

Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory: #26

Κύριε, ἐλέησον. (Lord, have mercy.)

Midway?

- Initially heading the wrong way, it took an act of insubordination verging on mutiny by one of the squadron leaders, Waldron by name, for some to head in what turned out to be the correct direction.
- The planes his squadron flew had been obsolete since 1939.
- There was no fighter escort to be had.
- As was the quaint custom for torpedo planes, they went in low and slow, please.
- A-and the fact that their torpedoes were known to be generally NFG doesn't seem to have overly troubled them, neither.
- I give you: Torpedo 8. Mwahahahaha!

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

vf Start Date: 1-23-24, email Date: 2-8-24

Distribution: Book group, Addams [sic] 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~~ Startle All.

A reminder: because of frequent computer malfunctions, when I notice an egregious "printer's devil," I'll **bold** it and add [sic].That'll bitch it.

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 [sic] District, USA, 2024

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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)

My center is giving way, my right (hand) is weakening, excellent situation, I shall attack.

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

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

— *La Trahison des Clercs*, Benda

"Goodness had nothing to do with it."

— Mae West

"If a cannibal eats with a knife and fork, is that progress?"

— Stanislaw Jerzy Lec

«Je me fous de votre Staline.» (I don't give a damn about your Stalin)

— B. A. Кравченко

Summary of Contents:

(a) Still more connections in and interpretations of my past **(b)** Pics of a homemade dish **(c)** Victims of blackbirding, a list **(d)** My sauna build update **(e)** Another "Clark Load" distributed **(f)** Announcing an upcoming email complaint to the LAPD, my first.

Errors, Corrections (Lost & Found), Clarifications and Amplifications (A new section in which I acknowledge, among others, prior mistakes.):

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

(1-24-24) There is still an occasional sewage smell. Can you not again send me your magician? After my last complaint in 2023, your man, José Nava, went outside behind my bungalow, telling me he would turn a valve of some kind, after which things got better.

The Cat Walks (Backward, Natch!):

Visions of semi-automatic(?) weapons dance before my eyes tonight (doing a bit of woolgathering, nothing more — a prerogative of the old; a practice generally considered harmless, I hope). I can make sense of *Sten-Åke Larssen's* unsolicited offer of guns for sale in the nineties, but what of the other guy's, though? The Black man, ex-con, a soon-to-move-out-of-state kind of guy, referred by Ed Siegel of the TRW swapmeet. In the mid-nineties, I sold him a 70-72Hz, Mitsubishi 1280x1024, single-frequency, 20" monitor. During the sale, he went to buy cigarettes after handing me a pistol, by the barrel, mind; for my protection, according to him. Reason given: the neighborhood unsafe. Is this not gilding the lily? It, when coupled with that other interaction I cannot get out of my head, the one where a potential customer, a machinist, spoke of "oven cleaner," has quite a sinister possible reading. I remind you, Gentle Reader™, that I met all three of them after my first suicide attempt and may even, by then, have had other minor attempts under my belt as well.

Greg Bailey, the high school teacher in Bremerhaven, Germany who encouraged me to apply to Caltech, suggested I become a salesman for HP in Europe after graduation since I was bilingual. I also remember him mentioning Schlumberger, for some reason nicknamed by Americans, Slumberchild, a multinational French oil exploration equipment firm, also a customer of HP.

People whose contact information Father gave me before I moved here: **(1)** A US Navy destroyer commander, based in Southern California. I was offered a tour of the ship but declined **(2)** The Wilcox family, friends from France whose daughter specialized in OR and married a Frenchman teaching at Caltech. She introduced me to a relative, an older woman with stables near La Cañada(?) **(3)** A former employee of Father, based in Santa Monica, who became a lawyer specializing in defending cops **(4)** A Black mother and daughter, religious people, living in Beverly Hills. I visited once **(5)** Another Black couple, the husband trying to pass the state bar exam. Others, not connected to Father: Bailey, mentioned above, I visited him once in Tempe, Arizona; Robert Seidenstein rounds out the lot.

While we lived in Orléans, Father, on his way to work, once found a rotting fish had been put on our doorstep. I still remember the characteristic smell which lingered for days even after the fish had been disposed of.

Father, always a careful dresser, once went to Britain to buy suits. Days later, he returned with some he said had been made by a London tailor, I still remember the color of one, brown. At the time, we were almost certainly still living in Orléans.

