

# Home, Sweet Home:

## Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory: #29

### A Kaleidoscope of Nausea, Horror and Malarkey

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. <insert demented cackle>

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

Fun vf Start Date: 2-27-24, email Date: 4-7-24

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 content 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

"Only trust what you can prove."

— Luis Alvarez, Nobel Prize

"And Ham ... saw the nakedness of his father ..."

— *The Bible*, Genesis IX

«Pas de monstres, et pas de héros.»

— Flaubert

The Hawkins family, summarized: From slavery to slavery in three generations.

#### (1) Summary of Contents:

(1) Blackbirds come home to roost? (2) List of US Government methods (3) In section #8, a thank you, another in section #20 (4) The US Government/mental health nexus (5) Asking for PayPal donations, see section #18 for QR code

#### (2) Plumbing the Depths, Wanker that I Am: (Introducing a New Section):

When, in HSH #28, I complimented Mrs 'Bell on her ever-broader repertoire, I left out a parallel with Putin. The journalist Luke Harding reveals in his book, *Mafia State*, that as part of the psychological destabilization he weathered, he once found a sex manual "carelessly" left at the foot of the conjugal bed in the Moscow apartment he shared with his wife and children. The book did not belong to the couple.

(3-31-24) Last evening, on my way home from Staples, as I exited the #212 bus, I gave the power sign, which she returned, to a sitting woman. On my next bus, the #37, I noticed a man, Black, muscular, sitting with legs apart, staring into space with his hand made into a fist. The fist was resting on his crotch.

I've said it before: what I'm for is not clear, there are several (confused) ideas warring in me aside from which I'm too unimportant and pig-ignorant for it to matter. What I'm against is rather clearer. I'm against this ~~plæe~~ planet being driven inexorably to the state of a termite mound. I'm against, and here my rancor and head of steam (occasionally expressed maladroitly) are understandable, the people who had my remaining sister, Irene Hawkins of Florence, Italy, threatened by diners at a nearby table in a La Jolla restaurant. Threatened with gang rape, she was, and she suffering from vaginismus, she is. Surely you can understand. For an additional fillip, check this out: "... rape by Black men..." is what I heard. They don't miss a trick, do they.

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

(2-29-24) After return from Kaiser today, I was looking for the missing drawer of a small cabinet, worried that it, too, might have moved as with so many other things. Turns out, I had taken it myself, a half hour earlier to add nails to my bedroom lab. Emblematic of my current state of mind. (3-3-24) Thought that my new scale was malfunctioning, I made a diary note, turns out that batteries needed replacing (3-?-24) Could not find my QR code envelopes. Cannot find my electric shaver (3-7-24) Correction, just found the envelopes on my wood working table, I had not put them there.

**(4) To my Landlord, AFJ Investment. One in an Occasional Series:**

**(1)** (3-12-24) The bathtub faucet is loose, it wobbles when I shake it, sometimes leaking through the joint **(2)** I note, though only in passing, that the neighbor in the bungalow across from mine still has his pantry. Disappointing, that! **(3)** To add value to this property, you might consider upgrading the complex by naming it, just as the Wehrmacht did with some combat units in WWII. Named divisions had a certain cachet, that *je ne sais quoi* which, even on the Russian front, apparently counted for something. Imagine. Doing the same around here might lift morale... May I suggest: the “*Potemkin Village*,” “*Abteilung Potemkin*,” “*Kommando Potemkin*” or maybe “*Battleship Potemkin*” (this last, though a stretch, has the added advantage that it hints at a movie deal possibly in the offing; something your management, if made aware, would surely not turn its nose up at) as suitable names?

**(5) The Cat Walks (Backward, Natch!):**

Around 1970, Father, maybe feeling something was wrong, sought psychiatric help on base in Germany. Afterwards, he bragged to us, I remember the exact words, that the psychiatrist had told him: “You’re the sanest man I’ve ever met.” This statement, once again evidence of “contempt of a rare order,” evinces viciousness too (not from the psychiatrist in question), coming as it does from **(a)** A member of a supposedly caring profession **(b)** One of a class of people that we in the public naturally trust and look up to **(c)** With the subject of this judgment evidently not thought to be sophisticated, judging from the ludicrousness of the psychiatrist’s opinion **(d)** I remember, probably in Bremerhaven as well, Father taking me to see a doctor on base, possibly a psychiatrist, who saw me for my persistent stutter. After a brief general conversation the poor man, actually using a light, peered down my throat. I don’t remember what the diagnosis was...

A long-standing pattern is at work here, also think of: **(1)** Oscar Revey, my friend and a therapist of sorts **(2)** My first psychiatrist at Kaiser, Talag, MD.

If my facts are not grossly in error, this nexus (mental health + US Government interest/involvement) casts a weird and sinister light on the whole of this place.

About the Bremerhaven, Germany, high school teacher (name unknown) who set me up with Seidenstein as a wrestling partner, Did he do the same with others?

