

Home, Sweet Home:

Dispatches from the Manchurian Candidate Factory: #20

Κύριε, ἐλέησον. (Lord, have mercy.)

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

Start Date: 06/21/23, Ship Date: 09/12/23

Distribution: Book group, Adams Blvd./Cochran Ave. and Environs, FBI & Justice Dept.(by snail mail), LAPD, 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.

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<https://tinyurl.com/Schizophrenia-Weaponized> the blog: bergendahlhawkins.com

"... 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." My (somewhat unsatisfactory) translation.

— *Le Dossier H*, Ismail Kadare

One can't well argue the honor and beauty of an act by referring to its usefulness.

— Montaigne

"History: A conspiracy, not always among gentlemen, to defraud." (I can now freely attest to that.)

— Ambrose Bierce (possibly paraphrased)

"She also told me, in great detail – and I could see this childhood memory meant a lot to her - ... It was very unpleasant, Judit recalled, in a faraway voice but without complaint... But Judit continued talking, as matter-of-fact as ever... She never blamed anything or anyone; she simply remembered and observed."

— *Portraits of a Marriage*, Sándor Márai

"Alone in a malfunctioning society."

— *57 boulevard Staline*, p. 118, E. et J-P. Champseix (My translation, adapted)

"I will be satisfied if my book, even in a minor way, helps to disprove the notion that any positive result can be achieved by force."

— *Involuntary Journey to Siberia*, author's foreword, Andrei Amalrik

An announcement:

(9-10-23) As of three days ago, my first web site: www.bergendahlhawkins.com is up. Priority given to dissemination of my book, *Schizophrenia Weaponized*, now in the public domain. And, as with so many things around these parts, the site's in a deplorable state. Contents include: ♣ [The book PDF](#) ♣ [Emails](#) ♣ [Scanned diaries](#) ♣ [Pictures & diagrams](#) ♣ [Cast of characters \(over 200 entries\)](#) ♣ [Places/Venues](#), etc. It will grow rapidly in coming days before activity diminishes, it will then consist mostly of daily(?) diary entries. I also have another more ambitious domain which, though containing much the same stuff, should be a *proper* blog: www.bergendahlhawkins.is ([not yet up](#)). I'll make it with Wordpress and a template specifically chosen for my needs. That one though, being in the nature of a cathedral when compared to this simple structure, will have to wait as I'm juggling quite a few other "cathedrals" at the moment. Typical. This has always been a problem for me. When what is required is something simple, not only do I go for the cathedral but I continue juggling several others. Hard work, this. A-and quite unnecessary. A wonder I ever wrote the book... I'll leave you with a slightly altered quote:

Mon centre cède, ma (main) droite s'affaiblit, situation excellente, j'attaque.

— Foch, 1914, adapted from (Note the date)

NB: As I lost my latest, half-filled, diary covering 2023 on 9-6-23, some entries will remain incomplete with some dates shown without the precise day of the event. My apologies.

Summary of Contents:

1) Buses very unreliable, drivers sometimes bait me 2) Remembering more "Meets Cute" at Caltech 3) A reverse burglary? 3) Interactions with criminals, police and court: unexpected results 4) Blanket inability to get replies of most any sort, including from City/State officials and lawyers 5) Several apartment problems (see pics), unable to file complaints with City, landlord unresponsive 6) Disposal of stuff done 7) Repeated malfunctions of web sites I access 8) Copy of this note being sent to LAPD Detective Hargrove for background to my criminal complaints against neighbors in complex, including the man I only know as Tyson. 9) This issue of HSH #20 is released today, on the 5th anniversary of Colette Jose Walczak's death 10) As, on 9-6-23 I lost my last diary, several entries in this note will be left hanging, without date or serial numbers of buses involved. Though I can assure you that the accuracy of contents has not been affected.

The Cat Walks (Backward, Natch!):

Hal Bright was a fellow student at Caltech in the seventies, we shared an interest in isolation tanks. I once visited him at his apartment near the school where I also met a woman three times his age, possibly his companion. The occasion was a meeting with John Lilly, the dolphin researcher, who wanted to know about hardware which could be used to lower the frequencies of any signal. Lilly's interest in this stemmed from his work with dolphins, animals who communicate partly in the ultrasound range. Hal drove me to Lilly's house up the coast, there I also briefly met his wife, Antonietta. The occasion was memorable as Lilly soon became strangely unfriendly. At one point, when I declined to take on the work of building him a prototype, he began hectoring me. Eventually Lilly said to Hal, in front of me: "get him out of here." Back in Hal's car, he quietly apologized. Sometime in the nineties, Hal and I were to cross paths again, this time in San Diego. It was at a "meet cute" engineered by Colette. She and I were at a talk when, to my astonishment, a much older, gray-haired Hal, though still wearing a ponytail, wordlessly sat down next to me. I briefly looked at him, and we did not exchange words throughout, neither did Colette comment, then or afterwards.

The peasant and the Eurotrash dame. Jacques Durand, a Frenchman I've mentioned in a previous HSH, was in the habit of inviting me to gatherings attended by French people. One such events was a reception at the French cultural attache's house in Los Angeles. Throughout the evening, I chatted with several people and, as the evening was winding down, I sat on a sofa, alone. A couple of french-speakers, a young man and woman, both around thirty, soon sat next to me, neither saying anything. Feeling a bit uncomfortable, I initiated a conversation. At some point, the young man rattled off a list of the languages he spoke,

including Swedish and Russian. I chimed in with a comment about the Russian word for German. At this point, the well-dressed young woman commented that the Russian word for German, Немецкий, translates to *stumm* (mute) in German. Then, as if to illustrate, she pursed her lips, squeezing them between fingers while looking directly at me. I remember the young man looking a bit apprehensive just then. He needn't have been as I was transfixed and rooted to the spot. When I had recovered, looking around, I happened to see Durand observing the scene from across the room. A moment from the early seventies, forever graven into my personality.

Thinking back to the eighties, when I knew *Reuven Levy*, the friend who, apropos nothing, once said I should find a "rich woman" to support me and later, again apropos nothing, suggested it would be easy to smuggle drugs. I wonder if, given my personality type, a more suitable candidate for drug trafficking was not available? *Ça doit courir les rues*, literally. Leading me to wonder if there was not some ulterior motive at work here, especially considering the shocking reception I got at Reuven's bedside when, years later, learning he was stricken with acute myelogenous leukemia, I visited him at a Burbank hospital. His brother, a one-time Israeli consul in Jamaica, and Reuven's Sephardic buddies, gave me quite the welcome. Rank intimidation it was, both verbal and physical, at least during those moments when poor Reuven was not barfing from the chemotherapy. Farewell, *Spieß*.

This is not good, for these anecdotes suggest there has been something going on in my life, something of which I have been wholly unaware. Something, the nature of which was bound to color my outlook on things.

After I'd left Sound Solutions in 1992, I remember being at Colette's apartment, talking to her father on the phone. He, apropos nothing, mentioned Africa, asking if I'd be interested in moving there. I demurred, saying I didn't think there was any law over there. An unwitting bit of irony?

A comment on the contrast between the trajectory of *Gus Geraci*, a friend from high school, and that of my sister, both MDs. He went on to a long career in medicine, whereas she began plumbing the depths of moral degradation, her career and life destroyed. Back almost two decades ago, when I lived on Garth Avenue, he reached out to me by letter, giving the impression of being a free and decent man. Regarding Irene, I've said before that little of what she's told me over the last decades hold water.

(8-3-23) An errant thought: Over the decades, I recall repeated hints and nudges, people urging me to write. Could the fact I'm missing over two decades of diaries, thrown into a Pasadena-area trash can in a moment of madness in the late nineties have something to do with it? Not that the contents are especially dazzling, quite the contrary. Instead, what may have caught people's attention and made me a comer is precisely what's *not* there, i.e. the ravings of a lunatic/racist/antisemitic/violence-prone hater. I give you: *Bergie, der wohl-temperierte, salonfähige schizophrene* (as to a translation, never mind, never mind).

In the late eighties, I left a one bedroom apartment in Glendale(?) after harassment and an attack by a tenant (I even remember another tenant, a Czechoslovak woman, commiserating before I left), moving back in with Colette. She neglected to give me a full set of keys. Then there was the arrest at Santa Monica library, followed by Colette abruptly leaving for Chicago to see her family, again leaving me without a key.

Running the Public Transit Gauntlet — Presented as a Comedy Adventure/Soap Opera

or Babylon by Bus:

Another section now requiring its own heading, so frequent and obvious have the LA/Culver/Santa Monica, etc., transit system provocations become.

(7-6-23) I find my bus card does not always register on the reader units, though I try several times. So, I sit down without comment or protest by drivers for not having paid.

(8-3-23) Could it be that the reason buses don't always stop for me is that an approaching bus maybe not have been properly "packed." Packed in the sense FDR was supposed to have "packed" the Supreme Court. Not stopping might give *Sassenach*TM the breathing space necessary to assemble a cast, cobble together a theme of some kind and distribute roles and scripts for the following bus. Call the resulting menagerie, for such, at times, it is, a "chartered bus."

