

Oh Bos(c)h!

In which your “Friend and Humble Narrator™” uses the biggest French word he knows

Started: 11/05/21 Edited: 11/06/21 11/07/21 11/08/21 11/12/21 11/13/21 11/16/21 11/18/21 11/20/21 11/23/21 11/25/21 11/28/21

bosh, noun, \ 'bāsh \: foolish talk or activity: nonsense — often used interjectionally.

— from Merriam-Webster

Bosch, proper noun, \ (bösh, bōsh, bōs) \: Hieronymus 1450?-1516. Dutch painter whose largely religious works are characterized by grotesque, fantastic creatures mingling with human figures.

— from American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language

I approach the subjects of this email with quite mixed feelings, as reflected in the title and above definitions. An ongoing dark tragedy, though not without elements of slapstick.

A short but accurate summary of a Skype conversation with my sister Irene on Friday, November 5:

1. She calls me delusional
2. Says that in the emails I send out, I am “raving and ranting,” her words
3. She feels I need to be on medication for 2-3 years
4. Says I have other interests and should pursue them instead of this book
5. Says it was a “big mistake” to hand out copies of the book to my neighbors but does not elaborate. (Is she proposing that I sweep all of it, the bizarre events of the last decades, including the fact that my fingerprints are on several guns, under the carpet. Then to go “and sin no more”)? My (simplistic?) idea, and it has been something of a fixation with me for decades, can be summed up in the words: “the more, the merrier,” i.e., the more people know about this funny business, the better for (most of) us. I’m comfortable with this stance.
6. Claims people try to give me helpful advice, advice I don’t follow
7. Said I’m not in good mental health
8. Touched on the insult I wrote about in a previous email, an insult scribbled on a copy of the book placed on my doorstep a few nights ago. She mentioned this act specifically, maybe to buttress the “case” she was attempting to make, without commenting on the wrongness of it
9. She hinted that, should I persist in this endeavor, there may be no more money forthcoming. Let me mention that Irene has over the last year, become an important source of money for me
10. Said I need an appointment *immediately* with both my psychiatrist and therapist
11. Said I am often agitated when we talk on Skype
12. Said I make bad decisions: 1) Spend money on my book 2) Mismanage my money
13. She objects strongly to phrases I use in the book. Specifically mentioning the following phrases on the back cover: 1) “I’m mentally ill” 2) “I was meant to kill” 3) “I want a scandal”
14. In her opinion, my book is “mostly delusional” (an actual, verbatim quote)
15. She began repeating herself, became increasingly agitated and loud, would not let me speak. Near the end of the conversation we were both shouting

Et, ce faisant, elle me racroche au nez. Saperlipopette! (And, in doing so, she hangs up as we speak. Goodness me!). A point I will concede though, is her comment about my occasional agitation. I know. Thank you, Irene.

This is the very same person who, as I’ve previously related, once attempted to have me embezzle moneys from our father. Just so you, Gentle Reader™, are under no illusion as to the nature and methods of some of the elites we are saddled with, I will violate a confidence. Irene once hinted at her “original sin.” There may be a term of art for this: a “Back,” perhaps, a minor sin which, in this case, led to quite a precipitous slide. “Plastic,” she whispered to me in a rare moment of candor during my first visit to Italy.

Keep in mind she, during previous decades, has repeatedly sent me badly needed money I could not have survived without. Let me also thank her for the timely gift of a new suit of clothes in a package I received earlier this year as I

was preparing in earnest the advanced reader copies (ARC) of my autobiography, *Schizophrenia Weaponized*. And, in an email I received around that time, Irene used the word “Goodwill.” Even one such as I, “*Tio Tonto*” (Uncle Doofus), as I sometimes style myself, can read between the lines. Quite a mixed bag, my sister, Eh? With the same judgment applying to my other sibling, Colette Walczak, needless to say.

If what I have just related is a sample of what was eventually achieved with the (initial) “chickenfeed” they had on Irene, that poor creature; what miracles could these “Gentlemen of the *Securitate*TM” not have worked with me, had this operation turned out as planned? With an interest in underage girls and child pornography, income tax evasion and desultory bits of stock fraud thrown in for good measure, I would have been good to go (so to speak), Eh?

