

Berg's Laundry List #3 started on 10-8-13, distributed on 3-6-14

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Gentle Reader: Should any of you find material in these emails which you consider in any way offensive, aggressive or inaccurate, please, I encourage you to bring it to my attention. I will make the necessary corrections. Please be patient with my amateurish efforts. I am sure you realize how new to me this all is.

It would be helpful if you could acknowledge these emails though I am not sure of the reliability of email transmissions. In the last blast which went out after 3AM, I began receiving acknowledgements over the next hour or so, possibly from Europe. There were four, unfortunately, I could only read two, the others I only noticed because the count of unread emails increased by several and then unaccountably DECREASED by 1 without my having read anything. I am not sure what to ascribe this to. Don't necessarily assume I am getting replies.

Mamie (my grandmother): "*Vous ne ferez jamais rien avec ce garcon.*" (You will never make anything of this boy.

Maman (my mother): "*Ou ira-tu dans ce monde avec tes airs de grand seigneur?*" No, I will NOT translate this one.

Papa (my father, upon whose enemies confusion): His nickname for me was "*Gigot.*" (In English: a simple-minded person.

TA (a teaching assistant at school): You lack *Sitzfleisch.*" (A lack of stick-to-it-iveness). Truer words were never spoken.

My Bungalow (known to me as Grand Central Station)



Seen from the street, mine is on the right. I have 450'.



My living room seen from the entrance, beyond the whiteboard (which pivots up to the ceiling) is the door to the kitchen.



My bedroom with desk under the loft bed, living room beyond.



My lab which takes up part of the bedroom.



Another view of the lab.

What I am Reading/Buying/Listening to

- Michele Bernier, "*Le demon de midi*" one act, one woman comedy about the mid-life crisis.
- "*Ruysbroek l'Admirable*", Hermans, F., life of a 13th century Flemish mystic.
- "*A Constitutional History of England*", Stubbs, 3 vol.
- "*Commentaries on the Laws of England*", Blackstone, have bought 3 of 4 volumes so far, (looking for a cheap deal for the fourth)
- "*French Suites*", Bach, I listen to this very frequently.
- "*Prohibido Olvidar*" by Ruben Blades, a salsa singer from Panama, I have sometimes listened to this song a half dozen times in a row. Thank you, Ruben.
- Grooveshark.com is a web site with a large collection of music. You can usually go there to hear the music I mention here. Free, but no downloads.
- Discovered and bought MP3s of six CDs of organ music by that unusually-named German composer Dietrich Buxtehude. More on this name later.
- "*Quartered safe out here*", an autobiographical remembrance of the final 6 months of the Burma campaign in WWII, involving British and Gurkha troops among others. By MacDonald Fraser, the author of the Flashman series. A fine book about some fine though ignorant (in some cases) people with some hilarious moments. Never gruesome in spite of the subject matter.
- "*Isabelle du Desert*" by Edmonde Charles-Roux. The biography of a Swiss woman of Russian descent who permanently leaves the West for the Maghreb and converts to Islam. This in the late 19th century. By an author with a past almost as interesting, the wife of the late politician Gaston Defferre. Just looking at the pictures for now.
- "*De La Rey*", a song by Bok van Blerk from the album of the same name, perhaps the swan song of a doomed people. We shall see. I refer to the Afrikaners of South Africa. Dark and touching, if one is at all aware of the background of the song.
- "*Doos Dronk*", from the album "\$o\$" by the group *Die Antwoord*. I jokingly call this a fine example of a Slobovian drinking song. Difficult to come by, I was lucky to find it :-). As far as I can make out, tells the story in Afrikaans of a man who gets drunk at a party, kicks his dog, beats his girlfriend, whereupon the police get involved and, one thing leading to another, wakes up, he knows not where, in a pool of his own vomit. Not to be missed.
- "*A Time of Gifts*" and "*Between the Woods and the Water*", two in a series of three travel books by Patrick Leigh-Fermor, Anglo-Irish writer. In the years between the accession to power of Adolph Hitler in Germany and the outbreak of WWII he walked from Holland to Turkey passing through most central European countries. A tale of lost classes, cultures and ethnic groups. Traveling through Romania, as a young man of perhaps 19, he meets a married woman with the fantastic name of Balasha Cantacuzene. They lived together until the outbreak of war summoned him back to Britain and did not meet again until the fall of Ceausescu. The book is mentioned in the Guardian as one of the best travel books ever.
- "*Memoirs of an Anti-Semite*", Gregor von Rezzori. Contains glimpses of prewar life in Bucharest from the point of view of an 18-year old aristocrat of German descent conducting his first love affairs. One in which he meets an older, widowed shop owner and begins a relationship with her is particularly arresting in its devotion to the truth.
- "*World on Fire*", Amy Chua
- Wikipedia article on Sergey Degayev, see [Thoughts](#) below for a quote. Why do Russian politics always have an air of Thought-the-Looking-Glass?

