

Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory: #41 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.
Translation of the autograph poem of Lu Xun (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 and add [sic].That'll bitch it.

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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.

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

— Life and Fate, Grossman

« Que cet écrivainleur écrive ailleurs. Enfin! »

"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 rebuttable presumption of opacity at the bottom.

— Greenwald, paraphrased

I always knew I could become like you; I was once afraid I might.

— Berg "Kampfmuzhik" Hawkins

Never trust a smart Black! I say this without the slightest hesitation (Folks, you heard it here first).

— Berg "Kampfmuzhik" Hawkins

"... silence is the ultimate consent."

— Tim Cook, CEO, Apple, 2017

jAguantar con humor!

— Berg "Kampfmuzhik" Hawkins

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

— Williams, 2006, preface

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

— Berg "Kampfmuzhik" Hawkins

"Your precious notes may get you killed."

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

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

— Wislawa Szymborska

« 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

"Ninety percent of success in life is just showing up."

— Woody Allen

Ein feste Burg ist unser Spott.

— Bach, modified

Ein feste Burg ist unser Berg.

— Bach, modified

"The US Government is 'недоговороспособны' (not-agreement-capable)."

— Russian foreign minister Lavrov

(1) Tales of the ~~Schwartz~~kommando (Credit Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*): Life imitates Art:

A new section in which I endeavor to demonstrate the truth of the notion that "Amateurs use physical violence while professionals exploit existing social tensions"Here I list what I perceive to be a surfeit of *Aktionen* carried out exclusively by State-sponsored(?) elements of the Negro Persuasion™. Apologies for the font, it seems everything, down to *that* font, I write is controversial. The introduction was prompted by a recent, peculiar interaction with a truculent, not to say, unhinged fellow of that very persuasion. A-and, are we having fun yet?

1. In pride of place: Tyson and Son™
2. Brother X (where 'X' is a symbol for the traditional unknown quantity) for a pe
- 3.

(2) The *Ca'canny* Family. One could characterize it as passive-aggressive mischief-making:

Here, the reverse; lists of people, and organizations, who distinguish themselves not by *Aktion*, but by a singular lack of it – thus the obscure(?) reference.

1. In pride of, place: Tiffany Anderson-Ca'canny, for her inveterate do-nothing landlord act.
2. Anacany Hurtado-Ca'canny, whose singular lack of response, some years ago, eventually occasioned this bit of fancy on my part.
3. Carlo Diaz-Ca'canny, LMFT of the Edelman...
4. Miss ??? #2 Edelman
5. LA city officials<NAME>
6. 2 at LANowname
7. LADOT
8. Bus drivers of the LA Metro, Santa Monica, Culver, and Montebello bus systems, too numerous to mention
9. LAPD officers, also too numerous to mention.
10. Emil Hardware's Kim Ca'canny for, in the teeth of my simple, obvious request, misunderstanding repeatedly the type of drill bit I wanted. I hasten to add that no arrests were made.

(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":

Pigeon vole. (The pigeon steals — a rough, a very rough — translation).

Lies I told customs... lies I was almost led into... Vroman's at book thefts: Lies of Colette... The highway patrol, a narrow escape(?). My prospects in the eu

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

While attending the Pasadena *Sharashka*, a fellow student once accused me of having a white mind, he not shy about being loud about it neither. In another incident, I was advised to go back to Europe, this other fellow also not shy. Since then, decades later, a staple of insults(?) <idc> has been for people to sidle up to me and quietly say: "Jew." In every instance, the individual involved was of the Negro Persuasion™. *Kommentar überflüssig, oder? Now, while I'm perfectly willing to attribute the first two to innocent malice, the last poses a problem for me. Here, I strongly suspect government malice.*

In Bremerhaven, a massage by Father while I'm in the nude... mother, walking by open door to my room: "*Mais, enfin, qu'est que vous* (the formal you) *faites?*" Unusual... I don't think I'd yet met Seidenstein. On another occasion, Irene, for some unexplained reason accompanied me on one of my visits to the Seidensteins. During our visit he, at one point, inexplicably said in a sing-song voice: "Ho-mo-sex-ua-li-ty," drawing out the word. Puzzling.
Could some kind of sexual peccadillo be at the bottom of this?

(12-6-25) ... <TELL OF 4 days> ... and of delight felt on several occasions when I turned my back and ignored them when they spoke to me. Just as for four days I ignored the loud antics of these sad clowns. Sad because one of them, unbidden, came to me near the end and said: "I ain't mean." I feel ashamed.

(12-... Mrs 'Bell, I hear her screeching as she walks down Cochran, approaching...daily walks in, though she moved out weeks ago. She looks like a cross between Madame Mim and Bozo the Clown. Oft repeated words: "Come on!" "Come on baby!" Words ostensibly spoken to her dog, outlandish measures born of desperation. To think there are those who think it sound policy to persuade human beings to make such public displays of themselves.

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

- The Japanese group WORLD ORDER. See especially: *Have a nice day* (Shibuya ver.). Mishima in his *Sea of Fertility* quartet would have shared the savage satire implicit in the sentiment on display in the video.
- What may be the best-dressed band ever: OTYKEN, pronounced: "Atookei." From Siberia, they perform traditional ethnomusic with a modern beat and a mix of instruments, much as with the very first World Music group: *Osibisa*.
- Faun, a German band. From their album: *Midgard*, listen to two tracks: *Macbeth* and *Odin*.
- *The Daily Mail*, <https://www.dailymail.co.uk/home/index.html>, the world's biggest circulation online newspaper. Like mom used to say when she read *Le Figaro*: "When you're there, you know where you are."
- *Apple in China: the Capture of the World's Greatest Company*, McGee. Lesson the first: Final score: ~~Lions~~ Nation-states: 300, Christians Corporations/Oligarchs: 0. Lesson the second: Talented, well-meaning, idealistic, naive people, some of a religious bent even, can find themselves stuck between two paradises: a worker's and a stockholder's.
- From Curtis Mayfield's album, *Superfly*, *Little Child Runnin' Wild*. Dedicated to both The Tiny Terror™, neighbor Tyson's teenage son and, particularly, Los Angeles Mayor Karen "Baasskap-by-proxy" Bass. To the latter, I say: "Ye shall know them by their fruit."
- YouTube channel: <https://www.youtube.com/@HardThrasher/videos>, the presenter call himself Lord Hardthrasher. See his nine part series on the WWII Burmese theater of operations, beginning with: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Mr0j_Nxni_E. From his videos, I've learned that, in spite of an interest in WW2 going back over sixty years, I know astonishingly little about it.
- The book: *Essais sur la Chine, Paris: Laffont, 1998* by Simon Leys (real name Pierre Ryckmans) is sufficient justification for me to never have wanted to write. Why bother when such as he dazzle both with content revealed and style?
- A controversial, long (over two hours) YouTube video: *How Farming MADE Us | The Greatest Mistake Ever? | 20,000 Years Ago*, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G7NM_LKSijc. According to Jared Diamond, farming is the greatest catastrophe to ever befall mankind.
- Visit <https://blog.whiteoakpastures.com/blog/do-you-give-a-damn>, the blog of a Georgia-based regenerative rancher by the name of Will Harris, author of *A Bold Return to Giving a Damn*, itself a fine book. My (personal) takeaway: "The food's too cheap!" He accuses us, by our inaction, of condoning livestock cruelty. I add, there are here strong parallels with the way we peasants tolerate similar treatment by These Princes who Govern Us™; debt peonage, anybody? You might consider buying his product.

