

Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory: #22

Κύριε, ἐλέησον. (Lord, have mercy.)

My own opinion (borrowing from Richard Wolin) regarding the stuff I write: "Anecdotally rich but analytically impoverished."

Start Date: 09/30/23, email Date: 10/25/23

Distribution: Book group, Adams Blvd./Cochran Ave. and Environs, FBI & Justice Dept.(by snail mail), Human Rights Watch, LAPD, Landlord, Others.

Purpose: To Ridicule Few. To Amuse Many. To Inform 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.

NB: This document (and any replies I may receive) I put in the Public Domain. So long as my name and contents are unchanged, anyone may reproduce it/them at will. Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/Bergie Hawkins, Los Angeles, West Addams district, USA, 2023.

My book, now in the public domain: <https://tinyurl.com/Schizophrenia-Weaponized> | My blog: bergendahlhawkins.com

"... You ask yourself how it is that a people of such abilities could be governed by such a grotesque regime and that's saying the least... In fact, you're right. Without a doubt one finds more wisdom in a family of Albanian mountain people than within the assembly which supposedly represents the nation."

— *Le Dossier H*, Ismail Kadare (My somewhat unsatisfactory translation)

One can't well argue the honor and beauty of an act by referring to its usefulness.

— Montaigne

"Alone in a malfunctioning society."

— *57 boulevard Staline*, p. 118, E. et J-P. Champseix (My translation, adapted)

"I will be satisfied if my book, even in a minor way, helps to disprove the notion that any positive result can be achieved by force."

— *Involuntary Journey to Siberia*, author's foreword, Andrei Amalrik

Mon centre cède, ma (main) droite s'affaiblit, situation excellente, j'attaque. (My center is giving way, my right (hand) is weakening, excellent situation, I shall attack.)

— Foch, 1914, adapted from (You'll note the date)

"... by right, each official history should have a companion volume in which the lowest actor gives his version...it would at least give posterity a sense of perspective."

— *Quartered Safe Out Here*, George Macdonald Fraser

Summary of Contents:

1) Frequent computer problems 2) The Transparent Man Initiative™: accomplishments thus far 3) Increasingly frequent "Poltergeist Aktionen" 4) Occasional notes to landlord, as needed, since AFJ Investment is now on my distribution list 5) A fine book 6) Much *Kampfmusik*™(?) / *Kampfmuzak*™(?) für unser *Kampfmuzhik*™ experienced (i.e., nearby radios/televisions, Saint Bernard or Brother *Cantinflas* operating *en sourdine*, sporadically, for hours), this at night especially, leaving me at times "Псјујући као Србин на штапу!" (Cursing like a Serb on a stick!) 6) Mention is made of a couple of books of possible interest to the health care people among you

Notes to landlord, AFJ Investment. One in an Occasional Series:

In the interest of streamlining communications while providing you with a view from the trenches, here in the apartment complex I call Bedlam, I'll now limit my requests by adding an occasional segment at the start of these emails, as necessary.

The latest requests:

1. After a visit to deal with my latest crop of rats, your exterminator failed to return a couple of weeks ago (not the first time this has happened) though he had promised to. He said I have an infestation of what he called "Farro ants" which needed some kind of special treatment (*Sonderbehandlung*, perhaps? On reflection, mebbe it's just as well he didn't show).
2. I'd like the screen over the south-side crawl space opening repaired and shut once and for all. It has a gap large enough for a cat, unfortunately they do not avail themselves of the opportunity to come in and chase down some of the rats I've had scurrying about this year.
3. The bathroom sink has also been misbehaving. It shuts off randomly with a loud thunk. Cannot your magician, José Nava, do something about this?
4. I sometimes hear ominous rumblings or other sounds in the attic, fairly loud they are, too. Any opinions as to their possible provenance?
5. Please see attached document containing the previous list summarizing 30+ requests (mostly unresolved) I've repeatedly sent. Email replies will do.

The Cat Walks (Backward, Natch!):

Lee Browne, the secondary school relations person at Caltech (in charge of minority student admissions as well), yet another look back. He once sent me a salesman when, working for myself, I lived in Pasadena. The man was selling something involving electronics, not sure what. I didn't buy. I dimly remember Browne later confiding that this fellow had eventually gone to prison for defrauding the military.