Since when does a schoolteacher, I’m thinking of Greg Bailey here, who judges(?) a high school student suitable for the rarefied atmosphere of Caltech, then recommend he become a traveling salesman in Europe after graduation, specifically mentioning two companies either based there or with local operations. This sounds vaguely like what happened to both Father and Irene. Both of them bright, both of them (considered) black, both of them (through at least some chicanery in the case of Irene) ending up (stranded?) in Europe for most of their lives. I’ve already called Irene a clear case of blackbirding. So, is it then so far-fetched to speculate that the same happened to Father? And might have happened to me as well?

If, as I’ve begun to suspect, my uncle, *Georges Stein*, owner of *Stein et Roubaix*, part of the French *Mittelstand*, rated a warning about Father, it implies that we of the general public, though we’re prime targets of *any* security services, obviously don’t rate. Now I get it.

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

(3-13-24) The day started out so nicely, wiv’ not a cloud in the sky, what used to be called *Kaiserwetter*.

1. Walking to catch Culver City #1 bus, I missed it by seconds
2. Writing some notes when the second pulled up, I purposely did not board
3. The third bus I did get on; but did passenger(s) from the previous bus I had not boarded get on at a later stop? I may have recognized one
4. At Costco, I heard a customer say: “*On commence a en avoir asser de ce con* (We’re getting fed up with this jerk).” *Mauvais presage* (A bad omen)
5. While I shopped, the usual MeanderMob™ was present and active
6. As I left, I dropped two tiny QR coded bits of “confetti” measuring a half inch on a side on the floor. Exiting, the woman verifying purchases peered into my basket and noticing a library book, asked: “Is that your book?”
7. On the way back, I boarded Metro bus #33, ID 8620 at 3PM, though part of its ID sign was obscured.
8. On Metro #33, ID 8352 at 3:37pm, at Motor Avenue, after a brief stop, the bus pulled up, 2-3 got off, 2 got on, I approached with my loaded dolly and, as I asked for the ramp, the driver was closing his doors. I did not have time to board, and though I knocked, he drove off. He *had* looked at me
9. About Metro #33, ID 8504, @ 3:43PM, minutes after the previous one, I make the hitchhiking sign while standing under the bus pole. Once he crossed the light, he made as if to pull over but pulled away instead of stopping
10. The next one, Metro #33, ID 8595 at 3:49pm, at the same stop, allowed me to board. I had waived a handkerchief (more as rebuke than anything else) as he approached
11. On Western at Addams [sic] Blvd I took the Metro bus #207, ID 8713, northbound, stopping at H Mart, where I again weathered the usual MeanderMob™ before making good my escape with my purchases. I then took a southbound #207 back to Addams [sic] Boulevard
12. Boarded my last bus, a Metro #37, ID 6031 @ 6:20PM. There was some trouble lowering the ramp. Once I had boarded, the driver said not to use my TAP card, never a good sign. I did anyway. As I stood with my dolly near the front, he began loudly asking where I was going. I ignored him.
13. I continued ignoring him until, at a stop, still talking loudly, he came out of his driver’s seat and tapped my shoulder, asking again where I was going. He explained he needed to know so he could position the bus to lower the ramp properly (which makes no sense). When I asked if I was required to tell him, he lied, saying yes. I then replied I’d let him know in due time. He went back to his seat and drove off.
14. By now worried he might not stop when I asked (has happened before), I got off at Redondo Boulevard, the stop before mine @ 6:30pm. Went to the R-Ranch Market where I bought some hot sauce, an item I needed anyway. From there, I walked home.
15. Home at last. But soft! Is this a panting dog I hear? As I approach the entrance to my complex, standing outside is a young woman with a dog.

On one of the #207s, a woman offered me her seat, I ignored her. On a bus, maybe the same one, to or from H Mart, I was slightly hurt by a woman who, boarding after me, leaned against my hand. I winced, said ouch and, without saying anything, pulled away; she did not apologize. I’d had a small operation on that hand a week earlier. In the end, the day was a let down. Though I like to think my performance was not that of a <insert demented cackle> *Bettwetter*, wot?

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

I once heard a neighbor, the woman I’d nicknamed *Baba Outrom*, someone possessing little English, say (in an injured tone): “I know what you call me.”

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

(3-8-24) Watched a video of Lustig interviewed: *A Root Cause Stopping You From Losing Body Fat*. He points to chronic stress as an important factor not only in weight gain, but in determining the allocation of fat storage among other deleterious, effects. Link: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n\\_E9bdkr5Qc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n_E9bdkr5Qc). On March 15, I hope to start my 10-day Vipassana remote meditation class; during which time I'll not be answering phone or email (auto-responder will be on). It ends on the 25th. (Update: 3-11-24) I've not heard back from Vipassana of Southern California. (Update: 3-29-24) Vipassana at home class has been postponed until April 12, due to lack of attendees, I'm still registered, though.

