

# Home, Sweet Home:

## Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory: #36

### 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 known to be generally NFG doesn't seem to have overly troubled them, neither.
- I give you: Torpedo 8. <insert demented cackle>

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) slavery to (informal) slavery in three generations.

"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

"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

#### (1) Summary of Contents:

**(1)** Concrete proof for extraordinary statements, **(2)** A second look at my four years on Mesita Rd. in Pasadena, **(3)** Encounters with the LAPD, **(4)** At LATTC.

#### (2) The Kompromat Korner (Slight Return) or Les Ongles Douceux/Zéro de Conduite:

I've said I never betrayed anyone; I'd like to correct that. Matt Moran(?) was kind and decent with me, yet I responded to a pass by his Brazilian wife by putting my arm around her shoulder. There may be a pattern here: the State likes to have decent people betray those who have shown them kindness. As I have no hard evidence, I won't mention the name of another likely instance.

Jolene Cox (SP) was a disabled woman; though I never called, I did obtain her number.

Several years ago, to destroy evidence of taxes I never filed, I shredded several notebooks containing customer receipts.

#### (3) Plumbing the Depths. (Pukka) Wanker that I Am:

(10-4-24) Small piles of excrement occasionally still dot the grass in our complex, proof that the Excremental Vision™ (Credit Brown) is alive and well.

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

Gentle Reader™, after enduring your catty remarks on my supposed obscurity, I've had enough! In my defense: the Geeerman (known for *Kadavergehorsamkeit*, akin to the behavior of the walking dead—wink-wink, nudge-nudge) rarely finds anything readable unless it's nearly impenetrable. So why should you be any different? Sad it took me so long to notice the humor in you lot.

#### (5) To my Landlord, AFJ Investment. One in an Occasional Series:

(10-7-24) Ms Anderson, you've no doubt heard of "pocket battleships," ships that, although smaller than the real thing, still pack a similar punch. In a parallel, I ask: What's with the "Pocket Ghetto™" around here? By which I mean the atypical concentration of Black people in this circus you are pleased to call an apartment complex. A circus, moreover, in an overwhelmingly Spanish-speaking neighborhood. A circus where every Black performer invariably behaves badly and where much "intoxication" (of me) is practiced.

(10-10-24) Are there complaints about the volume of music around here? Aside from about me, I mean. I'm curious.

(5-??-24) About my complaint against AFJ for the illegal rent increase of \$53.64, case # SO302426, and previous ones. LAHD's Stephanie Ramirez made a determination in my favor, though she thought the reason was confusion on the part of AFJ about a duplicate charge; she did not elaborate. Bollocks, I say! This had dragged on since AFJ gave me a three-day notice on 3/6/23, which, on advice of LAHD, I paid before filing a complaint soon thereafter. A year and a half is apparently sufficient time for successive LAHD investigations by Maria Estrada, Stephanie Ramirez, and associated LAHD Wheels of Karma™ to grind to completion... Now to look into whether I can get a refund for the \$100 I spent on an independent termite report. Hey, you can't blame me for feeling I'm on a roll here.

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

A parallel with Colette Walczak's predicament when she lived on Ashland Avenue: (1) Neighbors sweeping, (2) Next door neighbors loud, (3) Dog barking while the words "get back inside" are heard repeatedly. In her case, it was the *Guerreiros* in the next apartment and the two Brits in the house next door, along with their loud teenage daughter. I don't need to list the local cast.

They say extraordinary claims require extraordinary proof. Very well then, a few statements here I consider unshakable foundations of my POV:

1. Should I not falter, my remaining sister, Irene Hawkins of Florence, Italy, may be in a position to compare notes with me. And that, in a public setting.
2. In the 600+ pages I've written, you will find neither lie nor exaggeration.
3. Some people know a great deal more about me than I've ever said to anyone.
4. I've had far too many car accidents in far too little time (over a dozen in less than ten years) for these to be happenstance.
5. There were so many "meets cute" in my life that they cannot be ascribed to mere coincidence.
6. My frequent inability to transact simple business as I go about my day, wherever I am, cannot be put down to mere friction, as the military term goes.
7. The seriousness and frequency of odd symptoms in my computers and other electronics hint at a mysterious "spooky action at a distance" (Credit Einstein), the source of which I consider to be prime examples of Rumsfeld's "unknown unknowns."
8. The super-heated atmosphere in this apartment complex and surrounding neighborhood is not normal, as can be attested to by any fair-minded witness to the increasingly carnival-like scenes around here.
9. Most crimes committed against me are usually not properly carried out, without venal motive or, indeed, apparent motive of any sort.
10. The phenomena I call "sync" and "feedback" are a long-standing pattern, the result of, to me, unknown mechanisms. I can, however, reliably attest to their frequency; examples involve adults, children, dogs (but not, as yet, cats), and power tools or equipment.
11. My arrest at the Santa Monica library in 1988 by Santa Monica police on felony charges, later reduced to misdemeanors, was arranged, from before the start to after the finish. Many, both before, during, and after, collaborated to bring this about.
12. A bank account, belonging to Colette Walczak, over which I had control, was made to disappear.
13. Before a visit to Kaiser Permanente on Cadillac, I was drugged without my knowledge. There may be a video, shot there, showing me under the influence.
14. At my second job, Teledyne Controls, two managers lured me to what turned out to be an attempted "meet cute" with the son-in-law of my former Pasadena landlady. This has led me to reinterpret the atmosphere of that house and of every subsequent job.
15. The "*Infrastructure of Oppression*" diagram included in my book is an accurate though hopelessly obsolete depiction of the various toys floating around, toys available to the Gentlemen of the Security Organs. Toys we peasants must contend with as we struggle for a semblance of human dignity. My assertions could be verified or falsified by publishing the software for examination by competent (not me) people.
16. That so many tenants with mental problems, whether real or not is immaterial, would congregate in this apartment complex defies the law of averages.
17. That so many Blacks would gather in this apartment complex also defies both the law of averages and the ethnic makeup of this neighborhood.
18. I've accumulated quite an inventory of broken hard disks and other electronics. Including disks damaged in ways I'd never heard of in over a decade of fixing PCs.
19. I suffer from a condition called *stenosis* of the spine. Mysterious because: (1) No cause ever adduced, (2) No family history of such, (3) No treatment option mentioned save surgery, (4) The very word itself treated as a closely guarded secret by Kaiser Permanente personnel, with only Bergman (not Terterov, my neurosurgeon) mentioning it once, almost in passing. And, what's more, when I attempted to get "clarification" about this disturbing and mysterious affliction, I felt I was given the runaround. MRI imagery available a my web site.
20. About vaginismus... I categorically assert that my sister and I have *never* discussed sex. How is it, then, that I came to know of this affliction of hers? Ask the waiters at the Hop Li restaurant on Pico Boulevard in West Los Angeles. Why, you may ask, would I relate such things, making public intimate matters, and about my own sister, of all people? First, a practical reason: the statement is verifiable. Second, you would not be wide of the mark if, knowing what my life is and has been and what I've seen of the suffering of others, you assumed nothing, not my shame, not my dignity, nor that of *anyone*. No. Matter. How. Close. Can deter me from carrying out the watchword: *Everything!*
21. The USPS has twice engaged in fraud at my expense.
22. To my shame, in the early 2000s, an employee of the Social Security administration successfully prompted me to lie in my application for disability benefits (SSDI). A scan of my fraudulent application will be posted to my site.
23. The LAPD has lied to me and twice refused to arrest a neighbor by the name of Tyson [last unknown] after he attacked me both in my bungalow and on the sidewalk. This is not the first time; there was another such incident at the Jet Propulsion Lab in La Cañada in the seventies.
24. While sitting on my porch, I was surprised by someone coming from inside our apartment complex who silently came up to me and pepper-sprayed me full in the face. I have a partial description of the person and pictures of the orange, greasy chemical, traces of which I photographed on the phone I used to call 911. There was no arrest and, as far as I know, no investigation.
25. AFJ Investments' owner, Tiffany Anderson, has lied to me for reasons unclear. I have written proof.
26. A recent online search for a book at the LAPL turned up nothing. I had to contact a librarian at the central library who was able to locate the volume. The book: *The Thirty Years' War* by C.V. Wedgwood.
27. I can document numerous instances (with bus serial numbers, times, and places) of illegal, unexplainable, and scandalous Los Angeles Metro, Santa Monica, Montebello, and Culver City bus driver bad behavior; misbehavior I've never before seen.