Running the Public Transit Gauntlet — A Comedic Adventure:

(10-7-23) Returning from Costco, after a stop at Trader Joe's on Culver Boulevard, about to board Culver City #1 bus, there was a spot of trouble as, after having lowered the ramp, the driver insisted on cautioning me: "... this is excess ..." Apparently concerned with the quantity of stuff on my dolly, a month's groceries, he added: "... you can come in..." followed by his last words: "It's up to you." I quietly replied "Thank you" before walking away to try my luck elsewhere, as it were. With this skit, one could say I'm back (on familiar ground), i.e., once again being baited by bus personnel. And, as I once said to that poor devil, Treva Silverman, a computer repair customer of some years ago, quoting Shakespeare, I now repeat: "So foul a sky clears not without a storm," (even the bus drivers are in on it. I mean, really...) To which, without missing a beat, she replied: "So foul a sky clears not without a song?" She looks to have been in the music business; so now it's to be in the style of Bollywood, Eh? As with so much else around here these days, a bit too formulaic, no?

(10-9-23) At about 2:30PM, boarding the eastbound #33, ID 8408 at Centinela, a woman behind me, old and handicapped motioned for me to board. Politely, I declined but, as she was persistent, saying: “Go,” I began replying: “Excuse me?” Her only response was to repeat herself in an increasingly loud voice. By the end of this charade, she was shouting. When she finally boarded, she said to the driver: “He’s coming in after me”: ... Poor thing.

The Eccentric Shaft™: Interactions with my Fellow Crazies. A-and me a Paranoid Schizophrenic (Credit: Irene Hawkins, personal communication):

From the field of psychiatry, a useful addition to my vocabulary: “Word salad.” Describes what I’ve been calling “malicious gibberish,” the kind of stuff I’ve routinely been hearing on buses, the street and elsewhere.

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

From a book I highly recommend (especially for the healthcare people among you), a book which may hold the key to the riddle of why I’m doing so well in spite of it all. Without medication, without much in the way of (visible) support, without a benign environment, quite completely isolated, even; yet I feel better now than since I was a kid. Here is a quote which may help clarify the reason for my slide(s) into madness in the first place: “... people who first manifest an anxiety disorder (At the time, I — probably mistakenly in retrospect — called it a crippling shyness) have anywhere from an eight- to thirteen-fold increased risk of developing schizophrenia or schizoaffective disorder.” — *Brain Energy*, (Palmer, 2022, pp. 57-58). A fine book, maybe a revolutionary one. Catch the author on YouTube or www.chrispalmermd.com. The book might well have been titled: “Mitochondria and Madness.” And, roughly along those lines, here’s another which may also be of interest: *Power, Sex, Suicide: Mitochondria and the Meaning of Life*, (Lane, 2005).

Years ago, not having felt right for over a year, I asked my doctor at Kaiser, Sarah Elizabeth Hooks, for a cortisol test – this, long after the peak of my discomfort. Finding it to be in the mid-thirties (a level considered elevated), she had no comment, not even a recommendation for so much as meditation. For this and other reasons, I later nicknamed her: “*Frau Doktor*.” And she’s not the only one of that sort over there, either. What kind of a place is this, anyhow?

The Quotable Other, i.e., *L’Enfer, c’est les Autres* (Hell is Other People) — Sartre:

My new neighbor in the bungalow across from mine, goes by the name of Bernard, kindly introduced himself last month before moving in, repeatedly asking my opinion of the neighborhood, to which I gave cautious reply. He has a dog, and it is a big one (a Saint Bernard, perhaps?) judging from the loudness of its bark and a rambunctious one, too, from the number of admonishments issued by its master: “Stop!” he roars, “Shut up!” he yells and “Move!” the man says, *usw*, *usw*, *usw*. Since I’ve seen neither hide nor hair of it, barring evidence to the contrary, I’ll have to assume the dog does *not* exist, with its bark consequently worse than its bite. A-and as days go by with nary a sighting, I’m beginning to suspect “~~Saint~~ Bernard” himself of impersonating the dog. Surprised? You shouldn’t be. As you know, I’ve previously referred to this complex as Bedlam — you guys really should experience the behavior of some of the other inmates here. However, should physical evidence of a dog turn up, I reserve the right to change my mind. Nothing if not flexible, I am, wot?

