

# Home, Sweet Home:

## Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory: #23

Κύριε, ἐλέησον. (Lord, have mercy.)

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 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, any replies I may receive and indeed, my entire life, I've 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.

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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 they flew had been obsolete since 1939.
- There was no fighter escort to be had.
- As was the quaint custom for torpedo planes, they went in low and slow, please.
- A-and the fact that their torpedoes were known to be generally NFG doesn't seem to have overly troubled them, neither.
- Torpedo 8. Mwahahaha!

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

— Montaigne

"... 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)

"Alone in a malfunctioning society."

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

«*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

«... *il rend a César ce qui revient a César, c'est a dire peut-être sa vie, mais pas plus...*»

— *La Trahison des Clercs*, p.196, Benda

"Goodness had nothing to do with it."

— Mae West

### Summary of Contents:

**1) Vandalism 2) "Repatriation" done 3) The local locos: an inventory 4) Break-ins & burglary 5) I'm hit by car, driver prefers to remain anonymous 6) About the four fliers I've been distributing**

### Errors, Corrections, Clarifications and Amplifications (A new section in which I acknowledge prior mistakes.):

A biography of Solzhenitsyn I'd thought stolen, found again on 11-4-23 in a pile I'd just repatriated from my U-Haul storage. I think I previously mentioned in another HSH the book was missing.

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

**1) About my toilet:** try as I might, though I fiddle with it constantly, and in spite of your man, José Nava's, previous ministrations, I cannot get it to work right **2) My bathroom sink** is also in need of some attention, from time to time the faucet shuts off unexpectedly with a loud thump **3) Both bathroom faucets drip 4) Occasional rumbling and sounds heard coming from attic.** Cannot your "magician" pay me a visit? **5) A mouse or rat (a small one) seen around my mailbox today, 11-18-23 6) The bathroom sink faucet now exhibits some of the former properties of the kitchen sink: an occasional death rattle. Most annoying, that 7) And what of my proposal for the communal washing machine, I call: "uMshiniWashi II."** I trust you, along with everyone else, got a copy

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

The feeling of being hit by pellets from the Nerf gun assailant, months ago, was like what happened on two other occasions. In the first, I was walking back one night from the CVS pharmacy. As I crossed the triangle at Roseland Street and La Brea Avenue, I was hit by something, once, on each shoulders in rapid succession. The second time, sitting at a bus bench on La Brea and Obama, I again was hit by something. In all three cases, the impacts were slight and felt similar. Only the last time, hit in the forehead from about twenty feet away, did I see who did it, an associate of Golem Tyson™. I'm not sure I was wearing glasses at the time.

Professor Roderick Gorney of UCLA, a former PC repair customer, once asked me to find him a house painter. I, knowing Colette's boyfriend, Jon Howard, was always short of money, put them in touch. Jon later told me the professor and he had spent some time talking without Jon getting any work. Jon's conclusion: the professor just seemed to want someone to talk to. I now think, when an expert in psychiatry has an extended conversation with a mentally ill person, as Jon Howard was, there may be other explanations. Also, at one time, he asked to review my file at the Edelman Mental Health Center. When I asked doctor Wolman,

my psychiatrist there, she cautioned me against it, thankfully. I once stole a cable from a PC he was not using, when he asked why, I replied that I couldn't resist. This may have occasioned his request to have a look at my Edelman Mental Health Center file and then again, maybe not.

Sometime before I last saw him, Father related how on a TGV to/from(?) Britain, he was asked to move to another seat by a fellow passenger. No reason given though I still remember Father's words: "He looked like mister money." Sad. With me, a similar thing happened on the last leg of a flight to Italy in 1995 when, my business destroyed, I accepted Irene's invitation to "veg out" in Florence. One of two young Frenchmen, sitting right next to me on a mostly empty plane turned to me early in the flight and, à brûle-pourpoint and in good English, too, asked me to move to another seat. Like Father (on whose enemies, confusion), I complied; identical displays of inferiority complexes. And him an Episcopalian, too.

How could Lee Browne and Subhash Sharma both have had my Pasadena address in the 1970s when the Caltech finance office was reduced to contacting Father by mail in the 1980s(?) to collect money I owed them?

When, before 7AM one morning, the Golem Tyson™ came out of our complex as I was taping fliers on a light pole and, before shaking me off the ladder I was perched on, inquired as to what I was doing. I now think it proper to ask, copying his style: "What the f\*\*k were you doing out at that hour?"

Today was thinking: Habsburg or Bourbon? i.e. in this Thirty Years War-type muddle, which side do I back, where does the best interest of a peasant lie? Tonight, I thought back to the incident in which I looked at a child porn pic on Usenet before throwing the hard disk in a trash can in a nearby Albertson's parking lot; this back when I lived on Garth Avenue. Days later, I seemed to back into the car of a Caroline Stroh who commented: "sometimes people don't look where they're going." I lost my driver's license for a year (extended to three as I did not re-register the car) as result of having no insurance. Some time later, despondent, I remember having breakfast with Irene at a McDonald, silent, obviously depressed. She made no comment. The outcome may explain why a customer once commented: "You're very lucky." So you see, Gentle Reader™, one's happiness is not exclusively determined by the content of one's gut microbiome, but by the content of one's file as well. Not to mention the content of one's character... With this remark, I will now relate an unusual event of a similar nature. Jon Howard before, he left Colette, having gone off the deep end, told me of a curious moment when, surfing on his laptop at her apartment, he found a picture on his screen of a naked boy astride a horse. Jon said he had no idea how this popped up.

And what about that friend of Katsu in Hokkaido who hanged himself? In a Skype call made to me while he visited the bereaved family, I spoke of my own mental health problems but noticed Katsu neglected to provide more than a brief translation of my remarks in which I explained my illness at some length.

