Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #44

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

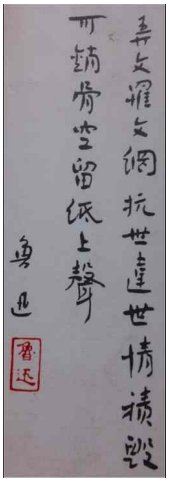
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Purpose: To Ridicule Few. To Amuse Many. To ~~Inform~~ Startle All. A reminder: because of frequent computer malfunctions, when I notice an egregious "printer's devil," I'll **bold** it and add [sic]. That'll bitch it.

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*

(1) Tales of the **Schwartzkommando** (Credit Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*). As so often happens, Life imitates Art.
Although I add that the reality I caricature with the word is bleaker than that found in the book. There, Black Africans form a mythical SS unit charged with firing V2 rockets. In the "really existing reality," I try to evoke with this borrowed word (I'll return it, I promise), it is as though Blacks were tasked with guarding the inmates of Dora-Nordhausen, the concentration camp where these rockets were actually built. A-and whut kinda place is this, anyhow?

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

(11-13-26) An orchestrated "microwave moment"? Consider: **(1)** Tub-thumper and the Missus™ along with another party, #3. **(2)** Ms Anderson-Ca'canny, #1. **(3)** Long-suffreing neighbors nextdoor #2). **(4)** Brother Cantinflas #1. In all, 7 participants. With the clou" provided by Ms. Anderson-Ca'canny when she … with hands crossed behind her back.

(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 confess to, over the years, having consistently demonstrated a (lamentable, it must be said) pattern of airing out my dirty laundry in public (see Figure 4).

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

From the October 6, 2026 issue of the Daily Mail (British edition) we have the following headline: "*Russian agents 'defecated in Finnish politicians' toilets after breaking into their homes in bizarre new hybrid war.*" For shame! But who could they possibly be taking a leaf from? I merely ask…

… drugs at school. … A "taggant?" … at an exhibition? … from the frying pan into the lupanar?

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

- *Stupeur et tremblements*, a novel by *Amélie Nothomb*. The travails and tribulation of a young Belgian woman working in a Japanese conglomerate in Tokyo; a laugh a minute. The general *zaibatsu*-type (I use the obsolete word pointedly) atmosphere of her company laid bare... Not to be missed.
- I have no interest in sports. Zero. However, see https://www.youtube.com/shorts/3tqOmCYgMwg, a testament to the skill, daring and brains of the human race. I think I've figured out this Italian woman's trick, too: a sort of lifting body. She may be using hers to steer into a target from such an altitude that it appears smaller than my little fingernail; its the only way this feat could be possible. Wowie-zowie!
- (11-12-26) Quotes of the day: "… Jensen Huang" from a Carl Zha, in an interview. Also: "the Mothership" ... I was tickled pink by the interview! A- and add this about Mr Huang: I like his taste in women… <REMOVE>
- Sarah Wilson, one of my favorites, model-like looks, mentally ill (Landsman!), an Aussie, too! I first heard about her from a talk she gave on quitting sugar. In this interview, she talks about the possibilities of collapse without necessarily bringing in a "Max Max" take on it. For a more pessimistic take on the matter, though, read *A Canticle for Leibowitz* by Walter Miller. Sigh.

Peruse wiv' confidence ... it's all *Kampfmuzhik*-approved!

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

In an effort to secure my stuff from the depredations of *that* family and others, I'm forced to practice "guerrilla solar." I must now take into account the petty (mostly, so far) criminality displayed by them as I design solar hardware and establish practices and workarounds for my off-grid system. Between my advancing age and arthritis, the (concerted, orchestrated, even muscular…) exertions of yr tenants, and the lack of response from City/County/State/Private sector authorities to my repeated pleas for guidance on solar regulations, I feel rather *coincé*. Ms Anderson-*Ca'canny*, cannot something be done?

(8-17-26) You recently, ??-??-????, send around a flier about the use of extension cords and power strips. Reminded by this, I got around to retesting my outlets with a Commercial Electric MS102H tester. The device reports the following circuits as not wired properly (with possible serious consequences): **1)** Living room outlets: "Hot/Neutral reversed." **2)** Kitchen: "Open Ground." **3)** Bathroom "Hot/Neutral Reversed." **4)** Bedroom "Correctly wired." This last added to demonstrate my tester is working OK. Additionally, I can report the unreliability of more than one outlet. One of them recently installed by yr itinerant ~~clowns~~ employees/contractors is not wired properly. Some of the outlets trip randomly, forcing me to use non-GFI-protected ones. BTW, don't GFIs require correctly wired outlets in order to offer protection?

Yr man, the fire extinguisher wallah, showed up a few days ago; asking if I lived here. I was then just inside my screen door, sitting, in plain view of the porch.

(10-26-26) For days there has been a pervasive sewer smell in my living room and kitchen, mostly at night.

