

Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory: #25

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. Mwahahahaha!

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

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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 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 contents 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)

«*Mon centre cède, ma (main) droite s'affaiblit, situation excellente, j'attaque.*» (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?"

— Stanisław Jerzy Lec

«*Je me fous de votre Staline.*»

— B. A. Кравченко

Summary of Contents:

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

a) A small piece of wood, missing for some weeks; I was about to adapt it to my food tray, found! **b)** Added my surfing habits in the form of the Firefox profile to Google Drive, though it's protected due to nature of some content **c)** Two sets of matching but missing hinges found! In another plastic drawer **d)** Couldn't find reading glasses for a week, located today on living room table/desk

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

(1-5-24) Just now, all quiet on the "Western Front." For a change. Honestly, where *do* you find some of these tenants? I declare. Some of the plastic tiles laid by José Nava in the kitchen are coming loose. Occasional smell of sewage in bedroom.

The Cat Walks (Backward, Natch!):

I remember the "Kit" (and caboodle as well, unfortunately). Having known each other for a decade, we once met at Cafe Santa Monica, an unusual (for him) location though, for me, the scene of many an *Ersatz-Frankenhooker™ Aktion* ("You tryin' to be funny?" — in the recent words of a neighbor, quoted in a previous HSH) in the decade I frequented the place. Seated next to us were two young women, sometime before they finally left, I heard one say to the other: "... bedside trimmings ..." Did my friend perhaps glance at me at that moment? Another time, he to me: "You are the sort who's ... alone/a loner with characteristics of a leader ..." (*Heldensohn der Heimat, ich?* Mwahahahaha!). This possibly said in front of his then-wife, even. Another time, at his house, where I once stayed overnight, sleeping on a fold-out couch in the living room, I woke to see his fourteen year old stepdaughter sitting quietly in a chair, not three feet from the bed, silently staring at me. Much later, he quoted her therapist's opinion that: "she's a frightened little girl." His name was *Kitaw Ejigu*, an Ethiopian-born PhD; 25 February 1948 – 13 January 2006.

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

(1-8-24) Walking to Kaiser for an eye exam, I began keeping count of "events," eventually reaching 28, with most being of the "MeanderBot" variety. Later, as I tried to exit a bus, I was also confronted by the frequently encountered "mad dash to board" and caved, leaving by the back doors. Also, over the last weeks, it's become obvious that bus drivers are needlessly braking briefly and sharply, sometimes several times in quick succession. Months ago, I began talking the precaution of holding on to poles as I move about buses while underway.

(1-12-24) At about 3:40PM I had hardly made it to the 105 stop on Fairfax and Addams [sic] when one drove up. Boarding, I was immediately told the bus was only going as far as the next stop at Electric Drive, no reason given and, when I asked if I should use my TAP card, the driver indicated I needn't. Getting off, I waited fruitlessly for the next one before deciding I couldn't make it to the library in time. No bus ID available.

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

(Update: 1-10-24) To-day, more so than yesterday, an extravaganza. What with workers tearing up the walkway in our complex, Mrs. 'Bell in fine mettle, a peculiar music (using the word loosely) for accompaniment and the neighborhood Tub-thumper briefly getting into the act. "Sync" was observed, from people's voices, the music and worker's tools. A generally tumultuous day and for the next three, *idem*.

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

a) Still finding short-term memory to be poor, I'm also forgetting words even as I speak a sentence **b)** A second visit to plastic surgeon Chu at Kaiser/Cadillac confirms I have two injuries on my left index finger: **1)** a mucous cyst **2)** damage to the plate under the fingernail, resulting in a slowly detaching nail. I can't remember ever hurting the finger. Surgery to remove cyst and do a biopsy scheduled for February 15; regarding the nail, no corrective action possible.

A book I ordered: *Autonomy and Rigid Character* by Shapiro, once recommended by my former therapist, Morton, was delivered. May I, too, find deliverance.