Whatever happened to Colette's voluminous pile of diaries? She had over a dozen spiral-bound notebooks as I remember. After she died, I could find no trace of them. Neither could I locate the bib she inherited from her Swiss grandmother, the one which said: "*Sois sage.*"

It is obvious that, over the years, there has been an effort to drive a wedge between my sister and me:

1. Long ago, Colette asked me a leading question: "You're not that close to your sister, are you?"
2. The inadvertently mangled email from me to Irene that suggested (with some success and to her evident concern) I was losing my mind
3. The astonishing advice from Irene about attempts at publicizing the circus my apartment complex has become, i.e., "It would be counterproductive."

Running the Public Transit Gauntlet or "Prendere in giro." In my case, literally (An Italian expression meaning to take someone for a ride):

(10-19-23) Bus #108, ID 3981, eastbound on Slauson Avenue at Central. An old, crippled black man sitting in front, plays loud music as I stand nearby. Later, still sitting but about to exit he reaches up to press button but, seeming to fumble, touches and caresses my cheek for what seems like an interminable moment. Gently, saying nothing, I push his hand away. This before 6:45PM, on my way to Ace Hardware in Maywood. To allow him to pass, I momentarily exit the bus, before boarding again. As I do so he says something like "Thank you, brother."

(10-20-23) A false-flag operation of the cut-rate variety? Consider: after coming back on the 108 from Ace Hardware in Maywood yesterday, I thought I was boarding the 212 at La Brea and Slauson Avenue but, but, but, as I discovered after some minutes, it was in fact a 102. Or was it? Folks, I dunno anymore. Henceforth, I'll consider dropping a tab before boarding just like the soldier did in the *Do Lung* bridge scene from the movie *Apocalypse Now*. By the way, I don't think the TAP card reader on either the 212/102 or the 212 I finally did board, worked. ¿*Sospechoso, que no?*

(11-4-23) Coming home from Costco, at 4:30PM, the driver of the Culver City #1, eastbound on Washington Boulevard at Glencoe, ID 7154, got out of the bus and, referring to my dolly, said: "Do you want me to carry it on for you?" He declared the sidewalk was "too high" (his words), this after having kneeled his bus when instead he could have driven a further six feet before lowering the ramp. I gave my usual answer: "Excuse me?" He repeated his question several times, getting the same reply each time. Finally he said: "I can't wait" and left. At 4:48PM, the next CC #1 bus, ID 7143, moving eight feet further, successfully lowered the ramp, allowing me to board without incident.

(11-28-23 @ 9:50AM) A woman driver of the Metro #218, ID 3113, northbound on Fairfax, does not pull over to the curb though I stand by the bus sign, preferring to stop in the far lane. I'm forced to walk over, stand in front of her bus, and ask her to lower ramp, a #217 drove up just then. She replies that she can't while the bus is in the road. After some back and forth, described at length in my diary, I eventually board. The driver had been chatting with passenger(s), smiling and laughing all the while. Outstanding! I usually pass on getting involved in these shenanigans, opting to wait until the next bus but, being pressed for time (had to deliver an Ethernet cable to a customer in the Valley), my hand forced, I had to insist on being allowed to board.

(12-22-23) A driver of the Metro #37, having allowed a passenger to board before I could make my way the six feet to the front exit with my dolly, tells me, when I ask for the ramp: "I can't while this man is standing on it." As I spoke with the driver, the passenger was insistent on squeezing past me. I quietly said to him, "This is not important." And, as I exited, I commented to the driver: "Your tax dollars at work." He replied: "I can't hear you."

These three incidents are instances of "Catch 22," i.e., the driver who, having deliberately set up an awkward situation, uses that very awkwardness to impede.

On another occasion, near Trader Joe's, the driver of another Culver City #1 did lower the ramp before, presumably having looked at the load on my dolly, changing his mind. He then said: "... this is excessive ..." then "... you can come on ..." ending with: "... it's up to you ..." I quietly replied "Thank you" before walking away to make my way to Venice Boulevard where I later boarded a Metro #33 bus, the driver proving to be more accommodating.

Would a judge, a prosecutor or a lawyer say, presented with a case touching on me, behave differently from the way these drivers, passengers and so many other unfortunates have? With, again and again, words, displays and behaviors defying Metro Transit regulations let alone common sense and even, at times, basic

decency. We are all, high or low, cut from the same cloth, aren't we? I think this is what both my sister Irene and my former psychiatrist at Kaiser Permanente implied when, using similar words, they both said going to small claims court would be very expensive. Perhaps the sign at the entrance of our Halls of Justice should be changed to: "*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate.*" At least for the likes of me. Now I get it...

As go the Metro bus drivers, so goes the nation? Not a prospect to recommend itself. On the other hand when, as is now glaringly obvious, even the bus drivers are in on it, which implies this cover-up is an increasingly open secret, my prospects can't be all that bad.

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

Just how many pseudo-crazies (beggin' yr. Lordship's pardon) have lived in our West Addams Complex? The cast, in order of appearance:

1. In pride of place because he got here first, yr. Friend and Humble Narrator™, *Bergie* "Bats in the belfry, rats in the attic" Hawkins. Officially diagnosed as schizoaffective, informally otherwise; depending on who you ask.
2. "*Baba Outrom*," now dead. Provocateur of the first water and loaded for bear, she was. Occasional odd behavior, said to be mentally ill (Credit: Colette Walczak, personal communication, though how could Colette have known?).
3. "Banshee the 1<sup>st</sup>." Young woman. Frequent source of "The ~~shot~~ screams heard 'round the world block." Never heard the likes of it.
4. "Lady Lurk." Educated, well-spoken when not foul-mouthed, gave the impression of being mad as a hatter when in histrionic flight; not without some talent for well-timed theatrics as well.
5. "Banshee the other". Same deal: though not quite on the *grand* scale; doesn't quite measure up, does she.
6. "Mrs. 'Bell," a fresh arrival. Here some weeks, she already shows signs of possession, with inchoate screams emanating at times from her bungalow. Loud, occasionally peculiar-sounding, music on tap at almost any hour. Ironically, I remember the landlord once expressing to me concern about my music. Ô, Landlord, where is your concern now that we need it?

