

Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #42

A Kaleidoscope of Nausea, Horror, and Malarkey

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Κύριε, ἐλέησον. (Lord, have mercy.)

Midway?

- Initially heading the wrong way, it took an act of insubordination verging on mutiny by one of the squadron leaders, Waldron by name, for some to head in what turned out to be the correct direction.
- The planes his squadron flew had been obsolete since 1939.
- There was no fighter escort to be had.
- As was the quaint custom for torpedo planes, they went in low and slow, please.
- A-and the fact that their torpedoes were generally known to be NFG doesn't seem to have overly troubled them, neither.
- I give you: Torpedo 8 <insert demented cackle>.

My own opinion (borrowing from Richard Wolin) regarding the stuff I write: "Anecdotal rich but analytically impoverished." i.e., the view from the trenches

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Purpose: To Ridicule Few. To Amuse Many. To Inform Startle All.

A reminder: because of frequent computer malfunctions, when I notice an egregious "printer's devil," I'll **bold** it and add [sic]. That'll bitch it.

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

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.

"... 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

« Ne cessons pas de relire [...] 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.

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 night his father told his story. He spoke calmly and quietly. What he described could only be spoken about quietly; it could never be conveyed by tears or screams." — *Life and Fate*, Grossman

« Que cet écrivain 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)

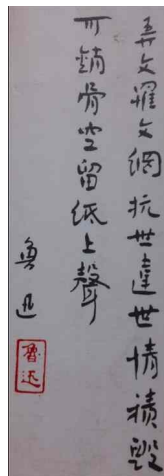
On this third planet from the sun, among the signs of bestiality, a clear conscience is number one.

— Wislawa 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 d'un 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



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

Timeline:

- Ellsberg
- Tully
- ellsberg older daughter
- pickup to airport from xentel
- Pablo Riviere and wife
- intbro to ruth and about daughter by pablo and wife
- intro to ruth by ellsberg
- I ask her out. refusal then a call
- Ruth Brodie
- Ruth Brodie: refusal, meet at Tom's office, her call, involvement, her curious comment you could do this for a living" my reaction. She leaving me alone in her No Hollywood hoise with her daughter apparently in the next room. He return, question about why door moved open. My sleepy reply. Subject dropped. Her friend's visit another day. I walk away, insulted. Years(?) later, I call.
- Eruitg' s cmmnt : "You could get a job doing this." My reply: her reply. (as aside: specialite maison.)
- ruth and daughter, concern
- ruth's friend??
- Beth Wolfson's cautions, she gingerly probed, while riding bike at beach. (c'est elle qui m'a mis la puce a l'oreille)

I regret not lending Tom the money he asked for. I regret this. Could it be Tom Ellsberg did more for me than Father? Is there anything to all this? Or am I, once again being delusional? « *Après avoir réfléchi sur ce séjour a Mesita Rd., j'arrive a n'en plus savoir a quel sein me vouer.* » I do feel ashamed for having refused poor Tom Ellsberg, a man who may have done more for me than Father, to lend him a small trivial sum of money.

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

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

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

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

(2) Tales of Tylenol (my evil twin, Tylenol Hawkins, that is) or The Kompromat Korner, for I say:
"~~Money Kompromat~~ is like muck, not good (for Tylenol) except it be spread":

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

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

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

Nowadays, when I see poor Diana , someone I saw grow from a young teenager to today's adult, I think of Colette Walczak, I think of poor Irene Hawkins. Then I think: "This place sucks!"

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

- add stuff from 43
- *Empire of AI* by Karen Hao. My own takeaway: "Let me AI go loose, Bruce./Let me AI go loose./We're of no further use, Bruce./We're of no further use." A naughty song by an unregenerate Aussie, somewhat adapted. Suggestive of a possible outcome of the desperate enterprise investigated by Hao if one compares the keyword in the original song. To think some of the top minds (we're talking SBF or better) on the planet have led us here.

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

A tale best characterized by the catty titles: "A Tempest in a Teapot Chamberpot." or « *Les Jeux de Passe-passe de l'État* ». Take your pick.