This evening, around 9:30PM, returning from a monthly shopping trip to Costco (with the visit a trip in itself, Natch!), I asked the driver of the eastbound Culver City #1 to lower the ramp for my heavily loaded dolly. Instead, he chose to make the bus "kneel" before stepping out and offering his help in lifting my load as there was a **gat** (sic) between the curb and bus. He, pointing to the smallness of the gap, insisted that, with his help, my dolly could cross it. Again, I quietly asked him to lower the ramp. He repeated his offer, adding that the bus was too close to the curb for the ramp to be used, demonstrating this by attempting to deploy. Still on the sidewalk, warming to my passive-aggressive act (as is so often my wont — deplorable, really) and beginning to enjoy the show, I quietly repeated myself. The third time being the charm, he finally pulled the bus about a foot away from the curb and successfully lowered the ramp as I had initially asked. I was then able to board, not requiring his kind assistance in bringing my dolly on board. Once underway, though, a peculiar duet between him and two passengers, sitting or standing in the front, began. Trying to make sense of the sustained torrent of words passing back and forth I, sitting nearby, listened intently. For nearly the duration of the trip from Marina del Rey to the Fairfax terminus, I tried to understand their "conversation" but could neither make out a sustained thread nor, indeed, any theme whatsoever. With the gibberish exchanged at an unusually high and sustained volume and cadence. And so I ask again: what kind of a place is this anyhow? A-and just what dialect were these, these, these three *énergumènes* speaking? Won't some kind soul please enlighten me?

(8-13-23) Following notes made on the spot in my poor diary which can hardly keep up anymore, I note the following events while out shopping at Trader Joe's this morning: Unfortunately with the loss of my latest diary along with the bus serial numbers, and timestamps, all I can report is that several #37 westbound buses neglected to stop at the terminus on Fairfax and Washington, and when one finally did I, in turn, neglected to board, choosing to walk the mile or so home. This paragraph ends with the following line: "After which, with a certain lightness in his heart and step, yr. Friend and Humble NarratorTM walked home. *Qu'a cela ne tienne. A malin, malin et demie.*" I say again: "*Bande de bachi-bouzouks des Carpates,*" this time adding, for good measure, "*de tonnerre de Brest!*"

(9-4-23) The three workmen started Sunday as I came home. Today, their incessant, staccato Spanish-language chatter, with occasional sync observed, continued until after dark. They had been working on the bungalow across from mine.

Tales of the Eccentric ShaftTM: Interactions with my Fellow Crazyies. A-and me a Paranoid Schizophrenic (Credit: Irene Hawkins, personal communication):

I increasingly see crazy people behaving oddly around me, not as extended a show as was the case with my neighbor across the walkway, Lady Lurk, but still. *On fend le bois avec un coin en bois ; pas vrai?* (One splits wood with a wedge made of wood; isn't it so?) Another of *Sassenach*'sTM scams, of course. Thus the studied(?) ambiguity of this section title.

(7-20-23) A flagrant Eccentric Shaft™ *Aktion* to report, my first here. On the bus today, a man sitting in the back, not necessarily in tip-top mental shape, began shouting at the top of his lungs. Amid the torrent, I hear the word “Rubicon” (used in my book). If that don’t beat all... There have been other such incidents, though none rose to the level of this one; mixing the demented and what I call “synthetic ideas of reference.” Another example, a woman on the Metro E Line, staring at me with vacant, bulging eyes.

(8-15-23) Coming back from Rancho Cucamonga on my last bus, the #37, a man, began screaming, walking back and forth, talking to the driver, seemingly upset with him, driver responded. This went on for tens of minutes.

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

(7-29-23) Began another shampoo treatment for recurring head lice, using leftovers over-the-counter stuff from my last bout with these slippery creatures.

Was seen by Kaiser doctor last week for a nail cuticle infection (paronychia). He prescribed a topical antibiotic and asked if I’d damaged the nail by hitting the finger. I replied I didn’t remember doing anything like that, I added that, a year or more earlier, I’d had another such symptom, this time on a toenail with the problem eventually resolving itself. That doctor did ask whether I was pushing back the cuticle of my toenails, to which I’d replied in the negative. Have had some difficulty getting a new evaluation of state of my finger based on pics I sent over the last week. A Nurse Valdez didn’t forward my set of numbered questions to Dr. Kahen also taking it upon himself to reply with a paragraph of not terribly useful boilerplate. *Non, mais!* (Update: 8-1-23) Did eventually get a reply from Dr. Kahen, the podiatrist after a gatekeeper saw fit to forward my message. This skin problem began about three weeks ago with red spots on skin, sometimes over a dozen at a time. At first I assumed mosquitoes, a week later I realized there were too many spots for mosquitoes to be the cause. Had some trouble making an appointment with dermatologist last week. (Update: 7-31-23) Spoke by phone with doctor who called it a rash and prescribed a broad-spectrum antibiotic and an antihistamine, he also ordering blood tests. After our call, I went to Kaiser, picked up the antibiotic (Doxycycline) and had blood drawn but decided to forgo the antihistamine (too expensive). Doctor unsure if rash is a result of bug bites or allergies for which I had had a set of tests earlier this year with results negative. (Update: 8-1-23) Blood test results came in, I now have an appointment this coming Saturday, August 5, with dermatologist. The rash may be diminishing in intensity and extent. Happy to report I tested negative for syphilis (that other Great Masquerader™) with other blood counts found to be normal. There was, again, a spot of trouble at the pharmacy, someone had slipped in an extra prescription, for head lice cream, which Dr. Goldsmith had not prescribed. On finally learning the identity of this mysterious extra, I refused the prescription and, as I made it obvious I was prepared to be British about it, the clerk relented.

(8-4-23) Summarizing the last two weeks’ interactions with Kaiser staff, I can now characterize the pattern as “waxing hot and cold.” After a week which saw an appointment *not* made and a message *not* forwarded, beginning on 8-2-23, day before yesterday, I received three calls asking if I’ll be going to Saturday’s dermatology visit and asking for additional pics of symptoms. Along with the pics, I included a two page summary (reproduced below) of my medically relevant recent background and of questions and concerns. I see a pattern, not only here, but repeated elsewhere; an emotional roller coaster which involves not only institutions (see recent interactions with LAPD, the USPS or buses – groan!) but individuals, even. Where neighbors such as Miss Mumbles, Brother *Cantinflas*, Gadiel Velázquez, the Gomez parents, a man who lives across the street can, for no reason I can see, “wax hot and cold” as well.

The note I sent Kaiser today:

Date: 8/3/2023

To: Dr. Siegel, Dr. Berukhim, Irene, Beth, Roberta, Others

Subject: Fingernail infection, rash

Summary: Current health situation sufficiently opaque that I’d like some specifics answered as well as advice

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Hi Dr. Siegel, Dr. Berukhim,

Facts and background:

1. Have a history of infestations in a 500 ft sq bungalow whose construction dates back to 1940s or 1950s. Bedbugs (4 occurrences in several years, now ended). Rats (1 cluster of 5 about 2 months ago, now ended). Cockroaches (2 at least, ended years ago). Head lice (2 in about 8 months, ongoing problem). Termites (ongoing problem). Spiders (also ongoing).
2. Have no history of chronic infections or allergies, except for #3, #4 and #5 below. Was tested this year for allergies. Result: all levels unmeasurable except for cockroach, which was at threshold.
3. Had persistent nose drip and sniffles for over a year(?). Symptoms entirely gone since I removed 80% of belongings from bungalow and disposed of old rug.
4. Have itch in groin which I have treated with Tacrolimus since the 1980s.
5. May have another genital wart on penis, looks like a tiny black dot with a sharp tip. Have been treated for them since early 2000s.
6. This year, was cited by City for unsanitary living conditions (I’m self-diagnosed as a hoarder), passed re-inspection a month later after I mostly emptied apartment. For last 3-4 years have had various other complaints from City for unrelated reasons. All City complaints dealt with successfully.
7. Private inspector hired in January, 2023, found mold (not fixed) and termites (partially fixed?).
8. Replaced mattress and pillow earlier this year with new memory foam mattress and pillow.
9. During phone call with Dr. Goldsmith, I forgot to mention that a few days ago, I saw around the skin area where a belt is worn, 2 streaks, red, about 3” long each, itching furiously for days before mostly disappearing. Do not have pic of the worse moment, unfortunately, see pic of current (8-1-23) remnants of these streaks. These formerly inflamed streaks may have bearing on diagnosis.
10. Have had this rash for about 3 weeks.
11. Have found spots in: groin, arms, armpits, flanks, in navel depression, legs, back. Mostly around trunk, front and back, from armpits to pelvis. Never on neck, head or face.
12. Spots appear, itch, then disappear to be replace by others elsewhere.
13. Level of severity may be diminishing as of yesterday, July 30.
14. Many spots located in skin areas unlikely(?) to be reached by insects.
15. Since the first head lice infestation was cured with: cream for my head and sprays for clothing and bedding, I’ve often had a peculiar sensation of small insects on my skin. Psychosomatic? I mostly ignore it because I seldom (though not always) fail to find a “culprit.” The sensation happens mostly on my head or face but can, at times, be felt elsewhere. The feeling occasions brief (15 seconds or so) but intense itches, very localized. The sensation often feels like it travels. I dismiss it as psychosomatic.
16. I do not use legal or illegal recreational drugs, very seldom drink, only take what is prescribed by Kaiser. I take several supplements, mostly from Swanson or recommended by Kaiser (turmeric, glucosamine/chondroitin).
17. Chemicals I’m occasionally in contact with are pretty anodyne: isopropyl alcohol, rosin flux for soldering, rosin-core solder, lice and, previously, bedbug killer sprays, bleach, homemade detergent consisting of Borax and Arm & Hammer Washing Soda.
18. I have facial dandruff for which I must occasionally use a medicinal shampoo. When I don’t do so for some time, I get a different kind of rash near my nose and cheeks. No problem with it right now.
19. In the last weeks I guess I’ve had as many as 20 red spots at a time.
20. Have not traveled or stayed anywhere but my bungalow in many years. Have no roommate or pets.

