

Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #43 A Kaleidoscope of Nausea, Horror, and Malarkey

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Κύριε, ἐλέησον. (Lord, have mercy.)

Midway?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

— Life and Fate, Grossman

"Goodness had nothing to do with it."

— Mae West

"Grazie alla selezione che eseguo, questo spazio è libero dai vari provocatori e malintenzionati."

— Nicolai Lilin, from his YouTube channel

What we have: Opacity at the top, transparency at the bottom. I'd prefer a rebuttable presumption of transparency at the top and a rebuttable presumption of opacity at the bottom.

— Greenwald, paraphrased

"... silence is the ultimate consent."

— Tim Cook, CEO, Apple, 2017

"Liberal democracy appears to represent, above all, a diffusion of power."

— Williams, 2006, preface

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

— Wislawa Szymborska

« 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)

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.

"The communist party is essentially a secret society. In both its methods and mentality, it presents a troubling resemblance with the mafia. It fears the light of day; to grow and develop itself, it needs darkness; it lives on intrigue and lies; it imposes its rule through blackmail, conspiracy and terror."

— Simon Leys, *Essais sur la Chine*, p 789 (Translation mine).

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

— Carver Address Meade

"Your precious notes may get you killed."

— Irene Hawkins, 1995, Florence, Italy (personal communication)

« 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*, p805).

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

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!

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

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

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.

— Berg "Kampfmuzhik" Hawkins

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

1. Ellsberg
2. Tully
3. ellsberg older daughter
4. Pablo Riviere
5. Ruth Brodie
6. Beth Wolfson's cautions, she gingerly probed, while riding bike at beach

Timeline:

1. Xentel
2. Ellsberg
3. pickup to airport from xentel
4. Pablo
5. ...

Is there anything to all this? Or am I, once again being delusional? « *Après avoir réfléchi ce séjour a Mesita Rd., j'arrive a n'en plus savoir a quel sein me vouer.* »

How long has all this been going on? evidence: landlord's family? 2) father?

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

Although, I can add that the reality caricatured by the word is bleaker than that found in the book. There, Black Africans formed an elite and mythical SS unit charged with firing V2 rockets. In the "really existing reality," I try to evoke, it is as though Black people were tasked with guarding the inmates of Dora, the concentration camp where these rockets were actually built. I add that, for me, the word SS now stands for "Sad Sack.":

A new section in which I'll demonstrate by means of specific examples, the truth of the notion that amateurs use physical violence, whereas professionals exploit existing social tensions. Here I'll list what I perceive to be *Aktionen* carried out exclusively by Elements of the Negro Persuasion™. Furthermore, I believe these acts to be State-sponsored. Apologies for the font; it seems everything I write, down to *that* font, is controversial. A-and, are we having fun yet?, in my case, though, as a confirmed Russophile, I believe I've by now earned the sobriquet Уданик Пятилетки (Udarnik Pyatiletkiy, Striker for the Five Year Plan). Little old me become a Stakhanovite. Imagine! Long ago, the label was bestowed on me by fellow schizophrenic, comrade in arms, and fellow-traveller, that apparently *not* irrepressible gadabout, *Elmira Izmailova*. I have the actual badge to prove it (see Figure ?), too.

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

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

Who? A question first posed, years ago, by the Tiny Terror™, Tyson's son. Prescient, for I, too, now find myself asking the same thing. As in: just who are the faction(s) backing me? The League of All-around Good Guys™, I hope....

(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":

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 ?).

Moi et mes querelles de boustifaille.... <TELL>

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

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

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

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

A list of their accusations:are

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

Conclusion:

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

From this, It is reasonable to conclude that Tyson's masters (criminal elements of the US Gov.) are pulicity-shy.

