

Home, Sweet Home: Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory: #13

Κύριε, ἐλέησον. (Lord, have mercy.)

My own opinion (borrowing from Richard Wolin) regarding the stuff I write: “Anecdotaly 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.

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.

Copyright notice: You're free to redistribute so long as all contents, including my name, remain intact. This is in the public domain. Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/*Bergie* Hawkins, Los Angeles, 11-24-2022

“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

“On argumente mal l'honneur et la beauté d'une action par son utilité.” (One can't very well argue the honor and beauty of an act by referring to its usefulness.)

— Montaigne

The Cat Walks (Backward, Natch!):

(11-23-22) Even if tomorrow I were to be run over by a truck driven by, say, one of neighbor Tyson's Merry Band of Desperadoes™, I'd *still* be coming out ahead when you consider what was originally in store for me. Ya gotta look at the bright side! Poor Tyson, who I saw just this morning, stepping out of his car just as I emerged from our complex; I'll bet he doesn't so much as take a s**t without explicit orders.

Thinking back to the Excremental “Vision Thing” (pace Bush the first) aka the “*Scheiß Aktion*,” carried out months ago by some intrepid *Kommando*. Consider the piles of “dog items” (up to a dozen items at a time, photos available) littering my front lawn. The word s**t often heard on lips. The bus aboard which some unfortunate defecated in his pants around the time I got on. And, the order presumably having come down, someone going into my bungalow to defecate in a bed sheet which, rolled up and hidden, I discovered later. Folks, I may be dining out on *that* story for years to come. Although, on second thought, mebbe not...

About this bed sheet incident (Why, oh why, can't you let go of it, *Bergie*?). Anyone who would countenance such an act, let alone order it, risks covering himself in ... ridicule should the *Aktion* fail in its intended purpose. On reflecting, I'm now delighted (though at the time, I wasn't, lemme tell ya) at this turn of events (in fact, I'm cracking up as I write these lines). I don't know who these jokers are; one thing is certain, though: small as I am, they're looking even/ever smaller.

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

Still have an occasional itch, will continue sleeping on couch until this is over. Have dermatology appointment next year, will get doctor's advice before then.

The Quotable Other, i.e., *L'Enfer, c'est les Autres* — Sartre (Hell is Other People):

J.B., at TRW swap meet, smirking/smiling with another seller. Subject: my having been taken in so long, thinking Epstein/Dubrow were the ones responsible. Quite true this, I felt annoyed and embarrassed. At least they didn't talk about remarks I've made about Jews, Zionism, etc. Details follow.

“You can do anything you like with bayonets, except sit on them.”

— Talleyrand

Sassenach and His Yankee Damyankee Tricks:

Three names I would have become household words: Colette Jose Walczak, Irene Sophie Hawkins and (perhaps) Lawson Winfred Hawkins.

Having become used, by now, to the peculiar sounds and near-gibberish coming from across the walkway, I refer here to the output of creatures in the bungalow opposite mine. I was surprised when, for over a week, near-silence reigned. A truce broken this afternoon when our Lady of the Loony Bin - I mean Lady Lurk - interrupted the pleasant silence with a broadside aimed at someone. Exactly who was not made clear. As she walked out, she screamed bitterly: “You filthy, drunken bitch! Always at my door! Why are you saying these things about me?” Outlandish, no? Just then, I was in my living room, writing up the day's events.

Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:

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

The notice and another, both reproduced below, I taped to the sidewalk in front of my complex yesterday; a copy of the note I gave to an AFJ investment employee yesterday, gone this morning.

11-22-22

Tiffany Anderson:

*I've things to do and will not be here other than to let you and workers in. Please lock the inside door when through. **No need for you to contact me directly either then or later.***

I prefer you state your and the City's requirements about the bungalow in writing, either in a letter or email, as I've said before.

On another paper included, you'll find a link to files on the internet with police reports about the incidents with one (or more) of your tenants. These files contains the police report you asked for. You can download them.

I also include 3 fliers describing attacks in the last few months, 2 of them carried out by people in this complex.

- 1. A burglary of my bungalow in which a shirt was soiled (see additional details in a flier I distribute).*
- 2. A pepper spray attack by someone coming from within this complex (described in an included flier).*
- 3. An attack by a tenant here, a man I know as Tyson, speaks with a Caribbean accent (additional details in another flier included).*

Police have asked for your help in issuing a warrant for Tyson (last name unknown), please contact the detective assigned to the case at the Southwest Division Station. I think I've already told you this several times.

Because of these attacks, I've asked you to repair a missing bar on the front window in the living room, without even an acknowledgment on your part. I think this a reasonable request, given what goes on here...

Thanks,
Berg Hawkins

11-22-22
Tiffany Anderson:

Before we proceed further with whatever project you and the City have in mind, I'd like some proper, written notification of whatever efforts are to be undertaken by both AFJ Investment and the City of Los Angeles. A reasonable request, I feel. So far, though, I've received nothing formally other than the notification of a "REAP" hearing from the City, and that, only days ago.

And, while I'm on the subject of proper notification, would like to let you know that some time ago, someone broke into my bungalow (without leaving any traces) and, after defecating in the corner of a bed sheet, balled it up, placing it in an out of the way place for me to later discover.