(1) Filed case #SO316129 on 11/5/2025 for required online payment, harassment. (2) Case closed without my being informed. I received notice on 12/15/26. Reason: I failed to reply to the request for additional information. (3) On 1/6/2026, filed case #SO318226 for required online payment, harassment. An attempt to save money by paying rent by check was stymied when the landlord ordered all rent to be paid at the portal. I'm forced to pay this way, incurring extra charges. The problem was fixed after the City ruled in my favor. (4) Another case opened, case #976924, regarding a leaking roof. (5) Case #976924 closed by LAHD without repairs having been made. (6) In reply to questions posed over the phone, Alfredo Balandra, alfredo.balandra@lacity.org, was referred to me by an LAHD employee named Joseph (last unknown) in Code Enforcement who called about my complaint. (7) In reply to my email of February 23, Mr Balandra replied on February 25 with questions about the relevant(?) case number (included in my email), the comment that he was the wrong person to ask (he advised I contact the RSO), and that I'm not to attempt to make repairs on my own. (8) A further email, sent on April 7, still resulted in no reply from Mr. Balandra to my question of whether I'm allowed to put a tarp over the leaking roof. (9) At the start of February, I begin paying rent in person, by check. (10) That month, and later, I'm unable to enter the AFJ office and pay rent in person promptly. I'm forced to wait on the sidewalk, outside AFJ Investments, for the secretary or owner to come downstairs to let me in, usually after some time. (11) I find a rent check is not cashed for a month. (12) On the following month's check handover in person, I must wait 2 hours outside the office before the owner drives up. The secretary was possibly there all along, as, after a few messages had been left, the answering machine was turned off. Furthermore, I always send an email on the same day, ahead of my visit, during office hours. (13) On 5/2/26, my attempt to find Saturday office hours was unsuccessful when AFJ Investments did not reply to the email. I went anyway, and found the office to be either closed or the secretary not answering. (14) On the following Monday, my attempt to deliver the check leads to my confusion when Ms Tiffany Anderson, landlord and owner of AFJ Investments, answers the intercom and buzzes me in. Entering, I find the office is closed. The secretary soon appears, and I hand over the May check. (15) March and April checks are eventually cashed simultaneously. (16) On 4-22-26, an inspection by LAHD Inspector Boyd is carried out. (17) Door replacement (previous door damaged by roof leak) is botched by AFJ workers, leaving me unable to close or open the front door properly. (18) No notification of inspector's findings received by me. (19) During a work visit, an AFJ employee has me move items in the bungalow for him to access the attic for inspection, I comply. (20) No roof repairs are made that I'm aware of. (21) During another visit, an AFJ employee tries to have me sign a document to the effect that repairs had been made, I refuse. (22) As of 5/15/2026, still no roof repairs made. (23) On 4-22-26, a notice of reinspection regarding case #976924 is taped to my bungalow, it is dated March 24, 2026. (24) On May 5, 2026: Reinspection by Boyd, the man who initially found 4 violations. Smoke detectors are still missing (I'd removed them last year when both began going off at random during the night - as I explained to landlord and Inspector Boyd). (25) During reinspection, landlord Anderson asks if anything else is outstanding. Without answering, I refer her to the City notice taped outside my door. (26) After the visit, Inspector Boyd does not inform me of his findings, not even verbally. He waits on the sidewalk, outside, and confers with the landlord. That afternoon, the landlord's workers replaced the smoke detectors. Present with the handyman, was the AFJ secretary(?) from earlier office visits, in which I waited 2 hours downstairs before I could pay rent. (27) A notice of a General Manager's Hearing is posted on the bungalow across from mine. No letter or call informs me of the subject of the hearing. (28) Not having read the notice before it is removed, I begin to worry. (29) On 5-14-26, I tried to find the reason for this hearing, searching the internet unsuccessfully. (30) On 5-14-26, I tried to file another complaint with LAHD for my leaking roof, but the website or my browser failed during 2 attempts. (31) On 5-14-26, a call to 2 people at the housing department resulted in a return call on the same day. (32) I get what Blanca Contreras, from a City

hearing hotline(?), says is a courtesy call. This seems to resolve the issue. But I'm still unable to get a clear idea of the status of my leaking roof complaint. I'm also unable to get a clear idea of the nature of the General Manager Hearing though I do get a hearing date. Ms Contreras is also unsure of the case number, but does give me one. (32) An email from LAHD, received the next day, 5/15/26, confirms the case # she gave (case #948203). (33) Though I was unable to get information on my leaking roof complaint from her. According to her, "the case is possibly too new to be in the system." A-and are we having fun, yet?

