

Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory: #35

A Kaleidoscope of Nausea, Horror, and Malarkey

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Κύριε, ἔλεησον. (Lord, have mercy.)

Midway?

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

My opinion (borrowing from Richard Wolin) regarding my writing: "Anecdotally rich but analytically impoverished." i.e., the view from the trenches

Start Date: 6-??-24, email Date: 5-18-25

Distribution: Book group, Addams [sic] 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~~ 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!"

"There is nothing more difficult to take in hand, more perilous to conduct, or more uncertain in its success, than to take the lead in the introduction of a new order of things."

— Machiavelli.

My family's trajectory, summarized: From (formal) slavery 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.

This email, and four additional ones, have been delayed for months due in part to a peculiar hardware failure (I actually smelled the destruction as I tried to reboot my malfunctioning computer). This forced me to buy a new motherboard, RAM and, adequate backups not having been previously made, I've had to scramble for printed copies of older versions instead. There's also been disk problems.

Et puis, disons que, entre temps, j'ai eu d'autre chats a fouetter...

(1) Summary of Contents:

(1) Announcements of two books: *Schizophrenia Weaponized*, Part II, title of my next book, but one. I'll explain what "walking the cat backward" has led me to conclude regarding this vale of tears (2) A compilation of all the emails, fliers, diagrams and open letters, totaling about 250 pages, tentative title: *A Happy Schizophrenic* (3) Fiasco at LATTC! Four Lies and an Abortion. The curious goings-on at LA Trade Tech during and after the summer session (4) An inventory of signs plastered around my bungalow (5) The mysterious comings and goings of such prosaic items as pork loins, unopened bags of coffee, milk crates, a wooden lid. All of this in and around my bungalow also, items for donation left by me on sidewalk, later found in trash bins (6) Two incidents, one recent, the other not, both graphically illustrating the nauseating shabbiness of at least parts of the US Government (7) An extended episode of "The Cat Walks (Backward, Natch!)."

(2) Plumbing the Depths, Wanker that I Am (The "Wanker" bit refers to an event, unfortunate, really, involving Mrs. 'Bell. And, as I don't do that kind of content, may I beg off going into details?):

Lately, on the "local radio," mention's been made of Martin Luther King, violence in Santa Monica, and there's also been much talk of money and real estate. But, but, but, what can a "radio" possibly know?

(8-5-24) Standing outside the Culver City Costco exit, wearing my war paint, an employee chanced to pull a cart past me. As I proved obdurate, he began repeating: "I don't want to hit you." My, ~~by now standard~~ rigid reply when I feel unduly molested, namely: "Excuse me," accompanied by a cupping of my ear. He eventually relented, going around me, as I recall. *Mba kayere!* (I am passed over!)

(8-24-24) At Costco/Culver City:

- Finishing my shopping, with the usual MeanderMob™ in attendance, I note from the receipt (JU Member 111808884365, Seq# 1861, App#: 314957, Trans ID#: 423700001861, Amount: \$55.51, 08/24/2024, 14:38 479 1 333 79, OP#: 79 Name:: Bert N.).
- As I approached the checkout counter, a woman asked me to leave milk cartons on my shopping cart (the box they were in was heavy). Politely declining, I continue placing it on the conveyor belt. To her apparent displeasure as she forcibly removes it from my hands, and puts it back on the shopping cart. Washing my hands of the whole matter (a mistake, I should have asked to speak to her boss), I turn my back and lean against the counter.
- Bert checks my groceries before asking if the milk pack she'd left on the cart was mine. I ignore him, he repeats himself, I thought it best to then say: "Yes, thought I'd misunderstood you."

4. Neither did I rise to miscellaneous bait repeatedly offered by him.

Could the bit of porn reading I'd done until 4AM the previous night with, in case you're interested, Gentle Reader™, one of the themes being, ummm, lesbian breastfeeding, actually be connected to this curious dance at the counter? Do you suppose? I remember another similar misunderstanding at Costco when I literally had to struggle to place my items on the conveyor belt as the checker worked strenuously to put them back on my cart. That time, I did not relent as I wasn't sure I could pay and needed to make two piles, essentials and non-essentials. I have written about this in a previous HSH. Henceforth, I'll avoid late night, motherhood-centered lesbian porn before buying milk at that Costco. NB, never allow it to be said that I only read smut, I've also read my *Smuts*.

Capping this eventful shopping trip, a veritable procession of police cars (the first two wiv' sirens a-blasting) drove by as I waited for the Santa Monica #3, at Lincoln and Washington, to take me to my next stop, the Santa Monica library. That Lincoln run, you know; a dicey business when one happens to be in the crosshairs of the State (see below).

Unless I'm mistaken in my suspicions regarding the above, the following incident will only reinforce them.

Later that day, on Metro E Line, car #1027B, before 4PM:

1. After sitting, attempting to finish a book on the E Line train, my ears were assailed by a near-continuous stream of high-decibel talk by three screeching munchkins sitting nearby, I persevered.
2. One of them, sitting nearby, left a stop before I did. I noticed her take the long way to avoid a man whose legs were sprawled in the aisle in front. My stop approaching, opting to follow her example, I, too, took the same path. But with my dolly taking up room, I found it hard to navigate around a large trash bag.
3. I was then confronted by another obstacle, a young Hispanic with legs also sprawled in the aisles, wearing headphones, seemingly soundly asleep or unable to hear me. As I attempted to get by, I called out to him repeatedly to no effect.
4. During this pause, an individual jostled his way past me. At that point, still trying, unsuccessfully, to negotiate my way verbally past the inert young man, I gave up. Riding over him "roughshod" with the wheels of my dolly going over his leg and or feet.
5. That obstacle surmounted (literally), I noticed the man who had roughly pushed past me, Black, stocky, glaring at me from some feet away; he was apparently *not* getting off (the train)... As the train came to a stop, I exclaimed to witnesses before exiting: "Did you guys see that?"

In subsequent visits to Costco, I've begun, after putting my groceries on the conveyor, pointedly leaving any milk cartons on the shopping cart. Once, after doing so, with the checker asking if the groceries were mine, I replied that I'd like him to consider it as a special favor.

Though as usual (1) yr. Friend and Humble ~~Narr~~ Narrator™ was inconvenienced, he was not (2) *Amoché*, as Irene once put it in Florence, a-and (3) No arrests were made. A belated but heartfelt thank you, *Bibi*.

The nauseating shabbiness of it, wot?

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

(8-6-24) Found a belt, missing for over a month, in a suitcase along with the hard disks I store there.

Found the wood composter lid (which never worked as flies kept getting in no matter how many times I re-glued the mesh) lying on scrap behind the garbage bins. It had been missing for months. Days later, I also found one of the milk crates belonging to this project, previously stolen, I'd filed a police report on it.

