

Home, Sweet Home: Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory: #11

Κύριε, ἐλέησον. (Lord, have mercy.)

My own opinion (borrowing from Richard Wolin) regarding the stuff I write: “Anecdotally rich but analytically impoverished.”

Distribution: Book group, Adams Blvd./Cochran Ave. and Environs, Selected (wouldn't want to get me face bashed in) Tenants of my Apartment Complex, Relevant Organizations, Others.

Purpose: To Ridicule Few. To Amuse Many. To Inform All.

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“Having gotten mixed-up in writing, I have been punished for my impudence;
Refractory, I have offended my era's mentality.
The accumulated calumnies could very well get the better of my carcass;
As useless as it may be, my voice will nevertheless survive in these pages.

— Lu Xun's autograph/poem (1933) My translation from the French

The Cat Walks (Backward, Natch!):

I remember. In Cafe Beverly Hills, where I often hung out in the eighties, guzzling coffee till all hours, a man, black, middle-aged once came in, sitting at the counter next to me. We began a conversation and at some point, I asked what he did for a living. His reply: “I fix Maytags.” Silence followed. I remember.

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

Still coping wiv' me, ahem, little hygiene problem, as my cheeky sister insists (that lice infestation, you know). The nerve of that woman... I've been trying to keep my little problem from my neighbors but, as I washed and dried clothes outdoors for four days, they must know something's up. This is sooo embarrassing.

In the *Buru Quartet* series by the Indonesian *Ananta Pramoedya Toer*, an author jailed by the Japanese, Soekarno and Suharto successively, the main character near the end of the novels, not feeling well, goes to a doctor who, unbeknownst to him, has been pressured by the Dutch secret police to mislead him about the state of his health. Sure enough, this doctor, after an exam, pronounces him in good health. Whereupon he goes home and dies within a short time.

Sassenach and His Yankee Damsyankee Tricks:

As I finished up HSH #10 last week, Excavating My Naughty(?) Past™, with a timeline of events during the week(s) before my arrest in Oregon for motorcycle theft, there came from Lady Lurk's bungalow, just across from mine, the most unearthly sounds. Screeches, howls, wails, pitiful moans and caterwauling; persistent, loud and heart rending. Sounding much, I imagine, like the death throes of a Republic... I do hope the Lady's OK (if, of course, it was she).

A parallel between Lady Lurk and Michael Dubrow, my boss at Sound Solutions, decades ago. They both were/are in the habit of making peculiar comments, spoken withing earshot but not obviously directed at me. Often with ambiguous meaning, sometimes using what I call “blended sounds,” nerve-wracking, making little sense, always emotionally evocative.

Below, a list of provocations meant to gather elements to be used in a whispering campaign against me, possibly also used to impact my self-esteem:

1. Michael Reiner and the Diabetes Question. Purpose: to make me look like an oddball who doesn't believe in modern medicine.
2. Jadwiga Szymanski and the LGBTQ Question. Purpose: To use the foolish things I've said to paint me as a bigot. Making me a more plausible (I have a specific example in mind) target for the intoxication these Gentlemen of the Organs of State Security™ offered up for so many years.
3. Janusz Hetman and the Jewish Question. Purpose: *Idem*.
4. Matt Horns and the Jewish Question (slight return). Purpose: *Idem*.
5. Jadwiga Szymanski and the Jewish Question (again, slight return). Purpose: *Idem*.
6. Dennis Allard, Emmanuel Okolo and the Soul Brother #1™ Question. With some prompting and much prior provocation, I once called former president Obama a Regular House Nigger. I leave it to you, Gentle Reader™, to imagine how much hay there is to be made from my intemperate, though perhaps not entirely unfounded, statement.
7. Dennis Allard and the Hitlerian Salute Question. Now this is a tricky subject and, truth be told, a somewhat embarrassing one. For you see I, though at the time psychotic (which perhaps only better reveals my nature?), *did* make this execrable salute while lying hospitalized at UCLA, in bed with a broken back following a suicide attempt. A gesture which calls into question not only my sanity but my common sense as well... Now, the reason I bring up this ~~shameful~~ weird episode at some length is to ask: just how, exactly, did Dennis Allard, not gifted with clairvoyance, far as I know, learn of this incident which happened maybe a decade before he and I ever met and which we never discussed. This bears explaining and I will not be deterred.
8. Janusz Hetman and the “Sieg ...” Question. This one, which curiously happened on several occasions after the above-mentioned event, I, thankfully, was able to sidestep by the simple expedient of pretending not to notice. Could Janusz also be one of those rare individuals gifted with clairvoyance?
9. Unknown parties and the Survivalist Question. An acquaintance once asked me the leading question: “Those water bottles you keep, they're in case of an earthquake?” Apparently to be suspected of being a survivalist, i.e., part of the “Bug-out Bag” set is not acceptable, thus her attempt at ruling out this hypothesis should anyone ever take an interest. Neither was my case helped by Colette Walczak's timely(?) suggestion that I lay in cases of cans of beans. And so, in an attempt at removing this foul stain on my character, I turn now to ridicule. No, I don't have a “Bug-out Bag.” Instead, I'm putting together what I call a “*Bamlag* Bag,” with *Bamlag* being the name of a Soviet-era Siberian camp: the Baikal-Amur corrective labor camp. So there.

Regarding the above series: “Upon such meat has this, our Caesar, fed.” (quote of unknown origin, possibly from E. Friedenberg).