I merely note.

Regarding a minor incident last week at Kaiser Permanente Hospital on Cadillac Avenue in West Los Angeles, I sent in a complaint Friday and received the following preliminary reply:

subject:Re: Medicare Grievance (KMM112366271V42142L0KM)

From:Grievance

Received:11/05/2021
To Lawson Hawkins (Viewed)
Case ID: 53202104
Message body:Hello Lawson,

Thank you for your concern regarding your visit to the West Los Angeles Radiology Department. At Kaiser Permanente, member satisfaction is one of our highest priorities. In order to ensure that your concern is properly addressed, we will be forwarding it to a case manager for review, investigation and response. Please know that it is our mission to consistently provide considerate and compassionate care that is of the highest quality. We are continuously exploring ways to improve the services we provide to our members and thank you for taking the time to communicate your experience with us. If you have any additional questions you may email or call Member Services at 1-800-443-0815 open 24 hours per day, 7 days per week, excluding holidays.

Thanks again for using our online services.

Sincerely,
Ginger R
Customer Service Representative
Kaiser Permanente Member Service Contact Center
Phone: 1-800-464-4000

First Name: LAWSON
Middle Initial: B
Last Name: HAWKINS
Person Filing Address: [Redacted]
Person Filing City: LOS ANGELES
Person Filing State: CA
Person Filing Zip Code: [Redacted]
Person Filing Daytime Phone: 000-000-0000
Person Filing Alternate Phone: {Redacted}
Email Address: [Redacted]
Best time to call: 9 a.m. to noon
Region: SCA
Person Filing Kaiser Member: Yes
Person Filing Region of Membership: SCA
MRN-HRN: {Redacted}
Relationship: Self
Department/location and medical facility where issue occurred [sic]: Kaiser Permanente on Cadillac in West Los Angeles, MRI department, the trailer
Date issue occurred [sic]: 11/01/2021

Please describe the nature of the issue:

I had just finished 2 MRIs for which I had an appointment at 8:30AM, Monday, Nov. 1, and was dressing, facing away from the person in question, when he abruptly, without saying a word, reached for the cord attached to the earplugs I was wearing and pulled on it, jerking both earplugs out of my ears. I was startled, briefly looked at him, said nothing and continued dressing. This took me by surprise as there had been no altercation or indication of anything wrong previously. I find his behavior to be more than inconsiderate. I find it to be objectionable. Indeed, I find his action strange. Perhaps he could be reminded that this sort of thing is not to be done. There was another person present, a woman handling the MRI procedures. She is in no way part of my complaint but may have witnessed the incident.

Descriptions -

He: A Black man, middle aged

She: A white woman, also middle aged, with a Slavic accent I am making this complaint today, Friday, Nov. 5.

There is no hurry in this. I want a paper trail for this unusual incident.

Thanks,
Bergendahl/Bergie

Please explain how you have tried to resolve this issue:

Did not mention it to the person in question either at the time or later. Wishing to avoid any confrontation and surprised as I was. Am only making a complaint today after thinking over the incident.

What would you consider a proper solution to your issue:

I leave this entirely up to your management.

Signature: LAWSON B HAWKINS
Signature Date: November 5, 2021
Date Submitted: 11/05/2021
Time Submitted: 11:59:06 AM PDT

End of Member Submission

The above reproduced verbatim except for some reformatting.

This is not the first instance of unwarranted, not to say *outlandish*, behavior I have experienced at Kaiser over the last decade. A short sample of events:

1. A male Asian pharmacist, name unknown. Several years ago, when I would visit the pharmacy, he would often greet me wordlessly from behind the counter with a military salute. I never responded but eventually chose to make a written complaint about this and other events to Kaiser management. There was no response.
2. A doctor. Several years ago, during visits with my doctor, Sarah Elizabeth Hooks, there were times when she would, in a low voice, make suggestions regarding my stance toward Colette Walczak, also suggesting other actions I should take in general. I have covered this, mentioning her by name, in my book.
3. A doctor. In an episode I can still scarcely believe happened, I was, without my knowledge, drugged before an appointment at the same Kaiser hospital. Ericka Marie Gair, the per diem optometrist [sic] who saw me about a throat complaint, made several suggestive and sinister comments during that visit. The entire incident, mentioning her name, is thoroughly covered in my book.

