

# Home, Sweet Home:

## Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory: #27

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

W v f Start Date: 2-2-24, email Date: 3-1-28

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

"... the simple answer is that what we believe determines what we see."

— Edwin Gale, 2013

### Summary of Contents:

**(a)** My health **(b)** Frequent problems with devices, a list **(c)** Bus ridership, now an extreme sport **(d)** Insulted!

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

(2-17-24) Found a missing spring-type clamp, in a large plastic storage bin.

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

**(1)** Did the City Housing Department inform you in writing of their decision to demolish my pantry? If so, could you send me a copy of any notices you might have received regarding this? **(2)** I sometimes find small pools of water of no more than two inches in diameter around the base of the toilet. This is a possible source of mold and, as I've mentioned before, I'm diabetic and sensitive to this. NB Tiffany Anderson: while you and I may not be on the same team, I am convinced we are ultimately on the same side.

The Cat Walks (Backward, Natch!):

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

A series of "Jerks": **(1)** (2-21-24 @ 2:06PM) Metro bus #212, ID 5986, south on La Brea, driver braked suddenly as I got up, there was no car in lane ahead. Braking was mild, I think, but it destabilized me momentarily, though I did not fall. **(2)** (2-13-24 @ 1:54PM) Culver City bus #1(?), ID 7129, as a woman is talking on cell phone (incessantly, since before I got on) the driver brakes sharply. At that moment, the same(?) woman says: "Ça va?" (How is it going?) **(3)** (3-1-24 @ 1:09PM) Metro bus #33, ID 8637, I was holding onto a rail while standing in front area of bus, just as I switched hands, the driver made his bus move forward though a passenger had not yet boarded **(4)** Have experienced these things more often in last months. Sometimes a rapid sequence of braking action within 2-3 seconds.

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

As I walked back from the beach to the Metro E Line in Santa Monica, a man began screaming as I overtake him. I heard a stream of shouted near-nonsense, a stream of words ending with: "Are you a doctor?"

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

Finding my hand tremors more noticeable these last months. They and my arms are also slightly clumsy, bumping into things as I move them. Also, there is still a noticeable slight dizziness whenever I move my head or torso rapidly. Numbness of fingers is more frequent. When I sleep, I again have to be careful to keep my arms straight otherwise I may eventually start to feel some pain in the crook of my arms; there is also a higher incidence of finger numbness throughout the day. (Update: 2-19-24) Noticeable hand tremors when I solder.

Unusual sensitivity to noises, however slight, and movements. Possible continuation of a head lice infestation unless symptoms are in my head.

(2-12-24) I received from Kaiser Permanente and put online a CD with my whole(?) medical record. Today, though not expecting much, I went to Member Services to deliver a one page request for additional files as I could not send a PDF via the portal. The interaction began on a hopeful note with the clerk cheerily greeting me: "Good morning, how can I help you?" From there on, though, it was strictly downhill. I handed her my note and in reply to a question, said I wanted additional files. She immediately asked what the paper was about, then I heard: "Oh, MRI, you'll have to go downstairs to that department" as she read the first of seven points (see below). I promptly thanked her and walked out. So long as Kaiser personnel don't, whether by sin of omission or commission, do me any more damage, I'm "all right with it." It would appear that requirement was amply satisfied today.

Date: 2/4/2024

To: Kaiser Permanente member services, Irene Hawkins, Beth Wolfson, Others

Subject: Request for more files

Summary: I received a CD with the requested medical records but find them incomplete, and am asking for more files

Attachments: Precious few...

