

Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #41 A Kaleidoscope of Nausea, Horror, and Malarkey

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Κύριε, ἐλέησον. (Lord, have mercy.)

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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 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.

This newsletter is in the public domain; anyone is welcome to republish and reuse, including in translation. Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) Hawkins, Los Angeles, West Addams [sic] District, USA, 2026

« M'étant mêlé d'écrire, j'ai été puni de mon impudence ;
Rebelle au modes, j'ai offensé la mentalité de mon époque.
Les calomnies accumulées peuvent bien avoir raison de ma carcasse ;
Tout inutile qu'elle soit, ma voix n'en survivra pas moins dans ces pages. »
Traduction du poème autographe de Lu Xun (1933)

That a (Black or considered such) no-talent like me can even be thought worth bothering with by the US Government suggests an unhealthy, maybe even delusional, state of mind among These Princes Who Govern Us™. And so I say: "Bollocks!"

My family's trajectory, summarized: From formal to informal slavery in three generations.

"Goodness had nothing to do with it." — Mae West

What we have: Opacity at the top, transparency at the bottom. I'd prefer a rebuttable presumption of transparency at the top and a rebuttable presumption of opacity at the bottom. — Greenwald, paraphrased

"... silence is the ultimate consent." — Tim Cook, CEO, Apple, 2017

As I'm nothing if not a reasonable man, ever willing to be helpful, a suggestion for my neighbors: So that, come Ragnarök, y'all gets y'all's stories straight, I encourage you to keep diaries. Helps immensely — Berg "Kampfmuzhik" Hawkins

« Ne cessons pas de relire ['] Ombres chinoises, ['] pour constater qu'au siècle du mensonge, parfois la vérité relève la tête et éclate de rire. » — Jean-François Revel

"¡Cálmate, mulata!" (Words I've taken to heart) — Heard on the street (at the so-called Advance Market)

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.— Bach, modified/Ein feste Burg ist unser Spott./Ein feste Burg ist unser Berg

« Car la vérité, par sa nature même, est laide, sauvage et cruelle ; elle jette le trouble, elle fait peur, et elle tue. » — Simon Leys, *Essais sur la Chine*, p805.

Having gotten mixed up in writing, I've been punished for my impudence;

Unfashionable, I've offended the mentality of my era.

The accumulated calumnies could very well do in my carcass.

Useless as it may be, my voice will nevertheless survive in these pages.

(My own) Translation of the autograph poem of Lu Xun (1933)

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

« Que cet écrivain écrive ailleurs. Enfin! »

"Grazie alla selezione che eseguo, questo spazio è libero dai vari provocatori e malintenzionati."

— Nicolai Lilin, from his YouTube channel

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

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

¡Aguantar con humor!

— Berg "Kampfmuzhik" Hawkins

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

— Williams, 2006, preface

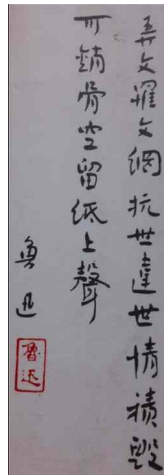
"Your precious notes may get you killed." — Irene Hawkins, 1995, Florence, Italy (personal communication)

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

— Wislawa Szymborska

Le maoïsme exerce, d'ailleurs une fascination toute particulière sur un certain type d'âmes cléricales — celles qui ont des nostalgies totalitaires et qui, regrettant inconsciemment la disparition de l'Inquisition et des zouaves pontificaux, retrouvent dans la Chine maoïste l'incarnation d'un songe moyenâgeux ou la Vérité institutionnalisée dispose d'un nouveau d'un robuste bras séculier pour imposer le dogme, étouffer l'hérésie et extirper l'immoralité. — Simon Leys, *Essais sur la Chine*, p 263.

"Systems are like pancakes, you have to throw away a few before they get any good." — Carver A. Meade



(1) Tales of the ~~Schwartz~~kommando (Credit Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*), where, as so often happens, Life imitates Art:

- In pride of place: Arno X (last name unknown), a fellow Caltech student, yes, Caltech. He who, in a few short years: (a) Beat up a fellow student while at MIT, for which he was expelled. (b) Transferring to Caltech, he assaulted Gesine Lohr, a Dabney House student. (c) Drove student Karen Maples to tears with his behavior. (d) Set his high school friend Willard Brown's room on fire. (e) Offhandedly(?) told me I "Had a bit of the bitch in me." A remark repeated to me, word for word, decades later, by Colette Walczak... (f) Eventually landed in the slammer for armed robbery.
- Not at all in the same category, but here nevertheless (guilt by association?), Lee Browne, Director of Secondary School Relations, who once delved into some of the intricacies of Black English grammar when he explained the difference between the phrases: "That nigger's bad." and "That's a bad nigger." Could he have been alluding to Arno X, thus indirectly warning me?
- Tyson, candidate member of the *Schwartzkommando*, that Corn-fed Golem wiv' the On/Off Switch™ who, though he weighs twice what I do and is nearly half my age, can't seem to bring himself to administering a sound thrashing whenever he endeavors to improve my manners.
- Brother/Sister #2, an individual who, coming from within our apartment complex, pepper sprayed me full in the face before running away.
- Brother #3, associate of Tyson who, from a few feet away, shot me in the forehead and back with what an LAPD officer later said was a Nerf gun.
- With his increasingly aberrant antisocial displays, Tyson's son, a minor I call The Tiny Terror™. He's shot at my bungalow and maybe even me.
- Brother #4, fellow student at an LATTC welding class I took a couple of years ago. Behaved toward me in a slightly shady and covertly aggressive way. Under circumstances unclear to me, he eventually got into a physical altercation with another student with possible legal repercussions involving the welding class teacher, a Ms Thompson.
- Brother #5, a particularly truculent fellow. He, meandering across the sidewalk, recently blocked my path as I made my way to the Robertson branch library on my kick scooter before remonstrating with me at length about my attitude. I said little or nothing throughout.

