

# Home, Sweet Home:

## Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory: #24

Κύριε, ἐλέησον. (Lord, have mercy.)

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

v.f Start Date: 12-22-23, email Date: 1-3-24

Distribution: Book group, Adams Blvd./Cochran Ave. and Environs, FBI & Justice Dept.(by snail mail), Human Rights Watch, LAPD, Landlord, Others.

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

NB: This document, any replies I may receive and indeed, my entire life, I've put in the Public Domain. So long as my name and contents are unchanged, anyone may reproduce it/them at will. Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/Bergie Hawkins, Los Angeles, West Addams district, USA, 2023.

Join my book list, send an email to: [berg.hawkins@protonmail.com](mailto:berg.hawkins@protonmail.com)

Visit my blog: [BergendahlHawkins.com](http://BergendahlHawkins.com)

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 they 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 known to be generally NFG doesn't seem to have overly troubled them, neither.
- Torpedo 8. Mwahahahaha!

One can't well argue the honor and beauty of an act by referring to its usefulness.

— Montaigne

"... You ask yourself how it is that a people of such abilities could be governed by such a grotesque regime and that's saying the least... In fact, you're right. Without a doubt one finds more wisdom in a family of Albanian mountain people than within the assembly which supposedly represents the nation."

— *Le Dossier H*, Ismail Kadare (My somewhat unsatisfactory translation)

"I will be satisfied if my book, even in a minor way, helps to disprove the notion that any positive result can be achieved by force."

— *Involuntary Journey to Siberia*, author's foreword, Andrei Amalrik

«*Mon centre cède, ma (main) droite s'affaiblit, situation excellente, j'attaque.*» (My center is giving way, my right (hand) is weakening, excellent situation, I shall attack.)

— Foch, 1914, adapted from (You'll note the date)

«... *il rend a César ce qui revient a César, c'est a dire peut-être sa vie, mais pas plus...*»

— *La Trahison des Clercs*, p.196, Benda

"Goodness had nothing to do with it."

— Mae West

### Summary of Contents:

**a)** Some health problems **b)** The apartment complex quieter **c)** Many corrections, see below. **d)** A tentative conclusion

Errors, Corrections (Lost & Found), Clarifications and Amplifications (A new section in which I acknowledge, among others, prior mistakes.)

(12-30-23) Found my missing sauna glass door rollers where they should be, in my parts container.

(1-3-23) Looking late last night for some sauna parts, I found the following items, missing for about a month with most reported as such in a previous HSH and/or my diaries: **a)** Wood file **b)** Carpenter's square **c)** Klein Tools mechanical wire strippers **d)** Spring-type clamp **e)** Two small pairs of wire cutters (not reported missing). All were found in the same shoe box on a shelf under another box holding my anemometer calibrator. See Figure #4 for a more complete list

To my Landlord, AFJ Investment. One in an Occasional Series:

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

Pointing at her passport, I asked: "Do you work for these people?" To her credit, she said nothing, preferring to not lie. To my discredit, I drew no conclusions from this deafening silence; cowardly, cowardly custard. This in 1988 at Irene's apartment in Manhattan, days before my maiden suicide attempt.

Is it mere coincidence that Irene, medical degree in hand, was essentially victim of a blackbirding operation? At that time, she was under the illusion that, once in Italy, she'd be able to get a medical job, mentioning work testing pharmaceuticals. Instead, having been shunted to a country which does not recognize American medical diplomas a few months before she was to pass her boards, she never again worked as a doctor. Irene: What. Has. The. US. Government. Done. To. You?

Israelis I have ~~known~~ weathered:

1. Reuven Levy, I've already mentioned him at length
2. A customer who, visiting my bungalow, asked me to do some port forwarding in what he said was a video camera router somewhere on the internet, something I attempted unsuccessfully. He left displeased
3. Acquaintance/relative of a friend who behaved rudely and intimidated me physically in my bungalow

Jews I have ~~known~~ weathered:

1. Nathan Baruch Zakheim, he of the *pronounced* accent and inexplicable car accident at a nearby bakery a decade ago. Later denied accident happened
2. Several others, unfortunates whose names I'd have to look up. What they all have in common: I was uncomfortable around them, was distinctly angry with at least one and walked away with a bad memory of the experiences while some of them showed distinct signs of, at the very least, nervousness

While we lived in *Neu-Ulm*, Father once took us on a few days' vacation to Lake Constance. Arriving at our destination, what looked like a farmhouse, we met the family, including a bedridden old man who wanted to meet us children. Not liking the place, we went elsewhere that same day, moving to a modern-looking hotel near Lindau(?) where we settled in for some days. At the pool, mother met a middle-aged Frenchman, said he was "*un industriel*" (businessman/entrepreneur) from eastern France, a friendly man who told me he'd teach me to swim. Day(s) later, as he went into a stall near the pool, I noticed him avoiding me. I don't remember seeing him again. An excursion never to be repeated, we only stayed several days.