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

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

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

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

- Torrance (?) PC customer - CD drive limit problem fixed – pic of young girl on desktop – customer mentions VPN to bypass security? Insurance policy for my would-be masters?

- CA highway patrol letter of item belonging to me found in stolen car in San Geronio pass – Don't want appear churlish but mui=ust ask, is this Another insurance policy, this time for my masters???

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

(4-28-26) On a visit to Florence, Italy, I made a decade ago, Irene, by then with Alberto Zucconi, her current partner, spoke of a trip to India. Among other subjects, she mentioned a scientist nicknamed "Rocketman," mentioning him several times. I bring this up after watching a YouTube interview in which mention was made of the Agni (5?), the latest Indian ballistic missile. A three(?) stage rocket with range of 5000 to 7000 kilometers. The guest being interviewed asked rhetorically who the target could possibly be for a missile of that range. The subject came up during a dismal discussion of the current state of US Government diplomacy, or should I say, gangsterism?

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

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

Neighbor here, was in 'bell's, had bike stolen. Told me, moved out

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

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

Nothing to report...

(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

(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 the name of a German WWII general, Keitel, a man 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 days" (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 (idem) manner — "« la Keitel », (presumably to Die Leiden des) Ursula von der Leyen(s).

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

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

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

Gleichschaltung, **n:** From the 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 and its murky (see comment by Giscard) constitutional workings. I've now 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."

Jew, **n:** Word or, when followed by an exclamation point, expletive. For an example of the second, see a previous HSH issue in which I recount a telling incident in which a fellow(?) fellow of the Negro Persuasion™ whispers the word as he passes on the sidewalk. For an example of the first a-and a bit of fun, see below.

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

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

Jakarta, n: A proper name, the capital of Indonesia. Also, as told by Allende’s niece, a coded threat. Graffiti found on walls of Santiago, capital of Chile, in weeks and months before the coup which toppled her uncle. Also, threats from my personal experience in this apartment complex: (1) Graffiti sprayed on the sidewalk outside our complex: “Eat a d*ck, bergie.” (2) Corn-fed Golem Tyson™: “Up, Up!” A phrase repeated for months on end as he walks by my bungalow. (3) The “Tiny Terror™”’s years-long campaign of petty vandalism, weirdness and intimidation. (4) Landlord Anderson-*Ca’canny*’s emailed threat: “... The police are on their way.” After I refused entry to her employee. (5) Mrs ‘Bell words, shouting as I return from an errand, buying a color laser printer: “You’ll pay for this, you dumb ass!” (6) Tub-thumper™’s wife: “You’ll have to go in.” *usw, usw, usw*. Mind, I’m only mentioning the explicit stuff I can point to with confidence. And so I again ask: “Whut kinda place is this anyhow?”

(9) The Eccentric Shaft™: Dubious Interactions with my Fellow Crazies. A-and me a Paranoid Schizophrenic. Too (Credit: Irene Hawkins, personal comm.):

There’s method to this madness, I daresay. « *On fend le bois avec un coin en bois.* » (One splits wood with a wedge of wood.)

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

After Brother Cantinflas™ intercepted me as I emerged from bungalow, asking that I return some weights “when I was done with them” as, “there are others using them, I: (1) Told him I’d taken two. (2) That I’d Return them all. (3) Knowing he has an elaborate set of his own weightlifting equipment on the other side of his bungalow, after returning them to where I’d found them, by the trash containers, I’ve begun taking occasional pics, presumably time stamped.

