason: I failed to reply to the request for additional information. **(3)** On 1/6/2026, filed case #SO318226 for required online payment, harassment. An attempt to save money by paying rent by check was stymied when the landlord ordered all rent to be paid at the portal. I'm forced to pay this way, incurring extra charges. The problem was fixed after the City ruled in my favor. **(4)** Another case opened, case #976924, regarding a leaking roof. **(5)** Case #976924 closed by LAHD without repairs having been made. **(6)** In reply to questions posed over the phone, Alfredo Balandra, alfredo.balandra@lacity.org, was referred to me by an LAHD employee named Joseph (last unknown) in Code Enforcement who called about my complaint. **(7)** In reply to my email of February 23, Mr Balandra replied on February 25 with questions about the relevant(?) case number (included in my email), the comment that he was the wrong person to ask (he advised I contact the RSO), and that I'm not to attempt to make repairs on my own. **(8)** A further email, sent on April 7, still resulted in no reply from Mr. Balandra to my question of whether I'm allowed to put a tarp over the leaking roof. **(9)** At the start of February, I begin paying rent in person, by check. **(10)** That month, and later, I'm unable to enter the AFJ office and pay rent in person promptly. I'm forced to wait on the sidewalk, outside AFJ Investments, for the secretary or owner to come downstairs to let me in, usually after some time. **(11)** I find a rent check is not cashed for a month. **(12)** On the following month's check handover in person, I must wait 2 hours outside the office before the owner drives up. The secretary was possibly there all along, as, after a few messages had been left, the answering machine was turned off. Furthermore, I always send an email on the same day, ahead of my visit, during office hours. **(13)** On 5/2/26, my attempt to

find Saturday office hours was unsuccessful when AFJ Investments did not reply to the email. I went anyway, and found the office to be either closed or the secretary not answering. **(14)** On the following Monday, my attempt to deliver the check leads to my confusion when Ms Tiffany Anderson, landlord and owner of AFJ Investments, answers the intercom and buzzes me in. Entering, I find the office is closed. The secretary soon appears, and I hand over the May check. **(15)** March and April checks are eventually cashed simultaneously. **(16)** On 4-22-26, an inspection by LAHD Inspector Boyd is carried out. **(17)** Door replacement (previous door damaged by roof leak) is botched by AFJ workers, leaving me unable to close or open the front door properly. **(13)** No notification of inspector's findings received by me. **(18)** During a work visit, an AFJ employee has me move items in the bungalow for him to access the attic for inspection, I comply. **(19)** No roof repairs are made that I'm aware of. **(20)** During another visit, an AFJ employee tries to have me sign a document to the effect that repairs had been made, I refuse. **(21)** As of 5/15/2026, still no roof repairs made. **(22)** On 4-22-26, a notice of reinspection regarding case #976924 is taped to my bungalow, it is dated March 24, 2026. **(23)** On May 5, 2026: Reinspection by Boyd, the man who initially found 4 violations. Smoke detectors are still missing (I'd removed them last year when both began going off at random during the night - as I explained to landlord and Inspector Boyd). **(24)** During reinspection, landlord Anderson asks if anything else is outstanding. Without answering, I refer her to the City notice taped outside my door. **(25)** After the visit, Inspector Boyd does not inform me of his findings, not even verbally. He waits on the sidewalk, outside, and confers with the landlord. That afternoon, the landlord's workers replaced the smoke detectors. Present with the handyman, was the AFJ secretary(?) from earlier office visits, in which I waited 2 hours downstairs before I could pay rent. **(26)** A notice of a General Manager's Hearing is posted on the bungalow across from mine. No letter or call informs me of the subject of the hearing. **(27)** Not having read the notice before it is removed, I begin to worry. **(28)** On 5-14-26, I tried to find the reason for this hearing, searching the internet unsuccessfully. **(29)** On 5-14-26, I tried to file another complaint with LAHD for my leaking roof, but the website or my browser failed during 2 attempts. **(30)** On 5-14-26, a call to 2 people at the housing department resulted in a return call on the same day. **(31)** I get what Blanca Contreras, from a City hearing hotline(?), says is a courtesy call. This seems to resolve the issue. But I'm still unable to get a clear idea of the status of my leaking roof complaint. I'm also unable to get a clear idea of the nature of the General Manager Hearing though I do get a hearing date. Ms Contreras is also unsure of the case number, but does give me one. **(32)** An email from LAHD, received the next day, 5/15/26, confirms the case # she gave (#948203). **(33)** Though I was unable to get information on my leaking roof complaint from her. According to her, "the case is possibly too new to be in the system." A-and are we having fun, yet?