(10-29-26) When next you pepper me with peremptory and, to me, arbitrary, since you cite no source or regulation, demands, e.g., that I remove solar panels from the curb *now* or allow my pantry to be demolished, I'll ask for: **1)** The name of the requesting agency. **2)** The name of the City employee who signed off on the order. **3)** (If possible) a citation of the regulation I'm infringing or that requires this action. **4)** Lastly, some paperwork to this effect from both your office and the City would be nice. Remember, Ms Anderson-*Ca'canny*, I'm ever-willing to comply (having my priorities straight) though I don't know the rules of this game.

One of yr renters here, a "Banshee-class tenants, waking on the narrow walkway as I stood, I made way for her to go by behind me, but no, she chose instead to walk in front of me. As she did so, she screeched/screamed: "Move! Bitch!" in front of my face. So loud was she that a neigh bpor across the street l;ater sayd: "We love you, bitch." I must ask, how do you manahe to hold on to them, considering the circus, strange, and negative at mosphere around here. Do they qualify for a discount pn the rent? From what I know, this is not "Section 8 territory"

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

(4-28-26) A decade ago, on one of my visits to Florence, Irene, by then with Alberto Zucconi, her current partner, spoke of a trip they'd made to India. She repeatedly mentioned a scientist nicknamed "Rocketman." I bring this up after watching a YouTube interview mentioning the latest Indian ballistic missile, the *Agni-V*, a rocket with a range of 5000 to 8000 kilometers. The guest being interviewed asked rhetorically what the target for a missile of that range could possibly be. The subject had come up during an excursion into the current state of US (*ce beau pays d'Apaches*) Government ~~diplomacy~~ gangsterism. *Vu ?*

Some possible parallels with a long ago event which marked me (as a comer?): **(1)** In the sixties, at dinner, Father, upset at something I'd done, pulled me away from the table, grabbed me by the feet and turned me upside down before shaking me. No one, including mother, commented; they affected to not notice. **(2)** Here, in what I call the Addams [*sic*] Family neighborhood, a similar situation exists. This circus has gone goes on for years, unabated, and people behave like everyone at that dinner table. I can now refining the simile of my being a bull which carries with it its own china shop. As nearby, witnesses, mute, hands folded, watch the scene without comment. I see this as a sort of conspiracy of silence, *un secret de polichinelle*, going on now for fifty years, and in increasingly shrill tones. Moreover, I've read that competing secret polices usually become aware of each other's initiatives within days (Credit Valentine, *The CIA as Organized Crime*); it is only the victim or taxpayer (assuming these are not one and the same) who are caught unawares. No one here has behaved differently than Soviet citizens would have in the depths of the old days.

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.

Greg Bailey, taking me to his house in Ariz. Met older couple, husband Caltech alum(?) wife older

Augsburg, freshman year, I'm 13 y.o., fight, Tyrone Washington, Father, Tyrone's father, sergeant , in Buskirk's chemistry class. Father comment. Problems with Black people stretching back, as one can see, to beyond the 50 yrs I've been here.

(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. « *Après avoir réfléchi sur ce séjour a Mesita Rd., j'arrive a n'en plus savoir a quel sein me vouer. »*

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 !<OUT>*

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: that well-known „*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.

Radical, **n**: Someone unfortunate enough to know some truth yet lucky enough to be in a position to tell it. See Leys quote below masthead. Further, there may even be some who, of a most happy disposition, find themselves in a position to name names… I'm radical but not extreme. Put another way, while I can be inspired by *feu* Lyndon Johnson <insert demented cackle>; someone like Lyndon Larouche, though, is definitely out of bounds. As you see, I can be quite prim about these things.

Bougnoule, **n**: Another word also unfamiliar to me though it be French. Used by commentator Jacob Cohen to characterize the attitude of colonialist Danes toward the people of Greenland (Inuit, innit?) 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 the attitude, this time by the US Government; right under our noses, too. Namely, toward my long-suffering neighbors, near and far. Fer instance: <TELL>… The Tang era (relatively benign times they were, too) 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?

Tapedessus, **n**: A portmanteau word of French derivation which can be read two ways. … Can be thought to have bidirectional characteristics in that both signifier and significand are presumably subject to the very same sort pressure...