Given the above, though there are other interpretations at hand and knowing that, in general, men can be encouraged to behave badly, one could be forgiven for suspecting the US Government or elements of it to be at the bottom of this *mikhdal*. Then there's the clincher: Occam's razor... Along similar lines, Snowden, the former CIA employee, having left his last employer under a cloud, shall we say, has charged that Facebook once conducted an experiment in which a subset of its ~~slave~~-base clientele was somehow manipulated into becoming angry.

My visit to TI headquarters in Texas, while a technician at JPL, was not necessary. And, on my return several days later, I was closely questioned by landlady Lorraine Griffith about the weather there. I've been wondering why I was sent and why she took such an interest in the weather there.

At school in my freshman year, I was either seventeen or eighteen, struggling to write my first piece of software, a Life game in 370 assembler, when a grad student offered to help. I accepted his offer with alacrity. Having, with much help from him, straightened out my code, I passed the class. My benefactor soon invited me to a fast food joint. Some time later, an undergrad by the name of *Jorg Gustavson*, someone I've previously mentioned as having once, in a conversation with me, touched on the delights of kissing a man, took a moment to remind me, referring to this grad student, that "he really helped you out of a jam." On another occasion, my friend, *Subhash Sharma*, known to me as a bisexual or homosexual, said the grad student was gay. This anecdote reminds me of an illustrative French ~~insult~~ expression: "*La franc-maçonnerie du trou de cul*" (Sorry, no translation available. This is, need I remind you, Gentle Reader™, a strictly family-type publication). I quickly add that I'm in no way suggesting the US Government is a hotbed of freemasonry.

« *On n'est pas des Anges* » (Credit *ben Errabeh*, personal communication)

A second look (double-take, more like) at life and "situation" on Mesita Rd., Pasadena, my home after college for four years in the seventies.

The cast, a partial list in approximate order of appearance:

1. Me
2. Lorraine Griffith, landlady in her sixties, wanted to be involved with me as did I. I had a terrible crush on her, and more...
3. Kathy Evans, daughter of my landlady, wife of Richard, once objected strenuously when I called her daughter "Kimber," a nickname I'd heard used.
4. Richard Evans became despondent and visibly depressed. Involved in a "meet-cute" in Santa Monica, which was arranged by Guy Pritchard and another Teledyne Controls manager. He once told me of a practice at a Hughes(?) factory in Taiwan where local management encouraged US-based inspectors to allow inventory to be taken by local employees without the presence of US-based inspectors who were entertained elsewhere.
5. Richard Gruene, a Caltech student in applied physics, later attended USC law school, became employed at IBM.
6. *Ahmed ben Errabeh*, Lorraine Griffith once said she'd "run into" his ex-wife, who'd said Ahmed could never return to Morocco. A tenant.
7. *Akram Abdallah Adada*: Lebanese, I visited his school in Pomona. Once told me of a schoolteacher he was dating, showed me a picture of her.
8. *Antoine Raad*, a Lebanese national, and his girlfriend.
9. French girl #1.
10. French girl #2.
11. French girl #3.
12. Pasadena judge Hogeboom and his wife, I briefly met them at Mrs Griffith's house during a dinner.
13. *Liisa Havola-Pitkänen*, Finnish.
14. *Belkassem Jerry*, Tunisian.
15. *Angelika Ohlendorf*, German.
16. *Repika Parata* (spelling?), from New Zealand.
17. The daughter of the founder of Dolphin Ambulance.
18. British judge Martyn Ward, on vacation with his wife and two sons.
19. Occasional visitors: Young Frenchman, name unknown, an acquaintance of Ahmed, *Kitaw Ejigu*. *Mansour Sabeti*. Subhash Sharma, Tom Ellsberg, the (First name unknown) *Saupé* family. I.U.R., an underage girl, daughter of the gardener and cleaning lady; I was sexually involved with her. Other sons, daughters, and in-laws of Lorraine Griffith.
20. "Meets cute" around that time: Caltech Professor Munger's secretary, Subhash Sharma, a former US Army corpsman(?) (unknown name), IUR, *Mansour Sabeti*, Richard Evans.