9. Brother #6, on 4-6-26, at around 9:30 AM, on my way to AFJ's office to pay rent, I was stiff-armed in the shoulder by a teenager walking on the wrong side of the sidewalk, apparently a recent custom among Angelenos. After doing so, he continued on his way without a word, even as I turned around and said my usual ironic "Excuse me."
10. And, to round out the list, myself, *Kampfmuzhik* aka *Český voják*, the *Schwartzkommando manqué* <insert demented cackle>. The attempt failing only due to all the babysitting I've enjoyed, mind. There's little or no personal virtue involved here, folks, rest assured; see Mae West's celebrated *mot* quoted above, below the masthead.

(2) The *Ca'canny* Family™, that double-barreled bunch of State-sponsored Nudniks™, whose M.O. and psychology I call passive-aggressive mischief-making:

Here we have the reverse of the previous list: people and organizations who distinguish themselves not by *Aktion*, but by a singular lack of it — thus the obscure reference. Arrright, arrright, I'll explain. It's a British/Scottish expression meaning to work slowly by working to rules. Phonetically evocative, too...

1. In pride of place: Los Angeles zoning regulation office employee *Anacany* "*Ca'canny*" *Hurtado*, whose persistent lack of response (it took three email requests and eleven months for me to get a cut-and-pasted sheet of regulations on home office exemptions). I'd been cited for running a business out of my bungalow. The regulations, when she finally emailed them, were trivial to comply with. Her first name occasions this bit of fancy on my part.
2. With honorable mention: landlord Tiffany Anderson-*Ca'canny* aka Our Lady of the Perpetual Inspections™.
3. Carlo Diaz-*Ca'canny*, LMFT at the Edelman Mental Health Center for Children.
4. Ms Tayesha Burns-*Ca'canny*, Drug Counselor at the Edelman Mental Health Center for Children.
5. Ms Jennifer X-*Ca'canny*, of the Edelman Mental Health Center for Children.
6. Ms Miriam Dinkins-*Ca'canny*, Jennifer X's supervisor at the Edelman Mental Health Center for Children.
7. LA Housing Dept. Inspector Dory Boyd-*Ca'canny*.
8. LA Housing Inspector Alfredo Balandra-*Ca'canny*.
9. Carla X-*Ca'canny*, LADOT Transit Customer Service Center staff at LANow.
10. Yulissa X-*Ca'canny*, LADOT Transit Customer Service Center staff at LANow.
11. Several individuals of the Washington Blvd branch of the USPS.
12. Most bus drivers of the LA Metro, Santa Monica, Culver, and Montebello bus systems; miscreants too numerous to mention, alas!
13. Specific mention must be made of LAPD Detective Hargrove-*Ca'canny*. Along with practically every LAPD officer I've recently interacted with, with the honorable exception of officers Jimenez and Slaviansky.
14. Emil Hardware's Kim X-*Ca'canny* for, in the teeth of my simple, to the point (I'd previously called about it), and clear request, persistently misunderstanding the type of drill bit I wanted. No arrests were made, I hasten to add.

(2) Tales of Tylenol (my evil twin, Tylenol Hawkins, that is) or The *Kompromat* Korner, for I say:
~~"Money Kompromat is like muck, not good (for Tylenol) except it be spread":~~

Sometimes when hard-pressed by the noise of yapping/barking dogs nearby, I feel like shouting: "Die, infidel dogs!" There, got that off my chest.

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

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

While we lived in Bremerhaven, I don't think I'd yet met Seidenstein, Father came to my room one evening, told me to get fully undressed and to lie down on my bed. He then gave me a massage using, I still remember, a bottle of Jergen's lotion. When mother walked by my open door, she exclaimed: "*Mais, enfin, qu'est que vous* (the formal you, addressing Father) *faites?*" At the time, I was all of fifteen... *Pauvre Papa*. On another occasion, Irene, for some unexplained reason, accompanied me on one of my visits to Robert Seidenstein and his wife. During the visit, he at one point, inexplicably said in a sing-song voice: "Ho-mo-sex-ua-li-ty," drawing out the word. Puzzling. Could some sexual peccadillo be at the bottom of all this?

About Mrs 'Bell, I often hear her screeching as she walks down Cochran, approaching our complex on her daily walks, though she moved out weeks ago. Looking for all the world like a cross between Madam Mim and Bozo the Clown. As she walks by my door, she often screams: "Larry!" At other times: "Come on!" "Come on, baby!" Words ostensibly spoken to her dog; outlandish measures born of desperation. To think some find it sound policy to persuade human beings to make such public displays of themselves.

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

- The Japanese group WORLD ORDER. See especially: *Have a nice day* (*Shibuya ver.*). *Mishima* in his *Sea of Fertility* quartet would have shared the savage satire implicit in the sentiment on display in the video.
- What may be the best-dressed band ever: OTYKEN, pronounced: "*Atookei*." From Siberia, they perform traditional ethnomusic with a modern beat on a mix of instruments, as did the very first World Music group: *Osibisa*.
- Faun, a German band. From their album *Midgard*, listen to these tracks: *Macbeth* and *Odin* and, from the *Best of Faun XV* album, *Tanz mit Mir*.
- *The Daily Mail*, <https://www.dailymail.co.uk/home/index.html>, the world's biggest circulation online newspaper, a suitable match for this lonely old pensioner... Like mom used to say whenever she read *Le Figaro*: "When you're there, you know where you are."
- *Apple in China: the Capture of the World's Greatest Company*, McGee. Lesson the first: Final score: ~~Lions~~ Nation-states: 300, ~~Christians~~ Corporations/Oligarchs: 0. Lesson the second: Talented, well-meaning, idealistic, naive people, some of a religious bent even, may, on occasion, find themselves stuck between two paradises: a worker's and a stockholder's.
- From Curtis Mayfield's album, *Superfly*, *Little Child Runnin' Wild*. I dedicate it to both The Tiny Terror™ aka Son of Tyson™ and, particularly, Los Angeles Mayor Karen "*Baasskap-by-proxy*" Bass. And to the latter, I say: "Ye shall know them by their fruit (The fruit in this case being the former)."

