

Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory: #30

A Kaleidoscope of Nausea, Horror and Malarkey

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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: 3-31-24, email Date: 4-27-24

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) Hawkins, Los Angeles, West Addams [sic] District, USA, 2024

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

My family, summarized: From slavery to slavery in three generations.

(1) Summary of Contents:

(1) Of death and taxes (2) Still more Kaiserwetter (3) Inanities from customer service at Yola, one of my two web site hosts (4) Noch 'ne Scheißaktion gemeldet!

(2) Plumbing the Depths, Wanker that I Am:

(4-25-24) At about 9PM tonight, I found what looks like dog excrement on the carpet in my bedroom. It was under my recently built work table, I saw it as I accessed items stored in my walk-in closet. Two days ago, a cat wandering inside, maybe through an open door. This, though, is too big for cat excrement, see attached pic taken around 9PM, minutes ago. Though it's possible a dog wandered in, this is like previous incidents, several years ago, reported in emails. In the first, I found a balled-up bed sheet containing what seemed like human excrement. At that time, I did not take pictures or preserve the sample. Not making the same mistake this time. In another event, years ago, I noticed a large dried stain, maybe mucus, on a shirt hanging in the bathroom. I took pics which I distributed in an email and flier, sealed the shirt in a plastic bag and called police; I think I have a report number. Will have much more about this in HSH #31.

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

(4-10-24) Having listed my cutting board as "missing in action," I just noticed it outside, on top of a dividing wall between our complex and the house to the south. It was literally staring me in the face as I examined a solar panel I'm thinking of hanging from my back door (see Figure 1 below). Losing my mind, I am.

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

(1) Not wishing to seem tiresome, I've decided to not trouble you further about a door which does not quite fit its door jamb ever since the demolition of my pantry. Why quibble over an entrance that won't close properly; after all, are we not among friends? Why, having lived in this complex for well over a decade, by now I almost feel part of the (Addams) family, no? (I'll) Say no more...

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

(1) Robert Seidenstein: warned me about taking too close an interest in his wife, Randall (2) Jacques Durand: said «*Tu vas me donner tes coordonnées*» (You are to give me your address), also: «*Quelle gueule*» (What a mouth) (3) *Evangelos Coutsias*: on first meeting me in the lounge of Blacker House, straightaway asked what my SATs were (4) Oscar Revey: asked for a copy of my resume before allowing me to visit, he also made a thorough inventory of my personality, as later related by Tom Ellsberg. Why is it I so seldom take offense; especially when some may want me to? Berg, have you no shame?

I remember a comment made by my former boss and friend, Tom Ellsberg, during one of our conversations. He said it was Black people who were the vanguard of the social movements/revolutions of the sixties and that the feminist, gay, American-Indian movements followed. Possibly a prescient remark.

One name, one hard fact, a fact *incontournable*, can call into question years of interpretation. The four years I lived on Mesita Road in Pasadena. Richard Evans.

Back when I was in the convalescent hospital in Torrance, I remember one of the personnel, a woman, middle-aged, likely Asian, engage me in conversation after I'd been there for months. She said something like, you're nicer now than you were when you were first brought in, you were difficult then. A remark which, at the time, left me puzzled; even more so now.

Meet cute: Rhee Ah-young(?), Wilshire Blvd, Santa Monica. I, passenger in Colette's car. Our gazes crossed, we'd been in a Japanese class at SMC in 1992.

In my first year at school, I was invited out by two(?) couples, Black friends of Father's, don't remember their names. We went to a movie, *Deliverance* (a peculiar film), starring Jon Voigt. Afterwards, at their house, sitting around talking, a woman used a phrase which remains with me, she spoke of "the caucaz man." From me, an awkward silence issued forth. I never saw them again.

(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):

(4-3-24) Re-ouch! Aboard a Metro #212, ID 6143, a man standing up, brushed against the finger on which I'd recently had surgery, he apologized. I felt no pain.

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

(4-20-24) Last night, I began hearing Mrs. 'Bell shout into the night before hearing a door close. This repeated several times from four AM on. (4-26-24) Ditto.

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

When I, a notorious diabetic (blood sugar once measured at 976 <insert demented cackle>), find that after over a month's back-and-forth, I'm unable to so much as get a consistent reply to the simple question: "Has the fasting insulin test I asked for been approved" from doctor Siegel's office at Kaiser Permanente/Cadillac... (Update: 4-20-24) We've got flow! Test not only approved but I actually got satisfactory answers from a nurse in his office this morning. You'll note, though, that it was in a call, not a written message as I'd asked as, according to her, Kaiser's email system is not up just now.