(8-7-24) I'm missing a piece of soapstone used to mark metal, I'd bought a pack for my welding class.

The source of my latest problems with a scale, giving me occasional problems for some time: low batteries. And I had thought there was some kind of *hokoos-pokoos* involved (Update 8-21-24: This AM, I found the numbers again jumping around).

(8-18-24) I've found my Braun electric shaver, in my travel shaving case, definitely not where I'd put it. It had been missing for months. Yay!

(4) To my landlord, "The Magnificent Andersons," owners of AFJ Investments. One in an Occasional Series:

(8-7-24) I beg to report further developments on the faucet front. Namely: now, when it makes its racket fit to wake the dead, the bathroom toilet, perhaps in a kind of sympathetic detonation, joins in and starts filling *its* bowl. My dear Lady of the Perpetual Inspections™, I don't know how much more of this I can take. Take pity on an old man, won't you, and send someone again? (Update 10-11-24: More of the problems I'd complained about have cropped up again).

(9-4-24) This morning, someone from AFJ Investments was here to ask about my plumbing problems; she wanted specifics. Reminded I'd already sent in my request (twice), she replied that it was difficult to understand. When I pointed out I'd included a link to video and audio of the problem, she still was not satisfied. I had to repeat myself, listing other problems as well. She interrupted me, saying "one problem at a time." I was eventually able to list another three.

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

"Don't mess with these people; you don't know who they are." Sound advice from my long-ago boss at Sound(?) Solutions(?), Michael Dubrow; though I question whether the suggestion would not be more appropriate in gangland Chicago than a proper Republic. These words were possibly occasioned by my then-habit of making a rude gesture (no, not that one, I'm not *that* vulgar. A Greek-inspired signal, instead) when overly importuned by State-sponsored Nudniks™ in public places.

Irene once told of how her husband left her; going to work one day, he never returned. She said it was three days before she realized he wasn't coming back.

I remember Subhash Sharma, after college, once telling me with some indignation that France had refused to let him set foot there. Not even allowing him to board his connecting flight, they sent him back.

Caltech, 1972-3. I once took a programming class from Per Brinch-Hansen in my freshman year. During a chat that year, Subhash brought up something called the Ackermann function. Some days later, Brinch-Hansen, in a manner not characteristic of Caltech's teaching style, asked the class about this very same function. I, rising to the challenge, triumphantly replied with its name. Hilarity immediately ensued. Around the end of the term, I heard him say: "You are now programmers, though I imagine this is not what you will do." Some time later, I saw him in a car, driving by the Steele engineering building. He was accompanied by a woman and some kids in a Volvo station wagon. I think he saw me. I later heard he moved to USC. In retrospect, a curious incident, in class and out. Belatedly, I ask: just who was to pay "Danegeld" forevermore? Both of us, perhaps? Caltech, again. Subhash told me one of his graduate school professors had faked his way through a demonstration of his research to the US military funding his work, something called "a readily extensible language" (REL).

I recall an uncomfortable moment at a dinner hosted by Susan Sherrod, a friend of Colette's, in which a USC professor and her husband put on quite a show at dinner one evening. Something to do with the husband's repeatedly urging his wife to satisfy her sweet tooth (chocolate, apparently).

Caltech again, 1972-3. Arnold Beckman, Floyd Humphrey, a sailboat, sunshine: the ingredients of a pleasant weekend's outing? *Neni!* As a freshman, I hung around Professor Humphrey's lab and offices in the basement of the Steele building. I was, one weekend, invited sailing. Once on the small sailboat, I met the industrialist, Arnold Beckman, another young man, Floyd Humphrey, and one of Humphrey's young daughters were also present. Introductions made, we got underway. Once at sea, Humphrey tried to teach me the rudiments of sailing. I remember him pointing to a piece of string tied to the mast and explain its use in tacking. Unfortunately, I proved too obtuse to understand and, frustrated and embarrassed, I retreated to the front of the boat where Humphrey's young daughter sat, sunning herself. She and I spent the rest of the afternoon in pleasant conversation. I remember, though, Humphrey giving me an odd look later, perhaps occasioned by my preference for his daughter's company to conversation with Beckman. Now, for a *tentative* reinterpretation of what, to all appearances, was a pleasant sailing outing....???

This points up another aspect of our problem: the fact that the mess we're in appears to have been, in some circles and for quite some time, an open secret. I do not begrudge Mr. Beckman his business successes, starting with his development of the pH meter (I still have a DVM developed by Beckman Instruments, the company he founded on the strength of that initial success). But the extreme stratification this anecdote points to is an integral part of the monstrous problem we now face. As *Simone Weil*, former French Health Minister, once said: "A basic problem of society is how to control concentrations of power."

These two, though they may have behaved better than our Gentlemen of the Organs of State Security™, were in a position to know just how gruesome my fate might be, and yet... not one of them, not Beckman, not Humphrey, not Browne (head of admission for Caltech's affirmative action program, once he even helped lay a trap for me), not one of them saw fit to warn me. Was my future decided that day? It's not inconceivable. NB: I'd written up this moment in the original stream of consciousness notes I took, which formed the basis for my book, *Schizophrenia Weaponized*, but missing its possible relevance, I left it out. The gap between the "Above" and the rest of us yawns wide.

As I worked tonight, a thought: an acquaintance and customer by the name of Byron Wright, former British paratrooper who almost made the drop on Suez, later becoming a military instructor in *Katanga*, among other places, died in 2019 of what he had told me was esophageal cancer. Around that time, another customer and friend by the name of *Haraldur Kristjánsson* also died of this same cancer, as it happens. I would occasionally drive *Halli* to medical appointments at the County USC hospital. Byron told me his was treated at the Kaiser Permanente unit on Sunset Boulevard. You'll forgive me for doubting Mr. Wright's story, but *Halli's* appearance in his last days was nothing like his... A visit to Los Angeles County records may clear up my misgivings. (Update 9-19-24: according to County of Los Angeles Registrar-Recorder/County Clerk, state file number: 3052019082747, local registration number: 3201919018683, attending physician: *Julie Hwang Graziano*, MD, cause of death on 3/19/2019 was esophageal adenocarcinoma, no autopsy performed, body donated to UCLA). Byron and I could talk a bit; he knew people whose names I had a passing familiarity with, people no one within ten miles has ever heard of; he would have known the meaning of the phrase, "*Simba*, the beer of *Katanga*."

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,
And the women come out to cut up what remains,
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains/
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier. *The Young British Soldier* — Kipling

Is it entirely out of place to speak here of *Kali Yuga*?