(3-17-24) The cyst removed over a week ago turned out to have been benign, the finger is healing well, I'm using it again. (4-4-24) Maybe because of my peculiar dietary habits and fasting, I've had some unusual bowel movements recently; I just contacted my doctor's office about them.

I'm listening to Chris Palmer, MD, author of *Brain Energy*, a book I've previously mentioned, interviewed on the subject of lifestyle and mental illness. He mentions an anecdote in which, through a confluence of causes, including abuse in childhood, a woman named Doris (her real name) became a paranoid schizophrenic. He then reveals that through a dietary intervention managed by Eric Westman, MD at Duke University, in which she lost a hundred fifty pounds, her mental illness went into remission. The nearly three hour interview by Rangan Chatterjee, MD, can be seen at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SSbpupbdqRw>. The gist of this long interview: *Lifestyle intervention!* Which I summarize as attention to: (1) Sleep (2) Diet (3) Exercise (4) Stress (5) (I add) People. *Doctors Palmer, Westman, Chatterjee, thank you!* I notice I've become emotional as I write this...

(3-28-24) The last weeks, I've had foot cramps and a pounding heart, always at night. The cramps happen while I'm in bed, usually while lying motionless. The symptoms can be explained by my peculiar diet and current fast. To fix this, I've been taking potassium, magnesium and table salt. Four days into a fast, my numbers: blood sugar=59, ketones=5.6(?), blood pressure=122/79, heart rate=54, weight=166lb, waist=38.5. I feel a bit weak, feel little hunger, mind seems good.

Sometimes days go by without my speaking or being spoken to by anyone, whether in person or on the phone. Not uncommonly, the fate of the old.

(4-5-24) For the last three nights, a sinister low hum has permeated the silence as I try to fall asleep. Random short or longer bursts of a soft sound, lasting until I either fall asleep or no longer notice. Unfair! Not sporting! Not sporting at all! After all we paranoid schizophrenics need our beauty sleep, too...

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

(3-8-24) Sent this to the Kaiser portal, asking for additional files of any kind, my third attempt.

Region : SCA  
First Name : Lawson  
Last Name : Hawkins  
Email Address : berg.hawkins@protonmail.com  
MRN-HRN : 17508205  
Day Phone : (323)297-3432  
Evening Phone : (323)297-3432  
Comments or Questions : Date: 3/7/2024  
To: Irene, Beth, Others, KP Membership Services  
Subject: 3rd request for all my files  
Summary: Files of Lawson Hawkins 0017508205 requested  
Attachments: Precious few...

I want:

-MRI pics  
-X-rays  
-Messages and KP replies through portal  
-2 complaints I made and KP replies  
-Data or text made by KP personnel about me  
-Security camera footage during visit to per diem optometrist Ericka Marie Gair, MD. I suspect I was drugged (no involvement of KP/Kaiser Permanente imputed) before this visit, am looking for evidence  
-Any additional files

I got a CD PDF w. text of my partial medical file, asking for more.  
If you won't accede to request, please give reasons.  
I've put yr. CD unlocked w. my life in public domain at bergendahlhawkins.com, want to add more.  
Please tell me why you don't charge me co-pays anymore. I want to pay, can arrange for any back payments.  
Questions? Contact me: berg.hawkins(at)protonmail.com.  
Thanks.

(signed)  
Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) Hawkins

(3-15-24) Spoke by phone, returning a call, with a Jacqueline Ian, Senior Representative, Kaiser Member Relations, in response to the above request. I can report the following: (1) Phone connections were bad for calls and voice message (2) She wanted clarification and said at the outset that my request was "being handled as a grievance" (3) I had to ask three times if I could interrupt so as to correct her statement in #2 (4) Though the request had my email address, she said there were some unclear points, also asked what time period my requests concerned (5) When I asked if we could communicate by email or the Kaiser portal, she said no (6) She finally gave me the option of a letter, which option I agreed to (7) I received her letter on the following Monday but have yet to open it.

(4-4-24) Still no answer about my request, made before March 2, for an insulin test. When I called the lab I had been asked to contact for confirmation that the order had been entered, a woman I finally spoke with after some transfers said, after confusion on at least my part: (1) An insulin testing was part of the fasting blood sugar and A1c tests ordered; I quietly thanked her and hung up (2) She helpfully called back minutes later to assure me that insulin tests are either done or interpreted outside Kaiser – not sure which. I quickly hung up again and may even have thanked her into the bargain... *Kaiserwetter!* Now I get it.

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

(2-27-24) A mail carrier sometimes puts junk mail in my mailbox where it keeps my door from opening; happened twice recently. For my response, see Figure 5.