“... vous, vous êtes bien au chaud ...” Irene, still working in Manhattan, perhaps at the breaking point (she’d actually cried once over the phone as we argued while I was still in the loony bin in New York, months earlier), commented while I recovered in Normandie from my first psychotic break and suicide attempt in 1988. I remembered these words tonight as I watched a documentary about a hell-hole called *Alang*, a beach located in the state of Gujarat, India. A place where, during his lifetime, one worker in four develops cancer; shipbreaking.

Les Cassettes et Déboires de l’Oncle Sam (Uncle Sam’s Robberies and (Other) Mishaps (Credit: Harriet Beecher Stowe, heavily adapted)):

(a) (1-11-24) I’d put an appointment notice for a visit to Kaiser in my wallet but, days later, at the check-in line, could not find it. (b) (1-30-24) In a last-minute scramble to file my City business license tax, not only can I not find the courtesy card with my account number but the email reminder has vanished as well (c) Earlier, the business card of a likable termite specialist was removed and a rodent exterminator’s card put in my wallet in its place (d) A spring-type wood clamp is again missing, as is one of another type.

While fasting for six days in July (probably 2022) I began suspecting my glucose meter, one I’d used for years, of malfunctioning. While my ketones ranged from 2.4 to 5.1, my blood sugar stubbornly remained in the 120s and 130s (very high for someone fasting). Going to Kaiser Permanente to double check, a nurse in urgent care found my level to be 70 while my meter, which I tested simultaneously, recorded a level of 123. Measured at 6:23PM, 7/12/2022(?) see Figure 1.

Running the Public Transit Gauntlet or “Prendere in Giro” (An Italian expression meaning to tease/take someone for a ride(?). In my case literally):

(Around 1-18-24) A one-two punch? After having boarded the #37 with groceries, I left them in the front area to pay the fare. As, card in hand, I approach the card reader near the driver, she swings her cage open, blocking the way and says: “I don’t want you here,” no reason given. After clarifying that I’m trying to pay, she remains adamant, repeating herself, opening her gate again. Somewhat shaken, I quietly retreat to my groceries without paying. Odd behavior as she had felt it OK to let me approach when boarding, even lowering the ramp as I asked. She again lowered it to let me exit by the front as I requested. Minutes later, I get home to find a letter hanging from the mailbox. A notice from AFJ, my landlord, notifying me of an increase in rent, the new amount being \$818.18. Got over the shock only to find, a day later, another note; this time mailed. For the very same rent increase amount. This may be trivial but you see, for years, I’ve been concerned about possibly losing my apartment; perhaps not a frivolous concern given the continuing shenanigans.

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

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

The Quotable Other, i.e., Hell is Other People (Credit: Sartre) with “Tales of the Himmelfahrtkommando™”, i.e., About my Poor Neighbors’ Antics:

“What. We’ve. Got. Here. Is. Failure. To. Communicate.” (Credit: A line made famous by Strother Martin) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=452XjnaHr1A>

Sassenach™ and His Yankee Damsyankee Tricks:

“Blackbirds” I have known: people made, by hook or by crook, to leave the US; permanently in most cases.

Who	Likely	Successful	Destination	How it was accomplished	Relation
Irene Hawkins	Certain	Yes	Italy	Unknown	Sister
Berg Hawkins	Certain	Partly, I returned to US after 7 months	Italy	Contrived business failure, tricked by sister into leaving US, problem returning	
Lawson Hawkins	Possible	Yes, gone 30+ years, retired partly in US	France	Unknown	Father
Subhash Sharma	Certain	Yes	India	Threat of imprisonment on federal tax charges	Friend
Marc Walczak	Possible	Yes	Philippines	Unknown	Friend
Janusz Hetman	Probable	Yes	Poland	Possible loss of living accommodations in Los Angeles	Friend

Pics:

Here we display **out** [sic] vaunted culinary skills. *Rillettes*! I’d send youse guys some but *rillettes*, mebbe better known to you as flavored cholesterol, much as with, say, Bulgarian wines and certain American tourists, don’t travel well. My first attempt, while tasty, was a bit dry and didn’t have the customary lard layer on top. BTW, I’m no foodie, only a scared diabetic, thus my over(?) emphasis on fat consumption. Next on my (lunch) bucket list: homemade Spanish chorizo and beef jerky, SA-style (soon as the good folks at !@#\$\$%&! Apricot Lane Farms in Moorpark condescend to selling me some of their “happy beef.”). Sigh...