Unsettling. Not only for the facts themselves but also for the realization that some may have repeatedly tried to discourage me from availing myself of certain opportunities. One indisputable event linked to those four years, the "meet cute" with Richard Evans in Santa Monica, a year after I'd left his mother-in-law's house, when linked to the contents of my book, these are enough for me to echo Chomsky's characterization of the US Government as a criminal regime.

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

(10-6-24) Culver City #1 bus, ID ????, both east- and westbound at Costco, noticeably "jerky," making it harder for me to transcribe notes.

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

Anchor Crazy, **phrase**: Derived from the real estate term: anchor tenant. In this case, the tenant, instead of attracting other businesses on its coattails, is instead followed by other crazies.

Gods, **n**: A Neolithic construct and delusion born of the agricultural era as elites began perceiving the merits of something later known as the *Führerprinzip*.

(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.* »

(10-5-24) The strains of what I've more and more taken to calling "*Kampfmusik für der Kampfmuzhik*" aka "Thump and Hum™" music (stuff I've never before in my life heard the likes of. Monotonous, repetitive sounds for extended lengths, possibly even looping at times) pour from Mrs 'Bell's bungalow and elsewhere. In the background, I hear Saint Bernard displaying his scintillating wit. That is to say, droning on in shaggy dog fashion for hours at a time, curious non sequiturs included. Tonight: a musical show featuring gospel music. *On aurai cru que des agonisants chantaient. Un chœur d'agonisants, même. Mes pauvres voisins! Ceux qui, habitant plus près de cette pauvre femme (je parle de Mrs 'Bell) que moi, ont, par conséquent, droit à une plus forte doses de ce vacarme. Nessun dorma!*

*Mes jours se résument en ceci: à longueurs de journée, je suis en butte à des enfantillages. Vorkuta this isn't.*

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

(10-6-24) **(1)** Since not long after I began falling from bikes, my gait has been different, depending on whether I wear sandals or hiking boots **(2)** I don't know if the scalp itch I sometimes feel is caused by what's in my head or on it (Update 10-27-24: Found a head louse, red it was) **(3)** I may be a bit more unsteady on my feet **(4)** (10-16-24) I drop things more often. **(5)** Blood pressure elevated (153/94, 140/93) **(6)** Blood sugar measurements very high (115-167 lately) (Update 10-30-24) Back at a nurse's station to have my BP rechecked, as had been suggested, I can report the following three results taken five minutes apart: **(1)** 144/81 **(2)** 126/74 **(3)** 115/74 (Update 11-1-24 Weight now down to 154.1lb. Haven't been this light since the late nineties. With a new set of blood sugar test strips from Kaiser pharmacy, my readings are back to a more usual range).

(10-29-24) I shouldn't be left alone in the same room as anything small and salty. Really. As I try to get my weight down to a desired 145lb or so, I find I'm oscillating around the high 150s, which, while commendable, is still more than ten pounds above target. The reason: I occasionally pig out of an evening, feasting on nuts and cheese washed down with kefir slush. Incurable! So much for my vaunted(?) willpower.

I no longer have *any* of the intentional tremors that were brought on by twenty years of Abilify and Risperdal.