Questions:

1. Is my finger problem related/linked to the rash which recently developed? I think the fingernail lesion(?) started before the rash.
2. What do blood tests, done on 7-31-23, suggest? They appear normal, except for RDW, blood which, at 15.6%, is at high end of range (11.5%-16%).

3. Has my previous visit to the Kaiser Washington Blvd. Office of over a year(?) ago, where I was examined for a similar problem, this time on toenail, remained on file? If so, what were the doctor's conclusions. Are there any connections to my current finger cuticle infection, any possible conclusions? I remember her asking me whether I ever pushed my cuticles back, to which I said no. Problem resolved itself without medication.
4. Is my rash the result of bug bites, allergies, or something else?
5. I said to Dr. Nudell that I did not remember hurting my finger before symptoms began. I've smashed fingers before, rather painfully too, but never with a nail becoming infected. Why?
6. Dr. Nudell said it was possible I'd want plastic surgery. Sounds to me like something potentially serious, yet I'm completely at sea about what this is. Also, see #7 and #8 below.
7. I asked four specific, numbered questions of Dr. Nudell, the man who examined me. Nurse Valdez not only did not forward my questions but also took it upon himself to reply, on 7/18/23, with a paragraph of what amounts to boilerplate. Why?
8. Last week, in a voice call, I was told a virtual appointment with dermatology would be arranged for the skin rash. Today, Monday, when I called again, I was told, in unclear terms, that it looked like an appointment was being setup but that the process had not been completed. Why?
9. From my conversation with Dr. Goldsmith, who called today, it looks like insect bites or allergies could be responsible. Does this document change the situation?
10. At the pharmacy, I found 3 prescriptions waiting instead of the 2 Dr. Goldsmith had prescribed: the Doxycycline and the anti-histamine; the third was a prescription for a head lice cream (not an over the counter item) he had not prescribed. Why the discrepancy?
11. I chose to buy the oral antibiotic but neither of the others for reasons of price or inappropriateness.
12. In view of the number of infestations, some repeated, (rats, mice, cockroaches, head lice, termites, mold, bedbugs) going back several years, the fact that I'm diabetic (T2D) with (possibly) weakened immune system and the unwillingness of landlord to fix some of these problems, I am seriously considering taking the following advice, given by my sister:
 - "1. Totally empty out the attic (if you have not already done so) and have it checked out for holes and disinfested if need be.
 - 2. Continue emptying out your living space (although much improved there is still a lot of stuff lying around). It is practically impossible to sanitise(sic) cluttered environments and keep them clean.
 - 3. Replace the carpeting/your "new" mattress/sofa and any other upholstery - all that stuff may well be infested with lice, bugs and rodent excrements(sic) - shampooing at this point is probably not enough. Maybe you can get an estimate for the replacement of the carpeting and get it done through the management - they probably get a better price - doubt that they will replace it for free. Let me know how much it would cost.
 - 4. Replace all bed linen and bathroom towels etc. Buy new new (unused) stuff!
 - 5. Clean the bathroom and kitchen thoroughly and get rid of any mold. (Clorox works wonders!)"

Doctor(s), regarding #12, what do you think? Is the advice sensible or excessive? Am contemplating replacing memory foam mattress with a plastic, inflatable mattress for ease of cleaning. Also may replace very old carpet with hardwood floor throughout, depending on City rules governing what modifications I'm allowed to make to this bungalow I've lived in for thirteen years. Attic no longer a concern.

Concerns:

1. Impact on quality of my sleep of this rash is my primary worry. I'm not sleeping well.
2. Long term outcome of rash.
3. Long term outcome of fingernail infection.
4. The look of my finger is hardly a concern for me so long as the problem is definitively solved.
5. Another concern is the possible effect of the broad-spectrum(?) antibiotic on my gut bacteria. I have, as a result, postponed use until my visit Saturday.

(signed)

Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/Bergie Hawkins. Los Angeles, West Addams district, USA

(8-12-23) After running errands (I'm making more changes connected to my latest three infestations/infections: getting an air mattress and inflatable sofa, both considerably cheaper and easier to clean/disinfect than the regular kind), I went to my usual beach, logging almost five miles on foot. Later, sitting at the water's edge in my beach chair, I say to myself: *Passchendaele* this isn't.

(9-4-23) Went to Urgent Care yesterday morning with complaints of nausea, headache, tailbone pain and cramps. Doctor ordered X-rays of head and neck, along with prescriptions for pain and nausea. I was pleased to hear he felt some of my complaints are due to stress. (Update 9-11-23) After prescribing pain and nausea medications I returned home. Though still unsteady on my feet, later that day X-rays examination showed no abnormalities.

I remember a customer of a few years ago, asking me out of the blue if I'd been an abused child. Curious, as we'd never met before and had only talked about the technical problem at hand, a trivial setting on a monitor, as I recall. Whatever I endured at the hands of my parents, *Père Grisou* especially, now seems like trifles compared to what began when I came here. Like night and day.

I also remember a peculiar pair of PC repair customers from years ago, father and daughter, she by the name of Dr. Tracy Millsap. In a conversation at her apartment in the San Fernando Valley, she suggested I might be suffering from Asperger's syndrome (whatever that is). Curious, as she'd never seen me before. Re-reading the above paragraphs, you know, in spite of all that, she might have been on to something. Ah, the uses of crazy people.

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

(7-3-23) "We've got flow," as in diarrhea of the mouth. A customer, visiting, ostensibly for some computer repairs, with the rat-a-tat-tat of toy guns outside for background music, led to the following exchanges during an hour's visit:

1. She says: "You and I, there are some things we can't say." (Putting words in my mouth). I launch headlong into discourse ending with "regular house nigger." For a moment, she looks dejected.
2. I refer to "Soul Brother number one." This apparently draws a blank, until she comes up with: Martin Luther King?
3. Looking through my open kitchen door at the house next door, she comments: "that's a nice blue wall."
4. Discussing her health, she says: "I've got stenosis." A condition I was also diagnosed with a couple of years ago when I had MRIs of my spine done.
5. I say something about Nancy Pelosi's boobs; perhaps surprised, not hearing the word, she has me repeat myself.
6. Outside again, the ordeal over, she has me press the door lock before I close her passenger door. "Push the button" she says, repeating herself twice.

It seems that every time I'm offered the bait, I rise to the occasion, swallowing it with relish. Every time. Unsophisticated and somewhat arrogant, a volatile combination with a touch of the oppositional-defiant. A combination being milked for all it's worth. Nothing if not a known quantity, I am. But, as you can see, I'm not much interested in pointing fingers. Neither am I interested in explaining my behavior or apologizing for it. I'm interested in providing a picture of what's inside me and, particularly, what's outside. A picture reliable and complete. To summarize: I went with the flow, one might say; I'm easily tricked. (Credit: Katsumasa Kozono, personal communication). Here I am, blathering on (to myself mostly) about "system problems" and what do I do? Personalize the issue. Dumb and inconsistent.

(7-6-23) I've moved my stuff from the original 10x10x10 to a U-Haul unit half that size for reasons of economy, I've also donated books, bookshelves, solar panels and other stuff yesterday and today. With most books and all but two shelves picked up by a mover who called me "Goldberg," probably mistaking me for a previous customer. I did not correct him.

(9-10-23) On spending a night browsing YouTube, I decided to, in addition to the sauna I'm building, intensify my cold bath treatments. Measuring water temp this morning, I found it at 62°F; not nearly cold enough (40s-50s recommended). Neither, this being California, did I experience the shivering reflex afterwards though I did not dry myself, letting the water evaporate by itself. I've thus decided to do the following:

1. Put an air-inflated tub inside my bathtub, semi-permanently. I'll occasionally empty it, remove it to disinfect, dry and reassemble
2. Use ice bought or made in my chest freezer to cool water further
3. The water will be sterilized by UV, filtered and replaced biweekly
4. An insulating wood cover will insulate it when not in use
5. The bathtub does double-duty: cold water immersions/regular shower
6. Advantages of the tub-in-a-tub approach: 1) No leaks possible 2) No structural problem due to weight 3) Extra insulation will cut ice use

The initial rationale for this effort came from my unfortunate relationship with gas. Biting the bullet, I had the Gas Company shut off my service last year, there's now a lock on the gas valve outside. In addition to the above benefit, itself not to be sneered at, I'm able to save an extra \$12/mo. But the biggest surprise I've stumbled across, as with so many other truths, are the health benefits of "cold plunge" therapy. They are, if I'm not mistaken, considerable and so, along with the ongoing sauna effort, I may be able to extend my lifespan, while enjoying additional moments of relaxation...

Les Casses de l'Oncle Sam (Uncle Sam's Robberies (Credit: Harriet Beecher Stowe, adapted from)):

(6-29-23) A(nother) burglary, in which, (not) to the astonishment of yr. Friend and Humble Narrator™, *nothing* was taken. I know it's hard for you, good people that you are, to avoid the feeling I'm taking undue advantage of your credulity, but two items, removed about two years ago from safe deposit box(es) at long-suffering Broadway Federal Bank, were placed, wait for it, in my copy of *Castiglione*. The policeman I showed this evidence to was not impressed, he would not issue a police report about this strange sort of burglary, saying it was merely a case of "he said, she said," thus not worth the effort. Sigh.