A (possible) future direction of this email list

The "Innis mode" (see Wikipedia). Two examples of the genre: John dos Passos's "USA Trilogy" and John Brunner's "Stand on Zanzibar". I may try to copy the format. It is a way to present information so that you, the reader, have conveyed to you the feeling of confusion and information overload that I am experiencing. Feedback on the resulting clarity is welcome/solicited.

About the "Innis Mode" as used in the novel "Stand on Zanzibar" Chapter labels (taken from the Wikipedia article on "Stand on Zanzibar"):

The four narrative modes are:

- 1] "**Continuity**" Most of the linear narrative is contained in these chapters.
- 2] "**Tracking with Closeups**" These are similar to Dos Passos's "Camera" sections, and focus closely on ancillary characters before they become part of the main narrative, or simply serve to paint a picture of the state of the world.
- 3] "**The Happening World**" These chapters consist of collage-like collections of short, sometimes single-sentence, descriptive passages. The intent is to capture the vibrant, noisy, and often ephemeral situations arising in the novel's world. At least one chapter of the narrative, a party where most of the characters meet and where the plot makes a significant shift in direction, is presented in this way.
- 4] "**Context**" These chapters, as the name suggests, provide a setting for the novel in this case, "Stand on Zanzibar." They consist of imaginary headlines, classified ads, and quotations from the works of the character Chad C. Mulligan, a pop sociologist who comments wryly on his surroundings and in one chapter, actual headlines from the 1960s.

La Rubrique des Tonton Macoutes Améliorés (i.e. FBI)

Items of Particular Interest To-day

Event #1

Victor Morton, of Santa Monica and Westwood, CA, was my therapist for several years starting in 1989 and, sporadically, until 1994. While a patient of his and while I was employed at Sound Solutions, Santa Monica, CA, a series of incidents occurred which Victor Morton brought to my attention one day during one of our weekly afternoon sessions in 1991 most likely.

I had barely sat down in his office when Victor Morton told me that for 2 weeks running, on the very mornings of my visits, his wife had called him from home to report that she had found a large dead rat on the back doorstep of their house. The first time she called, he had to leave work hurriedly to dispose of the rat himself as his wife was unable to do so. The second time, Victor Morton told me, he was able to calm down his wife sufficiently so that she was able to dispose of it herself.

After relating these incidents to me, Victor Morton then said: "I always leave home in the morning by the front door, whereas my wife goes out by the back. We don't have a cat. Berg, do you know anything about this?" (Implying that I was perhaps the author of these acts).

I replied that no, I had had nothing to do with these events, that I did not even know where Victor Morton lived and that I would never do anything of this sort.

Victor Morton seemed to accept my protestations of innocence.

Some days later, while at work at Sound Solutions, I was in the lab with my boss, Michael Dubrow, discussing some technical aspect of computer chips when he burst out with the following phrase: "Die shrink, die shrink, die shrink!" these exact words, repeated three times, were said in a rising tone of voice, by the last repetition, he was literally shouting. I at first thought he was referring to a technical term, a die shrink is a procedure by which integrated circuits in the process of being reduced in size are made faster. It quickly dawned on me that, given the previous events related to me by Victor Morton, there was

another intended meaning.

I related this odd conversation to Victor Morton at our next meeting (for he did not drop me as a patient in spite of perhaps, in his mind, having grounds to do so). He made no comment.

Some years later, during another of my nervous breakdowns, Victor Morton kindly invited me to his house where he fed me a bowl of spaghetti in his back yard. It was only then that I learned where he lived.

I later learned that he once asked a mutual friend, Oscar Revey, a sometime therapist, if I were capable of doing such a thing. I believe Oscar Revey told me that he replied in the negative.

Afterword: When I first related this story to my sister, Irene Hawkins, some years later (in the spring of 1995 in Florence, Italy, where she lived) her immediate reaction was to say: "But you were very sick at the time." Her exact words, if I remember correctly.

Event #2

Stenake "Sten" Larssen, late middle-aged man, originally from Sweden, formerly of Hacienda Heights, CA, was a sometime supplier of mine and an occasional customer for electronic technician-type work that I performed for him. Sten Larssen worked in the area of used, so-called "B stock" and recycled electronics. I first met him at a swapmeet in Los Angeles, probably the one known as "TRW", sometime in the early to mid 90s. At first, I would meet and buy from him at swapmeets throughout the greater Los Angeles area. I then began going to his house, first in Orange county, then, after he moved, in Hacienda Heights. I would buy laptops, monitors, small LCD displays and sundry electronic equipment. Among other items, an HP logic analyzer which I bought from him for \$1000, which sum I had to take from a bank account of Colette Walczak's where I was a signatory since I did not have the funds myself.