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

- From Ozzy Osborne's *Black Sabbath*, in the album *Paranoid*, listen to the track *War Pigs*.
- A-and now, do send in the *Beach Boys*, won't you? By which I mean, of course, the song *Barbara Ann*.
- That *Gopnik hardbass* musical genre; featuring guys scarier-looking even than the *Die Antwoord* duo.
- *The King's Choice*, a Norwegian film about the opening days of WWII, in *Drøbak Sound*. I've watched it twice. Uplifting. To me, King *Haakon VII* was, along with de Gaulle, the last great European. Honorable mention: Schmidt, Brandt, Monet, McMillan, Mendès-France, Thatcher (not among my favorites, though), and Attlee (*qui, comme nous autres Américains d'aujourd'hui, n'a pas su prendre son virage*, poor fellow). At least Clem's hands were, mostly, "Ajax"-clean). Though, on account of that very same "Operation Ajax," I do not include Churchill in my list as, mentioning the pressing sum of forty billion dollars in yearly revenue lost, he once pressed the Americans most intently for something now called "regime change." The contrast with what's on offer nowadays in Europe's political scene is stark. Think *Haakon VII*-types vs. what we now seem to have — almost uniformly — quislings or worse. Such a shift, and in such a short time, too. Weird. I must end this now; enough insult for one day.
- *Zamyatin*, *Lem*, *Ellul*, *Lu*, *Hašek*, *Dostoevsky*, *Čapek*, *Kadaré*, *Lewis*, *Kafka*, *Feffer*, *Shteyngart*, *Orwell*, *Huxley*: They all foresaw, announced, noted, or deplored; with some even mocking, the 20th Century arrival of "*That Hideous Strength*."
- Sarah Paine on Dwarkesh Patel's YouTube channel on the deficiencies of Bushido, a doctrine/philosophy developed in peacetime though used as military doctrine in WWII: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Znk5QINe01A>, "Why Japan lost WWII (lecture & interview)."
- Read *Wei Jingsheng's Fifth Modernization* <https://www.weijsingsheng.org/doc/en/THE%20FIFTH%20MODERNIZATION.html>, sulfurous words posted on Peking's "Democracy Wall" on December 5, 1978. An act for which he paid dearly. A former electrician, like *Lech Wałęsa*, he was born in 1950.

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

Incidents best characterized by the catty titles: "A Tempest in a Teapot Chamberpot." or « *l'État et ses Jeux de Passe-passe* ». 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 of 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 blawser 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. **(33)** An email from LAHD, received the next day, 5/15/26, confirms the case # she gave (case #948203). **(34)** 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.

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

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

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

7-21-26

- [Redacted]
 - Earlier today, after my morning walk, I setup a trial version of a movable solar system on a cart and 3 stacked milk crates to take pictures of. I intend to ask for City advice on what is and is not allowed at the curb and the lawn within the apartment complex. Back at my steps, disassembling the stack and panel, while moving items into my bungalow, Tyson's son, The Tiny Terror™, walked in from the street and said: "... move your [unintelligible]" then shouted: "Move!" At the time, I had my back turned. Not saying a word, I complied.
 - Later in the day, he, again walking by, muttered nearly incomprehensible things, either to himself or into a cell phone, I'm not sure which as I make a habit of seldom looking at him and never speaking to him. His behavior, a pattern, is somewhat like that of the Velásquez daughters, the Three Bland Mice™, who sometimes murmur "Leave" or "Go" as they walk by. Only, he's weird and usually nasty in his utterances.
- 7-20-26
- @ 10:11 Went inside after having placed a folding chair outside to rest on after my morning walk. I had had two old, small, Siemens solar panels propped up against railing and hedge since 7AM, I'm using them to power an attic fan. Tyson, accompanied by someone, came out from the back building where he lives. Once in my bungalow, I heard some noise and, when I came out again, one of the panels had been knocked to the ground. There was no damage. Other than Tyson greeting Brother *Cantinflas* as he strolled down the walkway toward me, nothing was said.
 - [Redacted]

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

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

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

(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 ?