Gopnik, **n**: A Soviet-era *cafone*, only meaner; more appropriately, a Russian *chav*. Quoting *The Exile* (link below): "*gopniki were originally peasants and landless riff-raff who came to Petrograd in the 1920s in search of work. They poured out of Petrograd's train stations, and found residences, if lucky, in newly transformed dormitories.*" Born of post-revolution housing shortages, it is said they were housed in Leningrad, at the Государственное общежитие пролетариата (State Dormitory of the Proletariat). You will note that Leningrad is a town noted (at least by its own inhabitants) for its superiority to Moscow; rather a stark contrast with the subjects of this daffynition, no? There, they developed a distinct subculture which persisted until the dissolution. At which time their renowned stupidity and fearlessness proved no match for the drugs and guns in which Yeltsin Russia became awash; they went extinct. For those of you unfamiliar, an appreciation of the look can be had by watching Sasha Baron Cohen in action; assuming there could ever be such a thing as a Jewish *gopnik*… A caveat: I read somewhere that *Gopnik* is a perfectly good Jewish last name. Go figure.
The tracksuit, the sunflower seeds, the squat, the cap, the sneakers, all part of ~~sportswear~~, ~~cafonewear~~, err, I mean gopnikwear. In an Attemp at justifying my recent purchase of *two* such Adidas tracksuits (Ô Berg, Berg, berg!) I can excuse this rank bit of provocation (earned me stripes, 'aven't I?) by mumbling something about: **(a)** Giving focus to the free-floating russophobia so prevalent nowadays. **(b)** Kicking at the traces. **(c)** An attempt at adopting protective

coloration for, as it is said that the Republic of Russia is a *gopnik* state (are they not all?), in all fairness and considering my past and this US Government's current behavior, it is plausible that the US is, too. **(d)** My (belated) adherence to the *Proletkult* movement made patent (as if further evidence were needed...). That indispensable companion to Yeltsin Russia, *The Exile*, a rag once edited by Ames and Taibbi: https://exiledonline.com/russias-original-gangstas-meet-the-gopniki/index.html, says: "*… the story of Russia's gopniki is the tragic tale of a dying breed of a once-proud people. Charles Portis wrote that whenever a guidebook refers to a country's people as being "proud," it usually means "barely human" in the special lingo of those guidebooks. In the case of the gopniki, they really are barely human, and that's why they're so f**king [my own edit] awesome." … "Take the word "gopnik": rarely does a word so seamlessly match the object that it signifies. The "gop" is brutal, dumb, and funny, but not funny like "I'll laugh in the gopnik's face" funny. It's funny in a very private way, safely inside your car, with the doors locked and the windows up, and the foot on the pedal, and the wife and kids screaming not to stop at the red light."*
An aside: I hesitantly support ~~China~~ The (Once and Future) Middle Kingdom™ (merely rectifying the language here), Iran, and Russia in their ongoing tussles with my President; countries that, while I've had a long term interest in some of them, I know little of — and that mostly from Western sources. I will instead voice a firm opinion about a place I *do* know something of, namely the US. Let us say I'm no G.O.P.nik and, unlike *gopniki* of the Russian variety, do not believe I could credibly be accused of blind chauvinism, neither…
Additionally, the Soviet-era legal notion of "hooliganism" can profitably be brought to bear here. Though here, ironically, at least some of this hooliganism is state-sponsored. And the celebrated courtyard, typical venue of Soviet *gopnik* activity, though transposed to my apartment complex, involves the usual: **(1)** Derisive laughter (their laughter makes them sound like woodpeckers). **(2)** Invasion of personal space (think Colette's accurate allusion to my humiliation at the hands of a customer). **(3)** Petty theft. **(4)** Harassment and humiliation. **(5)** Violence (moderate). **(6)** Treatment of public space as a stage (an eerie parallel here). Transpose stateside, stir well and allow to marinate for over fifty years, *usw., usw., usw.* And so I ask, cannot this, my country, also be seen as a *gopnik* state? See: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5eHi-qhPLcs.
Apology for the overlong definition, I'm merely following words I once heard: "Have fun with it!" Though whether "it" referred to *Aktion* or target is unknown.

Stammschwartz, **n**: One of two flavors of them as be of the American Negro Persuasion™, a native son. For the other variety, see below.

Volksschwartz, **n**: Also one of the American Negro Persuasion™, though not a *bumiputra*. That there could be a difference between *Stammschwartz* and *Volksschwartz*, a difference some were apparently willing to bet good money on in my case, speaks volumes and is proof positive that there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark." More: it gives the lie to the old saw that you can take niggers out of the country but you can't take the country out of niggers. *Et paf!*

Nosferatu, **n**: Of possible Romanian origin, it variously means the undead, the walking dead, or them as are infected by that which shall go unnamed. A prospect filling me with such foreboding that I've repurposed that well-known euphemism: "The N word" in order to avoid this nameless dread. Surprising as, afflicted with a *forme fruste* of Tourette syndrome, I'm not usually suited to the niceties of euphemisms <insert demented cackle>. FIXFIX

"Company town," **phrase**: … For example, Los Angeles. With mayor currently a Ms Karen "baaskaap-by-proxy" Bass. Do listen to Tennessee Ernie Ford's song, *Sixteen Tons*, for additional flavor and an idea of prevailing conditions around here (and elsewhere?).