I've often wondered where Father's insulting (and surprising) words about Robert Seidenstein, calling him "that Jew-boy," came from. In a framed painting, the major part of my inheritance, a painting in which Father is shown holding a newspaper, one of his fingers is shown in an awkward position. Mother once asked about it, getting a vague reply as was so often the case when one "pried."

(6) Running the Public Transit Gauntlet or "Prendere in Giro" (An Italian expression meaning to tease/take someone for a ride(?). In my case, literally):

(7-31-24) At 4PM, Metro #37, ID 8422, eastbound on Adams, I boarded the mostly empty bus. The driver said for me not to pay, attempting to waive me through I, suspicious, declined, saying "do you expect me to believe you?" Ignoring him, I then scanned my TAP card, which went through OK (so what was the deal with the driver's offer?). Moments later, a young man sitting in front said: "Would you like to sit down?" Unnecessarily, as there was plenty of room everywhere. There began the usual merry-go-round in which I'd reply "Excuse me?" to which he'd repeat himself. Many such iterations ensued. At the end of which, to a woman nearby, quietly observing this curious scene, I said: "Sometimes I don't hear so good. I'm schizophrenic, you know." It's humbling to realize one may be every bit as much of an automaton as the ~~victims~~, people animated by these peculiar antics. The driver, at least, was kind enough to refrain from a "jerk" *Aktion* as I stood, parrying the thrusts of the young Hispanic who felt compelled to repeat himself about a dozen times.

(8-14-24) In the interest of continuity, I summarize below the day's activities, placed in this section due to the frequent occurrence of public transit as a venue.

From the outset, it was obvious that (Oh, so sorry™ to point this out) a startling percentage of them as drew the short end of the stick today (think of the transit officer *qui, à Santa Monica, s'est comporté comme un Gauleiter*), were of a well-known persuasion...

(8-12-24) SM bus #3, ID 1813, southbound on Lincoln stopped at the Strand stop next to the Print Palace, 2300 Lincoln but would not open doors though I, after having pressed button in plenty of time and standing in front of bus about to exit. The driver did not even answer when I pressed him to open the doors. I was

forced to walk back from the next stop. Managed to make it in time at 4:49PM with my debit card UID: 422581177346, REF #: 3109, BATCH #: 688, AUTH #: 034919.

(9-10-24) Boarded Metro #33, ID5641 just before 7:14PM, at Fairfax & Washington. On boarding, I did not ask for the ramp as the driver had brought the bus right to the curb and the heights matched, making it easy for me to dispense with it. But, arriving at the Dunsmuir stop, when I did ask, she replied: "You need it for that bag?" or "Is that your bag?" before refusing to lower it. As I waited, two young men rushed aboard. To the driver, after having asked at least once more, I said: "Last call for the ramp." She: "You don't need it ..." Giving up, I replied with a "thank you" before quickly leaving. Though I had asked at least three times, in a conversational voice, for her to lower the ramp, she refused. When I later weighed my dolly filled with groceries and a backpack, it came in at 75lb.

Email traffic with Metro Transit from September 23 to 25 (partly redacted):

Re: Question about regulations about ramp for disabled
From Customer Relations <CustomerRelations@metro.net>
To Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/Bergie
Hawkins<berg.hawkins@protonmail.com>
Date Wednesday, September 25th, 2024 at 8:46 AM

Good morning,
Thank you for the additional inquiry. The bus operator should lower the ramp at your request without showing any documentation.
Kind regards,
Shawna Edwards
Metro Customer Relations
213.922.6235 W
800.464.2111 Toll Free
CustomerRelations@Metro.net
metro.net | facebook.com/losangelesmetro | @metrolosangeles
Metro's mission is to provide world-class transportation for all.

From: Bergendahl Hawkins <berg.hawkins@protonmail.com>
Sent: Tuesday, September 24, 2024 2:55 PM
To: Customer Relations <CustomerRelations@metro.net>
Subject: Re: Question about regulations about ramp for disabled
Hi,
Need an additional detail. If, at a stop, I ask for the ramp w.o. showing my disabled TAP card or announcing I'm disabled before boarding, is the driver also required to lower it?

Thanks.
(signed)
Berg (as in ...) Hawkins
P.S. If you know who stole my fresh 2.5lb bag of coffee from the kitchen, I'd be grateful if you could put in a good word with the thief as I'm a poor man and the loss is a hardship.
Site: BergendahlHawkins.com
Paypal donations gratefully accepted:
Berg.as.in.Nuremberg.Hawkins@proton.me
11/5/24, 5:55 PM (97) All mail | berg.hawkins@protonmail.com | Proton Mail
https://mail.proton.me/u/0/almost-all-mail/
gl_I_DSEpk6vIKvPPticXhM2FsedardTAId34PukR0PQzGuA-zlmGXYTr8FRYVOR6kVK7f_SpfNUEvMm2z... 1/3
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On Tuesday, September 24th, 2024 at 12:37 PM, Customer Relations <CustomerRelations@metro.net> wrote:
good afternoon,
Thank you for contacting Metro Customer Relations. Will you please confirm the most recent date, time, boarding location, bus route, and direction of travel for the concern you are reporting? And to answer your question, yes, if the patron requests the lowering of the ramp, the bus operator should lower the ramp.
Kind regards,

Shawna Edwards
Metro Customer Relations
[redacted]

From: Bergendahl Hawkins <berg.hawkins@protonmail.com>
Sent: Monday, September 23, 2024 7:45 PM
To: Customer Relations <CustomerRelations@metro.net>; Irene Hawkins <ishawkins65@alice.it>
Subject: Question about regulations about ramp for disabled

Hi,
I'm disabled both physically and mentally (both moderate/partial disabilities), and have an orange TAP card clearly identifying me as such, card # 0170 1651 4690 4916 8694, Bergendahl Hawkins is name on card. I'd like to know whether a bus driver, if the bus is not crowded, is obligated to lower the ramp should I ask for it before boarding?

I often do my groceries shopping with a folding dolly, sometimes carrying over 50lb on it. This makes it almost impossible for me to board w.o. the ramp. But, at times, I've been refused by the driver when I ask him/her to lower it.

If I identify myself before boarding by announcing I'm disabled and showing my TAP card, does the driver have to lower the ramp when asked?

Thanks.
[redacted]

(7) The Eccentric Shaft™: Dubious Interactions with my Fellow Crazyies. 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 also made of wood.)