(A Copy of this section being sent to City for inclusion in a General Manager's Hearing set for May 26, 2026)

(5-18-26) @ 13:39 I invite anyone mentioned in the 33 point account listed on 5/15/26 to discuss them with me if there are disagreements. Preferably by email. (Update 5-22-26): I will not be attending the hearing but have instead asked for a summary of proceedings.

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

… and, as she tucked me in gently, I smiled a smile of contentment… Her name was *Elmira Izmailova.*

- Torrance (?) PC customer - CD drive limit problem fixed – pic of young girl on desktop – customer mentions VPN to bypass security? Insurance policy for my would-be masters?
- CA highway patrol letter of item belonging to me found in stolen car in San Gorgonio pass – Don't want appear chrulish but mui=ust ask, is this Another insurance policy, this time for my masters???

- Woman picks me up as I strolled one night on Colorado blvd in 1972. - Now, Gentle Reader™ I don't want you to feel I'm abusing yr credulity. Here. - But a second woman on Colorado Blvd

When I lived on mesita/With Kathy Evans at the beach, German-looking(?) attractive woman walks by on steps/I was to run into Kathy's husband years later at SM beach. … <EXPAND>

In 1992, while working at Terminal Data, I got a call at work, possibly from my sister. Strangely, it was a a phone I'd never used, in a room with a window looking out onto the manufacturing floor. While we talked, a young woman, Korean-American, came into view on the other side of the window. She danced " back and forth for a few minutes before, finally, returning to her work and disappearing from view. I remember she was pretty, shapely and as my friend, Reuven Levy had previously said, she was a math major, worked in assembly, and did not date Americans.

Not long after I moved to my current apartment, the Spanish-speaking neighbor with a young family living in the bungalow recently occupied b y Mrs 'Bell, complained to me that a bike he'd been storing outside, was stolen. An other former tenant, an older Black man in the bungalow currently occupied by Brother Cantinflas, began having his smoke detector going off. When I pointed out to him the need to have it fixed, he replied in a somewhat ill-mannered way. He too, soon moved out. With the family, also young, also Spanish-speaking, in the bungalow across from mine, formerly occupied b y Saint Bernard, also vacating iot, the path was clear for Baba Outrom and husband along with the husband's daughter, son with their fa mi,lies to move in. Full house.

At BHS, fellow student Yvonne(?), the rowboat, at Dr Koehler's house on lake.

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

Δούλος (Doulos), **n**: Greek word for slave, French slang for informant; also the title of a French film, *Le Doulos*, staring Jean-Paul Belmondo. In a striking example of unintended irony, I once took friend Katsumasa Kozono to see it before his return to the Japans. And so, once again, I exclaim: "*Shikata ga nai.*"

"Bergie's number," **phrase**: Take a person's level of (state-sponsored) predatory behavior, divide by his/her level of (also state-sponsored) victimhood and you have Bergie's number. A value which, when applied to the "walking dead" among us, unfortunately tends to increase over time. The concept is most fruitful.

"征夷大将軍" (Seii taishōgun, Barbarian-subduing generalissimo), **title**: Inspired by d*e la Rey*, a song of SA singer Bok van Blerk; does this title not suggest yet another nickname for yr Intrepid Servant™ (Wink-wink, nudge-nudge)?

Jew, **n**: Word for a loosely-defined group (tribes?) known, along with the Heathen Chinee™, for their all-round excellence and, generally speaking, civilized behavior; generally speaking. However, when followed by an exclamation point, an expletive. For an example of the second, see a previous HSH issue in which I recount a telling incident in which a fellow(?) fellow of the Negro Persuasion™ whispers the word as he passes me on the sidewalk. For an example of the first a-and a bit of fun, see below.