Though I know it's foolish to compare incommensurables, I'm curious. How many of you are there? You, the slaves. Here and presumably elsewhere. What I'm getting at is an attempt at comparison with that twentieth century. Foolish of me; maybe, probably. The thing is, this scales. It *really* scales. With a potential Demis Hassabis was aware of when he sold his company, Deep Minds, to Google with the stipulation that his AI *never* be sued (sic) for intelligence purposes.

Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:

Over the last weeks, having seen and heard persistent references and suggestions made about a cane (an item I used for some time until it was stolen), I will tentatively hazard the following guess. Perhaps meant to exploit an understandable edginess on my part after two physical attacks, neither of which, though

reported to police, has led to an arrest. Is an attempt being made to exploit my jumpiness by having me arm myself, if only nominally, so that, were I to overreact to the frequent provocations I endure and attempt to (inappropriately) defend myself with this cane, I could face enhanced criminal charges? Therefore, in response, I take only *strictly* defensive measures, i.e., making sure my screen door is locked while I'm home. A-and when I go out, my preferred (I'm very much an open-carry type) weapon is an orange Day-Glo folder with fliers. I've even gotten a compliment on my choice of color...

Les Casses de l'Oncle Sam (Uncle Sam's Robberies) - With Apologies to Harriet Beecher Stowe and Frédéric Dard:

For reasons explained in a previous email: nothing. Also, I now see my neighbor, the man I call Brother *Cantinflas*, as potential witness in addition to his usual role as provocateur as he seems to do a bit of lurking when things threaten to become interesting around these parts. A(nother) bit of the old *Dwifungsi*, Eh?

Speed Bumps on the Road to Ragnarök:

Have lately had considerable problems, more than the usual, with buses. Buses bypassing me, buses closing doors prematurely, buses leaving prematurely, buses not stopping when I request, deaf bus drivers, a bus driver shouting at me, a man defecating on the bus I've just boarded, etc. Fiends, the lot!

Regarding my Santa Monica street selling permit: still in a holding pattern.

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

It's impossible for an individual to fight unless backed, so powerful is the modern State. This raises the basic question of whether the dream of the Liberal-Democratic-Bureaucratic-Capitalist State is still viable as a repository of the hopes of Man; not surprising, given the tools (see my book's woefully inadequate diagram of the infernal machinery I call the "Infrastructure of Oppression") at the disposal of these "Princes Who Govern Us." How, then, are we to guarantee the presence of decent men at the levers of such powers, *in perpetuity*, to prevent the recurrence of this nightmare. To ask the question is to answer it.

Which side, in this battle, has been the better psychologist? I ask you. My side, I say. *They* were better at it; better because, as foreigners (if my assumption is correct), they may have been less burdened by history and culture in their evaluation of me. Also, perhaps, on the other side there may be people who have it in for Du Bois' so-called "Talented Tenth." One really can't exclude *that* possibility either, can one?

Conclusions:

I'm one of those the Soviet *zeks* called *pridurki*. The favored. And, as Primo Levi says in *The drowned and the saved*, those who have plumbed the depths and seen the Gorgon do *not*, as a rule, return to bear witness. While those who do, *die bleiben Stumm*, let me assure you (witness Colette Walczak on her deathbed). So my story, shocking as it will seem to normal people, is not the real story. I am an anomaly and *fervently hope for such a person to eventually emerge.*

Contra M. Berman (author of the America-as-Failing-State trilogy): Germany *did* manage a deep cultural transition though we don't know how long it will last.

Echoing Primo Levi: I am not a historian, neither am I a philosopher, I am merely a witness. Furthermore, let me emphasize: I am witness, not judge.

"To arouse anger and indignation, which are the motor forces of all true rebellions..., oppression must certainly exist, but it must be of modest proportion, or enforced inefficiently."

— *The drowned and the saved*, Primo Levi

Anyways, enough of my Obscure and Pretentious Malarkey™ (for now). Hoping I Remain yr. Fair-haired Boy™, I am:

(signed)
Mr. Clean <Insert Demented Cackle™>

P.S. To my sisters, Irene and Colette (the latter dead of breast cancer in 2018): May our wordless tears, both yours and mine, eventually prove invincible.

P.P.S. Bleak Lives Matter.

Marking My Fiftieth Year In This Place: Wherein I Lays It On Thick

I've assumed for decades that until my arrest in 1988 for attempted grand theft and attempted robbery, my life had been pretty much mine to make of what I could. That is, about 80% my responsibility and 20% not. And that, after the arrest in Santa Monica, the ratio tipped over and reversed due to the more intensified, surreptitious intrusions which have characterized my life since.

No longer.

After my recent reassessment of events in the weeks prior to my first arrest in Oregon in 1973, I now think I was taken well in hand by the Gentlemen of the Security Services long before 1988.

First, there was my connection with Robert Seidenstein, the American sailor, in Bremerhaven, Germany in 1971, I was then sixteen. Then the "Meet Cute" with the underage girl in professor Munger's African history class in 1972-3 when I was either seventeen or eighteen. Finally, the hitchhiking trip I took in the summer of 1973, a trip culminating in my arrest in Oregon.

This is not just a country, it's also a trap for both the innocent and the corrupt, a trap masquerading as a country. Don't believe me? Just look at my family, my (former) friends, most neighbors; *all* of them formerly good people, now slavish creatures of the *Securitate*™.



I give you: My Peculiar(?) Stand.