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

(10-10-24) Today, a treat. The comedians were in town, prompted, no doubt, by the requirements of a certain *Tonton*. You shoulda seen 'em, Mrs 'Bell in Full Fishwife Flight™ wiv' Saint Bernard dancing in attendance. I, walking about, disposing of some wood, when she begins yelling, screaming about what seemed at first to be Saint Bernard's dog before morphing into the vengeful spirit so often on display these days. Laying into me, she was, about ... something. Exactly what? ... Saint Bernard, not to be outdone, put in his two cents before retreating to his never-lit living room, later reemerging. Speaking to my back, he said: "I've called the police(?)," the Fire Department(?)," "... he's a thief..." "... his wood is a fire hazard..." "I just called them, it's too late, you can't do anything about it," "I've had enough of this," etc., etc. So, as I went about what I had been doing for the previous hour, making sure to follow a cop's advice to The Lady Lurk™, a former neighbor, within earshot of me: "Just ignore it." *On ne lésine pas sur les moyens, là, on peut pas dire...* So, as neither police nor Fire Department was summoned, I can safely qualify this as yet another Tempest in a Chamberpot™ along the lines of previous efforts by Our Lady of the Perpetual Inspections™, landlord Tiffany Anderson. Stay tuned, though. I hope the Saint is more successful in his endeavor to engage the LAPD than I have. Can anyone fail to see the humor in this?

(10-20-24) Today. Mrs 'Bell and the Saint were again active as I was cutting wood on my steps. She: "Something wrong with that man." He: "You need to get over here..." "... Fire hazard..."

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

(10-11-24) Back from shopping at Costco, I was dismayed to find an egg, or rather, the lack of one, among the box of twenty-four I'd bought. A small matter, you say? *Neni* ! For is it not said that: « *Un œuf c'est un bœuf* » ?

(10-3-24) The very day I forwarded a complaint, initially made to a Federal agency about City First Bank, to their employee, Mario Ruiz, I was pleased to find \$5 deposited to my account. This is after an interminable series of back-and-forths since April. Mr. Ruiz had repeatedly requested a face-to-face meeting to, in his words, "address my issue." Bollocks! I, unsure of the outcome of such a meeting, *teppichfresser* that I'm known to be (I'm also a former mental patient and, what's more, of the Negro Persuasion™, thus of limited patience), preferred to handle this remotely. *Voici comment, être rusé, cauteleux, sournois et chicanier* (Credit Maupassant) *que je suis, j'ai préféré saisir l'État. On ne sais jamais...* And so I say: Thank you, my faith in *humanity* the bureaucracy is restored.

(10-30-24) Returning from a Kaiser visit to have my alarmingly high BP rechecked, I found the coffee I'd left in the grinder had been removed, or else I'm losing my mind (a possibility by no means to be excluded).

**(13) Sassenach™ and His Yankee Damyankee Tricks:**

I imagine that the Gentlemen of the Organs, having first bamboozled innocents, proceed to induce them to commit crimes before they, their new masters, holding these very crimes over their heads, use these to both silence and encourage the victims to commit still more crimes. With the justice and police systems themselves, I suspect, deeply complicit in this charade. Unless I'm delusional and deeply mistaken in what I've just said, there is then ample ground for me to adopt the following stance. If only to maintain credibility, I shouldn't be seen having anything to do with these people, by which I mean anyone associated with the justice system. As was once said by two MDs: "Going to small claims court would be very expensive". I must therefore avoid *any* dealings with them. For the staff is surely animated, or is the word possessed, by the same spirit evident in Mrs 'Bell, the Corn-fed Golem, Saint Bernard, the Lady Lurk, etc. And then there's a practical reason. I must, at any cost, preserve my modest accomplishments. At any cost, *you hear me*? So, should it come to that, and to drive home the point as publicly as possible, I'm considering doing my usual passive-aggressive bit. I'd quietly explain to the judge what my reasons are before turning my back on the court. Facing the audience, I'll then drive home the point by saying "*On. M'a. Fait. Du. Tort*" before raising my fist as I do whenever I see a police car drive by. You don't agree, Gentle Reader™? Then look up the stories of Elmer "Geronimo *Ji-Jaga*" Pratt or that of Vicki Morgan. They make for lamentable reading. In summary, I propose to treat them in the way I treat my neighbors, as they carry out their madcap antics. I'll just quietly ignore them, for, to my mind, they are all reluctant automata, inconvenienced by a soul.