(7-3-23) Someone tried to withdraw \$2201.00 from my poor checking account at City First Bank. Fraud most foul! Going to the City First branch in Inglewood to look into it, I began hearing the phrase "zero balance," when I asked how much I had in the account. The teller produced a list of activities going back months wiv'out telling me how much was in the account. The City First Bank personnel behind the teller windows performed their duty dispassionately with the only exception when the young man did show a flicker of annoyance when I asked his name. Meanwhile, a voice emanating from elsewhere, continuously droning, provided the background to the performance. (7-6-23 Update): A bank employee now tells me there's been no attempted fraud, merely some transposed account digits. *Mystère et boule de gomme*.

(8-17-23) So much of my hoarder's impedimenta has been unduly molested of late that I feel a need to revive an old rubric in which I summarize the most obvious thefts, vandalism, various and sundry Poltergeist *Aktionen*, etc. The phrase "themed burglaries" could be of use in understanding this puzzling phenomenon. I was missing a shoe, Irene had bought the pair at a swap meet in Rome years ago until, moving some lab equipment from the bottom shelf of a bookcase in the walk-in closet, I found it. This is only a sample, of course. Typical, though.

(8-11-23) My book listing, missing from eBay since May 27, 2023, after my account was broken into, is now online again. 1) As the account was broken into I, at the suggestion of customer service, changed my password 2) The listing had been removed in error by eBay 3) A suggestion was made I should shorten the listing 4) I spent some time with customer service and was told the case was being transferred to the fraud department with reference #1-466106379961 assigned 5) My listing, now restored, is the exact same as what was taken down for violations of eBay policy except for the hacked segments which I've removed 6) No explanation has been given though I requested one and was told I would be contacted 7) I filed a report at FBI's IC3.gov about this break-in though I have no reference number to show 8) Also when, on 8-21-23, I tried to register to sell this book as a downloadable item, I was told eBay is not accepting applications right now (see partial transcript of chat below).

(8-21-23) Having restored the listing for the hard copy of my book, canceled by eBay for reasons unclear, and having put it in the public domain, I had the following conversation with an eBay customer service person today as I tried to make it available for electronic download. What you see is the tail end of our conversation.

Oh.
 Could you tell me when I'll be able to list it as an eBook? In the "Book" category? After being confirmed as the owner of the copyright.
 Please allow me a moment to share the information with you.
 Yasmin
 ok
 Thank you for staying connected. I appreciate your patience on this.
 Yasmin
 ok
 you can list your ebook in the classified ad format for the time being as we are not taking applications for the approved sellers.
 Yasmin
 Thanks. My question was: when will you do so again?
 And what is the difference between the two ways to sell? Please explain.
 Unfortunately there are no date mentioned as of now but soon we will start application.
 Yasmin
 ok. And about the difference?
 The different will be that the buyers will get to read the book on our site when you list the item in classified ad format.
 Yasmin
 So there is no download capability?
 Yes you are correct.
 Yasmin
 I hope I was able to clear all your doubts. However, I am happy to discuss further if more clarification is needed.
 Yasmin
 So: 1) I cannot be approved now as eBay is not taking applications for verification 2) I can sell the book BUT with the restriction that the buyer can only read it online, at eBay, without the ability to download 3) There is no definite time when eBay
 Unfortunately, you are correct.
 Yasmin
 ... will accept applications again 4) Must I contact eBay occasionally to find our if you are accepting applications? or can eBay contact me?
 If you want you can contact us for the same.
 Yasmin
 If there would have been any way to notify you then I would have done that for you.
 Yasmin
 ok
 PS You can get a free copy from: Free, open sourced download available at: <https://tinyurl.com/Schizophrenia-Weaponized>
 Thanks.
 My pleasure, It was my pleasure to assist you today, Lawson. Thank you for using eBay Live Chat. If you'd like to get in contact at a future point, we'll be happy to help. Have a good day.
 Yasmin
 4:51 pm
 Yasmin has left the conversation
 4:51 pm
 Thanks for contacting us, Lawson. I'll email you a copy of this conversation shortly.

Sassenach™ and His Yankee Damyankee Tricks:



Figure 1: I had left two PC power supplies at curb as a donation. The next day found them both crushed, likely under the wheels of a car. The work of a vengeful pixie? You'll also note the fading remains of an attempt at literary criticism, West Addams style, in the background

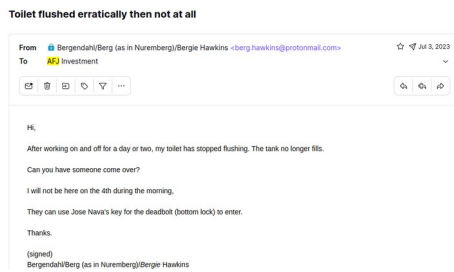


Figure 2: My request of Our Lady of the Perpetual Inspections™, aka my landlady, on July 3, 2023, in which I ask that my toilet be fixed. (As of August 6, no repairs made). (Update 8-11-23) toilet fixed today!

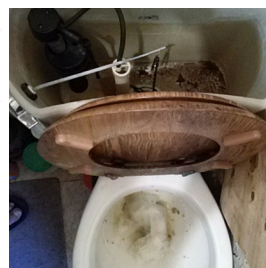


Figure 3: The scene ten days later. And LAHD Inspector Reichmann had complained of "unsanitary conditions," finding I have, in his words, "too much stuff."



Figure 4: Pic of a days-old thigh bruise sustained when the neighbor nicknamed Miss Mumbles ran into me at flank speed with a trash container.

(9-3-23) Today, among other stops, went shopping at Farmers Marker on Grandview Boulevard. It was there my gaze was arrested by a deli specialty booth, manned by a comely young woman of the Polish persuasion. I did not tarry.

Juegos de Manos, Juegos de Villanos:

(6-29-23) In HSH #19, I defined the word *Meanderthal*, little did I know I'd soon have to update it. Why, do you know, Metro drivers themselves are getting in the act? Just today, the driver of the #37, ID6034, westbound at 11:35AM, actually blocked the way as I tried to exit on Redondo. Both with his gate and body, keeping the doors closed even as a passenger waited to board. All the while importuning me as to whether this was my stop. I eventually did escape, though not before he hit me several times as he stepped from his driver's seat when his gate swung open, he also tapped my shoulder repeatedly while keeping the passenger outside **waitnig** (sic). An variation on this word: "*Meanderbot*" may now be an additional valuable bit of my armamentarium.

(6-30-23) Beginning yesterday and continuing for two more days, neighbors in our complex: Tyson and his Merry Band of Desperadoes™ along with miscellaneous support elements, carried out repeated, daring, daylight and nighttime commando-style raids on what we must assume is a high-value target (the Ace of Spades Hearts is rumored to *still* be in the area) in the vicinity of West Addams. Though details are still coming in, the intrepid raiders are said to have returned safely to base (though police were dispatched). Your observer, a bystander at the scene, occasionally caught in the cross-fire, only sustained injuries to his pride as he was sent scrambling for ~~over~~ his diary to note the incidents. An *atamanschina* (I just read a history of the Russian civil war, forgive me) this isn't, Disneyland (at least for as long as I have some visibility) more like; as I once explained to Tub Thumper's wife, a nearby neighbor.

(7-1-23) Actually I do what I do for the most selfish reasons: I just don't want to end up like these poor creatures whose lives intersected mine over the last few days, beginning with the show described above, continuing with my call to 911 and the LAPD visit before ending with a finale in the bowels of the justice system (Stanley Mosk Superior Court, downtown) where, on advice of LAPD Officer Goetting, I went today, trying to get restraining orders *against neighbors whose names I do not know*. During the incident: 1) I was sitting outside, on the site of my former pantry, thirty feet away from the street 2) Small pellets struck my bungalow repeatedly 3) I was hit by either debris or pellets 4) Going onto the lawn, I quietly asked several people, Tyson included, to not aim at or shoot me 5) In response, as I walked away, I was shot several times in back and, when I turned around, in the forehead by the suspect whose picture graces this email 6) I called 911

Not only did the Officers not arrest anyone but they did not even interview the suspect who was still in the complex and, when Tyson eventually came out, neglected to arrest him though I identified him as someone LAPD Detective Hargrove has been looking for. Officer Goetting did say, when I mentioned Detective Hargrove, that he'd speak to him.

"There can be no rule of law in conditions where such chicanery is allowed." (Credit: A. Amalrik, *Involuntary Journey to Siberia*, p. 101). Neither is there a reliable bus schedule to be had around these parts (my comment).

I feel bamboozled.



Figure 5: Tyson and his Merry Band of Desperadoes™. Pic taken on 7-1-2023, immediately after the incident in which pellets fired from there struck me as I sat where my pantry used to be, I was later also hit on the lawn.