Kampfmusik, n : a typical: repeated overlong piece of music, going on for mtens of min utes, or a bass heard with nothing else. … not to be confused with *Kampfmuzhik*, although at times, the former does have the ability to confuse the latter…

Nostrum, **n**: Derived from a Latin word meaning "belongs to us;" nowadays it signifies a remedy of dubious efficacy, though a practice most effective in the bamboozlement of the peasantry, think snake oil. <<ADD>?? … My President is reputed to be overly fond of them, e.g. redefinitions of: the Lincoln Center, Lake ???, New Mexico, Straight of Hormuz, etc. A bold prediction: this may not be the end of it, as I hear tell, further renamings may be the offing. Could the Caribbean become Mare Nostrum? A-and, what about the Pacific? *Oceanus procellarum*, mebbe?

Blackbirding, **adv**.: A practice in which a person, by trickery or force, is persuaded to relocate for the benefit of an enterprise. A modern example follows. It is a truth, (which may, someday, come to be) generally acknowledged, that a young woman, in possession of a medical degree, though not of a good fortune, perhaps (feeling) in need of a husband, who can be persuaded to leave for another country in the belief she can obtain similarly well-remunerated work there when, in fact, the country does not recognize American medical degrees, is a blackbird. The practice of blackbirding has been illegal since the late 19th century…

Pin-pon-pi-dou Aktion, **phrase**: …After the Ben Barka affaire, that … deplorable business of the sixties, de Gaulle had a word with Pompidou, his then-minister of the interior: « *Pompidou, vous ne tenez pas vos services en main.* » I like to think he did so in a Marseilles accent. Example of a *Pin-pon-pi-dou Aktion*: (11-11-26) Coming back from my morning walk, I chanced on an LAFD truck, all horns blaring, Oh, So Slowly™ venturing across La Brea with much fanfare. Just then, I espied, across the street, a young man, of a certain persuasion 'e was, too, standing in the middle of the sidewalk, motionless, seemingly oblivious to the *vacarme* (mustn't forget our French/European roots, wot?), absorbed as he clearly must have been by the music playing on his headphones.

Fermi paradox, **phrase**: ... « *Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie.* » — Pascal. Some may complain that I could at least provide a translation. To which I say: let's not quibble, nobody reads my stuff anyway. For a further elucidation, see the SF novel, "The Three-Body Problem" by *Liu Cixin.*

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

(7-22-26) Sent the following email to Metro …. As of the time of this writing, no reply. Nothing to report… 820

What makes this powerful State so afraid of an eccentric *farfelü* that it must daily risk further public exposure in repeated attempts to compromise and frustrate me, i.e., denying me reliable use of the bus transit system across greater LA? I imagine this effort has garnered me a certain amount of exposure, publicity and notoriety; a-and that, judging from the widespread misbehavior of transit operators and their management in so many transit agencies, from here to Tucumcari.

(8-15-26) babbling from when he boarded until I exited. 2 others boarded, blocking way. Additionally, stop mine, announced at Culver, 2 stops earlier

(9-9-26) In a hurry to get to the library before it closed and a book I was to pickup by today was returned, I found that at the next stop, La Cienega, 7PM, the conductor ordered passengers to exit because of a malfunction. Adding that the next train would arrive in three minutes, he then reversed direction. Choosing to depend instead on my trusty kick scooter I, flying like the wind, rode it to the library, getting there with fifteen minutes to spare. On the return trip, as I was boarding another E Line train at Culver, I heard the same announcement again. Thank goodness it was for a train headed in the opposite direction. Thank goodness.

(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).

(10-3-26) At 9PM, listening to an extended argument between *Hokoos & Pokoos*™, two of my long-suffering neighbors. I only hear a young woman and not her presumed interlocutor, out on the sidewalk, outside; sporadic, it's lasted over fifteen minutes, and is still ongoing. Quite odd at times, sync noticed.

My day's filled with background noise, particularly annoying are the overdriven speakers both of the cell phone and human varieties.

Ms Anderson-*Ca'canny*, grinning from ear to ear while vigorously nodding her head, walks by on the walkway. She often delays answering the buzzer when I visit her office to hand in my month's rent. A neighbor here, Gomez, yesterday walked by without answering my greeting/waive, today, though he was smiling at me as we crossed paths. To think I let Ms Anderson-*Ca'canny* demolish my pantry (an extended process which took several months) w.o. so much as any documentation from her or the City, w.o. so much as mention of relevant City regs. A-and that I repeated this when, told by her that some solar panels at the curb, panels removed daily, would have to be removed otherwise the City would issue a "fail" for an upcoming inspection. Idjit (that I am)!