I may not be the only one plagued by crazies (pseudo or not), the editor of my book recently mentioned she, too, has a crazy person living upstairs.

(11-25-23) After a relative respite of several days, Mrs. 'Bell has rejoined the fray. She's in fine form today, at times bellowing near-incomprehensible things. Why, if I behaved like that, they'd put me away.

Just what is the purpose of this complex owned by AFJ Investment? Could it be a dumping ground for rejects from Napoleon and Manchurian Candidate Factories? I hope the neighbors, because of the frequent commotion around here, do not start a NIMBY *Aktion*. Gentle Reader™, where would I then go, I ask you.

Lastly, from yr. Friend and Humble Narrator™, still here in the Land of the Rising Proximity Fuse™, a Modest Proposal™. Upcycling the mentally ill. Why let a perfectly good crazy go to waste. It would be a pity for all the madmen I see nowadays to continue going unused. Ford showed the way with his assembly line, we need but follow in his steps. Consider the possibilities of an automation of the "Weaponization of Schizophrenics."

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

(11-9-23) I'm afraid I may have "the scabies" again. Will check with Kaiser and confirm tomorrow. (Update 11-10-23: In phone consultation, a Kaiser MD assumes scabies are present and has prescribed another course of disinfection) (Update 12-9-23: In addition to suspected scabies, I may also, once again, have head lice. How do I know? On account of I'm often left scratching me head, that's how. A self-referential proposition?)

People at Kaiser Permanente may have fretted about my level of anxiety as a hoarder when I got rid of 80% of the rubble in my bungalow but had not a *single* frank, direct word as opposed to those of the "wink-wink nudge-nudge" variety (indirect communication which, it has been said, is the hallmark of neurotic behavior) to spare for the dramatic consequences of my living in what I call "the play within a play." In the current environment they, like me, are *out of their depth*: **1)** As human beings (in their faces and behavior, I sometimes see abundant evidence of pressure having been applied) **2)** In the medical field (once found myself starting to play twenty questions with neurosurgeon *Turturov* (example: he never used the word stenosis to describe the problem with my spine. It was Bergman, bless her soul, who finally told me) and **3)** In the technical area (data is missing from my Kaiser Permanente online medical file).

(10-17-23) On the third try, I was able to get my blood donation accepted by the Red Cross. Was refused on first attempt, don't remember the reason; on my second, I was also refused, reason given: had been using a topical antibiotic. On the third try, got there a bit late only to be told that they were late setting up and, as consequence, I'd have to wait 40 minutes. After I sat down, another donor walked in and, learning there would be a delay, immediately walked out. Later, as I was donating, the woman drawing my blood, looking at my birthday, said: "I knew there was a reason I liked you, we share the same birthday." (Update: 12-19-23) Went to donate today but, once again, was refused. A hemoglobin count of 12.3 is too low, acceptable threshold being 13. The technician helpfully suggested a ration of spinach before a retest. And, as I was about to leave, he asked if I wanted to provide another finger. Crude insult not being my cup of tea, I politely demurred; maybe I misunderstood.

(12-17-23) On 11-25-23, I send a note accompanied by pics to Dr. Siegel at Kaiser, asking whether I should be concerned about the different appearance of the areas between thumb and index finger, a question asked in a questionnaire provided by physical therapist Vivian (last name unknown) some months ago. Which question I had not answered properly. Getting no reply and, after sending a second message, on December 13, I received the following, perhaps cryptic, answer:

This does not look like thenar atrophy on its own  
JS

Today, I sent back the following note:

Hi Dr. Siegel,  
Could you amplify on that? I have no idea of what this means or whether it should be of some concern.  
Thanks.  
(signed)  
Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/Bergie Hawkins. Los Angeles, West Addams district

(12-18-23) Got another reply which occasioned more questions on my part.

The Quotable Other, i.e., Hell is Other People — Sartre:

(12-12-23) As he walked down the walkway, past my living room window where I stood working, I heard the Golem Tyson™ speak in his usual, rapid-fire, fairly loud Jamaican(?) patois. And, as he passed my window, I heard something which did not at all have the sounds of the Caribbean about it: A single word, pronounced in the French fashion: “*Cul!*”) And, with this, as though to underline, I saw him reach back with his left hand. More and more, I hear people, Mexicans for example, utter words far from their ken, i.e., “*Harambee,*” this word too, pronounced correctly.

About “Saint Bernard,” the latest addition to the team in our complex, I hear ferocious barking coming from his bungalow across from mine. Barks interspersed with: “GO!” “STOP!” “GO BACK!” “STOP PLAYING!” “GET IN!” etc. By the sound of it, quite a struggle; considering what he must be going through with those darn dogs, I wish him the best. Then there’s his laugh. Not at all like mine which, though it has been likened to that of a jackass (damn your eyes, Colette), is at least genuine. His sounds like an exaggerated imitation of a retarded (beggin’ yr. Lordship’s pardon, once again) man and somehow seems a trifle... forced.

(12-6-23) We have dog spoor! Finally. Two dogs just sighted through Saint Bernard’s screen door. He had recently referred to them as “service dogs,” though what kind of a service dog is it that never, far as I can see, sees the light of day?

The outbursts from Saint Bernard’s bungalow remind me in both their method and content of a moment in high school in which, as I played chess, a fellow student by the name of Duane Montcrieff (had a pretty sister), sitting nearby, began harassing me verbally as I tried to concentrate on the game. I lost; life: high school with money. Later, in college, I remember another student, Heywood (last unknown), once repeatedly shouting at me from across an open space near the bookstore: “Go home, Europe!” though he pronounced it “Eurp.” The remarks eliciting a puzzled look from a bystander. *Plus ça change...*

(11-4-23) As I sat sunning myself at the curb, a woman living across the street comes over and asks, mostly in Spanish, if she can dump a walker she’d found in front of her house, at a street light in front of my bungalow. I don’t disagree. Minutes later, she comes back with a young black man who says to me: “Did you understand? She’d like to leave it here” (she’d already dropped it off). Hearing him repeat himself several times, I reply with my usual automatism: “Excuse me?” The young man, patience finally exhausted, growing more truculent by the minute, finally says: “You trying to be funny?” I turn away, putting my hat over my eyes. Skit over, they both leave. Lest you think I think otherwise, let me emphasize: they’re all pulling for me, every man jack of them. I know, I know.