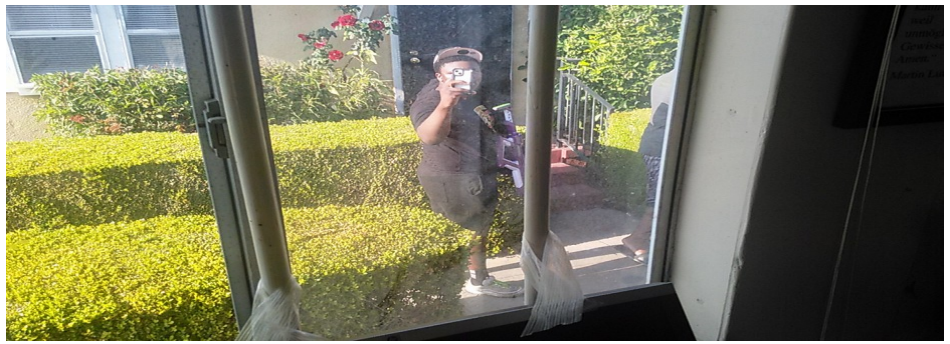


Figure 6: The suspect, whose pic (I thought I took others though I cannot find them) LAPD Officer Goetting asked to see, before identifying the toy he shot me with as a Nerf gun. Pic taken as the young man walked to Tyson's apartment. "Upon such meat has this, our Caesar, fed." (Credit: Shakespeare, adapted from) My future, should I fail to behave?



Figure 7: The two officers who responded to my 911 call after I was shot by toy pistols repeatedly over three days. They would not interview the suspect, whose face I could identify, let alone arrest anyone. Their ID numbers shown here.

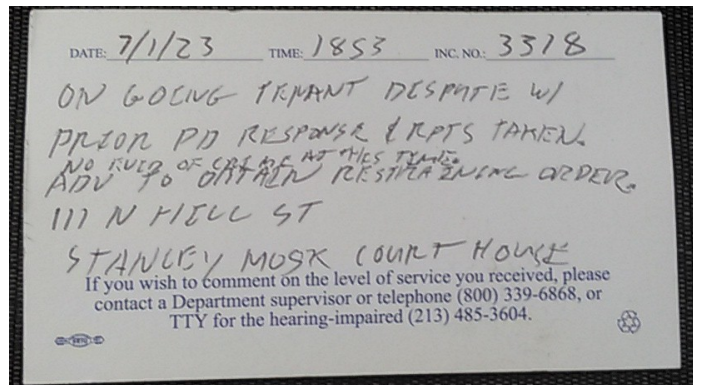


Figure 8: After refusing to interview the people shown in Figure 5, whose apartment I had pointed out to Officer Goetting, the upshot: an earnest entreaty by him to get restraining orders — against people whose names, full or partial, I do not know.



Figure 9: It seems we too have "flow." Blood flow, that is — so far of the non-effusive sort, thank god. Pic taken on 9-7-23 of bruise on left forearm sustained when my neighbor of many years, Tyson the Robot™, shook the ladder I was standing on as I pasted fliers regarding his and his associate's activities involving me. The injuries happened as I hurried down the ladder. The poor fellow also hit me (Oh! So Slightly, as is his habit) once on the side of the head for good measure. Then, after ripping down the fliers, Tyson left, honor apparently satisfied.



Figure 10: Forearm pic, taken on 9-1-23, of scrapes inflicted on 8-30-23 when Tyson made me quickly descend from ladder as I was taping fliers on a light pole outside at 7AM. 911 called, no incident number issued but I was promised an emailed report and follow-up phone call by LAPD Officer Ramirez. Forgot 'is paperwork, did 'e'?

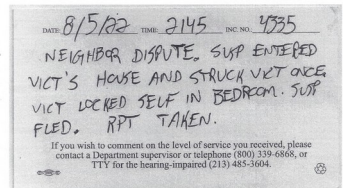
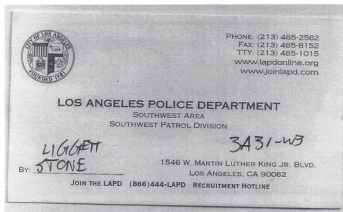


Figure 11: Scans of the business card of the two officers who answered my 911 call after Tyson attacked me in my bungalow. This is all I initially got as they had not brought their paperwork.

Los Angeles Police Department INVESTIGATIVE REPORT

Page of 03 01 50 (05/21) UCR CODE COMBINED EVID. REPORT MULTIPLE OFFS ON THIS REPORT

REPORT OF: BATTERY INC# 220803M07018

REPORTING OFFICER(S): Liggett

REPORTING OFFICER(S): Stone

DATE/TIME OF OCCURRENCE: 08/05/2022 21:15

LOCATION OF OCCURRENCE: 2626 S Cochran Ave

APARTMENT UNIT: 11098489

REPORTING OFFICER(S) SIGNATURE: [Signature]

REPORTING OFFICER(S) ID: 44554 SOW/3A31

Figure 12: Scan of the police report documenting Tyson's attack in my bungalow on 8/5/2022. Detective Case Number: 2208:03M07-018. For me, very worrisome as there has been no visible action from the LAPD to date. This in spite of repeated threats and physical attacks (all minor) by Tyson and others. I've made attempts to get restraining orders against him, family and associates. I've also asked, three times, for him and others to be arrested. To no avail, so far.



I am afraid of my neighbor, Tyson, of the unknown man who pepper-sprayed me last year and of the poor devil in Figure 6 who shot me in the forehead with his toy gun. But I'm far more afraid of ever becoming like them.

About the unlabeled, perhaps unlabelable, pic above: for some reason I cannot add a caption or resize it properly. These were two tiny rats, pic taken on the night of 9-7-23. There had been another one caught in a trap the day before, there was to be another on the next day.

(7-21-23) As I moved trash containers back from the curb, the neighbor I only know as Miss Mumbles (see a previous HSH for reasons why), a roommate of both Banshee the First and, later (likely), Banshee the Other, while pulling two containers, ran into me, hitting me in the thigh. I asked quietly: "Am I in your way?" to which she replied with "Sorry, "I only want to help (you move?)," "I live here too," etc. Her words, taken together, made little sense and the impact left a bruise on my thigh, see Figure 4 above. Over two previous nights and a day, someone had smashed most of the glass of a car parked just outside, a vehicle probably belonging to her. Loud screams, curses, profanity and laughter were heard throughout the extended demolition which lasted parts of two nights and a day. *Hexezüchtigung*, anyone? (Update: 7-31-23) This morning, she said "Hi," as though nothing had happened. (Update: 8?-7-23) *idem*.

(8-14-23) Today, Tyson walking into our complex, hit me (lightly) on the shoulder as I stood on my porch, facing away from him. He then told me "I don't want my name on your s**t," adding: "or else you'll have to deal with me." When I replied for him to call police, he said: "You call police. I don't." I called LAPD Southwest Division's Detective Hargrove who's in charge of a previous case against Tyson (Detective Case Number 2208:03M07-018). A case dating back to 8-5-22, when he came in my bungalow and hit me on the head once with his fist, after complaining about a flier I'd put on his car parked on the street. This after being pepper-sprayed in the face by someone coming from inside our (small) complex earlier in the same week (paramedics came, police report available). (Update: as of 9-12-23) The Detective has not yet called back.

(8-22-23) My neighbor Tyson, I have finally dubbed "גולם" (the golem) after calling him a robot in the flier *Open Letter to Tyson*. Part of a flier *Aktion* in which I am trying to bring things to a head after this poor man's recent frantic provocation, the latest of many. We'll see if the nickname sticks.

(8-31-23)

- As I was putting up fliers on a light pole outside at 7AM, Tyson came out, said "What the f**k are you doing?" Before shaking the ladder I stood on causing me to come down fast (I did not fall), then he hit me on the side of the head with his fist. He also tore down the fliers I'd just put up.
- I called 911, Officers Ramirez and Bautista soon arrived. I first asked them to arrest him, telling them what had happened.
- After I went into some past history, mentioning Tyson's kid making a rude gesture years ago, Officer Ramirez began telling me I should look at it from the kid's POV. He also asked me what I wanted, this after I'd asked to arrest Tyson.
- Ramirez said for me to get a restraining order, like Officer Goetting before him.
- I have no incident #, no police report though I was told by Officer Ramirez that a report would be emailed and that he would call after (Update: as of 9-12-23, I've not heard back from him). Looks like Tyson's not the only one emboldened by LAPD inaction but the police themselves are providing me with less and less service. Ominous.
- Officer Ramirez, I asked his name twice, was wearing what looked like a camera.
- Ramirez's badge was tilted and I could not see the name. He was accompanied by Officer Bautista who mostly spoke with Tyson.
- At one point I noticed a neighbor on my street by the name of Shannon, stopping by, at the curb, near Officer Bautista and Tyson. She seemed distraught.
- Among his comments, Ramirez said: "Tyson's a big guy." "I've had windows broken myself." He used the words mental illness more than once.
- He asked me two or three times why I do not consider moving, telling me he too had had windows broken, etc.
- He asked for my ID, I produced it, he copied information down before handing it back to me.
- He said something about Tyson's name being discoverable by checking his license plates. Imagine.
- He initially assured me he would get Tyson's name and ID then, later, said Tyson refused to provide it.
- Before leaving, Officer Bautista asked if he could have the two fliers I was holding. I gave them to him and offered a free copy of my book, but was turned down promptly. Officer Ramirez, pointing to my signature on one of the fliers, asked what it was. "My signature," I replied.

Straight outta Disneyland, this seems to me.

(9-7-23) Yesterday, at Costco, browsing the meat department for the makings of a specialty, I came cart-to-cart with a woman who kindly waived me by. Just then, a man, also pushing a cart, came up and said: "Hi, mom." Puzzling as the two were not of the same persuasion. Skit?