- The YouTube channel <https://www.youtube.com/@HardThrasher/videos>, the presenter calls himself Lord Hardthrasher (using a pic of Lord Salisbury as a stand-in). See his nine-part series on the WWII Burmese theater of operations, beginning with: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Mr0j_Nxni_E. From his videos, I've learned that, despite an interest in WW2 going back over sixty years, I know astonishingly little about it.
- The book: *Essais sur la Chine, Paris: Laffont, 1998* by Simon Leys (real name Pierre Ryckmans) is sufficient justification for me to never have wanted to write. Why bother when such as he dazzle both by content revealed and style?
- And, on a related topic, two songs from the sixties: *Mao Et Moa* by Nino Ferrer. A sendup mercilessly skewering sixties French Maoists, and *Le Restaurant Chinois* by Michel Delpech. With the refrain sung, of course, in sing-song Chinese-accented French: « *Honorable client, bienvenue au restaurant Chinois* » (Those were unenlightened times, you know.). Colette, when she was alive, would laugh whenever I sang this bit.
- A controversial, AI-made, long video: *How Farming MADE Us | The Greatest Mistake Ever? | 20,000 Years Ago*, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=G7NM_LKSijc. According to scientist and historian Jared Diamond, farming was mankind's greatest catastrophe.
- Visit <https://blog.whiteoakpastures.com/blog/do-you-give-a-damn>, the blog of a Georgia-based regenerative rancher by the name of Will Harris, author of *A Bold Return to Giving a Damn*, itself a fine book detailing how he managed to turn a conventional ranch into a profitable showcase for regenerative agriculture. My takeaway: "The food's too cheap!" Harris also accuses us, by our lack of awareness, of condoning livestock cruelty. I add that there are strong parallels with the way we peasants tolerate similar treatment by These Princes who Govern Us™: debt peonage (see Morgan Spurlock's film, available on YouTube, *Holy Chicken*, follow-up to *Supersize Me*), anybody?
- An animation of the neurotransmitter transport mechanism with, at its core, the kinesin motor protein present in all synapses: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ilgdFvit49Y>. With our understanding of the biochemistry of life having reached such sublime, magisterial levels — as evidenced by this *astounding* video — I ask: How come I had to basically look to my own device, without recourse to medical advice or medication, for what turned out to be a comparatively trivial fix for my diabetes? On the strength of this I, founding and only member of *Sorcières sans Frontières*™, will now call myself a Cracker-barrel Diabetologist™. *Et paf!*
- Nicolai Lilin's *Trilogia Siberiana*, consisting of: *Educazione Siberiana* (Indeed!), *Caduta Libera* (Ditto) and *Il Respiro del Buio*. Though Italian is not his first language, the titles are heavy with irony, if my Italian is up to it. I got the Italian-language set because the price was reasonable. The second in the series was recommended by a former paratrooper of my acquaintance, Byron Wright. *Lilin* himself, a figure of somewhat mysterious antecedents, is someone I like; I follow his YouTube channel closely.
- A novel by world-renowned Polish science fiction author and satirist, *Stanisław Lem*, "*Memoirs found in a bathtub*." A hapless bureaucrat, caught in the maws of a mysterious spy agency located in a monstrous edifice buried deep in the Rocky Mountains, keeps a diary which is only unearthed millennia(?) later... I couldn't stop laughing at the sinister, confusing, mysterious antics and internecine warfare of the shop's inmates while, simultaneously, similar antics were playing out around me as, finishing the novel, I sat in the waiting room of Kaiser *Permanente Matanzima*™ (Land of the Upright *Men* Coke Machines)™ urgent care one day. I'm lucky to have known the man who recommended the book, *Janusz Vaclav Hetman*, whose own father was himself a graduate of the *Dora-Mittelbau-Nordhausen* finishing school for obstreperous Poles. These Eastern European types sure do have a solid grasp of life at a fundamental level, wot?
- In the track, *Boggel in 't rad*, *Daniël Lohues* sings the Blues, the East Frisian Blues to be precise (or is it the West Frisian? I always get them confused). Far as I can make out, e's complain' about a bump on 'is pickle, the idjit. Imagine. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PuRZVc-n9Js>.
- Finished a biography of Sir *Laurens van der Post*, a thoroughly dislikeable man, though a popular, prolific author. In my eyes, he's redeemed only by *Nagisa Oshima*'s film treatment of the three novellas gathered in *The Seed and the Sower* (itself probably a tissue of lies). *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence* stars David Bowie, Tom Conti, and the inexplicably great *Takeshi "Beat" Kitano* in the role of the deplorable *Hara Gunso*. It is centered on *van der Post*'s years as a Japanese POW. The ending moved (and continues to move) me to tears. And, as I write these lines, I've become sad as I'm somehow reminded of the fate of a friend, used and used badly by one of my globetrotting fiend sisters, Colette Walczak. *Shikata ga nai?* By the way, I completely missed the homosexual subtext introduced by *Oshima*.
- Berg goes Postol! As in Professor Ted Postol of MIT. Gentle Reader™, you are to watch *anything* by him on YouTube. He dissects the performance and characteristics of missile interceptors and bombs from publicly available pics and videos. With him, YouTube comes into its own.
Peruse with confidence — it's all *Kampfmuzhik*-approved™.

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

To avoid another accusation (by Denise, an employee of yours) that I'm hard to understand, I refer you to Section 2 for your name now being double-barreled.

(9-17-25) The toilet, having become increasingly erratic, even in its malfunction, is now in a state where I can no longer even stop the flow of water into the reservoir by turning the main valve. Also, as I recently broke the bathroom sink and, knowing full well that the best way to have complaints ignored by yr office is to repeatedly bring them to yr attention, thus being in no danger of having you notice the damage, I, secure in the knowledge you won't read this, let alone actually fix anything, say: "*Ich gestehe!*" (Update 12-9-2025) Fixed, fixed by G*d! Fixed by AFJ contractors,

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

(1-3-26) For the second week, the landlord has not responded to my complaint of a possible roof leak. I may have to go to the LAHD again, even though I already have one complaint outstanding. (Update 1-5-26) The landlord has not replied to my second complaint of a leak. Additionally, the front door is increasingly hard to close, and there are visible signs of water damage on the interior walls and ceiling. (Update 1-8-26) *Mirabile dictu!* Someone showed up today politely asking if I had a roof leak.