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

Parallels between Ed Siegel, owner of a small electronic surplus and scrap business in the nineties, and me:

<u>Ed Siegel, Owner of Siegel Salvage, Former Supplier of Mine</u>	<u>Me</u>
While at work, an employee crashes forklift into a nearby car	Car accident consumed most savings when I paid compensation of \$600
Siegel pays \$3000(?) in compensation, wiping out his capital	No sales for 2 months though normal number of calls & interested customers
He’s forced to get a regular job	Could not pay rent, moved to Colette’s for 2 weeks, Irene invites me to Italy
I spoke with him years later, still working a job, no longer self-employed	In Florence, Italy for 7 months. I nearly did not make it back to US

(10-21-23) Came home from my U-Haul storage at 8:30PM to find the anemometer mast I’d put up in the last few days to test my new wind cups, snapped near the base. It had not fallen as the clamps fastening it to the railing were still holding the broken wood pole, see pics. (Update: 10-22-23): Filed complaint of vandalism with LAPD, claiming damages of ten dollars, LAPD report number: 230319348. The assembly is to be used to develop software/hardware for a product I’ll sell on eBay: a complete anemometer with computer, display, power supply and vanes. All made from various electronic parts I’ve accumulated from swapmeets over the decades, surplus or scrap pieces which failed to sell individually. No suspects at this time.

(10-24-23) Missing so many things, I’ve not only lost track of what’s gone but even of the the count. A pattern has developed: **1)** Items are listed for sale on eBay **2)** An item is stolen in burglary **3)** Customer shows interest in the item **4)** I must remove listing and/or refund customer. A partial list of aborted sales:

- About 20-30 tubes of DIP capacitors, except for a short tube, missing from my bungalow. (Update: 10-26-23) Found every eBay listing for the Rodgers DIP capacitors removed except for one listing for which I had an offer of \$30 a few days ago. Will complain to eBay of another incident of hacking and file police complaint in amount of about \$600 selling price, \$30 purchase price. All listings deleted except for the one a customer, chanskiwingalbert, was interested in. I’ll also file a report with the FBI, complaining of hacking. (11-3-23) Trying to contact eBay about the second hacking incident, I found no option for a chat; in general my preferred method of interacting. (Update: 12-22-23) Tried again to start a chat with eBay customer service but was unable to. Finally gave up and requested a call. eBay gave me reference # 1-471692453551 for this report. Not sure, though, if they accept my complaint of hacking. In addition, the first eBay customer service person I spoke with, a man with US accent, was disconnected within a few minutes, forcing me to call back. The second was a woman with a Philippine accent who, not quite accepting my complaint, tried to shift the subject to my unsatisfactory seller performance. I had to remind her that I was not interested in discussing that particular topic. Looking over logs of my activities, she said that as there was no trace of any access by computers other than mine she could not, just now, accept my version of events.
- A reel of capacitors an eBay customer, dave\_albert, wanted, missing
- A 2716 EPROM sold but, when I could not find it, I had to refund eBay customer mode32, a Gregory Dunlap
- Two memory sticks sold to a customer named ibuystuff1984, I could only find one and had to refund
- (12-6-23) A seller on eBay, happy50123, from whom I’d just bought kefir grains, sent a weird email complaining of the following: “You are a dishonorable buyer !/Why did you give me negative feedback ? I refunded you !!/Blaming me for not receiving the grains when it was you that did not supply a receptacle for mail delivery ./I hope you are able to live with yourself ” I’m left in utter puzzlement as **1)** The subject line: “happy50123 sent a message about 1 Misc RAM, Used #235312048480” was for a different item, one of my abortive sales to a different customer, mentioned in #4 above **2)** She sent this hours before I’d returned home from errands to find her package in my mailbox **3)** Before checking my email, I gave her good feedback **4)** As of 12-23-23 she has not replied to three emails asking for clarification
- I cannot find a set of shower door rollers I’d bought for the glass door on my sauna build
- A biography of Solzhenitsyn. (11-4-23: Correction. Found the book among a pile I’d brought from my storage. I previously said it was missing)
- A cloth napkin recycled from an old T-shirt
- My anemometer mast, broken, with anemometer vane left nearby, damaged. Police report filed and accepted
- A carpenter’s aluminum square
- Mechanical wire strippers
- A carpentry sprint-type clamp
- A wood file

14. A bottle containing baking soda I use to clean veggies (11-20-23: Correction. Found the bottle in my glue pile. I had put it there myself and forgotten)
15. My electric shaver now has two sets of shaving heads with broken plastic pin guides, making the shaving heads unusable. I now shave with a conventional razor

It's a wonder I've got a roof over my head, let alone anything left. Why that is, especially the bit about the roof, has caused me more than one sleepless night.

In the meantime eBay, for months, has been warning that my level of performance is "not up to US standards" [sic], though I have a 100% positive feedback rating. They now threaten to cancel my seller's account. (Update: 12-22-23) Spoke with eBay about another break-in to my account in which all but one of my Rodgers DIP capacitor listings were deleted; regarding the exception, see #1 above. Also filed a second complaint of computer break-in with the FBI site: ic3.gov though I have no tracking/reference # or confirmation email from them.

(12-20-23) About a composition book ordered from eBay with three attempts at purchase made thus far:

1. Date: Nov 17, 2023. Order canceled. Order number: 13-10802-82001, Seller ID: simplyda-40, Item ID: 364353730952, Reason: "Hi! I no longer have the composition books. I apologize for it still showing that its for sale. I will refund the money now."
2. Date: Dec 17, 2023. Order canceled. Order number: 27-10932-08858, Seller ID: ferebedeals, Cancel ID: 5349090667, Reason: "I'm out of stock or the item is damaged."
3. Date: Dec 19, 2023. Order number: 05-10957-31912, Seller: jons\_5, Item ID: 256169967809. Third time the charm?