Peruse with confidence – it's Bergie-approved.

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

(9-17-25) The toilet, having become increasingly erratic, even in its malfunction, is now in a state where I can no longer even stop the flow of water into the reservoir by turning the main valve. Also, as I recently broke the bathroom sink and, knowing full well that the best way to have complaints ignored by yr office

is to repeatedly list them, thus being in no danger of having you notice the damage, I, secure in the knowledge you won't read this, let alone actually fix anything say: "*Ich gestehe!*" (Update 12-9-2025)

(11-3-25) Claiming to be potential buyers, three State-sponsored(?) Nudniks™: (1) Walked into my bungalow without knocking. (2) The stated reason: "We thought the apartment was vacant." (3) During a conversation about my solar stuff, one said something like "you're nerded out" (indistinctly, in a rapid voice) then added "we're nerded out, too." (4) Unsolicited, one of them began talking about an idea of his to make a light switch disappear in a wall. Activated by voice commands: "On" or "Off," "It would be beautiful," he added; repeating himself. (5) Later, another of the intruders asked if I'd consider moving out... (6) When they finally left, it was without a word. They left the door open. (7) Landlord had given me no notice of this odd visit. Not only did I follow Irene's advice to "not take it personal" (she's semi-literate; an MD, you know) throughout but I missed the point of most of what was said until after "fiddler three" were long gone. Later, I overheard a neighbor, cleverer than me, call the landlord before allowing them in. He apparently hadn't been notified either. I feel foolish, and a bit angry. First there was Robert Seidenstein (1971), then Daniel Diner (1973), Reuven Levy (1982), followed by Michael Dubrow & David Epstein (1991) now this. Another instance of "Doing *shande* for the goyim," as Abbie Hoffman supposedly said to judge Julius Hoffman at the trial of the Chicago Seven (Credit Sharma, personal communication).

(1-3-26) For the second week, landlord has not responded to my request for examination of a possible roof leak (see pics). I may have to o the LAHD complaint route again, though I already have one complaint outstanding. (Update 1-5-26) Landlord has not responded to my second notice of a possible roof leak. Additionally, the front door is increasingly hard to close and there are visible signs of water damage on the interior walls and ceiling. (Update 1-8-26. *Mirabile dictu!* Someone showed up today politely inquiring as to whether I had a roof leak.

(1-23-26) Two workmen from AFJ Investments came by today to fix my front door which, damaged by the recent rains, refuses to close properly. As they worked, I remembered a door I'd scavenged nearby, with a partial glass front. I thought it would let in more light. But when I mentioned it to them as a possible replacement, there was some discussion and phone consultation with a boss. After which one judged it too cold while the other pronounced it too hot. And, as there was no (dialectical) third present to judge it just right, my scavenged door was left where it was, forlorn. A-and no new door was installed, neither. As for the roof repair, another workman, when questioned closely over the phone, remained deliciously vague as to when he'd be here... The Goldilocks principle in action?(Update 1-23-26 @ 21:28) I'd noticed a jarring note when, in the afternoon, one of the two workmen, speaking to the other, repeatedly pointed out and mentioned, superfluously it seems, the peephole in the door they'd just removed. Hours later, having rearranged the bedroom, walk-in closet and movable workbench I'd moved as requested by one of them, thus finding my way to the bathroom blocked, I chose to pee in the hospital urinal plastic bottle I'd requested of Kaiser during my emergency room visits. Unfortunately, I then placed it on top of a rolling cart in which I store equipment. Hours later, I found the contents had mostly leaked out.

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

How can it be that after fifty years of this circus, I'm still alive? When people knew full well what the likely outcome could be once I realized it was not Epstein/Dubrow responsible for this macabre show, but the US Government in its majesty; when it became understood I was to be *live* bait.

When I lived in the garage on Stewart St. in Santa Monica, a curious moment. A french-speaking young couple, was walking ahead of me one night. As I walked behind, I hear the young woman say to him: "*Il se rapplique.*" (He's catching up to us).

Another curious incident over at the Pasadena *Sharashka*, similar to the *Per Brinch-Hansen* incident, previously mentioned. Dan Diner's PhD thesis advisor... Who asks Dan to lookup names for two liquids whose viscosity varied depending on shear stresses... I answered "thixotropic" and "rheoplectic" a-and was studiously ignored for my troubles. He once mentioned he'd been a boxer who could defeat opponents on account of being smarter. Later, this man was identified by Dan as having turned down job as personal physician of Churchill. Was fitted by them for a helmet for EEG(?) in Booth lab... Arno's remark... I later quit. Diner I remember wanted to attend a small talk after talk by the comic who visited at school. Price Walker refused until the speaker made him relent. Diner then attended the aftertalk, was the only white there as I think. Diner's letter while on school leave in Augsburg, parent's unexplained efforts to have me delay a reply. I confess to having been anti-american all my life but this, if I'm not being once again delusional, is ridiculous.

In Bremerhaven, a massage by Father while I'm in the nude... mother, walking by open door to my room: "*Mais, enfin, qu'est que vous* (the formal you) *faites?*" Unusual... And so, I ask again:

Could some kind of sexual peccadillo be at the bottom of this?

While living in garage on Stewart St in SM, lice infestation...Kaiser visits ... mental illness?

In *Ulm*, *um Ulm*, *um Ulm herum*? Jackie Lewis, Aileen (last unknown), Gilbert Miles, Cassie Elias, soldier walks by, father's reaction.

Aph grad student who, like Subhash? Went from this to management consultant/Harvard bus/school? "Surface tension expressed as an energy" I remember something about a wife. Humphrey's depiction of me to a Japanese visiting in which he had me perform with my limited german,

Spanish-speaking math major, lived shared apt w, Karen Maples and her boyfriend, I sold him my bike, he complained it was no good, later Bratton said to me the two were treating him badly. Sold him my bike, later bitterly complained I'd sold him junk.

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

Nothing to report... Except, that is, that after trying a hand-free crutch, I settled on a twenty dollar kick scooter from Target. As I recently said to some bystanders at an E Line train stop, can there be anything more ridiculous than a 70 year old on a scooter? Sigh.

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

Watersports, n: Now, Gentle Reader™, don't you be gettin' nervous; this here's still a family-type publication — and always will be. There is, though, a pressing topic I must broach, however distasteful the task. I'm referring to Mrs. 'Bell's recent public, I say again public, watersport performances. ... For weeks now, this poor elderly creature, obviously beset by personal problems of the most obvious(?) kind has been ... <TELL> For shame! ... and others ... Water & Power ...

etc... And so I say to our(?) Gentlemen of the Organs (of State Security, Natch! – I’m no vulgarian!)™, do not think to make sport with the “water” for these are windy days and, aside from it being unseemly, **as is well known, in addition to flowing downhill, water**, given a sufficiently turbulence atmosphere, has been known to occasion blowback <idc> <idc>.