(10-26-26) In an extended display of what I call his Johnny Foreigner Mode™, neighbor Tyson X, the Corn-fed Golem with the On/Off Switch™, began walking back and forth on the walkway outside at about 2PM. He was shouting on his phone in a language I could not understand, though I did hear profanity and sounds of things being moved about. Judging from his tone and loudness, he seemed angry. I was napping in bed and, rather than getting up to see what the commotion was about, *je l'ai laissé s'égosiller.* Tyson X is a tenant who, over the years, has attacked me physically many times, stolen minor things from me and committed trivial acts of vandalism. I've been trying to get him arrested for the last several years.

(11) *La Rubrique des Gueules Cassées*:

When some say I'm the "driver," they give me too much credit. I'm a motor, more like, a-and a defective one, at that.

1. Fellow student Willard Brown, about my personal problems: "… your biggie."
2. Caroline Lauer, speaking within earshot: "I'm too weird to ride in cars"
3. A Bautista family member overheard: "… a sick man."
4. Ruth Brody, refusing to date me: "No, you're crazy."
5. Beverly Hills PC repair customer's wife: "… a sick machine."
6. Dr Tracy (last unknown) suggested I'm Asperger?

(8-4-26) A frightening event. Dozing in bed during a nap yesterday afternoon, I found I could not remember my age.

(8-12-26) Last night, I fell backwards, landing on the floor. I may have partly tripped over something, I was not hurt. This is my second fall since moving in.

(8-25-26) Opinions on my health, including finger cysts: **(1)** *Herr Doktor* Chu's "complicated reply" **(2)** *Frau Doktor* Cavalier: "possible cancer" **(3)** An incident in which neighbor, Brother Cantinflas, walking by one day, speaking to no one in particular, as is his wont, uses the words "cancer" and "too much pride." Gentle Reader™, you'll notice I've avoided making a cheap pun here. Commendable, no?
Another MD, Persian, reassured me, telling of fingernail ridges as straightforward and well-know symptom/side effects of my arthritis: vertical ridges on fingernails. Though, eventually, another MD, ??? reassured me, telling of fingernail ridges as straightforward and well-know symptom/side effects of my arthritis: vertical ridges on fingernails.

I sometimes loose my way, I forget names, have difficulty with topological-type problems. Also have the usual (for my age and health) brain shrinkage. Just learned the phrase "topographically agnosic." Are these symptoms related to hippocampus shrinkage due to persistently high blood sugar levels over the years?

(10-19-26) I'm finding more and more items lost or misplaced. Some of it, reported to police, is without a doubt, stolen. However, today I found on the kitchen floor a drill bit I'd been looking for for several days. Also, earlier in the day, I misplaced my eyeglasses, later in the afternoon, after some fruitless searching, I found them, also in the kitchen, near where I'd found the drill bit, hanging by the orange wire I use to keep them around my neck. They were hanging from a cable protruding from a vertically mounted scooter battery rack. I'm not sure what, other than absentmindedness, to attribute some of these incidents to.

(10-21-26) After a few weeks respite, the sharp electrical pains under my left big toe have returned. Now, instead of a sharp shock every second, I get a nearly-continuous sensation lasting several seconds. (Update 11-3-26) Yesterday, I must have had dozens of these clusters throughout the day and night.

(10-26-26) Weight recently ballooned to 170lb.

(10-28-26) This morning, coming down my steps with my coffee grinder, neighbor Brother Cantinflas rushed past me on the walkway. He was muttering something and, as he walked by, I stumbled, narrowly avoiding a fall but dropping the grinder, spilling beans on the ground. As a result of this and other unsettling interactions with him over the years, I'm thinking of upgrading his nomenclature. (Update 10-29-26) I've now begun adding a guardrail to complement the one installed years ago by the landlord, it is made of two pallets, they are not fastened in any way to the bungalow structure.

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

A call and response. **Q**: "*¿Esta cabrón?*" **A**: "*¡Si!*" Around here, a commonly heard refrain. Goebbels used to say: "The essence of propaganda is repetition." To which I add: "*À cabrón, cabrón et demi.*"

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?

A friend, Katsumasa Kozono, once commented that I'm easily tricked. True enough, alas. Though he neglected to mention who was doing the tricking (This State, in its majesty), a-and who was being tricked (This poor sod of a crazy).

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

(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.

(7-1-26) Noticed a couple of days ago that water had been substituted for bleach in a container. Could have been worse, could have been the reverse.

(10-12-26) A Motorola battery of about 700mAh capacity, I substituted yesterday for the LIR2032 Lithium coin cell I use in my pedometer in the hope of not having to recharge it so often, showed zero volts on my Fluke DMM, neither would it turn on when I checked it this morning. But, after unsoldering, it showed a normal voltage and, after reconnecting it, the pedometer worked again. *A double fault!* I later used it to count my steps on my morning walk. On the previous day, I'd noticed a similar anomaly when I first soldered it to the coin cell terminals though, after reconnecting, it worked OK all day. (Update 10-31-26) The contraption has worked fine for the last several days, leaving me to wonder whether what I reported above were merely the usual teething problems to be expected wiuth any complex mechanism.