(1-23-26) Two workmen from AFJ Investments came by today to fix my front door, which, damaged by the recent rains, refuses to close properly. As they worked, I remembered a door I'd scavenged nearby, with a partial glass front. I thought substituting it would let in more light. But when I mentioned it to them as a possible replacement, there was some discussion and phone consultation with a boss. After which one judged it too cold while the other pronounced it too hot, i.e., after the Spanish-speaking worker told me it was too wide, the Black one said it was too tall. As for the roof repairs, another workman, when questioned closely over the phone, remained deliciously vague as to when he'd be here. (Update 2-16-26) Workers replaced my door some days ago and were eventually joined by the roof repair man, who asked for a path (I'm a hoarder, you know) to the trap door in the ceiling of my walk-in closet, a request I complied with within an hour. Since I was not here the whole day, I assume the necessary repairs have been made...

(2-13-26) I wish to report a missing security screen door lock; it has been missing for over a week. One day it was there, the next, not. I have no idea how this happened. Why, I even leave my back door open, labeling it "Workman's Entrance." This is for the convenience of your employees, people such as *José Nava*, who once took it upon himself to enter by that locked door without so much as a by-your-leave. Now for the *pièce de résistance* (literally): my front door is hard to close, lucky for me, as when I do manage to close it even slightly, it's hard to open again. (Update 2-18-26) Overnight, the lock silently reappeared; I don't know if my old key works, though.

(2-18-26) The roof leak is still not fixed. Last night, during the recent rains, I had to leave my front door open to make room for the trashcan I use to catch water before it reaches the carpet. Yesterday, I filed a code violation complaint for habitability problems due to this continuing leak.

(2-23-26) After the recent rains, and in spite of two LAHD complaints (SO316129, SO318226) I have: **(1)** A roof leak. **(2)** Door damage caused by the water leak. **(3)** A notice by AFJ that rent must be paid online. **(4)** A door lock, mysteriously removed and, just as mysteriously, replaced (item not mentioned in my complaint) with no key handed to me. **(5)** The toilet, itself also the subject of some trifling by AFJ miracle workers, is no longer bolted to the floor, causing it to tilt whenever I (have a?) move(ment) <insert demented cackle>.

I now find: **(a)** I've had to file *another* complaint with LAHD (976924) for the continuing leak. **(b)** The door, replaced with much and lengthy fanfare, does not close. **(c)** I've not received a key for the new lock. **(d)** Victor, an AFJ handyman, assured me he's fixed the leaking roof. **(e)** To cap it off, another of AFJ's miracle workers tried to have me sign a paper confirming repairs were made... At least I've not been treated as a friend recently was. She had to move out of the apartment she'd rented for decades and move in with family after problems with both a roommate *and* the landlord. Lest I complain too much, I remind myself of the words of another good friend: "At least you have a roof over your head." I must still have some "pull," wot?

(2-23-26) The call from LAHD's Code Enforcement department, a man who only identified himself as "Joseph," gave me the inspection date for the violation I'd complained about and little else. Even that was a close call, as there was some confusion about my address and the case # itself. He even asked me to summarize results of previous inspections — as though the information were not at his fingertips. This reminds me of LAPD Detective Hargrove-*Ca'canny's* request for help in locating a tenant who'd just assaulted me. Luckily, when my online complaint was not acknowledged, I called to get the case #: 976924. This fellow also refused to commit himself when asked if I'd be within my rights in putting a tarp on the roof until the leak's repaired, referring me instead to another Housing Department employee by the name of Alfredo Balandra. Inspector Balandra, in turn, asked for a case number. I replied without getting a reply to my reply (*et ainsi de suite*). He added that my question was, contrary to Joseph's remark, for the RSO.

Then there's the question of an upcoming inspection; in the past, no good's ever come of interaction with the LAHD, so I do wonder about the outcome. On the bright side, however, as their decisions can be quite arbitrary, I still have my hopes... To think I must speak for the assorted timeservers and jobsworths whose behavior is described here just as I once promised poor Tyson X! Lastly, you may wonder, Gentle Reader™, what's the difference between a timeserver and a jobsworth? In a word: cheek! Damned cheek! i.e., fellow wanted me to sign for work not done, etc., etc., etc.

Ms Anderson-*Ca'canny*, I don't want to give the impression there's any urgency about leaking roofs, missing locks, doors that won't close or any of the rest of it, after all, am I not among friends here?

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

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

While hiring at Xentel, I remember being invited by Reuven Levy, a friend I'd offered a job to, to interview a potential employee at his apartment. Her name was *Odelia Caspi*; I remember her as pretty, she mentioned her IQ; I did not hire.

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

After trying other options to make getting around easier, I've settled on a twenty-dollar kick scooter from Target. Though, as I recently said to some bystanders at an E Line train stop, can there be anything more ridiculous than a 70-year-old on a Razor kick scooter? Sigh.

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

Watersports, **n**: Now, Gentle Reader™, don't you be gettin' nervous; this here's still a family-type publication — and always will be. There is, though, a pressing topic I must broach, however distasteful the task. I'm referring to Mrs. 'Bell's recent public, I say again: public watersport performances. For weeks now, this poor elderly creature, obviously beset by personal problems of the most obvious(?) kind has been watering the hedges, a task usually performed by the manager. And, while doing so, she makes a rhythmic noise with the water streaming from her hose. Sync is sometimes noticed.

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

Ciel-mon-mari! (Heavens, it's my husband!) **Aktionen, phrase:** A long-term pattern in my life, roughly similar to the plot of a short story by Maugham in which a clean-limbed youth is set up by a married woman, with the husband unaware or complaisant if not actually complicit. I buttress my case with, in order of appearance, some sample suspects (this list not to be taken as exhaustive): (1) *Finn Ravndahl*, coworker of *feu* Richard Feynman. (2) Professor Munger secretary's husband. (3) (First unknown) *Sauppé* of Spindler and *Sauppé*. (4) Husband of Kathy Evans, daughter of landlady Lorraine Griffith. (5) Tom Ellsberg's wife, Tully. (6) Husband of Ray Wynn's secretary. (7) Nelia Castro. (8) Kitaw Ejigu's wife. (9) Matt Moran's wife. (10) A Black customer with a girlfriend who worked at Sony in an "important job," according to him. Mind you, for me, this stuff started in the early seventies while in my teens. "Burnt offerings" of sorts? Yeeeech!