IDC/idc, **acronym**: In electronics it stands for Insulation Displacement Connector. For yr narrator, due to frequency of use, it now will replace the overlong phrase: “<insert demented cackle>,” henceforth: “<idc>.”

Kabuki, **n**: An art form where, as the play is performed, black-suited figures dart about the stage, carrying out chores. Activities the audience, by convention, turns a blind eye to. Analogy: the neighbors, tenants around here and others elsewhere resemble in this way the Japanese audience as they consistently turn a blind eye to the noisy circus/ black(?) farce/sad tragedy/chaos that is the so-called apartment complex I’ve lived in for fifteen years.

Bibliothèque Rosse, **phrase**: Sixties France gave us the *Bibliothèque Bleue* (books for boys), the *Bibliothèque Rose* (books for girls), I believe the world is at last ready for the *Bibliothèque Rosse* (Credit *Carmen Tessier* for title, though not content) (books for ~~angry peasants~~ citizens). Already published in this series: *Schizophrenia Weaponized*, the *Home, Sweet Home* emails, several fliers. And soon, a frequent flier: *The Cochran Review* (I live on Cochran Avenue, see?) with, tentatively, in the inaugural issue, *Wheelbarrows of the Heathen Chinees: A Monograph*.

Ciel-mon-mari! Aktion (Heavens, it’s my husband!), **phrase**: A long-term pattern in my life, similar to the plot of a short story by Maugham in which a young Australian is set up by a married woman; with husband unaware or complaisant if not actually complicit... I buttress my case with, in order of appearance, some sample suspects: (1) *Finn Ravndahl*. (2) Professor Munger secy’s husband. (3) (First unknown) *Sauppé*. (4) Husband of Ray Wynn’s secretary. (5) Matt Moran. (6) Black customer’s girlfriend, she at Sony with an “important job,” according to him. Mind you, this stuff started in the early seventies. Burnt offerings of sorts? Yeeeee!

Manifest Destiny, **phrase**: An old concept in urgent need of updating. Consider. WWII situation <TELL>. Now,;In the 2000s, China, in a recent three year period used more concrete than America did in the whole of the twentieth century (Credit Forbes).

Oven cleaner, **phrase**: From a long-ago customer, a phrase sinister... *Darüber bleibe Ich stumm*.

Basskap, **n**: Corruption of a word succinctly describing a mode of governance much frowned upon in today’s enlightened times. Derived from Los Angeles mayor’s last name, a woman of a certain persuasion, if I’m not mistaken. Could one call the current “situation” an instance of *baasskap*-by-proxy? *Qu’est-ce que vous voulez, ça fait vieux-jeu...* Neill Bloomkamp comment on LA=Jo’burg-lite... (more apt than I’d previously imagined?). Goes to show, you can’t fight City Hall.

Situational *négritude*™, **phrase**: The operant word in this here phrase is a well-defined term of an impeccable provenance (Credit Aimé Césaire). With the concept best illustrated by this jingle for a candy bar: “Sometimes I feel like a nut, sometimes I don’t.” The phrase was occasioned by that fount of wisdom and knowledge, YouTube, in a video where a young woman, *Sachiko Jazmine Ross*, born of British parents but speaking Japanese as a first language, when asked what she is, replied: “I leave it up to you.”

影武者 (*Kagemusha*, Figurehead), **n**: From the title of Kurosawa’s film. I’m a *Kagemusha* myself, a man much visible though otherwise unimportant. In the film, a relieved thief is made to impersonate a leader; one could say it eventually goes to his head. The film evinces a pessimistic view of the workings of society, any society. A telling word **because of the show-like atmosphere evidenced throughout both film and society in general**.

Crisp kiddies, **phrase**: Note the downward progression here. Consider: From a long-ago phrase: (1) “Script kiddies,” meaning naive, clueless young people hacking into computers, to my own derivation: (2) “Scripted kiddies,” in which children are heard spouting lines they couldn’t possibly know the meaning of (and how, exactly, are their scripts delivered?), we come, courtesy of a little-known US Government program I imagine could be called “*Jugend herauf!*” (Credit Pynchon) which I hope will be the end of this sick progression: (3) “Crisp kiddies.” As in *children burned to a crisp*. For a loose parallel and, though contested, allegation, read Flaubert’s *Salammbô*. Only a bloody Frenchman could write such disgusting tripe; though, as to the actual implementation of it, well... See the behavior of the “Tiny Terror”™, “Tyson’s underage son.

AK-70, **phrase**: With its roots in the Yiddish: *Alter Kaker* (in French: *Vieux Nö*). The last word of which, without the umlaut, alludes to a certain *Andries Treuernicht* of yore, i.e., “Doctor No.” Hint: as of this writing, 2025, yr Friend and Humble ~~Narr~~ Narrator™ is seventy years old. Get it?

Ramoneur/Ramoneuse, **n**: French. Them as are wont to annoy and/or perplex yr Friend and Humble ~~Narr~~ Narrator™. A-and, as this is a family-type publication, I’ll say no more...

M.O.S. **acronym**: The louder they get, the quieter I become. Choosing, more and more, to operate in M.O.S. (Mit Out Sound) mode (Credit Ellsberg). The concept is best illustrated by a battle in 1240, somewhere around Novgorod(?), between a criminal race, a Mongol army (Don’t accept the epithet? Look up Baghdad and what they did there in the thirteenth century), and elements of another criminal race: a band of *Varangians*. As the Mongols opened with their war cries and drums, part and parcel of the usual psychological warfare to soften up opponents, the *Varangians* remained silent and motionless. They continued to do so in spite of repeated provocation, not even falling for the old Mongol trick of “retreat.” The battle’s actual outcome’s irrelevant, thus not be mentioned. Parallels, anyone?

Orange, **n**: A color; suggesting: (1) A clockwork orange, as in “queer as a clockwork orange,” a British expression meaning a person or situation seriously odd – a quality I share with a certain well-known, free-world country. “*It is an old Cockney slang phrase, implying a queerness or madness so extreme as to subvert nature* – Anthony Burgess.” (2) Also the title of a novel by him, made into a movie by Kubrick. (3) The Orange Free State, ‘nuff said. (4) A color often worn by Toilers of *Tenochtitlan*™ as they go about their work on construction sites, in the process often driving me nuts with their incessant, *Pervitin*-fueled(?) chatter and power tool noise. (5) *Soldier of* (Day-Glo – in my case) *Orange*, title of a film starring Rutger Hauer. (6) Associations prompted by the kind remark of a neighbor who shall remain unnamed. That day, I’d opted to carry my load of incendiaries in a Day-Glo folder forgoing an actual weapon. Ever since, “The Color Orange” has had a special meaning for me.

Langue de bois, phrase: Though it occasionally crops up elsewhere, the syndrome is reputed to once have been a common affliction of our little red brothers. For the English-speaking among us, the phrase is pronounced “Long duh! Bwa.”... A-and are we having fun yet? <EXCELLENT! (though perhaps a trifle obscure). FIX?>

(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)

(9-16-25) As I write these words, Mrs. ‘Bell’s at it again. Inside her bungalow, not thirty feet away, her door open, she’s on another marathon; loud, profane near-gibberish for the last many minutes. The loony bin (Clark 8 at St. Luke’s-Roosevelt in Manhattan) was never this colorful though there, admittedly, we took our meds.