In 1992, while working at Terminal Data, I received 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.

Some possible parallels with a long ago event which marked me: (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 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. **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. **No one 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.

Esmond Romilly, a curious parallel (1) With wife in the south US in late thirties(?). (2) Father, on train to/from London (3) Me, on plane to Florence in 1995.

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

(7) 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...

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

(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).

Δούλος (Doulos), **n**: Greek word for slave, French slang for informant; also the title of a 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 I ask: “*Shikata ga nai?*”

“Bergie’s number,” **phrase**: Take a person’s level of (state-sponsored) 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.

Gleichschaltung, **n**: 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. I’ve since repurposed the shameful thing, so frequent are the “meets cute” around these parts. Usage: “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.”

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

Obombino, **n**: A member of that great and mighty tribe of idjits found to have voted for President *Obombo*. To qualify for membership in this select tribe, 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, **adj**: Also known as *Hoxhaist Deviationism* (according to Tito, a pernicious doctrine). *Hoxhaism is not to be confused with hoaxism. No, not hoaxism. I. Said. Hoxhaism. About hoaxism, more below. I’ve endured the antics of various workmen, neighbors, fellow tenants, librarians, LAPD officers, MDs, Los Angeles Housing inspectors, and last but not least, landlord AFJ Investments. Truly, when one considers the implication of these displays of tomfoolery and, even, simultaneously at times, occasional, silent earnest entreaties/fear, is this not, as Tito is reputed to have judged the kind of communism practiced by Hoxha’s People’s Socialist Republic, a republic in the “bashibazouk” style? And so I say to them as are behind these poor souls’ pantomimes: « Espèce de bande de bachi-bouzouk des Carpates ... de tonnerre de Brest ! »* (French for: “This place is an Oh! So Shabby™ train wreck!”)

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

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 LA Times an email which, as of this writing, has not been answered). For a definition and example, see “Mesita Rd.” below.

Mesita Rd., **place name**: A small street, 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 and before checking my countenance. *C’était quand même quelqu’un qui avait fait Iwo Jima. Ding hao, monsieur !*

Bagnard wear, **phrase**: *It is by a happy coincidence that I can add this term to examples in my daffynition of the color Orange.*

Malatropism, **n**: Yet another delusional affliction. One might give as example the celebrated phrase: „*Drang nach Osten*“. A condition shared by more than the usual suspect... This (usually) ends in tears. Furthermore, it is to be devoutly hoped that Our Little Red Brothers™ (Credit John Brunner), formerly known to some as The Heathen Chinese™, 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.

Übergeben, **n**: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NeQM1c-XCDc&list=RD2ndfnpNsC8w&index=2>. See below for a sample.

Radical, **n**: Someone unfortunate enough to know the truth yet lucky enough to be in a position to tell it. *See Leys quote below masthead.*

(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 may even be, 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) quietly Told him I’d taken three in all. (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. (4) I noticed The Tiny Terror™ standing by, observing, throughout.

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

The Pervitin-fueled™ antics of the clowns around here: employees, bureaucrats, tenants, neighbors, etc., don’t upset me. The worst is the non-antics of the non-clowns.

(10) La Rubrique des Gueules Cassées:

Irene, meaning well perhaps, recently suggested three books I might look at to combat my hoarding behavior (is it so obvious that she , halfway around the world, could be concerned?). I immediately reserving them at the library, I began wondering if this were not a case of locking the barn door after the horse has fled. Much as when, speaking to a doctor at KP about the possibility of being evaluated for hoarding as I was in the process of transferring most of my stuff to storage, preparatory to getting rid of it. The doctor, immediately prescribed an antipsychotic,. Later, Irene reassured me that this was merely for better sleep. Though one could object that if that was the case, why not prescribe a sleeping pill?. I’ve already commented in the curious attitude among medical and medical-related personnel which, while concerned about my stress level, does not address things like the extreme variability of my blood pressure whenever I visit KP or the veritable circus, near and far, I live in.