Hi,

I need the following:

1. MRI imagery (which I know may be large), there should be two such files. We can discuss means by which the files can be transferred.
2. X-ray imagery including especially an x-ray of my chest made on a visit to the emergency room in the early 2000s for high blood sugar (976 measured after blood test on the previous day).
3. Transcripts of all messages and replies through Kaiser portal since I joined.
4. Electronic copies of two complaints I made over the years, one sent by surface mail, the other by email, including any replies by Kaiser.
5. Data/text generated by Kaiser personnel, perhaps considered private, touching me or any aspect of my treatment. Preferably with names not redacted, though this last is not essential.
6. Any available security camera footage including, especially, an approximately one hour segment in which I may be seen in the main building sometime in 20???. That morning, I had made two visits, the first to have blood drawn at 6AM, the second at 10AM for an appointment with per diem optometrist MD, Ericka Marie Gair, in which I was seen by her for a throat complaint.
7. Any additional files about me, Lawson B. Hawkins, medical record number 0017508205, not covered by the above list.

In short, I'd like a complete "data dump."

I unlocked the CD you sent last week, uploaded and put it in the public domain, making it available to anyone. My purpose now is to put any more files Kaiser Permanente may have, in the public domain without redaction and upload them to the same destination (where the unlocked CD file went): BergendahlHawkins.com.

Refusal by Kaiser to provide any portion of the above seven requests should be accompanied by reasons for each denial.

Thanks.

(signed)

Lawson Berg (as in Nuremberg) Hawkins, Los Angeles, West Addams [sic] District

20240204 Request of Kaiser for more files\_vf

(Update: 3-1-24) As of today, I have no reply to my request; neither a yes nor a no.

My records, both at home and at Kaiser Permanente being incomplete, I must work from memory; the last three years' series of HbA1c is as follows: 5.3, 5.5 and last year, 5.7. A progression which concerns me, as this upward trend could be either the result of an increased level of stress or indicate a progressive deterioration of the beta cells in my pancreas. Not sure which.

May I recommend a book? Gary Taubes' *Rethinking Diabetes*, Knopf, 2024. My summary: don't get diabetes if you don't have a sense of humor; just don't.

The Quotable Other, i.e., "Hell is Other People" (Credit: Sartre) with "Tales of the *Himmelfahrtkommando*<sup>TM</sup>", i.e., My Poor Neighbors' Antics:

(2-11-24) To-day, due to protocol conflicts with a #37 bus (no serial # available), deciding to forgo running the gauntlet, I walked. Proceeding south to Addams [sic] Boulevard, I noticed several people waiting at the next stop. One greeted me (forthrightly?) with the traditional greeting: "Hey, brother!" A bit of that *Kameradschaft*, wot? I (politely) poured cold water before continuing on my way. (Some of) My people are from Virginia, you know.

(2-17-24) The day got off to a rollicking good start. What with the *Himmelfahrtkommando* Mexican workers next door whooping it up ("sync" included at no extra charge), this followed by Saint Bernard with his trademark monotonous voice droning on, occasionally punctuated by that moron laugh of his, Mrs. 'Bell then chimed in. The workers, returning from lunch refreshed, put in another yeoman performance before again yielding the floor to Saint Bernard just outside my window in an extended duet with Mrs. 'Bell. The grand finale was courtesy of her gospel music with, at times, a volume not to be believed; her front door was open, Natch. That tears it! Soon as the rain stops, I'm paying a visit to the City's Dimetrodon Abatement office (Hey, I'm desperate), my written complaint about Mrs. 'Bell to the Housing Department apparently having gone unnoticed. Finally, I want to point out that I use "moron" not to insult the Saint but precisely because he is *not* a moron, only pretending to be one.

*Les Casses et Déboires de l'Oncle Sam* (the first implying the second) (Uncle Sam's Robberies and (Other) Mishaps (Credit: Harriet Beecher Stowe, adapted)):

When items someone has gone to some trouble to steal from my City First/Broadway Federal safe deposit box(es) mysteriously reappear in my bungalow some years later, it doesn't take a Sherlock Holmes to guess that the desired impact was other than material. This may explain why the police officer to whom I showed the two miraculously returned checks was scornful in his refusal to take an interest. Stands to reason no crime was committed if items stolen are returned. Silly of me to think otherwise.