(10-9-23) A curious interlude with “Saint Bernard” to-day. Getting to the Fairfax/Addams stop for the #37 after having stopped at a nearby nursery to check on some soil I’m buying to make microgreens, I ran into him though we didn’t speak. Once we had boarded he, moving past me, went to the driver, asking if the bus stopped on Cochran as he’d just moved in and wasn’t familiar with the area. He stayed in character throughout the short ride except when I rushed past him to the rear doors as the front were blocked by a woman looking desperate to board. He and I both got off, he by the front exit. With me trailing him by several yards, we turned onto Cochran. Curiously, he made as if to enter the complex just to the north but, changing his mind, continued on his way and entered ours.

More and more, when I remember some unpleasant incident of the last fifty years, I ask myself: was this innocent enough or a case of Government malice?

Les Cassettes de l’Oncle Sam (Uncle Sam’s Robberies (Credit: Harriet Beecher Stowe, adapted from)):

(10-8-23) For three days running, I’ve found my shrine to the God Haribo, see Figure 1, (There is no God but Haribo and Hans Riegel is his prophet) to have been desecrated. Thrice desecrated, I say! In the words of Greta (*carne de*)Thun(berg): “How dare you!” As to the pun, never mind folks, it’s only another of my trademarked trilingual tergiversations: Romanian, Swedish and English; if my name, Berg, counts as English, that is.

(10-10-23) After some hesitation, I can now safely report that: a) I’m losing my mind and/or am increasingly distracted and have wasted five bucks or else b) My copy of *Solzhenitsyn A Biography* by Scammel, really was stolen in the last months, forcing me to buy another for \$4.93. Galling expense, that. However, one of the silver linings here is that, in the course of replacing it, I learned of another title: *The Solzhenitsyn Files*, also edited by Scammel, containing the Soviet Union’s file on him (I merely wanted a more balanced picture, you understand). Now, about the other silver lining. Here in the land of “We stand with the Ukraine.” sloganeering and of hand-wringing over the fate of the Crimea at the hands of that *Vladimir Vladimirovich*, what do we find? Break-ins to someone’s house. Repeated break-ins leaving no traces of entry. Break-ins concerning which the police usually show a distinct lack of interest. Break-ins, moreover, in which copies of biographies of Soviet-era dissidents are stolen. *I couldn’t ask for more. Non, mais!* (I declare!). Tyr-ing (in Russian, Tyт, pronounced “toot,” means: *Ici présent!*) my own horn here.

Sassenach™ and His Yankee Damyankee Tricks:

(10-7-23) Frequent sound montages to report, especially at night. I have two new neighbors: “Mrs. ‘Bell’” and “Saint Bernard,” along with a possible additional RoboDawg™ (not Saint Bernard’s) in our complex. With the two formerly empty bungalows now occupied, *Sassenach*™ is apparently through wasting real estate. The gloves have come off, I tell you!

(10-14-23) From yesterday’s notes. Of “Mrs. ‘Bell’” and her music. It could be heard sporadically (at times cutting off in mid-song) from the time I returned from errands in the afternoon. It continued into the evening with fairly loud music I could clearly hear through closed doors. By 11:30PM, as I went to bed, it was at times quite loud until well past midnight.

Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:

“Quartered safe out here.” By which I mean I feel relatively safe while “out here.” The phrase, title of a book, is originally from Kipling.

Speed Bumps on the Road to Ragnarök:

(10-11-23) Have not heard back from LAHD's Maria Estrada in two months about complaints #SO278514 and #SO279497 regarding landlord claim of unpaid rent (I paid the contested amount on advice of LAHD and await reimbursement).