(9-13-25) Unable to get copy of document listing repairs to be made, unable to even get timely notice of inspection, Inspection itself “*pour du beurre.*” since this AM, Mrs Bell’s engaged in a rambling hours long loud, profanity laced monologue, now her music, the usual “thump and hum”, punctuated by her screams, is deafeningly loud. Also from within her bungalow and door, as earlier, wide open. A witness: a worker busy making desultory-seeming repairs, the man who earlier this AM called her “mama” as I emerged from my bungalow for my walk. Only officials sufficiently cowed could take this circus at face value. **(9-13-25) Unable to get the document listing repairs to be made, unable to even get timely notices of forthcoming inspection, the inspection itself “pour du beurre/Berg ?” I just asked by email for the LAHD inspector, Mr. Hernandez, if he’d send a copy of his findings. (Update 10-15-25) TELL>....**

(9-24-25) A question for Mrs ‘Bell: Why do you bother with a dog as foil to your madcap antics? An economy of means would suggest yr Masters go whole-hog for the madwoman act and dispense entirely with this poor creature (by which I mean the dog).

(9-25-25) Yesterday afternoon, a man walking down the walkway, said something to me in a loud voice as he walked by, I ignored him. Moments later, further down, there was a brief commotion involving him, another man and his(?) snarling, barking dog. But, as I don’t even look at most tenants here, I have no more details to give other than to note the event. **Not only do I not know who they are, I make it my business to not know. In fact, you could say I delight in not knowing; as in: “Who?” (Credit Tyson’s “Tiny Terror™,” personal communication).**

(9-29-25) The Tiny Terror™, walking in from the street, kicked or scrapped his foot on the floor cable cover I use to prevent people from tripping over wires from my solar panels at the curb as they cross the sidewalk. It twisted, forcing me to flatten it again. This as I stood nearby, working on my panels at the curb as he looked at me, expressionless. Neither of us said anything.

(9-30-25) ... Minutes ago, the Tiny Terror™, walked by on the walkway and silently stared at me. I remind you that: **(1)** I’ve been trying to get his father arrested for attacking me. **(2)** This kid has been harassing me, shooting at my windows with a toy pistol, and insulting me for years. **(3)** When I tried reporting him to the Edelman Mental Health Center for Children, no action was taken. Is every organ of this country (exceptin’ for those of State Security) similarly paralyzed?

(10-10-25) @ 1:30PM Someone, probably Tyson’s son (I did not look up from where I was, sitting at the curb, working), walked up, paused and said something like: “.. pushing(?) again? ... Alright,” before walking into the apartments. I said nothing. Who writes his material? A-and how are his scripts delivered to him?

It’s official! The Tiny Terror™, son of Tyson, is literally barking mad. Why, days ago, as he walked past my open door, I heard him do just that, bark and yelp.

(10) La Rubrique des Gueules Cassées:

(8-13-25) As a card-carrying diabetic (T2D), I remind all that on no account will I be tempted by visions of ice cream. OK? Or am I, once again, being obscure?

As with the last several years, if I bend down, I get a bit dizzy for a moment. I also have the impression my sense of balance may be worse. My right ankle problem is much better, though; for the last weeks, I’ve not needed a cane.

With both Mrs ‘Bell and Saint Bernard gone (*¿Para luchar en otros frentes?*), the silence of the tomb has descended on our complex. For the most part, that is. Aside from the occasional bird tweeting like a metronome, a nearby worker’s tools, Toilers of *Tenochtitlan™*, etc. I feel relieved though a certain stress persists. As a result of which my weight loss (157lb) has paused.

(10-31-25) During the first of two emergency room visits (10-26-26), a nurse started an IV, telling me, unsolicited, it was Tylenol. Curious, as I’m under the impression Tylenol is given in pill form; doubly curious as Tylenol also happens to be the first name of my evil twin. Then, on my second visit on 10-27-25, I noticed several people, not doctors, speaking so unclearly I could not understand them, often having to ask them to repeat themselves. They either have a speech impediment or I’m going deaf.

A bad night, two nights ago, caused me to fall back on an expedient. As I tried to sleep, I began thinking to myself: “Lie back and imagine... *Mamayev Kurgan.*”

All in all, though, the last weeks, dismal though they may have seemed (I actually had to call 911 to be taken to emergency for what turned out to be a sprained ankle!), I don’t feel old unless, that is, I move...

Looking over a Kaiser medical document, I find to my surprise that I’m a victim of elder abuse. I don’t recall ever having complained of this neither was I ever told this diagnosis had been placed in my file. Furthermore, are not Kaiser *Permanente Matanzima* (Land of the Upright Coke Machines™) personnel required to report such things to the police?

Two visits to the emergency room, a call to 911 for transportation and a request for a urinal, all occasioned some bills. Bills I was unable to pay on my discharge from the emergency room. Calling Kaiser billing a day later, I was told there was no trace of any bill in the system, further messages left resulted in no return

calls. And the reply to an email to LA Fire Department, in which I asked what amount I owed, was even less specific, I'm still unable to decipher the jargon-laden response. Days later, a bill did come: \$140 for one of the two visits, which leaves me wondering if and when the other (three) shoe(s) will drop.

Some possibly connected(?) mysteries: (1) Years ago, I noticed bruises in the crook of my elbows, symptoms which were passed over in silence by my MD, *Frau Doktor* Hooks. (2) Then there was a spine ailment, something called stenosis, a narrowing of the spine, severe enough to lead to neurological symptoms, some of which are irreversible. The condition almost went unnamed by *any* Kaiser personnel. (3) My cortisol level which I'd requested be tested was elevated, a symptom also passed over in silence, aside from a remark that, "yes, it is elevated," by doctor Hooks. (4) In the past, the Red Cross and my hospital have both reported dodgy blood cell counts on more than one occasion. (5) A couple of years later, I had a seemingly miraculous recovery from (4) when blood work done after emergency room visits late last year was pronounced "stellar!" Again, no explanations for the recovery was provided. Could there conceivably be a connection between (1) and (4)? *Mystère et boule de gomme*. Considering the above five points, a fair-minded person will easily forgive me for the ridicule I, at times, heap on Kaiser ~~Permanente~~ *Matanzima* (Land of the Upright Coke Machines™). OK?

I find myself more sensitive to noises and easily distracted by them; certain kinds of movements, both of objects and people, do so as well. Moreover, both the general level of noises I notice and the threshold at which I become annoyed are lower now.

Yes, I have T2D, for which I take no medication, I feel fine both physically and mentally. And, for reasons mentioned elsewhere, I have nothing I wish to contribute to a solution of our health crisis. Period. To do otherwise would be a case of the blind leading the blind.

My continuously dripping nose prompts the following self-diagnosis, or should it be epithet? *Naseschleimentladungsgesicht* (snot face). Sometimes a German word can be a meal in itself, innit?

(11) The Quotable Other with "Tales of the *Himmelfahrtkommando*™ My Most Sincere & Devoted Friends," *A mes ouailles*.