This relationship went on for several years until he left, to go back to Sweden permanently, for health reasons as he told me. Some time before his departure, he showed me a large locked upright safe in his garage containing some guns, some of which I believe he told me were automatic weapons. He said he would test fire them in the desert from time to time. He then handed me one or two of these weapons, I held them in my hands but did not fire them. I handed them back to him, concluded some other business and left. We never discussed or looked at these guns again. Some time later, he left and I never saw him again. This was after my return from Europe in 1995.

This seemed odd to me and out of character for Sten Larssen as I had previously never discussed this subject with him nor had either of us expressed any interest in guns. My reaction on seeing his collection was one of surprise and curiosity.

The only person I ever told this to was Oscar Revey of Santa Monica, CA, sometime in the late 90s. I do not recall Oscar making any comments to me regarding this.

Event #3

A customer, black, approaching middle-age, name unknown at the moment, has me to his house in the southern part of Los Angeles to sell him a monitor. He tells me he got my name from an Ed Siegel, seller at the TRW swapmeet who was one of my suppliers of fixed-frequency monitors in the 90s.

During the sale and installation, he excuses himself to go buy some cigarettes, I believe. Before doing so, he places a shotgun near me, propped up against the wall and hands me a pistol by the barrel, saying I should hold it as the neighborhood is dangerous. I do so. On his return, he takes back the gun, again

by the barrel.

I finish my work but before I leave, he informs me that he is an ex-con and will be leaving the state soon. I never saw him again. This incident was in the late 90s.

Thoughts

- Truth and power are inherently incompatible and mutually allergic, so: censorship & secrecy.
- Post traumatic growth: "... more intimate relationships, greater sense of personal strength, changed sense of priorities, recognition of new possibilities ..." i.e. "the rivers withing me have changed their course." (source unknown)
- "I am simple person with a complicated life."
- Are there parallels here with the evocative situation of Russian tsarist minister von Plehve's links to the so-called "Black Hundreds". A case of state-sponsored domestic terrorism in tsarist Russia of the late 19th and early 20th century?
- "Sudeykin was an avid supporter of using agent provocateurs inside the revolutionary movements not only to catch the active members but also to instigate quarrels and disputes, spread false rumors, and transmit the opinion that all the leading revolutionaries were spies or provocateurs. He was proud of his successes in recruiting his agents among the revolutionaries claiming that every member of an anti-government movement is either corrupt or naive: the corrupt can always be recruited by promise of money or by threats while the naive can always be recruited by appeal to their idealism." (Quote from a Wikipedia article on Sergey Degayev).
- "It is the stuff of dime-store novels to be betrayed by someone you love, it is altogether more insidious to be betrayed by someone who love you."

Notable Events

-I had yet another car accident on December 18, 2013, mentioned in some detail in an other email. Other person found to be at fault, payment of over \$500 was offered by her insurance company. This is the fifth accident in about 1.5 years.

Cast of characters

Rob Strmiska

I worked for Rob Strmiska, part owner of Rigel Instrumentation (I believe), for several weeks during 1988. I was programming in C for a laser resistor trimmer. Based in Oxnard, CA. I commuted from Santa Monica where I lived with Colette Walczak.

There were 2 owners, both American, and I think an absentee investor from Taiwan. There were fewer than 6 employees.

Before absenting himself for a few days, Rob Strmiska gave me some programming work to do as well directions as to how to accomplish it. I began carrying out his instructions while consulting with his partner, name unknown, an older man, white, perhaps in his 50s. The partner gave me instructions which conflicted with those given me by Rob. I was carrying them out when Rob Strmiska returned days later. On finding out that I had not done as he had said, he left to consult a lawyer and fired me on returning. The whole process took probably less than an hour.

Until the firing, I had enjoyed good relations with Rob Strmiska and his partner. I had detected no problems.

LAPD Officer Denis Ballas (this was written around 6/3/13)

I first met Dennis Ballas at the townhouse on Newmark Ave. in Monterey Park, CA, where I rented a room. He came to see some laptops I was selling. We were in the

living room, at the dinner table, looking at laptops, there were also had 2 other customers present, waiting for me to finish my demonstration. They were Asian, likely in their 20s, one man and one woman. I noticed them being rather loud and a bit obnoxious until Dennis Ballas turned and said, somewhat equivocally and in a loud, firm voice: "I don't need that." Whereupon the two young people became more quiet. Dennis Ballas then bought one laptop with the understanding that he could return it if not satisfied. He then left. The two Asians looked at my wares, did not buy and left as well. At some point in our dealings, Dennis Ballas told me he was a police officer and that he was of Jewish descent with an Iraqi Syrian Sephardic father and a Hispanic mother.

After the final sale of a Gateway Handbook 286 to Dennis Ballas, I was invited by him to visit the police station he worked at south of downtown, near Skid Row. He was in the vice squad and had a black partner whose last name was Davis and whose father had the rank of commander in the LAPD. I sold one or more laptops to others in Dennis Ballas's group and visited another police station to try to sell some of my laptops. I also sometimes would be called to the Skid Row building to service the laptops I had sold.