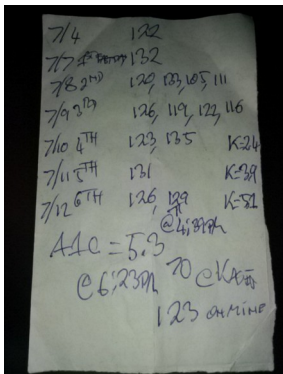


Figure 1: 2022(?) Bad blood sugar readings: KP’s=70, mine=123

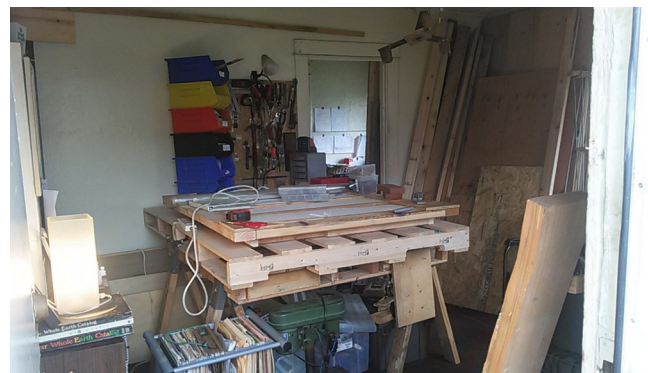


Figure 2: On top of the workbench, the sauna base. White segments wedged between wood supports are Styrofoam pieces. In background, wood for the rest of sauna build.



Figure 3: Made with pork from Costco (*faute de mieux*), I reuse small glass jars as a fair substitute for the real thing. At top left, part of the food processor I used. Years ago, Colette scavenged it for me from a Santa Monica alley...



Figure 4: Closeup of a substitute *pot de rillettes*, the stuff on top is lard, used in the old days to seal the meat thus retarding spoilage, important in the days before refrigeration.



Figure 5: Chimney (though not body) arrangement similar to what I have in mind for mine.

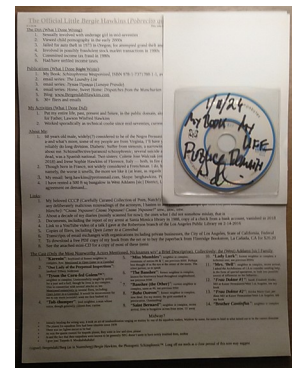


Figure 6: My latest flier, distributed with a mini-CD containing my book and everything I could scrape together about myself.



Figure 7: A rocket mass heater with the wood burning part inside the black cylinder at the left, chimney partly visible above and the thermal mass located in the couch. Astonishing performance claims made!

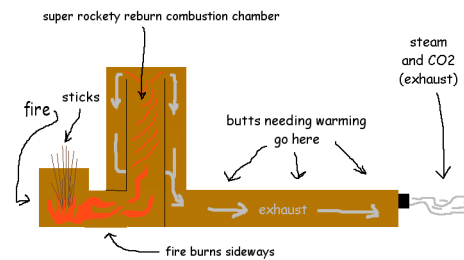


Figure 8: Cutaway diagram explaining principle of operation. Originally from Central America, it was further developed here in the 80s. Tens of kilowatts of heating power possible.



Figure 9: Some smaller, portable rocket stoves without the thermal mass, scale provided by the person kneeling behind.

Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:

(1-30-24) I'm making an email complaint with the LAPD about the increasingly unreliable behavior, after calls to 911, of several officers in the last few years.

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

I'm excited! They're called "rocket stoves" or "rocket mass heaters" and they are the bee's knees, I tell you. After much tergiversation over the last year and a half, I'm nearly decided on how to heat my sauna. My initial idea was to use a standard electric sauna heater, from there, I wandered into using solar as a sauna power source instead of DWP electricity. But, after seeing videos of a Russian heating an underground cabin, Canadian campers "hot tenting" in -40 degrees Celsius and a woman who heats the van she lives in with a cute wood stove, I may settle on a rocket stove. From what I gather, I'm allowed to use one indoors as long as it meets several requirements: **a**) It is not permanently installed **b**) It must be movable **c**) It cannot use a through-wall chimney **d**) It must not emit smoke **e**) It must use non-polluting wood **f**) I must be mindful of possible "no burn" days **g**) Additionally, I'd ensure the thing was safe and allow no creosote buildup in the chimney, an inherent property of properly used rocket stoves. I'd, of course, have to do without the enormous thermal mass shown in Figure 7 as my bungalow floor is not rated for such loads. In compensation, with a removable chimney arrangement, it could be so light as to be wheeled from sauna to living room to bedroom. When cooking, I may even move the stove out back, in the open space where my pantry, now conveniently razed, was located. Though the main, and perhaps only, use would be for heating my sauna. All this, of course, subject to official approval and written mention to my landlord, AFJ Investment's Our Lady of the Perpetual Inspections™. I perceive, as with my solar initiative, the main obstacle to be the process of extracting ~~teeth~~ the relevant regulations from unwieldy City/County/State bureaucracies... BTW, I've as yet gotten no replies in over a dozen attempts made last year to reach out to official sources regarding official regulations concerning the "solar for renters" option.