(7-30-24) "Get your a** back!" "Go!" "I'll whip your a**!", "Leave!", "Go to mommy!", "Mommy!", "Go inside!", "Back door!", "Move!", "No!", "Stop!" Samples from the resident State-sponsored *Nudniks™* aka the Movers and Shakers™ of the circus AFJ Investments is pleased to call an apartment complex. Of course, no one is taken in, not me, not the neighbors on our street, nor the authorities, either. In fact, dogs, often the target of these frequent, loud and obscenity-laced outbursts by these unfortunates, only provide a fig *leav* [sic] to such in position of authority as might come across this behavior. The neighbors in our complex pretend to not harass and not engage in incessant provocation, I pretend to ignore them, and the police, in turn, pretend to be gullible. Which of us is the more deceitful?

The signs plastered around my bungalow, an inventory: **(1)** The oldest, dating back almost a decade, message exhorting those mysterious visitors, whether I'm home or not, to do a bit of tidying up while they're here **(2)** Picture of mother and Irene, sitting together in Florence with Irene's protective arm around mother's shoulder **(3)** The NAMIWalks sign announcing to all my paid-up membership in that select(?) group: the crazyies **(4)** The collage of several pics illustrating some of the support I imagine I enjoy (upper part) and what I perceive to be much of my inner life (lower part) **(5) (6) (7)** Three placards, celebrating milestones of my desperate enterprise, i.e. "running my mouth" **(8)** A sign, hinting at my (elevated?) social status, "Tradesman's entrance," placed on my back door, former site of my pantry **(9)** Another on the other side of the same door **(10)** the mailbox sign, a homing beacon for the mailman who seems, at times, in need of guidance **(11)** Lastly, that chamber pot, aka "*le Zola*," hanging from my front porch. In all, almost a dozen, surely not an unreasonable number, considering the state of my mental health; surely not.

(9-14-24) I'd just moved an Ethernet cable I was giving away back on the concrete next to the sidewalk after finding it on the grass. But as I sat on the lawn a few feet away, I soon heard Mrs. 'Bell, cursing loudly, storm out of her bungalow, come to the sidewalk, saying: "... put it right back in the trash..." I did not stir, but when I left, I noticed the cable had been moved back to the grass. I've recently found other items I'd put next to the sidewalk for donation, put in the trash containers, but was able to retrieve them before the trash truck came by. The sad thing is I don't think this woman is crazy, as with others in this complex, she's at most only partly so.

(9-29-24) Caught in the act by Mrs. 'Bell! Back from a brief hospitalization(?), she came roaring back (literally), reincarnated as a crime fighter; yes, a crime fighter. It seems a certain tenant in our complex has been seen, watched, and photographed in the act of stealing wood from a construction site across the street. But that's not all, the miscreant was also seen, according to her, bringing a "brand new ladder" into his bungalow this AM. Will this be another damp squib as with the episode with my landlord, Our Lady of the Perpetual Inspections™, in which, after I'd refused one of her contractors entry, she informed me the police were on their way? Or is yr intrepid crime reporter headed for the hoosegow? Stay tuned. (Update: the LAPD did come, though no arrests were made.)

(8) Daffynitions (Section 8 stuff) With profuse apologies for the obscurity of it all. Oh, so sorry!:

The "*Volterra* fish problem", **phrase:** A well-known math problem, named after a small town in Italy and a mathematician; my introduction (with a spreadsheet graphing a version of the logistic difference equation) to predator-prey dynamics. With a sound theoretical basis laid in college (school motto: "The truth shall make you free"), practical illustration had to wait for decades until I visited Irene in Italy and met *Persio Dello Sbarba*, her then-husband, who happens to hail from that town. And so I say: "The truth shall make you freak."

Mankind, **n**: A nun's convent is sacked, she is raped, repeatedly; in the process likely becoming pregnant and infected with syphilis. To provide sustenance for herself and the child she may be carrying, she becomes a camp follower, joining the marauding band of soldiers responsible for the outrage, with all that entails, i.e., becoming "*la fille du regiment*." Imagine her predicament multiplied a thousandfold: I give you the Thirty Years War; humanity under another aspect. If you want contemporary proof of the existence of this side of man, look around you, I do. Now becomes more understandable/fathomable my sister Irene's wish in Italy when, in thrall to the US Government's Organs of State Security™ (she'd lured me to what would have been a catastrophe had I not changed my mind and decided to return here) and unable to have children for reasons I've previously touched on, she once mused she'd like to adopt a kid. Democracy, anyone?

Negroni, **n**: An Italian alcoholic beverage with an unlikely name; nowadays in the US, the preferred/fashionable variant is apparently known as a *No-groni*... (No-goni?/Nguni?) The first, a vile concoctions (I've tried it); while the second, on the face of it, inspires even less confidence... Care to decipher this bit of malarkey? Ask Irene's partner, *Alberto Zucconi*.

Stochastic process, **phrase**: Mathematical term best defined by example: shaving, harassment, indoctrination, masturbation. Activities all characterized by a random element in a repeated activity eventually leading to the desired outcome.

Ambiance, **n**: Of French origin, I think of the term as "Muzak for the Long Con™" with the long con defined by me as The Dark Design™ (Credit Farmer).

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

(8-18-24) Picked up a treadmill today, it will make it more convenient for me to exercise immediately after every meal, something which can lower fasting blood sugar levels by 20%.

Quoting Lustig in a talk on YouTube, July 2024: "Fructose: The Hidden Fat Factory ...": "[I] ... testified before Congress about this issue [sugar] ... detractors were the Democrats because they didn't want to take the sodas away from poor people." When I heard this, I thought of Scheidler's *The End of the Megamachine* and wondered whether I, with my book, am not holding up a candle in a hurricane.

About me: **(1)** I feel my age when I move... **(2)** Although I'm happy that the "soul is still marinating in the meat" (Credit Unknown source). Thanks, *Bibi*.

I think it emblematic of the depths to which the US Government has sunk, and a deeply sad thing when a father and grown daughter can be persuaded to collaborate in persistent verbal harassment and destabilization of a mentally ill person. I'm reminded of the way the Tiny Terror™, Tyson's son, often walks by just as I emerge from my bungalow, his face expressionless. When I see such scenes, I think of poor *Quintus Archulus*, the four-year-old Roman-era slave, and again think: will there ever be a morning?

(10-16-24) At Kaiser, for a look at my eyes, I also had my blood pressure measured. To my consternation, it was elevated: 156/94 and 140/93 on a second try. I add that before and since, my BP has usually been in the 110s/70s.

Yesterday I did 11,000 steps on my new treadmill, my daily target, but at higher speeds, I notice a slight left foot slap; I also use the treadmill after meals.

(9-17-24) To establish more "facts on the ground," I'm getting a copy of MRIs and other images from Kaiser Permanente to illustrate what I was told by Bergman, my former doctor, is something called stenosis of the spine. I'll upload the images to my Google Drive and link to them from my page.

