

Home, Sweet Home: Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory.

#3

You're free to redistribute this so long as all contents remain intact and my name is not removed. (signed) Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/Bergie Hawkins. August 6, 2022, Los Angeles

About the poor unfortunate I saw running away after the *Aktion* on 8-2-22, four nights ago. Earlier tonight, I was thinking of the lyrics from Merle Travis' song, 'Sixteen Tons': "... Another day older and deeper in debt ... I owe my soul to the company store..." Indeed.

(8-4-22) Just tonight, around eleven, walking home after some shopping, I felt something light, as though it were a rubber band, hit my left shoulder just before another impact hit me on the right one; both within a fraction of a second. Could it be that whoever is responsible has finally jettisoned the customary plausible deniability? I can scarcely believe it.

Could it then be that the event of three nights ago, in which I was overcome with a flood of tears, temporary partial blindness and a furious, burning sensation and itch on my face, hands, arms and elsewhere, symptoms which continued into the next day, were merely a flareup of (non-existent) allergies, nothing more. Apologies to all I may have offended with these irresponsible accusations...

In other news.

(8-5-22) This evening, around nine, Tyson, one of the long-suffering neighbor in my complex, came to my screen door as I worked on a schematic in the living room three feet away, shook the door before telling me in a loud voice not to put fliers on his car or at his apartment. Second time in a few days for him. Since the first minor altercation, I have been limiting my distribution of fliers to cars parked on Cochran Ave. and points further away. Today, I may have put one of them on a car of his, I don't know as I can't tell his from those of anyone else.

Not opening the door, in an even voice, I told him to take it up with the police, to which he replied that I should come outside and take it up with him. By now used to sidestepping his and his children's frequent provocations, I did not bother to answer. And so, as the mountain would not come to Mohamed, Mohamed felt obliged to come to the mountain. Tyson, last name unknown, a man from the Caribbean in his thirties, tall and obese, then open my unlocked screen door, stepped in and hit me once on the head before leaving, honor apparently satisfied. As he stepped the 2-3 feet back outside, I, neither saying anything nor retaliating physically, immediately went to my bedroom and called 911 from my landline.

The police came within fifteen minutes or so, taking a brief statement before giving me an incident number (Incident #4335, filed at 21:45 by officers Liggett and Stone of Section 3A31-W3), a business card and telling me that a detective would contact me and that a more complete report would be forthcoming as they had not brought the necessary forms with them. Neither, as far as I know, did the officers pay Tyson's apartment a visit... One officer did comment that putting fliers on cars in the street is not illegal and agreed with my opinion that the entire episode made no sense.

Looking back on my last fifty years here, I think I may have, overall, gotten better service from police as criminal than as victim.

While I await the bureaucratic wheels of the City of Santa Monica to grind and (eventually?) produce a street seller's permit; Saturdays, along with Sundays, are now my usual days for walking the half-mile on Adams Blvd. to the sidewalk in front of a church with my dolly and setting up a folding table, copies of the book, fliers, laptop, small solar panel, etc., for several hours. I'll be there tomorrow, flogging my wares, you can be sure.

Still reeling from Tuesday's *Aktion*, eyeing some pieces of masonry leaning against the lamppost outside my bungalow yesterday, I put disparate thoughts (i.e., God gave me eyes, perforce I plagiarize) together and came up with another contraption: 民主牆 (Democracy Wall)! As a test of the efficacy and power of the concept, I put up on the masonry fragment some of my fliers along with the words "Democracy Wall" in English and Chinese. Sure enough, the next morning, one of the medium-sized piece of masonry which had been there for over a week, it being too large

for LA Sanitation to dispose of, had been knocked apart before disappearing later in the day. We have proof of concept! Yay! Now to the next phase. Being perpetually short of funds and with lumber so expensive, looking through the internet, I found a clever woman in Covina, who sells nice-looking display signs made out of wooden pallets (see attached picture). I may just get one, or copy her design, tarding it up with another of my homemade scrolling LED signs, this one horizontal, to match the width of the pallet display when unfolded, 6 feet across.

(signed)
Fulminata

P.S. To my sisters Irene and Colette (who died of breast cancer in 2018), may our wordless tears, both yours and mine, eventually prevail.

P.P.S. Two dispatches ago, I promised an answer to the question of what one calls people who voted for Obama. Events conspired however and, in the rush of things, I clean forgot about it. Well here it is. Singular: Obombino; plural, Obombini.

P.P.P.S. “*Ja, das mußt du tun. Wer in einem solchen Moment versagt, wird nie wieder froh in seinem Leben.*” (Yes, you must do this. Whoever refuses, will never again be happy in his life — my translation). A father to his son when asked if he should agree to wear a suicide vest in a planned attempt on Hitler’s life. Puts in perspective the bagatelle of recent nights. ¿*Que no?*



民主牆 (Democracy Wall)