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

Basskap, n: Corruption of an Afrikaans word which succinctly describes a mode of governance much frowned on in today's enlightened times. Derived from Los Angeles mayor's last name, a woman of a certain "persuasion," too (nooooo, not Jewish), if I'm not mistaken. Could one call the current "situation" an instance of *basskap-by-proxy*? Goes to show you can't fight City Hall, literally.

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

影武者 (*Kagemusha*, Figurehead), **n:** The title of a Kurosawa film. I'm a *Kagemusha* myself, an individual much visible though otherwise unimportant. I take my cue from this: the job of a *Kagemusha*, properly speaking, is to (in my case, see and, later, report on it and) be seen, nothing more. I don't ever want to be thought, in the words of C.G. Jung: "a pea who had grown too big for its pod." In the film, for a faction engaged in a civil war, a reprieved thief is made to impersonate a leader; one could say it eventually goes to his head. The film evinces a pessimistic view of the workings of society, any society. For me, a telling word because of the show-like atmosphere evidenced throughout both film and my own life.

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

"AK-70," **phrase:** Its roots in the Yiddish slang, *Alter Kaker* (in French: *Vieux Nö?*). The last word of which, without the umlaut, also alludes to a certain *Andries Treuernicht* of yore, i.e., "Doctor No," wink-wink, nudge-nudge. As of this writing, 2025, yr Friend and Humble ~~Narr~~ NarratorTM is seventy years old. Get it? A- and aren't I, once again, showing myself a Damn-clever Negro? (Damn-clever for a Negro, that is)TM.

Ramoneur/Ramoneuse, n: French for chimney sweep. Them as are wont to annoy, tempt, or perplex yr Friend and Humble ~~Narr~~ NarratorTM. A-and, as this is a family-type publication, I'll say no more...

M.O.S. **acronym:** The louder they get, the quieter I become; a-and, as they've become exceedingly loud of late, I choose more and more to operate in M.O.S. (Mit Out Sound) mode (Credit Ellsberg). A move best illustrated by the example of a battle between a criminal race: a sizable band of Mongols (You don't accept the epithet? Look up Baghdad and what they did there beginning in the thirteenth century.), and elements of another criminal race: a small band of *Varangians*. As the Mongols opened the festivities with their war whoops and drums, part and parcel of the usual psychological warfare and provocation meant to soften up opponents, the *Varangians* remained silent and motionless. They continued to do so in spite of repeated provocation, not even falling for the old Mongol trick of "retreat." The battle's actual outcome's irrelevant, thus not to be mentioned. Parallels, anyone?

Orange, n.: A color; suggesting to me the following associations: (1) An idea initially prompted by the kind remark of a neighbor who shall remain unnamed. That day, forgoing an actual weapon, I'd opted to carry my load of incendiaries in a Day-Glo folder. Ever since, "*The Color Orange*" has had a special meaning for me. (2) The phrase "clockwork orange," as in "queer as a clockwork orange," a British expression meaning a person or situation seriously odd – a quality I believe I share with a well-known, free-world country. "*It is an old Cockney slang phrase, implying a queerness or madness so extreme as to subvert nature* – Anthony Burgess." (3) Also the title of a novel by him, made into a movie by Kubrick. (4) The Orange Free State, 'nuff said. (5) A color often worn by Toilers of *Tenochtitlan*TM as they go about their work on construction sites, in the process often driving me nuts with their incessant *Pervitin*-fueled(?) chatter and power tool noises. (6) *Soldier of* (Day-Glo – in my case) *Orange*, title of a film starring Rutger Hauer. (7) Lastly, suggesting the general direction this could take, I add another layer of meaning to the color **Orange**: an orange jumpsuit. While, as they say, all roads lead to Rome, some inevitably lead to *Regina Coeli*, as well. <insert demented cackle> *Bagnard* wear, anyone?

"Bedside trimmings," **phrase:** A long-ago phrase, heard just once, from two young women sitting at the next table, as I chatted with *Kitaw Ejigu* at Cafe Santa Monica, while pointedly ignoring them. Because the phrase was unusual, it stuck with me, though it took me decades to assign any meaning to it.

Naseschleimentladungsgesichtiger Gör, phrase: (ersatz) German for snot-faced brat. My continually dripping nose prompts this self-diagnosis, or should it be epithet? Sometimes a German word can be a meal in itself, innit?

(9) The Eccentric ShaftTM: Dubious Interactions with my Fellow Crazies. A-and me a Paranoid Schizophrenic, Too (Credit: Irene Hawkins, personal comm.):

There's method to this madness, I daresay. « *On fend le bois avec un coin en bois.* » (One splits wood with a wedge of wood.)

True in two ways: (1) Mrs. 'Bell's mentally ill, or acts it. I'm mentally ill. (2) She's Black, I'm considered Black (a-and am, for all I know)

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

(9-13-25) Since this AM, Mrs Bell's been engaged in a rambling, hours-long, loud, profanity-laced monologue. Right now her music, the usual "thump and hum", punctuated by screams, is deafeningly loud. Her door, as earlier, is wide open. There's a witness: a worker busy making desultory repairs, the man who

earlier this AM called her “mama” as I emerged from my bungalow for my walk. Only people sufficiently cowed could take this circus at face value. I’m unable to get a copy of the document listing repairs to be made, unable to get timely notices of a forthcoming inspection.

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

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

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

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

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

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

(10) La Rubrique des Gueules Cassées:

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

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

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

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

(Update 2-23-26) Yesterday, in the checkout line at Sprouts, the customer behind me, after a lengthy interaction with an employee, as I was packing away my apples, began talking to the checkout clerk about his method of payment. Repeating himself twice, he said: “I don’t want the pen,” or was the word he used “pin?” Later, aboard the Metro Rail, a young man near me spoke into his phone *uninterruptedly* the whole time I was present. Oddly, though I stood very near him, I could not make out even the gist of his conversation. This weekend, I also had difficulty being heard by someone I’d approached to get directions in West Covina. So many, it seems, either have speech problems and impediments and/or I’m going deaf.