This reminds me of the incident I recount in my book, incident in which my therapist, Victor Morton (got his permission to mention his name in the book), once asked me if I were responsible for dead rat(s) placed on his doorstep back in 1990(?). I was, at the time, a patient of his. Yet another skit?

That same evening, in a rush to board my #37 bus, I lost my latest diary, half filled, in itself a minor matter. I've now had brought home to me that the safest policy, given my current alarming level of distraction, is to *always* leave my diaries at home. While out, I'll take notes on a throwaway notepad with anything to be transcribed done once I'm back in my bungalow.

On coming home that night, I found two little rats, in addition to the one I caught two days before in my spring-type trap. These, however, did not die immediately, the exterminator I requested of my landlord, AFJ, had brought over the kind of trap that only immobilizes with a sticky substance. So there they were, lying on their sides, stuck to the sticky substance, seemingly lifeless. I did not realize they were still alive until the next morning when I noticed them wiggling as they tried to free themselves while there was still an ounce of life in them. Putting the trap with the two little creatures in the trash, I eventually did what I should have done earlier; as with so many other things in my life. Taking my courage in both hands, I went back to the trash container and put a swift end to them. The trap with the poor things had been on the floor, under my loft bed. Another skit?

For the fliers Irene thought "counterproductive," see below. With the help of Google Translate, I've also made them available in Spanish.

Wanted!



Race/Sex/Description: Black, male, mid-twenties, name unknown, pictured above, possibly with an accent from the islands, seen here wearing a black Porsche T-shirt, shorts and a NY baseball cap. A bit overweight, with a big behind, somewhat like Reinhardt Heydrich, though not as tall or as imposing a presence.

Known Associates: A neighbor in my complex, first name Tyson, last name unknown. Tyson is also wanted on suspicion of an assault (police report available) taking place in 2022 in my bungalow. If seen, call LAPD Southwest Division, ask for Detective Hargrove, check whether he has been able to locate Tyson.

Crime: The man, pictured above, shot me, in the forehead with a Nerf gun from 20 feet away on 7/1/23 after I asked him, Tyson & others to aim elsewhere.

Notice: If seen, do not attempt to apprehend, call the LAPD Southwest Division, ask to speak to Officer Goetting or Detective Hargrove, remind them that in order to get a restraining order (which I tried on 7/3/23) both a first and last name are needed for every person in a household. You're on your own here, folks!

My "West Addams" Neighborhood.

The Complex at 2622-2626 S Cochran Ave,

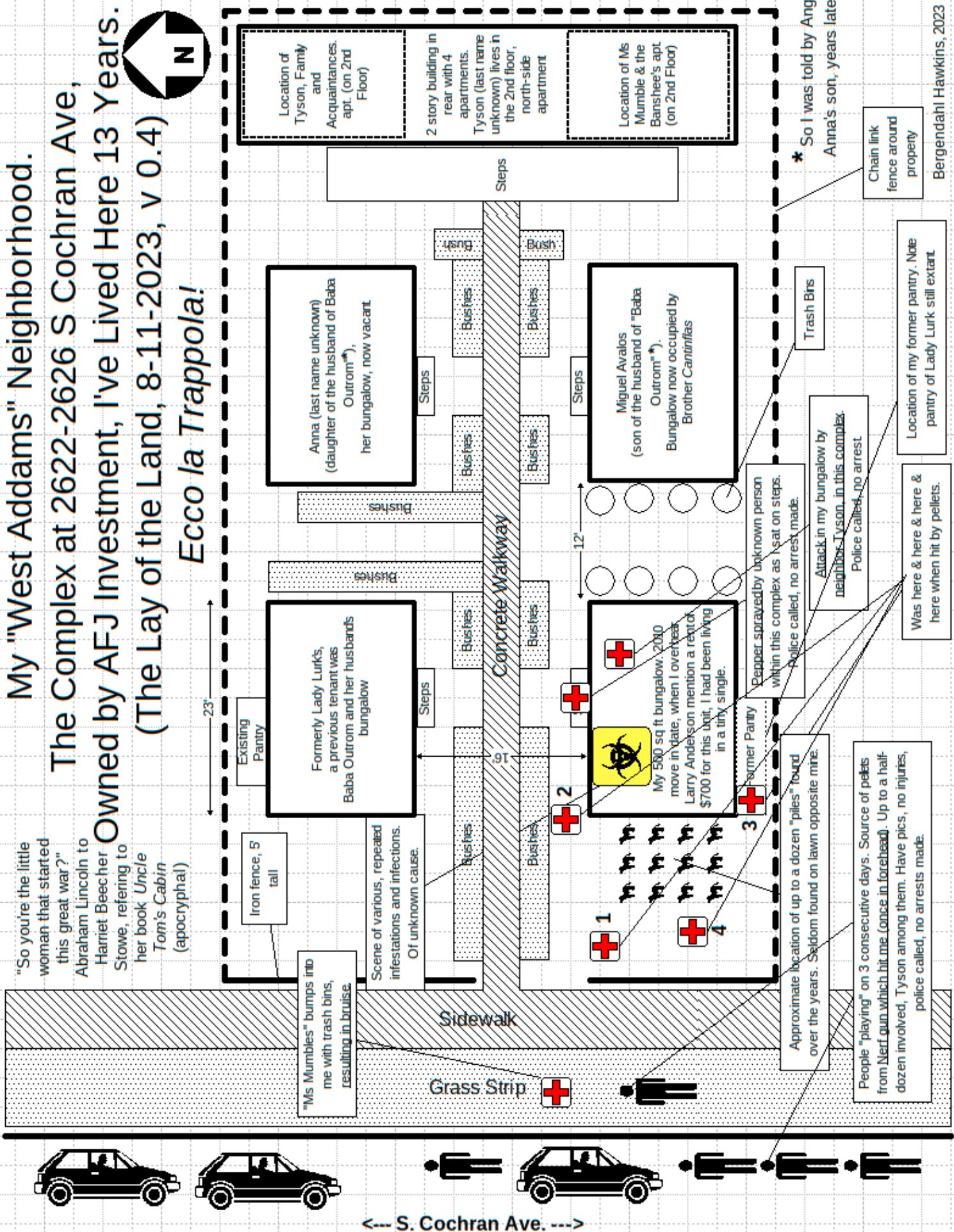
Owned by AFJ Investment, I've Lived Here 13 Years.

(The Lay of the Land, 8-11-2023, v 0.4)

Ecco la Trappola!



"So you're the little woman that started this great war?"
Abraham Lincoln to Harriet Beecher Stowe, referring to her book *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (apocryphal)



"Ms Mumbles" bumps into me with trash bins, resulting in bruise.

Scene of various, repeated infestations and infections. Of unknown cause.

Approximate location of up to a dozen "piles" found over the years. Seldom found on lawn opposite mine.

People "playing" on 3 consecutive days. Source of pellets from Nerf gun which hit me (once in forehead). Up to a half dozen involved, Tyson among them. Have pics, no injuries, police called, no arrests made.

Pepper sprayed by unknown person within this complex as I sat on steps. Police called, no arrest made.

Attack in my bungalow by neighbor Tyson, in this complex. Police called, no arrest.

Was here & here & here & here when hit by pellets.

Location of my former pantry. Note pantry of Lady Lurk still extant.

Location of my former pantry. Note pantry of Lady Lurk still extant.

* So I was told by Angel, Anna's son, years later.

Chain link fence around property

Bergendahl Hawkins, 2023

← S. Cochran Ave. →

Open Letter to Tyson

NB: This document (and any replies I may receive) I put in the public domain. So long as my name and content are unchanged, anyone may reproduce it/them at will. Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/Bergie Hawkins, Los Angeles, West Addams district, USA, 2023

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 than 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.

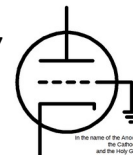
So, putting my trust in my “luck” and in Alan Watts’ “Wisdom of Insecurity,” I will: **a)** Continue to email, post and display my fliers as I have for years, wherever I see fit **b)** But, to spare your feelings (and avoid getting me face bashed in), I’ll not put any on your windshield (when I once 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! **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

SHA256 for the PDF: f4855ae5497d46caf92d2905c16c4277322f084f5eed5531c6ea429103aa64e7

My book, Schizophrenia Weaponized, is now in the public domain, download the PDF for free:

www.BergendahlHawkins.com



Date: 8/23/2023 vf

To: FBI, Justice Dept., Irene Hawkins, Beth Wolfson, Roberta Edgar, Human Rights Watch, Others, AFJ Investment, LAPD Southwest Division

Subject: Preliminary, abbreviated complaint, request for an address to send documents and broader complaints, a possible meeting

Summary: Focusing mostly on several physical attacks (all but 1, minor) in the last year or so, I want to know why two people, living in or seen coming from my apartment complex, who have assaulted me, have not been arrested or, as far as I know, even investigated

Attachments: None for now. I have pics, email traffic, other documents available. Potentially running into the hundreds of pages and megabytes

NB: This document (and any replies I may receive) I put in the public domain. So long as my name and content are unchanged, anyone may reproduce it/them at will. Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/*Bergie* Hawkins, Los Angeles, West Addams district, 2023

Complaint: In spite of a pattern of crimes committed against me, with some suspects' names and address known, no action taken in over a year. In all but two cases, police and/or paramedics were called. Evidence repeatedly ignored by responding LAPD officers

Background: Have lived in 500 ft sq bungalow for 13 years. Have had repeated problems with tenant Tyson, police called multiple times, to little effect. Am 68 and somewhat physically and mentally disabled

Timeline:

1. 2022(?): Obscene graffiti mentioning me, spray-painted on sidewalk in front of complex.
2. 6-6-2022: Burglary in bungalow, vandalism (INC: #220606900128).
3. 8-2-2022: Attacked with pepper spray by person coming from inside complex (INC: #22080292204225) (difficult to read).
4. 8-5-2022: Attacked physically by tenant in complex (Battery Report DR 2203-14721) (INC: #22080500004335).
5. 2022: Landlord does not respond to LAPD detective request for info on tenant.
6. 2023: Minor altercation with tenant mentioned in #4.
7. 6-29-2023, 6-30-2023, 7-1-2023: Hit by pellets from toy guns on 3 consecutive days, 1 assailant photographed. Possible second assailant, son of tenant mentioned in #4. (INC #: 3318).
8. 8-14-23: Minor physical attack by tenant, threatened.
9. 8-14-23: Called LAPD Southwest Div. Left message for Detective Hargrove, call not returned as of 8-23-23.