**(11) Sassenach™ and His Yankee Damyante Tricks:**

- Words/Phrases:** (1) “No problem” (2) “Leave” (3) “Go!” (whispered during walk-bys) (4) “*Cabrón*” (meant as insult or praise, though?) (5) “Jew” (sotto voce, Natch!) (6) “We know” (7) Three kinds of laughter: (a) Standard (b) Moronic (c) Well-timed/synchronized (8) “Who?” (9) “Sí!” (10) Ambiguous sounds, words, phrases, meaning of sentences (11) “Got it!” (12) Timing, number and duration of sounds (13) “Jale/Allez(?)” (14) “*Perro/pero*” (15) “You’ve got a problem” (16) “Hit it/him” (17) “Kill (him)” (18) “Hold on” (19) “All right”
- Sounds:** (1) Synchronized to my movements: (a) Barking, yelping dogs (b) Screaming children (c) Birds chirping (2) Synthetic, white noise-based(?), with randomness (3) Ticking, sharp sounds inside bungalow (4) Car or motorcycle engine, either revving or idling for a long time (5) Car alarms (6) Sirens (7) Tuneless whistling: e.g., during Kaiser meditation class, Tyson’s son walking by, etc (8) Music, radios, etc., with sound modified or distorted
- Actions/Moves:** (1) Timed walk-by (2) Meet Cute (3) Near miss/swerve (4) Movement, either single or repetitive, in my field of view (5) Walking on wrong side of sidewalk (6) Blocking my way (7) Gross misbehavior by “mentally ill” (8) Strings of infections/infestations (9) Strings of car accidents (10) The U-turn, by car or person
- Methods:** (1) Synchronization (2) Feedback (3) “*Treffer!*” (Announcing to all, including the victim, a direct hit) (4) Triggering depression, paranoia or a psychotic break (5) Repetition (6) Put downs (7) Randomness (8) One-upmanship (9) The Strategy of tension. Think *Strage di Bologna* (baloney in my case) writ small (10) Decreasing amplitude of stimuli (11) Invasion of privacy (12) Surprises (13) Emotional roller coaster (14) “Synthetic ideas of reference”, i.e., repeating words I’ve seen or used (15) People not hearing/understanding requests (16) Break-ins and hot prowls burglaries (17) Trivial thefts or vandalism (18) Intimidation (19) “Moderate physical pressure” (20) Provocation (subtle or gross) (21) Malfunctions/Special effects/computer break-ins (22) Sex traps (23) Mystification (leading to superstitiousness?) (24) Increasing the area of conscience (25) False flags (26) Gaslighting, e.g., Colette Walczak’s or David Epstein’s behavior (27) People being supportive in a bothersome way (28) “Preview of coming attractions,” e.g., a customer’s comment mentioning oven cleaner; hinting at my possible future (29) “Fat finger” exploits (30) Delays, whether done by appointment or bus scheduling (31) Use of the mentally ill (32) And above all, deception, deception, deception

For some of the technical means necessary to achieve several of the above effects, look at my *Infrastructure of Oppression* diagram; dated but still serviceable. Looking back at the impact these techniques have had on my life, I can only console myself with the phrase: “Our tax dollars at work.”

A *partial* list of places or organizations where the above has been happening, for up to decades in some cases. While they may have done me harm, I consider them to be victims; to a far, far greater extent than me. See below. Whether shopping in Koreatown or in a Mexican area, I (literally) run into the same methods.

(1) Sound Solutions, former employer (2) My apartment complex (3) AFJ Investments, owners of the complex (4) Kaiser Permanente hospital (5) LAPD, particularly Southwest Division (6) Santa Monica Police (7) FBI, Los Angeles office (8) ACLU, Los Angeles office (9) USC dental school (10) USPS Washington Blvd. branch (11) Costco in Marina del Rey (12) eBay (13) LA Metro, Culver City and Santa Monica bus systems (14) City 1<sup>st</sup> Bank (15) Wells Fargo

(3-19-24) Today, I logged sixty “events” as I went about my day, noting them as they happened. Went to the Red Cross, then Trader Joe’s, thence home. I confess to having been in a liberal mood, counting even small events. On Sunday, a day I spent home, only counting “coincidental walk-bys,” I noted eleven.

(3-6-24) Weighing myself this morning, I got three readings, one before showering, two after: 164.5lb, 165.8lb, 165.6lb. *Hokoos-pokoos* (a well-known concept, pronounced here in the Polish fashion) anyone?

**(12) Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:**

How was it that my neighbor, *Gadiel Velasquez*, came to be induced to tempt me with his underage daughters? He knew of my reputation, having a copy of the book with my confession of previous history and, what’s more, felt compelled to ask me a *second time* after I ignored his first offer to drive them from school. He: (1) Offered money (2) Use of his car as I no longer have one (3) Ensured a connection undeniable by the expedient of having me sign for an impounded car and having his wife print something from her phone. This persuasion was not achieved by legal means, I’d wager. *Gadiel*, who seemed to be a decent person, was persuaded to commit acts which go against the grain of *any* parent. While I, perhaps not so encumbered with scruples as he, still remain “unpersuaded” by whoever successfully prevailed on him to potentially allow shameful things to happen to his daughters. What kinda place is this, anyway?