The one-two punch: a thread runs through some of Brother Cantinflas' behavior and that of the neighbor across the street. She: "You good boy." Then: "Police no good." And then, there's the one where **(1)** I was "persuaded" to move out of my apartment in Glendale and back to Colette's **(2)** I then invest all my money plus more from Subhash and, with larceny in my heart, buy some shady stocks **(3)** A year later, I loose most of it **(4)** Then proceed to get arrested in Santa Monica. Along similar lines, yesterday at LATTC, to pick up an email security device, from the moment I stepped on the bus until I was able to get the device, there was a non-stop string of problems. Problems reaching a new high when a young man, after loudly telling me to move, calmly walked over, took a laminated(?) sign I'd placed near me and, along with my backpack, kindly moved them to a spot which he apparently felt would be more appropriate (see below).

(10-22-24) Watching the credits of the film *THX1138* roll, the phrase "sound montages" catches my eye. It also nicely describes some of the atmosphere around me. For instance, today both Mrs 'Bell and the Saint, each inside his own bungalow, were both verbal, loud, and active at the same time. He was operating in his usual interminable shaggy dog mode while she carried on an, at times, vociferous, expletive-laced argument with ... someone? Not an unusual occurrence, I

concede, but still, the effect was striking. With this phrase, I suspect I may only be scratching the surface of what may well be a veritable orchestration. Looks like the old bull (meaning me) still persists in carrying with him his own china shop. I feel this film, for some, a cult classic, made in 1971 by Lucas, is a depiction of lives resembling mine. I remember first seeing it in Germany; it fascinated me. I did not then know that this was a preview of coming attractions. Available for download from Archive.org.

(11-6-24) Considering the volume of Mrs ‘Bell’s “*Kampf muzik*,” I confidently assert that I’m now immunized against charges that my own music’s too loud.

(11-6-24) I had been considering making a small whiteboard out of some glass I have and, being a scavenger (got a nice Oster blender from the trash out back a few months ago). Two or three days ago, I saw Mrs ‘Bell walk behind me and put a new-looking whiteboard by the trash bins. I later went back to measure it and considered taking it. But with Mrs ‘Bell and Saint Bernard both having accused me of theft to the police, I was cautious. Also, once Brother Cantinflas, as I walked by his bungalow I investigating the source of much loud music, through his closed screen door, said: “What are you doing around here?” So, aware she’s a desperate creature and with the situation around here murky, wary of entanglements with tenants, I wisely left the new whiteboard where it was. Luckily for me because, later that day, she began raving and ranting, pacing the walkway, even going out to the sidewalk, using very foul language, swearing I’d spend the night in jail for having walked toward the back, past her open door, because of the loud music and shouts.

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

*Une descente de police ! (A police raid! That is to say, the police were here today)*

(10-25-24) Police came today, called by Mrs ‘Bell who accused me of peering through her windows and possibly stealing wood as well as a ladder. The officers who responded, Arrellano and Balatas, IDs: 41236 and 40831, were nice, even supportive. Classifying the events as an “ongoing neighbor dispute.” An incident number was assigned additionally, they warned me to not speak to them, Mrs ‘Bell and the Saint. Needless to say, I need no encouragement in this and said so. Later adding (to myself): “No problem.” — a phrase I so often hear around here. Though I believe the day went well, it was an interaction which, in the words of Solzhenitsyn, was “mine to lose and not to win.” (Update: 10-27-24) Outside on the front lawn where I spent several hours today, Tyson’s son, the one I’ve named the Tiny Terror™, had an attack of St. Vitus’ dance. Or was he merely tripping the light fantastic to music only this poor soul could hear? Later, joined by Saint Bernard, the two had a conversation not ten feet from me. During an extended *tour d’horizon* mention was made of the following items: (1) Someone stupid (2) A tenant likely forced to move out (3) Speculation on whether to a psych ward (4) Landlord Tiffany Anderson (5) Someone’s activities having been recorded (6) A person being negative and not neighborly (7) Lastly, loud music. However, with the warning of LAPD officer Arrellano still ringing in my ears, yr Friend and Humble Narrator™ remained *durchaus stumm!* Regarding my performance, though, I note some defensiveness, especially when accused of peering into windows, as though anyone would take the likes of Mrs ‘Bell seriously...