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

I remember Irene's *saugrenu* (odd) advice of a couple of years ago: that I write an apology to my neighbors ("to ease their minds," in her words), essentially the initiation of a public recantation of what I'd accused bit-players Tyson, Gadiel, Ana, Colette of and, by implication, of the contents of my book and every accusation I'd ever made. This suggests the situation may be too far gone; for our Organs of State Security™ nothing less may do now. It may be too late for a "quiet" resolution of the problem I pose. Considering what's been hinted at about our justice system and after repeated experiences with police, speculation along these lines may not be so far-fetched. Irene, you have played a dangerous game and so, needless to say, has the US Government.

(4-9-24) And now the following back and forth about request #180627 with tech support at Yola, an SA-based company I use to host bergendahlhawkins.com.

My initial question:

Berg Hawkins
Apr 9, 2024, 09:36 GMT+3
Hi,
[Subject] Suggestions on "scrapping" site?
Hi,
I'm rebuilding my site bergendahlhawkins.com with SiteBuilder+ and want to know if there is now a simple way to make the site available offline?
If not, do you have any suggestions on how to do so.
Thanks.
(signed)
Berg (as in Nuremberg) Hawkins

Yola's reply:

Mariia | Yola Team (Yola)
Apr 9, 2024, 15:37 GMT+3
Hello Berg,
I'm sorry to inform you, but sites created with our platform require internet connection for access. This is not something specific to Yola, but how the vast majority of the sites set up.
If you wish to be able to access your site without internet connection, you would need to set up your browser accordingly - it is possible to save your site in your browser's cache to view it later offline. For more information regarding this, please see these Google search results.
I hope this helps! If you have any other questions, please do not hesitate to reach out.
Kind regards,
Mariia

Me again, with a clarification:

Hi,

My question, forgive me for not being specific enough, was whether there is a tool, available from Yola (assume site built with Sitebuilder+) or elsewhere, which allows me, when online, to download the entire content of my site, bergendahlhawkins.com, put it on a CD and redistribute copies of it, making it available offline.

Thanks.

(signed)

Berg (as in Nuremberg) Hawkins

Scraping, misspelled by me — the reason for the inane response? — is a technical term: “Web scraping, web harvesting, or web data extraction is data scraping used for extracting data from websites...” (Credit: Wikipedia). My OS comes with something called “wget,” meant for this purpose, I began using it on 4-24-24.

(4-9-24) And, for more of that ole *Kaiserwetter*. Recent traffic with doctor Siegel’s nurses, reproduced below (note date of my initial request):

My initial request:

Lawson B Hawkins
To: JEFFREY DAVID SIEGEL MD, M.D.
Feb 12, 2024 at 9:44 AM

Hi Doctor,

Would like a fasting insulin test./Reason: To know state of my diabetes disease./Am willing to pay for this myself./Thanks./(signed)/Berg (as in Nuremberg) Hawkins

Kaiser reply:

THUY LISA HOANG LVN, L.V.N.

To: Lawson B Hawkins (Viewed)/Feb 15, 2024 at 05:20:00 PM/Message body:
Hello Lawson Hawkins,

I'm Lisa, a nurse in your doctor's care team.

Your request for fasting glucose lab testing has been submitted for approval. Please note that you will not receive a response if your request is approved. You can walk in to any Kaiser Permanente lab to have this testing completed in 2-3 days. You do not need an appointment, however, if you prefer to schedule a lab appointment instead of walking in, please call 1-855-LAB-APPT (1-855-522-2778). Fasting is required 8 hours prior to completing the lab work -- do not have anything to eat or drink, except for water. Take all your regular medications as prescribed. No alcoholic beverages 72 hours before the test. For your convenience, I have included the Laboratory locations and hours for the West Los Angeles area below.

My second request:

Lawson B Hawkins
To: JEFFREY DAVID SIEGEL MD, M.D.
Feb 26, 2024 at 12:13 PM PST

Hi Doctor,

Would like to confirm that the test requested is for fasting insulin as your note does not specifically indicate this and the previous one you sent mistakenly requested a fasting blood sugar (BS) test./Also, as a previous written request, delivered in person to Membership Services, did not generate any reply, am again asking for personal medical files in addition to the one I received some weeks ago. See attached PDF./Thanks./(signed)/Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) Hawkins, West Addams [sic] District, Los Angeles

Kaiser reply:

KARLA MOORE RN, R.N.