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

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

(10) La Rubrique des Gueules Cassées:

- Irene, meaning well perhaps, recently suggested three books I might look at to combat my hoarRed Boat Fish Sauce | Premiumding behavior (is it so obvious that she , halfway around the world, could be concerned?). I immediately reserving them at the library, I began wondering if this were not a case of locking the barn door after the horse has fled. Much as when, speaking to a doctor at KP about the possibility of being evaluated for hoarding as I was in the process of transferring most of my stuff to storage, preparatory to getting rid of it. The doctor, immediately prescribed an antipsychotic. Later, Irene reassured me that this was merely for better sleep. Though one could objectm that if that was the case, why not prescribe a sleeping pill?. I’ve already commented in the curious attitude among medical and medical-related personnel which, while concerned about my stress level, does not address things like the extreme variability of my blood pressure whenever I visit KP or the veritable circus, near and far, I live in.
- About my scavenging and hoarding mindsets: Like horse and carriage, they go together, do they not?
- My arthritis is worse, especially that of my shoulders.
- Occasional excruciating pain, specifically under the fleshy part of my left big toe. It reminds me of an episode of aerodontalgia I suffered from during flights as the plane changed altitude. It causes me to flinch and yelp or groan. Happens at random times with momentary pulses of sharp pain repeated from once to several times per second.
- I find myself sensitive to noises or quick movements. Examples: (1) Nearby engines idling for long periods of time. (2) Loud motorcycles or cars racing by. (3) People screaming just as they walk past my door. (4) People’s voices, often almost inaudible murmurs. (5) A low frequency hum, often of random amplitude variation, often after I go to bed. (6) Odd, dry dog barks, which sometimes can be mistaken for coughs. (7) Music of the “thump and hum” variety, less often now that Mrs ‘Bell’s gone. (8) Sirens, some over a block away. (9) Someone nearby, just within my field of view, swaying rhythmically. (10) Power tools such as leaf blowers, saws or drills. (11) Car doors repeatedly slamming shut. (12) People, whether in my neighborhood, on the street or mass transit, having loud arguments. This began here, in our apartment complex, with neighbors I nicknamed the Banshee(s)™ and Ms Mumbles™. With some of the more elaborated sound montages or late at night, unable to sleep, I sometimes feel like a lab rat trapped in an experiment (maybe run by some of our better-known “*schmutzige Magnaten*.”? — Our recent Rossums — See remarks attributed to Ed Snowden).
- I still notice an occasional left foot slap.

(11) The Quotable Other with “Tales of the Himmelfahrtkommando™ My Most Sincere & Devoted Friends,”

(12) 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 steal a small clip from a sun shade I was assembling on the hedge **outside**. [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 menge/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 (Oh! So Shabby™) masters’ actions?

(4-26-26) Placing further 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 call the duo the “Tyson and Son Show.”

(13) Sassenach™ and His Yankee Demyankee Tricks:

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

(5-8-26) After ringing my purchase, she rushed to help me bag them. Mumbled rapidly | I: mumble mumble – didn’t un dersdtand a thing. | as I pack finishing a young woman rushes by, brushing past me as I turn “ then another, this time in the opposite dir. She courteously mextends her hand as if to let me pass. I: “you must be kidding” TELL>,k) At the checkout for my groceries, the checker, Danielle,

(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). A level where their complete contempt for both these poor unfortunates and 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.

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

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

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

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

I won’t support China the Middle Kingdom (merely “rectifying the language” here), Iran, and Russia in the ongoing struggles, 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 emit an opinion about a place I *do* know something of, namely this country. Let us say I’m no G.O.P.nik and, unlike *GOPniki* of the Russian type, do not believe I could credibly be accused of blind chauvinism...

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

(15) 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 , on his “appointed rounds” harassed me as I put out fliers on my way to run errands. With his father strangely quiet (mostly, though not entirely).

(16) Shooting Fish in a Barrel I am, a-and Getting Pretty Good at it, Too (e.g., Bus Driver’s Words: “We Don’t Need Your Mouth.” Had I Hit a Nerve?):

(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? **Considering the general situation . To do otherwise would take a stronger will than mine.**

From an email I may send Irene on the occasion of my birthday: 20260517 Un elephant_v02
The French bits need to be read out loud with a thick French accent:
Moi qui n'a jamais Trumpé dans quoi que ce soit (non sans le concours de mes « anges gardiens », bien entendu), chose qui m'a permit d'habiter (si non de vivre) ici une cinquantaine d'années (et, croyez-moi, je compte bien y rester) ; j'ai ouï dire (par un modeste bruit de couloir me permettant d'esquiver toute responsabilité) qu'un Américain, tout comme cet éléphant qui est le symbole d'un de nos partis politique (of our GOPniki?), ça Trump énormément.
And so I (following Goethe, slightly modified) say: „Habe nun, ach! / Philosophie, / Juristerei und Medizin, / und leider auch Theologie Fumisterie! / ... / Da steh’ ich nun, ich armer Tor! / Und bin so klug as wie zuvor.“ Fer sure...

