

The re-purposing of a medical term and other stories (I will be brief, though, I'm afraid, a bit sententious)

Given the prevalence of the trick/technique known as a "False Flag Operation," I think it justified to remind you, Gentle Reader™, of the term, "The Great Masquerader." Another (of the many, I, in my intemperate fervor, am accumulating) name for the gentlemen of our very own *Securitate*.

Those of you with medical training will recognize the (hardly veiled) allusion... Yeech!

A-and what of its long-term impact on the body (politic)? Eh? Re-yeech!

In other news; as regards various and sundry violations of my person (again, being a trifle sententious 'ere, wot?), I will merely note the following incidents (mostly today's):

1. Kinetic activity (of a minor sort, I hasten to add) on a bus. Some specifics, please:
 - Bus # 1923, just before 4:30PM, number 16 eastbound on 3rd St. on 8/26/2021
 - A woman, older, Black, standing near the front, loudly complains to me that I am in front of the yellow line (I had just boarded), steps on my foot in the process. I reply with a placating peace sign, say little else, and move somewhat away, soon turning my back to her. Passengers nearby, insistently (?) offer me their seats which I politely refuse (I had my cane with me).
 - Minutes later, the same woman, without warning and a not inconsiderable amount of treachery, kicks me twice from behind. I then move well away, refusing still more offers from passengers of a seat nearby...
 - The driver soon stops the bus, (possibly) ejecting the woman in the process; before coming to me, asking if I'm OK. I reply in the affirmative.
 - Later as I got off at my destination, I asked the driver whether he had witnessed the kicks. When he replied that he had, I further probed as to whether he could be identified by the time and bus ID number which I had previously jotted down. Again, the answer was yes.
2. Another bit of *fracas*, rather loud, again on a bus, this time as I headed home later that evening. More specifics:
 - Bus # 5981, just before 7:30PM, number 212 southbound on La Brea on 8/26/2021
 - Occasioned by, it would seem, a difference of opinion regarding the ownership of a cell phone, as the two *Bravoes* in question resolutely got on board...
 - I myself, safely (?) ensconced in my seat book (see below), near the "front" (of the bus) had a fine view of the brief altercation.
3. Repeated, jerky movements of nearby passengers' hands and feet – I, myself, (tentatively) diagnose incipient St. Vitus'. Murmurings, mutterings, faint but sinister sounds, discordant laughs with the occasional dark imprecation thrown in for good measure; all occasionally issuing from the bowels of the various buses I rode today. Constructs at times rising to the level of, in a phrase I recently learned from reading reviews of that fine film, *THX1138*, "sound montages."
4. This hard on the heels of a previous loud disturbance I witnessed on another bus, a few days ago. A disturbance of a type known (to me, at least) as a "*querelle de boustifaille*." An argument, ignited as I got off the bus, in which one of the parties remonstrated heatedly (they did exchange words but did not come to blows) with the other for not getting out of my way quickly enough when I excused myself as I tried to reach the exit...

Throughout, I was, one might say, sustained in my faith by a peculiar little book, once recommended by my (much lamented former) friend and gifted man, Janusz Hetman – that poor unfortunate; one among so many. The book in question, a nearly incomprehensible farrago of delusional rubbish: *Memoirs Found in a Bathtub* by Stanisław Lem, noted Polish Science Fiction writer, satirist and, so it would appear from the style of the volume, full-blown paranoiac in the fullest Eastern European tradition. (At times) hilarious, absorbing and relevant, given the attendant atmospherics present lately. Eh? Recommended reading. Oddly, Los Angeles Public Library only has the French translation which I checked out, for the second time in decades, some weeks ago.

A couple of brief quotes may suffice to demonstrate a certain relevance here:

“... *l'Édifice ne ressemblait plus qu'à un abîme peuplé de fous isolés dans leur cellules.*” (The Edifice no longer resembled anything other than an abyss populated by madmen isolated in their cells.)

“... *un ramassis d'horreurs et d'inepties.*” (An heterogeneous assemblage of horrors and incompetence.)
- *Stanisław Lem* (Memoirs Found in a Bathtub, my translations)

Oh! And another item. From a YouTube video on nutrition, a subject close to my heart (and pancreas, I imagine) by Dr. Michael Eades, I learned last night that: "Books are not sold based on the quality of the book, they're sold on the promotability of the author." That faint, peculiar rustling some of you may have heard 'round midnight yesterday was the sound of (a whole passel of) scales falling from my eyes... As a notorious *idjit*, who shall go unnamed here, said once: “*Ahhhhh ! Mais, fallait m'le dire !*” (Why didn't someone tell me).

Bref, un programme chargé, quoi? (A busy agenda, what?) (Can also mean a show or presentation packed with entertaining events – Good production values?).

(signed)

Un Petit Plaisantin

aka

Bergie “Wag ‘n Bietjie” ‘awkins (No, this I do *not* translate)

P.S. To Irene: “May our tears prove invincible.”