To: Lawson B Hawkins (Viewed)/Mar 2, 2024 at 12:02:00 PM/Message body:
Dear Mr. Hawkins,

My name is Karla Moore, RN and I am a member of your personal doctor's care team.

Thank you for your message. The current lab test order is for fasting blood sugar as you mentioned. I have forwarded your request for fasting insulin test to your provider for review. If your provider has any questions or concerns regarding your request, you will be contacted. If you do not hear from your provider within 2-3 days, please contact the lab at 323-857-2792 to confirm your tests has been ordered. Once ordered, you may proceed to any Kaiser lab

What I sent next:

Lawson B Hawkins
To: JEFFREY DAVID SIEGEL MD, M.D.
Mar 8, 2024 at 11:37 AM PST

Hi,

After, at your suggestion, sending a request to Member Services through the KP portal, I spoke today with a Jacqueline Ian (909-477-5732) who, to my surprise, told me that what I thought was a simple request for release of information was being handled as a grievance./This was not my intention at all./I'm surprised and confused./Thanks./(signed)/Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) Hawkins

Kaiser reply:

KRISTA C OLIVEROS PUZON RN, R.N.

To: Lawson B Hawkins (Viewed)/Mar 13, 2024 at 07:42:00 PM/Message body:
Dear Caregiver(s) of Lawson,

My name is Krista RN and I am a member of your personal doctor's care team.

I'm sorry for the confusion. Please contact the Release of Information (ROI) department at wlaroi@kp.org (West Los Angeles ROI Unit), 323-857-2695 to obtain your medical records.

Please feel free to contact us for any further questions or concerns by e-mail (if non-urgent) or by phone at 833-KP4CARE / 833-574-2273.

Sincerely,

Krista RN on behalf of your Personal Doctor

A message on this and another subject:

Lawson B Hawkins
To: JEFFREY DAVID SIEGEL MD, M.D.
Apr 4, 2024 at 4:01 PM

Hi Doctor,

Questions:

- 1)
 - a) This week did a 7 day (water coffee psyllium) fast, during it, I had 2 bowel movements of larger size than usual, both black, smelled differently.
 - b) Since ending the fast, had 2 other movements, smaller than average, one was also black, the other, today: 1/3 black at the start, the rest (2/3 remaining) brown. There was no smell.
 - c) I don't feel pain anywhere.
 - d) Have *never* noticed black excrement.
 - e) At a Red Cross blood donation a couple of months ago, technician refused me because my hemoglobin count, 12.5, was below acceptable threshold of 13. I did give Red Cross blood last week, before fast.
- 2)
Called the Cadillac blood lab today, the 3 tests mentioned were for albumin, blood sugar and A1c. I had asked for an additional test, *fasting* *insulin*. Is it included or not?/Considering the symptom mentioned in 1) and the fact I'm diabetic, I'm concerned, concerned on both counts./Thanks./signed/Lawson/Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) Hawkins

Kaiser reply:

KRISTA C OLIVEROS PUZON RN, R.N.

To: Lawson B Hawkins (Viewed)/Apr 8, 2024 at 08:26:00 PM/Message body:
Dear Lawson,

My name is Krista RN and I am a member of your personal doctor's care team./[redacted]

Your request for lab testing has been submitted for approval. Please note that you will not receive a response if your request is approved. You can walk-in to any Kaiser Permanente lab to have this testing completed in 2-3 days -- you do not need an appointment. Please note that fasting is required 8 hours prior to completing the lab work -- do not have anything to eat or drink, except for water. Take all your regular medications as prescribed. No alcoholic beverages 72 hours before the test.

Sincerely,

Krista RN on behalf of your Personal Doctor

See HSH #29, page 3, for a summary of two previous conversations with a Kaiser lab employee on 4-4-24 about these requested blood tests.

(4-18-24) Kaiser Permanente's Care Management called, I was told of A1c and albumin tests. Contradicting previous information, no others were mentioned.

Some later traffic on this subject.

My answer:

Lawson B Hawkins
To: JEFFREY DAVID SIEGEL MD, M.D.
Apr 20, 2024 at 8:59 PM

Hi,

Was called to-day on blood tests scheduled. Seems OK but I'd like confirming *written* list of tests as I recently got several inconsistent verbal replies./Please message through KP portal - as soon as messaging system back up, that is. Kaiser Permanente employee who called this morning said she could only give verbal confirmation as technical problems prevented her sending messages just then.