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

(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 the complexity of animal (dog barks or bird chirps) sounds we've been hearing around here, cannot a sequence of dog barks based on, say, the Fibonacci series be arranged by this US Government? Surprise me!

Fading stimuli. Fainter sounds, etc.

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

(10-??-26) A young woman moved into the bungalow across from mine, I wonder what her superpower is. (Update 10-25-26) A partial answer to this question may be developing: she seems to delight in using the Lord's name in vain. (Update 11/10/26) Her MO found! Not much different from that of: **(1)** Saint Bernard **(2)** Madame Mim and **(3)** The Lady Lurk, namely « *cris et chuchotements* » (with the front door opened a crack, even at night, Natch).

A handy label for *Ragnarök*: **(1)** Doofusgate? (No! I could lay myself open to accusations of "stupidism"). **(2)** Kampfmuzhikgate? (No! Obscure). **(3)** Malarkeygate? (No! Anti-Irish). **(4)** How about "Watergate II?" Simple, evocative, and to the point as "water" is one of my unofficial, unapproved nicknames.

I need to be able to say to myself that I did my best.

With any luck, I'll be dining out on my stories for years to come.

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

(8-26-26) After some recent unpleasantness over which side of the sidewalk I'm allowed to use, I've taken to walking in the middle, leaving it to oncoming traffic to decide which side I'm to be allowed as they pass (nothing if not flexible, am I?). I've found them frequently swerving in my direction just as we cross paths. Provocation most foul, wot? … slalom… A custom inaugurated and, b y now, time-hallowed, when in Florence in 95, Irene lured me to the Boboli gardens (a place I, confirmed philistine that I am, had absolutely no interest in), only to be met by a German, family in tow, walking on the wrong side od the path, distincly say: *„Negerschwein“ ”* as we crossed paths. (9-25-26) I'm having to carry out increasingly baroque slaloms, on account of the equally baroque behavior of MeanderBots™ as I go about my day and morning walks. I began taking the middle of the road sidewalk after a couple of unfortunate incidents involving people who found it expedient to hit me as they walked by on the wrong side of the sidewalk.

(10-22-26) The Tyson & Son™ show is back in town with its usual Yankee Tricks™. *On joue les caïds.*

(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?):

While I may, perhaps not entirely idly, feel that, in LBJ's pungent phrase, I have Uncle Sam's pecker in my pocket; judging from the demented cackles (sounding like Woody Woodpecker) more and more frequently issuing forth from my neighbors, I suspect Uncle Sam, himself not entirely idle, has plenty of (wood)peckers in *his*.

(18) Pics:



Figure 1



Figure 2



Figure 3



Figure 4



Figure 5



Figure 1: Taken from a nearby poster. Neighbors, landlord her and contractors, clerks, hospital personnel, City employees, bus drivers, police all seem to.



Figure 2: Pic of A food vendor on my block. This person, on my return from my morning walk, was blocking the way. I said "Excuse me" 3 times but it was only several seconds later that he kindly moved out of the way, allowing me to pass. But that was not all, continuing across Cochran to the cookie store on the corner, I noticed at least 1 LAPD man waiting in line as I dropped a flier or orange square om the ground at the head of the line. "A tight squeeze (was had by all)." See diary entry for 10-??-26.

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

(10-20-26) Added to my kitchen counter space with horizontal dutch doors covering fridge and freezer. (10–27-26) Assembling a cantilevered linear array of solar cells later to be extended to two rows. (10-29-26) Added a pallet fence to the unprotected side of my porch as, yesterday, I came close to falling over the side. As I'm occasionally unsteady on my feet, it should prevent the worse should the occasion present itself again. An important matter, for me nonnegotiable, as this is a potentially life-changing accidents. As it merely complements the existing guardrail AFJ Investments had someone install years ago, it should logically pose no problem. A-and, I'm prepared to be British about it, too. An aside: years ago, I asked AFJ Investments handyman José Nava why a guardrail could not also be installed on the other side of the porch as well. He replied it was impossible due to geometric or topological considerations, I forget which.

Gentle Reader™, I would have you note that I now have most of my stock of pallets in use. Some are fastened together by means of scavenged bed rail brackets. I emphasize that none of my contraptions are ever attached to the bungalow itself. Also, the row of solar cells/panels is to be cantilevered, not touching the roof; everything is portable and can be quickly dismantled.
A *most* thorough inventory follows, the line number refers to pic number:

1. 2 pallets as foundation for a vertical pole at one end of a cantilevered array of (proposed) solar cells/panels.
2. 1 pallet, tied to #6, used to steady the other end of the vertical pole holding up the row of solar cells in #1.
3. 2 pallets used as a folding outdoor table.
4. 1 pallet doing double duty as outdoor woodwork table and, when indoors, serving as part of a shelf.
5. 2 pallets forming part of my living room work table, an adjustable standing desk complements the setup.
6. 1 pallet used as base for a vertical garden on the site of my former pantry.
7. 2 pallets used as guardrail, complementing the existing metal rail on the other side of my porch.
8. 1 partial pallet used to make horizontal "dutch doors" covering my fridge/freezers. This doubles my kitchen counter space while adding insulation.
9. 1 partial pallet, the remains of #8, with wheels added, used to move heavier items such as solar panels.