A bad night, two nights ago, caused me to fall back on an expedient. As I tried to sleep, I began thinking to myself: “Lie back and imagine... *Mamayev Kurgan*” or, equally suitably, view my “*En tant que Russes*” pic series. Both of which exemplify *that* Russian front, giving we “Happy Few” a perspective on our pains.

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

Looking over a Kaiser medical document handed me on my discharge from the emergency room, I find to my surprise that I’m a victim of elder abuse. I don’t recall ever having complained of this, nor was I ever told this diagnosis had been placed in my file. Furthermore, are not Kaiser ~~Permanente~~ *Matanzima* (Land of the Upright ~~Men~~ Coke Machines™) personnel required to report such things to the police? (Update 4-3-26) I see a word has been added to this notice: “reported.”

Two visits to the emergency room, a call to 911 for transportation, and a request for a urinal all resulted in bills. Bills which, being somewhat *démuni*, I was unable to pay on my discharge. Calling Kaiser billing a day later, I was told there was no trace of any bill in the system; further messages left resulted in no return calls. And the reply to an email to the Los Angeles Fire Department, in which I asked what amount I owed, was even less specific; I’m still unable to decipher their jargon-laden reply. Days later, a bill did come: \$140 for one of the two visits, which leaves me wondering if and when the other (three) shoe(s) will drop. (Update 2/7/26) A bill from the City for Fire Department services did come.

Some mysteries: **(1)** Years ago, I noticed bruises in the crook of my elbows, symptoms which were passed over in silence by my MD, *Frau Doktor* Hooks. **(2)** Then there was a spine ailment, something called stenosis, a narrowing of the spine, severe enough to lead to neurological symptoms, some of which, years later, have not improved. The condition went unnamed by *any* Kaiser personnel except one; and that cursorily. **(3)** My cortisol level was once elevated, a symptom also passed over in silence, aside from the remark that, “yes, it is elevated,” by the *Frau Doktor*. **(4)** In the past, the Red Cross and my hospital have both reported dodgy (low) blood cell counts on more than one occasion. **(5)** A couple of years later, though, I had a seemingly miraculous recovery from **(4)** when blood work done after emergency room visits late last year was pronounced: “stellar.” Again, no explanation for the recovery was provided. Could there

conceivably be a connection between (1) and (4)? *Mystère et boule de gomme*. Considering the above five points, a fair-minded person will easily forgive me the ridicule I, at times, heap on Kaiser ~~Permanente~~ Matanzima (Land of the Upright ~~Men~~ Coke Machines™).

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

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

Some say I possess (am possessed by?) an unusual amount of willpower. Bollocks! Just try leaving me alone in a room with a Honeycrisp apple.

I've begun experiencing waves of excruciating pain, unusually sharp and painful, clusters of individual electric shocks lasting up to a minute. They occur almost exclusively on the fleshy underside of my left big toe. With some clusters repeated for hours, at other times I feel a single pang which is not repeated.

(2-24-26) My left ankle, even though I'm now taking more or less regular walks and going on occasional long-distance errands, has not returned to its previous state. I think there's been a permanent, slight degradation since last fall when I stubbed my foot and had to go to the emergency room for a sprained ankle.

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

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

I'm a *Kagemusha* (see Kurosawa's film of the same name), a man much visible though otherwise unimportant. Not allowed to make my own way in life, guided, manipulated and, above all, protected both from the "bad guys" and some of my own deplorable instincts. Since before I arrived here over fifty years ago, no innocent friendships, girlfriends, marriage, family or career; I was fated to remain *Sonderling*. Though, I'll admit, this did give me a chance to avoid becoming another Ted Bundy (can't complain about *that*). Thinking about it, *mebbe*, in a sort of *déformation professionnelle*, I should now address Tyson as: « *cher collègue* ? ». Needless to say, I was never consulted about any of it. For me, life was to be a staged show, managed from behind the scenes. A show which, more and more, seems to have been an open secret wherever life took me; this beginning in Europe.

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

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

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

(9-13-25)

1. Since this AM, Mrs Bell's been engaged in a rambling, hours-long, loud, profane monologue. Now her music, the usual "thump and hum", punctuated by her screams, is deafeningly loud. Also, her door, as earlier, is wide open.
2. Mrs. 'Bell and the worker. As I emerged for my morning walk, he said to her: "Good morning, mama."
3. Back from my walk, after a shower, coffee in hand, I sit on the porch.
4. AFJ worker addresses me as "papa." I reply: "I don't like 'papa' so much, could you call me '*cabròn*' instead?" It's a word I'm more used to. He looked uneasy. Mrs 'Bell was hovering nearby.
5. He takes a step toward me and says: "I'll have to paint your porch."
6. He started in again: "Papa, I need to." I remind him that I do not like the word "papa," preferring "*cabròn*," as I'm more used to the epithet, and would he mind using it?
7. He, pointing at the screen door and some torn fliers that I'd hot-glued to the screen door, kept repeating: "... paint...", "... trash ...", "... black." I, after telling him to go ahead with his work, hurriedly left for the library to pick up some prints.
8. (Update added 10-11-25) Judging from the loudness, oddness, intensity, and rapid rate of speech of all workers involved in repairs around here last month, the possibility exists this was a *Pervitin*-fueled *Aktion* by these **goys** [*sic*, thought I'd written guys]. Guys, that stuff's not good for you. Really.

(Written on 10-12-25) As I sat nearby, an older workman began moving my panels from the curb without permission. I objected, asking what he was doing (he did not reply). I said: "Call the police, landlord, or manager. This is City property and I can put my stuff here as much as anyone." I actually had to pull the solar panel from his hands as he would not answer when asked. My last words were: "As long as we understand each other." He finally left.

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

(2-26-26) Today, I made another visit to Flo Selfman, a long-time customer, for computer repairs: (1) Both (I went there twice in a few days) seemed make-work as the main PC problems were fixed trivially. (2) In a parting "shot," pics of her DWP electric bill and one of myself I'd asked her to email came with the subject line: "Electric bill and booger." (3) She seemed wary and/or uneasy throughout. All in all, a curious set of interactions.