(10) The Quotable Other with "Tales of the Himmelfahrtkommando™", i.e., My Poor Neighbors' Antics:

(7-28-24) While in bed this AM, I began listening to Mrs. 'Bell, she'd been yelling for some time. Among her words: "... bitch...!", "I'll knock your teeth out!", "... move...!" Saint Bernard, equally loud, soon joined in; there was also a third voice speaking Spanish. All coming from our complex, all outside on the walkway(?). Dogs were active too, both Mrs. 'Bell's and Saint Bernard's. On another, entirely different topic, yesterday, thinking the loudness of their conversation the result of having to talk over the audio of a YouTube documentary I was listening to, I closed my door and windows so Mrs. 'Bell and Saint Bernard could continue their chat just outside my steps with less strenuous vocal efforts. My apologies, the landlord having once reminded me of the loudness of my music (there *had* been complaints...), you'd think I'd have learned by now. Oh, so sorry™.

To/from my landlord:

Requesting a screen door for entrance to former pantry
From
Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/Bergie Hawkins
<berg.hawkins@protonmail.com>
To
AFJ<afjinvestments40@att.net>
,
Irene Hawkins<ishawkins65@alice.it>
Date
Sunday, July 28th, 2024 at 1:44 PM
Sunday, July 28th, 2024 at 1:44 PM
Hi,

Would you have your man, the "Magician," install a magnetic screen door of the sort pictured below on the door frame leading out from my former pantry?

Thanks.

(signed)
Berg (as in Nuremberg) Hawkins, West Addams [sic] District, LA
P.S. On. M'a. Fait. Du. Tort.

Screenshot from 2024-07-28 13-40-09.png

My NAMIWalks (National Association on Mental Illness) page:
<https://www.namiwalks.org/index.cfm?fuseaction=donorDrive.participant&participantID=536606>

Sites: BergendahlHawkins.com | BergHawkins.com

Paypal donations gratefully accepted:
Berg.as.in.Nuremberg.Hawkins@proton.me

This document in public domain.

Sent with Proton Mail secure email.

Re: Requesting a screen door for entrance to former pantry
From
AFJ <afjinvestments40@att.net>
To
Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/Bergie Hawkins<berg.hawkins@protonmail.com>
Date
Monday, July 29th, 2024 at 12:15 PM
Monday, July 29th, 2024 at 12:15 PM
Good Afternoon Berg, Can we schedule an appointment to have a look.

On Sunday, July 28, 2024 at 01:44:52 PM PDT, Bergendahl Hawkins <berg.hawkins@protonmail.com> wrote:

Hi,

Would you have your man, the "Magician," install a magnetic screen door of the sort pictured below on the door frame leading out from my former pantry?

Thanks.

(signed)
Berg (as in Nuremberg) Hawkins, West Addams [sic] District, LA

P.S. On. M'a. Fait. Du. Tort.

Screenshot from 2024-07-28 13-40-09.png

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Sites: BergendahlHawkins.com | BergHawkins.com

Paypal donations gratefully accepted:
Berg.as.in.Nuremberg.Hawkins@proton.me

This document in public domain.

Sent with Proton Mail secure email.

Ominous rumblings (from my kitchen's faucet)
From
Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/Bergie Hawkins
<berg.hawkins@protonmail.com>
To
AFJ<afjinvestments40@att.net>, Irene
Hawkins<ishawkins65@alice.it>, Beth
Wolfson<bettywoof1@yahoo.com>, Roberta
Edgar<robertage@aol.com>
Date
Thursday, August 1st, 2024 at 10:14 AM
Thursday, August 1st, 2024 at 10:14 AM
Hi Ms. Anderson,

I may have mentioned this before but me kitchen faucet (along with my soul, no doubt) needs mending. See this, a video posted to one of my sites which may not do justice to the noise (of the faucet). When on, it can be heard elsewhere, I think. Though you might want to double-check with witnesses in our complex, the Gomez family, say...

This noise happens unpredictably and at random. Nevertheless, cannot yr. "Magician," by which I mean "Good Mr. Nava™," attend to it?

About yr. reply (which I've not yet read) to my email of a few days ago in which I asked for a flexible screen for my pantry door, I'll attend to it in the fullness of time; thank you...

(signed)
Berg (as in Nuremberg) Hawkins, West Addams [sic] District, LA

P.S. On. M'a. Fait. Du. Tort.

P.P.S. To Tiffany Anderson (and yr. family): while you and I may not be on the same team, I am convinced we are ultimately on the same side.

My NAMIWalks (National Association on Mental Illness) page:

<https://www.namiwalks.org/index.cfm?fuseaction=donorDrive.participant&participantID=536606>

Sites: BergendahlHawkins.com | BergHawkins.com

Paypal donations gratefully accepted:
Berg.as.in.Nuremberg.Hawkins@proton.me

This document in public domain.

Sent with Proton Mail secure email.

Re: Ominous rumblings (from my kitchen's faucet)
From
AFJ <afjinvestments40@att.net>
To
Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/Bergie Hawkins<berg.hawkins@protonmail.com>
Date
Wednesday, August 7th, 2024 at 12:14 PM
Wednesday, August 7th, 2024 at 12:14 PM
Good Afternoon Berg,
What problems are you having with your kitchen faucet?

(8-11-24) Today, possessed by an almost maniacal energy, i.e., once again in *énergumène* (possessed) mode, Saint Bernard is on the phone, holding court in his bungalow not fifteen feet from mine, loud and verbal for over an hour. Among the special effects on display: his peculiar laugh, synchronization, unusual repetitions, "synthetic ideas of reference," non sequiturs. In brief, a near-continuous marathon of words, occasionally amounting to correct sentences, an extended near-monologue where, except for repeated references to money, real estate, and such like, I can hardly make out the thread of a conversation. Hard work, this (for him, I mean).

(8-27-24) At LATTC, to sign up for welding and video editing classes, I happened to ask an employee if I could make a copy. Her response intrigued me as I sometimes parody and satirize my rigidity. Interestingly, she, in her obtuse replies (claiming not to be familiar with the concept of xerox copies — not kidding here, folks) seemed to me to parody her own oppressed state.

(9-8-24) Today, sitting on my steps, I clocked one of Saint Bernard's dogs at approximately. 2.5 pants/second. Admittedly, though, the weather was hot.

(9-8-24) Saint Bernard is capable of holding a conversation without half the neighborhood hearing it. Just now, at 10PM, he's still working the phone, yet I can only make out one word in ten.

(9-12-24) On a good day, which I fear is often, and when he chooses to make the exertion, I can hear Saint Bernard™ clear across the street. Yesterday, curious about the reach of his voice, I did just that. Walking across, I was able to confirm my suspicions. What must the neighbors think?