During the weeks I frequented Dennis Ballas and the others in his group, Dennis Ballas once proposed that I join him and his partner for a ride in their squad car. The offer was not repeated. I then began noticing that he seemed to be angry with me to the point where his direct superior, an older white male, cautioned him in front of me. On one occasion, I needed to put money in my car's parking meter and when Dennis Ballas offered to do so for me, his partner, officer Davis, quickly offered to do so instead. On another occasion Dennis Ballas escorted me to another part of the building and his partner, officer Davis, quickly joined us. As we were going down the stairs, Dennis Ballas spoke to me, asking computer related questions. Oddly, the answers seemed to require me to use the word "pin" several times in rapid succession. I did so, repeatedly, until officer Davis nudged me with his elbow at which point I stopped answering the questions. Some time around then, I was informed by officer Davis that he and Dennis Ballas would no longer be partners.

My visits to this building eventually ended and I did not see Dennis Ballas again, ever, except for one visit which he made to my apartment on Alanreed Ave. I would characterize it as friendly. He gave me an avocado from his car and we parted company. We went outside, on Alanreed, the street I lived on. I remember seeing several young people across the street. I looked at them and said: "I'm going to need protection." Dennis Ballas did not reply, he handed me the avocado from the trunk of his car and apologized for it being warm, then he left and I never saw or hear from him again. This was probably during the latter part of 1994.

LAPD Officer Davis, first name unknown (written around 6-17-13)

I first met officer Davis, first name unknown, a young, black, police officer in the LAPD, in his 30s, in about 1994 as I was selling laptops to Dennis Ballas and others in the vice squad at the police station south of downtown LA. As I recall, he drove a red Porsche. At the time, he and Dennis Ballas were partners. I sold him two 386SX-based laptop, one for himself, one for his father. He soon returned to me the laptop I had sold him. I gave him a full refund. The laptop had a missing key which he claimed had popped off. (Addition 3-1-14: He also handed me the missing key)

Whenever Dennis Ballas would take me somewhere in the building, officer Davis would always accompany us. If Dennis Ballas offered to put money in my parking meter, officer Davis would do this instead. I once went with officer Davis to his house. I was there for perhaps a half hour or so. At one point, he and I went upstairs to his room and as I looked at some records of music by black artists, officer Davis said to me something like: "Oh, those are yours now - huh."

Back downstairs in the kitchen one of officer Davis's relatives, a woman perhaps in her 40s standing near me, said in a soft but noticeable voice as I was sitting at the dinner table: "Tell him, tell him, it's the Jews." (Addition 3-5-14: I made no comment).

Commander Davis, his father, came in at some point, went outside through a sliding glass door and had a brief cell phone conversation in which I could hear him say something like: "If he leaves during the investigation, there will be hell to pay."

I left their house soon after that and never had contact with the family again.

LAPD commander Davis, first name unknown

I first met commander Davis, first name unknown, a black man in his 50s or 60s perhaps, a higher official in the LAPD as I was referred to him by his son to work on a laptop his son had bought him from me. I later returned to service a printer which was malfunctioning. While I was working on the printer, another older white man came briefly into the office, there was also a secretary present. His office was in, I believe, Parker center. These two meetings occurred in 1994, I believe.

Rosalva Cortez

Employee of Wells Fargo, NMLS 582351, currently a manager at a branch in a supermarket on La Brea, south of Jefferson. Among the peculiar events surrounding her I will only mention this: I called one morning to close a business account and was told that while I could transfer the funds out of the account by phone, if I wanted to close the account, I would have to do so in person. I said that was my wish and that I would be there shortly. While there, I asked again to have the account closed, and was told after some work on her part that the funds had been transferred and that the account was closed. The next day I went to another branch, on Palms near Sepulveda Blvd., and spoke with a banker by the name of Siquinton (last name unknown) who brought me paperwork showing that the account was still open with some \$8 left. This is puzzling. And more than a bit unsettling. I then closed the account for good.

Brian Reaber

Employee of Wells Fargo at the La Brea branch in supermarket south of Jefferson Blvd. Directed me to Isaiah Francis when I asked for help with my business account when Isaiah Francis was not qualified to do so and thus gave me confusing and probably wrong advice regarding my account. I clearly stated to Mr. Reaber that this was a business account. On 1/8/14.

Isaiah Francis

Employee of Wells Fargo, NMLSR 1120007, MAC E2089-011. Not qualified to handle business accounts, yet did so and among other things, informed me that a Colette Walczak was the main signer, not I, on my business account where she is only a cosigner. Happened on 1/8/14.

Introducing a new section which I will call "The *Kompromat* Korner", *Kompromat* is the Russian word for blackmail material. I am not, after all, without blemishes myself.