About my scavenging and hoarding mindsets: Like horse and carriage, they go together, do they not?

My arthritis is worse, especially of my shoulders.

Occasional excruciating pain, specifically under the fleshy part of my left big toe. It reminds me of an episode of aerodotalgia I suffered from during flights as the plane changed altitude. It causes me to flinch and yelp or groan. Happens at random times with momentary pulses of sharp pain repeated from once to several times per second. These episodes began in 2025, I think.

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.

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

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

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

(11) 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.”

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

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 these manoeuvres as an attempt at putting the onus for failure squarely on my shoulders ... with the attendant guilt due to my personality type. Interesting.!

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.

(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 Bande Simulanten, oder?** Why is it this poor man has to behave this way? A-and why does this antisocial trait run in the family? And what can be the meaning of his and his son’s (Oh! So Shabby™) **masters’** actions?

(4-26-26) Placing 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 think of them as “The Tyson and Son Show.”

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

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

(7-1-26) Noticed a couple of days ago that someone had seen fit to substitute water for bleach in a container. Could have been worse, could have been the reverse, Eh?

Just made this note in my online diary:

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

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

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

(13) Sassenach™ and His Yankee Damyankee Tricks:

What do Edelman’s Carlo Diaz LMFT, Myriam Dinkins, supervisor of a Jennifer, Tytiana Burns, BS, Substance Abuse Counselor there as well and our Congress have in common? Very simple, really. An infatuation with plausible deniability. For them, the bee’s knees... Consider. According to Drake, a whistleblower, formerly with the NSA, our Congress simply does not wish to know for then, they’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 understand 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 extends 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). In which their complete contempt for both these poor unfortunates and any Western notions of human dignity are made patent? This, of course, in addition to the basic harassment and stress-making value of these “shows.” And to think my family has been subjected to techniques such as these; for decades on end.

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

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 evening walks or elsewhere. This has been going on, increasingly, for the last months.

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 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.

I wonder if there’s been any kind of local push-back to the noise and circus atmosphere around me? Ferinstance, the “One-meal dog” orchestra across the street has become increasingly vocal and just plain weird. There’s **something musical about it nowadays.**

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).

Here’s a list of asthmatics: **(1)** The dog belonging to Tyson’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 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!

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

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

His Words:	My Response:
“Don’t fear them.”	While I do fear the Tyson and Son Show™ (some neighbors) 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 do poor old Mrs ‘Bell™. 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 don’t ask anything of the US Government, not even that I be left alone; a-and certainly not justice.

<BLACK on BLACK SCAM ATTEMPTS?>(1) asks me to design and make a laptop (2) asks me to help make solar panels in africa (3) asks me for advice on plumbing req. for solar electric

A mixture of ignorance, lack of sophistication and a fertile imagination is how I characterize myself.

Another *La! Muzungu!* moment (much as Paul Theroux related in a book on his African travels)

(7-27-26) As I, Oh, So Softly™, placed one of my orange *BergendahlHawkins.com* flier strips on his windshield, a man exited the pickup parked on the lawn in front of my bungalow asking something. I began walking away, then said “Excuse me?” Whereupon he called out to me: “... Gringo...” In similar vein, Blacks are in the habit of whispering “Jew” as they walk by. Gentlemen, gentlemen, this will not do. Flattery will get you nowhere. P.S. Should this man, as may just have been suggested by Madam Mim, be my new neighbor, a nickname immediately suggests itself.

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

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

(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?):*

I won’t support China the Middle Kingdom (merely rectifying the language here), Iran, and Russia in the upcoming 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 variety, do not believe I could credibly be accused of blind chauvinism...

(4-19-26) I worry, as we all do nowadays, about the Strait of Hormuz, the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, the Strait 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?

From an email I sent Irene after my birthday.

