Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #43
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

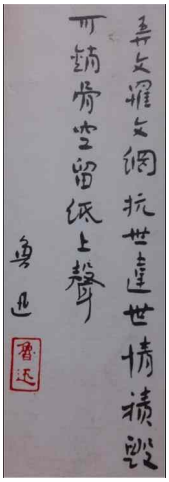
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Purpose: To Ridicule Few. To Amuse Many. To ~~Inform~~ Startle All. A reminder: because of frequent computer malfunctions, when I notice an egregious "printer's devil," I'll **bold** it and add [sic]. That'll bitch it.

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.e — 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 comm.)

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*

(1) Tales of the **Schwartzkommando** (Credit Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*), where, as so often happens, Life imitates Art.
Although, I can add that the reality caricatured by the word is bleaker than that found in the book. There, Black Africans formed an elite and mythical SS unit charged with firing V2 rockets. In the "really existing reality," I try to evoke, it is as though Black people were tasked with guarding the inmates of Dora, the concentration camp where these rockets were actually built.

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?, in my case, though , as a confirmed Russophile, I believe I've by now earned the sobriquet Уданик Пятилетки (Udarnik Pyatiletkiy, Striker for the Five Year Plan). Little old me become a Stakhanovite. Imagine! Long ago, the label was bestowed on me by fellow schizophrenic, comrade in arms, and fellow-traveller, that apparently *not* irrepressible gadabout, *Elmira Izmailova*. I have the actual badge to prove it (see Figure ?), too.

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

(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":

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

About fellow student “Arno X,” another anecdote (witnesses were present). At an apartment I shared with two Caltech students, sitting next to me, he, in an unsolicited remark (approximately accurate — this was over forty years ago) once said: “… I’m so big, I’d give you hemorrhoids.” Upon such meat has this, our Caesar, fed (Credit Shakespeare, adapted by Friedenberg). Gentle Reader™, the anecdote may suggest that, all in all, Arno X and Caltech were perhaps not a good fit. Mebbe no better a fit than with me, *en l’occurrenc*e... Ah, the vagaries of affirmative action. A-and are we having fun yet?

Further (more recent) scurrilous incidents or allegations of a sexual nature by:

(1) Tyson the Corn-fed Golem with the On/Off Switch™. **(2)** The Tiny Terror™, Tyson X’s son. **(3)** Mrs ‘Bell™, a former neighbor. **(4)** Two Spanish-speaking construction workers, apparently witnesses to an attack by Tyson X on the sidewalk, yards from my bungalow. According to Officer Shelburne, they claimed to have seen an altercation between Tyson X and me in which the word “pedophile” was used. This after I’d previously asked them, in front of a resident of 2642 S Cochran Ave, whether they’d seen anything – to which they’d replied in the negative.

A list of their accusations:

(1) Many years ago, as I was on the lawn outside, I remember the date clearly, working on a system for delivery to Greg William, a solar customer setting up an encampment for the homeless in Whittier. While I assembled the solar system, visiting police inspected the site and ordered it, including my solar system (pics available), removed. Tyson X used the word “pedophile” as he stood nearby. **(2)** Last year, in 2025, use of the same word by Tyson X’s son to to a security guard at the R-Ranch Market, again within earshot of me. **(3)** That same day, he also asked a man at a construction site for advice on what to do if someone were bothering him. This as he followed me, occasionally shouting things. **(4)** The use of the word “pedophile” by LAPD officer Shelburne when he reported having spoken to the two construction workers mentioned above. **(5)** A comment by former neighbor Saint Bernard™ in which he, during a police visit occasioned by Mrs ‘Bell™ in which he spoke to the officers, said: “I’ve also heard other things about him.” **(6)** An allegation made by Tyson X to LAPD officer Shelburne(?) that I’d looked at his daughter’s behind. **(7)** According to LAPD Officer Shelburne, Tyson X also accused me of writing about his daughter’s breasts. **(8)** To an LAPD Officer she’d summoned, Mrs ‘Bell™ accused me of being a peeping tom.

Material remembered later: (1) Arevalos and daughter. (2) Days later, Tub-thumper: “You want to f**k my daughter?” (3) Immediately, Laughter from another.

Conclusion:

(1) Perhaps Tyson X could provide an explanation for his and his son’s use of the word “pedophile” in comments made years apart. **(2)** As for Mrs ‘Bell™’s ever being in a position to explain her behavior or accusations, I despair… **(3)** NB: at least one of Tyson X’s charges can be definitively be put to rest by searching the 500+ pages I’ve had online for many years. If shown to be false, the fact would cast doubt on anything out of that family. **(4)** There should be a formal, verbal confrontation under the aegis of the legal system. With the following people put under oath: **(a)** The neighbor, witness to statements by **(b)** Two construction workers. **(c)** LAPD officer Shelburne. **(d)** Tyson X. **(e)** Me. The confrontation should be on the subject of whether the two saw Tyson X attack me and whether I said anything throughout. **(5)** Are *any* of these accusations documented in police files? i.e., where’s yr data? **(6)** A liar is not to be believed even when he speaks the truth. **(7)** I emphasize that the criminal behavior of the Tyson and Son Show™ as well as by others in these apartments, was, as I first charged in *An Open Letter to a Cannibal*, enabled by repeated inaction of the people at the Parker Center for the Performing Arts™, i.e., LAPD.