The *Kompromat* Korner

Social Security event: I was called to the Social Security office on Robertson Blvd and Washington Blvd. sometime in the years 2004-2006 or so. This was to change my benefits over from Supplemental Security Insurance (I believe) to Social Security Disability Insurance (SSDI). I was never told why this was being done just then. My case had been handled for years by an older white man, perhaps in his 60s. This time it was a young, black man, perhaps 30 years old, who interviewed me. I was told by him that I would be put into the disability

program (SSDI) with better benefits and fewer restrictions as well as Medicare. This turned out to be so.

However, during the interview, this young employee of Social Security suggested to me that I change the date of the breakdown which had led to my being hospitalized for 6 months and eventually got me into SSI. I recall he wanted me to say it had happened 1 year PRIOR to when it actually happened. I protested that this was not so, he replied with a rapidly spoken, long set of sentences, the meaning of which I did not quite grasp. Nevertheless, I then agreed to his request knowing full well that the information that I was attesting to was false. I then, in his presence, signed a statement issued by the Social Security administration of the federal government which I knew to contain inaccuracies. I went back, months later, to try to correct this lie on my part, but by then I was told it was too late to make changes to the document.

Incident with Colette Walczak on 3-1-14:

1] I got a call from Colette Walczak on about 2-26-14 telling me that on the previous Friday, Matt Horns, a friend of hers and a customer of mine, had been assaulted and hospitalized with a broken neck and fractured skull, and was unconscious when police took him to hospital. He was there for 2 days. Colette said the incident was the result of Matt Horns intervening in a dispute between 2 homeless acquaintances of his; one of whom then attacked him. She asked me how he should handle it.

2] Got email from Colette on 2-28-14? asking if I had Matt's address because she could not reach him as he was not answering his phone and that she did not know his address. I replied that I did not know the address either but could take her to him as I knew where he lived.

3] On 3-1-14, I picked up Colette after running an errand in Santa Monica and took her to see Matt Horns. There was a free parking spot just in front of Matt's house. There was a car with Hispanics on the street nearby and another car immediately behind mine with a young black woman going in and out. The car with Hispanics left, the car with the black woman made a U-turn after she got out. At that point the car was parked across from mine, facing the opposite direction, on the street with the engine running. Young woman went inside the apartment building opposite Matt's, a black man, the driver, tall and portly, about 40s, came and went to, from and around the car for the length of time I was waiting for Colette who was inside with Matt Horns. I finally asked some people going inside to tell Matt to tell her to come out. Minutes later she did so. I said I did not realize she would be so long and that I needed to go to Whittier to see Janusz Hetman as I had told her previously. I was irritated.

4] We drove to Whittier and parked the car in the lot of Haendiges Plumbing. I told Colette I did not want her to accompany me inside. She followed anyway, I repeated myself, she insisted on coming with me. I brusquely turned around on the sidewalk, brushing up against her. She looked frightened. I went back to the car which was a few feet away and took her tea cup and a bag out of the car, dropping them roughly on the pavement. She said she did not want to be left in Whittier as she had an appointment. She screamed so several times in a very loud voice and as I tried to close the car door and leave, she tried to enter the driver's side door and kept me from closing it. I pushed her away from inside the car while seated. I could not get her to stop trying to get into the car. She continued screaming in a very shrill and loud voice that she had an appointment. I then pushed against her with my feet from inside the car so as to close my car door. I finally was able to close it after she let go.

5] I started the car, she then went to the front of the car and tried to prevent me from leaving, I continued moving the car forward, touching or hitting her at very low speed several times. She finally moved away from the car and I left.

6] I then called Janusz Hetman who was in the building, about 2-3 times. The conversations did not last long, he said he would call back. I turned off my phone. Hours later I retrieved 3 voice messages from him asking me to call back. The third message ended with an ultimatum. I was to call back within 3 minutes, what would happen if I did not was not specified. I do not know when this last message was sent. I did not call Janusz Hetman back until about 4PM that day. By

then I had heard the 3 messages.

7] From Whittier, I drove directly to Colette Walczak's apartment in Santa Monica and left her house key under the doormat with a note on the door, ran an errand and went home to Cochran Ave.

8] I realize that during these events, I may have committed felonies of assault with a deadly weapon and possibly other crimes. There were witnesses present at Haendiges Plumbing in Whittier. This happened around noon on 3-1-14.

Venues

- Kaiser Permanente, first floor pharmacy on Cadillac, West Los Angeles, where I pick up my medication.
- Von's supermarket on National Blvd. In Palms, near 10 Fwy.
- USC dental school, both the second floor and the first floor in the area for teeth cleaning.
- Wells Fargo branch in store on La Brea, south of Jefferson.