#### (15) Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:

(10-29-24) At LATTC today, a brazen attempt at getting me to move my things during a visit to the administration building. I say brazenly, as, till now, thefts and vandalism have happened by dead of night or, at least, when my back is turned. No more! And, when I asked a witness sitting nearby: “Didja see that?” *cette pauvre femme s’est réfugiée dans le mutisme le plus complet.*

(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?):

#### (17) Pics:



Figure 1: On 9-26-24: mail delivered, but the **u**outing (sic, I had written outgoing) not picked up.



Figure 2: An increase in problems with Saint Bernard and Mrs ‘Bell forces me to start documenting their increasingly flagrant acts. Seen here, a can of oats I’d left by the curb was thrown under my window with its contents spilled on the grass.

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

(1) Finished the sauna base, about to build the walls. And, as is my wont, not even having finished this one, I'm starting to build the next generation but one. It will be (a) Bigger, (b) Based on a "sauna for renters" idea with a reusable footprint, (c) Nicer looking, (d) Designed with an eye to sales. (2) My renewed interest in high-intensity interval training (HIIT) has prompted me to scavenge a bike from a nice man who owns bike stores.

(19) Le Batracien Désabusé:

Some possibilities:

1. The "Daylight Nightmare" I've already written about, here I'm politely muzzled by being ignored; being left to live a lie, sort of.
2. The "Gambling Chip" in which my very continued existence/persistence is *itself* the desired goal; and where, my mere presence, pregnant with possibilities, gives continuing leverage to the "Friendlies," tilting the scale in the desired direction.
3. The "Safe Pair of Hands," in which I become a quisling-lite. Here, my main job is to pour oil on troubled waters as my masters require. With my characteristic niceness, a sine qua non of whatever deal was long ago struck between the Establishment and the Bad Guys.
4. Something entirely unexpected, where what I've finally puzzled out amounts to moonshine of an especially pernicious variety, i.e., "intoxication."
5. Being so low on the food chain, as with most struggles involving intelligence services, I never even find out who won. Things seem to continue as they have with me (along with the other full-blooded peasants), none the wiser.
6. The "Mahasamatman" option. I'm slated to be an honest-to-god revealer and destroyer of worlds, period. In which all that is asked of me are such facts as I can reliably relate.

With #6 the least likely, to my mind (call me cautiously pessimistic). After all, I'm the guy who considered calling his book: *Confessions of a Virginia Nigger* (I mean, really). As Caroline Lauer decades ago said (apropos someone else?): "I'm too weird to ride in cars." Memo to self: "We have to be realistic," Pétain!

The fact that I've been able to significantly overcome my type 2 diabetes is proof that: (1) It's not necessarily, as commonly thought, a progressive disease. Yet no one at my hospital, Kaiser Permanente, seems to have taken notice. (2) Since I know next to nothing of medicine, this is an indication that the near-epidemic of diabetes is only partly a medical problem. That these facts may have wider implications is disheartening...

You may have noticed that, having digested Valentine's book *The Hotel Tacloban*, available from the public library, my jeremiads now name the US Government, not the CIA. The author reveals it was a US Army lawyer who, two weeks after his father's liberation from a POW camp, while still in a hospital, recovering from the ill-treatment inflicted by the Japanese, began pressuring him to remain silent about what he had done there.

Aghast at the antics of the Left and other Vietnam street-theater protesters, North Vietnamese officials insistently pressed visitors such as Jane Fonda to tone down their act. Could there be a lesson in this for the likes of me?

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

To the fellas in our Organs of State Security™: Gentlemen, Gentlemen, how many times must I remind you: "*Klotzen, nicht Kleckern!*" (Credit Guderian).

Isolated as I am, I admittedly don't get to see much, but, when I look at the quality of the people "working" for the US Government, I wonder. They're ashamed of what they do for them, I can see it. Then, I ask myself, what sacrifice would I be willing to make? The answer: definitely more than these poor enslaved creatures, for they, of their own free will, would do nothing for you. I, at least, am definitely willing to continue making some small sacrifices.

When a State, in its hideous strength, chooses to not only neglect its citizens' welfare (see the state of things in Flint, Michigan, where succeeding decades have demonstrated the failure of the State in preventing the health of some of that city's residents from sinking to third world levels) but actively undermines their freedom (see my own situation), going so far as to select, study then victimize them. In comparison, I'd say mainland China has done remarkably well by its people. On the whole, though, many states have not. They, too, frequently suffer from bureaucratic *cum* corporate nosey parkerism (see Zuboff, *The Age of Surveillance Capitalism*), or maybe I just have van Creveld's *The Rise and Decline of the State* on the brain.