Obombino, **n**: A member of that great and mighty tribe of idjits found to have voted for President *Obombo*. To qualify for membership in this select group, one must have voted for the blighter; both times. Plural: *Obombini*. Usage: "On the Westside of Los Angeles, especially beyond the 405 freeway, many *Obombini* are to be found." I trust you, Gentle Reader™, will let me know when I've gone too far? <insert demented cackle>

Hoxhaism, **n**: Also known as *Hoxhaist* Deviationism (according to Tito, a pernicious doctrine). *Hoxhaism* is not to be confused with hoaxism. No, not hoaxism. I. Said… Hoxhaism. Hoaxism, though, is a related concept, about which more on another occasion. Having endured the antics of the various workmen, neighbors, fellow tenants, librarians, LAPD officers, MDs, Los Angeles City Housing inspectors, and last but not least landlord AFJ Investments. Truly, when one considers the implication of these displays of tomfoolery and, even, simultaneously at times, and their (occasional) silent earnest entreatiesfear, is this not, as Tito is reputed to have said of the brand of communism practiced by *Hoxha's*, a republic in the "*bashibazouk*" manner? And so I say to them as are behind these poor souls' pantomimes: « *Espèce de bande de bachi-bouzouk des Carpates … de tonnerre de Brest !»* (French for: "This place is an Oh! So Shabby™ train wreck!")I've endured the antics of various workmen, neighbors, fellow tenants, librarians, LAPD officers, MDs, Los Angeles Housing inspectors, and last but not least, landlord AFJ Investments. Truly, when one considers the implication of these displays of tomfoolery and, even, simultaneously at times, occasional, silent earnest entreaties/fear, is this not, as Tito is reputed to have judged the kind of communism practiced by *Hoxha's* People's Socialist Republic, a republic in the "*bashibazouk*" style? And so I say to them as are behind these poor souls' pantomimes: « *Espèce de bande de bachi-bouzouk des Carpates … de tonnerre de Brest !»* (French for: "This place is an Oh! So Shabby™ train wreck!")

Jakarta, **n**: A proper name, the capital of Indonesia. Also, as told by Allende's niece, a coded threat. Graffiti found on walls of Santiago, capital of Chile, in weeks and months before the coup which toppled her uncle. Also, threats from my personal experience in this apartment complex: **(1)** Graffiti sprayed on the sidewalk outside our complex: "Eat a d*ck, bergie." **(2)** Corn-fed Golem Tyson™: "Up, Up!" A phrase repeated for months on end as he walks by my bungalow. **(3)** The "Tiny Terror™'s years-long campaign of petty vandalism, weirdness and intimidation. **(4)** Landlord Anderson-*Ca'canny*, "Our Lady of the Perpetual Inspections™'s, emailed threat: "… The police are on their way." After I refused entry to her employee. **(5)** Mrs 'Bell words, shouting as I return from an errand, buying a color laser printer: "You'll pay for this, you dumb ass!" **(6)** Tub-thumper™'s wife: "You'll have to go in." *usw, usw, usw.* Mind, I'm only mentioning the explicit stuff I can point to with confidence. And so I again ask: "Whut kinda place is this anyhow?"Jakarta, **n**: A proper name, the capital of Indonesia. Also, as told by Allende's niece, a coded threat. She told of graffiti found on walls of Santiago, capital of Chile, in the weeks and months before the coup which toppled her uncle. Similarly, from my personal experience in this apartment complex, examples of vague threats: **(1)** Graffiti sprayed on the sidewalk outside our complex: "Eat a d*ck, bergie" (pic available). **(2)** Words of tenant, Corn-fed Golem Tyson™: "Up, Up!" A phrase repeated for months on end as he walked by my bungalow in 2025. **(3)** Several physical attacks (LAPD police report #s available) by Tyson X carried out over the years. **(4)** His son's, the Tiny Terror™, years-long campaign of petty vandalism, weirdness and intimidation. **(5)** Landlord Anderson-*Ca'canny's* emailed threat: "… The police are on their way..." This after I refused entry to an employee of hers. **(6)** Mrs 'Bell shouting at me from behind as I return from an errand, buying a color laser printer: "You'll pay for this, you dumb ass!" **(7)** Neighbor Tub-thumper's Missus™ to me: "You'll have to go in." Mind, I'm only mentioning the explicit stuff I can point to with confidence. **(8)** As I think I mentioned in my book, Richard Evans, the son-in-law of my Mesita Rd., Pasadena landlady, once told me that while in the Marines, he'd learned the Indonesian language well enough, he said, to pass for a native over the phone. And so I again ask, perhaps more pertinently this time: "Where the f*k (replace the '*' with the letter 'o') I am?" (Use a pronounced *plaasjaapie* accent here)

"Sympathetic detonation," **phrase**: …Can also be usefully thought of as the conflagration (*Ragnarök*?) resulting from the meeting of both parts of a binary poison, the view from the "outside"+the view from the "inside," Eh?