Books and Links

- Interviews with Doina Cornea, "*Liberte?: Entretien*", a Romanian dissident from the Ceausescu era.
- Interest in Leonid Plyushtch autobiography, a dissident from the former Soviet Union.
- <http://yanisvaroufakis.eu/2014/02/21/can-the-internet-democratise-capitalism/> contains a fine article, longish, on democracy and its prospects given the internet. Starts at the beginning, with the Greeks. By a professor at a Greek university. Unsurprisingly, he is not sanguine about the prospects.

Definitions

- ICU: "Italian Currency Unit"
- "Going Off-Plan": Bureaucratese for improvisation. See: Moral Imbecile.

Damages

- Magnetic sign torn off car, I had epoxied it to the car to keep the sings from peeling off on the freeway. Remnants had to be scrapped off the car.
- Steering wheel lock removed (but not stolen) from car while car parked overnight on my street on multiple occasions. Car shows no evidence of having been broken into.
- What seems like snot dripped onto some pictures on my dining room table.
- Dried yellow substance found on wall of living room.
- Missing books: "Good Soldier Sveik" (I bought another copy), "Revelation Space" by Alastair Reynolds (coincidentally, Dennis Allard, who recommended the title, is perhaps also missing a book by the same author).
- Missing book, titled "Commentaries on the Laws of England, vol., 4", by Blackstone, had to buy another copy.
- Missing handicapped placard from car when parked at handicapped place, placard was hidden where it could not be seen from street.
- US mail problems sending letter then postcard to my cousin (Fabienne Raspail, Paris, France) tracking # does not work, post office supervisor at Washington Blvd. Branch tells me postcard is held in France by Dept. of Homeland Security. I have sent two postcards and one letter addressed to her, one with a tracking number.
- Missing copy of police report detailing theft of 1 or 2 checkbooks from my car at Albertson's supermarket on Venice Blvd. at Culver Blvd. in 2012 which I suspect was never filed though I made a report at police station on Venice Blvd. There were two witnesses present at the police station while I was making the report.
- Deleted email from Zazzle technical support in which a Steven (last name

unknown) informs me that pursuant to a report by me of incorrect amounts billed for purchase, a fraud investigation will be launched by Zazzle. In December 2013.

- Cannot access www.mp3saalem.com, password changed, cannot contact them by email, CAPTCHA image does not show so cannot get new password sent. Tried another browser, Chrome downloaded, same thing. Have bought music from site but cannot download, amount involved is about \$1-2.
- Two peculiar images from unknown persons, sent to my cell phone, showing tattooed arms.
- An Ubuntu Linux installation would not boot properly without some hardware link to outside world, i.e. WiFi or Ethernet. Scrapped the CD.
- Many missing scraps of paper with notes for these emails.
- Missing small notebook, spiral-bound with a years worth of notes about car accidents, passwords, etc. has been missing for over one month. Had been left on living room table after I removed one sheet with passwords.
- Reading glasses left on living room table found broken on my return. Took them to optician in Monterey Park who said they could not be fixed. Had to wait for return of Janusz Hetman from vacation for a repair.
- One full year of Craigslist ads are canceled, am unable to find out why as Craigslist personnel are unavailable to investigate.
- Missing USB stick, 16GB, one of 3 just bought (likely the previous day). (Update), USB stick found its way back to my CD shelf within a few days. Around 2/20/14.
- Problems with Paypal account. My IP address has been flagged as suspicious.
- Missing book on Auschwitz, loaned by a friend. (Update) It turned up, days later, wedged behind a trolley of books. Around 2/23/14.
- Knoppix Linux installation on Dell laptop tampered with. Text to speech program had been activated, though not by me.
- "Extreme Programming", book on software, has gone missing since I last used it around 2/22/14 and cannot be found.
- Customer's Linksys router setup for WiFi unsuccessful, cannot login after initial success. Screen does not present itself to browser. Tried different PCs without success. Can PING unit but not log on even after hard reset of router. On 2/25/14.
- Black and white checkered Arab scarf is found behind couch after having been missing for months. Along with a spool of hookup wire which went missing as well.
- For some weeks now (written on 3-2-14) I have had the habit of leaving the blinds up and lights on at night whether I am home or away. I recently found that for two nights in a row, on returning home, the lights had been turned off.

Quotes

- "One's sense of power is more vivid when we break a man's spirit than when we win his heart."
- "They have more firepower but I have more ammunition."
- "Don't ask what kind of country you prefer, ask instead what kind of police state you prefer." (Emil Cioran)
- "Optimism of will, pessimism of intellect." (Antonio Gramsci)
- "*Je ne peut porter un masque toute ma vie.*" (Turgot) (I cannot wear a mask all my life, said by Louis XVI's finance minister about the prospects of a life as a priest).
- "Public affairs vex no man." (Samuel Johnson)
- "A man who wished to walk nameless and alone." (author unknown)
- "We spent as much money as we could and got as little for it as people could make up their minds to give us." (Charles Dickens, *Great Expectations*)
- "*Au fond l'homme est un etre qui se fait a chaque moment par les reponses qu'il est obligé de donner, par le dialogue qu'il engage avec les autres et avec le monde.*" Doina Cornea, 1990
- "A man is generally what he feels himself to be." Steiner in "*Das Geduldige Fleisch*" by Willi Heinrich, author of the antiwar novel set on the Russian front in WWII, made into a movie by Sam Peckinpah.