Thanks./signed/Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg) Hawkins, West Addams [sic] District, Los Angeles/P.S. I first asked for a fasting insulin test early in March, if not before; offering to pay myself.

Kaiser's reply:

FARIDEH MEJIA RN, R.N.

To: Lawson B Hawkins (Viewed)/Apr 22, 2024 at 05:55:00 PM/Message body:
Dear Lawson B Hawkins,

Thank you for your e-mail. My name is Farideh and I am a nurse in the Family and Internal Medicine Departments. I am responding to your e-mail on behalf of Siegel, Jeffrey David (M.D.).

These are the tests that have been ordered for you:

CBC No Differential
Insulin
HA1C
Glucose, fasting
Albumin, urine

Sincerely,

Farideh RN on behalf of Dr. Siegel

(4-25-24) All this for a simple request for a fasting insulin test (I'm diabetic) first made on February 12? At this point, Gentle Reader™, forgive me as I lapse into broken(?) Yiddish and say (through clenched teeth) "Hast gesehen in dein Leben?"

Whenever I visit my bank, City First (formerly Broadway federal Savings), which, to reduce wear and tear on what marbles I still possess, is as seldom as possible, I find my performances worthy of a nomination for an Oscar if not outright sainthood. Consider: There a few months ago to ensure my safe deposit box was paid for, I had to make a trip to my other bank for the \$35 needed to be current. The teller had told me she could not accept debit card payment at her counter; a statement which, as far as it goes, is true. But what she did *not* volunteer, something I only learned by phone a few days ago, is that I could have used the outside ATM machine and avoided another several hours' bus rides. (4-26-24) I cannot get results of a search for a transaction requested and paid for a week ago.

(4-11-24) With Corn-fed Golem Tyson™ much in the public eye of late (at least within our complex), I've heard so much Caribbean-accented English that I'm now able to make out some of what he says as he strolls by my bungalow. Specifically the phrase "F**k you." Some kind of Jamaican(?) slang, innit?

Email correspondence with Irene. For background, having for years had a cell phone which, by degree, became useless, it was finally suggested to me I get a landline, which I did before canceling my cell service:

Thursday, March 28th, 2024 at 4:31 PM
Hi,

Creating another email: Berg.as.in.Nuremberg.Hawkins@gmail.com [sic] for the purpose of making a PayPal donation site. Google wants to send an SMS for verification. Can I use your phone #?

Her reply:

Friday, March 29th, 2024 at 4:15 AM

Dear Berg, I suggest that you get yourself a phone on which you can receive Verification SMS like the rest of us common mortals. Don't make life so complicated!
Baci, i

This from my one remaining sister (upon whose enemies, confusion), a sad, last link to another life; someone who, years ago, said I should pen an apology to my neighbors for my *Open Letter to a Cannibal*. Yes, and were I to go down *that* path there would likely be further requests. Maybe, for a start, having me insult *Renée Chaba*, perhaps suggesting I refer to her as “that old bitch,” as my friend(?), *Janusz Vaclav Hetman*, once did (a “command performance”?). Where would it end for me? I hope you’re getting the tenor of the general atmosphere here, a pervasive smell which recently prompted me to add a sub-subtitle to this newsletter; no overstatement, you’ll agree. Irene, once again I ask in sorrow: what has the US Government done to you?

(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)):

(4-24-24) Home from Costco tonight, I found: **(1)** My back door open, I don’t lock it, too much trouble on account of a poor “fit and finish.” **(2)** My “Tradesman’s Entrance” paper sign hanging down **(3)** One of three milk crates, meant for a compost heap, left on the spot of my former pantry, missing. “He who steals my purse steals trash” (Credit: Shakespeare).

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

(4-9-24) With the quantity of “sync events” recently on offer from Saint Bernard and Mrs. ‘Bell, it might be interesting to ask them for an explanation, Eh?