From this, It is reasonable to conclude that Tyson X’s masters (a criminal elements in the US Gov.) are publicity-shy. <??????????????>

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

- Sarah Paine on Dwarkesh Patel’s YouTube channel on the deficiencies of Bushido, a doctrine/philosophy developed in peacetime though used as military doctrine in WWII: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Znk5QINe01A, “Why Japan lost WWII (lecture & interview).”
- Read *Wei Jingsheng’s Fifth Modernization https://www.weijingsheng.org/doc/en/THE%20FIFTH%20MODERNIZATION.html*, sulfurous words posted on Peking’s “Democracy Wall” on December 5, 1978. An act for which he paid dearly. A former electrician, like *Lech Wałęsa*, he was born in 1950.
- From *Nicolai Lilin*, a commentary billed as the failure of diplomacy in the war in Ukraine but, in reality, scathing observations on what passes for leaders in the West: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=adT5baLmEao. He brings up *Andreotti*, *Craxi* even, as examples of leaders who, though one can criticize them severely, nevertheless were people imbued with the importance of notions of the State. Impressive commentary.
- May I add an interview of a scholar interested in Mishima? https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FMyXXM5n8pI.

(6) To my Landlord, AFJ Investments’ Tiffany Anderson-*Ca’canny*, “Our Lady of the Perpetual Inspections™.” One in an Occasional Series**:**

(6-4-26) Having first given email notice of my visit to pay rent today, I only had to wait a half hour on the sidewalk for yr employee to answer the several voice messages I’d left before she let me in. You are to be congratulated on yr (relative) promptness. *Ausgezeichnet! Prima!*

(7-13-26) @ 21:24 Listening to the The Banshee™ (or one of her successors) a-cursin’ and a’wailin’ in her apartment this last hour, as I sit on my porch, cattily minding me own business, a thought: Ms Anderson-*Ca’canny*, can you not offer tenants here a supply of Valium? And that, on the House! I implore you. It’s the Christian thing to do, simple human fellow-feeling dictates it. For, nowadays, speaking of these poor devils: *ils ont tous des gueules d’enterrement*. Some even seem traumatized.

(7-22-26) May I bring to yr attention further exploits of Tyson X and Company™? See the following recent entries in my online diary at bergendahlhawkins.com:

7-21-26

- [Redacted]
- Earlier today, after my morning walk, I setup a trial version of a movable solar system on a cart and 3 stacked milk crates to take pictures of. I intend to ask for City advice on what is and is not allowed at the curb and the lawn within the apartment complex. Back at my steps, disassembling the stack and panel, while moving items into my bungalow, Tyson X's son, The Tiny Terror™, walked in from the street and said: "... move your [unintelligible] ...," then shouted: "Move!" At the time, I had my back turned. Not saying a word, I complied.
- Later in the day, he, again walking by, muttered nearly incomprehensible things, either to himself or into a cell phone, I'm not sure which as I make a habit of seldom looking at him and never speaking to him. His behavior, a pattern, is somewhat like that of the Velásquez daughters, the Three Bland Mice™, who sometimes murmur "Leave" or "Go" as they walk by. Only, he's weird and usually nasty in his utterances.

7-20-26

- @ 10:11 Went inside after having placed a folding chair outside to rest on after my morning walk. I had had two old, small, Siemens solar panels propped up against railing and hedge since 7AM, I’m using them to power an attic fan. Tyson X, accompanied by someone, came out from the back

building where he lives. Once in my bungalow, I heard some noise and, when I came out again, one of the panels had been knocked to the ground. There was no damage. Other than Tyson X greeting Brother *Cantinflas* as he strolled down the walkway toward me, nothing was said.

- [Redacted]

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

In my first college year, I was invited out by friends of Father's, first to a movie, then to their house. The movie was *Deliverance* and throughout, I noticed the wife of one of them occasionally studying me. Later, at their house, sitting around chatting, one of them, a woman, brought up the subject of "the Caucaz man." Not knowing what to say, I remained silent; I never saw them again.

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

"*Lakeitel* days," **phrase**: Contains a portmanteau word combining the word lackey and Keitel, the name of a German WWII general known for his lickspittle ways, thus the moniker. The phrase characterizes so much of Europe's atmosphere and leadership nowadays. A Europe which, in less than a century, has gone from the frying pan of "Keitel days" to what we can now properly call the fire of "*Lakeitel"* (or, to be fair, should it be the reverse? – Stay tuned.) Think *Mark Rutte's* recent (I write this on April 13, 2026) performance at the White House or, among others, for the field, it is crowded, that of – pronounced in the French manner – "*« la Keitel »*, (presumably to *Die Leiden des*) Ursula von der Leyen(s).