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

(9-30-25) More than once, I've found pens left outside on a tray, missing anywhere from minutes to days. Also missing: my floppy sun hat; I also cannot find my windbreaker. (2-9-26) On getting up this AM, I found a fragile measuring gauge, my digital calipers, out of its case, a place I've always been careful to stow it, its coin battery and cover were both either missing or moved.

(4-10-26) Cannot find the dinner tray I sometimes use.

(13) Sassenach™ and His Yankee Demyankee Tricks:

The "walkers" operate in one of two ways: (1) "Stealth" mode, i.e., Tyson sneaking up to hit me upside the head (2) "Foot dragger" mode, i.e., Mrs 'Bell putting on a show merely with her slow and noisy footwork; here the object is not merely locomotion; this is "walking with effect." I see it elsewhere as well.

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

(8-27-25) A City inspection took place this morning. Thanks to City Sr. Inspector Webster, who with an assist from Inspector Hernandez, saved my bacon by telling me on August 5 that an inspection, decided on April 29, was scheduled for August 27. Giving me time to prepare a demo of my 600W solar stand on City property (at the curb) as well as tidy up, donate or remove some of the junk in my *dépotoir/capharnaüm* (I'm both scavenger and hoarder, you know). This mysterious inspection had been scheduled months ago, though I got no notice.

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

(10-11-25) As several workers busied themselves with the two recently vacated bungalows, one of them drove over the coffee cup I had on the ground.

In another small altercation, a man tried to take a chair I'd left by the curb. I took videos as he threatened me, before calling police. No arrest was made.

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

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

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

(15) Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:

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

(8-27-25)

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

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

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

(3-22-26) When Tyson the Corn-fed Golem™ casually steals (Police report #C269010774 filed online) a spring clip I was using to assemble a sun shield. Later, strolling by, equally casually, he flipped it over onto the grass from the hedge it was on as I stood nearby. When Mrs 'Bell shouts at me, "You'll pay for that, you

dumb ass!” as I wearily cart home my new color laser printer. When two AFJ Investments workmen try to have me sign a paper attesting to work having been done when it manifestly has not (roof still leaks); I conclude I must still be viable...

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

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

Whenever I hear Tyson, the Corn-fed Golem wiv’ the On/Off Switch™ use the word *cabròn*, I’m understandably outraged. This is cultural appropriation most foul, a thing not to be countenanced in these enlightened times. That’s all folks; jes’ wanted to get it off my chest. Also, I’ve stumbled across the perfect motto for the Tyson family: “*Ich diene*” (I serve). Now for a suitable coat of arms.

(17) Pics:



Figure 3: The credit card-sized flier I sometimes (never at random) hand people. Shown here unfolded.



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



Figure 6: Another precision strike, pic dated 12-2-25. You'll note the item "laid" on an ethernet cable I'll use as I watch over solar panels temporarily placed in back of my bungalow to soak up sunlight for my daily electricity needs.



Figure 2: Prop for a possible sight gag. An Oh-So-Subtle™ reminder to certain parties of just who they're dealing with here: Český vojak! Stay tuned.



Figure 1: Torn pieces of fliers I glued to my screen door after finding them strewn about my steps. I'd distributed several on car windshields that day. There are no suspects at this time...



Figure 5: The same as Figure 4, now memorialized for posterity, for not only must injustice be done, it must also, at least for my purposes, be seen to have been done. Though, on reflection, I mebbe should have used the Afrikaans phrase "Stap in, maak kak, stap uit," instead of this German-language comment on Sassenach's MO (irony unintended).



Figure 7: Zersetzung made patent! This lock was removed without my being told, pic taken on 12-16-25. (Update 2/26) Two AFJ workers replaced it but did not tell me or give me a copy of the key.



Figure 8: What I call "guerrilla solar." "Guerrilla" because I'm beset from above (see previously-related attempts at learning about California solar regulations applicable to renters), and beset from below (see my previous accounts of exactions by Tyson and Son™).

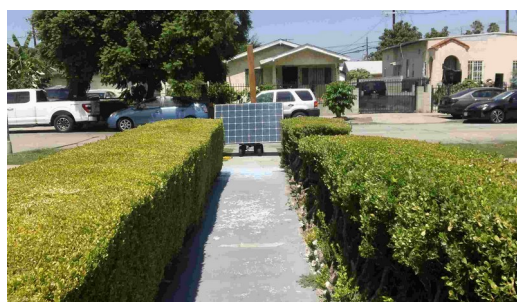


Figure 9: I'm now putting my setup on wheels, hoping to stay one step ahead of both the law, a-and the divine retribution of Tyson and Company™. The cart will allow me to not only attempt a quick getaway, should this prove necessary, but, additionally, to track the sun to improve solar energy collection.

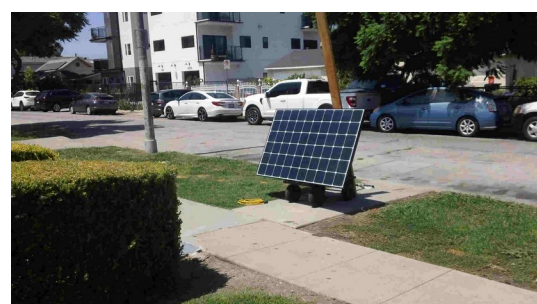


Figure 10: Three stacked milk crates hold LiFePO4 batteries in the bottom, electronics in the middle, and cables, etc. in the top crate. The vertical 8-foot 2x6 will hold 350 Li-Ion cells. A cable, laid across the sidewalk, protected by a non-trip cover, can, optionally, go into my bungalow to power the fridge and freezer.