About Chariton's book, *We the Poisoned*, something here doesn't jibe. Given the parlous state of the area due solely to a decision to switch sources of the city's water, it seems improbable that the Charles Stewart Mott Foundation, identified as the prime mover in this *Aktion*, would at the same time, as suspected (not without evidence) by residents, be gentrifying the city of Flint. Doesn't make sense.

What happened to me over the last fifty years is practically a matter of doctrine with the US Government, one might say. I suspect that, in some circles, this has been an open secret. See the two previously mentioned anecdotes. One about a French uncle, the other involving Caltech professor Humphrey and industrialist Beckman. RHIP, indeed (Rank Hath Its Privileges). I merely wish to widen this "charmed circle" a bit... And, if I'm correct, the problem is not limited to the US, though it does have features peculiar to this country. This naturally leads one to ask whether, as in some South American countries, citizens here belong to one of two distinct categories: the torturables and the non-torturables.

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

Though this fight is worth fighting, I vaguely suspect the "Friendlies" simply don't have the right ammunition.

*Quand l'État agit de cette façon et que ça se sait...*

Should I even be seen talking to any official representatives (except for low-level cops, for we are on the same side and team) of this Schmatta Republic™?

The simple fact is that for the last fifty years, I've lived in a simulation. Period.

Chariton's book on the Flint, Michigan water crisis makes me reflect on the routine bamboozlement and resulting poisoning (lead, among other contaminants) of the people (including children) of that sad town, and on the culpability of responsible officials — including at the Federal level. I'm sorely tempted to make another of my trademark glib statements. "We are all Flintstones (word used to refer to themselves by long-term residents), now." Or mebbe Old Flinstonians, how about Old Estonians <insert demented cackle>? As opposed to Old Etonians? A-and aren't I a Damn Clever Negro? Damn Clever for a Negro, that is™.

I remember reading a scurrilous comment in which a boy is advised by his father to always look at a White man's back to check for a tail. After this week's crescendo of demented performances by the Saint and Mrs 'Bell (both, by the way, mostly quiet as church mice since), with some of the "shows" carried out in front of witnesses, I now feel justified in making another, equally scurrilous but complementary, remark. I advise you, clean-limbed Americans, to always examine the heads of Black people whenever they are seen behaving badly. Look for antennas (like Teletubbies), a-and while I'm at it, never trust a smart Black.  
*Non, mais!*

Thinking of the frenetic, public antics of Mrs 'Bell, I think back to a comment made by my sister Irene about Mrs Renée Chaba: "What did you do to her?"

My dead sister, my parents: so many phantom limbs.

In spite of the hullabaloo, the manipulation, the dishonesty, the noise, strange behavior, and harassment around here, I can still say: *Vorkuta*, this isn't.

So where exactly do the Gentlemen of the Organs of State Security™ stand on the political spectrum? Former customer Eric Rice may have provided a hint. Once explaining that someone has to take charge, otherwise "it's like herding cats." Understandably, as democracy is, like sex when done properly (according to Woody Allen), a messy business. Thus: the Party of the Fastidious™. A-and, accordingly, could their patron saint be *Sainte Nitouche*?

When I hear the Spanish word (of praise, is it?) *cabrón*! My retort shall henceforth be: "*À cabrón, cabrón et demi.*"

My last word in this latest kaleidoscope of nausea, horror, and malarkey I call *Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory* #36:

To the young man, son of a Venice realtor, customer of mine in the nineties, who once exhorted his father: "Tell him, tell him!"

Thankyou!Thankyou!Thankyou!

(signed)

Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) "*Pukka Wanker*" 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.*

P.P.P.S. By way of an "Address to the Nation," (Credit *Fichte*) a word to Americans: If you hope to ever rid yourselves of the Yankster Yoke™: "*Ya Gotta Have 和 (Wa, team harmony)*" (Credit Robert Whiting).