I merely note.

This week, I'm at the checkout counter in the nearby Superior Market when, fumbling, I drop the cane I was using. The Mexican (?) guy behind me immediately says, apropos nothing, "*¡Si!*" And, as the cashier hands me my change I notice she has put the receipt on top. As I struggle to separate the bills underneath from the receipt, loose change sandwiched between the two tumbles to the floor. I am forced to kneel once again, scrambling to pickup my coins. A physically awkward moments for me as, encumbered by the cane, I also have a slight problem with dexterity.

"Brides of *Sassenach*." Another name for the poor unfortunates I run into often enough, creatures who seem to have made their peace with these "Gentlemen of the *Securitate*TM." I refer to them, there have been several lately, as "Miss

Poon,” “Miss Tang,” “*Fräulein Verboten*” a-and dread “*Fräulein Streng-Verboten.*” What is one to make of it when one of them says, as she walks by: “You’ve got a big one”? An exact quote. Her name, you ask? “Deponent sayeth not.” What should this suggest to me? What should this suggest about her predicament (she’s a very decent, likeable person, by the way)? What should this suggest about the prevalent socio-cultural-political atmosphere of this place (maybe not a country; a Granfalloon, perhaps)? Along with several encounters related in previous emails there are two other such creatures who appear in my book: Caroline Taicher and “Swiss Miss,” real name unknown. Like I said, I’m not fooling myself about the seductive potential of my brown eyes, Eh? Balding, eccentric, mentally ill, overweight, partly crippled, flatulent old man that I am. State-sponsored prostitution, anyone?

Just thought up another nickname for the Master(s) of that poor creature I called “A Fiend” in my previous email: *Marking my Linen*. And that word is *Scheißminister* (sorry, no translation here). Calling him/her “the Villain of the Piece” was clearly overdoing it, I see it now. That honor, too, belongs elsewhere, along with the nickname. The whole episode amounting to yet another striking “telegenic error.”

Just after *umm Toubib* (our mother) died at 94, Irene sent me a picture of her caretaker, the North African woman present when *maman* fell out of bed, Irene then being on a visit to Holland. *Maman* was to die of the resulting head injuries a few weeks later. With this gesture, Irene implicitly appointed me “keeper of the flame.”

A belated thought (years late) about Maureen Cyr, my social worker at the Edelman Mental Health Center in West Los Angeles. Over a decade ago, long before my “Epiphany,” I had been talking to her freely about the sinister goings-on in my life without being able to make much sense of it. I remember her once asking: “are you afraid/frightened?” I see now she may have been trying to help. I also see this as evidence of wheels within wheels which leads me to ask who else over there knew. My immediate answer to Maureen, an answer which has stood the test of time: “I’m not sophisticated enough to know.” And what of my sister’s insistence on meeting her during a visit to this place around that time? It was during that encounter that I heard something which, even then, surprised me. In the visit, Irene asked Maureen for suggestions on how I could bypass the restriction on my income (an illegal act which she properly refused to reply to). At the time, I did not know what to make of this. With the passage of time, the following sequence suggests itself:

1. During a routine (for me) conversation, Maureen probes to see whether I am frightened by the strange events I have been relating. My answers possibly providing a certain mitigating context should I ever “act out.”
2. Irene, on a visit here, surprisingly asks to accompany me to my next meeting with Maureen.
3. During the meeting, she attempts to get Maureen to commit an illegal act, namely advising us on how to circumvent Social Security rules. Or could this have been a subtle reminder to Maureen of a past indiscretion?
4. It was also during then, I think, that Irene gave me a debit card to use surreptitiously, we even tested it.
5. Sometime after these events, I am not sure exactly when, Maureen leaves the employ of the Edelman Mental Health Center. I never see her again.