All this for a lousy composition book I first tried to buy from a 99 Cent store at 3060 Crenshaw Boulevard I visited after being assured it was in stock.

About my computers, though I recently put a sign on my desktop saying "The contents of this disk are in the public domain," it looks like someone is abusing this privilege. What I meant was that people should feel free to rummage through my stuff (not that I can do anything about it, Eh?), it does *not* mean I've given permission to destroy or play games with files at will, OK? Sorry about the misunderstanding. A partial summary of recent break-ins, deletions and damages:

1. My business logo: "Grounded Grid." Though the .PNG is there in several places, the Visio file used to generate it is nowhere to be found
2. The spreadsheet where I keep track of my bank accounts, expenses and sales, damaged
3. The spreadsheet log of my health numbers such as blood sugar, weight, ketones, blood pressure, etc., damaged
4. Originals of some previous HSHs were deleted, though I looked in places where I keep backups, I could not find them. The PDF versions of these HSHs were, however, curiously left intact, allowing me to rebuild the ODTs (native format of my word processor) from them
5. Some minor variants of this HSH #23. Not finding them, I was forced to reconstruct what I could from memory. (Correction, I later found one version, 9.1, on a USB stick)
6. Innumerable minor computer outages and anomalies, too many to mention as they happen daily
7. I sometimes get surprising, temporarily destructive results if I slip up and mistype something at the keyboard
8. And, as with quantity, randomness has a quality all its own



Not having eyes behind my head and being only a schizophrenic, not a mind reader, I have no way of knowing who's responsible for all this.

A question to my sister, Irene Hawkins, in Florence, Italy. Are you getting Social Security for the years you worked as an MD in New York?

#### Sassenach™ and His Yankee Damyankeer Tricks:

For months now, I've been experiencing what, for want of a better phrase, I call an *Espinoza Aktion* (From Afrikaans, *le mot juste*: a *kaffir wag-'n-bietjie aksie*). A dozen times, while home, I've stepped on small thorns in the carpet. *J'ai beau passer l'aspirador* [sic] (I'm in me Hispanic period which, for me, includes Portugal), *y a quand même un renouvellement presque continu*. OK, OK, I know I'm being obscure here, just not gratuitously so. Bits of three or four languages crammed into this one paragraph. See? Aren't I a damn-clever Negro? Damn clever for a Negro, that is. Mwahahahahaha!

Thinking back, especially over the last decade, I now see a concerted, orchestrated effort to turn me against Mexicans, cops, Israelis, blacks, whites and, last but not least, jews. Have I left anyone out (wouldn't want to offend)? Divide and conquer, wot?

#### Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:

(10-24-23) I've been hearing the words "kill" and "shit" in the last few days, from fellow tenants and others. This afternoon, outside working, my back turned to him, I heard Golem Tyson™, as he walked in, say to someone: "I'm going to have to kill it."

(10-29-23) Today, I was hit by a car around noon as I walked with my cart to U-Haul, license plates: 7LXL065. This just as I crossed at a protected crosswalk. The driver would not give his name but did stay a while. I was lightly hit on left leg, no injuries. The driver was an Asian-American man, tall, in his thirties. Though I called 911, I was unable to get through to the LAPD. Details:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. I was crossing Exposition Boulevard at La Brea at a protected crosswalk without a traffic light</li> <li>2. As I began walking into the protected area a car was already there, stopped, halfway into the crosswalk</li> <li>3. As I reach the front of the car, it moved forward, hitting me once or twice at very low speed</li> <li>4. I may have fallen on the hood, the cart I was pulling tipped over, I was unhurt</li> <li>5. The driver got out and asked if I'm OK. The interaction was pleasant</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>6. I write down his license plates and ask his name. He refuses to say</li> <li>7. I ask him to call 911 or police, he does not and says he's calling his insurance company</li> <li>8. I go across La Brea to use a phone but fail at the first business run by an East African man. At a second business, I'm able to call 911</li> <li>9. Put through to the LAPD line, I wait on hold for fifteen minutes before hanging up</li> <li>10. Walking back across La Brea to my cart, the driver has left</li> <li>11. I continue to my U-Haul storage</li> </ol> |
|---|---|

Watchword *still*: "Quartered safe out here." By which I mean I feel relatively safe while "out here." The phrase, also title of a book, is originally from Kipling.

(12-23-23) Have seen neither hide nor hair of a police report regarding the last outrage committed upon my august person by Golem Tyson™, a report promised by LAPD officer “Ramirez” months ago. As regards LAPD Detective Hargrove, tasked with elucidating the mystery of (neighbor in complex) Tyson’s address, ditto. And so, much as with the poor devils at Kaiser Permanente, I’ll not overly trouble them with further importunate requests.

#### Speed Bumps on the Road to Ragnarök:

(11-9-23) This section will be removed for the following reasons. My hope for a decisive battle, reason for the reference to *Ragnarök*, was wishful thinking. This struggle has been going on, in one form or another for millenia, at least since the invention of those darn clay tablets (a concept which, while much altered, is still with us to-day). Thus, I certainly cannot hope for a resolution within my lifetime. My hope now is to continue for whatever remains of my life before passing the baton to you, Gentle Reader™. From there, may you find it in yourself to pass it on to your kids. And, because you, unlike me: **1) Likely have kids 2) Have more of a family than I 3) Are more rooted in this world than I ever was, you may be incentivised to continue. You have far more to lose.**

I’ll close my U-Haul storage before the next payment is due, I can’t afford it anymore. In the last two months, I’ve been overdrawn twice. (Update 11-3-23) I’m done! Seven solar panels were not picked up by a last-minute customer, see details below, four others trashed, the remaining three brought home. Tony, the last minute customer in question, who had answered my Craigslist ad (yes, having gotten over my fit of pique, I’m back) confused me so in phone conversations over the last two day that I finally told him any further discussions would have to be by email. I collected \$20 of the agreed \$45 for about twenty panels, telling him he could pay the rest after I delivered a power supply. We severed connection after he began accusing me of various things and refused my request for an email address. As of 12-25-23, I’ve not heard back from him.