In all, a total of twelve pallets ~~used~~ digested, which leaves one unused pallet currently stored under my loft bed outstanding; it awaits my next brainstorm. Many thanks to "Matthias-'cross-the-street™," employee of the Tartine bakery, who's been kind enough to provide these (food-grade, yet) handsome pallets. Now, to see whether all this will pass muster with the *manda tuttis* found cumbering this fair land. To this end, I'm helpfully providing a set of pics of the lot, see above.

Whatever projects I've cobbled together over the years in this bungalow here, are trivial accomplishments. Nevertheless they are, for me, hugely satisfying.

(11-8-26) Having just bought a tricycle, I will , by adding small solar panels as a canopy, make it into what I call "The Redneck 11™" ("elf" in German), after the "Elf" (see pic), a solar assisted tricycle manufactured in the Carolinas. (Update 11/10/26) *Mirabile dictu*,the keys for the lock the seller was kind enough to include at no extra charge, missing since I likely dropped them leaving, turned up this morning, just off my steps.

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

KP doctors, among them Cavalier, Cho, et al; for a certain uncertainty regarding diagnosis of my finger cysts. A concerted front consisting???

(11-1-26) On my walk this morning #1. Home again, w coffee at curb: Tyson X and someone with him.

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

"Most people don't read. Basically, people don't read; or if they do read, they don't understand; or if they understand, they forget." — *Amélie Nothomb*, my translation.

Lincoln Steffen, returned from the Soviet Union, famously said: "I have seen the Future and it works." He was, of course, wrong. I, too, say the same; regarding that ~~China~~ (Once and Future) Middle Kingdom™. Though it's a depressing thought for, unlike Steffen, I'm demonstrably (see figures for their recent consumption of concrete) right and, second, its spectacular successes show that tyranny can be made to pay.

When Willard Brown, Heywood X and others bellowed, across the quad at school, even: "You're a nigger!" was this not by way of a self-fulfilling prophesy?

In his novel, *Life and Fate*, Grossman depicts a scene in which a scientist notices he is being shunned by neighbors and friends (shades of my life, wot?). This being 1944 or so, he prepares for the worse. But then, word of his achievements and their crucial importance to the State (he's a nuclear physicist) having reached *Vozhd*, overnight, his fortunes change again. That is, if only he'd sign some innocuous scrap of paper, a trifle, really; merely an open letter destined for foreign ears. Having spared myself the discomfort of reading the remaining fifty pages, I'll spare you the outcome as well, Gentle Reader™. *Plus ça change*…

Fiasco and chaos of the West (which mostly consists of the American and, a fortiori, the European granfalloons): Incapable, even under the threat of nuclear war, of quietly turning the page to a new chapter of history. Fiasco and chaos of my personal life: No wife, no children, no career — not even any innocent jobs, no innocent friendships, no girlfriend — ever, mentally ill, of occasionally uncertain morals, no sex since the age of thirty, no one, not even family, I can talk to regularly, let alone fully trust. And so I ask: could there be a link, however tenuous, between these fiascoes?

*"La crisi consiste appunto nel fatto che il vecchio muore e il nuovo non può nascere: in questo interregno si verificano i fenomeni morbosi piú svariati." (*The crisis consists precisely in the fact that the old is dying and the new cannot be born; in this interregnum a great variety of morbid symptoms appear) *Gramsci, Selections from the Prison Notebooks*, p 276. Often misquoted as: "The old world is dying; the new world struggles to be born. Now is the time of monsters."

Do you, Gentle Reader™, imagine that officials my neighbors will be electing soon could be any different in their behavior or predicament from said neighbors?

Having manifestly failed in their project of making a lasting American Republic out of this lot (Kant's "crooked timber"), dissatisfied factions of the Above™ propose to rescue their project with the likes of me, a schizophrenic. *Mama dracului!* (<== A low, Balkan-type vulgarity. I'll spare you).