(9-14-24) I note that while Corn-fed Golem Tyson™ and son are more subdued in their dominance displays and provocations, on the other hand, both Saint Bernard and Mrs. 'Bell are increasingly *déchaînés* (unhinged), operating more and more in *énergumène* mode. As the duration of the Saint's phone harangues/marathons increases, the volume of her screams also goes up, and her provocations become more barefaced (see Section 7).

(9-17-24) In a first, the Saint™, belying his nickname, flipped me off (at close range, too, 'e did) this evening. Though in his defense, I confess to having waived hello three times recently. Evidently, my repeated provocations proved too much for even his sangfroid, causing him to crack. Or could it be he's been taking lessons in deportment and manners from the Tiny Terror™, possible reasons for this lapse in his ever-calm, quiet, I say again, quiet, neighborly demeanor.

I enjoy the Saint's strange narrative style, his shaggy dog stories. He meanders, is repetitive and, most times, it's hard to find a thread in his conversation.

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

(8-23-24) My cell phone, which I now use only to take pics, after I tried to document the peculiar return of one of my composter milk crates, does not boot anymore. I wanted to document the fact that someone is trying to pin the theft of a milk crates on what is likely an innocent neighbor.

I'm missing: (1) Some frozen pork loin, sealed in a zip-lock bag in my freezer. (2) An unopened 2.5lb bag of coffee beans, I'd bought two over the previous thirty days. (3) Having found my electric shaver, I'm now missing the cleaning brush and found a broken plastic pin on the shaver cutting head.

(9-30-24) Items left in a box for donation at the curb were moved by Mrs. 'Bell amid *moult* curses. I later found them dumped on the lawn in front of my bungalow. Not the first time for this kind of thing. To circumvent her senseless, repeated, petty vandalism, I'm now having to take items to the Salvation Army.

The electromechanical timer for my freezer/fridge malfunctioned and, on all night, much food froze.

(12) *Sassenach*™ and His *Yankee* Demyankee Tricks:

"... it should be understood that Lenin is not an omnipotent magician [see my prior Daffynition of the word 'tricknology'], but a cold-blooded trickster who spares neither the honour [sic] nor the lives of the proletariat." (*Volkogonov*, 1994, p.76). An uncanny parallel with our Gentlemen of the Organs of State Security™ here, beggars the imagination, it does. A look at the several hundred pages I've put together should be sufficient proof of the accuracy of the parallel.

(9-3-24) Days ago, I heard Mrs. "Jackboots" Velasquez dragging a large plastic container to the curb. Curious, the scavenger in me went to see, there I found my missing milk crate tucked away inside the container she'd dragged so noisily down the walkway. Months ago, I'd reported it stolen. Someone may be trying to

pin this theft on her family. The first burglary I noticed happened in my apartment on Garth in the months before I moved here; the next one took place after less than a week here. So who's been committing these (occasionally of the hot prowler variety) burglaries, petty thefts, and vandalism, both here and now and in the past?

(9-7-24) Yesterday, thinking to tally instances of people walking by my steps just as I emerge from my front door, I kept track. At the end of the day, I'd counted sixteen. Mind you, I hadn't left the complex all day.

Taking pictures of a painting of Father I was, in two successive tries made over the course of minutes, unable to find and transfer them to my PC for editing.

Just watched a depressing documentary on the collaboration of the French underworld with the Gestapo in WWII, depressing because of the speed with which they fell into each other's arms, as well as the haste with which the French members were dispatched post-liberation. After this, I did a depressing bit of wool gathering. Reflecting on the ease with which Solzhenitsyn was signed up as an informant (the most shameful moment of his life, he later said), I wonder how the normal among us, in which group I include myself, Irene, and Colette, could have avoided the trickery of the US Government. Some targeted people, if criminal, are blackmailed, others simply broken (there are, I think, no exceptions — though I've heard the Catholics and Communists behaved well under those circumstances, something I don't for one moment believe). It all seems very bleak when I can bring up someone with the stature of a Solzhenitsyn to illustrate the difficulty of resistance to the State. What's more, when I think of the unseemly alacrity with which the *Rue Lauriston Gestapists* were dispatched by the French Establishment, I wonder: could there be parallels in the offing around here?

If only Mrs. 'Bell could be persuaded to vary the music she sometimes plays until the early morning. Instead of that "infernal gospel" of hers, some soothing *Sunny Ade*, perhaps? A-and, if I may make so bold, may I suggest an album of his, *Juju Music*.

(9-18-24) As I write these words and for at least an hour, I've been hearing loud, synchronized (to my movements) cackling coming from across the street.

"Another tactic was for Stasi military advisers assigned to African and Middle Eastern countries to request the arrest of West German tourists. Local police would then turn the prisoners over to the Stasi agent, who would then offer the West German a choice between espionage or incarceration." (Koehler (1999), page 362.) — From a Wikipedia article on *Erich Mielke*, former head of the East German Stasi. Hmmmmmm, this puts the film *Brazil*, recommended to me by a friend, Marc Walczak, in a different light.

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

(8-18-24) While picking up a treadmill (for me 'ealf and welfare) today, the seller, during a brief conversation, compared me to Robert Seidenstein after I, speaking of the outrage inherent in my being hooked up with him at the age of sixteen, called him a bohemian. She: "Like you." An interesting take on a specimen (me, that Stranger in a Strange Land™), apparently a most rare flower, carefully tended in a hothouse atmosphere (this place) for over fifty years.

Another blanket statement, a practice I'm overly fond of (or so I'm told). The matter with our health is the same as the problem with the planet's: *the food is too cheap!* (Credit Will Harris, author of *A Bold Return to Giving a Damn*). I dimly get that we're dealing with a system failure here. Something vast which, if I'm right, exonerates the people at the point of contact, namely individual doctors and maybe even the food industry, which, according to van Tulleken, are "prisoners of their business model."

(8-27-24) Today, all quiet on the Western Front. Not a peep from Mrs. 'Bell's alleged dawg, nor from Saint Bernard's two "service units," neither.

(14) Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:

(8-10-24) As I stood in the street, taking the dimensions of a parked van for a possible project of mine, the Tiny Terror™, Corn-fed Golem Tyson™'s son, outside walking his dog, made a detour to the street and, without saying a word, kicked the end of my metal tape which lay on the road before walking back to the grassy area without having said a word. Weird. Perhaps AFJ, with its customary zeal and care in selecting tenants, could take this up with the responsible authorities (perhaps including his father)? I, too, will bring this up with whatever City/County agencies might care to be interested (Update, early in 2025; I did just that), as this is not the first instance of this kind of antisocial behavior on the kid's part, even in front of witnesses. I find it odd that a kid would repeatedly do such things, wordlessly.