Note: With one exception (pepper spraying) all physical attacks mentioned above, of minor importance, no lasting injuries or discomfort

Persons involved:

- Tyson, tenant in complex (last name unknown), 2624 ¼ S Cochran Ave, LA 90016
- Pepper spray assailant (name unknown)
- Toy gun assailant (name unknown)
- LAPD Detective R. Hargrove, Serial No. 37691, Southwest Detective Division
- LAPD Officer Goetting (ID 44829)
- Landlord, Tiffany Anderson, owner - AFJ Investment

Questions:

1. Why LAPD, after 1 year has arrested no one and done no investigation in multiple attacks. Attack including 1) Pepper spraying 2) (Minor) attack with fist in my home 3) Attacks with toy pistols over 3 days 4) (Minor) attack by a flexible object, was struck on back of shoulder and threatened.
2. Why did LAPD Officer Goetting send me on what amounts to a wild goose chase? I showed him pics of an assailant, he identified toy gun used, yet when I said I wanted him arrested, I was fobbed off with a suggestion to go to Superior Court and get restraining orders against several people. These included Tyson, whose apartment I had pointed out to the officer and the actual assailant, whose name I could not have known. At one point Tyson appeared and spoke at length with the other officer present, Officer Garcia (ID 44828). Tyson is the suspect sought by Detective Hargrove who, Officer Goetting told me, he would contact about this incident and, presumably, the attack in 2022.
3. Why does Ms Anderson, my landlord, refuse to reply to LAPD detective Hargrove's request for info on her tenant, Tyson, who, again, struck me (slightly) on 8-14-23?
4. How is it that LAPD, with their resources, has to ask *me* to help locate Tyson, whose description I gave and whose apartment I pointed out after the attacks?
5. Why has Detective Hargrove, investigating attacks by Tyson, not performed?
6. Why has Officer Goetting not performed?

Request:

1. An address to which I may send supporting documents on this and additional matters.
2. Possibly a discussion, preferably in person, either in my bungalow or anywhere else, of this and other things.
3. A look into why nothing has been done, emboldening my neighbor Tyson, and, possibly, others.
4. Acknowledgment of receipt of this note, a substantive reply.
5. Action this day!

Cannot something be done? Worlds hang in the balance.

This is not a tip, this is a complaint and, most important, a request for an address to which I can upload several relevant documents or a meeting.

(signed) Bergendahl/Berg (as in Nuremberg)/*Bergie* Hawkins. 2626 S Cochran Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90016 West Addams district 323-297-3432 (landline)

Speed Bumps on the Road to Ragnarök:

(7-5-23) In recent months, most all calls and emails to friends and acquaintances go unreturned. I've come to expect this from people I try to buy from, from offices, City, State, even police (on hold for 30 minutes at a time, forcing me to hang up). But friends?

(7-16-23) Called Ralphs on Obama Blvd, asking for coriander seeds, was promptly transferred. The woman who answered replied: "Cory no longer works here" when I asked about the seeds. I said "Good! Next question, do you carry coriander seeds?" Typifies. I most always have to repeat myself, though I usually get a look of incomprehension not "Cory no longer works here."

(8-10-23) Today, after a request I made at the Kaiser portal for a social worker regarding my various problems, health, landlord, solar questions, business license, etc., I got, in short delay, a call from a Daniel Barrera, social worker. I explained my situation over the last few weeks after which he suggested I contact two legal aid agencies for advice. And, at the end of what may have been for him a tiresome exercise, he curiously said the problems could disappear should I ever become an owner rather than remaining a renter. Really, Mr. Barrera?

(8-17-23) An unexpected visit today by a young woman, Hispanic, who said an anonymous report prompted her office to send her to check on me. She was interested in my living situation, initially asking about infestations. We spoke of this and other things for about a half hour outside my bungalow, she took notes before leaving me with a resource sheet and two numbers to call. I did not get, nor did I ask for, her name, organization, business card or ID and will take no action as the information she handed me was stale. I prefer to wait while the gears of whatever organization she works for conclude their movements.

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



Figure 13: Proof of my sincerity in certain matters. A regular Götz von Berlichingen I am, wot?



Figure 14: My feelings exactly! (Credit: deviantart.com/julie-rc)

(6-25-23) Coming from the Mitsuya parking lot, judging from the broad grin the officer returned, it seems I bid fair to be LAPD's fair-haired boy, as it were, as he saw the gesture I made. A gesture to which Avery Brundage, of late but not lamented memory, took umbrage at the 1968 Olympics when made by Smith and Carlos.

(6-29-23) YAB (Yet Another Burglary) to report. This AM, I went to City First Bank, more as pilgrimage (with the accent on "grim") than in the hope of accomplishing anything. The take: business card of a branch manager I dealt with. Then wrote up a complaint to the LAPD before calling them to report the break in to my bungalow.

(7-3-23) Another extravaganza, this one took place in the bowels of the LA Superior Court. At the Stanley Mosk courthouse downtown, a Wittenberg moment (of the cut-rate variety), Natch! I taped two copies, in English and Spanish, of my *Open Letter to a Cannibal* on the steps as I went in to get restraining orders against some neighbors.

(7-4-23) Returning home today, I spoke with neighbor who, after I tried to explain the *fracas* of the last few days, what with several rat-a-tat-tat serenades. She paid me a compliment, in somewhat broken English, calling me a "nice boy" before correcting herself. Finishing by commenting "police no good," at least she wasn't asking a leading question. And with those words she patted me on the shoulder and we parted company. I cherish this moment as much as the comment by my former therapist, Victor Morton who pronounced my book *Schizophrenia Weaponized*, "complete." An example, however, of divide and conquer in four parts: 1) Mexican vs. black 2) LAPD/police vs. civilian 3) White vs. black 4) White vs. Mexican. In short, all the permutations possible; a version of Hobbes' war of all against all, "multiculti" style.

Wink-wink. Nudge-nudge:

(7-29-23) Just finished Blanton's *Radical Honesty*, on lying and its destructive effects on those not unfamiliar with the practice. The book elaborates on an idea I first ran across in talks by Lembke, a well-known psychiatrist specializing in the treatment of addiction. Both insist on absolute truth-telling as the only

sound basis for life and relationship. But would Shakespeare, for me the world's foremost authority on human nature, have agreed? See the sonnet I quote at the start of *Schizophrenia Weaponized*; with both book and sonnet dedicated to Colette Walczak, my "other sister," among other dedications.

Beginning some time ago, now and for the foreseeable future, my watchword is (in the memorable words shouted by an anonymous cashier at my friendly local grocery store, the Advance Food Market, as I walked in): "*Cálmate mulata!*" Seldom was wiser advice dispensed; but was it spontaneous?

(8-11-23) I can report the following errors on the part of the post office: 1) A package delivered to me, correct address: 2626 Dunsmuir 2) When I hand carry it to the next street down, the person I hand it to seems a bit subdued 3) On the way home, pausing at the curb I find and take a couple of coffee mugs and picture frame 4) I go to LA Superior Court as suggested by Officer Goetting, coming back empty-handed 5) Days later, another package belonging this time to 2626 Burnside is again delivered to me. Conclusion: some USPS personnel though their 'rithmetic skills seem fine, may not have their letters firmly in hand.

The Provocation Will Not Be Televised or *Mine de Rien* (While Pretending Nothing is Going on):

In me bungalow, an ongoing, severe, moth infestation. Why, it's a wonder I've got a stitch of clothing left... And no, it did not start with Colette Walczak though, admittedly, the problem did get worse after we met. Puzzled? You should be. Hint: Putin's nickname, back in the day, was "the Moth." The rest is left to you, Gentle Reader™, as an exercise; OK? An apposite aside here, my four (current) heroes: *Père Grisou* (dear old dad), LBJ, Tallulah Bankhead and that *Vladimir Vladimirovich*. Goes to show where my head is at. Let me add a hesitation here, these are people best worshiped from a distance, even Ms. Bankhead; she suffered from bad breath, you know.

