

Open Letter to Tyson

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20230820 Open Letter to Tyson_vf

I state at the outset, that though this Open Letter is addressed to *an* individual, I have seen parents and children who share your fate and that of your family, **making this a grave matter of general concern**. Thus, this Open Letter to you, Tyson (last name unknown), tenant living in my complex.

Your son, when a boy less than ten, began behaving oddly around me, something he never did before. I first noticed the change when he once gave me the finger from the sidewalk as I sat in my car. If I am not mistaken, your child has been harassing me. As are his siblings, two teenage sisters. My day-to-day life and environment baffle description, so uncommon are they. (Update 2-13-22) As I am sitting facing my bungalow, he walks behind me, I hear “Hey, jerkface.” I am being harassed by a kid under ten... (Quoting a previous Open Letter)

Tyson, I’ve never seen a family behave like yours; as a group, yet! You don’t seem like a sociopath, our relations, if not cordial, were, for years, civil. For years, your son and I seemed to be on good terms. Why the abrupt change in both of you? Can there be an explanation for this **strange pattern of behavior by you and your family**? I cite below a few of the starkest, most egregious violations. For the last several years I have made a habit of avoiding you and yours, and yet:

1. In 2022, you physically attacked me in my bungalow. For having put a flier on your windshield...
2. Also in 2022, without a word, you forcefully kicked a cardboard box belonging to a cart I was assembling as the empty box lay on the walkway in our complex. You startled me and scared your daughter who was walking behind you. I could tell she was afraid.
3. This year, you started an argument with me, shouting at me in public as I sat on the sidewalk outside our complex. You only stopped when I, realizing what was happening, stopped trying to reason with you as someone inside the building at the back of our complex also began shouting.
4. On 6-29-23, your son (probably) shot me with a toy gun from about ten feet away. Though I cannot be sure as I was not looking at him, he is the most likely suspect as he was nearby and well positioned to do so.
5. On the next day, 6-30-23, you and/or others associated with you, ostensibly playing in the street around cars parked at the curb in front of my bungalow, began shooting toy guns, at times in my direction, often hitting the walls and windows. This loud racket, which could be heard up and down the street, lasted for hours.
6. On the following day, 7-1-23, an acquaintance of yours, a young man wearing a black Porsche T-shirt, shot me in the back and face with a toy gun. I had just asked all of you to stop aiming in my direction. Following this, I called 911 and tried to have him arrested. Unsuccessfully as it turns out.
7. The infernal noise you, your children and acquaintances made with these toys went on, sporadically for three days and an evening. One toy was identified as Nerf guns by LAPD Officer Goetting, the man who came to investigate after I called 911.
8. On 8-14-23, objecting to my use of your name in the notes I write and distribute when I describe what goes on around these parts, you physically attacked me again. The blow was slight, more symbolic that anything else — as has been your habit with me. You said for me to not mention you and, when I quietly replied “call the police,” you said “You call the police, I don’t.”
9. You also threatened me, saying something like: “... if you do (mention my name), you’ll have to call the police again...”
10. I’m making another complaint at LAPD Southwest Division about this last incident.

Tyson, I once told you, in front of your wife, that I would speak for you and I will. But, on 8-14-2023, you presumed to tell me what I can and cannot write, saying: “You’ll have to deal with me.” **Those words show you to be laboring under a misapprehension. Tyson, I think there is no “me” inside you, only a kind of robot.** You also threatened: “Take my name off your s**t or else.” When last year, I was pepper sprayed by someone coming from our complex, the LAPD officer who responded forgot to bring his paperwork. Three days later you, Tyson, attacked me in my bungalow and again, the officers forgot their paperwork, leaving me without police report numbers which, belatedly, were only issued weeks later. Again, when weeks ago, an associate of yours hit me in the face with pellets from a Nerf gun, I was unable to have him arrested or even interviewed by LAPD Officer Goetting. **I feel bamboozled.** Stepping back from the “view from the trenches,” I ask:

Could the LAPD with their persistent pattern of inaction in these matters be considered enablers of your increasingly desperate behavior over the last years?

Could putting the spotlight on you, Tyson, thus be unfair of me and, if so, what does this say about this place? You, a man in the prime of life, have repeatedly assaulted and threatened me. I’m afraid, though, that you’re only an epiphenomenon and this Open Letter, merely a distraction. My remarks to you are mostly misplaced; **you’re only a convenient, visible tool** (no other interpretation of your behavior and that of your children makes sense). And this note, unwittingly, a screen hiding the deep system failures of a society. Tyson, I’m sorry. And yet, you tried to censor me, you threatened me.

I. Cannot. Allow. This. You must understand.

So, putting my trust in my “luck” and in Alan Watts’ “Wisdom of Insecurity,” I will: **a)** Continue to email, post and display my fliers as I have for years, wherever I see fit **b)** But, to spare your feelings (and avoid getting me face bashed in), I’ll not put any on your windshield (when I once did, last year, I didn’t know the car was yours. My humble apologies; Tyson, ya gotta believe me). And, as a reminder to anyone who might be tempted, you could put up a notice that on no account is your car to be leafleted. Be bold Tyson, and unilaterally declare a leaflet-free zone at ! **c)** However, I reserve the right to mention you in connection with any further “activities” affecting me that you, your family or associates may in future engage in, in the three-ring circus that is our complex. (signed) Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/Bergie Hawkins, Los Angeles, West Addams district, Tuesday, August 22, 2023

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