Reinterpretation of past events in light of current knowledge is sometimes known as “walking the cat backward.” Question is, what bearing, if any, do the above paragraphs have on my one remaining sister’s moral and mental states? And further, should I seriously consider the possibility that my feelings for this hapless criminal, possibly mentally ill to boot; I am referring here to my *Beloved* (that was the first word in the first email, now missing, she ever sent me), constitute my single greatest vulnerability (as was also the case with poor Colette Walczak) at this point? Regardless, I will endeavor to keep alive the memory of Colette and succor Irene, in whatever ways I can. So long as in so doing, my own standing in this monstrous, sinister and demented farce is not jeopardized. I’m worried sick about her.

You’ve no doubt heard the saying: “Shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations.” Well, my family’s trajectory is somewhat analogous. Keep in mind my grandfather, Booker Hawkins, was born a slave and that Irene seems to be in a scarcely better position today. So I say: “From slavery to slavery in three generations.”

And now Irene (I really don’t know what to make of you anymore. Though I do understand it’s “complicated,” as you recently said). Let me say one more word on the subject of our heated conversation of a few days ago; my very last on this particular subject. *Maman*. Tom. Colette. Period.

Regarding the above paragraphs, another aside to you, Irene:

« *Quelque critiques que puissent être la situation et les circonstances où vous vous trouvez, ne désespérez de rien ; c'est dans les occasions où tout est à craindre, qu'il ne faut rien craindre ; c'est lorsqu'on est environné de tous les dangers, qu'il n'en faut redouter aucun ; c'est lorsqu'on est sans aucune ressource, qu'il faut compter sur toutes ; c'est lorsqu'on est surpris, qu'il faut surprendre l'ennemi lui-même.* »

— Sun Tse (*L'Art de la guerre*) (From Guy Debord's *Comments on the Society of the Spectacle*)

“However critical the situation and circumstances in which you find yourself, despair of nothing; it is on the occasions in which everything is to be feared that it is necessary to fear nothing; it is when one is surrounded by all the dangers that it is not necessary to dread any; it is when one is without resources that it is necessary to count on all of them; it is when one is surprised that it is necessary to surprise the enemy himself.”

— Sun Tzu, *The Art of War*) (From Guy Debord's *Comments on the Society of the Spectacle*)

Regarding today's shopping excursion on November 15, 2021. I can report the following. Heading home after an afternoon's shopping, a seemingly angry bus driver refuses to let me board, or was he merely “following orders”? As I approach, he closes the doors; trying to get his attention, I pound on them with my cane. They open and, with my cane, I point to the folding ramp, meaning I need him to actuate it, only for him to close the doors again. As they close, I manage to stick the tip of my cane inside. Noticing my cane trapped by the doors he relents, opening. Then yells at me: “How am I supposed to open up as I'm trying to pull up?” Yelling, he was. A-and I always thought only German bus drivers with their Wehrmacht-like caps and gray uniforms used the command voice nowadays. I back off. Doors now closed, he proceeds to move the bus forward a few feet; ever hopeful, I follow. Having caught up to it, the bus then speeds off, leaving me at the curb, all other passengers having boarded. In addition to the cane, I was at that moment weighed down with a backpack and a small wheeled carrier filled with groceries. Some specifics:

- The bus: #720, an articulated express eastbound on Wilshire Blvd. at 6th St. in Santa Monica
- The time: 3:08PM, Monday, November 15, 2021
- The driver: Black, male, middle aged, fairly heavysset
- The next #720 bus, ID #8736, came within minutes, I boarded without incident

That same day, on a later bus, the Three Graces put in an appearance. Veritable potential objects of cult-like veneration they were, i.e., cute. They clustered around me as I sat, minding me own business. Over the course of the next several minutes, surrounded by my groceries, they asked more than once: “Can I help you?” Each time, I replied with a quiet but firm: “Thank you, no.” Writing this tonight, somehow I feel a bit ashamed and nauseous, just now.

Oh, and despite my best efforts, I am so far unable to pay the fare on Santa Monica buses. The display aboard the bus today registering “Empty/Please recharge” or some such phrase as I tried to pay the forty cents fare with my card (Santa Monica buses no longer accept cash). This in spite of my having put twenty dollars worth of credit in my TAP account several weeks ago. (Update) I found out today, November 16, that the employee I spoke with over a week ago, had not transferred the credit.