In the twenties, while it was still feasible, a prisoner managed to escape from an early Soviet camp, the *Solovki* special prison, later writing a book. The book thought by him to contain sufficiently incendiary material to topple the regime. There were to be other, at times less literary, efforts at alerting the world. For instance, an occasional chopped off *zek's* hand, bound with barbed wire to a log, later found mummified, buried within a pile of timber at its destination. These efforts, of course, achieved nothing either. Testimony no less touching for being the mute, unanswered symbolic cries of proles (a creative use of *Proletkult?*). As I write these lines, I'm humming: "It's a long way to Tipperary literary" (what passes for literary self-criticism with me. Sigh), I'm thinking I'd be grateful and honored if you, Gentle Reader™, in view of the crudeness (I have neither facts nor talent sufficient to do otherwise) of my attempts at conveying the nauseating horror this place can, at times, be, would become aware of the several parallels between myself, the stuff I've written and that lonely appendage; if only in the interest of Памят (Memory).

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

(10-11-23) Among the neighbors doing their level best to harass, I single out "Mrs. 'Bell," behaving, at times, like a frenetic RoboShrew™. I, in turn, pretend to ignore them, sometimes writing it up immediately. Not infrequently though, I occasionally hear fragments of my words in the form of malicious word salads thrown back at me; a phenomenon I've previously called "synthetic ideas of reference."

(10-14-23) In bed last night, past midnight, trying to get to sleep, occasionally chuckling over my predicament, I take stock and reflect. No lice, no scabies, no bedbugs, no rats, even. Things are looking up, wot? However, about that *tintamarre*: *Y'en a marre, mais y'en a marre!* (racket: Fed up, I'm really fed up wiv' it!) emanating from "Mrs. 'Bell's" quarters, a few points: 1) Mostly keeps her window and door open, she does 2) With the music as with whatever business she transacts over the phone(?), it all has to be loud, very loud. Even her daily *Morgengrüb* (Oh, Gawd!) 3) It seems that not only does she enjoy her music but the rest of us, too, must be made to enjoy it as well 4) I'm starting to feel sorry for poor Saint Bernard and Brother *Cantinflas*, her adjacent neighbors (I'm only catty-corner from her). Their style: often *piano* if not downright *pianissimo*. Totally different! In the sense of *Paderewski*, that is (a-and if you don't get it, ask a clued-in Jewish person. Mwahahahaha!).

Reflecting on how I was with Colette Walczak over the decades: A big heart sure, but a little *slow* at times.

Wink-wink. Nudge-nudge:

Why is everyone dumping on me so? I haven't done anything.

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

(10-11-23) A summary of events as I left the U-Haul on Obama and La Brea this afternoon after retrieving an item for an eBay sale (which fell through):

1. On my way out, as I approached the elevator doors, he abruptly emerged with a cart from a side corridor, squeezing by me. Having called the elevator, he reversed course to close the door on his storage unit before, back by the doors, he asked if I were going down. To which I replied with my trademarked: "Excuse me?" He left and, after a decent interval, I pressed the elevator button and waited for the next one.
2. Reaching the ground floor, another cart, blocking the way, prevented me from exiting. The owner approached and began asking: "Are you going up?" To which I again replied: "Excuse me?" The exchange was repeated (with him coming closer with each iteration) *da capo, sine fine* or at least until, after what seemed like an eternity of back-and-forth, *de guerre lasse* (weary of the struggle), he consented to moving his cart, allowing me to emerge. My quiet comment as I walked by: "That's the ticket."
3. Making a detour around some of his remaining obstructions, I reached the nearby exit where three people were standing. As I walked out, I asked: "Did you guys hear that?" With the only response what seemed like a collective, mute discomfort.
4. Once outside on the street, cutting through the Superior Grocers market parking lot, I crossed paths with an *ersatz*(?) crazy woman who shouted "Bitch, get out(?)" and kicked a shopping cart after she had walked past me.
5. Moments later, back on La Brea, almost brushing against foliage to my right, I nearly bumped into a Hispanic man coming around the corner who did his level best to pass me — on my right. And, as he courteously and repeatedly motioned for me to go I, remaining adamant, quietly replied; well, you can guess what I said... And, as he eventually relented and walked past me (on my left, this time), he brought his index finger to his temple and rotated it. The universal sign for "you're crazy," if I'm not mistaken. Damn cheek!

This within a span of minutes and less than half a mile as I made my way from the 2nd floor of the U-Haul, down the elevator, across the parking lot to the sidewalk at the E Line overpass.