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

Another progression. Before I moved in, the composition of the tenant households in my complex was: 1 black, 6 Hispanic. Thirteen years later we have: 5 black, 2 Hispanic. With the composition of my street hardly having changed though there are a few whites hereabouts now. You’ll note I’ve left myself out of the equation as the answer to the conundrum of my ethnicity can either: **a) Be a sad joke, i.e., I’m the guy who, here five decades, still has not quite realized he’s black. Remember, if you will, a judgement about me I heard decades ago, mentioned in my book: “Not bad for a black.” Ah, l’Amerique, cette insolite... or b) Be left to you, Gentle Reader™, as an exercise (the preferred solution of a woman by the name of Jazmine *Sachiko* Ross, whose first language is Japanese, but who was born of British parents in a village there. A far starker problem than mine, I assure you. I came across her story on YouTube).**

(10-25-23) Sitting on the toilet, I begin laughing like a jackass. Remembering when I was admitted to the emergency room for my diabetes, blood sugar sky high. After they started an insulin IV, I sez to a doctor, “Doc, I feel like a new man.” He did not look pleased. He may even have exchanged looks with a colleague. What I *should* have said: “Doc, what is this stuff?” Then, informed it was insulin, I’d have replied: “Doc, this is better than crack, ya gotta try it.”

(10-26-23) Both Saint Bernard and Mrs. ‘Bell active today, Mrs. ‘Bell especially, while Brother *Cantinflas* apparently has the day off. In the afternoon she delivered herself of an extended rant. At first from her steps, then during a short walkabout in which she, screaming, treated the neighborhood to a potent word salad. I was able to make out some obscenities, followed by: “... this child on dope ...” all of it in her shrill voice and at her usual decibel level, whence the nickname. Later, after she had quieted down, I saw her moving garbage containers to the street, unusual for her. The last time someone other than the usual three of us did so, I came out of it with a bruise, courtesy of Miss Mumbles. Mrs ‘Bell caught my eye and nodded briefly as she shuttled containers to the curb. I, in full dudgeon (me feelings hurt, you unnerstand), cut her to the quick.

A YouTube video explains the phrase: “Turn the other cheek” in, for me, a novel way. I flatter myself that this was *exactly* my response to Golem Tyson™’s attack of a while back. You may want to look it up: *Why ‘turning the other cheek’ is fundamentally misunderstood* by Los Angeles Bishop Robert Barron. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fHIW5UDT1n8>

#### Wink-wink, Nudge-nudge:

Thinking back to the novel, *A Quiet American*, mentioned in a previous HSH. I think of a mysterious young man by the name of Alden Pyle, the American, rival of a British journalist for the hand of a young Vietnamese woman. The name takes me back to my college days. *Nilüfer Çagatai*, a close friend of Irene’s at school knew a fellow student, Alden Brewster, son of the college president, who shared that first name, though Irene pronounced it “Olden.”

Martin Luther King, target of Government interest, was once sent a letter by the FBI urging him to kill himself. I also dimly remember reading that both his father and grandfather had been of interest to the Government; through US Army Intelligence, as I recall.

While we’re on the subject of the FBI. In the seventies, I heard on the radio that Elmer “Geronimo” Pratt, a Black Panther leader, had been sent to prison for “moider” (quite literally; I won’t bother you with the tedium of my pun). His lawyer at the time, Johnnie Cochran. Pratt was eventually freed on unearthed wiretap evidence proving he could not have been in Los Angeles at the time; evidence originally hidden by the FBI.

As to my (occasional and only-when-unduly-provoked...) use of the word nigger or, as some of youse guys so primly say: “the N word.” I recall a phrase I first heard from none other than William F. Buckley: “*Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi.*” OK? *Pétain!*

(12-23-23) Earlier this week, on the bus, I saw a pair (*¡Ay, corazón!*) of pallets at a nearby bakery. Exiting, I knocked on the glass of the service entrance, perhaps startling an employee, causing her to upset the stack of cardboard boxes she was handling. Asked about the two pallets, the man who came outside replied in the affirmative, adding with a smile: “They don’t come any nicer than that, with most considerably worse.” In other words, *du jamais vu! Vu?*

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

(10-22-23) In the aftermath of yesterday’s bit of vandalism, I may have had an *extended* Microwave Moment™ this morning, as in “want me to warm it up for you?” Here’s how it worked: as I sat outside, taking apart pallets, there came to be a considerable *va-et-viens* by Tyson’s wife and kids. With the three teenagers putting in masterful performances which, at times, seemed choreographed. What with the back-and-forth, the running, the words exchanged among themselves, the hesitations and pauses in front of my bungalow. Then, after the “warm-up” act, the star put in a brief, understated, appearance.

(10-24-23) Brother *Cantinflas* was in fine form this afternoon, trolling for one of his cats: “Come in, buddy; come here, buddy...” etc., as he walked back and forth, back and forth, on the walkway in our complex while I worked on the front lawn. “They are playing a game. They are playing at not playing a game. If I show them I see they are, I shall break the rules and they will punish me. I must play their game, of not seeing I see the game.” (Credit: R.D. Laing)

I remember Vanessa Redgrave, after her pro-Palestinian protests in the 1970s, starring (under circumstances unclear to me) in a 1980 TV movie, *Playing for Time*. A film in which she played a musician and concentration camp inmate. Plot summary: *When a Jewish songstress is plucked from the stage and sent to Auschwitz, she and other musicians find themselves assigned to a terrible task—using their talents to soothe fellow prisoners who are sentenced to die in the gas chambers.* (Credit: <https://letterboxd.com/film/playing-for-time/>). And, as these musicians were, sooner or later, themselves slated for liquidation, the movie takes on a further tragic tone. Here and now, I see a near-perfect parallel between them and those unfortunate enough to be my neighbors. You’ve come to know some of them by the nicknames I gave them. Today, I’ll particularly single out Mrs ‘Bell and her music. Though instead of soothing, Mrs. ‘Bell and the others irritate and provoke the "client" — though likely to the same ultimate end. *Ein richtiger Himmelfahrtskommando und Singkreis. Oder? A grotesque parallel.*