Gleichschaltung, **n**: German word for synchronization. Of a *very* dubious original provenance, the word came to be applied (see eerily prescient comments by Dalrymple/Daniels) to the European Union. I've since repurposed the shameful thing, so frequent are the "meets cute" around these parts. Usage: "Two days ago, on May 7, 2026, Brother *Cantinflas*™, in back-to-back *Gleichschaltung Aktionen*, walked past my bungalow just as I was emerging from my front door."

Saudade, **n**: A psychological condition not necessarily restricted to those of a Latin temperament. Best described as what one has left after someone or something held dear has gone forever; for the Portuguese, their Empire, say. For a haunting example of the usual final destination (a quiet backwater of little relevance, perhaps a ghetto or, at the very extreme, Yeltsin's Russia), listen to the song ~~*Malfamé*~~ *Alfama* (itself a ghetto of Lisbon) by the renowned and beautiful Portuguese singer *Amalia Rodrigues*.

Cattle call, **phrase**: Meant as a slighting reference to any mentality prepared to indiscriminately audition wholesale numbers of innocents in the hope of finding "talent." The phrase defines a phenomenon, with end results witnessed by me countless times, in which a random innocent is examined then waylaid, before being inducted into the Fraternity of Morlock™, e.g., a Colette Walczak. A munchkin without discernible political opinions and, what's more, an upper-middle-class one from deepest, darkest Indiana. If the US Government can victimize one such as she, is anyone safe? The Russians, probably similarly afflicted, generally more forthright about these things, use the phrase "meat storm" (Credit the Daily Mail).

Lupanar, **n**: A word previously unfamiliar to me though it be French. I was introduced to it in the seventies in a Los Angeles Times piece by a writer I'm still trying to identify (Sent the Times an email which, as of this writing, has not been answered). For a definition and example, see "Mesita Rd." below.

Mesita Rd., **place name**: A cul-de-sac located in Pasadena. I lived there for four years as tenant of an older woman, Lorraine Griffith. While remaining within the bounds of propriety, I can still convey the prevailing atmosphere there with an anecdote. The neighbor across the street, owner of *Fox's Five Acres*, a car dealership, once commented on my hiking boots which, having seen better days, let my socks be visible through the front which had split open. "They look like a tongue," he said after examining them while checking my countenance. *C'était quand même quelqu'un qui avait fait Iwo Jima. Ding hao, monsieur !*

Bagnard wear, **phrase**: It is by a happy coincidence that I've added this term to my daffynition of the color Orange. You see, jail jumpsuits are orange, generally.

Malatropism, **n**: Yet another delusional affliction. Example: the celebrated *„Drang nach Osten"*. Nowadays, a condition unfortunately shared by more than the usual suspect… This usually ends in tears. Furthermore, it is devoutly to be hoped that Our Little Red Brothers™ (Credit Brunner), formerly known to some as The Heathen Chinee™, are not similarly afflicted, else I cannot answer for the future of Western Civ. Curiously, the word itself is an example of a malapropism. A-and aren't I, once again, showing myself a … etc., etc., etc.

Bougnoule, **n**: Another word also unfamiliar to me though it be French. Use by commentator Jacob Cohen to characterize the attitude of colonial-era Danes toward the people of Greenland (Inuit?) at a time when that piece of real estate was the topic of the hour. Closer to home, I can think of another example of this attitude, this time that of the US Government; right under our noses, too. Namely, my long-suffering neighbors, near and far. Fer instance: <TELL>… The Tang era (relatively benign times, too, as I hear tell) gave us the following anecdote: The young brother of a bureaucrat takes leave of his elder before taking up the position he's just been appointed to. He swears to be circumspect and patiently submissive in his dealings with his superiors. "If they spit in my face, I'll merely wipe it off without saying a word. – Oh no! You must absolutely avoid doing that!", his older brother cries out in horror. "They might take this for insolence. *Let the spittle dry of itself*" (Credit Leys). In this, my country, as evidenced by the daily behavior of every neighbor, even *that* attitude seems insufficiently submissive. A-and, what of the respective body counts?

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

(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 may even be, for all I know).

(6-21-26) Coming back from my walk this noon, Mrs 'Bell was…. Yet another skit/show. Operating in "overdriven loudspeaker mode.:

(11) *La Rubrique des Gueules Cassées*:

For hard, numerical proof that the seventy or so people I follow in attempting to treat my diabetes are on the right track, aside from my own partial success, one has only to note that even with blood sugar levels in the 60s, 50s and even 40s (considered severely hypoglycemic), I'm entirely asymptomatic.

(7-15-26) After pieces in the Daily Mail and HealthLine on walking speeds by age, I've started walking with an eye on the clock. Now up to 3.2MPH over ~4 miles from 2.6 initially. But, as it's not pleasant, especially late in the morning, I make a joke of it. As I pass the ever present State-sponsored Nudniks™ (some have even hit me) I: **(1)** Momentarily speed up. **(2)** Silently say to myself: "Watch, I will show you how an American walks!" *Et paf!* Works like a charm, wot? … I showed him a similar feature on the corresponding finger of my right hand, this was passed over w.o. comment by poor *Herr Doktor Siegel*. Which response calls for clarification.