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

Nothing to report…

(10) 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.)
True in two ways: **(a)** Mrs. 'Bell's mentally ill – or acts it. I'm mentally ill. **(b)** She's Black, I'm considered Black (a-and am, for all I know).

After Brother Cantinflas™ intercepted me as I emerged from bungalow, asking that I return some weights "when I was done with them" as, "there are others using them, I: **(1)** Told him I'd taken three in all. **(2)** That I'd return them. **(3)** Knowing he has an elaborate set of his own weightlifting equipment on the other side of his bungalow, after returning them to where I'd found them, by the trash containers, I began taking occasional pics, presumably time stamped. (4) Throughout, I noticed the Tiny Terror™, Tyson X's teenage son, standing by, mutely observing.

The quotable Madam Mim: "You're not as crazy as you look." Said near me sometime before she moved away. (*Foi de Moi*™/Berg not Lie™).

To live around here with a semblance of equanimity, a requisite quality: the ability to suspend disbelief.

(11) *La Rubrique des Gueules Cassées*:

- Irene, meaning well perhaps, recently suggested three books I might look at to combat my hoarding behavior (is it so obvious that she , halfway around the world, could be concerned?). I immediately reserving them at the library, I began wondering if this were not a case of locking the barn door after the horse has fled. Much as when, speaking to a doctor at KP about the possibility of being evaluated for hoarding as I was in the process of transferring most of my stuff to storage, preparatory to getting rid of it. The doctor, immediately prescribed an antipsychotic,. Later, Irene reassured me that this was merely for better sleep. Though one could object that if that was the case, why not prescribe a sleeping pill?. I've already commented in the curious attitude among medical and medical-related personnel which, while concerned about my stress level, does not address things like the extreme variability of my blood pressure whenever I visit KP or the veritable circus, near and far, I live in. About Irene's email advice in whioch she asked abput progress in my cleanup. 'd said I get on it. on second thought and considering her frequently dodgy advice, maybe I should split the difference: I'll do a bit of tidying up and assemble the rest of my sauna. Thus Killing 2 birds w. 1 stone.
- About my scavenging and hoarding mindsets: Like horse and carriage, they go together, do they not?
- My arthritis is worse, especially of my shoulders. Occasional excruciating pain, specifically under the fleshy part of my left big toe. It reminds me of an episode of aerodontalgia I suffered from during flights as the plane changed altitude. It causes me to flinch and yelp or groan. Happens at random times with momentary pulses of sharp pain repeated from once to several times per second. These episodes likely began in 2025. I still feel a slight nausea and dizziness whenever I bend my torso or head down.

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- I find I'm sensitive to noises or quick movements. Examples: **(1)** Nearby engines idling for long periods of time. **(2)** Loud motorcycles or cars racing by. **(3)** People screaming just as they walk past my door. **(4)** People's voices, often almost inaudible murmurs. **(5)** A low frequency hum, often of random amplitude variation, often after I go to bed. **(6)** Odd, dry dog barks, which sometimes can be mistaken for coughs. **(7)** Music of the "thump and hum" variety, less often now that Mrs 'Bell's gone. **(8)** Sirens, some over a block away. **(9)** Someone nearby, just within my field of view, swaying rhythmically. **(10)** Power tools such as leaf blowers, saws or drills. **(11)** Car doors repeatedly slamming shut. **(12)** People, whether in my neighborhood, on the street or mass transit, having loud arguments. This began here, in our apartment complex, with neighbors I nicknamed the Banshee(s)™ and Ms Mumbles™. With some of the more elaborated sound montages or late at night, unable to sleep, I sometimes feel like a lab rat trapped in an experiment.
- I still notice an occasional left foot slap.

