

Bataan Marches

&

The “Propaganda of the Deed” (Those of a Certain Kidney Will Know What I Mean)

Started: 03/31/22 Edited: 04/21/22 05/05/22 05/07/22 05/17/22 05/18/22 05/21/22 05/25/22 05/30/22 06/04/22
06/05/22 06/10/22 06/21/22 06/24/22 06/26/22 06/29/22 07/05/22 07/06/22

(3-27-22) This note, addressed to several employees of Kaiser Permanente went out today:

From: Lawson B Hawkins

Sent: 03/27/2022

To KEN SCOTT SIERS LCSW, L.C.S.W

Message body: Hi,

Just sent this morning the following message to Kaiser Member Services:

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Hi,

I wish to replace my psychiatrist right now. Am currently being seen by Dr. Talag at Wateridge.

During our last as well as previous very recent conversations, Dr. Talag made the following remarks, some of which I found disquieting, others puzzling. To wit:

- 1. She said it's best not to release psychiatry info as my landlord may use it against me*
- 2. After I commented that I write about my life, finding parts of it humorous, Dr. Talag replied: 'The queen of England and prince both have problems'*
- 3. She wrote in a message that it would be best to discuss my request to have my medical file released at our next appointment. As a result of my agreeing to this, transfer of my Kaiser file was delayed*
- 4. Dr. Talag asked why I want my file to be released to lawyers*
- 5. She also asked for the name of law firm the file is to go to*

Thanks,

Lawson Bergendahl/Berg Hawkins

=====

Thanks,

Forgot which day it was last week, twice. Sigh...

Part 1: Bataan March #1

If I may wax lyrical for a moment. Last week, they had me coming and going, I tell you. Literally. Coming. And. Going. So, here goes: the Shenanigans of Sassenach™ or *le Malin et ses Tours*.

(3-30-22) A red letter day, though not entirely auspicious, either in it's beginning or end. The Metro #90 bus to Montrose and Oceanview, according to Metro web site, the Glendale #33 Beeline" bus should have been available to take me to Flintridge Bookstore. I could not find a single stop on Oceanview, (a temporary rerouting?) though I did see two #33s go by, heading south as I tried to walk to the bookstore. Giving up, I reversed direction and, on Honolulu, saw a #3 going west. I knocked on the door but the driver refused to open, signaling "no" with his index finger. I followed him on foot, hoping to find a stop nearby. Sometime later, giving up on this as well, I returned to Oceanview, then retracing my steps, I turned north to Foothill Blvd. Where I eventually got on a #3 to the bookstore. All in all, a walk of about 2 miles that day. Returning at about 4PM, on "Bee" bus #3 on Honolulu, a Hispanic woman, middle-aged, got on and sitting across from me, almost immediately said on her cell phone: "Irene can't make it this summer." Aside from this one remark, she spoke entirely in Spanish. There was, of course, further "Mood music" for the return trip.

Part 2: the Provocation will not be Televised: In Which I Thoroughly Disgrace Myself

On the way home, handing out a couple of my fliers, the last person to get one, a black man who sat next to me after a seat opened up, did take my flier but, as I spoke rather loudly, he seemed to take fright before quickly leaving, loudly exclaiming he was getting off before I blew up the bus. Put down the above episode (in part) to my cussedness and rigidity, both perhaps somewhat enhanced by the Bataan episode I had just undergone...Finally, as he pulled up to my stop, the driver neglected to allow for enough clearance with a garbage container at the curb, hitting it with a loud crash, startling yr. Friend and Humble Narrator™ in the process.

All in all, an ignominious episode. And equally, a good sign; for it implies that these Gentlemen of the *Securitate*™ will go to great lengths to avoid having to answer some troubling questions and respond to points I hope to raise. Eventually.

Remember the months-long show I called "the Cry of the Banshee"? Well that behavior stopped, and abruptly at that, as soon as I made an attempt at recording these peculiar goings-on, in an incident witnessed by my neighbor, Angel as he chose the very moment when I approached the source of these screams in the back building to come out of his bungalow, crossing my path in the process. Some months prior to that, I remember another attempt at recording the peculiar goings on at my local Trader Joe's by video recording what I may have heard referred to elsewhere as "the Clearance Game." Only to be reminded by a checkout clerk that, quote: "Trader Joe's employees are not comfortable being recorded." Obliging me to comply. (Update 7-7-22) I spoke too soon, there has been further Banshee-type activity – though on a much reduced scale, I'm happy to report.

(3-31-22) To the Baldwin Hills library branch to pick up a book; there I was told that I wouldn't be able to leave my fliers on the premises though, on asking the clerk, a young woman I believe I have dealt with before, she allowed as to how I could leave them on the sidewalk outside. Thence to the Staples near Crenshaw and Santa Rosalia Dr. On the way there: I overhear an incredibly loud, extended conversation, barely 2 feet from me. Going home, though, is when it got interesting. A kindly older woman, black, strikes up a conversation when she inquires about the scrolling sign I am wearing, a sign which has since gone missing. I hand her a flier and, during a brief conversation, she mentions a daughter with schizophrenia. Unexpectedly, the bus soon breaks down with passengers forced to exit to await another bus. On the sidewalk, she and I continue out conversation. I do a bit of show and tell, presenting the cardboard folder with facing pictures of my two "Sisters" as well as giving her my number. Another bus soon shows up, she boards it but, as I follow, the driver closes the doors before I can board.

(Added 6-10-22) About this episode, in which this woman seemed to suggest I tone it down, putting my over the top performance of a day earlier to a possibly manic episode; I now smell a whiff of the false flag about the whole thing. Seems to me someone may be throwing in as much of the kitchen sink as is seemly. (Possibly) tricksters all, if you ask me, both on that day *and* the previous one.