The solar panel caper, a timeline: **1)** One day, a woman living several doors down, black, the same neighbor who, I’ve already written about it, said as I walked by: “See that man, that man is child-happy,” asks if the solar panel mounted on a bike cart in the front yard is mine **2)** Late one night, a homeless(?) man asks if the cart is for sale **3)** Weeks later, the cart is stolen at around 4AM **4)** I then lean the panel, still in use for my bungalow’s solar system, against a wall **5)** During an inspection, a City inspector orders its removal **6)** Much later, when I contemplate placing the panel on the grass strip at the curb to get around restrictions, Irene says putting it on City property could, in her exact words, “change the character of neighborhood,” and advises against it.

(12-3-23) In a courtesy visit, the Saint came to my door asking, with evident puzzlement, why I had put a piece of laundry to dry on the fence on *his* side of the complex instead of mine. Not answering, I quietly said: “Will there be anything else?” He replied in the negative, I later saw him move it off the fence where I’d left it, his request notwithstanding, and move it to my side of the complex. I later found the item lying on the grass.

(12-11-23) The joint was jumpin’ again, though not courtesy of the Saint or even Mrs. ‘Bell. No, today it was a “brace” of Mexicans working next door. I use the word brace advisedly (as in “a brace of pistols”), man were they loud, with sync observed as well. Saint Bernard remained indoors throughout while Mrs. ‘Bell, in the role of a shadow, occasionally trailed behind me or hovered nearby as I moved about, working outside on the front lawn assembling my sauna.

(12-17-23) I was treated to an extended word salad from before I woke up at nine to almost 11AM by neighbors. I could not make out any coherent content, though I may not have been paying close enough attention. The two, Mrs. ‘Bell and Saint Bernard, had been standing outside his front porch, sync was noticed. Later, I walked by them several times, taking things outside, studiously ignoring the two; a surreal scene.

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?):

Tips which may prove helpful should you, Gentle Reader™, ever be in a position to interview with the good people over at the Organs of State Security™: **a)** Inquire as to the hours, though asking whether the work will be steady is superfluous, of that I can assure you **b)** Ask about the retirement age **c)** Lastly, and this, as casually as you can (you don’t want to give them any, ummm, *untoward* ideas), look into the dental plan.

**Legend**, n: A made-up story about a person, containing as much truth as will fit. **Life**, n: A sexually transmitted disease, always fatal. (Credit: Laing). **Dinosaur**, n: Someone who drives his car by looking in the rear-view mirror.

(11-24-23) Today, nearly a first! Dropping off some stuff at the Santa Monica Salvation Army, I chanced to stop at the sales counter and said: “May I introduce myself? *Bergie’s* my name, schizophrenia’s my game,” before handing the man a flier flogging my web site, adding, “Details follow.” Berg, Berg, I just don’t know what we’re gonna do with you... I’d also like to bring to your attention the following modest attempts at humor and ridicule. Not included here to avoid duplication, the fliers are funnier in Spanish than English, see the Spanish for “bats in the belfry.” I laughed so hard, I had tears in my eyes. Thanks, Google Translate.

1. A questionnaire I’ve been handing out around the neighborhood, probing to see just how widespread my infection/infestation problem might be
2. A complaint about a new neighbor in our complex in which I make a measured appeal to the City and its religious establishment for help...
3. A project I call “*uMshiniWashi II*,” where I offer to build, at my cost, a bike-powered washing machine near my bungalow, for the use of everyone
4. An open letter to a tormentor (Oh, Gawd!) by the unlikely name of Reichmann, currently in the role of a City of a Los Angeles Housing Inspector

Pictures:

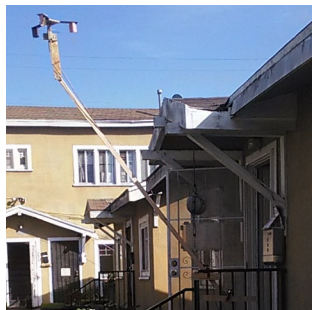


Figure 1: The mast, picture taken in 2022, DIY cups are of an older design.



Figure 2: Base of mast, snapped off as I found it when I returned home on 10-21-23. Picture taken the morning after.



Figure 3: The homemade anemometer cups found on the ground the next day.



Figure 4: Report of incident filed with LAPD on 10-22-23 with declared value of \$10 in damages, tracking #231022900067. Approved on 11-7-23, police report number: 230319348.



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

Redefinition of myself: A hack writer interested in crime reporting with a sideline in electronics. I’m a hack, not a hacker; as long as that’s understood...

How someone with a self-admitted interest in, and prior involvement with, underage girls, mentally ill, eccentric and notorious for being a Clueless Negro™, could be chosen as the poster child for a political/social movement, as I believe I am, is *unfathomable*. I don't understand it. Equally strange is why I was selected over my sister, someone far more normal than me. Listen, I'm the kind of guy who hangs a chamber pot from his front porch. *Fer Chrissakes!* It's because of this that, at times, much as with that *other* type of "work" I was being groomed for by certain parties who may eventually not remain unnamed (for the time being I can only point, with any degree of confidence, to the US Government in *general*), I worry about my suitability for this starring role.