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

(4-9-24) As I’m outside this morning, resting in the sun, Saint Bernard begins. Complaining of a problem with what, in the past, he’s called his “service dogs.” Two fairly large, noisy units I never see outdoors. In an extended *kvetchgesang* (if this is a legitimate word) wiv’ Mrs. ‘Bell, the Saint began complaining loudly about the shoddy locks on his bungalow. He, again loudly and at length, carried on as to how he was afraid his dogs might get out and do harm. He blamed the landlord, saying he’d sue if something happened because of those locks. Mrs’ ‘Bell, meanwhile, occasionally chimed in with a refrain, previously repeated for days: “Back door this! Back door that! Back door the other!” I hope no one decides to: “‘Cry havoc!’, and let slip the dogs of war.” But, “If it were done when ‘tis done, then ‘twere well/It were done quickly:”... For what remains of my sanity, if nothing else (Credit: Shakespeare).

The reason I may look careless about the security of my bungalow is that, though I’ve tried for over a decade to maintain some sort of control over both home and computers, I’ve simply been unable to. Are you familiar with the term “hot prowl burglary?” Well, as with the physical sort, reported verbally to my psychiatrist at Kaiser, Talag, MD (I’d told her I’d had a break-in while in bed. She was incredulous), and elsewhere. This stuff also goes on in my computers. Years earlier, to an LAPD officer who came to investigate the theft of my car and a burglary, I’d said my bungalow was like Grand Central Station. I’ve witnessed things happen in my PCs as I’m using them, which is why I sometimes **bold** mistakes I encounter as I write, not correcting them, only adding [sic]. At the suggestion of the LAPD, I’ve tried changing door locks; for years, my back door was impassable as items in the pantry meant the door could not open, I’ve used deadbolts, front and back, I’ve jammed the frames of my sliding windows; to no use. Similarly, for computers, I’ve tried hardware and software firewalls, changed passwords, did fresh OS installs from DVDs in magazines. I’ve even tried *never* connecting a computer with a freshly installed OS to the internet; again, to no avail. Once José Nava even surprised me by coming in through the back door, with a key. And so I say again: Grand. Central. Station.

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

Soon as I’ve corrected some damage which happened during my last edit, I’m uploading every income tax return I’ve ever filed, including the one where I committed fraud in the eighties by signing a return in which I claimed I rented at the address of a friend — something mentioned in my book.

(14) *Daffynitions*:

Blowback, **n**: The possible outcome of this, “a scandal hiding in plain sight.” And, as the young lady, tenant in our complex, once said: “This fo’ real!”

Schützhäftling, **n**: A rose by any other name smells just as sweet. A-and, no, this is not the German word for rose; idjit! Nobody understands, nobody gets my little jokes. Sigh. *Je suis un incompri*.

Social butterflies, **n**: Them as go in for the occasional “see and be seen.” Among the hill people of (lower) Slobovia the equivalent word is *Mativü*, considered a deadly insult.

Coca-colonization, **n**: Originally: “A term coined in the late 1940s to capture how Coca-Cola disseminated its product worldwide during the war years via by [sic] the U.S. Government, which saw it as a means of disseminating American culture” (Credit: Unsettled Science). For me, something altogether different, consider my brushes with drug trafficking: **(1)** In the eighties, Reuven Levy suggests to me drug smuggling would be easy **(2)** In the nineties, a monitor customer in Weed [sic], California, has me ferry crack cocaine to Los Angeles (coal to Newcastle?) **(3)** And, after I called Santa Monica police and they received the drug? Silence. Quite a contrast with the response of the LAPD when I once complained about a neighbor who offered me drugs while visibly intoxicated. They were interested enough to even ask for his wife’s name. Different places, different mores...

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

(4-12-24) According to my diary, Chase tells me no attempt was recently made by eBay to deposit money. I must either refund the customer or accept his funds. (Update: 4-21-24) Activity in my Chase account, shows a successful attempt by eBay to verify.

(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?):

(17) Pics:



Figure 1: Figure 2: One might well ask the USPS the same question: "What the F**k are you doing?"

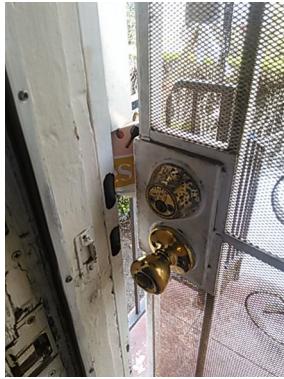


Figure 2: Because, when the mailman rolls up a bundle of junk mail before slipping it in, I can't open me door.



Figure 3: Proof (as if further proof were needed) I've lost my mind (see the object on top of the cinder block wall just to the right of the panel). It had been there for 2 nights.