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

(1-5-24) Handing out copies of HSH #24 on Addams [sic] Boulevard today, I stopped at the patio of a nearby restaurant, Mizlala. My standard opening left the three sitting at a table, floored. Or so it seemed from the frozen statues they became (looking neither to the left nor the right and certainly not at me). I quietly left a copy on their table before retreating, mumbling an attempt at justification for my outlandish self-introduction. There were no arrests.

Coming to any definitive conclusions about people based on the (increasingly blatant) shows I see played-out around me is senseless. It would be like judging mankind after a visit to Disneyland, basing one's opinion on an examination of the cartoon characters inhabiting that particular universe. I do confess, though, to a sneaking admiration for one such creature, my man Bugs Bunny. And so I say: *Dos, tres, muchos* Bugs Bunnys!™ (Credit: Ernesto "Che" Guevara, paraphrased)

I remember a phrase I heard "on the street" not long ago. "We'll handle it differently next time." Fatuous and deceptive. I don't know how this started. I don't know what is going on. I don't know how this will end for me. *No one* known how this will end. And furthermore, cynicism is a worthless balm; ask elements of the LAPD.

Les Casses et Déboires de l'Oncle Sam (Uncle Sam's Robberies and (Other) Mishaps (Credit: Harriet Beecher Stowe, heavily adapted)):

(1-17-24) Finding so many disturbances, discrepancies and vandalism, all minor, that it is difficult to make mental note of them, let alone document each one.

Sassenach™ and His Yankee Damyankee Tricks:

(1-12-24) Came home from a fruitless attempt to visit the library to find one of the trash bins which had been loaded to excess with trashed masonry at the curb, waiting for the trash truck. I tried to pull it back to the sidewalk only to find it so heavy that, at the curb, it fell over on me, trapping my foot. Took me a while to extricate myself. Some giant of a man must have been employed in moving this bin to the street, so heavy was it.

(1-14-24) Update on eBay *agonistes*: **a)** I ordered composition books (December 19, 2023, order number 05-10957-31912) from seller jons_5, but have not been successful in either receiving the items, contacting the seller or cancelling my order. This is my fourth try at buying an appointment book for 2024. Sigh... **b)** Since mid-December, items I had for sale are no longer cancelled automatically (104 left stranded at last count). I've been unable to renew them, getting an error message that I've exceeded my limit and must apply to raise it. I had thought this might be due to my selling account being "at risk" due to "underperformance by US standards." Apparently not, folks, apparently not. **c)** My previous incident number assigned after I complained of hacking into my account is no longer available, eBay customer service tells me **d)** My latest report of a second hacking incident is still, reluctantly(?), under investigation(?). In two weeks, I've heard nothing back **e)** As of 1-16-24, my seller's account is still active as I've just had a sale in spite of the fact I've neglected to attend to eBay's warnings **f)** For some months now, have been unable to communicate with customer service by chat and must rely on calls instead. Reluctant to engage eBay anymore, I don't want to again get dragged into the morass that customer service seems to have become for me.

"President Truman abolished the OSS and discarded Donovan's proposal, fearful that such an agency could be turned against US citizens. The force of events, however, persuaded him to reconsider ... and led to the formation of the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) ..." *The Kravchenko Case, Kern*, p. 275.

(1-10-24) I sometimes quietly ask people misbehaving or witnessing the misbehavior of others, things like: "Isn't it a shame?" There are seldom replies, sometimes people even ask what I'm referring to (happened days ago at bus stop near Trader Joe's with a man who approached me and struck up a conversation as I was reading. I had to ask him if I could return to the book I was reading). This behavior shades into gaslighting, a practice Colette Walczak was past master of. Something like it happened again on a #37 bus this week when, with the front exit blocked by a man rushing aboard with an expressionless face (a common occurrence), I opted to turn around and leave by the back door, commenting: "Did you guys see this?" Not only was there no response, the passengers, to a man, all looked elsewhere as I exited.