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

During WWII, Hitler, wishing to bring Spain on board, paid Franco the supreme compliment: After their abortive meetup in *Hendaye*, he complained: "Franco put so many conditions on entering the war that I felt I was dealing with a Jew." Genius. Which, in part, is knowing when to stop. A notion our Gentlemen of the Organs of State Security™ seem not to have even a nodding acquaintance with.

The Transparent Man Initiative™, accomplishments thus far:

1. Have publicly stated my entire life, past, present and future, is now irrevocably in the public domain. There will be no redaction or delays
2. Have put my book, *Schizophrenia Weaponized*, in the public domain and made it available for download at no charge
3. Every email in my three series: "*Laundry Lists*," "*Lunaya Pravda*," and "*Home, Sweet Home*," now being compiled and corrected, are also in the public domain to be published in both raw and edited form
4. My 1st site, bergendahlhawkins.com, is now up, though in crude form
5. I'm making frequent updates to site with parts being translated into Spanish
6. Finally began transferring diary entries online almost as they happen.
7. For the 2nd time, I'll request my and Father's files held by the US Government. This time, more comprehensive requests will be made
8. Nothing less than the release of full transcripts of every conversation extant, by any and all methods used, involving me or Father will satisfy
9. I'm especially eager to have a thorough psychological evaluation of myself done. It too will be made available in its entirety without delay
10. Over the transom material will be accepted. Provided it can be authenticated, I'll publish without redaction. And, withal, you may be assured I shall remain "... a perfect tomb of discretion." (Credit: Sackville-West)

Pictures:



Figure 1: For some time now, I've been looking to up my spiritual game. Casting about for an anchor (as it were), I was inspired by the Cao Dai church. If the Vietnamese could invent this syncretic religion, with its overtones of nationalism, in the teeth of French domination, I too would have freedom of worship.

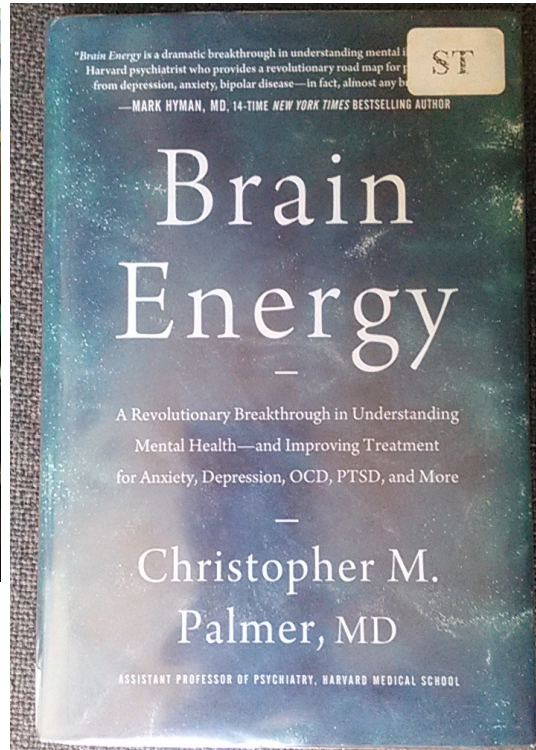


Figure 2: Much recommended in spite of the hokey title.

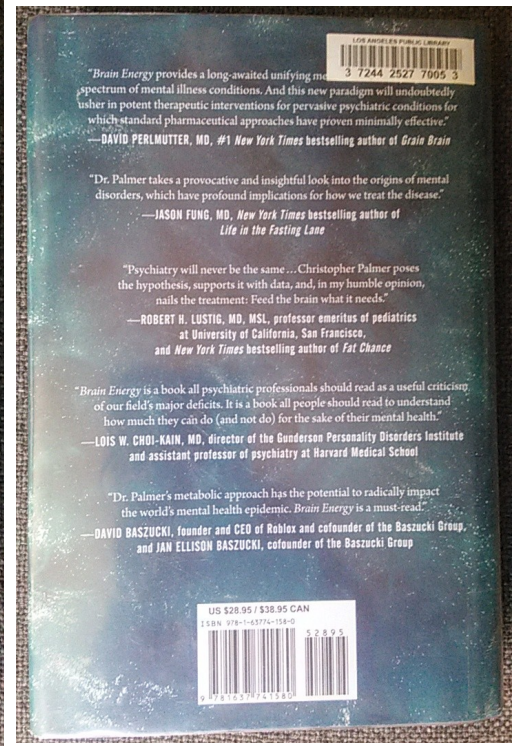


Figure 3: Endorsements from heavyweights, the first three of whom I've followed for up to a decade.