Even *more* intriguing is why I still have a roof over my head. Likely not accomplished legally, either... How else can criminals be dissuaded when, as with anything that relates to me, there is effectively no legal system to appeal to? I therefore posit moral equivalence between the parties involved.

**(13) Benelux: A Kushi, it’s True, but a Nice One:**

I remember, as a kid in Orléans, Father once bringing in a Christmas tree through the window; I in a transport of exultation shouted: “*Vive la République!*” At that moment I caught him looking at me with a bemused look.

On the first day of school in *Neu-Ulm*, Germany, I remember my parents, especially Father, fussing to prepare what they considered a proper breakfast for Irene and me. We had just moved from France, with our new apartment still something of a shambles. I remember.

**(14) Daffynitions (The Kitchen Sink this Time):**

**Tonton Macoute, n:** Of French origin, by way of a failed state, the term refers to Haiti’s finest, their secret police. And, as seen in the film *The Comedians*, seldom without their trademark shades. In English, I’m told the phrase means “Uncle Gunnysack.” Originally a scary figure from children’s fairy tales, it’s been repurposed for adult consumption. Something it quite achieved in that Haiti where, in general, one is neither inclined, predisposed nor able to plead the 5<sup>th</sup> or the 6<sup>th</sup> (the 6<sup>th</sup> Fleet, that is); the latter of which pleases I believe I’m in a position to make ... here, for now. *Alors, qu’est-ce que vous voulez, j’en profite.* Nyah nyah nyah!

**Kaiserwetter, a:** Not at all what you might think, for me the very antithesis of it. For verification, consult *any* reliable chronicle of my interactions wiv’ the good folks at Kaiser Permanente hospital over more than a decade; like trying to swim in molasses, it’s been at times. For me, at least, a word suggesting poor, unpleasant weather.

Tutu Warriors, **n**: A term admitting of several readings; here goes, folks: **(1)** Sociopathic *desperadoes* in West Africa, known to go into battle high (though perhaps not so high-minded) while wearing tutus, whence the moniker. No surprises here, for is it not said that *ex Africa semper aliqui novi*? **(2)** For an alternate reading, recalling the South African Bishop whose name shares the spelling: it suggests there are people opposed to the notion of “**ruth** [sic] and Reconciliation,” an initiative I now modestly put forward as an essential, initial part of comprehensive remedies for what ails this here Republic **(3)** According to still another reading, when pronounced in the french way, i.e., “*Toutou* Warrior” it hints at a stance characteristic of, among other, “Tony” Blair’s behavior vis-à-vis the US Government, i.e., a lapdog or poodle. A-and are we having fun yet?

*Fillette*, **n**: A French word. When, on a visit to Irene from the US, I confessed to how many I’d had, my beloved thought me crazy and said so. Incensed she was, handled me roughly, she did. What am I talking about? Don’t go there, just don’t!

Molochshchina, **n**: The sacrifice of Russia to China on the altar of the New American Century. A portmanteau word (applied to a portmanteau country?).

*Schwartzkommando*, **n**: May I, for a moment, presume unduly on your credulity? Whiling away the hours of an evening, looking for some light entertainment, some days ago I chanced on a three hour YouTube documentary about the Russian front (the WWII one, that is). A film about *gruppen*-something or something-*gruppen*; just the thing, I thought. Anyway, as I watched this, this, this horror unfold, I thought back to a novel I came across in the seventies, *Gravity’s Rainbow* by Thomas Pynchon. A-and, so help me G\*d, I unlimbered a word unusual, one I’ve been saving for a rainy day: *Schwartzkommando*. (Good People of America™, ya gotta believe me). For, you see, I’ve come to see parts of my life as evidence of an attempt at implementing the doctrine encapsulated in the following phrase: “Amateurs use physical violence while professionals exploit existing social tensions.” Bear with me here, folks. For, as I see it, Black people being reliably anti-Semitic, I suspect it was thought in certain circles that my ethnicity, with its presumed concomitant proclivities would, as it were, grease the skids of yet another attempt (whose mysterious antecedents are lost in the mists of time) to “Beat the Jew” as that lovely phrase goes. And so I give you the concept of the *Schwartzkommando*! A sexy (for them what be of a certain kidney) new wrinkle on an old idea. *J’ai un humour fin, pas vrai?*

Decapitation strike, **technical term**: Repurposed from military vocabulary (I hope I’m using it right) and given proper focus by W.E.B. Du Bois’ definition of “the talented tenth,” a (perennial) solution to America’s (perennial) Negro Question™.

*Gleichschaltung*, **n**: Typical Teuton-type try, for reasons alluded to by that Eric “I know all about your daddy” Rice, at instilling Wagnerian opera values in a Looney Tunes country just not cut out for that sort of thing. General(?) hilarity ensues.