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

6-7-26 @ 15:28 Minutes ago, as I sat on my porch with a coffee, Mrs 'Bell, a former neighbor, walked in. After she'd passed, I looked at her; noticing, she turned back, looked me in the eye and said: "F**k you!" With this, she joins the select group of (foul)mouthpieces/tenants to have insulted me to my face. I wonder where this outburst came from: **(1)** A genuine, sincere (if resentful) human being. **(2)** Her (pretend?) madness. **(3)** Her "Master's" voice.

LAPD's Shelburne/Sherburne: "… let us take care of Tyson, we'll deal with him ourselves…" My reply: "No, I want to get to the bottom of this." Oddly, all 3 attacks for all 3, Shelburne was dispatched on both, back to back days. When one considers the repeated and conspicuous lack of action by LAPD and this appeal to what amounts to extrajudicial sanction, one is tempted to think we are in central or south America; during the bad old days. Jakarta beckons. I can be forgiven for feeling Jakarta beckons. Chickens coming home to roost?

What's the fun in being a dissident, albeit a reluctant one, if one can't occasionally be bothered by veiled threats of ass-banditry from a self-described ex-con who's also touched on ankle bracelet monitoring? Ms Anderson-*Ca'canny*, where *do* you find yr tenants. I declare. Along similar lines, I remember Colette taking me to a performance of Richard III at Griffith park. While there a curious incident also suggestive of the above occurred, thia time though, the target was Colette and the person applying the pressure was a large woman of the Negro Persuasion™ who happened to be sitting nearby...

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

(3-11-26) I filed police report number C269010774 after I saw neighbor Tyson X steal a small clip from a sun shade I was assembling on the hedge **outrside**. [*sic*, thought I'd written "outside"). Minutes Later, he casually knocked over a sun shade I was making as he walked by. Without a word though I did hear him mumbling to himself as he did so – much as his son does. *'ne Bande Simulanten, oder?* Why is it this poor man has to behave this way? A-and why does this antisocial trait run in the family? And what can be the meaning of his and his son's (Oh! So Shabby™) masters' actions?

(4-26-26) Placing copies of HSH #40 on car windshields, the Tiny Terror™ on his "appointed rounds"(?) crept up behind me and shouted: "Hey! Watcha doin'?" as I placed a flier. Ignoring him, I continued up Cochran, pausing here and there to place more fliers. At each stop, I found him following me, stopping silently, standing behind me. This went on until I turned the corner and began using my kick scooter. He continued trailing me from the other side of the street, reversing direction at times. This went on almost until I reached La Brea. I wouldn't be surprised if he'd taken fliers. Perhaps for his father, Tyson the Dread Corn-fed Golem w. the On/Off Switch™ providing a sound basis for him to ascertain just how hard and how many times to hit me when next he feels the urge. I now think of them as "The Tyson and Son Show."

(6-15-26) … missing foot found days later, after replacement … (See Figure ?). Trivial items, moved or removed, sometimes found days to months later after having been put in conspicuous places. I first experienced this a decade ago when an assortment of hole saws ended up under the front passenger seat of my car. I fear this kind of thing goes on even more frequently than I'm aware.

(6-20-26) A gallon bottle of bleach, maybe half full, was emptied by unknown agents with contents replaced by something like water. I'd noticed its lack of effect when trying to clean my toilet bowl. To confirm, I sprinkled some on my fingers and noticed none of the characteristic slipperiness, when I tried the same test on another, sealed bottle, it felt and looked different. This happened in the last few weeks.

Just made this note in my online diary:

> 7-20-26 @ 10:11 Went inside after having placed a folding chair outside to rest on after my morning walk. I had had two old, small, Siemens solar panels propped up against railing and hedge since 7AM for powering my attic fan. Tyson X accompanied by someone came out from the back building where he lives. Once in my bungalow, I heard some noise and, when I came out again, one of the panels had been knocked to the ground. There was no damage. Other than Tyson X greeting Brother Cantinflas as he strolled down the walkway toward me, nothing was said.

On 3/11/26, a spring clamp was stolen by Tyson X as I watched. Police report was filed and accepted , LAPD report #C269010774.

What to make of these antics is hard to know as everyone in this complex, including "Tyson and Company," and up and down the street, is acting out a role.

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

(5-21-26) Thinking of this morning's display by a former neighbor who keeps coming around at random times: when I silently observe the antics of such as Mrs 'Bell, I wonder if the US Government is trying, by means of these egregious displays of people rolling in the mud, to reduce *me* to their level (that of the Government). In which their complete contempt for both these poor unfortunates and any Western notions of human dignity are made patent? This, of course, in addition to the basic harassment and stress-making value of these "shows." And to think my family has been subjected to techniques such as these; for decades on end.