Let me assure you again that uppermost on my mind is continuing as a tenant in this bungalow by complying with City of Los Angeles requests.

Whut kind of a place is this, anyhow?

Thanks,
Berg Hawkins

Speed Bumps on the Road to Ragnarök:

(11-21-22) Yesterday, got a letter from the City of Los Angeles informing me that a hearing is scheduled for December 21 on a failure by my landlord to respond to City complaints. Having a visit soon by AFJ and a contractor prior to demolition of my pantry. Yes, my pantry. Tiffany Anderson, on informing me by voicemail, was not entirely truthful (not for the first time, either), poor woman, though I did get a written 24 hour notice. What a shabby, lamentable spectacle this ongoing show has become.

(11-22-22) Day of a visit by AFJ and contractor. I elected to make myself scarce. Opting to spent the time distributing a new batch of fliers around the neighborhood. So, I met the employee, handed him some papers for AFJ, asked him to lock the front door when done and left. This seemed the safest course; Tiffany Anderson, the manager, having become tricky, erratic and a liar, something she never was before. Best to avoid her and communicate by note or email. While running my flier errand, I ran into a former neighbor. As this is not (yet?) The Island of Dr. Moreau, I very much doubt whether this former neighbor, Kevin, a nice enough person has, as yet, acquired the heart of a lion. For proof, during our brief conversation, the fellow asked me a leading question: "So, you're lying low now?" This after I told him I no longer drive because of all those guns from three decades ago, floating around wiv' me fingerprints on 'em. Though I've never owned a gun and did not fire any of these, I did handle them when a prospective seller handed them to me and took them back *by the barrel*.

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

Let me add that the 無為 (*wu wei* or action through inaction) doctrine, latterly used wiv' neighbor Tyson and his Merry Band of Desperadoes™ to moderately good effect, is still in vigor. I hereby undertake to follow *to the letter* whatever instructions are issued, so long as they're official, clear and adequate time to comply is given. And so, should the City of Los Angeles, in its inscrutable wisdom, require AFJ Investment to burn down my bungalow (an eventuality *not* to be entirely excluded, given past and present history), I shall comply fully and forthwith! Even to the extent of continuing to pay rent afterwards, if required, as I camp out amid the ashes. All I ask for is reasonable advance notice, so as to move my carcass out of harm's way in time. Hey, I'm flexible.

Wink-wink, Nudge-nudge:

In the sixties that purveyor of mediocrity, IBM (at least when comparing their stuff with the *elegant* systems Burroughs was turning out) made up for that minor deficiency with what was known as FUD: Fear, Uncertainty and Doubt, a marketing technique. Today, these Gentlemen of *Sassenach*™, in some ways the spittin' image of IBM, are using tactics from the same playbook. With me certainly but, I just realized tonight, maybe with my side and the uncommitted as well. With me: by what is called intoxication and by stoking my not inconsiderable fears and insecurities. With my side, including Irene, but also many, many more, I imagine: by raising questions about, not my credibility, that, by now, is probably well established; but about my mental stability and self-control. Lastly, with the uncommitted: by giving them, through a whispering campaign(?), justification for continuing to dither before eventually(?) tipping their hand.

Conclusions:

Government for Dummies. Three necessary elements: Prestige (derived from prestidigitation, meaning sleight of hand). Consent (of the governed, to a varying extent, depending). Bayonets, i.e., that "villainous saltpetr." Some mix of the above required, with the emphasis on the first two. Anyone attempting to rely on or overemphasize the third, *has built on a foundation of sand*. So thought Talleyrand, as exemplified in the quote (wrongly?) attributed to him, mentioned at the start of this note. A comment of his on the then situation in Spain. A "Situation" which gave us the word "Guerrilla"... My burning question: Is anyone in this place exempted from *Behandlung* (special treatment)? If not, then these jokers of the *Securitate*™ have a *real* problem. My guess. In the words of one of Tyson's daughter as she carried out a minor *Aktion* recently: "This is for real!" Ending on a pessimistic note, I hazard another guess: we, opponents of that *Securitate*™, may be, in the phrase of *Simón Bolívar*, "Plowing the ocean." See Berman's stuff. And please do read the Montaigne quote.

I have added up what my (few) successes in life have been. Sadly, among them, is the fact that I had no children, a veritable triumph... Just think of the unending, deepening calvary of poor Tyson and his family. Here, then, are two questions we must all ask ourselves, the first not so controversial, the second much so: 1) Is it humane to bring children into a world where monsters such as I have encountered lurk, unsuspected? 2) Is it desirable for any individual to agree to live in such a world given the very real possibility of perpetual enslavement? Without even making an attempt at change, though it be quixotic? Again, the Montaigne quote.

Enough of my Obscure and Pretentious Malarkey™! (for now, anyway). Hoping I remain yr. fair-haired boy, I am:

(signed)

il Serenissimo (della Serenissima). Della Serenissima? Della Serenissima? Neanche tu sogno... (Hoping my meaning(s) make(s) it across the vast divide between my bozo Italian and the real thing)

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.