*Simulantenbande*, **n**: The word, used in the phrase below, referred to citizens of a country judged reluctant to participate with appropriate enthusiasm in senseless horrors such as *Passchendaele*. A term of contempt. Example: *Das ganze Tschechische Volk ist eine Simulantenbande!* An epigram of sorts, commemorated by a badge I wear with relish, see at right (Credit: Unknown Australian artist). The caption, which I’ve adopted as my motto: *Česky voják — dobrý voják!* (The Czech soldier is a good soldier).



Figure 1: *C’est bien moi, écrivant avec mon moignon ensanglanté* (It really is me, writing with my bloody stump). To me, at least, suggestive of that previously mentioned “mummy’s” hand. (Credit: Adrien Barrère, 1928)



Switcheroo, **n**: In movie parlance, a surprise ending. Given my proximity to both Hollywood and Disneyland (practically equidistant from both, I am), it is not entirely out of the question that there might be more than a faint whiff of the old switcheroo in the air. Oh, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive (good old Berg).

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

(2-29-24) Walking back from a scheduled Kaiser visit around 9AM, I chanced on a group (actually there were two clusters: three Blacks standing at the entrance and several Hispanics lounging twenty feet away) of DWP workers milling about near the front gate of the Palms Utility Yard on Fairfax Avenue. Stepping several feet into the yard (something I’ll no attempt again), I tried to hand fliers to the nearest three. To which attempt one of them objected strenuously, the others remaining silent. He, refusing my offer, loudly said for me to get out of the yard (I was then maybe four feet inside), then: “... be on your way.” and, after I dropped the fliers on the ground in front of him, to another worker: “... get this out of here(?)” Meanwhile, the several Hispanic workers sitting a few feet away, silently observed the performance. My parting word to the fellow, by then practically *hors de ses gonds*: “Relax.” From there it was but a few yards to another group of workers, also Black, this time on the sidewalk. I handed them a copy of HSH #26 which they accepted without a word. I regret not having taken the opportunity to inaugurate my ice skating rating *Aktion* just then. Speak of lost opportunities. A pity, really.

Along with other recent techniques, I see a pattern here, call it black-on-black provocation, and (mild) black-on-black crime. The purpose here may be to persuade, by repeated demonstrations of “wrong thinking” on my part; may I remind you once again of my repeated characterization of the former President of a well-known, free-world country as a “regular house nigger;” hoping thus to deprive me of a natural constituency (BTW, I reject this accusation — being Black, that is — with the frivolity it deserves) or to give leave to people naturally wavering, to “defect.” Though, thinking back to some recent remarks of Mrs. ‘Bell and Saint Bernard, mebbe black-on-black *grime* would be a better characterization...

(3-4-24) At Staples to-day, a veritable lollapalooza. Just one thing after another, with me playing the “piano,” in fact I’d say I was playing the “pianissimo.”

(3-6-24) Coming from Costco, at a crosswalk with green light, a car was making a right turn although the light was red. It braked only feet from me after having started its turn, making a somewhat loud noise. I paused right in front of it and noted the license plate: 9DTY455, this happened tonight at 7:16PM. Later that evening, walking from my #37 bus stop at Dunsmuir Avenue, a man, Black, stout, fairly young, was riding a bike on the sidewalk. He turned, forcing me to stop, which I always do anyway. About to go into the driveway of some apartments next to a new three story building, he passed in front of me, within one to two feet and mumbled: “Trying to get something going [<- my guess]... so I can ride my blood [<- this I heard more clearly].”

**(16) Shooting Fish in a Barrel I am, a-and Getting Pretty Good at it, Too (e.g., Bus Driver’s Words: “We Don’t Need Your Mouth.” Had I Hit a Nerve?):**

(3-7-24) Sitting here, trying to have fun (I’m making a hand grenade out of a pine cone and a key ring for the soon-to-come revolution that is going to set everything to right — but never mind), I hear the Saint across the way scream incoherently then say: “No, I won’t let you play! You don’t know how to play!”, talking to his dogs, Rambo and Rambino(?), or I hope he is. He goes on, sporadically, for some time as I start saying to myself (as if on acid): “Far out...”

(3-29-24) Introducing the Panting *Perro Parade*™, involving practically everyone around here. Corn-fed Golem Tyson™’s kids and associates, Saint Bernard (I’ve heard him call his dogs “service dogs.” OK, but exactly what services are they providing and for whom?), others; all of them in seeming thrall to what should be caring creatures, meant to give comfort and security to their owners. Not so! Not so! Most days, I witness Saint Bernard struggling mightily (and loudly) with his passel of dogs, other supposed owners I see running by, practically being dragged down the walkway of this circus that passes for an apartment complex, by man’s best friend. Or else barking, yapping and panting at almost any hour. Doggone it, these *maldito perros* (cursed dogs) have gotten too big for their britches! That tears it, I’m calling in the SPCA (the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Americans, that is). This place has gone to the damnation bow-wows. I declare.