A garbled voicemail from a clerk at Kaiser ~~Permanente~~ *Matanzima*, (Land of the Upright Coke Machines)™ led to a series of calls. At membership services and another department; all hopelessly garbled. This led me to ask the person at the other end to, instead, send me a message through the Kaiser portal; she agreed to. It has now been a week and I've received nothing. Curious.

I'm a *Kagemusha* (see Kurosawa's film of the same name), a man much visible though otherwise unimportant. Not allowed to make my own way in life, guided, manipulated and, above all, protected both from the "bad guys" and some of my own deplorable instincts. Since before I arrived here over fifty years ago, no innocent friends, girlfriends, marriage, family or career; I was fated to remain *Sonderling*. Though, I'll admit, this did give me a chance to avoid becoming another Ted Bundy (can't complain about *that*). Needless to say, I was never consulted about any of it. For me, life was to be a staged show, managed from behind the scene by both the *verkramppte* (the US Government or elements of it) and the *verligte* (the Establishment) factions. A "show" which, more and more, seems to have been an open secret wherever life took me. Beginning in Europe, this "show" has followed me wherever I went.

Mrs. 'Bell, who writes your material? As I go about my day, listening more than watching, she chews the scenery as though her life depended on it. There's a phrase, old-fashioned but still serviceable, for the type of people who would force a hapless old woman through such contortions: *moral imbeciles*.

(8-26-25) On Friday, at a meeting of the PSL, Party for Socialism and Liberation, where Haiti and George Jackson were the topics, I came away having learned a few things. Among them, the truth of Oscar Wilde's *mot* in which he complained that the problem with socialism is that it takes up too many evenings. Judging from our current predicament, it seems to me that for so many of us citizens, this problem is not necessarily limited to socialism.

(9-7-25) Having received the hand tally counter I'd ordered from AliExpress, today, I began keeping count of "funny coincidences." Later transferring them to a spreadsheet I call: "20250907 Funco File_v01.ODS." I started it while still in bed this morning and, as of 6:10PM, the count stood at 26. of what I thought were events of a peculiar nature as I went about my day (I went to the beach). Will continue tabulating in the coming weeks. A second use, the more important if perhaps a bit frivolous, is to keep track of the blows (in real-time, mind) delivered by neighbor Tyson, when he next make the understandable mistake of taking me for a punching bag. An approach I'll summarize with a pun: « *Compter les coups pour, plus tard, mieux conter le coup.* » So, to avoid any misunderstandings which might arise among witnesses to our next(?) interaction, I'll document the outrages committed upon my person by registering each blow. As. It. Happens. With clicks on my mechanical counter. **UPDATE**

(9-13-25)

1. In the morning, Mrs 'Bell began a sustained, profane monologue lasting hours.
2. Later, having become silent, her music began, as usual loud with her door open.
3. Mrs. 'Bell as I emerged for my morning walk + the worker. He to her: "Good morning, mama." I to him: "I don't like "papa" so much, could you call me "cabron. (Word I'm more used to. He looked uneasy, as she hovered nearby.
4. Back from my walk, after a shower, coffee in hand, I sit on the porch.
- 5.
6. Mrs. 'Bell as I emerged for my morning walk + the worker. He to her: "Good morning, mama." I to him: "I don't like "papa" so much, could you call me "cabròn." (Word I'm more used to. He looked uneasy, as she hovered nearby.

Before walking a step toward me and saying: "I'll have to paint yr porch." (Update 9-13-25 @ 15:58) He started in again: "Papa, I need to," I reminded him that I did not like the "papa" much, preferring "*cabròn*" as I'm more used to the epithet and would he mind using it? He, pointing at the screen door and some torn fliers that I'd hot-glued to the screen door, kept repeating: "... paint...", "... trash ...," "... black." I, after telling him to go ahead with whatever work he needed, hurriedly left for the library to pick up some prints. Risking repetition, may I remind everyone of the Mexican saying (slightly changed): "California, so far from G*d, so near to *Tenochtitlan*." (Update 10-11-25) Judging from the loudness, intensity and rapid rate of speech, the possibility this was a *Pervitin*-fueled *Aktion* by these **goys** [*sic*, thought I'd written guys] is not to be excluded. Guys, that stuff's not good for you. Really.

(9-13-25) Since this AM, Mrs Bell's been engaged in a rambling, hours-long loud, profanity laced monologue. Now her music, the usual "thump and hum", punctuated by her screams, is deafeningly loud. Also, her door's, as earlier, wide open.

(Written on 10-12-25) An older man workman started to move my panels at the curb without permission. I objected, asking what he was doing (he did not reply). He, I guess, wanted room to park his truck. I said: "Call police, landlord or manager otherwise this is city property and I can put my stuff here as much as anyone." I had to pull the solar panel from his hands as he would not answer when I asked. I last said: "As long as we understand each other" before he finally left.

Only a people sufficiently cowed, could pretend to take this demented circus, this black farce at face value.

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

(9-30-25) More than once, I've found pens left outside on a tray, missing anywhere from minutes to days. Also missing my floppy sun hat, cannot find my windbreaker.

(13) Sassenach™ and His Yankee Damyankee Tricks:

The "walkers" operate in one of two ways: "Stealth" mode, i.e., Tyson sneaking up to hit me upside the head or "foot dragger" mode, i.e., Mrs 'Bell putting on a show merely by her slow and noisy footwork, here the object is not merely pedestrian-style locomotion, this is "walking with effect." I see it elsewhere as well.

(8-27-25) The City inspection of the kind I call "pop quiz," took place this morning. Thanks to City Sr. Inspector Webster who, with an assist from Inspector Hernandez, saved my bacon by telling me on August 5 that an inspection, decided on April 29, was scheduled for August 27. Giving me time to prepare a demo of my 600W solar stand on City property (at the curb) as well as tidy up, donate or remove some of the junk in my *dépotoir/capharnaüm* (I'm both scavenger and hoarder, you know). This mysterious inspection had been scheduled months ago, but as I got no notice, the label "pop quiz" seems appropriate. Our eight grade teacher had the same habit only she called it a "pop quizzzy poo." A not entirely inappropriate label, "All Things Considered™"...

(8-26-25) Printer no longer prints right, makes clicking sounds though I was able to get about a dozen copies of HSH #36 out of it. Now looking to have it fixed. (Update 9-9-25) After printing properly for a day, it again makes loud sounds. (Update 9-20-25) Following advice of a printer repair technician, I replaced the toner cartridge. The fix worked.

More and more often, I hear what may be a jet flying nearby with de-synchronized(?) turbines creating a distinctive beat note. Beginning at night, many months ago, I now hear this sounds during the day as well. Reminds me of a twin-engine Betty (formal name: Mitsubishi G4M) nicknamed "Washing Machine Charlie" with engines similarly unsynchronized. The phenomenon was first reported in WWII on Guadalcanal and elsewhere. **A-and, at the risk of appearing unhinged, I must now add the telltale flying saucer sounds emanating from nearby cars.**

(10-11-25) tell ... cup run over, chair moved, police visit. NOOP! As usual.