Strange as some of my performances admittedly are, they are surpassed by those of people nearby who, observing the flagrant circus usually surrounding me, see nothing, hear nothing, say nothing. Performances at times grotesque, as when some poor unfortunate *defecated in his pants on a bus while the dozen or so passengers present, braving the stench, remained impassive*. Once again the *plaaajaapie* in me asks: "Where the f\*k (replace the asterisk with an 'o', SA style) I am?". Performances in turn eclipsed by those of people in responsible positions who choose to do nothing either (at least as far as I've noticed). See the Laing quote above. My one remaining sister, Irene Hawkins, living in Florence, Italy also behaves this way. Thinking back to some of the more peculiar moments of this year; I informed her practically as they happened. She also receives my HSHs as well as my previous email series. Yet her response has consistently been a deafening silence, just as with a fellow bus rider I spoke to on 11-9-23. I pointed out to him that as weird as the atmosphere around me was, the lack of comment by others was even more strange. He did not care to reply with much... And another thing about Irene's lies (*Suppressio veri suggestio falsi*), there's not even an attempt at plausibility anymore. Some time ago, she told me her cell phone did not work reliably in her apartment; fine. But when I recently asked about her landline, she replied that there's so many spam calls that she and her companion do not bother to answer anymore. When I countered that, calling on her birthday, I had heard an automated voice say: "a route could not be established," she made no reply. *Doulos, va!* What has the US Government done to you? I feel a great concern; for you Irene, for all the unfortunates who share your fate, be they my (former) friends, neighbors near and far or (I suspect) myriad others across this planet. "Powerlessness corrupts, absolute powerlessness corrupts absolutely" (Credit: *Andreotti*).

Five steps to "Ground truth": **1)** Colette Walczak succeeds in getting me to try to kill myself. I attempt to do so with gas **2)** Minutes after I turn on the gas, it's shut off; to more than just my bungalow, I suspect **3)** The gas line is flushed **4)** Hours later, in the morning, a crew visits to monitor gas levels around and under my bungalow **5)** Much later, a woman in the neighborhood says: "We can smell gas everywhere but can't get any." Most of these facts can easily be verified; facts which, if true, are serious enough in implications that I can now rest on my laurels; so long as no lies ever creep in to my story, that is.

There's no need for me to say anything more, considering what I've already written. What I now write, I write purely for my own consumption, one could say.

An anecdote I should heed. At the close of a conference, the secretary transcribing speeches of the various speakers, engages a physicist in conversation, the one scientist among these academics. She remarks that of all the speakers she'd heard, he was the only one she could understand. The physicist's name: Feynman.

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

- First, you may remember, there was the ill-fated concept of "Government-in-a-box," implemented once upon a time in that Mesopotamia in the wake of some muscular house-cleaning. It originated with, as in the title (slightly changed by me) of the book by Della Femina, the legendary adman: *From Those Wonderful Folks Who Gave You ~~Pearl Harbor~~-Fallujah & Fallujah 2*. Second, you've noticed the so-called "Doc-in-a-box" businesses, attempts at making medical care more accessible. Third, brief peeks at the interiors of both Mrs. 'Bell's and Saint Bernard's bungalows through their open doors as I (casually) walk by, reveal hardly a stick of furniture in either. It's as though they were camping out; the non-hoarder in me is jealous. Another insidious attempt by these Gentlemen of the Organs of State Security™ to democratize harassment. I give you: "Provocateur-in-a-box" or is merely a case of temporary quarters?
- For quite some time now, I've thought of "the Jew" as a kind of canary in a coal mine. Become an effin' Nostradamus, I 'ave.
- I don't really need to live in a democracy, though it would be nice. What I really want is to *behave*. For what that means, you'd have to have asked Father, he would have known. Though Saint Teresa of Ávila had a better way to say it (Credit: Laing, possible source): "The road is the destination." Easy to say, for those of us fortunate enough to be in a position to plead the 6<sup>th</sup>, Eh?
- Recently, learning about the link between metabolism and mental health gave me a feeling of optimism and excitement. Not about my own prospects, I dare not tarry to ponder *those*... But about the interrelated(?) predicaments we, all eight billion of us, find ourselves in. Yet, in spite of this, some few achieve what I vaguely call "escape velocity." Never mind precision here, my degree's in grab-ass hand-waiving, as you know. The implications could be enormous. At times, I feel mankind may yet give the lie to eminent biologist Ernst Mayr's prediction that intelligence could turn out to have been a lethal mutation. Regarding Colette Walczak who died in 2018: about a decade ago; in her own flaky way, in spite of her disastrous and chaotic life, she was curious enough, intelligent enough, prescient enough and caring enough to responsibly and carefully suggest I look at diet as part of the solution to my mental problems. At the time, as is so often my habit, I ridiculed her; I'm a bit ashamed. Colette, a belated thank you. And an apology.
- From the book I just alluded to, *Brain Energy*, I came, by a commodious vicus of recirculation, to another volume. This one purporting to elucidate the mysteries of mitochondria, those elusive creatures found in our cells, thought by some to hold part of the key to mental health; a subject near and dear to me. Well, I'm here to tell you that the book: *Power, Sex, Suicide: Mitochondria and the meaning of life* does no such thing! At least for me. Much as with another book I read decades ago, *Macro Processors* (approximate title) by Brown, I thought, going into it, that I had some idea of what evolution, the cell, etc. were about and would learn more. Well, as with Brown's text, I have no clear idea anymore of what a ~~macro~~ evolution is. Really.
- There may be a fundamental contradiction in the idea of democracy.
- Throughout my day, from time to time, the smell of marijuana wafts across my path. Surprisingly frequent, this leads me to wonder; I'm reminded of a phrase in the novel, *Stand on Zanzibar*: "When the strain gets to be too much, you know it's got to be Hytrip" (Credit: John Brunner). America, Wake Up and Smell the Soma™.
- In my life, most every time tragedy has struck, I now increasingly have the feeling US Government (-associated?) criminals were involved.
- The State, in it's majesty, psychologically destabilizing an already mentally ill human being. Imagine.
- About the fix we find ourselves in: are there other examples? This bears on whether we can consider our current state a result of convergence or contingency. The most worrisome part of this business: is it a purely American problem or a more general one with peculiar American features?
- "If you're in this world and you don't know who the peasant is, then chances are, you're the peasant." (Credit: adapted from a Wall Street saying)

(signed)

Berg "*Corazon Aquino*" Hawkins (An old joke about a former President of the Philippines. Both the joke and the very name, by its implication, fit me to a T)

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.

P.P.S. Bleak lives matter.