**(17) Pics:**



Figure 2: Those wishing to make donations (a small one will do) can now use this QR code or PayPal me at my new account: [Bern.as.in.Nuremberg.Hawkins@proton.me](mailto:Bern.as.in.Nuremberg.Hawkins@proton.me)

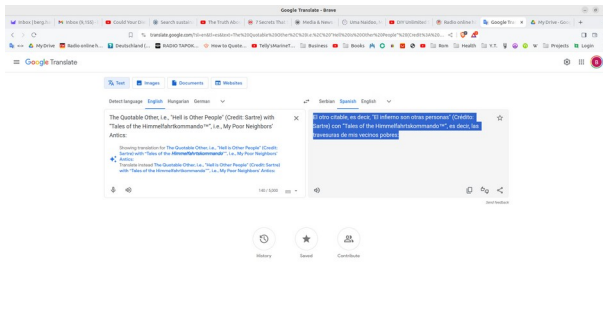


Figure 3: Computer anomaly on 3/6/24. As I translated HSH #28 into Spanish, *Himmelfahrtkommando* became *Himmelfahrtskommando*. It seems these Gentlemen-criminals of our security services *do* have the vulgar touch.

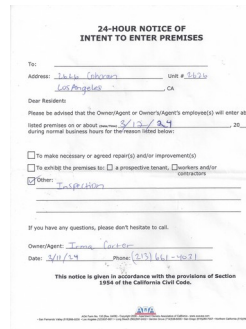


Figure 4: Fool me once shame on you; fool me twice, shame on me. But what about fool-me-again-and-again-over-a-decade? Though I waited outside all day, there was no inspection. The note, street name misspelled, mentioning no resident, was from an Irma Carter, dated 3/11/24 with phone (213) 661-4031. I never called, I’m careful to avoid these jokers whenever possible.



Figure 5: A gentle German-language reminder to the mailman that, when he insists on putting rolled up newspapers through the opening marked *Verboten!* - *Streng Verboten!*, (with, for best effect, the phrase spoken with a strong French accent) my door can’t open. That’ll bitch it.

(3-30-24) Now that I finally have a way of accepting donations, I’ll begin making the process painless by exploring other options such as a PayPal button on my site. Expect continuing changes, including the ability to make anonymous donations.

**(18) Beruf: Luftmensch (A new section in which I discuss progress, if any... on my projects):**

Still operating in “distracted from distraction by distraction” mode; so often the case with me. Sigh.

**(19) Conclusions or (In the Immortal Words of Soul Brother #1 former president Obama) “The View from the Cheap Seats”:**

(2-29-24) Listening this morning to yet another “brace” of Mexican(?) construction workers, busy nearby for days, I ask myself: which is worse in the long term, an excess or a deficit of stimuli? If only José Padilla, better known as the Dirty Bomber, were in a position to compare notes.

When bus drivers can, as a group I suspect, be induced to participate in repeated “Jerk” *Aktionen*, i.e., braking for unknown reasons, can the long-awaited General Strike followed by World Revolution be far behind? A-and that being the case, may I suggest <insert demented cackle> that well-known song of resentment by Johnny Paycheck as the signal for insurrection? Continuing my musings, I also wonder if one of my jobs is not, by my continued presence, to flush out these Gentlemen-criminals of the Organs of State Security™, force them to react and, in so doing, slowly make the public aware of the perhaps less than desirable state of This Here (Really Existing) Republic™. Our (using the possessive pronoun loosely) Republic seen as a percolation network.

About macro- versus micro- parasites. You can’t deal with what you can’t see or are unaware of. True of Rome, an iron-age culture helpless before, say, Ebola whereas the Romans could deal quite efficiently with visible macro-parasites. This is where I come in; I’m here to bear witness to that which, though I suspect it to long have been an open secret in some circles has remained, for most of us, unseen. So, please don’t shoot the messenger, Eh? At least not until he’s revealed “*den ganzen Kram*” or those bits he’s familiar with.

A customer, as I told her of over a dozen car accidents I’d had, commented: “That’s dumb.” This applies with equal validity to the two *Aktionen* involving piles of dog poop I once found on my front lawn (neighboring lawn in complex not targeted). In the first, I counted a dozen items while later, in the second, there were ten; “Clark Loads” of sorts. Light-touch symbolism apparently not favored by whoever ordered this *Scheißaktion*. *Nenni*, they went in for volume! Marking territory with a vengeance here. Remember Miss Mumbles, that Sassenach-by-proxy, as all my neighbors are, said: “I live here, too.” Funny. A-and these Gentlemen-criminals of the *Securitate*™ the US Government thinks to insults me by having its minions call me *perro* (dog) <insert demented cackle>. Takes one to know one.