Subject: For yr delectation and reading pleasure... Malarkey and 3 pics: my tensegrity table a-and new shoes:

20260517 Un elephant_v02

The French bits need to be read out loud with a thick American 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 permis d’habiter (sinon de vivre) ici une cinquantaine d’années (et, croyez-moi, je compte bien y rester) ; j’ai oui 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 (that 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™, “*We’re calling it Miracle*” I’m calling 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*) the thought: “Tonight, Bergie 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=G54J4lmb2ss>

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

Having said that, I end on a 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.

Thanks.



Figure 1: The Shoes of the Fisherman? Though, being way too big (all that was available...), they remind me of them proverbial galoshes, or is it overshoes?

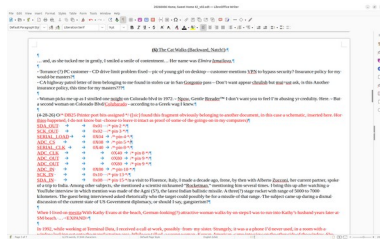


Figure 2: Evidence of the increasingly intrusive phenomenon of text fragments finding their way from one document to other, entirely unrelated, ones. Errand sample highlighted in red.

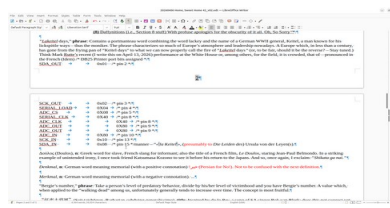


Figure 3: Elsewhere in the same document, more of the same. Errand sample not highlighted.



Figure 4: On the trail of the rumored weightlifter...
<FILL IN>details

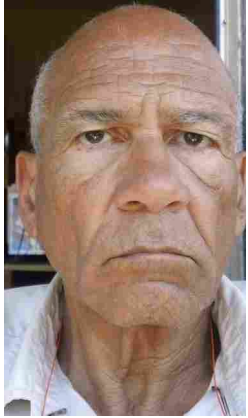


Figure 5: Agiter avant l'emploi.



Figure 6: A DIY cutting board made of scrap lumber found at a construction site. Notice the discoloration at the lower left, site of one missing plastic feet of the four I'd placed.



Figure 7: The errand plastic foot, found! Removed twice from the cutting board in Figure 6, I replaced it twice. One of them reappeared June 15, 2026 on my front steps. I'm waiting for the other shoe to drop, i.e., for the other missing piece to materialize again.



Figure 8: While the item on the left attests to an incorrigible willingness on my part to air dirty laundry (*Schwartzfommando*-type stuff) in public; at right, we have a thumbnail sketch of my opinion of this here Republic (a chamberpot with what would seem to untutored eyes like a price tag attached). Another sight gag along the lines of the mechanical blow counter I carry with me at all times; my reply to the "Tyson le Téméraire™ and Company" question (cue the *Schwartzfommando* again. Sigh.). Gentle Reader™, once more, I trust you to let yr Most Humble Friend and Narrator™ know if 'e's gone too far this time, wot? A-and, doesn't this stuff practically write itself? A-and, are we having fun yet? A-and lastly, I suspect the US Government of being publicity shy, a trait I obviously do not share...

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

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

(19) The Elmer F.U.D. Brigade:

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

(1) Tyson’s son. (2) Tyson. (3) Ms Anderson-*Ca’canny*. (4) Brother *Cantinflas* “I’ve got a beef with you, brother.” (It is devoutly to be hoped he does not soon have a cow as well!). (5) LAHD Inspector Reichmann [sic] (6) Spanish-speaking neighbor, a man in the house just to the south of my complex (strolls by as I go into kitchen, says: “Lawyer?” then “No.”) (7) Mrs ‘Bell. (8) Saint Bernard. (9) Tub-thumper’s wife. (10) After her performances this year and in the past, I must regretably add Diana Gomez.