A Transcription of a Police Report

ROBBERY STRONGARM/GRAND THEFT FROM PERSON ATTEMPT

10-18-88

88-26637

On 10-18-88 at approximately 1750 hours Officers Trisler and I, (W. S. Brown), were sent to the Main Public Library at 1343 6th Street regarding a theft investigation. When we arrived we were met in front by Library Security Tony Anthony and victim #1 [redacted] and witness #1 [redacted] Anthony informed Officer Trisler and I that he was contacted by employees at the library indicating that a theft suspect was inside the library. He told me [redacted], [redacted] and another female that was not at the location, a lady by the name of [redacted], pointed out an individual inside the library to him as being the one that attempted to take their purses.

[Redacted] told me that she was exiting the library with her girlfriend [redacted] [redacted] and while she was standing next to a blue trash can depositing some trash the male Black that she pointed out to Anthony came up to her, bumped into her very violently and shoved her and she felt some tugging at her purse as if he was reaching into the opening of the purse she was carrying. She felt movement as if his hand was inside the purse and she held on to her purse and moved quickly. [Redacted] said moments earlier she had witnessed the same person attempt to take a purse from an older lady just north of them on the same street. [Redacted] said that after the incident with her girlfriend they screamed and this suspect ran into the library.

I questioned [redacted] as if it was her opinion that the actual bump and push was to direct her attention so that the suspect could then take items from her open purse and she said that that's exactly what she thought. In my opinion, at this time, since I was unable to contact victim #2 [redacted] which Anthony obtained her name and phone number only, with the information [redacted] had given me and with my training while I worked the vice squad and pickpockets and theft from persons, this action, the bumping into a person trying to distract them is an attempt to divert the person's attention while they remove items from open purses and or wallets. At this point Anthony directed us to the library and pointed out the suspect indicated to him by victim [redacted] and witness [redacted].

Officer Trisler and I walked into the library, contacted this person, later identified as HAWKINS, and placed him under arrest for attempted grand theft from person. We escorted him out of the library to the police vehicle. At this point I recontacted [redacted] and [redacted] and they informed us that that indeed was the suspect. [Redacted] indicated that she indeed saw the attempted theft of the purse from the other victim that was not at the location, however only saw the suspect bump into and shove her girlfriend [redacted] in front of the library. It was after this action that they saw the suspect run into the library and immediately informed the employees there of the theft attempt at which time security agent was advised of the situation. [Redacted] advised there was no loss as a result of the attempted theft and Officer [several words missing] HAWKINS to the jail facility.

At the police station I called the phone number the first victim had given Security Agent Anthony and spoke to her over the telephone. [Redacted] [redacted] told me that she had just left the library on 6th Street when this man, a male Black, was walking towards her. She said he looked very strange, like he was in a daze and as she passed he reached up and grabbed the strap to her purse that was over her shoulder. She said she immediately grabbed the purse strap in an attempt to prevent this person from taking her purse and held on very tightly at which time the suspect's hold broke free and he continued walking south on 6th street. [Redacted] said she just stood there in amazement and witnessed this same suspect walk to two other girls near the front of the library and bump into and push one of them, evidently she said, to try to take their purse, too. [Redacted] said

she was sorry that she was unable to stay at the location, but that she had to leave and that's why she gave her name and phone number to the library security agent. I asked [redacted] [if?] in her opinion it was his intent to actually take her purse and she said yes, however he had a very strange look on his face.

HAWKINS was booked for Attempted Grand Theft from Person and Attempted Strongarm Robbery.

REPORTING OFFICERS W. BROWN, #1780 AND K. TRISLER, #2751

[Signature][Number]
(APPROVED)

4cc: Investigations
1cc: Records
1cc: CAS
1cc: I. D. Bureau
1cc: Sgt. Legerski

(Tape/mlm)

How I came by this police report.

It did not occur to me at the time of my arrest in 1988, nor to anyone around me, to obtain a copy of this report. I finally did do so in the winter of 2013. I made 3 attempts, by email, by letter and through the SMPD web site. None were successful.

I then contacted a lawyer in the Bay area, Terry Frankel, who kindly put me in touch with the office of Santa Monica City Attorney, a Ms. Moutrie. Results were then forthcoming within a few days.

I present the report in the previous pages.