(1) The wood top to my milk crate composter I was drying after the rains is missing. (2) I can't find an LED night light I was using a few weeks ago. (3) Once again, I cannot find two vise-type wood clamps.

Part of the M.O. (likely in the first case, confirmed in the second) of these Gentlemen-criminals of our Organs of State Security™. In the sixties, a rotting fish on my family’s doorstep, in the nineties, dead rat(s) on my therapist’s. Takes a strong stomach to both live in this place and keep one’s eyes open. Which may account for why yr. Friend and Humble ~~Narr~~ Narrator™ avoided seeing what was on the tip of his nose for nigh on a half-century.

(2-4-24) The first item to malfunction was the eyeball warmer I used to prevent further blockage of my eyelid oil ducts. Several years ago, unaccountable, it began behaving erratically. At first I could unplug it from its controller before reconnecting it to make it work again. That seemed to **di** [sic] the trick, until, by *degree*, the fix wouldn’t work anymore. Some years later, I used a factory-repaired lab power supply made by Instek (seen below in Figure 3) to heat the eyeball warmer, I got only unreliable, confusing and contradictory readings both from the supply and two DVMs. Except for a brief moment, I was unable to get it to heat up. Then, connecting the warmer directly to a pair of batteries without any electronics, I did manage to, briefly, heat it. But when I tried again, no dice. As for my dry eyeballs, I guess it’s a washcloth soaked in hot water from now on. The list of anomalies or outright failures due to hardware or software problems:

- |                                 |                                 |                                     |                                  |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Eyeball warmer               | 7. 400W solar batt charger? #21 | 14. Telephone #2 (possible)         | 21. Scooter Li-Ion pack?, see #7 |
| 2. Lab power supply             | 8. Laptop C code with FreeDOS   | 15. Alarm clock (possible)          | 22. Electric toothbrush          |
| 3. Digital voltmeter (DVM)      | 9. Brothers laser printer       | 16. Food thermometer                | 23. Digital scale #1             |
| 4. Clamp meter (DVM)            | 10. Yogurt maker                | 17. 24” computer monitor            | 24. Digital scale #2             |
| 5. Cell phone #1, Motorola RAZR | 11. Blood sugar measuring unit  | 18. Broken 486 laptop LCD           | 25. Wood moisture meter          |
| 6. Induction stovetop           | 12. Handbook 486s w. FreeDOS    | 19. Voice recorder (freq. low batt) | 26. DIY red LED nightlight       |
|                                 | 13. Telephone #1 (possible)     | 20. 1 or 2 PC LCD monitors          | 27. Cell phone #2, ZTE/Android   |

The above anomalies are entirely unrelated to my computer problems, mind. *Those* happen daily, often hourly. The latest: an errant mouse on my desktop computer; at least it’s not a pack of errant rats, one is thankful... A noticeable characteristic here is the random component evident in these malfunctions.

“Sounds sinister.” May I explain? This purposely ambiguous phrase can be: **(1)** An opinion that an utterance is bad news **(2)** A categorization of a particular sequence of sound as, entirely by implication, also bad news. Some examples: the Corn-fed Golem Tyson™ walked by recently, saying: “I’m going to have to kill it,” a phrase itself not without some ambiguity. I, on hearing this, could have said to myself: “Sounds sinister,” an example of #1. On the morning of 2-9-24, I heard a little dog nearby making peculiar yelping, almost human, sounds for an extended time, with occasional sync noticed; this would be a sample of #2. I don’t remember ever hearing sounds quite like this before much. Reminds me of the H.G. Wells story, *The Island of Doctor Moreau*. Another sample, today, 2-13-24, I hear screams of children nearby, also with sync; they probably live in the apartments next door. «*Parfois j’en ai ma claque de ce cloaque*» ((At times) I’ve had my fill of this sewer) (Credit: Gainsbourg, lyrics of *Le Poinçonneur des Lilas*).

Plausible deniability has at least two advantages: **(1)** The author of an act can claim innocence **(2)** Perhaps as important, the target of this act can be left wondering whether an anomaly was mere happenstance. With repeated occurrences, this can become a source of much confusion for the victim.