(4-1-22) The following is a direct copy of my notes, taken immediately after a call from an employee of Kaiser with no editing:

4/1/22 @ 4:59PM Minutes ago, I got a call from Kaiser, a woman wanted to discuss my grievance regarding [Dr.] Talag. I said I had none. She replied that whenever a patient changes psy. [psychiatrist], a grievance is automatically filed(?) I said it was not my intention to file [a] grievance, that I only wanted to change psy [psychiatrist]. She continued, saying do you want to change psy [psychiatrist] or remain with the one you have? I said I had already requested an apt.[appointment] & been given one for May. She asked: do you want to file a grievance & get a new psychiatrist? I replied no to the one and yes to the other. Finally, she stated there would be no grievance filed against [Dr.] Talag. I then said: "Is there anything else?" She replied no. I hung up.

Part 3: Bataan March #2. Coda: My 20+1 POD Books - Worthless!

(4-3-22) After shipping, sight unseen, a copy of the book from the set I picked up days ago, I happened to do my belated "due diligence" only to find the quality of pictures to be so poor that I had to give the eBay customer a refund. Later speaking with Grant, I ordered another 20 copies, asking him to make sure, this time, of the quality of pics.

(4-7-22) In the early afternoon, back to Flintridge Bookstore for the next test copy. After some trouble getting to Flintridge to pickup the test copy, I eventually made it back home. After, that is, being dumped by driver of Beeline bus #3 at Beeline stop #446 on San Fernando Rd. with the driver telling me to take the bus behind him. No further explanations offered. The time was about 9:20PM when I chanced to ask someone in a nearby store. Later, waiting at Grand and 6th for my Metro #37, I start laughing. That evening, on two occasions, I actually considered settling down for the night on one of the several bus benches I was occupying. Never have I seen the likes of this. I eventually made it home, sometime before midnight...

(4-9-22) As I struggle to edit a schematic (computer anomalies), Lurk, fairly active today, bursts out laughing. The start of a more than usually peculiar episode. Speaking into her phone(?), I hear:

1. "Old, worn out." "... take care ... who?"
2. "He's a child molester, I can tell."
3. "They ruined my business!" This repeated many times with a strange voice, interspersed with bursts of laughter.
4. "Ruined my business I spent twelve years building." (In a strange voice interspersed with laughter).
5. Says something about the Russians.

She then walked out of her bungalow. During this strange outburst, there were several instances of sync.

(4-12-22) I notice:

1. Lurk walking down the walkway between our hedges, toward me one night. Moving from side to side like a drunk.
2. Maybe Brother *Cantinflas* also walking by with what looked like a limp.
3. Tyson's son (a kid about ten) also walks by, affecting a limp.

I say nothing and do not react.

Not just what I'm reading these days. Rather, books I've chosen to put under me pillow hoping against hope for osmosis to take place:

1. *The Adventurous Simplicissimus*, Jakob von Grimmshausen. The story of a kid, a doofus in my opinion, caught up in the Thirty Years' War.
2. *The Society of the Spectacle*, Guy Debord. This one, I don't pretend to understand ("Frog fog" and all that). Which is all to the good as it's successor, *Commentaries on The Society of the Spectacle*, a restatement of the original book, which I *did* understand, frightened me so, I had to put it aside several times...

3. *The Princess Casamassima*, Henry James. A cautionary tale (recommended to the Black Panthers in their salad days, by none other than James Baldwin) about a naive, politically active, young man who gets in over his head emotionally. Tragedy ensues, Natch.
4. *Memoirs Found in a Bathtub*, Stanisław Lem. A satire on the mentality of Certain Organs of State Security™. I described the book in a previous email; can't top those comments. Recommended to me by a (former) true friend; a decent, unusual and outstanding man by the name of *Janusz Vaclav Hetman*. Grateful, I am.
5. *The Book of the Courtier*, Baldassare Castiglione. One is never too old to learn, or so they say... According to Lewis Lapham, as regards our general sycophancy and suppleness of spine, the current age dwarfs all others as the patronage on hand far exceeds what was available to, say, Louis XIV, that piker.

(4-21-22) Reflecting on the day's events, I chanced on a phrase: "Lipstick on a ~~pig informant~~ provocateur." When applied to the neighbor I have come to call "Lurk," descriptive and evocative, no? Especially as the poor creature insistently called attention to herself much of the time I spent outside today.

And, on a not entirely unrelated note, I would here essay another of my peculiar attempts at wit; to wit: "~~Lipstick~~ *Lifshits* on a Pig." Could this well-worn phrase (well-worn in its original form that is, a-and perhaps a bit *too* provocative in my adaptation) nicely encapsulate the situation Mr. *Volodymyr Zelenskyy*, currently tripping the light fantastic as head of that Ukraine, finds himself in? Слава Україні! I say.

(4-24-22) As I stood in the kitchen this afternoon, fixing lunch, reflecting; I repeated silently to myself a poem:

*Mefre sika,
Sika ngye so.
Mefre n'tama,
N'tama ngye so.
Onipa ne asem.*

(I call for silver,
Silver does not answer.
I call for gold,
Gold does not answer.
It is only mankind that matters.)

— West(?) African poem (spelling approximate)

Whereupon, in a mighty broadside lasting minutes, our very own Banshee, relatively quiet these many months, cut loose once again. With the usual high-decibel, undecipherable, sulfurous imprecations mixed with the occasional "Go!" or "Leave!" (Living) "Under the Volcano," I am. Additionally, I believe the poor woman may also just have had a car accident.