(6-22-23) On the solar front I can report the following (in)activity as I try to confirm what a quick glance at the internet reveals, that even as a renter, I can use solar to power my bungalow without overly troubling (with) my landlord:

Date	Organization	Contact	Reply	Address/Comment/Reply	How
05/29/23	California Public Utility Commission	Kristina Abadjian		kristina.abadjian@cpuc.ca.gov	email
05/31/23	LA councilwoman	H. Hutt			email
06/01/23	LAPL Central, business research librarian	Youngsil Lee	yes	business@lapl.org	phone, email
06/01/23	LA Times	Sammy Roth		Sammy.roth@latimes.com	email
06/02/23	DWP solar	ssp@dwp.com	yes	For last week, email bounces	voicemail
06/01/23	LA City Council	Nury Martinez			vm, phone
05/31/23	LAPL, Rob. Branch librarian	H. Perelyubskiy	yes		phone
06/01/23	LA Law library				phone
	DWP		yes		
1/10/23	LA City Planning	Anacany Hurtado	yes	"I do not think you can do either of the questions asked in the previous email."	email

Could these organizations, offices and people, taking a leaf from my playbook, have gone passive-aggressive on me, i.e., the old 無為 (*wu wei*, action through inaction)? So many? And at the same time? Or is this seeming bureaucratic paralysis further anecdotal evidence suggestive of a failed state of a peculiar kind? And if so, then where are you, Ô Samantha Powers?

(7-17-23) Today got a call from LAHD's Maria Estrada who reported she'd tried to contact AFJ, speaking to someone there (could not say who), and discussed my complaint (could not explain what was said). I mentioned some difficulties I'd been having, all was sweetness and light, a welcome change from the morass I found myself in during our last call. Ms Estrada even encouraged me to go in person (like in the old days?) to LAHD office to file my latest complaints after commenting, when I said calls are not returned, that they're busy. Though, my other remark, about LAHD's site crashing, did not elicit a response. But never mind, one out of three is not bad. Although I now have a toiled that no longer flushes, with landlord not responsive.

(?-?-23) I still have two outstanding complaints: SO279496 (illegal rent increase) and 852754 (faucet bad). Spoke with Maria Estrada as I heard a dog barking in background. Not much accomplished.

In trying to file more complaints with LAHD over the last months, I've found 1) Their site crashes 2) Urged to call, the line erroneously announces the office is closed for holidays 3) When I do get through to the automated system, I'm told to leave message (reason explained by Ms. Estrada) 4) Had one message returned (I was not home at the time), another was not replied to for three weeks? 5) LA's District 10 (mine) is now handled differently from the others, making it hard to get free legal advice about my disputes with landlord.

(7-?-23) Stopped by Bourget Brothers on my way to drop stuff off at the Salvation Army, thence the beach. I inquired about stones suitable for sauna use but being met with a wall of incomprehension accompanied by a perceptible and immediate dullness in the eyes of the clerk; I finally asked, said "Thank you" and walked away with what I hope was a twinkle in my eye.

(8-?-23) Called by (First name missing) Webster, from LAHD and was told I must have landlord's permission to do anything more than shampoo rug. Curiously, always get an email reply to my email questions to LAHD, not this time though. He called me.

(8-10-23) Today, a day after I sent AFJ Investment another of my lists of complaint, thirty three at this point, though with several crossed out, the landlady, Ms. Anderson replied (reply unread by me) and her handyman, José Nava, dropped by later that day. The more pressing problems (toiled not flushing and kitchen sink out of order) were quickly fixed. So why is it, whenever I interact with him, I feel a certain unease afterwards? I also wonder why it took two requests and a month for my effin' toilet to be fixed, Eh?

(9-2-23) Went through the tortures of the damned last night. After a *mouvementé* couple of days, I settled into bed around midnight only to get up around two, unable to sleep. I had become increasingly worried, at times convinced, even, that I could lose my bungalow because of the behavior of the police as well as Tyson, my unexplainably turbulent neighbor and his family. The unpleasant experience of fear, e.g., coping with Tyson's increasingly bizarre behavior and threats, is topped by that of confusion, to me far more insidious as it leaves room for my imagination to wander. And, that night, wander it did; causing me to ask myself: if my landlord, clerks, bus drivers, policemen and doctors can be persuaded to behave as I've experienced (arbitrarily and, at times, in an utterly lawless way) and this on more than one occasion; how is it that this stalemate, as I perceive the situation, continues? After years of sustained, orchestrated efforts to compromise me (remember the Baba Outrom "show"), that effort failed demonstrably. Requiring further elaborate, now frantic, efforts; this time to get me out. So why am I still in this bungalow? Why should an administrative judge, lawyer or City official in a responsible position, should this situation

further escalate, act any differently than the people mentioned above? There's clearly something here I don't get and this unknown, ambiguous state frightens me. On the other hand, considering the years of illegal or arbitrary activity I've endured, the fact I'm *still* in this bungalow must imply I have some sort of support. My mistake may lie in assuming the rule of law as being the determining factor here. In fact, my future will probably be determined by the workings of *Machtpolitik*. Is there a *Bakufu* in our future? I don't think my current confused state can be entirely blamed on my personality.

Shooting Fish in a Barrel I am, A-and Getting Pretty Good at it, Too (e.g., Bus Driver's Words: "We Don't Need Your Mouth." Had I Hit a Nerve?):

Reading Huxley's *Grey Eminence*. About a 17th century catholic mystic and diplomat by the name of *François Leclerc du Tremblay* better known as Father Joseph of Paris, Richelieu's right-hand man. In spite of the themes, a book not without its moments of levity as you can see from the following paragraph:

Abbé Dedouvres, who some forty-odd years ago discovered the only surviving copy of the *Turciad*, is unable, as a conscientious Latinist, fully to endorse this pontifical judgment. Father Joseph, he has to admit, was apt to make regrettable confusions of moods after declarative verbs and in indirect interrogations. At the same time the copulative conjunction is all too frequently separated from the negation. As for his prosody, it shows too many elisions of monosyllables, while there is persistence of the short syllable in no less than forty-four sigmatisms. Nor is the *Turciad* entirely above reproach in matters of scansion. Thus, *concidit* is treated as a dactyl, when in fact it is an *antibacchius*. Worse still, *inscitiam* which is manifestly a third *epitrite*, is made to do duty as a *corymbus*. Grave offences! But let those who are without sin in the matter of false quantities throw the first stone.

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

I get vague hints from my sister Irene that, as I go about my day, I'm being observed. A fair-minded witness wouldn't need even a day's observations to amply confirm at least some of what I've written. Yet the incessant provocations I weather, usually barefaced and sometimes lurid, do not seem to have led "significant others" to any such conclusions let alone action. I rather think it works the other way around: I'm not being watched to "credit" me; I'm being watched with the intent being to discredit. Call it the *via negativa*. And you guys really think this place can be fixed?

When they behave badly, I notice they sometimes seem to resent me for it. Examples: Good Mr. Nava, a CVS pharmacist, "0-Balance," a teller at City First Bank, even *Janusz Vaclav Hetman*, though he very seldom behaved badly.

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

- Japan, the "Land of the Rising Sun." This place, the "Land of the Rising Proximity Fuse." Can you guess which is my sentimental(?) favorite here? Hint: quoting a former friend: "We have to be realistic." Nothing if not practical, am I.
- A Zen-like riddle: What is the sound of one hand **elapping** in the cookie jar?
- Ima 20th century small-town guy marooned in the 21st; in the big city, yet.
- How can I predict the future when I can't even predict my own past?
- I can't think of any individual or group I wouldn't talk to or meet with; there may be some, I just can't think of any off the top of my head. Reason: I just don't know enough about this strange place to be choosy with any degree of confidence. Sad to say.
- I once heard a recording of Stokely Carmichael, the 60s black power activist, extolling something called *Juche*. May I never fall so low.
- I'm no writer, merely a crime reporter wiv' a side interest in electronics, as I now like to say.
- There are times when, writing up the day's events, I say to myself: "This show *is* worth the price of admission." (See the 8-2-23 anecdote which took place on Culver City bus #1)
- An analogy: I'm watching a play and, unhappy with where it is heading, I stand and begin insulting the actors I don't like. I feel that way at times; makes no sense, does it.
- Happy are those who have nothing to say.
- The problem with being a cynic is the competition for the job. And the competitors are pretty *corriace*, I imagine, e.g., the police.
- *Atrocity*: 1) When a woman hospitalized for cancer is verbally intimidated by a nurse while in bed. 2) When a woman with a portable oxygen machine is physically intimidated while waiting for her wheelchair as she stands at an emergency room entrance; she was to die later that year. These scenes I have witnessed. The word, spoken by a pilot, came back to me on 9-9-23 after I'd watched a WWII documentary the previous day. Today's email distribution oh HSH #20 marks the fifth anniversary of Colette Jose Walczak's death. *Atrocity*.

Hoping I'm still yr. Knight-errant (-arrant?) in *Shining Armor*TM, I remain:

(signed)

"Jackass" Hawkins (that fellow wiv' the laugh of a jackass, the brains and sophistication of a donkey, the stubbornness of a mule). For proof positive of the sincerity of my identification with the handle, see Figures 13 & 14 (Nyah nyah nyah!) I, in an (Oh! So Subtle) Show and Tell *Aktion* on 8-2-23, began sporting. This "donkey" business *does* bear explaining, though. I know, I know. *Tough*.

P.S. To my beloved sisters, Irene and Colette (the latter dead of breast cancer on September 12, 2018 at 1:56PM): May our wordless tears, yours and mine, eventually prove invincible.