(2-13-24) Wherever there is construction nearby, I hear odd voices and noises, often with sync and/or feedback observed; a long-standing pattern. I remember when the preschool at the corner of Cochran Avenue and Addams [sic] Boulevard was replaced by a three story apartment building. The behavior of the construction workers was, at times, so outrageous that I called police to see if anything could be done. Other instances include the demolition of my pantry, and the pouring of new concrete for the walkway in our complex. The latest being two construction sites, next door and across the street at 2637.

A-and another thing. The predictive powers of these jokers is not to be believed. Whether in the form of “sync,” “feedback” or actual “meets cute” any of which happen multiple times a day. Wherever I go, there they are (in the form of their minions). See the many diary entries I’ve made over the years, often in real-time, as well as the diagram: *The Infrastructure of Oppression* which, while accurate in its reflection of my mental model of the necessary technology, does date me.

Pics:

(2-2-24) After a recent spate of *unseasonable* seismic activity in my bungalow (as in stuff here, stuff there, occasionally tumbling down. The wind perhaps? A swarm of “boobquakes” mebbe?), I’ve begun *Poltergeist*-proofing the piles of junk in my bungalow. Starting with fastening unued solar panels to the front of the most vulnerable items on the wood shelves pictured. That’ll bitch it.

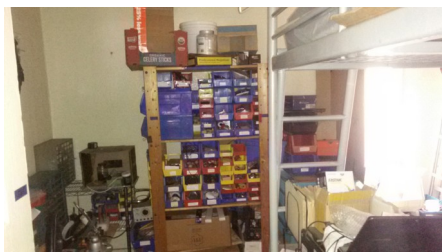


Figure 1: Before the “seismic retrofit.”

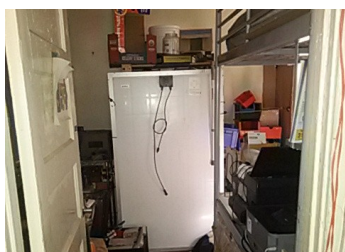


Figure 2: And after.

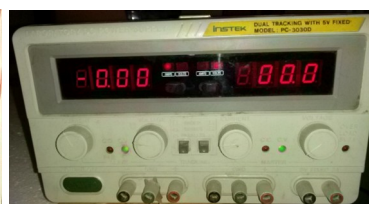


Figure 3: My errant lab power supply, once repaired by the factory, it is now unreliable.



Figure 4: My equally errant eyeball warmer minus the electronics, shown fed by 2 batteries.

Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:

Nothing to report, thankfully.

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

(2-14-24) Sitting in my kitchen, the south-facing pantry door open to the outside (courtesy of the State), sunning myself, I think: “I’ve got it pretty good, don’t I.” Additionally, it being “All Quiet on the Western Front” to-day doesn’t hurt none, neither. As Napoleon’s mother is reputed to have said at his coronation: “Let’s hope it lasts.” A sentiment to be wholeheartedly applied to this here Republic.

(2-17-24) Some of the best advice I ever got, aside from that of uncle Bill Bergendahl about something he called “Quentin Quail” (whatever that is), I overheard from a cop. Responding to a call by Lady Lurk, when she was still doing performances from the bungalow across from mine, a bungalow now occupied by Saint Bernard, I heard the officer say: “Just ignore it.” Not sure who the advice was meant for, though... But thanks just the same.

Wink-wink, Nudge-nudge:

(1-22-24) For months, a derelict-looking car had been parked at the curb, outside our complex. Belonging to someone who lives here it was, last year, vandalized by another tenant. In a previous HSH, I reported on this and other interactions with Ms. Mumbles, who may be the car’s owner. This car is now gone.

Daffynitions:

**Patzer, n:** One who think you can make furniture with an axe. I count myself a proud member of that large and mighty tribe. Our motto: “*Achtung Patzer!*” (Credit: Source unknown).