<u>When</u>	<u>Where</u>	<u>Count</u>
Thursday, 4-28-22	Home all day	18
Friday, 4-29-22	On buses and at Kaiser Permanente, from about 7AM to 12PM. Home for rest of day	84
Saturday, 4-30-22	Home most of day, walked to and shopped at R-Ranch Market nearby	30
Sunday, 5-1-22	Home all day. Partly outside, on my steps, working & reading	27
Monday, 5-2-22	Home all day except for a walk to library, stopped at the R-Ranch Market on way home	12
Tuesday, 5-3-22	Home all day, partly outside on my steps, except for visit to library	22
Wednesday, 5-4-22	Home all day except for a visit to Staples	23

Table 1: A Week's (Subjective, Perceived) Count of Provocations and Harassment, Usually Tallied as They Happen

<u>Name/Nickname</u>	<u>Activity/M.O.</u>	<u>Where</u>
“Brother <i>Cantinflas</i> ”	Incoherent and/or extended monologues. Sync.	In my complex
All in my complex	Peculiar, persistent appearances (coincidental encounters) & sounds just as I emerge from my bungalow. Frequent sync.	In my complex
“Lurk,” “ <i>Mademoiselle Cris et Chuchotements</i> ,” “that Outlandish Creature”	She seems educated, middle-class or above, unusual for this neighborhood. Makes peculiar, persistent appearances (coincidental?), sometimes faint sounds just as I emerge from my bungalow or sit outside. Sometimes engages in incoherent screaming and arguments, uses senseless vulgarity. This at any hour. Behavior I call the “Lunatic’s Pantomime.” “Leave!” “Go!” are frequently heard. Sync often present.	In my complex
“the Banshee”	Incoherent, v. loud screams/arguments, usually late. “Leave!” “Go!” Sync.	In my complex
Tyson and family	Was/am harassed by his 3 children. Brief recent public argument with him.	In my complex
“Tub-thumper”	Stentorian, bullying voice. Has embarrassed black neighbors (2 instances). Once as someone brazenly attempted to steal an item from the sidewalk as I stood nearby.	To the south of me
Gadiel Velásquez	Twice offered me cash to drive his daughters. Said: 1) I should meet with Tub-thumper – a “nice man” according to him 2) For me not to complain about state of my bungalow to landlord. ”They don’t fix anything.”	In my complex
Unknown	Frequent, very loud screams of several children w. occasional sync.	Across street, S.
Unknown	Random, persistent hammering, ball-bouncing w. occasional sync.	Across street, N.
Unknown	Possible occasional sounds with sync.	Across street, S.
“Drag Racers”	Racing up and down Cochran Ave. (my street), Adams Blvd. and elsewhere; gunning engines, very loud mufflers, sometimes setting off nearby car alarm(s) in the process, resulting in momentary bedlam. Possibly many different cars and motorcycles involved.	Unknown

Table 2: *The (West) ~~Adams~~ Adams Family™ in a Nutshell or Some of My Neighbors and a Sample of Their Activities*

Our society has failed these people. Not only are our tax dollars(?) used to oppress/enslave them, but, as I have repeatedly experienced myself, such people reaching out to police, FBI, ACLU, etc. for help, advice and protection must inevitably be confronted with the doubtful nature and even provenance of the individuals or organization contacted. Consider these unfortunates to be what I call “informal outlaws.” These perpetrators/victims literally. Have. No. Recourse.

<u>Date</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Reason</u>	<u>Method</u>	<u>Outcome</u>
September 1988	Manhattan, sister's apt.	Arrest in Santa Monica	Jump	Rescued by police, 6 weeks in mental hospital, no injuries
1994	Apt. on Alanreed	Reason unknown	Gas	Aborted, no injuries
1998	Apt. on Durango	Problems with father	Jump	Aborted, no injuries
1998	Apt. on Durango	Became psychotic for reasons not clear	Jump from freeway overpass	Extensive injuries, spent 6 months hospitalized. Permanent disability.
2014	Bungalow on Cochran	Became psychotic after suspected "intervention" by Colette Walczak	Gas	Gas mysteriously cut off. No injuries

Table 3: List of My Five Suicide Attempts: The Wages of Synergy

#	Type	Actual samples
1	Muzhik shaming	A fellow once snarled “¡Cabrón!” at me in a low voice at the R-Ranch Market nearby. A frequent occurrence on buses too. Earlier, not exactly sure what the word meant, <i>Baba Outrom</i> , my former neighbor, once helpfully provided the translation in French.
2	Gay shaming	“Gay,” “fag,” (repeatedly heard, on buses for the most part). <i>Un “coulo,” quoi</i> . At the Wilshire branch of Broadway Federal, I once heard a woman, black, in the queue ahead of me, say to Manny, a teller: “Are you open down there?” The poor man visibly shook. Or consider (witnessed on 6-13-22) the young black man, very tall, sitting across from me on the 212 bus, legs splayed wide, languidly caressing the water bottle he held against his crotch.
3	Nigger shaming	“¡Cálmate Mulata!” Shouted; shouted, by a young woman, employee of the Advance Food Market as I walked in. “We don’t want to hit you, boy,” said by a Metro bus driver recently. Or (sometime during my “dark decades”) the young man, a customer at a business on the Westside who, while following me to the exit, murmurs: “Uppity nigger.”
4	Stigma shaming	“Weird,” “Odd,” etc.
5	Jew shaming	A small sample. “Jew!” Whispered at me. Gentlemen of the <i>Securitate</i> ™: I mean, <i>really</i> ...
6	Feigling shaming	“Scared!” “Chicken!” etc.
7	Crazy shaming	I can refer to myself in this way but you cain’t! (I was told not use it for others by the leader of a support group for the crazy mentally challenged as I used the word to describe myself).
8	Pedophile shaming	A no-brainer, I would have thought... And yet there has been surprisingly little of <i>that</i> , at least explicitly. Samples: 1) I remember witnessing a “skit” while visiting La Jolla with Irene. She and I were sitting near the bluffs when a child, couldn't have been more than six, walked to the edge, managed to climb up a low wall before balance herself on top. Irene , saying nothing, immediately walked two feet to her and pulled her off the edge. <i>Hübsch, was?</i> 2) There was also the woman, black, living south of me who, as I walked by, once said: “See that man, that man is “child-happy.” 3) My nearest neighbor, long-suffering Lurk, has lately taken to shouting phrases like “child pornography” and “child molester” when near me. 4) Very loud brief screams of nearby children (some of whom seem to be well under ten years old), they sometimes seem to scream in synchronization with my movements while I’m in my bungalow. Likely effective as way to destabilize pedophiles. It certainly has been the case with me and began to be used on me sometime in the last twelve months, I think.