From YouTube (I confess to spending far too much time there), I learn that two legal statutes may be relevant to one of my great vulnerabilities (especially when properly exploited by the US Government in its majesty), namely: *My weak bladder*. Statute the first: (1) Peeing in public is not necessarily Indecent Exposure. Statute the other: (2) Neither is a charge of Disorderly Conduct a possibility. Unless one: (a) Purposefully create an annoyance, (b) An inconvenience, (c) Or causes alarm. There are other applications of this information, particularly (2)/(c), should the recipient of one of my orange squares, fliers, etc., object to my peculiar messages. See: https://www.youtube.com/shorts/Oi_pIB7WzbM.

(19) Les Lamentations d’un Batracien Désabusé (Credit Ahmed ben Errabeh):

I run on ideological fumes, nostalgia, and resentment. I say fumes to suggest both a certain level of intoxication, 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.

A regret: There are things I wish I’d put in my book. Things which,, precisely because I did not understand the full import of them, would have enhanced my credibility. I omitted them, not out of any embarrassment; at the time, I just didn’t think they were relevant. I sometimes forget I’m not here to think, merely to note.

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

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

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

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. I’m the “sick machine” alluded to by the wife of a PC repair customer, years ago; a phrase to which I, at the time, ascribed only one meaning...

« *La plupart des gens ne lisent pas. Au fond, les gens ne lisent pas ; ou, s’ils lisent, ils ne comprennent pas ; ou, s’ils comprennent, ils oublient. — Amélie Nothomb* ? » (“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.”).

The Tang era 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 cried out in horror. “They might take this for insolence. *Let the spittle dry of itself.*” In this, my country, as evidenced by the daily behavior of neighbors, even *that* attitude seems insufficiently submissive. A-and, what of the respective body counts?

Lincoln Steffen, on his return 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 the Middle Kingdom, though. A doubly depressing thought for, unlike Steffen, I’m demonstrably (see figures for China’s recent consumption of concrete) right and, second, their spectacular successes show that tyranny can be made to pay (something even *Lavrentiy Pavlovich* eventually stopped believing).

Push and pull? There are those urging me to use viideo. I've also had over the years had "technical difficulties" whenever I tried to join a Zoom or Skype conference call.

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

Irene: A father she was estranged from, an unsophisticated mother, a crazy brother she could not confide in. For such people, it must be a lonely life.

There is so much "show" around me; "show" accompanied by so few acts of substance.

When subjected to some of the more elaborate sound montages or late at night, unable to sleep, I sometimes feel like a lab rat trapped in an experiment (run by some of our better-known "*schmutzige Magnaten*."?) — "Our recent *Rossums*" — For an example, see remarks attributed to Edward Snowden about some efforts carried out on Facebook.).

(a) In the military, highest ranks unwilling to resign commissions when ordered to lead country and men into disaster, i.e., to do the Johnny Paycheck thing. (b) At business level: defense contractors arranging procurement to their own benefit: stuff too expensive, no surge capacity, hardware of dubious value, i.e., "Made in Oshkosh, b'gosh"™. (c) At congressional level: Congress: MIA, i.e., In the words of emperor Tiberius, quoted by Gore Vidal: "How eager they are to be slaves." (d) Fecklessness at the very highest political levels, i.e., leaders unwilling to say, in the celebrated phrase: "Publish and be damned!" (e) At lower military levels, it is left up to "the Grunts", to quietly perhaps sabotage. (f) The civilians, beginning with my immediate neighbors, in the words of Irene, "selfish shellfish" behaving like "clenched mollusks." (g) Me: How am I to act positively? At most I can follow the advice heard once, on the street: "Don't do bad things." What else is there for me? A clueless technical coolie, temperamentally unsuited to do other than not do bad things and starved for truth,— something I can, at least nowadays, actually carry out. Th-that's all, folks! A-and now cue the Loony Tunes theme song.

(21) "Bergie Sez" or Quotations from Chairman Miao (Those of you with 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, and in a comparison I consider invidious, Trump's been compared by a Chinese academic to Gorbachev... Clem, Clem, where are you now that we (don't) need you?