Was the sustained, criminal(?), noisy and, at times, noisome farce carried out over the last weeks by: merely a "microwave moment" with the grand finale being the inspection's aftermath in which Our Lady of the Perpetual Inspections™ informed me that the re-inspection would result in a "Fail" if my solar panels were not removed from the curb? Example of a concerted orchestration?

By now, you may know your *Kampfmuzhik* as one willing to practice a scorched earth policy (No surprises here, considering the sources of the nickname, Eh?). **His policy regarding the truths about himself, his bus (non)ridership habits a-and other peculiarities. What of his solar and other projects, his *capharnaüm*'s contents ('es a known 'oarder, you know), etc.? Gentle Reader™, I'll let you come to yr own conclusions here. <MEANINGLESS OR RE MOVE OR FIX>**

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

In the eighties, *Nelia Castro* called me an eccentric (Was it that obvious? Even then?). Now, with my bohemianization continuing, what can people be thinking?

(15) Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:

Do the words "choreographed," "orchestrated" or "kabuki" apply to: **(1)** Tyson's "moderate physical pressure"-type attacks? **(2)** LAPD's seeming timidity and predictable responses when I summon them with complaints about (1)? **(3)** Some of the outbursts of some of the tenants here? **(4)** Any LAHD inspections, i.e., with a finding of "unsanitary living conditions" now and forever attached to my name? **(5)** AFJ Investments' repeated, seeming inability to act on complaints, forcing me to appeal to the housing department for help?

- (8-27-25)
1. I email and distribute a dozen copies of HSH #36 on the day before a City inspection.
 2. After I did so, Tyson, mumbling something inaudible, walks out of complex as I sit waiting, with solar panels setup at the curb.
 3. I distribute more fliers as while I wait for the inspection.
 4. Inspection over, I pack up my demonstration.
 5. Later, napping, I hear "... motherf****r calls the police ..." as Tyson walks by.
 6. After I got up, I saw through the screen door some crumpled papers strewn about my steps and the walkway.
 7. Still later, I hear Brother *Cantinflas*(?), walk by and say: "I've got a beef with you, brother."
 8. In the early evening, as I sit on my porch, Tyson's son, the "Tiny Terror™," walks in alone with a dog and, as he passes my steps, says: "P*ssy!"
 9. A day or so later, the Tiny Terror™ again walking by as I sit on my porch, says something followed by what sounded like "Nigger."

(9-3-25) At Kaiser ~~Permanente~~ *Matanzima* (Land of the Upright Coke Machines)™ for an appointment, I was met with a succession of people, rude or obtuse, i.e., legally blind/legally deaf/legally dumb or annoying in a physical or verbal way, i.e., Meanderbots™/Slowbots™/Obstaclebots™/Chatterbots™ and other State-sponsored *Nudniks*™. This among both employees and visitors, mind... While some personnel were fine, others mostly, though not all, of the Negro Persuasion™, seemed to behave as badly and rudely as they could make up their minds to be without putting their jobs in play. *¡Ay mi raza!*

(9-14-25) I see a possibility which may help explain both the Tyson family's behavior and that of the LAPD. Could it be the Golem, in addition to having an understanding with his masters (the US Government) also has one with mine (the "Establishment"), a side deal so to speak. In the first, he, along with his

family, are tasked with not only making my life uncomfortable to persuade me to move, they also try though provocation repeated, to get me to overreact. While in the side deal with my own masters (more on that in a moment), he endeavors to sabotage his mission by minimizing physical harm done (so far, at least, he's only scared when he could have hurt me). He gains both ways; for, should he succeed in getting me to move, I doubt his and his family's prospects would improve. And, should the LAPD arrest, (I imagine dismal prospects for him — someone in cahoots with the government — in that event) so long as he continues living by the term of this side deal. While, for the LAPD, so long as he lives by the terms of their bargain, officers avoid possibly unpleasant repercussions associated with actually having to do anything (at least until the "fullness of time"). Now, for a minor matter: the reason I call my side "masters" is that I think I've been firmly told (1) Not to do "bad" things and (2) Our deal holds only if I remain in LA. But then again, I'm a guy with a self-confessed past interest in underage girls (ditto for my prospects in jail). This last bit also explains recent odd behavior and comments by both Mrs 'Bell and Tyson's teenage son, the Tiny Terror™, words and acts duly noted in my online diary. Wheels within wheels. Nice little country ya got here... Black people, so far from G*d, so near to/embedded in America.

11-27-25 @ 11:07AM As I sat at the curb with eyes closed after having put an *Open Letter to Tyson* flier on the windshield of a nearby car, his son came out and without a word, walked over to the car, took the flier, crumpled it and, as he walked back, threw the crumpled paper on me. I said nothing throughout, keeping my eyes mostly closed. When I think of how the perverted criminals (beyond the pale of normal humanity) in leadership positions in the US Government have let down the people who should be responsible for this kid's welfare and how these in turn let him and his family down; I think "Cry the Beloved Country."

(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?):

(8-10-25) It is with a certain reluctance mixed with some glee, that I must report still more shocking, flagrant and public misbehavior by poor old Mrs 'Bell. To wit: her recent indulgence in what I'll call, for want of a better term, watersports. Yes, Gentle Reader™, watersports. The continuation of a "show" kicked off by her calling the LAPD (see paragraph??) about me after knocking over some bottles I was washing with the communal hose behind her bungalow. For the last several weeks, she's been using this hose to, superfluously, as the resident manager is already tasked with this, water hedges, lawn and the walkway in close proximity to my bungalow. With sync to my movements occasionally observed. (Update 8-11-25) Re-reading these words, I'm a bit ashamed. Carried away by annoyance, I've crossed over into another territory, one I don't often visit. Nevertheless, the words stay; as characterizations of: (1) Me (not perfect, am I...), in a way blaming the victim. (2) Poor Mrs 'Bell (how tiring this all must be for her, having to carry on with, among her other "duties," loud monologues lasting up to half the day) and, lastly, (3) The sort (our Gentlemen of the Organs of State Security™) who condemn her and other more or less decrepit, vulnerable, oppressed souls to a lifetime of such (and worse, I imagine) torments. At least she's not carrying on anymore about "back doors" as was her habit for many weeks. By comparison, a more canonical pursuit, this.

Whenever I hear Tyson, the Corn-fed Golem wiv' the On/Off Switch™ use the word *cabròn*, I'm understandably outraged. This is cultural appropriation most foul, a think not to be countenanced in these enlightened times. That's all folks; jes' wanted to get it off my chest.


I've stumbled across the perfect motto for the Tyson family: "*Ich diene*" (I serve.) Now for a suitable coat of arms.

(17) Pics:

You have just witnessed (or participated in) an act of

Zersetzung

Zersetzung: (German for "decomposition" and "disruption") was a psychological warfare technique used by the Ministry for State Security (Stasi) to repress political opponents in East Germany during the 1970s and 1980s. Zersetzung served to combat alleged and actual dissidents through covert means, using secret methods of abusive control and psychological manipulation to prevent anti-government activities. People were commonly targeted on a preemptive and preventive basis, to limit or stop activities of political dissent and cultural incorrectness that they may have gone on to perform, and not on the basis of crimes they had actually committed. Zersetzung methods were designed to break down, undermine, and paralyze people behind "a facade of social normality" in a form of "silent repression". (Wikipedia) The most insidious aspect of Zersetzung is that its victims are almost invariably not believed (Lake Harling).