Table 4: The Eightfold Way (of Shaming)

If the above table seems a bit raw and overly frank, e.g., use of the words “*Coulo*,” “Fag,” “Nigger,” “Pedophile,” etc., when euphemisms might have sufficed; in this exposition of my frequent humiliation, consider that I’m merely adding fuel to a fire already lit. This is not merely a question of interest to me, mine, the Jewish communities here, the citizens of this place or elsewhere. These offenses to the dignity of man (that of the target(s) of these slurs or that of the “Automata inconvenienced by a soul,” forced to degrade themselves by behaving this way) touch on the very viability of the concept of Republic in our age.



Figure 1: Jose Padilla goes to the dentist.

(4-27-22) Finished a book on sleep, *Why we Sleep* by Matthew Walker, a sleep researcher. One section on consequences of sleep deprivation caught my attention. I remember many occasions in the past when I have been so sleep deprived that a passenger in my car once commented on it as I was driving. Implications of a chronic lack of sleep range all across the health spectrum, including physical, emotional and psychological consequences; serious ones. These consequences kick in once one has passed a threshold of 15 hours without sleep. Until now, I have always assumed otherwise, especially as regards my general state. Not so, not so. This will bear thinking about.

“And one of the serial killers that attacks the neurons in the hippocampus is cortisol. The longer your cortisol stays elevated, the smaller and more vulnerable your hippocampus gets, which puts you at risk for depression. This is likely why chronic stress is associated with memory loss...”

— Prof. Robert Lustig from *The Hacking of the American Mind*

“Cortisol is known to adversely affect metabolism. People familiar with the mental health field know cortisol plays a huge role in a lot of mental disorders.”

— Dr. Chris Palmer, Assistant Prof. of Psychiatry at Harvard Medical School

I remind you, Gentle Reader™, that I once had my cortisol level measured at Kaiser on 08/20/2014 with the number coming in at 36.2 mcg/dL, a level considered high. Could there be method to this madness, i.e., the Play-Within-a-Play™ I feel I've been living in? Perhaps these long-standing, assorted phenomena, where things go “bump in the night,” among other quite varied sound effects, could also fall under the rubric of “*Eine kleine schräge Musik*” (A Little Weird Serenade, my rough translation). Quite insidiously disturbing, at times, wot? And me a paranoid schizophrenic, as I was repeating to myself last night, chuckling helplessly. A schizophrenic in dire need of ‘is beauty sleep, I am. It's all a plot, I tell you...

"It's too simplistic to say that people start to believe what's written about them. But what happens is that you become a certain way to please people, to be liked, to be what's expected of you, to change yourself so that you become the best possible version of yourself for people who don't know you. And I think that's a terrible, pernicious thing." She adds, "In a way, I'd rather go into an interview and be disliked, and have unpleasant things written about me, than to have a wonderful, glowing article written that is in no way a reflection of who I am."

— Quote from the actress, Romola Garai, from Wikipedia

I must mention here that in the last week, the word “manic” has been mentioned twice. Once by a social worker at Kaiser, the second by the person who struck up a conversation on the bus, an incident I mentioned above.

“There are goals toward which we need to work,” she says. “The complete absence of slavery and human trafficking. An end to child labor...”

— Excerpts from a talk by the actress Julia Ormond

What I, mine, others and, potentially, you Gentle Reader™, have been subjected to is the activity of organized crime operating on an international scale. What's more, this is not merely the work of a few “bad apples” or “bad” organizations, even. For this activity has been countenanced at every level of this society, including the cultural one. Maybe for decades. How can we ever get past this massive loss, including loss of prestige?

(5-5-22) Minutes ago, came across a delightful phrase from a book *The Hacking of the American Mind* by noted endocrinologist Robert Lustig: “A Few Fries Short of a Happy Meal.” A phrase signifying, to me at least, the futility if not self-defeating characteristic of certain endeavors (read his book in case my meaning is obscure). On reading this, I laughed for minutes. Now, where could I apply the phrase, the joke and the insight? Oh yes! How about to the paragraph just above this one, Eh?

(5-10-22) At Costco today for my monthly shopping with the usual extravaganza attendant, Natch. Among the more memorable moments: I asked an employee, an attractive young woman (*lorsqu'il y a du monde au balcon, faut toujours se demander s'il n'est pas plutôt question de bas-le-con, Hein?*) (I, umm, hesitate to translate, folks. I've got a reputation to mind, what?) I ran into near the supplements section, where I could find the Glucosamine+Chondroitin tablets, a supplement recently recommended by a doctor. After a moment's hesitation, she found them for me. I quickly proceeded to make my getaway as fast as my little feet could carry me...

(5-14-22) Lurk and Brother *Cantinflas* both very active as I sit outside sunning myself and working. Unusual in that much of the verbal traffic came from the other end of the line on Lurk's phone. By the way, I notice these two never speak to each other. Funny thing. Also, their respective conversations, never very plausible or coherent to begin with, seem to me to have become increasingly disjointed and outlandish.

(5-16-22) Today, Monday, I hurried to the bank to deposit \$20.28 in cash to cover an upcoming expense. Stopping at the R-Ranch Market near my bungalow on my way home, I found to my surprise, my debit card declined. Over a purchase of milk for \$1.89. Later that afternoon, I found it opportune to arrange to pickup a fairly large wooden solar panel stand I had been storing at a friend's for some time; intending to make a demonstration of it. I then made my way home with the unit, arriving later that night. An instance of the so-called "propaganda of the deed," wot?