Running the Public Transit Gauntlet or "Prendere in giro" (An Italian expression meaning to take someone for a ride. In my case literally).

Nothing to report in the battle of ~~the railroads~~ mass transit. Though I'll confess to an occasional bit of mischief-making on my part. From time to time, ostensibly flagging down a bus by waiving a white handkerchief, as the bus pulls up, I shake my head, indicating I'm not boarding.

The Eccentric Shaft™: Interactions with my Fellow Crazyies. A-and me a Paranoid Schizophrenic (Credit: Irene Hawkins, personal communication):

(1-3-23) A deathly stillness descends on my complex, a welcome quiet only disturbed by the racket of workers next door. Again, I posit something in the water (tranquilizers this time?) as responsible for this abrupt change.

*La Rubrique des Gueules Cassées (A Section on War-wounded):*

About my funny fingernail:

- I don't know how the injury came about and don't remember ever hurting the finger
- I recall a visit, some years ago, to the Washington Boulevard offices of Kaiser Permanente for a similar, odd-looking toenail, in which visit I was asked if I were in the habit of pushing back the cuticle, which I'm not. The damaged toenail problem resolved itself without any intervention or prescription
- In a total of three personal visits and one phone consultation in 2023, I note: **a)** The prescription of a topical antibiotic **b)** The prescription of a powerful steroid **c)** A doctor's comment that this is "a minor problem" **d)** Mention by another doctor of the possibility of cancer **e)** Mention of possible need of plastic surgery **f)** Mention of a possible biopsy (Years ago, I had one done, almost as routine, for a blemish and indentation on the skin)
- No diagnoses or explanations have been offered
- I do feel a very slight pain, but only when I press on the swollen area
- Thus far, no treatment has been effective
- The injury is now somewhat worse, see pictures below



Figure 1: Taken on 6-14-23, before first of three visits to Kaiser



Figure 2: Taken on 12-30-23. Just asked Kaiser's Chu, MD, for an appointment

(1-1-24) For several weeks the numbness in both my lips and fingers has occasionally returned, also I must again sleep with my elbows extended to avoid pain.

The gradient of pain. Traveling up from my ankles, surveying the damage, I notice a "gradient" of pain. Starting at my feet, working my way up, I note:

1. My ankles, fairly demolished in a botched suicide attempt are fine, except if I *really* overdo it. No problems here, surprisingly
2. My knees and legs are fine, some varicose veins present
3. Occasional hip pain, likely arthritis, a family curse
4. Lower back and tailbone mostly OK, though occasional pain. I put it to decades of lifting **boulders** large computer monitors, part of my business
5. Hardware in lower spine, implanted in 1998-9 after suicide attempt mentioned in #1 above, performs fine. I never notice it
6. Low to mid-spine area: diagnosed with "mild to moderate damage" (Credit: *Turturov*). Damage due to stenosis (Credit: Bergman), no pain felt
7. Upper spine: diagnosed with "moderate to severe damage" (*Turturov* again) causing, to me, *novel, florid* and puzzling neurological symptoms several years ago during and after four bike falls and/or accidents. Years before that, *Frau Doktor* Hooks took no notice of related symptoms I reported
8. Neck and head: If I bend or move my head down rapidly, I feel dizzy for a brief moment with slight, momentary nausea. Also, a worsened sense of balance noticed for several years. Other than that, some squishing sounds or clicks when I move my head
9. Then there is the *pièce de résistance*: my shoulder(s). With orthopedic surgeon Campbell telling me that I have no cartilage whatever in the left shoulder and very little in the right one; she mentioned the possibility of joint replacement in future. Both shoulders often painful.

The Quotable Other, i.e., *L'Enfer, c'est les Autres* (Hell is Other People) — Sartre:

Tales of the *Himmelfahrtkommando*(?)

(12-14-23) In what may merely have been momentary lapses of good taste on the part of “Saint Bernard,” “Mrs. ‘Bell,” “Brother Cantinflas” and Colette Walczak, I remember four transgressions of which I’ll only mention two. First, to set the tone. Years ago, Colette once said to me out of the blue: “You’ve got a bit of the bitch in you,” a comment I may have included in the book. This morning(?), I overheard Saint Bernard and Mrs. ‘Bell, in an extended conversation outside my window. As I lay in bed, the Saint was heard to say: “... eating a baby out ...” and “... that should get it/him(?) going ...”

(12-2?-23) Mrs ‘Bell and her variegated antics. She’s outside, speaking to the Saint as I walk out to the trash bins. On my way back, seeing her walk toward me on the narrow walkway, I pause in the gap between hedges to let her pass, turning my back to her as always. As she passes me, I hear: “I’d like to slap you,” said in a joking(?) voice, presumably to Saint Bernard, watching from his steps.

(12-24-23 @12:18) Mrs. ‘Bell in a brief outburst moments ago; then, as she walks by my door on her way to the street, I hear her say: “I’m talking to Berg.”