In other news, I've just acquired a new pair of shoes. No, *not* of the cement galoshes variety. Not yet anyway. Or are they called concrete overshoes (I never get it right)? Pace Mrs ‘Bell™, I'm calling it—*Miracle*— them:“*The Shoes of the Fisherman*” (see Figure 1). \$25 from a sidewalk vendor around the corner. A

reasonable price, no? On sale, you know... I'm aware, though, the name, title of a film starring Anthony Quinn, may prompt (among the *malintenzionati* among us) the thought: "Tonight, Berg sleeps (Oh! So Soundly™ in my case?) wit da fishes!"

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

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

Having said this, I end on this (musical) note, for I do enjoy my paycheck! (Johnny Paycheck, that is). https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bFyej_dqY0&list=PLIAodSAVVD0ZykwMlrV0f7PeT2ULW-ZrT&index=16

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

(17) Pics:



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

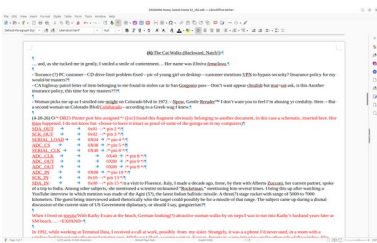


Figure 2: Evidence of the increasingly intrusive phenomenon of text fragments finding their way from one document to another, highlighted in red.

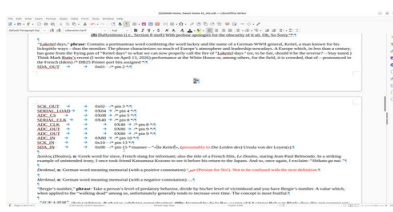


Figure 3: From the same document, more of the same. Errand sample not highlighted.



Figure 4: On the trail of the rumored weightlifter...

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

(5-5-26) Giving up on my attempt at making compost. Made mistakes of adding an egg while not ensuring enough water was present. may try again.

(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.

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

(19) *Les Lamentations d'un Batracien Désabusé*:

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

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

(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.

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

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

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

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

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

De Gaulle once commented that while President Kennedy was the public face of America, President Johnson was its private face. I wonder whether our current (I write this in April, 2026) president has not managed to combine both. I've compared the Trump administration to Clement Attlee's, both sets of people at the top were born in a previous century, both thus afflicted with ???, both visibly struggling to balance Means with Empire. At least Attlee's people had certain qualities. Additionally, though, in a comparison I consider invidious, Trump's been compared by a Chinese academic to Gorbachev... Clem, Clem, where are you now that we need you?

Not only do I not care whether I win or not but I don't even know who the various factions are. A-and how's that for impartiality, i.e., *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum*.

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

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

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

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

My last word in this kaleidoscope of nausea, horror, and malarkey I call *Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #42*:

To Ms Monica Lewinsky. Despite Prosecutor Starr's earnest entreaties, Bitch wouldn't wear a wire!

Honor is a Bitch™ or so it would seem.

Thankyou!Thankyou!Thankyou!

A valediction:

Hoping I remain yr Fair-haired Boy™, I am, Sir/Madam, yr Friendly Neighborhood Paranoid Schizophrenic™ (Better a madman than made man, wot?™). The only things I can say in my defense regarding the above <weasel word warning> inappropriate </weasel word warning> statement: **1)** It is heartfelt and sincere, which confession likely aggravates my case. **2)** The keyword, part of the title of my book, *Schizophrenia Weaponized* (free download available), is central to what I hope will eventually become a scandal. **3)** It has the additional merit of being true (Credit Richard Nixon).

(signed)

Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) "*Simplizissimus der Kampfmuzhik™*" Hawkins

P.S. To my beloved sisters, Irene (upon whose enemies, confusion) and Colette Walczak (dead of cancer in 2018) and two other unfortunates as well, Mari Berg and *Elmira Izmailova*: May our wordless tears, yours and mine, eventually prove invincible.