(5-31-26) Car and motorcycle sounds and actions: **(1)** Engines idling nearby for as long as ½ hour or so **(2)** Kids roaring by repeatedly on moped-like toy motorcycles **(3)** As I 'm about to cross a crosswalk, waiting for ,light, just as walk sign sign, a car which had been waiting, immediately turns as I step off the curb. **(4)** Bike riders passing quietly say: "Go" or "Leave." **(5)** Cars accelerating in the night, far away. **(6)** m cars nearby on Cochran, repeatedly gunning their engines. **(7)** Electric scooters swerve toward me as they approach **(8)** Car accidents, Cars hitting me, bike/car accidents **(9)** Cars, pausing at a crosswalk, before making a right turn just as I'm about to step into the street. Three recent (before 7-1-26) examples: **(1)** 9RFR116, Adams & Rimpau, 9:20PM **(2)** 81337a?, red pickup, La Cienega and Cadillac, 10:36AM. **(3)** DE4 ? 11. (4) Adams & plates???

Sometimes when I hear some of the peculiar sounds I've become so sensitive to, I ask myself if they come from people, children, dogs, cats, birds or power tools. It can be that ambiguous. And not only are these sounds often synchronized to my movements but, on occasion, they seem to be orchestrated.

(6-15-26) I notice people looking fixedly at me as I walk by, whether on my walks or elsewhere. This has been going on ,increasingly, for months. Delusion?

The atmosphere … examples, conclusion: seems this atmosphere not only has created stress but seems to continually fosters and maintains it. (1) The annoying persistent computer malfunctions 2) the sloppy work output of landlord and employees I've often noted. 3) the vague (or not so vague) threats and bad behavior by Tyson X and his family. 4) The shouts and screams of Mrs 'Bell on her daily "rounds" 5) Other Sounds I've documented, day and even night., 6) The Brother Cantinflas daily "show(s)" in which he drones on interminably on the phone – a "lite" version of Saint Bernard, the former neighbor across from my bungalow who spent much of the day in similar activities. 7) The seemingly interminable dealings with customer service, Housing department employees, etc, etc. etc. No wonder Irene recommended books on hoarding. Out of a concern for the impact of this stress on me? She's even used the word "stress" in an email.

Rakes' progress, a progression? **(a)** State-sponsored Nudniks™: The three Jewish guys who wandered into my apartment without so much as a by-yr-leave, Brother *Cantinflas*™. **(b)** State-sponsored madmen (whether ersatz or not): Mrs 'Bell aka Madam Mim/Bozo the Clown™, et al. **(c)** State-sponsored Criminals: The Tyson and Son Show™, Saint Bernard™, Arno X. **(d)** State-sponsored Terrorists: Chinese Uigurs moslem extremists (possibly).

a list of asthmatics: **(1)** The dog belonging to Tyson X's family. **(2)** Sundry individuals with labored breathing. **(3)** Buses wheezing as they drive by.

(7-22-26) @ 14:48 As I hear Brother *Cantinflas*™, in the neighboring bungalow, drone on in his occasionally peculiar voice, I reflect on the following pattern which, with the exception of Anna, her son Angel, her brother Miguel Avalos and a woman and son, names unknown, briefly in the bungalow across from mine, has been a habit of *every* bungalow tenant since I moved in. They talk loudly while keeping their front doors open, summer or winter, sometimes 24 hours a day. Beginning with **(1)** *Baba Outrom*™, **(2)** Brother *Cantinflas*™ **(3)** The Lady Lurk™ **(4)** Saint Bernard™ **(5)** Mrs 'Bell™ aka Madam Mim/Bozo the Clown™. A-and so I ask: Is it something in the "local" "water?"

(7-25-26) Reminiscent of an incident, related some HSHs ago, in which Tyson X and his wife were standing around chuckling as I walked in to the smell of a fart. This has happened again twice. One of the participant being the Tiny Terror™. Copycat! The horror, the horror!

An idea: After the increasingly baroque progressions of animal (dog barks or bird chirps) sounds we've been hearing around here, cannot something based on the Fibonacci series be arranged by this US Government? Surprise me!

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

BLACK on BLACK ~~crime~~ grime, some instances of SCAM ATTEMPTS: **(1)** Asks me to design and make a laptop **(2)** Wanted me to help make solar panels in Africa. **(3)** Asked for advice on the water *plumbing* required for solar electric

Another *La! Muzungu!* (Hey! White man! in Swahili) moment — much as related by Paul Theroux in a book on his African travels.
(7-27-26) As I, Oh, So Softly™, placed one of my orange BergendahlHawkins.com flier strips on his windshield, a man exited the pickup parked on the lawn in front of my bungalow, asking something. I began walking away, then said "Excuse me?" Whereupon he called out to me: "… gringo..." In similar vein, Blacks are in the habit of whispering "Jew" as they walk by. Gentlemen, gentlemen, this simply will not do; flattery will get you nowhere.

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

(5-1-26) though I've been making a point of distributing HSHs almost daily on my street, Nothing to report thus far, thankfully. The "Tyson and Son Show™ has been quiet, except for a brief performance by the Tiny Terror™ who, recently, on his "appointed rounds" harassed me as I put out fliers on my way to run errands. With his father strangely (mostly, though not entirely) quiet.