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

I've joined Bill McKibben's solar power activism group, "Third Act," hoping, by indirect means, to learn about regulations on a California program known as "Solar for Renters" while ostensibly working to streamline the solar permitting process in California. (Update 2-10-26) Began watching a group meeting via Zoom, I was able to catch the first few minutes before a persistent malfunction began interfering with reception, and internet speed finally slowed to a crawl, making further attempts useless. I called Spectrum, my internet provider, for diagnostics and was able to have a technician out the next day after it was decided someone should have a look. The tech replaced my cable modem and gave me a new internet cable and, as I have a direct connection from modem to laptop, the setup was simple. The next day I called Spectrum again to request that a copy of his findings be emailed. Neither the technician nor the customer representative who emailed a two-line report spoke of *any* problems found.

(10-4-25) It is with some pride that I announce the successful introduction of what I call my "Four-flusher System." Allow me to explain. Hoping to minimize my water use, I now recycle shower and clothes-washing water. With the addition of my bathroom sink connectors (as soon as I figure out how it works), I'll have a complete bathroom gray water recycling system. The nomenclature is derived from the fact that I get up to four flushes a day. OK? (Update 2-13-26) The repairs to my damaged gray water toilet sink are done, I found additional damages in the form of pinholes scattered around the admittedly fragile (it's only a temporary solution until I make a more durable one) sink. With those holes patched, I've reassembled it.

See pics in Figure 8, 9, and 10 for a mobile solution to the "solar question." I call it "guerrilla solar." Mounted on a garden cart, I will transport an entire solar system from inside my bungalow to the lawn in front or on City property, between the sidewalk and the curb. I will do so every morning, assuming I'm not out on errands, reversing the process in the afternoon. Additionally, I'll be sitting nearby throughout the day.

(19) Les Lamentations d'un Batracien Désabusé:

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

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

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

To summarize my own feelings about what I perceive to be my status, I end by quoting the following from the great Sinologist, *Pierre Rickmans*, writing about the Red Guards during the Cultural Revolution: « *Dépourvu de passé révolutionnaire, et de qualifications politiques, privé de tout appui tant dans l'appareil du parti que dans les rangs de l'armée, défiant à mains nues toutes les autorités et tous les pouvoirs constitués, comment auraient-ils jamais pu ambitionner de jouer cavaliers seuls : leur unique force venait précisément de ce qu'ils exprimaient directement le dessein politique de Mao et agissaient sur l'ordre et avec la caution personnelle de celui-ci.* » (*Essais sur la Chine*, p. 118, Leys).

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

Considering:

1. The lies and empty threats of landlord AFJ Investments.
2. My difficulty in finding out about: **(a)** Solar regulations for renters **(b)** Home office exemptions **(c)** The legality of temporarily placing a solar panel on a bike at the curb.
3. The City/County/State lack of response to repeated requests for written, official guidance on regulations.
4. The lack of timely (if at all issued) notices of inspections and resulting findings by City inspectors.
5. The City/County/State's likely measures should I fail to comply.
6. The selective enforcement of regulations which, when I point them out, are (sometimes) acknowledged by City officials.
7. The curious responses of LAPD to my criminal complaints (some complaints moderately serious, involving physical attacks).
8. The rude responses and even unwillingness of County officials to so much as listen to complaints about a misbehaving neighbor.
9. The repeated (some nonsensical) complaints to LAPD by a tenant in this complex, someone who goes out of her way to behave oddly.
10. Lastly, the "passing the buck" pattern of behavior of City/County and landlord AFJ Investments.

From the "Above": US Government, lawfare systematically practiced against me. From the "Below": Fellow tenants, among others, hoping to make me move, have made my life uncomfortable since I moved in. In the latter, there is more than a rough parallel with how Japanese real estate concerns "persuade" someone,

whose property they covet, to leave. As was to be the case with me, the victim is harassed and intimidated until, *de guerre lasse*, they leave. Yakuza are often used for this.

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

Isolated, mildly eccentric, mentally ill, for fifty years subjected to occult influences; a-and you want to hear my opinions? Aside from which I’m only a technical coolie a-and a mediocre one at that and, concerning what I write, too often incomprehensible, deliberately(?) illiterate, even.

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

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

What is one to make of the seeming inability of the LAPD to come to grips with the minor crimes of simpletons and juvenile delinquents in my apartment complex? i.e., Detective Hargrove-*Ca’canny* asking for my help in locating a tenant who lives here. A-and, fool that I am, I actually complied with his request. Gaslit by the LAPD, poor things.

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

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

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

Often noticing the Tiny Terror™, neighbor Tyson X’s teenage son, as he slowly (coincidentally?) ambles by, a curious expression on his face, I say to myself: “Whither wanderest thou, Ô unhappy spirit?” Up around 6 AM, partly on account of peculiar dog barks, I see neighbor Tyson slowly, silently walk by, just as I take the trash out.

I close this mausoleum with a joke, of sorts. « *Il en va des maoïstes comme de ces cannibales, dont Vialatte disait qu’ils avaient disparu de la Papouasie depuis que les autorités locales en avaient mangé les derniers...* » *Leys*, op. cit.

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

To the two doctors at the Kaiser ~~Permanente~~ *Matanzima* (Land of the Upright ~~Men~~ *Coke Machines*)™ emergency room, Barrett (who, coincidentally, once examined Colette during her last year) and Lam, who, on October 26 through 28, 2025, gave me, in toto, three thumbs up, lifting my spirits with their diagnoses and, not least, their kindness; I say: “*Hoch, hoch, hoch der Kaiser!*”

Thankyou!Thankyou!Thankyou!

A valediction:

Hoping I remain yr Fair-haired Boy™, I am, Sir/Madam, yr Friendly Neighborhood Paranoid Schizophrenic™ (Better madman than made man, wot?™). The only things I can say in my defense regarding the above <weasel word warning> inappropriate </weasel word warning> statement: **1)** It is sincere, which confession likely aggravates my case. **2)** The keyword, part of the title of my book, *Schizophrenia Weaponized* (free download available), is central to what I hope will eventually become a scandal. **3)** It has the additional merit of being true (Credit Richard Nixon).

(signed)

Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) “*Simplizissimus der Kampfmuzhik*™” Hawkins

P.S. To my beloved sisters, Irene (upon whose enemies, confusion) and Colette Walczak (dead of cancer in 2018) and two other unfortunates as well, Mari Berg and *Elmira Izmailova*: May our wordless tears, yours and mine, eventually prove invincible.