(5-26-22) Beginning my applications for street selling permits, both in Santa Monica and Los Angeles.
(Added 7-7-22) Just got my Los Angeles street selling permit this morning.

First noticed and took pictures of a stain on a shirt hanging in bathroom. Eventually was able to obtain a police report.

(5-28-22) On Culver City bus #1, ID 7154 a man, Hispanic, is talking non-stop at back of bus: A sample of frequently used keywords:

1. *Perro*
2. *Cabrón*
3. Mulatto
4. Jew(?)
5. Good(?)
6. Go(?)

He stops talking as I begin writing this down. The man was talking this way from the moment he got on the bus.

Shopping at Trader Joe's in Culver City, I ask an employee direction to the toilets. He rapidly turns toward me and, inches from my face and, too close for comfort, give me directions. Later, at the checkout stand, as the clerk rings up my purchases:

A woman's voice nearby: "Are you a Jew?"

Clerk: "Would you like a bag?"

Me: (No answer)

(Clerk repeats himself).

Me: "I leave it up to you."

Clerk: "I'm not hearing an answer."

Me: (I insert my debit card before saying, "It's not working" as the card malfunctions. then turn away, not answering).

Another employee: (Walks over, says something to the clerk).

(Moment later, my card finally working, I load my purchases on the dolly and leave, thanking the clerk. According to receipt transaction #158684 this was on 5-28-22 at 11:43AM).

(Date unknown) Was sitting at curb while waiting for bus (probably the #37 westbound at Adams and Fairfax) when a woman, also waiting, says: "The bus is coming, maybe you should get up" (or something similar)." I did not reply, neither did I move. On the bus, moments later, the driver, a young Hispanic man, says to me: "We don't want to hit you, boy." I said nothing.

And so, at the end of a somewhat *mouvementé* week; a week which left my poor head spinning – literally at times – I must confess I’m hitting the turmeric pretty hard (on the advice of a Kaiser doctor, not *that Frau Doktor*, of course). Whut kind of a place is this, anyhow?

Running into Tub-thumper’s wife outside on the sidewalk, she volunteers: “It’s hard for you, isn’t it?” A leading question, you’ll notice. My reply: “Not really, this place is more like Disneyland.” A visible surprise momentarily flitted across her face.

Part 4: Bataan March #3

(5-29-22 sometime after 3:45PM) As I tried to get onboard Metro bus #212, with ID 5756, the driver closed his doors as I was getting on. I should consider myself lucky he chose not to drive off with me stuck in the doors. It’s often the little things one is thankful for...

Attempting, fruitlessly, to buy a folding table for my upcoming sidewalk sales of books, I’m unable to contact the seller as my phone continually reboots. Reaching the agreed-on meeting place, he is not there. Eventually giving up, I have to content with several buses not stopping, forcing me to bite the bullet and walk home.

(5-31-22) “The Microwave Hour,” i.e., “Want me to warm it up a bit?” Around 8:30AM she, meaning the neighbor I nicknamed Lurk, who lives not 10 feet from me, came out with all guns blazing: a-screamin’ an’ a-hollerin’ and, during an intermission, probably throwing and breaking a bottle against the side of my bungalow, leaving bits of glass scattered about (pictures taken and police report filed though later rejected) before resuming her rant. Among subjects touched:

1. “... Bitch...”
2. “... loud music ...”
3. “... I don’t want to hear this every morning ...”
4. “... child pornography ...”
5. “... I’m recording this too ...”

As she vomits up this refuse, she walks by me twice. This goes on for some time, with the usual stream of more or less irrational complaints, obscenities and curses. Her behavior, since she moved in, I characterize as the Lunatic’s Pantomime. Purpose, you ask? Why, I think this was “mood music” to prepare me for my video interview with my new Kaiser psychiatrist later that morning. Whence my categorization of this show as “the Microwave Hour.” Not for the first time, either. I also think another neighbor, the one I call Brother *Cantinflas*, has been up to this as well, timing his running commentaries for some phone or video conversation of mine. Ah, the shenanigans of *Sassenach*™.

(6-1-22) Trying to speak with Kaiser Permanente management, not to complain, but for advice on how to dispel a palpable confusion on my part regarding the state of my health. I eventually ask for counseling from a social worker as mine is being transferred. Even that is proving to be a chore; as of 7-5-22, I still don’t have any advice.

(6-3-22) Spectrum, my internet service provider, called to schedule a visit, reason being “the signal may not be strong enough.” OK, whatever... A couple of days later, I called back to cancel this “visit.”

(6-15-22) An unusual episode on the #33, eastbound. A man, likely on his phone (I cannot be sure as not once did I look in his direction), with an eerie, almost mechanical tone and cadence, with not even a veneer of plausibility to his speech, words hardly linked together, let alone sensible. In a conversation/monologue(?) lasting from Venice and Culver to La Brea, I noted the following words:

1. He begins with the word “Zodiac.”
2. The word “Sagittarius” is repeated about 15 times in the course of this conversation.
3. “Security.”
4. The word “Cancer” is used several times.

Though I could hear him distinctly throughout, I have not the faintest idea of what he could have been talking about. Possibly *the* most peculiar interlude I have overheard on buses to date.

(6-16-22) *Ici, en ce moment, je me sent comme un Huron dans un salon.* (Just now, I feel like a Huron Indian in a salon).

(6-17-22) In recent days, a noticeable increase in synchronization and feedback from:

1. Cars noisily revving their engines.
2. Police and/or ambulance sirens.
3. Children's high-pitched screams.
4. Sounds of cats(?).
5. Lurk.
6. Brother *Cantinflas*.
7. Power tools.
8. And, if one chooses to include "coincidental" walk-bys and sudden movements, neighbors in my complex and bus passengers.