On the morning of Tuesday, November 16, 2021, wishing to avoid a parking ticket, not that the meter reader comes around anymore, I went to start my car with the battery loaned each week by my neighbor. To my consternation the car started! But, as I was about to learn, cruel fate can be deceiving. Leaving the engine to idle, after a few minutes I returned and drove up the street to find a place on the Monday side. Ignoring a car which pulled out of a suitable spot as I drove up, I continued up the street, checking the car's behavior and taking advantage of my “luck” by letting the engine run a while as it had sat, unable to start, for months. A half a mile away, turning back, the engine unaccountably died. Unable to start it again and faced with the task of pushing it all the way back alone, I was lucky enough to soon find a couple of people who volunteered to help. The two later replaced by a pickup truck whose driver carefully nudged my Tercel back to its starting point in front of my bungalow. The moral of this story completely escapes me. Unless it is to underline the fact that my car, with the engine liable to both start and quit arbitrarily, is so unreliable as to put paid to the idea of my having it repaired anytime soon – assuming I can find a mechanic willing to take my (at this moment, non-existent) money, that is. Or, at any rate, before the root cause of this *peculiar* engine behavior has been determined.

Later, that afternoon, I headed to the Kaiser Permanente hospital on Sunset Boulevard for a doctor's appointment. Apologized to everyone for being a half hour late. One of the first things Terterov, the neurosurgeon, cheerfully asked: "Everything on the up-and-up?" Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say *that*, doc. In fact, since you ask, I think I'd like a second opinion, Eh? While yesterday, a man by the name of Julian Walsh, introducing himself as a manager in the radiology department of Kaiser on Cadillac, called. During a minutes-long conversation, I was eventually assured by Mr. Walsh that the employee I had complained of last week would be reminded that he is not, on any account, to yank on any more patients' earplug cords in order to dislodge them. Welcome and reassuring news, I'd say.

Today, November 20, 2021, I rode the bus again. Waiting at Adams and Dunsmuir, three westbound buses neglected to stop though, in all fairness, I confess that by the time the third bus (#37 bus, ID #4167, 12:26PM) which *did* stop to take on passengers, arrived, I was hopping mad and affected not to notice; the charade having taken over an hour. Immediately after, I chose to walk the mile to my next connecting bus. Continuing this "stance" for the rest of the afternoon, whenever I had another bus to catch, I made sure to position myself facing *away* from, though clearly visible to, any oncoming bus. I would lean back against the pole holding the bus sign, pull out a book and with my cane displayed, read. A "stance" which, having proved itself to-day, I can now add to my armamentarium of street theater bits. Call it an "*Autobus Aktion*" of the well-known 無為 (*wu wei*) or, action through inaction variety – it sometimes pays to brush up on one's Taoism, you see. As an aside, I've been told by a professional in the mental health business, someone who knows me well, that I am a passive-aggressive type. One wonders to what extent the occult forces apparently at work here, in the LA Metro bus system, may also be a factor elsewhere.

I merely note.

I want my file. I want Father's file. Including *all* videos, audio, pictures, text as well as any additional data available. In their entirety. In order to *immediately* put them in the public domain, making them accessible to anyone interested. *In their entirety*. I also propose to eventually *hand-carry* complete copies of these files, along with other documents to several "relevant" embassies for a shot at permanent storage of this information and further dissemination to the general public. Call it an appropriate mix of a kind of *samizdat* + *tamizdat*. Appropriate for these times, that is.

My whole private life exposed in graphic, gruesome detail. For the whole world to see; and that, only if I'm lucky enough to eventually get my hands on these files. Consider the confluence of events and prevalent sociopolitical atmosphere this implies.

For me to accept a deal, a deal of any kind, from the place (I hesitate to call it a country) that is likely responsible for murder most foul and, what's more (it looks likely), murder unpunished – with no one of any significance to be exposed, let alone brought to account, would be tantamount to a degree of acquiescence and/or complicity in these acts; maybe even giving the whole business the whiff of a quid pro quo. Lending, in effect, the various arrangements, scams, atmospheres, complacencies, looking the other way, cowardice, cynicism and *je-m'en-foutisme* that have made it possible, whatever bits of respectability can still be scrapped together at this late date.