The book "Zersetzen Strategie einer Diktatur," cover shown at left, describes similar activities by the secret police (Stasi) of the former East German state (DDR).
Visit my Site to Download my Book: [Schizophrenia Weaponized, my Diaries, Newsletter & Fliers](#)
BergendahlHawkins.com
Subscribe to my newsletter/email: berg.hawkins@protonmail.com
PayPal Donations Gratefully Accepted: Berg.as.in.Nuremberg.Hawkins@protonmail.com

Figure 1: The credit card-sized flier I sometimes (never at random) hand people. Shown here unfolded.



Figure 4: The Excremental Vision™, Shown here in a "precision strike" on my doorstep, pic dated 11-06-25. I'd been outside, on the lawn, when I noticed it as I went indoors. Evidently, someone had just deposited the contents of his sole...



Figure 5: Another "precision strike," pic dated 12-2-25. You'll note the item laid on an ethernet cable I'll use as I watch over solar panels temporarily placed in back to soak up enough sunlight for my daily electricity needs.



Figure 2: Prop for a possible sight gag. Stay tuned...



Figure 3: Torn pieces of fliers I glued to my screen door after finding them strewn about my steps. I'd distributed several on car windshields that day. There are no suspects at this time...



Figure 6: Zersetzung made patent! Note the missing lock; gone overnight, it was. Pic taken on 12-16-25.



Figure 7: The same as Figure 4, now memorialized for posterity for, you see, not only must injustice (apparently) be done, it must also, at least for my purposes, be *seen* to have been done. Though, on reflection, I might have used the Afrikaans phrase “*Stap in, maak kak, stap uit*,” instead of this German-language comment on Sassenach’s (Get the irony?) MO.

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

I’ve joined Bill McKibben’s solar power activism group, “Third Act,” hoping, by indirect means, to learn about regulations on a California program known as “Solar for Renters” while ostensibly working to streamline the solar permitting process in California.

(10-4-25) It is with some pride that I announce the successful introduction of what I call my “Four-flusher System.” Allow me to explain. Hoping to minimize my water use, I now recycle shower and clothes-washing water. With the addition of my bathroom sink connectors (as soon as I figure out how that works), I’ll have a complete bathroom gray water recycling. The nomenclature is derived from the fact that I get up to four flushes a day. OK?

(19) Les Lamentations d’un Batracien Désabusé:

I’m a leaf, floating (for the time being) on the surface of a vast ocean roiled by a storm. What of the story this leaf tells? “(Is) It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing (?)” (Credit Shakespeare, *Macbeth*).

Quoting *Stolypin* in Williams’ book, p7, *Liberal Reform in an Illiberal Regime*: “What [the revolutionaries] say boils down to two words, “‘Hands up!’” From personal experiences, I substitute “the US Government or elements of it” for the words “the revolutionaries.” When, Ô when, did the proverbial night-watchman state become a second-story-man state?

Desirable would be a world in which my Colette Walczak might not have been justified in saying: “Are yours any better than mine?”

The betrayals of Irene (“la Florentine?”):

1. Got me to Florence false pretense.
2. Money for returning from Florence not immediately available.
3. No meeting w. family friend Elie C. when he visited Milan.
4. Once in Florence, she offered to have husband Persio to sponsor me for permanent residence.
5. Tried to hook me up with an upstairs neighbor, she of the sensible shoes... A schoolteacher.
6. Argued consistently against my interpretations of events.
7. A consistent pattern of feeling bad after interaction with her.
8. Asked in an email about her Social Security, she does not reply even though she’d previously asked me to look into what she may be owed for the years she worked here.
9. After seeming, in a call for her birthday, to discourage me from going to Italy, during our New Year’s Eve phone conversation, she invited me to spend Christmases and New Years Eves with her and her boyfriend. I’m confused.
10. That her heart is in the right place, I’m sure. Problem is, I can be sure of nothing else.

Shabby, shady and sinister, my sister’s gone astray. As *Andreotti* once said: “Powerlessness corrupts, absolute powerlessness corrupts absolutely.” What did you do to her, I ask but close with a counter argument: one should always be leery of criticizing someone while under the thumb of the State.

, and the jokers (though they couldn't hold a candle, decibel-wise, to the Toilers of *Tenochtitlan*™ here last month) cumbering my bungalow for the last three days (I write this on 12-3-25), as they fulfilled yet more repair orders mandated by LAHD.

One can with accuracy, see our apartment complex at 2622-2626 1/2 S Cochran Ave. as a set where the US Government stages "performances."

It's amazing that the near-future of this country may, to some extent, be influenced by the peculiarities/idiosyncrasies of a self-taught (with the characteristic mix of hostile self-sufficiency, jealousy of and aversion to the formally educated; typical of the autodidact), eccentric, mentally ill old man, namely me.

An autobiographical sketch (flesh out/compact/more concise)

1. in my youth, operated in Turbulent Duncel™ mode, everyone said so, schoolteachers, parents, relatives, etc. With Nathan Bedford Forrest, "*I never see a pen but what I think of a snake.*" Amen, Mr. Forrest; wiv' you 100% on that!
2. began to like reading, found that others didn't. Poe's "*Descent into the Maelstrom*" (French language translation) among my first forays.
3. Found that, w. exceptions, I was smarter than anyone around
4. in high school, seeing I could do no wrong, thought myself a Damn-clever Negro™.
5. Decided I'd be a scientist, applied to college on advice of high school teacher Bailey who suggested I leverage my French, to eventually return to Europe & sell instruments to "Slumberchild" for HP...
6. once in college (the "Pasadena *Sharashka*"), found an obstacle to becoming a physicist: mathematics...
7. To feel just how dumb one is, to truly plumb the depths of one's stupidity, I suggest taking a number theory class.
8. Suddenly found I was no longer that "Damn-clever Negro™" but a "Negro *tout court*™," which realization occasioning another descent into the maelstrom... Leading eventually to what I now call my "dark decades."
9. Now, in my old age, I've reverted to Turbulent and (I hope) Amiable Duncel™, though Mr. Forrest's affliction remain ever-present.

»*Dépourvu de passé révolutionnaire, et de qualifications politiques, prive de tout appui tant dans l'appareil du parti que dans les rangs de l'armée, défiant a mains nues toutes les autorités et tous les pouvoirs constitués, comment auraient-ils jamais pu ambitionner de jouer cavaliers seuls : leur unique force venait précisément de ce qu'ils exprimaient directement le dessein politique de Mao et agissaient sur l'ordre et avec la caution personnelle de celui-ci.* » (Essais sur la Chine, p118, Leys).

Looking back, I was an innocent in a den of practical jokers, I see similarities in my situation/predicament with that of a "bubble boy." Processing this will, for me, requires humility and introspection. Like a bubble boy, to avoid contamination, I've had to be sheltered all my life, else I'd not have survived. A sad and weird predicament; reason enough for my use of Mae West's quip: "Goodness had nothing to do with it!" A sad and weird life, alright; sad but not tragic like that of my two sisters... An innocent in a den of practical jokers, I was.