(6-21-22) I could live this way, under these conditions for the rest of my life. With or without hope. And, in the past, I have.

(6-23-22) Was thinking yesterday, about a series of incidents related by Colette Walczak months before she died. Incidents culminating in what she said was a case of financial fraud. Some specifics:

1. Colette, an insomniac, would sometimes come to my bungalow, looking bedraggled, for a couple of days of rest. She frequently complained of noises coming from the house immediately to the east of her complex.
2. This house is jointly(?) owned by two Englishmen, possible building contractors.
3. One of them with a teenage daughter whose behavior Colette would complain about, mostly of her loud conversations on the phone, late at night, with her window open. More generally, Colette would complain about the noise coming from there. Though I will add that she also sometimes mention hearing her neighbors in apartment two through the wall often.
4. I once witnessed an incident in which one of the owners, speaking loudly (to his dog?) said repeatedly: "Get back inside!" as Colette and I walked up the stairs to her apartment. At that moment, Colette seemed rattled.
5. During her final illness, I noticed a sign, from the City of Santa Monica, taped to the door of that house, by then vacant, warning that the house was not to be sold as it's ownership was in limbo.
6. She once told me it had been bought by an Iranian-American who, paying cash, was unable to take possession due to fraud.
7. As of 6-27-2022, the house, at 1027 Ashland Avenue, still unoccupied, is scheduled for demolition with the current owner listed as: "1027 Ashland LLC."
8. Colette added that this was the sort of scam which can only be perpetrated in an all-cash transaction.
9. This fraud had to have taken place sometime before Colette's death in the fall of 2018.

Were any of the parties involved even in a position to complaint? How Colette came to know of this and to this level of detail, I do not know.

Continuing struggles with this Serene Republic™'s postal service. Mail pickup not always reliable and, regarding delivery, I find it peculiar that this year, two items from China, way late, showed up within two days of my making inquiries of the sellers. More of that *ca' canny*? Sigh... In an attempt at adding to the paper trail a-and for your enjoyment, Gentle Reader™, I include here a note I sent a few days ago to the USPS:

Hi,

For the third day (Saturday, Monday and today, Tuesday, June 21, 2022) my outgoing mail, for which I have paid postage through eBay, has not been picked up. I have seen

your man (or woman) walk by, studiously ignore me, leave mail for others in my complex of 4 bungalows and 4 apartments and walk out again without having picked up mine. Currently there is a stack of 3 items on top of my mailbox. I suspect he even leaves incoming mail on my porch without inconveniencing himself to pickup my outgoing stuff.

Though I will say that today (to his credit?), the poor fellow looked a bit furtive as he walked by...

*In your organization's favor, I will admit that this behavior speaks well of the unshakable, unswerving integrity of the Post Office employees of this, Our Serene Republic™. Well done! For, you see, my repeated offers of a bit of that lagniappe (for which acts I am aware I am courting possible Federal Charges of attempted bribery of a Federal Employee in the course of his duties. *Ich gestehe!*), i.e, the dollar bill I leave taped to the mailbox (pictures available) to help things along, you unnerstand, have only yielded disappointing results over the last several months.*

I must protest!

Should your office prove unable, once again, to remedy this parlous, I say again, parlous, situation, I will have no alternative but to write a stiff note to the Times (of London, that is).

*Thanks (again),
Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/Bergie Hawkins at 2626 S. Cochran Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90016*

A-and, wonder of wonders, the next day, I believe, my outgoing mail was picked up. After the fact, therefore because of it? By the way, *Ich gestehe!* is German for, I confess!

(6-26-22) I now have the definite impression that people wait, either outside my field of view or wait for me to look toward them before they start walking or make some move, however slight, of a foot or a hand perhaps, in my general direction the moment I see them. Brother *Cantinflas*, this morning gave a nicely done demonstration. Sitting at my steps, sunning myself with eyes closed when, just as I opened my eyes, I immediately noticing him walking toward me from 10 feet away. And it hardly 8AM on a Sunday. I suspect he was standing there, motionless waiting for the exact moment to make his move. Or am I crazy? Over the last year or so, this sort of behavior has become a frequent occurrence, sometimes happening a dozen times a day, in my immediate neighborhood, on the street, in buses, etc.

Yesterday had a visit from a customer I owe a refund to for a solar system component. Steven Hill, residing in Central America, is a curious case in that I have a feeling that when we first met, he was testing me. Feeling out the lay of the land to see if I had ever had involvement with underage girls, of all things. If I'm correct in this (I may not be), he certainly known more about me than I have ever told him, you can be sure of that. I now surmise that Mr. Hill may have wanted to confirm a vulnerability. Reason I say this is that, alone of all my solar customers, he is the only one to complain that the equipment (aside from batteries) I sold him went bad. Almost all of what I sold him, as I recall. Thus the careful, initial probe on his part.

Part 5: Conclusions

An aside about types of blackmail:

1. ... the 'frame-up', this consisting of the engineering of a happening now that can be used as a basis of blackmail shortly.

2. ... *'pre-blackmail'*, where the victim is forced to continue in a course of action because of the blackmailer's warning that any change will lead him to disclose facts making the change untenable... an actual case in which a policeman forces a prostitute to remain in her lucrative calling by systematically discrediting her attempts to obtain employment...
3. ... *'self-saving blackmail'*, perhaps the most important kind, where the blackmailer, by intent or in effect, avoids paying an earned penalty because enforcing payment would result in the creditor's discrediting.
4. ... *'full' or classic blackmail*, the blackmailer obtaining payments by threatening to disclose facts about the individual's past or present which could utterly discredit his currently sustained identity... all full blackmail includes the self-saving kind, since the successful blackmailer, in addition to obtaining the blackmail, also avoids the penalty...