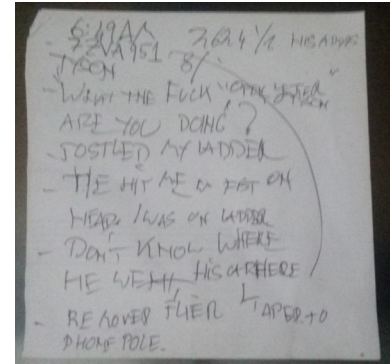


Figure 4: *Un coup de semonce* from Corn-fed Golem Tyson™ documented practically on the spot: Putting up fliers before 7AM I heard: "What the F**k are you doing?" Whereupon, not waiting for an answer, he brought me down a notch.

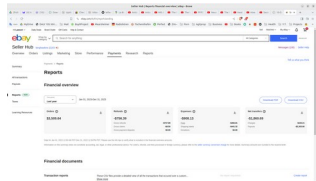


Figure 5: From eBay, the report of my sales in 2023: \$756 of refunds, \$466 of penalty charges & fees on sales of \$3500. Makes for lamentable reading.

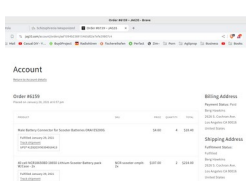


Figure 6: JAG35 bill for battery packs and connectors in Figure 7.



Figure 7: 4 connectors for scooter battery packs, missing for over a year; found in an unlikely place.



Figure 8: Dog excrement found in bedroom on 4-25-24 at 9PM.

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

(4-14-24) Normally I'd be apprehensive about reporting a loss in a home business, something I've never done; *not this time*. For eBay, the mainstay of my business, in 2023 (see Figure 5 above), I show orders of \$3,509.64, refunds of \$756.39, expenses (including shipping) of \$908.13 and charges of \$443.21 (due, according to eBay, to "substandard performance by US standards" — something I've reported in previous HSHs). I thus have a net payout of \$1860.69, and, as I'm claiming a home office deduction of \$500, 100 ft sq of my 500 ft sq bungalow at \$5/sq ft, I will report a loss for my hole-in-the-wall businesses. I'm also claiming casualty losses (documented, with some instances mentioned in previous HSHs, though not reported to police). These losses do show up as refunds in my eBay account when, after having made a sale, I cannot find the item in question, something which has happened multiple times.

(19) Le Batracien Désabusé (The Disillusioned Amphibian) (A New Section):

After my first year at school in the US, I spent one month in jail. In their apartment in the Bronx, where my parents had settled after Father's retirement, mother once confided: "he knows you've been in 'prison'." I'd not spoken of it to him and thought I'd destroyed all my paperwork from the jail. Possibly that same summer, apropos nothing, he gruffly said to me: "Don't let anyone set you up." It's conceivable that, in this business, Tom Ellsberg did more for me than Father.

(20) Conclusions or (In the Immortal Words of Soul Brother #1 former president Obama) "The View from the Cheap Seats":

I imagine the inmates of our Organs of State Security™ (by which I mean their officials, operatives and bureaucracy), are just as much in thrall to the "downward spiral" phenomenon as are even the most vulnerable victims of their predation. Both captive of previous thoughts, words, decisions, lies and acts.

"She guards her private life, saying, 'It's too simplistic to say that people start to believe what's written about them. But what happens is that you become a certain way to please people, to be liked, to be what's expected of you, to change yourself so that you become the best possible version of yourself for people who don't know you. And I think that's a terrible, pernicious thing.'" She adds, "In a way, I'd rather go into an interview and be disliked, and have unpleasant things written about me, than to have a wonderful, glowing article written that is in no way a reflection of who I am.'" (Credit: *Romola Garai*, Wikipedia)

(4-4-24) I don't think I'll be violating the secret of the confessional if I reveal what I overheard at the print shop of Staples/Wilshire yesterday where, after *moult péripéties* (no arrests were made), I was finally able to put in my order for book covers. As I did, a man, talking to a clerk, hinted that the stakes were high and, should certain matters (unspecified, *natürlich*) ever become widely known, it would be all over. Once again, the credulity of the American people is being

unduly imposed on, I say. This may merely be a case of job insecurity jitters in the upper management of the Organs™ ahead of what threatens to be a bit of rightsizing. These Gentlemen-criminals may understandably be overstating the potential impact of what could be a mere Tempest in a Chamberpot™, so to speak. Just the same, let's hope a *Götterdämmerung* complex (also known as a *Masada* complex) has not infected them. The problem is not that these are *scoundrels*, although this is likely true. The problem is elsewhere; it lies in the fact that these are useful *scoundrels*. Don't believe me? Ask Robert Mugabe.