(12-2?-23) During what I assume is a heated argument, I hear the Saint from inside his bungalow, presumably addressing a visitor, shout: “That’s not your cell!”

(12-2?-23) As with *Baba Outrom*, the “brace” of Mexican construction workers next door may, at times, be engaging in some curious, multilingual word play. Example: from inside my bungalow, I heard the words: “Baby *nero*. Baby *nero*,” emanate from the other side of the wall where they’re building a structure. Unless, of course, they were merely engaged in an excited discussion of a YouTube documentaries on Rome (in which case I should have capitalized). I dunno.

*Les Casses de l’Oncle Sam (Uncle Sam’s Robberies (Credit: Harriet Beecher Stowe, adapted from)):*

Missing:

1. A block of wood, one of two I use to hold my dinner tray when I eat from a rolling file cabinet, I had been about to fasten the two to the cart

Computer anomalies, too numerous and, usually, too trivial to report, yet dealing with them is time-consuming and frustrating:

1. (12-31-23) Unable to empty the trash, I had to reformat a USB stick in order to cure the file system problem
2. Disappearing/reappearing files and folders from the above USB stick
3. Word processor documents spontaneously partly reformatted (most anomalies non-destructive)
4. Occasional Linux OS on desktop computer freezes, requiring a reboot. Firefox freezes, also has memory leaks(?), locking up large amounts of RAM

*Sassenach™ and His Yankee Demyankee Tricks:*

*Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:*

(12-28-23) Amateur Hour at the West Addams Circus:

1. In the morning, I sit near the curb in my beach chair, reading and warming my bones
2. Brother *Cantinflas* offers me a free TV as he walks by, on his way to run errands, I’m noncommittal and hand him a copy of HSH #23
3. A helicopter begins circling overhead but leaves. I waive
4. In the two story building in the back, Miss Mumbles and Banshee (the other) seem to be going at it again (see previous HSHs and a complaint to City of Los Angeles on the noise from them and others)
5. Walking up to one of the Gomez daughters, downstairs from the scene of the commotion, I hand her a copy of HSH #23 while, regarding the noise upstairs, the ever-present wiseacre in me comments (in passable Serbo-croatian, I believe): *Псујући као Србин на штану!*
6. The helicopter comes back, this time in earnest. It begins circling low for what seems like an interminable time
7. Police soon make an appearance, rushing upstairs. I hear them mention an address
8. Minutes later, they are followed by technicians, whether from paramedics or the fire department, I don’t know
9. A bit later, I see a gurney go in and out of our ~~ereas~~ complex. Not clear on what has happened
10. At the curb, I later hear what sounds like a womans’s voice, speaking through tears. Possibly a victim talking to police
11. Tub-thumper with his usual stentorian voice walks over and asks the police if they could move their car which is blocking his way...
12. Eventually, I see Golem Tyson™ (wanted by the LAPD in connection with several attacks on me person), at the building in the back, put in an appearance, though strictly in a non-speaking, walk-on role
13. Throughout, I sit nearby, at the curb, impassive, reading *Highly Processed People* by van Tulleken. Wiv’ me sombrero pulled down so low over my eyes that **a)** It might well be called a *sombrerissimo* and **b)** One of the technicians at the scene notices and, perhaps seeking to make play of my posture, comments to me: “Did you sleep through it all?”
14. *Exeunt omnes*
15. Calm having returned by 1PM, I notice two of the busy “brace” (see HSH #23 for an explanation of this peculiar nomenclature) of Mexican workmen next door shuttling back and forth with exceedingly noisy wheelbarrows. Eventually, all patience spent, I position myself near their path with a can of 3-in-One Household oil held in the fashion of a model flogging a knicknack (imitating a parody by Camille Solari, something I remember from long ago. Verisimilitude is all. ¿No?). Painted on my face is what I hope is a come-hither smile which likely comes across to these poor fellows as a bit demented, but never mind. One, then the other of the “brace” troubling my sleeping and waking hours these days, stops by to avail himself of the offer

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

Jon Howard, my much put-upon friend, suggested the following: **a)** That I could easily be made into an artist popular in Los Angeles **b)** He also tried to interest me in a scheme whereby I would sell the City or State some already-designed electronic system, possibly for buses, putting my name on the business to qualify for favorable consideration on account of my minority status. Under the old dispensation in South Africa (pronounced “Sot Èfrica” — roll your ‘R’ SA-style, please), Japanese visitors were considered “honorary whites.” A status to which I aspire... Should I ever do business with the City, County or State, that is.

*Wink-wink, Nudge-nudge:*

According to British writer, retired MD and psychiatrist, Anthony Daniels (who often writes under the pseudonym Theodore Dalrymple), there is a very old law on the books in England requiring a doctor attending a patient to keep his or her face visible at all times. Again according to Daniels, the law has been used to nip in the bud attempts by male moslem medical students to pressure female students into wearing the hijab.

*Daffynitions (Credit for the word: Unknown source):*