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

I hear that Richelieu (pronounced “ritch-ee loo,” smelled like one, too, ‘e did) learned the art of statecraft/managing men as he learned to ride, a skill in which the gentle touch is much praised; what the heathen Hindoo calls उपाय (*Upaya*, the skillful means). Would that these Princes (of Darkness) who Govern Us™ (speaking of which, it was said of him: «*On pouvait le suivre a la trace parce qu’il y avait une odeur puantissime qui sortait du cul de l’éminentissime*»). Sorry, no translation available at this time, need I again remind you, this is a *strictly* family-type publication. *Enfin!*) had gone to equestrian school as well.

Around the time of the Thirty Years’ War, a malicious bit had it that whereas animals eat until they’re sated, it is only then that the German begins eating in earnest. A slur this is, a slur on the good name of the German people! For he’s not very different from me, your German. I, too, like an animal, eat when hungry (especially, especially after a fast) but then, as with the German, for me the *real* eating only begins after I’m sated; that is to say, I eat for fun, dammit.

What do I hope to be in my next incarnation? With the life I've lived, a torpedo would, for several reasons, be an appropriate choice. A *defective* torpedo, that is. The kind that sometimes circles back to threaten them as launched it. Maybe the symbol could even become my family's coat of arms.

About the "Who?" epithet, first heard from Corn-fed Golem™ Tyson's little boy. It reminds me of "airbrushing" in the days of the *Yezhovshchina*. Extremes sometimes meet; or could this, following Marx, be a case of history repeating itself...

For me to ever leave this place might be considered, and sanctioned as, an act of desertion.

*¡Me voy a tomar un cafecito! Un café, si tard? It's never too late for coffee, in my considered opinion. (Et paf!)*

Never let anyone suggest my credulity has no bounds; a vicious mis-characterization. The proof: I just can't bring myself to believe the stuff I've written.

A phrase I picked up somewhere: "Civil with all, polite with many, intimate with few."

The US Government: a curate's egg, giving with one hand (affirmative action), taking with the other (the *Schwartzkommando*). Me 'ead is fairly spinning.

A robot has no race, a robot has no gender, a robot has no sexual preferences, a robot has no ethics; a robot can have no manners.

I've been "intoxicated" my whole life; including here, in what AFJ Investments is pleased to call an apartment complex.  
Not what I bargained for when I came.

I wonder whether, as the old joke went, it is better to endure Soviet-style legal procedure and American legal substance or the reverse.

As I reflect that what I'm mostly good for is running my mouth, I console myself with the thought:  
"If you cannot sing Siegfried, at least you can carry a spear." (Credit: Pynchon)

In *Ismail Kadare*, Albania has a pretty good writer; maybe even better than me... Due, no doubt, to an unfair advantage, he has access to even better material.

*Kraft, Standfestigkeit, Weiße*: Merely qualities desirable in a plastic, of course... (Credit: Pynchon).  
Fire in the heart, a cool head, clean hands: Qualities desirable in a Chekist (Credit: Dzerzhinsky).

I've been anti-American all my life a-and I fault myself ... for a singular lack of imagination, that is.

The other side: at best, much worse than my side, at worst: no different.

Folks, I won't be made to answer for my thoughts. Why, it's a regular Nigerian Fire Drill™ up there.

About the Palestinian scarf I will continue to wear for the foreseeable future, I wouldn't pay it no never mind if I were you. What are the political opinions of a paranoid schizophrenic worth, Eh? Though, for me, the wearing of it is a priceless luxury. Surely you can understand.

Targeting me, I get. After all, there are only two races in America (Credit: Derbyshire). Merely a crime! But targeting the likes of a Colette Walczak, an upper middle class munchkin from deepest, darkest Indiana, without taint or discernible political opinion, this I cannot understand. Worse than a crime, a mistake!

When you think for yourself, you mostly get it wrong; it's inevitable. However, if you don't use your head, "... *otro por ti la va a usar*" (Credit: Rubén Blades).

I've heard it said on KCRW that when you go to Russia, you never know when you're leaving. See the case of Wall Street Journal reporter *Evan Gershkovich*. My problem, different on the face of it, may stem from similar roots. It's been my experience that when you leave the US, you never know when you'll return.

*Subhash Sharma*, my friend from school, became a coder instead of a mathematician.  
The contrast between the two jobs is so extreme, like comparing masturbation to sex, that it begs the question: why?

My last words in this latest kaleidoscope of nausea, horror and malarkey I call *Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #29*:  
I've been told: "I read everything you write." For me, a moment. When deep emotions were betrayed by my face and behavior (I'm known to be intense).  
Thankyou!Thankyou!Thankyou!

(signed)  
Pukka Wanker™

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. If any of you have seen my nice Braun electric shaver, missing since Monday, 3-4-24 (I only shave weekdays), I'd be grateful if you'd let me know. I badly need a shave a-and we don't want to start looking like a wild-eyed *barbudo* straight outta the *Sierra Maestra*, do we.

P.P.P.S. (3-20-24) A-and, while we're on the subject, I don't suppose anyone knows what happened to that last bit of the salami I'd saved? A pity, really... I was so looking forward to it