— *Stigma*, Erving Goffman, p.95

I've read of evil things done to mentally ill people but, as far as I know, never with the mentally ill. Consider: in Germany, beginning before 1942 and continuing until the end of the war in 1945, such citizens were, at times, disposed of in places such as the *Landesheilanstalt Hadamar* (Hadamar State Sanatorium) – crimes later punished by the Allies. Here, it seems, we've gone them one better (Yankee ingenuity and all that). Here, we mental defectives are *actively* sought out to be used (up-cycled?) for, at least in my case, less than saintly purposes. For confirmation, see (it's mentioned in my book) an interesting exchange I had with a machinist and weapons aficionado in the San Gabriel Valley in which he talked of something he called "oven cleaner." That obsolete, though still very much useful, phrase: "moral imbecile" comes to mind.

Question: "What is your opinion of the French revolution?"

Chou En-lai: "It's too soon to tell."

According to Simone Veil, former French Health Minister, a crucial, so far unsolved, problem is how a society is to deal with concentrations of power. Centuries ago, the Catholic Church presciently identified this and came up with a (partial) solution: forbidding consanguineous marriages as, over the long term, they would tend to lead to ever greater concentrations of wealth. On the other hand, in Arab societies, marriage between cousins has been a time-honored tradition; for precisely the opposite reason. Different places, different mores.

My job: to sweet talk the American people into rousing themselves from their couches, ungluing their eyeballs from that TV and, in so doing, saving This Serene Republic™...

Somewhere in the last few weeks, I came across a statement to the effect that while man's thinking tends to be linear, the world most emphatically is not. An example of this type of thinking: If you're fat, you must reduce your consumption of fats in order to loose weight as fat has more calories than carbs. Or, put in a shorter way, you must follow the popular and traditional mantra espoused by so many, including *Frau Doktor* Sarah Elizabeth Hooks, my long-suffering former MD at Kaiser Permanente: "Eat less, exercise more." Today, with the world facing a veritable tsunami of obesity and diabetes, do you suppose the root cause could have something to do with this sort of thinking? Linear thinking up against a body chemistry consisting, in major part, of interconnected, hormone-mediated, feedback loops. A system, not only non-linear but almost guaranteed, by virtue of its inherent complexity, to have chaotic features?

"Something unknown is doing we don't know what."

— Arthur Eddington

A staple of the mystifiers, those shy and mysterious creatures of the *Securitate* plaguing me; acts exemplified by the above quote.

There is a charming anecdote, maybe apocryphal, about the Danish physicist, Niels Bohr, in which a visitor, on noticing a horseshoe over the entrance to his house, said to him, "Surely you don't believe this superstitious

nonsense?” To which Bohr is said to have replied: “Of course not.” Taken by surprise, the visitor asked, “So why do you keep it there?” Bohr: “They say it brings luck even if you don’t believe in it.” An attitude which somewhat parallels mine regarding *anything* touching This Serene Republic™.

Woolgathering on my couch one evening, I thought of a comment regarding my mysterious tribulations, a comment I once made to my therapist, Dr. Victor Morton, sometime during my dark decades: “It’s just too pat.” Would that I had followed that lighting-clear insight to its logical conclusion. For, you see, I said this in about 1991-1992. Another such moment came the day I catastrophically parachuted back into my sister’s life in Manhattan in 1988. As I sank into psychosis, I asked her point-blank if she were working for the Government, the resulting silence should have been deafening. Alas, it was not.

Ya wanna know what kinda place this is? Well, I can tell you. This is a country where a man by the name of Charles Ferguson, the Oscar-winning director of the documentary, *Inside Job*, a film about the last financial crisis; not content to rest on his laurels, decided to make another. This time, a film on the life of one Hillary Clinton. And, do you know, he himself now confesses to being unable to do so, people became reluctant to talk to him to the point where he was forced to drop the project. Whence my fears about being (metaphorically) buried alive with my book, message and any attendant files. Perhaps not a rational thought on my part, I really don’t know. But, in light of the above anecdote, certainly understandable.

In the last several months, I have seen the neighbor I call Tub-thumper embarrass if not humiliate two of my black neighbors, Tyson among them.

An idea I call “bounding boxes.” Assuming both major parties in this nasty business keep lists of persons of interest, whenever I’m out on errands, they could make a bounding box around each person on that list *and* me. Tracking each individual of whom there might be, say, a couple hundred thousand in Los Angeles, with a technique called “gait analysis.” Now, were one of these “bounding boxes” (each of which may be set to perhaps a quarter mile square) to intersect mine, alarms would presumably go off someplace. Thus sparing manpower in the extensive “babysitting” effort I assume is involved here.

After repeated entreaties of my landlord, AFJ Investment, entreaties in which I warn of possible consequences of the likely presence of termites in my bungalow for the structure’s integrity, I find the complete lack of response on the part of the owners passing strange. Since it has been suggested by my sister Irene that I should consider spending the rest of my *life* in this structure – an idea I am in agreement with – I have been wondering if I should now perhaps take unilateral steps. Not only have there been traces of termite activity around the kitchen window for years (signaled to City inspectors and by them to the landlord) but termites may also have appeared in the roof above my front steps. And, as I am not exactly anxious to find out what might happen should I ever leave Los Angeles or this bungalow (even temporarily), given my landlord’s demonstrated irrationality, I think I may now have to look into fixing the problem at my own cost. Any thoughts?

A thought about Glenn Greenwald’s comment on privacy, i.e., that there should be a rebuttable presumption of opacity regarding us, the people at the bottom, and the same rebuttable presumption of transparency at the top. I completely agree and if you don’t, Gentle Reader™, ask yourself if you would allow a known confidence man to have access to every nook and cranny of your private life.

Q: How did I come to find myself in this mess?

A: Practically in a fit of absent-mindedness. (To borrow a phrase).

Q: *Bergie*, how did you come to take on dread *Sassenach*?

A: *Anybody* can make a mistake.

Q: Why don’t you just leave?