Of this place as Disneyland. Consider the case of Viktor Kravchuk. He was interrogated nights while holding down a management job by day with his interrogators, obviously not in search of truth, merely looking for something to hang him with. Then the beatings started. All the while prevented, by law in his case, from getting a wide airing of his plight. It was only by luck that he escaped a preordained fate. [sic] I think I removed this paragraph and don't believe the final version of HSH 25 included it.

Pics:

Days after the damage seen in Figure 2 and 3, the neighbor I only know as Miss Mumbles hit me in the thigh with a trash bin she was moving from the curb, causing a bruise; an incident fully documented in a previous HSH. The car has been parked since then. (Update: 1-4-24) I waited until the wind had blown the cover off to take pics I should have made sooner, see below. Miss Mumbles shares an apartment with the woman I've nicknamed "Banshee (the other)," the car in question likely belongs to one of them. Lastly, police and technicians were recently called to their address in our complex, with someone carried out on a gurney, an incident reported.

Regarding Figure 6, a symbolic gesture perhaps prompted by my public airing of laundry yesterday (I often hang it outside on the fence to dry). I'm reminded of a phrase in Orwell's 1984 which fairly characterizes the atmosphere: "... imagine a boot stamping on a human face — forever." Or think of Jack London's earlier, equally depressing, novel, notable for its highly unsympathetic description of the masses, *The Iron Heel*. Like I sez, this stuff practically writes itself.



Figure 1: Having tried fruitlessly for months to have this ingress blocked to prevent further rodent infestations, I've had to do so myself. Taken on 1-9-24. A bit Mickey Mouse, no?



Figure 2: Every picture tells a story, they say. Though just what story this pic and the following one tell is beyond me.



Figure 3: As can be seen by the amount of debris accumulating at the curb, City street sweepers have not been by in many months. Are they in cahoots wiv' the owner (of this car) or what? (Update: 1-16-24) *mirabile dictu*, a street sweeper showed up to-day!

Having difficulty positioning pics on this page, especially Figures 5 and 7. They move around.



Figure 4: Hanging in front of my shrine to the god Haribo, a gentle reminder from my one remaining sister, Irene, that on no account am I to dabble in drug trafficking.



Figure 5: Another gentle reminder from Irene that, on no account, am I to look at child pornography.



Figure 6: Not only must injustice be done, it must be *seen* to have been done. All week, AFJ Investment workers had, not wiv' out *quite* some commotion, labored in removing our walkways to pour new concrete. That night I noticed this footprint indentation in front of my bungalow steps. Should the LAPD ever take an interest in *any* of the goings-on around here, elementary forensic work might, based on the visible prints, suffice to identify the culprit responsible. Taken the morning after the deed, 1-14-24.



Figure 7: "If a cannibal eats with a knife and fork, is that progress?" (Credit: *Stanisław Jerzy Lec*). Pictured is José Padilla, better known as the Dirty Bomber, subjected to sensory deprivation even on his way to the dentist. I've heard that as a result of over three years of this sort of treatment, treatment occurring *before* his plea, he now thinks the US Government is defending him against his lawyers; could he be suffering from Stockholm Syndrome (a contested illness)?

Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:

(1-6-24) Yesterday, espousing Mrs. ‘Bell shadowing me (a common occurrence with her) as I moved trash bins, I offered a mild reproach (in the direction of Diana Gomez’s mother, also present): “Can you believe this?” An increasingly vocal refrain of mine; I immediately read a flicker of concern. Same with the Saint, when I recently handed him one of my fliers. Ditto for Brother Cantinflas when, last year, after I’d knocked over a chair while emerging from my bungalow he said: “No problem! No problem!” as he and an acquaintance walked by. *Cela dit avec empressement ; est-ce que j’ai une mine patibulaire ou quoi? Non, mais.*

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

I fault myself. Not for taking so long to have my “crystallization,” which finally took place at UCLA’s Royce Hall during a performance of the play *Rhinoceros* on Friday or Saturday, September 21/22, 2012. I fault myself for not reacting as *Viktor Kravchenko* did after that fateful beating described on pp. 230-231 of Kern’s biography of this defector, *The Kravchenko Case*. I fault myself.