Wink-wink, Nudge-nudge:

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

On 1-22-24, I mailed out copies of *The Official Berg Hawkins (Pobrecito que Soy) Fact Sheet* containing a cover note and mini-CD with 200+MB (you on my distribution list have already received it). The sheet contained, as yours did, some relevant email traffic, my scanned diaries, the book, the HSH and two other email series and a cover summary in English and Spanish. In short, my whole life, now in the public domain, scattered to the four corners. I sent copies to: **(1) FBI** (Washington, DC office) **(2) Justice Department** (Washington, DC office) **(3) Human Rights Watch** (New York office) **(4) International Criminal Court** (The Hague). The cover page/flier/summary and mini-CD, though stale news, are in the manner of a "Clark Load," as is my habit. All fliers were autographed and I added a slip of paper saying: "Should this material need clarification, please contact me at: ..." [address added]. I'm happy to report that US Postal Service personnel, while at first somewhat recalcitrant, did not, in the end, offer insuperable obstacles to the mailing. Let's hope for the best... I'm also distributing this fact sheet at random prior to blanketing my neighborhood with the stuff. I'm not sure what the legal fallout, if any, could be (I'm new at this) but at least, it will show my current status for all who care to know, i.e., another opportunity for me to «*montrer patte blanche*.» Neither do I know how this will affect my standing in the community though, looking back at various events over the years, I don't imagine any of this will come as news to neighbors. Consider this fact sheet as another clumsy attempt at ensuring the unwholesome farce and tragedy that was my life may not go unnoticed. A crude emotional/political testament of sorts, a partial documentation of the *modus operandi* of these, our Organs of State Security™. And, as in the anecdote I described in HSH #22, another mummified hand reaching out to an opaque future. You may have heard of "security through obscurity," well this may be the opposite: "security through transparency."

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?):

An anecdote has it that when a famous economist of the "Austrian" school was asked about the fearsome prospects of Germany, East and West, being reunited under communism, he is said to have replied: "The economic system under which the German will not work has been found; it is called communism." For proof, we know even Stalin couldn't make "the trains run on time" (the just alluded to Soviet + Russian *je-m'en-foutisme* being the cause). In this place, though, its been my experience that even the buses can't or won't run reliably, due to an altogether *different* phenomenon; of the Mediterranean variety, perhaps? *Je-m'en-foutisme/je-m'en-fichisme/je-m'en-faschisme*. An example of opposites coming to resemble each other?

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

Curious that when I reported some unpleasant event involving Tyson the Corn-fed Golem™ to my landlord, Our Lady of the Perpetual Inspections™, she asked for details. By contrast, an LAPD detective has complained that he was unable to get her to so much as return his call about crimes committed (by Tyson, his family and others) in this complex. Curious.

Can people who have done what they did to Colette Walczak credibly claim to have *any* constituency?

Putting together these HSH Dispatches is becoming quite a foray into the unknown. I never know where the keyboard will lead me.

Listening to a political ad, I shrink back, despondent; my "daylight nightmare" still potentially viable.

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

- What *is* the price tag for restoring a Republic? Eh?
- I don't imagine the British commemorate Walsingham's accomplishments much anymore.
- When reminiscing, I increasingly feel like a herbivore buffeted about in a herd of carnivores.
- Some say there is freedom to be had in the interstices between tectonic plates.
- "Expanding the area of conscience" is a technique applicable to anyone, regardless of whether he be victim or victimizer. The means by which someone starting out as a mediocrity (like most of us), becomes, by infinitesimal degree, a RUTHLESS MEDIOCRITY (unlike most of us). Cornered by his prior choices.

(signed)
Slumberchild

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