(6-24-26) …taking me by surprise. I was shocked and angry. minutes later, she was followed by another woman also walking on the wrong side of sidewalk… Over the next ½ hour, This was followed by a procession of people walking toward me. Some turning back to their side of the sidewalk, others swinging shopping bags that narrowly missed me. Incident Reminds me of the title of my book… Sequelae/aftershocks:

(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?):

(4-19-26) I worry, as we all do nowadays, about the Straight of Hormuz, the Straight of Bab-el-Mandeb, the Straight of Malacca (How could anyone, *par les temps qui courent*, say this last one wiv' a straight face? — see below). A-and G*d only knows what other Straights lie in wait out there. Isn't it time to spare a thought for our own damn straights? By which I mean the straights our μαλάκας (The *lot* of them.) have put us in? Sorry, no translation; as I've repeatedly said: I. Don't. Do. Vulgarity. OK? A-and doesn't this stuff just write itself?

(18) Pics:

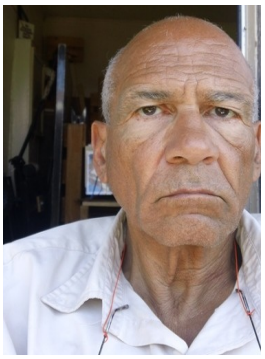


Figure 1: Shake well before use.



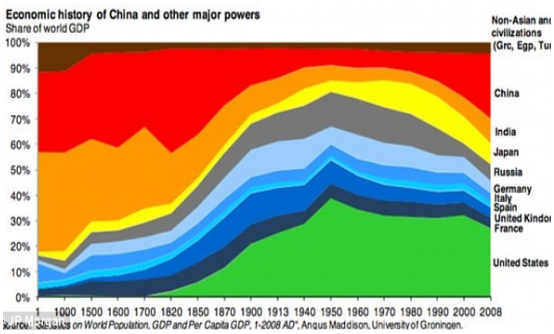
Figure 2: A DIY cutting board made of scrap lumber found at a construction site. Notice the discoloration at the lower left, site of a missing plastic foot.



Figure 3: The errant plastic foot, found! Removed twice from the cutting board in Figure 6, I replaced it twice. One of them reappeared June 15, 2026 on my front steps. I'm waiting for the other shoe to drop, i.e., for the other foot to materialize again.



Figure 1: I suspect the US Government of being publicity shy, a trait I obviously do not share, viz: While the item on the left attests to an incorrigible willingness on my part to air dirty laundry (**Schwartzkommando**-type stuff) in public; at right, we have a thumbnail sketch of my opinion of this here Republic (a chamberpot with what would seem to untutored eyes like a price tag attached). Another sight gag along the lines of the mechanical counter I carry with me at all times; my reply to the Tyson X and Company™ question (cue that darn **Schwartzkommando** stuff again. Sigh.). Gentle Reader™, I trust you to let yr Most Humble Friend and ~~Narr~~ Narrator™ know if 'e's gone too far this time, wot? A-and, doesn't this stuff practically write itself? A-and, are we having fun yet?



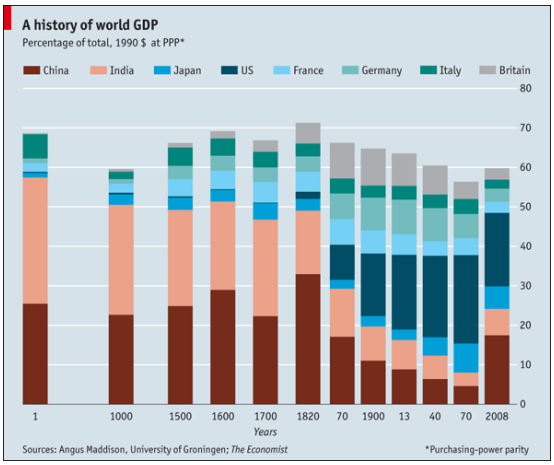


Figure 2: The above two graphs illustrate what I mean by the phrase "The Once and Future Middle Kingdom™."