(12) The Quotable Other with "Tales of ~~the *Himmelfahrtkommando*~~™ My Most Sincere & Devoted Friends,"

In an incident on 9-??-26, a tenant walked past me ostensibly screeching into her phone: "Bitch! Move!" as she squeezed by , chosing to walk infront of me though I'd turned my back and made room for her behind me. It was either banshee #3 or 4, I can't tell, these banshees all sound alike. A day later, I distributed HSH #41. Some years ago, Banshee #2, I think it was, was last seen being wheeled out, amid some fanfare (crackling police radios, ambulance personnel, helicopter circling overhead, on a gurney, sobbing, never to be seen again.

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

(14) *Sassenach*™ and His ~~Yankee~~ Damyankee Tricks:

What do Edelman's Carlo Diaz LMFT, Myriam Dinkins, supervisor of a Jennifer, Tytiana Burns, BS, Substance Abuse Counselor there as well and our Congress have in common? Very simple, really. An infatuation with plausible deniability. For them, the bee's knees… Consider. According to Drake, a whistleblower, formerly with the NSA, our Congress simply does not wish to know for then ,mthey'd be forced to act. And so, following the principle of see no evil, do no evil. They, exactly as with Carlo Diaz, LMFT, Ms >>>, supervisor, Edelman, refuse to so much as to glance at documentation I attempt to provide, documenting the antics of tenants around here.

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

To reduce pressure follow Romanian/French philosopher *Emil Cioran*'s prescription: "In order to be free one must be willing to endure any amount of humiliation." are There those in power who could benefit from this advice?

***Varlam Tikhonovich Shalamov's* Advice Regarding the/his(?) State:**

His Words:	My Response:
"Don't fear them."	While I do fear neighbor Tyson X and his son, and shouldn't; I do not fear the US Government, though I should.
"Don't believe them."	I no more believe anything the US Government says than I believe what the poor old woman I nicknamed Mrs 'Bell™ says. She's a former tenant who looks and acts like a mix of Madam Mim and Bozo the Clown.
"Don't ask anything of them."	I'll *never* ask anything of the US Government, not even justice. … suggested that, in the event, I remain collected, polite, and, above all, avoid my trademarked "blanket statements." Fine. Though any participation by me is to be credited to the notion, non-legal in this case, of « force majeure » a-and a curiosity on my part as to how this farce eventually plays out. I don't ask anything of the US Government, not that I be left alone; a-and certainly not justice.

I don't have the courage to face this environment without laughter and mockery. More: I'm not paid to think, I'm paid to endure and remember; a task I pride myself on accomplishing with ease. See the *About the Author* segment in my book, a segment in which I compare myself, not unfavorably, to a water buffalo....

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

(17) 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?):

From an email I may send Irene on the occasion of my birthday: 20260517 Un elephant_v02

The French bits need to be read out loud with a thick French accent:

Moi qui n'a jamais Trumpé *dans quoi que ce soit (non sans le concours de mes « anges gardiens », bien entendu), chose qui m'a permit d'habiter (si non de vivre) ici une cinquantaine d'années (et, croyez-moi, je compte bien y rester) ; j'ai ouï dire (par un modeste bruit de couloir me permettant d'esquiver toute responsabilité) qu'un Américain, tout comme cet éléphant qui est le symbole d'un de nos partis politique (*of our GOPniki*?), ça* Trump *énormément.*

And so I (following Goethe, slightly modified) say: *„Habe nun, ach! / Philosophie, / Juristerei und Medizin, / und leider auch ~~Theologie~~ Fumisterie! / … / Da steh' ich nun, ich armer Tor! / Und bin so klug as wie zuvor.*" Fer sure...

In other news, I've just acquired a new pair of shoes. No, *not* of the cement galoshes variety. Not yet anyway. Or are they called concrete overshoes (I never get it right)? Pace Mrs 'Bell™, I'm calling ~~it "Miracle"~~ them:"*The Shoes of the Fisherman*" (see Figure 1). $25 from a sidewalk vendor around the corner. A reasonable price, no? On sale, you know… I'm aware, though, the name, title of a film starring Anthony Quinn, may prompt (among the *malintenzionati* among us) the thought: "Tonight, Berg sleeps (Oh! So Soundly™ in my case?) wit da fishes!"