Wink-wink, Nudge-nudge:

Curious that with all the references by others to my activities past and present, behaviors and comments on my readings and writings (what I call “synthetic ideas of reference”), no one has yet spoken a word of my, shall we say, *variegated* web surfing habits. *Par excès de pudeur, peut-être?*

Daffynitions:

Ersatz-Frankenhooker™, **n**: Them as cause a kind of *Zuckerkrankheit*, literally: the “Sugar” Sickness. A progressive illness, it shares this trait with diabetes (any disease, of course, is progressive if not treated properly). Unfortunately it, along with diabetes, is sometimes thought (by, among others, doctors who should, by now, know better) to be manageable, i.e., “I’m alright with it” (heard by me on the street). Manageable, so some think, wiv’out resort to a radical approach; to me, as with diabetes, a recipe for a drawn-out(?), gaudy (in some cases) end. In Elizabethan England, a more forthright era, women similarly afflicted were called “fireships.” See my upcoming monograph: *Ersatz-Frankenhookers I Have Known* for an in-depth examination of this sort of *Aktion*. Sigh...

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

Announcing a new kind of *Aktion*. As with judges at an ice-skating competition I may, after witnessing a performance, whether at home, on buses or running errands, rate it by holding up a card bearing a number from 1 to 10. I shall endeavor to be impartial. Fair warning, folks.

Conclusions or (In the Immortal Words of ~~Soul Brother #1~~ Former President Obama) “The View from the Cheap Seats”:

It’s quite possible I may be the last (possibly still presentable, who knows) man standing in the *sub rosa* demolition derby the rescue of this here Republic seems to be. Though I hasten to add my qualifications are entirely of the negative sort. Do you know, I’ve never had a girlfriend, ~~che schifo!~~ *c’est ce qu’il faut!* Maybe in part attributable to the lack of reproductive success to be expected of us schizophrenics.

My previous characterization of the place (to Tub-thumper’s wife, years ago) as Disneyland, while accurate, does not go nearly far enough. Think the *Walking Dead* TV series, the *Matrix* franchise a-and (I’m a perfect example), while you’re at it, some of Octavia Butler’s science fiction novels. Someone out there trying to make a point?... *Schlaffen Sie gut™*.

Thinking of the near-continuous circus my life has become, I see it as a good sign. Good because none of the US Government’s reaction thus far has been factual, relying instead on crime, subterfuge, harassment, psychological manipulation, insult, treachery, trickery and intimidation — both verbal and physical. In short, government malice writ large. A malice, in intensity and persistence, far removed from that of the personal kind; though I’ve often confused the two.

My description of Colette Walczak’s life, schematic though it necessarily is (she having taken her secrets to the grave), is the most damning indictment of the US Government possible. For it proves one thing. No. One. Is. Safe.

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

2024: The year of *leaving* dangerously. (Credit: *Soekarno*, slightly altered)

There are times when a German word can be a meal in itself, e.g., *Himmelfahrtkommando*, *Zuckerkrankheit*, *Gleichschaltung*.

“Can” implies “ought” (Credit: *H. Ozbekhan*, not necessarily his own idea). The motto of the imbecile, in my humble opinion.

This is not a purely US problem, for two reasons. First, other countries — I can think of at least two — have also been in this predicament. Second, when America catches pneumonia, the world likely catches pneumonia as well.

Could the struggle we’re in be considered a form of guerrilla war waged not by destitute, *crève-la-faim* insurgent peasants but by our very own Organs of State Security™ against a target which just happens to be this here Republic? A war waged by people with the near-unlimited resources of the most powerful state on earth at their disposal. And, what’s more, people who have presumably absorbed lessons learned waging the Vietnam war. Think the Phoenix Program.

(signed)
the Photogenic Schizophrenic™ (Reminder to self: From here on out, a little of that *gravitas*, please. I mean, Berg, really)

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.