**Sync: n:** A phenomenon, generally involving audio, exhibiting specificity (at least for the intended target) while retaining plausible deniability (for the source).

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

(2-3-24) Sitting outside, on the grass in front of my bungalow, a tally and a first. First the tally. Today, at last count, thirteen of what I call “events” where something untoward, often subtle and in public, happens. Now for the first. We’ve got insult! Sitting on the lawn in my beach chair, facing away from the walkway across the hedge, I hear: “Berg, oh, Berg. I got [sic] something for you.” When I don’t stir or reply, I next hear: “F\*ck you” before the person continues out of the complex and down the street. Though I’m not sure, it sounded like Corn-fed Golem Tyson™’s young son, a boy of about thirteen. If it was, his behavior’s a far cry from that of a few weeks ago when, coming home, I saw him sitting at the curb, his hands folder as if in prayer, looking at me. I’m confused.

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?):

A trio often performs in the bungalow occupied by “the Saint,” right across from mine. Composed of (1) A dog named Rambo (2) Another dog I’ve nicknamed “Rambino” (3) With “Rambissimo,” i.e., the Saint, as M.C. This is a call-and-response type-thing, with the calls seeming to come from the dogs themselves. Not only do I often hear shouts of: “Go!” “Stop!” “Leave!” “Get down!” “Go outside!”, etc; on top of that, the hounds are a-barking. They’ve literally got me coming and going. I declare.

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

I had successive break-ins to: (1) Bank safe deposit box(es) (2) My apartment, where items stolen from bank were placed (3) The apartment, again, where still more stolen items were put. My complaint elicited only scorn from an LAPD officer, and that’s not all I could say. This country must be in quite some shape. On the other hand, according to Adam Smith, “There is a deal of ruin in a country.” So, I’m not holding my breath.

Needless to say, contents of section *Sassenach*™ and his “~~Yankee~~ Damyankee Tricks™” are not, in their broader implications, “good news for modern man.”

Maybe this misunderstanding can’t be fixed without it becoming broadly known. Maybe there will be public reaction. Maybe the reaction will not necessarily be of an entirely wholesome nature. Maybe this place is in for some trouble. *Quelle bande d’enfoirés!* (Translation: What have these idjits done.) Now I get it.

A *Spießbürger* type, on hearing of Darwin’s theory of evolution: “Let us hope it is not true but if it is, let us hope it does not become widely known.”

Watching a political ad, I think: This man’s malarkey is not compatible with my mine; I become despondent, realizing my “daylight nightmare” is possible. On the other hand, the situation may now be so dire that my public participation may be mandatory. Small comfort.

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

Everything!

This world: a mixed bag, a *very* mixed bag. On the one hand it’s true we do have *Bach/pach*; on the other, though, we also have *Blastique/plastique/plastic/ק'טט'ט'ט'*. Like I sez, a *very* mixed bag. A-and aren’t I a Damn-clever Negro™? (Update: 2-13-24) Could the first three sentences be the reason why, today, I saw what might have been some of *Sassenach*™’s “pet” Moslems and Israelis out and about (Costco, Culver City bus #1 and Metro #37). I merely ask, with that haunting refrain (first heard from a neighbor in an incident I’ve mentioned) once again ringing in my ears: “You tryin’ to be funny?”

Your grandmother didn’t need a PhD to make her lasagna.

Fool that I am, I’ve joked that I was fortunate enough to have been born too late for the unpleasant business of the 20<sup>th</sup> century and too early for that of the 21<sup>st</sup>.

My writing is to good writing what military justice is to justice; only (for me at least) more fun. (Credit: Foch, paraphrased)

Seems to me one crackpot scheme called forth another. *Da capo, sine fine*; a-and isn’t that, in a nutshell, mankind’s history?

(signed)

Slumberchild aka Mediocrity on an Empty Stomach™ (haven’t eaten in days, you know)

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.

P.P.S. Bleak lives matter.