(9-17-24) Contact! Contact! Contact! As I started out on my way to buy some notebooks at Staples, I ran into a neighbor, literally. I'd hardly walked two doors down when she came flying through a gate and, looking fixedly elsewhere, ran into me. She was nice about it while I, having immediately stopped, a common move for me in these cases, made sure to reassure her. A former PC repair customer, I've known her for years.

(15) The Provocation Will Not Be Televised or Mine de Rien (While Pretending Nothing is Going on):

I'm strictly in conserving mode now: preserving, at any cost, my modest accomplishments. Which, during what I call my "Dark Decades" (lasting twenty-five years), left me stymied as I looked for a way to make a time capsule; hoping to ensure that should this tree fall it should not go unheard elsewhere in the forest.

A. Rosenthal's pithy comment about a string of car accidents I'd had also applies to the traveling circus which follows me wherever I go: "This is dumb."

(10-3-24) At Ralph on Obama today to buy some liverwurst. Unfortunately, not having a Ralphs card, it cost more than I expected as the checker did not offer the use of a store card, and I didn't ask. When I asked what the minimum cash back was, she replied: "Maximum is \$200." Sorting *that* out and getting a dollar for a book I wanted to buy, I made my way out. A street vendor with a video editing book which had attracted my attention on my way to the store, rushed right at me before swerving at the last moment (he was merely getting the book from a table, one I thought I'd previously handed him to set aside as I hadn't enough cash), retrieved the book and, accepting payment, sent me off with a heartfelt(?) "Thanks, brother." To which I, with my trademark knee-jerk reaction, replied, "you're not my brother," adding, "except in the Polish sense." Proceeding a few steps, I noticed at another table, two people grinning. Pausing, I said to them: "Did you see that, he called me 'brother'" adding, "sounds like another *Kameradschaft Aktion*," before wagging my finger. Whereupon, *exeunt omnes*. What this country will make of my public persona, should it come to that, I don't know, I jes' don't know. Not necessarily my lookout, though.

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

I see the Caltech dining hall has been renamed in honor of someone I knew there, Lee Browne, former head of secondary school relations and the affirmative action program under which I was admitted. Would my travails, which began in earnest at this, my alma mater, not qualify me for such august honors? Name the campus public urinals after me, say. How about *Bergie's Baños*? Not much to ask, surely?

I just skimmed a book by Michael Lewis, *Going Infinite*, about a curious young man, Sam Bankman-Fried, confirmed vegan (?) and disciple of something called Singer's Utilitarianism. Stung to the quick by his principled stance, I (*piètre pitre que je suis*) immediately cobbled together a learned and spirited defense of my meat-eating: "It effin' tastes good!" Henceforth, I risk being tarred with the dreaded brush of *Escobarism*.

(9-9-24) Ordered an FM antenna so I can tune in to that NPR again. I hope it gets here in time for the elections, we wouldn't want to be reduced to "picking *Bordaberrys* on election day" (Credit Friedenberg) wiv' out the faintest idea of what's what, wot?

In the old days in "Set Efrica" (South Africa for we *uitlander*), I read that for breakfast Black prisoners got porridge, Colored got porridge with milk, while Whites got porridge, milk, *and* butter. You can't tell me that much of this race business is not a scam.

(17) Pics:



Figure 1: Where I found the missing milk crate. If only someone would explain just what is going on here.



Figure 2: In front of my bungalow



Figure 3 Lid for my (previously stolen) composter stack



Figure 4: Cleverly hidden in another box



Figure 5: Voila! A world restored!



(1)



(2)



(3)



(4)



(5), (6), (7) I moved them indoors, to the other side of the same window pane.



(11) My scrolling LED sign, now removed.



(8)



(9)

Cabròn



(10)



(12)

(18) Beruf: Luftmensch (A new section in which I discuss progress, if any... on my projects):

I have two dozen projects going, all of them in various stages of abandonment, one might say: **(1)** A YouTube channel for a potentially bigger soapbox and, in support of it **(2)** A DIY shotgun mike and **(3)** A DIY gyro-stabilized platform for my Canon camera **(4)** Testing my battery pack spot welder **(5)** Finishing my stick welder, adding computer control **(6)** Finishing my sauna **(7)** Starting my solar house (2nd try) **(8)** A vertical garden on the site of my former pantry **(9)** Investigating the possibility of making and selling saunas **(10)** A book-length (about 250 pp.) compilation of the emails I've sent out **(11)** A simple way to have colder showers. With more besides...

(19) Le Batracien Désabusé:

The Japanese euphemistic called *burakumin* (hamlet people) are a holdover from that country's feudal past and a religious/cultural tradition/trait. Here, it is different, here the American equivalent's creation and existence is unofficial US Government policy. Could these Princes who Govern Us™ perhaps be induced to clarify their position on this matter?

To the USPS employee at the Washington branch who, speaking of Colette Walczak, years ago, volunteered, apropos nothing: "She's a snake!" as I was mailing a package, I now belatedly reply: who was it that made her into one?

To *any* responsible bureaucrat in *any* country worthy of the name: why do you allow the use of *any* Intel CPUs with microcode in *any* important departments?

As I look back, for decades, a "legend" was patiently, systematically being built around me. That it may have fallen through does not mean that legend building is not still underway. By all sides, though some of it be to different ends. The main difference in the emotional impact on me, is that whereas the previous effort was sinister, terrifying, and grounds for pessimism about the human race in general, the current one, involving, among other activities, the merry antics of two, three, many sets of the Three Stooges and their over the top behavior, is cause for merriment (for the smart aleck that I am, at least) and (again, for me) some optimism. Despite my manifest defects and considering the decibel level, sustained frantic behavior, and general antics of the poor unfortunates in my complex and beyond, I must have been quite a catch.

I've heard a custom of the French Ministry of the Interior is to place the entire file of an incoming head on his desk. You can't tell me that what we face in this country is merely a question of a rogue government agency. You can't tell me.

I remember a friend, Tom Ellsberg, once telling me Black people had been in the vanguard of change in the '60s. With any other social movements following in their wake. Could this particular bit of history be destined to repeat itself, this time, though, with a nudge from the Gentlemen of the Organs, who, perhaps Marxists after all, may wish for history to repeat itself, i.e., this time as farce (and damp squib). To this end, they may feel that if I can be suckered into repeating enough times what I've already said about former President Obama, that "he's a regular house nigger," this happy outcome, happy for Sassenach™, that is, may yet come to pass.