Conclusions or (In the Immortal Words of Soul Brother #1 Former President Obama) “The View from the Cheap Seats”:

A few thoughts feelings about the “Acolytes of *Thuggee*™.” They deserve neither contempt nor hatred though certainly not blind trust. Pity, sympathy in most cases; more than a certain wariness always, that would be prudent. Their main trait is not the apparent friendliness or seeming decency; after all, none of my friends or family were (initially) devils and yet... The important factor here is the level of desperation present, even in the case of Irene, my one remaining sister (upon whose enemies, confusion). They are utterly friendless, can trust no one, and themselves can never again be trusted. And. They. Know. It. Self-loathing, a sense of hopelessness, a deepening despair (on account of the vicious cycle trapping them) and a great loneliness must result. View them through this optic: as “brother but zombie.” A kind word and a smile, please, from *the only person they know they can trust*.

It's been said by Molly Chester, a well-known regenerative farmer, in a YouTube video, that for people to get it about the environment often takes a personal health crisis. This certainly was the case with me. When I see the planet-wide fumbling regarding the two areas I'm at all familiar with: the health/food/environment nexus and our available technical means/civil liberties/human dignity conundrum, I agree with the innovative farmer, Joel Salatin, also at the forefront of regenerative agriculture, when he says: “You see, dear folks, we can't just place a Band-Aid here and there and return to normalcy. Everything relates to everything. You can't deal with a problem in one sector without dealing with problems in many sectors. Things are too abnormal to be able to isolate and touch one without affecting any others...” *Folks, this ain't normal* — (Salatin, 2011, p. 69). Amen to that. Let's hear it for the systems approach!

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

- Sorrow for the long, slow shipwreck of my family, preceded by the even longer, inexorable(?) wreck of this here “Republic of *Kaputt*.”
- People who will put up with agriculture will, to my mind, put up with much else as well...
- Common reactions of those under the yoke of *Sassenach*™: a) Drugs: Rey Fong b) Religion: Edna Luer, John Zhou c) Depression: Ivanka Fernandez. The wonder is that Irene (upon whose enemies, confusion — bears repeating) has not yet succumbed to one of these fates. Made of stern stuff, she.
- According to my numbers, 97% of informers in Romania under Ceaușescu did so because of patriotic or political sentiment, another 1.5% were in it for the money with the rest enlisted through blackmail. Odds are, then, our Golem Tyson™ is a (super?)patriot. Clears things up a bit.
- Scanning the “L Chat” site (www.tapatalk.com/groups/l_anon/), a lesbian gossip group much concerned with, in the words of Lenin, “who-whom” (as am I, I readily confess), I come away with the words of author Philip K. Dick, on a very different subject, ringing in my ears: “Don't believe what you see; it's an enthralling — [and] destructive, evil snare. Under it is a totally different world...” The quote also can be found in the book.
- I increasingly have the vague but insistent feeling that someone may have tried to warn me of what was to be in my future. The means: suggested reading for Mother by her sister, Maria Stein, with Mother, in turn, recommending I read: *A Quiet American* by Graham Greene, not exactly her usual fare, she generally sticking to the women's magazines with an occasional excursion to Paris-Match. This happened while I lived in Bremerhaven, before I was hooked up with Robert Seidenstein and my long slide began. If this is so, then I blithely ignored the warning.
- Thinking back to the excuse a customer, Eric “I know all about your daddy” Rice, once gave me over dinner for what I call *Sassenach*'s Dark Design™: “... otherwise, it would be like herding cats ...” or similar words (bit of the old *Gleichschaltung* in order, then?). I'm reminded of *Dora-Nordhausen*, the camp where V-2 rockets were assembled, and where a similar mix of technology, brutality, insanity and confusion about means and ends was *de mise*. *Planet Dora*, anyone?

(signed) *der ewige Kampfmuzhik* aka (perhaps paradoxically) *Bergie* “Battery not included” Hawkins

P.S. To my beloved sisters, Irene and Colette (the latter 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.