I'm not here to sell you snake oil, you can rest easy on that score. I'm afraid, though, it may be far worse than that. ~~*L'État*~~ The snake oil being sold, *c'est moi !"*

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

(1) Military: The highest ranks unwilling to resign commissions when ordered to lead country and men into disaster and take inspiration from Johnny Paycheck, i.e., to say "Take this job and shove it!" **(2)** Business: Defense contractors arranging procurement to their own benefit, i.e., hardware too expensive, without surge capacity, and of dubious value. **(3)** Congress: MIA and, in the words of Tiberius, quoted by Gore Vidal: " How eager they are to be slaves." **(4)** The Above™: Feckless at the very highest political levels: leaders who won't or can't say, in the celebrated phrase: "Publish and be damned!" (5**)** Civilians: Beginning with me and my immediate neighbors, in the words of Irene on Colette, "selfish shellfish." **(6)** Me: A clueless technical coolie, starved for truth, "intoxicated" most of my life, temperamentally unsuited to be anything but an ink-stained wretch, a-and a *jean-foutre*, to boot. Th-that's all, folks! A-and now cue the Loony Tunes theme.

I hear tell that the US Government is considered by some to be not-agreement-capable. I can go them one better: Our government may not even be negotiation-capable. Think downtown Tehran in the summer of 2025 and again in the winter of 2026. I declare!

The amount of time I watch YouTube "briefings" on the world makes as much sense as a daily blow-by-blow account of the Thirty Years war.

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

Krokodil Krokodilovich (Son of the crocodile) or *Beruf: Schlauberger!*
When next I'm unduly molested by one of my (bad?) actor neighbors, at the start, I'll say: "Is it that time again?" or mebbe, depending on the actor, I'll trot out Ed McMann's opening line. Then, at end of session, should the *Aktion* not have qualified as a proper thrashing, I'll add to him/her (and yes, it once was a she): "Once more, with feeling!" **|** Long ago, over at the BBA (Bureau of Barbarian Affairs) — not sure what they call it now — the phrase "Soothing the barbarians" had currency. I imagine, these days, over at the chancellery, the lights in that department must burn late into the night. **|** *Ma dov'e andate ~~l'onore~~ la cazza di Zio Sam?* Sorry, no translation available, as I've repeatedly said: I. Don't. Do. Vulgarity. OK? <insert demented cackle>. A-and to them as might object I'm being disrespectful, I add: "*Se l'andava cercando!*" *Notez bien que moi, j'suis pas rancunier pour deux sous !* **|** If I seem taller than mere mortals it's because I stand on the shoulders of my fellow moral midgets. **|** From that stuck-up upper-middle class MD (specifics available) at the UCLA Santa Monica Medical Center where, years ago, Colette Walczak's dying mother was being treated for congestive heart failure to my working-class neighbors, I can assure you: "We are all equal in the eyes of Sassenach™".

My last word in this kaleidoscope of nausea, horror, and malarkey I call *Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #44*:
I remember an anecdote about *Soekarno* in which, to ridicule (or was it out of vanity?) an American effort to discredit him, he made copies of and distributed a porn film purporting to show him cavorting with several women. It had actually been the work of the CIA which had staged an orgy with an actor resembling him together with some whores.
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) 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.



Figure 8



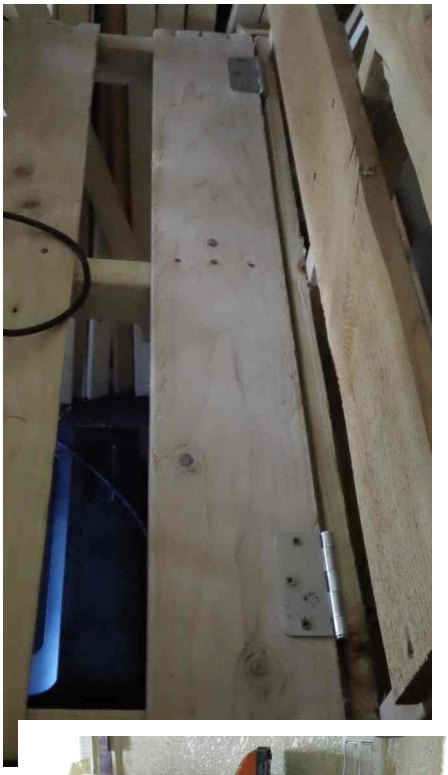




Figure 6



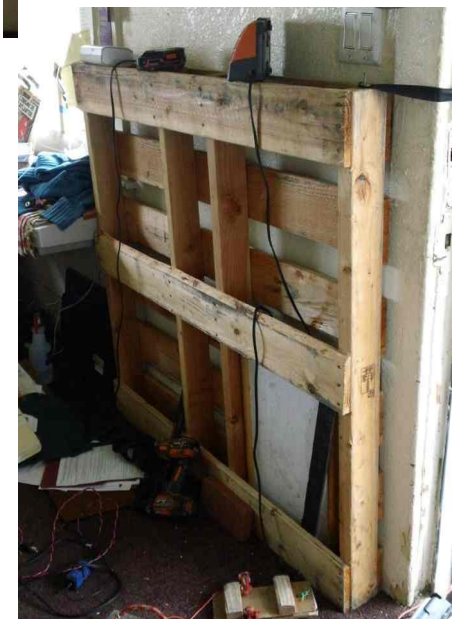




Figure 7

Figure 4