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

(1) (5-5-26) Giving up on my current attempt at making compost. Made mistakes of adding an egg while not ensuring enough water was present. Will maybe try again. **(2)** (5-28-26) Overall … since I must take into consideration several extraneous factors in my off-grid implementation, it complicates matters. Thus, not the convenience of a "flush and forget" attitude … still workable, though. **(3)** (7–26) Making a virtue of a necessity, I've designated a damaged 300W solar panel my "sacrificial" panel, as in "sacrificial wood." It will now sit permanently on the site of my former pantry, facing south. The heavily cracked unit should generate a few hundred watt-hours each day as it charges scooter battery packs directly. Wrapping it in transparent plastic, I've made it morning dew-proof. By also encasing it in cardboard at night, I hope to have made it "Tyson and Son™ proof." **(4)** In a vain attempt at keeping some semblance of order around my bungalow, what with things wandering and various gizmos malfunctioning (this for years, by the way), I put up a sigh – addressed to the miscreants responsible – in Fraktur, yet, on my espresso maker.:"Keep yr mitts off my *Stoff*!" Alas, the espresso machine, too, has gone on the blink. Sigh. (Update 7-15-26) A week ago, driven by a craving for espresso and inspired by a YouTube video, I fixed it. It had been so heavily used that the heater had become stopped up with calcium deposits. Fixed! **(5)** (7-15-26) I've put in a car radiator attic fan, solar-powered, to replace the box fan which consumed 600Wh of DWP electricity per day. **(6)** (7-27-26) I know this will be frowned on as technical fix for what is a political problem. But after seeing/being seduced by a Chinese-made folding electric tricycle, unable to afford it ($750), I'm making my own. I'm recycling/upcycling/downcycling(?) an abandoned jogging stroller I found at the side of the road. Spending fifty dollars to add wheels, a solar awning, an electric motor and batteries; maybe I'll have a pair of dice dangling from the front. The thing will extend my range, just in time, too, as the CO2 bottle I use to make sparkling water, is empty and I have to go 12 miles w.o. benefit of public transportation (the Metro people not having, as yet, gotten back to me on whether transport of these things is or is not *verboten*). Just when I need it most, too… (5-28-26) Overall … since I must take into co nsideration several extraneous factors in my off-grid implementation, it complicates matters. Thus, not the co nvenience of a "flush and forget" attitude … still workable, though.

(20) *The Elmer F.U.D. Brigade*:

With so much unpleasant business around me, such a negative, poisonous atmosphere, I thought I'd attempt to convey the stress I'm under by summarizing instances of a long-standing pattern, the fostering (in me) of Fear, Uncertainty, and Doubt. Thus the pun with the less than worthy-sounding name itself meant to convey how low some of my immediate neighbors, and others, including medical personnel, can get. I'll update the list whenever required.

(1) Tyson X's son. **(2)** Tyson X himself. **(3)** Ms Anderson-*Ca'canny*. **(4)** Brother *Cantinflas* "I've got a beef with you, brother." (It is devoutly to be hoped he does not soon have a cow as well!). **(5)** LAHD Inspector Reichmann [*sic*]. **(6)** Spanish-speaking neighbor, a man in the house just to the south of my complex (strolls by as I go into kitchen, says: "Lawyer?" then "No."). **(7)** Mrs 'Bell. **(8)** Saint Bernard. **(9)** Tub-thumper's wife. **(10)** After her performances this year and in the past, I must regrettably add Diana Gomez. **(11)** *Frau Doktor* Cavalier, MD at Kaiser ~~Permanente~~ *Matanzima*, Land of the Upright ~~Men~~ Coke Machines™. **(12)** More than one Red Cross technician(?).

From YouTube (I confess to spending far too much time there), I learn that two legal statutes may be relevant to one of my great vulnerabilities (especially when properly exploited by our Government in its majesty), namely: *My effin' weak bladder.* Statute the first: **(1)** Peeing in public is not necessarily Indecent Exposure. Statute the other: **(2)** Neither is a charge of Disorderly Conduct a possibility, unless one: **(a)** Purposefully create an annoyance, **(b)** An inconvenience, **(c)** Or causes alarm. See https://www.youtube.com/shorts/Oi_pIB7WzbM, a short discourse on the subject by a lawyer.

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

I've often wondered what it must be like to be one of my neighbors, near or far. The best I'd come up with emphasized the "actor's pantomime." Since then, I've come across another understanding of the predicament, a more awful one. One more in tune with that damned 20th century, inaugurator of totalitarianism. I found it in a book of essays on the Chinese Cultural revolution. Sadly, it may be of some relevance here. From the blurb of *Ley*, « *Essais sur la Chine*. »:

> « … *quelle sera l'issue de la longue et cruelle guerre que Mao et ses héritiers mènent depuis cinquante ans contre leur people* ? ...» (What will be the outcome of the long and cruel war which Mao and his heirs have waged *against* their own people for fifty years?) Vindication of *Emil Cioran's*, at first glance cynical, comment: "Don't ask what kind of country you like, ask instead what kind of a police state you prefer."

Again from the same book, an even more pessimistic view. See pp. 500-501, 1998, the whole paragraph which I summarize and translate as: "… to survive, you must play the game; as you plays the game, the game changes you." What an awful truth.

(5-12-26) Just had an idea: If things work out, neither this US Government nor I will come out of this with *any* kind of reputation. If things work out, that is.

Quotes from a YouTube commentator I sometimes follow, on the Hierarchy. Speaking of those on the lowest rungs, she says: "… They never come into contact with them [higher status people], don't share common acquaintances, and aren't integrated into the system. They only learn how the world truly works when they clash with the system. Elsewhere, she says: "… a highly prestigious job and you can only get it if someone with influence is backing you within the system." This from a Russian emigre. Her words echo "*The Inner Ring*," a lecture delivered by C.S. Lewis in 1944 on informal social hierarchies. BTW, his talk starts with a quote from Tolstoy's *War and Peace*.
"

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

(23) "Bergie Sez" or Quotations from Chairman *Miaou* (Those of you with a long memory or a guilty conscience will get the reference):

If I seem taller than mere mortals it's because I stand on the shoulders of my fellow (moral?) midgets.