I've had it pretty easy, haven't I? Recently, since my "dark decades," that is. With a day job: regular, if long, hours consisting mainly of keeping my nose clean; attempting to depend less and less on fickle, vulnerable technologies; sidestepping the (mostly) transparent provocations of people, some of whom somewhat remind me of the creatures populating the last pages of Jack London's merciless novel, *The Iron Heel*. Putting up with the repetitive, monotonous, often halfhearted harassment by pitiful, debased individuals who probably overwhelmingly wish me well and desperately hope I am the savior who will (Somehow. How?) free them from an unending life of bondage and ever-deepening degradation. There are also the occasional, more direct but still relatively gentle, reminders by these Gentlemen of the *Securitate*TM of the urgency and seriousness of their own embarrassment and plight. I hope I am eventually offered a deal. From whatever quarter. I fervently hope so.

An ugly story, the last fifty years of my life, no? The very saddest, ugliest part of which may have been perceptively touched on in a moment of anguish (I remember it vividly) by poor Colette Walczak. "Are your friends any better than my friends?" she asked. Quite so, quite so. There is a great deal for us all to ponder in that short sentence.

May I put in a word for a couple of books and a British soap? The eighties TV series, *Yes, Minister* followed by its sequel, *Yes, Prime Minister* (excerpts available on YouTube). Stanisław Lem's *Memoirs Found in a Bathtub* (recommended by my much esteemed, though former, friend, Janusz Hetman). Guy Debord's *Comments on the Society of the Spectacle*, available in PDF form at: <https://libcom.org/files/Comments%20on%20the%20Society%20of%20the%20Spectacle.pdf>. Its predecessor, *The Society of the Spectacle* in my opinion a worthless, because incomprehensible, book (to my simple peasant mind, at any rate). *Comments on ...*, altogether different, is quite a bracing tonic, though not necessarily recommended reading for the garden-variety paranoid schizophrenic I am...

Today, November 24, by not picking up the mail I set out yesterday, this Serene Republic's Postal Service cleverly avoided the (mouse) trap I set out last night (see pics below). Canny, canny. Unless, of course, this is merely a straightforward case of *ca'canny*, Eh? A-and me hoping to catch the rat what's been entering me premises, nights.



In other news, my bilingual blog: *Bergie's Blog: When Schizophrenia is Weaponized*, in French: "*Les Potins de la Commère — un Blog en (Mauvais) Français: Quand la Schizophrénie est Arsenalisée*" (The Gossip of a Tattletale — a Blog in (Rotten) French: When Schizophrenia is Weaponized) is will soon be available at BERGENDAHLHAWKINS.IS. The volume of material I now deal with *daily* warranting it. There may soon also be an identical backup blog at BERGENDAHLHAWKINS.COM.

Sorry for the overlong email, I wanted to wait until the blog was up before distributing this brief note but, in the intervening days, events conspired. At the moment, I find myself unable to access *Bergie's Blog* for editing; and so this email goes out, regardless. Expect my blog to be up as soon as I figure out what is going on. This will therefore likely be the last of these emails, with further updates to be posted online, in near-realtime.

A luta continua!

(signed)

Bergendahl/Bergie

der ewige Kampfmuzhik/il Serenissimo (the eye I of the hurricane)/*Tio Tonto* <= (My latest literary confection. TT or T2 or T² for short. Like it?)

P.S. To my sister Irene: May our tears eventually prove invincible. And, as I wrote to Colette when I first learned of her cancer, *Du Courage!*

P.P.S. I miss my (former) friends, all of them. I miss my family.

P.P.P.S. To my would-be Masters: the more you work to persuade me that my cause is hopeless, the more I note just how much effort you are willing to put into this charade (the play within a play, I call it) and thus how worried you must be. It's self-defeating, guys. Even I notice. Maybe you just can't see the forest for the B-trees... Another epigram!