Seeing as how I find so many married couples up to no darn good, viz. Irene Hawkins and *Persio Dello Sbarba*, Corn-fed Golem Tyson™ and wife, the "Tub-thumper" couple, Gadiel Velasquez and wife (aka "the Stormtrooper," from the walk she affects as she passes by my bungalow), etc.; an idea germinates: let's abolish the institution of marriage altogether! After which peace and the era of free love vouchsafed us by *Alexandra Kollontai* will, at long last, have arrived.

(4-11-24) Just thinking, could the Saint, with his consistently florid act since he moved in, eventually serve as a calibration mark, "ground truth" of a kind. Saint Bernard, the fiducial mark... As you can guess, I'm completely at sea here.

It is disquieting to think I may be the most reliable element in this coalition. Furthermore, among the components I imagine to be part of this: the military, the LAPD, what I call the state of Israel-Palestine, the FBI, there isn't one among them I think much of. The only parts I wholeheartedly like are individuals, mostly. Jews, Blacks, Mexicans/Hispanics, Asians, the "*Petit Blancs*" *ainsi que les* "*Grand Colons*." One ray of light here is that an average nobody like me, with what I imagine to be considerable support from the components enumerated above can, eventually,... be persuaded to do the right thing (if I can do so, there's hope for all of us). Me, a crazy person, perhaps among the most reliable parts of this society. Imagine.

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

So egregious is this circus, so well-documented (by me) that, should this farce ever become public, the only way a rickety structure this fraudulent could stand is if I don't. Whence the obviously psychological, surreptitious, illegal and, in my specific case, terminally shabby, nature of the US Government's methods.

In the eighties, the group Public Enemy released an album: *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back*.

Quite so, quite so.

A-and I add "It Takes a Nation of Millions to Prop Me Up." And that nation is not this place. That nation, I imagine, is what I call the State of Israel-Palestine.

(4-9-24) Hearing Tyson's little boy (the Tiny Terror?) noisily prance by again today, I think: "the future of the Republic (what's left to demolish) hangs on his young shoulders..."

Though it's true I sometimes wear a dunce cap; I choose to wear it at a jaunty angle, I'll have you know.

Victim shouldn't be judge. There's an ugly word for that.

"We're with the Spanish Inquisition and we're here to help."

At times, I'm tempted to quietly ask any of the, ummm, performers in this three-ring circus (in our complex, though the characterization is equally valid elsewhere): "Do you think there's mebbe something *slightly* strange about the atmosphere around here? Or is it just me"...

Listening to a YouTube interview of the British historian, Antony Beevor. I'm properly chastened by his complex and nuanced exposition of the problem of Putin. By comparison, my own understanding of Russia is, of course, crude; even cruder is my talk, consisting, as it does, of one word: NATO!

Some contrast "lifespan" with "healthspan," advising one resist maximizing the first, especially if done at the expense of the second. Makes sense.

Least I judge them harshly: the bus driver trying to trip me up by unnecessary braking, the neighbor and her "*Abendsegen*" ("evening blessing"), poor Tyson and family, etc., I remind myself that we are up against desperate criminals with practically unlimited resources at their disposal; by this I mean the US Government. Only then do things assume another perspective.

Being passive-aggressive is not an "arrestable offense," dammit.

Q: Why do these Gentlemen-criminals of the US Government not do more, i.e., act in a more *robust* manner? **A:** They do not, at this point, feel it would be in their interest. **Q:** Why do the myriad *nudniks* (Нудники/*nudniki*?) surrounding me not do less, i.e., leave me alone? **A:** They, too, know what's good for them.

Watching the US Government's elaborate orchestration of the gymnastics of the *nudniks*, I think: "Your very actions give the lie to the content of your words."

My last word in this latest kaleidoscope of nausea, horror and malarkey I call *Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory #30*:

I was once told by an MD who'd seen my stuff: "Not many people could write like this." *Flattering!* I didn't know these fellows dabbled in literary criticism...

Thankyou!Thankyou!Thankyou!

(signed)

a ~~Turbulent~~ Θυμός(?) (Spirited) Duncel™ aka Not-Yet-a-Scoundrel™

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 morning, 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.