A: I don't want to go to jail. Do you take these Gentlemen (any of that lot) for choirboys? For an explanation, I refer you to the letter I once received, mentioned in a previous email, informing me that the California Highway Patrol requests the honor of my presence in order that I may claim an unidentified item belonging to me (recidivist that I am. For shame), found in a stolen car abandoned in the San Geronimo Pass. A-and what about that nun I once supposedly trifled with on Main Street; in broad daylight yet. Could *she* perhaps be induced to remember the unfortunate incident?

Irene: Regards to *Tonton*TM.

Trusting I am still yr. Fair-haired BoyTM, I remain:

(signed)
Mac Mahon

P.S. To my sister Irene: May our wordless tears, yours and mine, eventually prove invincible.

P.P.S. On one of the documents I provide law firms in my, thus far, fruitless quest for a bigger soapbox, I added the following quotes, the first at the start, the second at the very end. I hope they will not be grounds for me to be thought unworthy of consideration by the recipient(s)... The two quotes:

千里之行，始於足下 (A journey of a thousand *li* begins with but a single step).

— Mao Tse-tung/Lao Tse

What is life?
A little strife,
Where victories are vain.
Where those who conquer
Do not win.
Nor those receive who gain.

— Benjamin Disraeli

P.P.P.S. A vague thought about Humanity. A mixed bag, a *very* mixed bag, of course. But redeemed, most (though not all), by an act of one of my sisters (the dead one), years ago. An act I have already mentioned, no need to repeat myself.

P.P.P.P.S. I occasionally hear the epithet "Jew!" hurled in my general direction. Aside from the puzzling irony (people of *that* kidney thinking they can insult what they likely see as a black by calling him a Jew...), there is the unfortunate and anxious-making fact that to keep body and soul together, one such as I, in my *démêlées* with Certain Organs of State SecurityTM, as I imagine it, must rely on what I call the State of Israel-Palestine. A country with whose policies I will have no truck and whose very people, with exceptions, I find difficult. Additionally, see my comment in a previous email about the criticism of this place, by which I mean the US, by the rap group Public Enemy. In fact, as I also said in that email, the situation here is likely far worse than even they *could* imagine. Tragic. Pitiful. Shameful, really.

P.P.P.P.P.S. In his days as journalist in San Francisco, Ambrose Bierce, a man possessing 100 times my vitriol and measly abilities; someone far more radical and pessimistic than me, because better informed, had to let it be known that he had been a sharpshooter in the Civil War and carried a pistol at all times. This seems to have sufficed to ensure his safety. As for me, carrying a piece simply wouldn't do. Quite the opposite, in fact. No, in order to ensure for myself some increment of safety, I must rely on, I imagine, the small army watching my back at all times. Progress this is not...

Reductio ad Absurdum: A Modest Experiment Exposing the Equally Modest Imagination of Certain Circles

Finding my fliers removed both from near my complex and the neighborhood, which I call the West Adams Adams Family™, wherever I put them up; I thought I would try and find out just how little of an irritant/stimulus it would take for whoever is doing this to cut it out. I now believe I have the answer: less than 1/16 of a sheet of paper is enough, apparently, to get me below the radar. As for proof, here goes:



Figure 2: The general layout. I have already discussed the bit of "Lit Crit" barely visible, graffiti scrawled in yellow.
Before: After (Next Day – Generally):



Figure 3: A full sheet of blank paper. April 16, 2022, 13:53PM



Figure 4: Sheet missing the next day, April 17, 2022, 16:07PM

Before:



Figure 5: A half sheet of blank paper. April 20, 2022, 8:28AM

After:



Figure 6: Half sheet missing the next day, April 21, 2022, 11:22AM



Figure 7: A quarter sheet of blank paper. April 21, 2022, 11:24AM



Figure 8: Quarter sheet missing the next day, April 22, 2022, 10:39AM

Before:



Figure 9: Eighth of a sheet, placed there on April 22, 2022, 10:41AM

After:



Figure 10: Blank sheet missing the next day, April 23, 2022, 11:21AM



Figure 12: Sixteenth of a sheet, placed there on April 22, 2023, 11:33AM. Another POV evident, here.



Figure 11: Sixteenth of a sheet gone the next morning, April 24, 2022, 14:10PM

This space intentionally left blank as, for the life of me, I cannot find the last image in this series; intended to be proof of the threshold below which the relevant government agencies will not stoop (to conquer).

The setup I'm preparing for sales of the book on the streets of Santa Monica and Los Angeles. It includes a vertical, scrolling LED sign.



Figure 16: My stand with scrolling LED display extended and the solar panel to power it. I'm applying for Santa Monica permits right now. Los Angeles permit applications to follow.

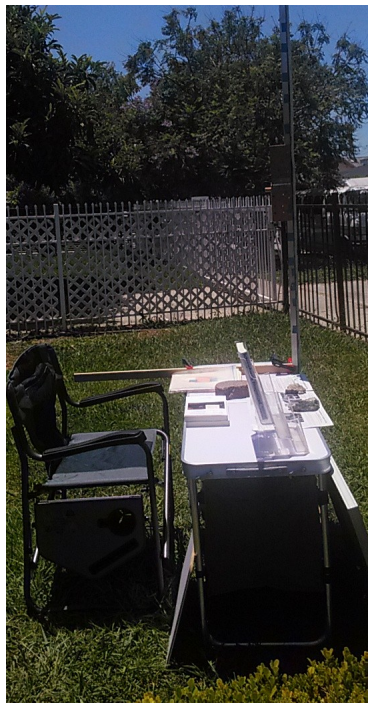


Figure 15: Side view of chair, a-and what a time I had procuring that! Lemme tell ya.



Figure 14: The 10 foot sign on which I'll scroll excerpts of my book; folded as though in preparation for the bus ride home...



Figure 13: The whole setup, ready to go. Weight: 60+lb.