The atmosphere around me feels like a curious mix of: **(1)** The secret police **(2)** Hollywood and **(3)** Disneyland. Why do I say this? Secret police because, according to *Cioran*, every country *is* a police state — it's in the very nature of the (agriculture-based?) State. Hollywood, for the unreal atmosphere of show which permeates this place, and not just around me. Lastly, Disneyland because just as Donald Duck, along with the others in Disney's stable, is a caricature of a real duck, some of my neighbors, people like Saint Bernard and Brother *Cantinflas* are, I see it often, forced to act like "unit Blacks," complete with exaggerated accents and behaviors. Straight outta central casting, one might say. Similarly, the Lady Lurk, the Banshee(s), the Tiny Terror, along with Mrs. 'Bell, were/are often made to perform like frantic madmen. Following a suicide attempt, I once spent six weeks in the loony bin. I've also attended NAMILA meetings, an online peer support group for the mentally ill. The behavior there is nothing like what I've witnessed for years from these poor creatures. This is a demeaning, ignorant, or malicious caricature. I've never lived like this and, I daresay, neither have any of my *genuine* neighbors I could also go on about nearby Whites (neighbor Tub-thumper™ comes to mind) and Mexicans (think myriad workmen, toiling at several nearby construction sites over the years, whooping it up on the job, with special effects provided by unusual hammering and other equipment noise, with much synchronization in evidence throughout) as well. A-and to complete this sorry tableau, let's not forget the "unit Jew." At times wiv' accent straight outta the shtetl. You get the idea. These are gross caricatures, though there may be a "nucleating element" present in the specifics of each. *These are lying, bigoted characterizations of human beings.* Striking examples of people become Custine's "automata inconvenienced by a soul."

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

All in all, only a distraction, a surface phenomenon, this LATTC welding class abortion, along with my inability to check my LATTC email account or even confirm that *any* of the welding or video editing classes I'm interested in are even scheduled for the fall. Become, along with so much else in life, a source of (for me) amusement and further confirmation that all is probably not going well (I mean *really* not well) for the *manda tuttiis* (or would *capo(s) di tutti capi* be more appropriate?) in or of the US Government.

If anyone thinks I give a flying you-know-what at a rolling donut whether I: (1) Learn to weld (2) Finish my solar system (3) Make my composter (4) Ever get to another appointment on time (5) ~~Finish my sauna~~ (6) ~~Ever read another book~~ (7) Ever again get a straight answer out of the good folks at: Kaiser Permanente, LAHD, LAPD, Santa Monica City Hall, eBay, LATTC, etc. (8) Re-erect a previously vandalized mast to test an anemometer to sell on eBay (9) Ever again do business with my hole-in-the-wall operation, Grounded Grid (10) Am ever again allowed to board (or exit) a bus when and where I wish. Well, you get the idea.

There are times when, bemused, I think Saint Bernard in his daily titanic struggles with his "service dogs," as he called them, sounds like Father. Oddly, the same can somewhat be said of Mrs. 'Bell except when in Full Fishwife Flight™ (Father was never vulgar).

"An army, great in space, may offer opposition in a brief span of time. One man, brief in space, must spread his opposition across a period of many years if he is to have a chance of succeeding." (Credit Zelazny)

Considering the tenor and style of my malarkey, one thing's for sure, no one will *ever* be able to credibly accuse me of plagiarism <insert demented cackle>.

On reflection, the treatment I'm getting now differs from what I've endured for fifty years only in the frequency, intensity, implausibility, and evident desperation of it. Think: the Saint flipping me off recently a-and at close range, too, or that oft-heard epithet, "*Cabròn*" bandied about so freely by, among the usual suspects, a certain someone wiv' an occasional Jamaican accent.

"In another powerful scene, Malaparte describes a German general in Finland who is obsessed with catching a large salmon. In the final struggle, the general, decked out in his uniform and watched by many spectators, tussles for hours with the salmon. Frustrated and facing a blow to his dignity, the general orders his aide to shoot the salmon in the head with a pistol. Malaparte argues time and again in *Kaputt* that Nazi violence is a product of fear and weakness. The very thought that the "lesser beings" of the world could even challenge the always triumphant German demands the destruction of the "pitiful" challenger. Thus the valorization of strength leads to an intensive fear of the weak, which alone has the power to unmask the hollow, naked truth of the real German. While one cannot say whether the salmon story is true or not, it effectively encapsulates Malaparte's explanation of Nazi violence." — The past is never dead. It's not even past. Not Even Past.org review of *Kaputt* by *Curzio Malaparte* (1944) by Alexander Lang.

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

But for what I see as a sustained, long-term intervention in my life by the Establishment(?), I would have become just another pain-avoidance robot.

Secure in the knowledge that turning the other cheek is not an "arrestable offense," in the seductive words of an Australian-born activist and former customer, I sally forth.

Pitiful is the State forced to treat a clueless nobody like me with kid gloves.

To be the luckiest person on the planet, what more can one ask of this life?

I've been told I write well. I have an advantage: this colorful life of mine, with no shortage of *Aktionen* to weather, lends itself nicely to such talents as I have.

(1) Idealism (2) Ridicule (3) Abnegation (4) Behaving (5) *Ahimsa*: Weapons of the weak and insignificant, namely me.

This place I sometimes call the Air-conditioned Sewer™.

Sometimes all it takes to lift my spirits is the act of fashioning a paragraph (of suitably obscure malarkey, Natch!).

My last word in this latest kaleidoscope of nausea, horror, and malarkey I call *Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory* #35:
To the LAPD motorcycle Officer and Human Being who, in response to the fist I slowly raised as he approached and, in a fashion reminiscent of LAPD Officer Slavyansky (with Officer Jimenez present), wordlessly raised his as well
and to

Evan Hadfield of YouTube channel *Rare Earth*, whose words on the *burakumin* also struck a deep chord when he said:
"All it really takes to destroy a people is to take away their future, to take away the potential of their children."

To both of you:

Thankyou!Thankyou!Thankyou!

Wishing to end on an appropriately sour and dismal note, here's a quote from Slim's 1956 book, *Defeat into Victory*. "It was here that some Gurkhas were engaged in collecting Japanese corpses from the corners inaccessible to bulldozers when one Japanese, picked up by a couple of Gurkhas, proved not to be as dead as expected. A Gurkha had drawn his *kukri* to finish the struggling prisoner when a passing British officer intervened, saying, "You mustn't do that, Johnny. Don't kill him!" The Gurkha, with his *kukri* poised, looked at the officer in pained surprise, 'But, sahib,' he protested, 'we can't bury him *alive*!' Those darn Brits, not always cricket their behavior, is it? In need of lessons in humanity from Gurkhas, are they? I declare!

(signed)
Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) "Kanalarbeiter" 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.

P.P.S. *On. M'a. Fait. Du. Tort.*