Considering:

1. The lies and empty threats of landlord AFJ Investments.
2. My difficulty or inability in finding out about: (a) Solar for renters (b) Home office exemptions (c) The legality of placing solar panel on a bike at the curb.
3. The City/County/State lack of response to repeated requests for written, official guidance on regulations.
4. The lack of timely (if at all) notices on inspections and resultant findings by City inspectors.
5. The City/County/State's punitive measures when I fail to comply.
6. The selective enforcement of regulations which, when I point them out, are (sometimes) acknowledged by City officials yet never remedied.
7. The curious responses of LAPD to my criminal complaints (some moderately serious, involving physical attacks).
8. The rude responses and even unwillingness of County officials to so much as listen to complaints about a misbehaving neighbor.
9. The repeated (some nonsensical) complaints to LAPD by a tenant in this complex, someone who goes out of her way to demonstrate odd behavior.
10. Lastly, the "passing the buck" pattern of behavior of City/County and landlord AFJ Investments.

From the "Above": US Government, lawfare systematically practiced against me. From the "Below": Fellow tenants, among others, hoping to make me move, have made my life uncomfortable since I moved in. In the latter, there is more than a rough parallel with how Japanese real estate concerns "persuade" someone, whose property they covet, to leave. As was to be with me, the victim is harassed and intimidate until, *de guerre lasse*, they leave. Yakuza are often used for this purpose... What kinda place is this, anyhow?

Considering the legal and/or financial problems, real or potential, past and present, of:

- Evo Morales, former Ecuadorian head of state.
- Jacques Baud, a Swiss national living in Belgium (Source: several, including him).
- Natalie Strecker (Source: Craig Murray's blog).
- Scott Ritter, a US citizen who expects arrest should he ever enter Britain (Source: Ritter).

You'll orgive me for sidestepping my sister Irene's repeated invitations to visit "EUlandia" ever again. For not only am I loath to leave these fair shores as I might find myself unexpectedly on a no-fly list (thus forced to come to an "arrangement" with the local office of the FBI in whichever country I was strabded in), but there is also the possibility of Schengen Space becoming a no-fly zone for the likes of me.

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

Isolated, mildly eccentric, mentally ill, for fifty years subjected to occult influences; a-and you want to hear my opinions? Aside from which I'm only a technical coolie a-and a mediocre one at that.

(10-8-25 @ 12:42PM) Since before 8AM, with no sign of a letup, several workmen have been conversing with one another in loud, near-continuous, rapid-fire Spanish as they go to-and-fro, working (on the bungalow across from mine). This unusual, sustained display of energy makes me ask: are they on something? Mrs 'Bell, on the other hand, seems to have the day off (seen but not heard).

Could it be that along with the refurbishing of vacant or soon to be vacant apartments, the ongoing gentrification in the West Adams District has spread to our own Addams [sic] Family™ here? Could this lot be in the process of being slowly replaced by, shall we say, less colorful (or mysterious — think Saint Bernard) tenants? I feel that: *Petit farfelu que je suis, j'ai quand-même l'impression d'avoir semé la panique. Autrement dit : « Ragnarök, c'est moi ! »* Be interesting to see, in future, just who's to be considered *Salonfähig* among remaining tenants.

FIXFIXFIX GOOD! The US Government is using and abusing people, in the process showing them as poor victims degraded in the extreme. They're used to try to persuade me to become like them... My frequent ill-will toward these "automata inconvenienced by a soul" who surround me; is a thought itself tantamount to blaming the victim.

So I, as I often hear, "Hold on!" A possibly relevant aside: The organs orchestrating this show no longer seem to care about discretion, plausible deniability or even their own credibility. Why should they if, with these desperate(?) measures, they can finally get me?

Am i alone ? I dont know. What icansay is that there is a concerted effort to make* me feel alone and friendless.

The decisive battle, or merely a shaping of the battlefield? As in the difference between a panther's strike and the boa's slow, methodical suffocation of its prey.

Tsarist Russia created its devils accidentally, almost in a fit of absentmindedness, one could say. The US Government, in a more workman-like fashion, does so explicitly, on an assembly line basis. Compare the trajectory of a Lenin with mine. And for confirmation, think of my analogy of the bubble boy.

What is one to make of the seeming inability ofv the LAPD to come to grips with the minor crimes of simpletons and juvenile delinquents in my apartment complex? i.e., Detective Hargrove asking for my help in ;locating a tenant who lives here.

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

Not content with having made a spectacle of the personal problems of some of the tenants in my apartment complex this pocket ghetto, with having made a spectacle of Los Angeles bureaucracy, with having made a spectacle of our mass transit operators and, I presume, management, with having made a spectacle of various Toiling Teams of *Tenochtitlan*™, I wonder what the US Government envisages for an encore?

Of cheap tricks, prestige and bayonets. You can't **ruin** [sic, I'd written "run"] a country on cheap tricks — not forever, you can't. Though bayonets are sometimes called for (at least according to these Princes who Govern Us™), a country mostly runs on prestige, once that is gone...

Having finally found the proper term for how I fixed my diabetes, I confess to being loath to share... Arright, arright, 'ere it is: "Grab-ass keto." Those of you from the better ZIP codes are welcome to call it "Confused keto," or "Cabròn keto" or, even though, strictly speaking, it is not in the same category, the "Brillat-Savarin diet." A-and besides, it wouldn't do for me to go around spouting advice considered odd quackery. After all, I have a reputation to think of, wot? <idc>.

Don't laugh, my car is a Nova (*No va*).

A few years ago, I came across a striking phrase: "CIA Democrat." Bollocks! How can one be a Democrat if there's no democracy? How can one be a Republican without a republic?

It should be emphasized that not all US Government officials are criminal... *ma buona parte*.

Ein feste Burg ist unser mein Spott. Ein feste Burg ist unser Berg.

(Increasingly) often noticing the Tiny Terror™, neighbor Tyson's teenage son, as he slowly (coincidentally?) ambles by, with a curious expression on his face, I say to myself: "Whither wanderest thou, Ô unhappy spirit?"

Does the more frequent and obvious "wall of sound" and incidence of "coincidental" walk-bys" in my complex and neighborhood signal confidence or insecurity on the part of the US Government?

Seems to me that for the US Government, or elements of it, war is a profit center.

My last word in this kaleidoscope of nausea, horror, and malarkey I call *Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #41*:

To the two doctors at the Kaiser ~~Permanente~~ *Matanzima* (Land of the Upright Coke Machines)™ emergency room, Barrett and Lam, who, on October 26 through 28, gave me, in toto, three thumbs up, lifting my spirits with their diagnoses and, not least, their behavior; I say: "*Hoch, hoch, hoch der Kaiser!*"
Thankyou!Thankyou!Thankyou!

A valediction:

Hoping I remain yr Fair-haired Boy™, I am yr Friendly Neighborhood Paranoid Schizophrenic™ (Better to be thought madman than made man, wot?™). The only thing I can say in my own defense regarding this <weasel word warning> inappropriate </weasel word warning> statement is that it is heartfelt and sincere. Which confession probably aggravates my case. Sigh.

(signed)

Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) "*Simplizissimus der Кампфмужик (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.