I've a mind to start a new section. Following *Krokodil*, a Soviet-era periodical which tolerated *some* jokes at the expense of the Above. How about *Krokodil Krokodilovich* (Son of the crocodile) or *Beruf: Schlauberger!*. Here's a sample:

(1) "California: so far from G*d, so near to Mexico." **(2)** "America: so far from G*d, so near to Israel." **(3)** "This story has more holes than a French tart." **(4)** In the false-flag operation I call *Unternehmen „Konserven nach Gleiwitz,"* with which WWII was inaugurated, the guy in charge of the deal was a fellow named *Naujocks*. I expect he did OK out of it. Nowadays, though, being a *Naujocks* could conceivably be no joke. **(5)** Which do you prefer: a regime of hoaxers or a regime of *Hoxhas*? Gentle Reader™, you pays yer money and you takes yer pick. **(6)** In the interstices between tectonic plates, there may be some freedom to be had. **(7)** *« Au lager comme a la guerre! »* (Credit unknown Russian nobleman on finding himself in the *Solovetskys* after the Russian revolution). **(8)** It is a comfort that I, both from repeated personal experience and the news, am able to see the US Government as a shabby train wreck. **(9)** We live in the land of the almighty lie. **(10)** Q: Are the Blacks yr brothers or yr friends? A: They are my brothers! (In the Polish sense, Natch!) **(11)** Not only do I not care whether I win or no, I don't even know what the various factions stand for. A-and how's that for impartiality, i.e., *Fiat justicia, ruat coelum*. **(12)** I've found it advisable to give the innocents at the USPS a wide berth, adding: "U-something!" Operating in **(13)** Judging from the difficulty I've had in getting Dread Tyson X, the Corn-fed Golem wiv' the On/Off Switch™ arrested for his crimes, he must have a get-out-of-jail-free card. Imagining his, his family's, and his associates' predicament, I'm not interested. **(14)** **(15)** I sometimes forget I'm not here to think, only to note. **(16)** May I, for a brief moment, wax vulgar? In an elegant phrase, Lyndon Johnson, my favorite President, speaking of some poor fellow in his clutches, said: "I've got his pecker in my pocket" (LBJ, you say? Elegant, you say?). I believe *I* have the US Government's pecker in *my* pocket. A-and, being in the same predicament as the guy riding a tiger, I'm determined to hold on firmly, however distasteful the thought… As an aside, I must remember to thank Beth Wolfson, source of this bit of inspiration (knowing of my interest in him, she once gave me an "All the way with LBJ" commemorative pin. Thanks, Bef! A-and you can be sure that, come *Ragnarök*, I'll wear it. Fer Sure!). **17)** With AI so much in the news lately, a question: Is Chinese-made AI as criminally inclined as its American equivalent seems to be? **(18)** A left-wing luminary, not a favorite person of mine, has called AI a fascist idea. Unsure of the meaning of fascism, without even the most basic understanding of AI, yet inspired by her and not to be outdone, I venture to call the very idea of agriculture fascist! With all farmers (exceptin' the regenerative ones), fascist as well. A-and those practicing organic agriculture, crypto-fascists! *Et paf !* **(19)** The Ukrainian people, poor things, fell for it; EuroMaidan, it was called. Seduced by the prospect of joining the European Union, they were. A European Union already submerged in mountains of Eurobutter, Euroveal, Europork (quite a lot of it about, I hear.), Eurolettuce, Eurochicken (A-and how *do* they expect to do another *Ostfront* with *this* lot? Seems they forgot Montgomery's three laws of warfare.). And the Ukraine a known breadbasket, too. Suuuuure. Guys, I dunno… Have you been sold a bill of … Eurogoods?

How is a run-of-the-mill sinner to retain even a shred of freedom unless he/she has a modicum of privacy? Eh? Along that thought and considering the babysitting I've enjoyed, I now see myself as a low-maintenance sinner; perhaps my most attractive feature a-and suggestive of why I was selected?

To close this mausoleum on a lighter note, an anecdote! I hear tell that the NSA, once asked by Congress to report the number of Americans monitored by them, replied that they could not release the figure as to do so would violate the privacy of the people concerned. Berg Not Lie™/*Foi de Moi*™.

My last word in this kaleidoscope of nausea, horror, and malarkey I call *Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #43*:

To Mr Collins, an “old country lawyer” (in the style of Sam Ervin, I bet): With yr YouTube piece in Section 19, you’ve set my mind, and other parts, at ease. From the bottom of my, my, my culpably weak bladder, I say:
Thankyou!Thankyou!Thankyou!

A valediction:
Hoping I remain yr Fair-haired Boy™, I am, Sir/Madam, yr Friendly Neighborhood Paranoid Schizophrenic™ (Better 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.