Napoleon said history is a set of lies, agreed upon. I add that recent history and current events are also a series of lies, the difference being a lack of agreement.

A fine insult: « ... idées colportée par les escrocs du type de Liu Shaoqi... » (... ideas peddled by swindlers of the *Liu Shaoqi* type...), from Ley, 1972, p. 362. A-and here's another fine insult, this one homemade though derivative: "Made in Oshkosh, b'gosh"™! A-and, folks, if this last one isn't sufficiently obscure (Nyah, nyah, nyah!), I'll eat me hat... I must remember to make use of them from time to time.

Beruf: Schlauberger!

(1) "California: so far from G*d, so near to Mexico." (2) "America: so far from G*d, so near to Israel." (3) "This story has more holes than a French tart." (4) In the false-flag operation I call *Unternehmen „Konserven nach Gleiwitz*," with which WWII was inaugurated, the guy in charge of the deal was a fellow named *Naujocks*. I expect he did OK out of it. Nowadays, though, being a *Naujocks* could conceivably be no joke. (5) Which do you prefer: a regime of hoaxers or a regime of *Hoxhas*? Gentle Reader™, you pays yer money and you takes yer pick. (6) In the interstices between tectonic plates, there may be some freedom to be had. (7) « *Au lager comme a la guerre!* » (Credit an unknown Russian nobleman on finding himself in the *Solovetskys* after the Russian revolution). (8) It is a comfort that I, both from repeated personal experience and from the news, see the US Government as a shabby train wreck. (9) We live in the land of the *almighty lie*. (10) Q: Are the Blacks yr brothers or yr friends? A: They are my brothers! (In the Polish sense, Natch!) (11) Not only do I not care whether I win or not but I don't even know what the various factions stand for. A-and how's that for impartiality, i.e., *Fiat justitia, ruat coelum*. (12) I've found it advisable to give the innocents at the USPS a wide berth, adding: "U-something!" (13) Judging from the difficulty I've had in getting Dread Tyson the Corn-fed Golem wiv' the On/Off Switch™ arrested for his crimes, he must have one of them get-out-of-jail-free cards. Imagining his, his family's, and his associates' predicament, I'm not interested... (14) Never argue with the AI when you're feeling tired (Credit The Jefferson Airplane, adapted).

I've a mind to start a new section. Following, *Krokodil*, a Soviet-era periodical which tolerated some jokes at the expense of the Above.

How about *Krokodil Krokodilovich* (Son of the crocodile) Here's a sample:

A left-wing luminary, not a favorite person of mine, calls AI a fascist idea. Unaware of the exact meaning of fascism, without even the most basic understanding of AI, yet inspired by her and not to be outdone I, nevertheless venture to call the very idea of agriculture fascist. A-and most farmers (exceptin' the regenerative ones), crypto-fascists!

The Ukrainian people, poor things, fell for it. EuroMaidan, it was called. Seduced by the prospect of joining the European Union, they were. A European Union already submerged in mountains of Eurobutter, Euroveal, Europork (quite a lot of it about, I hear...), Eurolettuce, Eurochicken (How do they expect to do another *Ostfront* with this lot?). A-and with the Ukraine itself a well-known breadbasket. Suuuuure. Guys, I dunno... You've been sold a bill of ... Eurogoods.

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

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

To Mr Collins, an "old country lawyer" (in the style of Sam Ervin, I bet): With yr YouTube piece in [Section 19](#), you've set my mind, and other parts, at ease.

From the bottom of my, my, my culpably weak bladder, I say:

Thankyou!Thankyou!Thankyou!

A valediction:

Hoping I remain yr Fair-haired Boy™, I am, Sir/Madam, yr Friendly Neighborhood Paranoid Schizophrenic™ (Better madman than made man, wot?™).

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

(signed)

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

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