Also, kurzgesagt: „Ich brauche keine Millionen: (Я) Muzhik! (Я) Muzhik! (Я) Muzhik!™" https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G54J4Imb2ss

A-and aren't I, once again, showing myself a Damn-clever Negro™? Damn-clever for a Negro, that is...™.

Having said this, I end on this (musical) note, for I do enjoy my paycheck! (Johnny Paycheck, that is). https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bFyej__dqY0&list=PLIAodSAVVD0ZykwMlrV0f7PeT2ULW-ZrT&index=16

Wow, this stuff practically writes itself. OK, OK, enough malarkey for one day.

(18) Pics:



Figure 1: The Shoes of the Fisherman? Though clearly too big (all the seller had), they remind me of them proverbial galoshes, or is it overshoes?

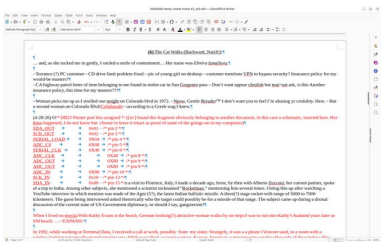


Figure 2: Evidence of the increasingly intrusive phenomenon of text fragments finding their way from one document to another, highlighted in red.

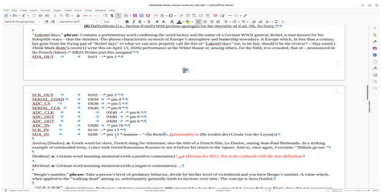


Figure 3: From the same document, more of the same. Errand sample not highlighted.



Figure 4: On the trail of the rumored weightlifter… I occasionally take pictures, though, in the last months, the weights have barely moved at all. I remind you that, after taking them for trash and taking them, Brother Cantinflas once came to me complaining others used them, and would I return them when done.

(19) *Beruf: Luftmensch* (In which I discuss progress, if any… on my projects):

I'm part technician, part non-degreed engineer/coder, part *cafone*-class technical coolie, part hobbyist, part inventor, jack of all trades, master of none; a-and an ink-stained wretch.

(20) *Les Lamentations d'un Batracien Désabusé* (Credit *Ahmed ben Errabeh*):

I run on ideological fumes, nostalgia, and resentment. I say fumes to suggest both a certain level of intoxication, a paucity of depth, and lack of sophistication. As for the nostalgia and resentment (*avant la lettre ?*) bits, if you've read my stuff, they should be self-explanatory.

What kind of setup, what kind of society, what kind of culture allows noisome scum like Arno X to even come near a national treasure like Caltech?

I.I. Rabi's thumbnail judgment of Oppenheimer: "He was a Jew who forgot what he was." Regarding myself, I believe I can go Rabi one better.

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

I hear gruesome things about the Russian, Ukrainian, Iranian and Chinese governments. I never hear anything like it about the US government.

Irene: A father she was estranged from, an unsophisticated, reality-shy mother, a crazy brother she could not even confide in. For such people, it's a lonely life.

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

A fine insult: "Made in Oshkosh, b'gosh™!" I must remember to make use of it from time to time. A-and if y'all can figure out what it means, I'll eat my hat!

"If you don't go crazy, you are not normal." (Credit Goran Bregović) <?????>

It is comforting that I, from repeated personal experience, can see the US Government as shabby.

To close this mausoleum on a lighter note, an anecdote! A saint, I don't remember which one, was being roasted over a slow fire, somewhere in North Africa, by the Romans. At one point he turned to the guard/minder/cook(?) and said: "I feel I'm quite done on this side, perhaps you should turn me over." It is not known how the State responded to this vile provocation. The guard, following a neighbor's recent example, should have said something like: "You tryin' to be funny?"

My last word in this kaleidoscope of nausea, horror, and malarkey I call *Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #42*:
To Monica Lewinsky, who did the right thing in spite of Prosecutor Starr's earnest entreaties.
Thankyou!Thankyou!Thankyou!

A valediction:
Hoping I remain yr Fair-haired Boy™, I am, Sir/Madam, yr Friendly Neighborhood Paranoid Schizophrenic™ (Better a 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) "*Simplizissimus der Kampfmuzhik*™" 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.