My life divided into 6 epochs

- 1] *Les Neiges d'Antan*: 1955-1972 (My life pre-America)
- 2] The New World: 1972-1988 (I come to America)
- 3] The Year of the Kickoff: (1988) (I am arrested, my first psychotic break)
- 4] The Year of the Epstein & Dubrow Show: (1991) (Working at Sound Solutions)
- 5] The Year of Living Dangerously + "The Epiphany": (2012) (Things hot up a bit)
- 6] The Year of the Beginning of the "War on Cancer": (2014)

Four tentative titles of my autobiography:

- "This Preterite Shore" (According to some sliver of the Protestant religion, men are divided into two groups, and that at birth. Namely those destined for Heaven, the "Elect", and those destined for other duties, the "Preterite.")
- "Farting Alone" (After the book: "Bowling Alone" by Robert Putnam which details the loneliness of modern American life).
- "It takes a Schizophrenic" (After the title of the book by Hillary Clinton "It takes a village") It may interest you to know, O Gentle Reader, that I am diagnosed as one myself, a schizophrenic that is. I am officially schizo-affective which is a mixture of schizophrenia and manic depressive illness. To complicate matters, I also suffer from paranoia. I was given this diagnosis in 1999, I believe, although these problems first became

apparent after an arrest in 1988, the police report of which is cited above.

- "Confessions of a Virginia Nigger." (Perhaps a few words of possibly apocryphal explanation are in order here). The ships that brought some of my ancestors to these shores are said to have made their first stop in Virginia where the slaves were offloaded, put on the auction block and where, presumably, the best "specimens" were sold. The remaining slaves were then brought back to the ships which set sail for points south. The process repeated itself in North Carolina, South Carolina, etc. until Louisiana where, presumably, what was left was "remaindered." This gave rise to the feeling among some blacks that those who trace their ancestry to Virginia somehow feel themselves to be a cut above. This may in part account for the fact that I consider myself to be that most ridiculous of creatures: the (partly) black snob. I naturally expect you, O Gentle Reader, whom I have, somewhat gingerly, taken into my confidence to keep this under your hat. One might say this is a not-in-front-of-the-goyim type-thing.

Interim emails (went out to some people between "Berg's Laundry List" mailings #2 and #3, included here for those who missed them, you may safely skip over them otherwise)

Interim #1, sent on 12/21/13

Hi, everybody. Please note the new email address, I am converting over, slowly, from Gmail to something called Fastmail.fm, this is a personal address.

A "kinetic" event of greater than usual intensity occurred on 12/18/13 at about 2:50PM, that is about 3 days ago. I had another car accident. This is the fifth car accident for me in about 1.5 years. Four of them were minor, I am pleased to report.

A young woman, Brittany Dubay, of 2788 River Rd., Virginia Beach, Virginia was backing her 2006 BMW X3 out of a driveway at 1206 Hauser Ave. as I was coming up the 2 lane street. She hit me, causing minor damage to my car and hers. After pulling over, I told her we could settle it privately by a payment from her but that I would like to exchange papers. We exchanged information except for her insurance card which she could not present. I then told her I would report the accident to my insurance company.

I immediately called Access Insurance, could not get through to them. I then called my insurance broker who suggested I report the accident to the police. The police (911) in turn told me to just take down what information was available from her and did not send a car.

After making phone calls, she finally came up with a policy number and an insurance company.

Another young man approached during this time, seemed to know her as they spoke together. I asked if he had witnessed anything, he replied in the negative. He eventually left and, as I was going back to my car, walked up to us again with a suitcase on rollers in tow.

She kept her car's engine running throughout.

The next day, I reported the accident to Access General and was told that I would have to contact her insurance company to make a claim, which I will do.

I will henceforth keep Access General's claims department on speed dial.

On my reading list lately: "Cry, the Beloved Country" by Alan Paton and "The Covenant" by James Michener.

Interim #2, sent on 12/24/13

"The Cure for Thinking the World both Fair and Rational"

or

"The Patient and the two Osobists"

Osobist #01: "What seems to be the trouble, kind sir?"

The Patient: "I think I'm beginning to think! Should I take the cure. But where?"

Osobist #01: "Thinking; I see. This could become troublesome ... Well, there is always the Butyrky, but it really is terribly hot there in summer."

Osobist #02: "Then there is the Lefortovo but the food ... and the squalor! No, no, I really don't think so."

Osobist #01: "And of course there's that tall building ... you know the one."

The Patient: "The one across from 'Children's World', you mean?"

Osobist #01: "The very one."

The Patient: "The one they call 'Adult's World', then?"

Osobist #01: "Exactly."

Osobist #02: "The Lubyanka!"

The Patient: "The cure is offered in all three? But is it effective?"

Osobist #01: "Effective it is. A sovereign remedy, I'd say. Remarkably few relapses."

The Patient: "A-and are they accepting patients? Will they take me?"

Osobist #01: "They are always open."

Osobist #02: "The Lubyanka, then. Come with us, won't you? It's just a formality. You'll be back in no time at all."

The Patient: "Ah! Article 15, father of us all." (Exits between the two Osobists)

"The Parable of Biljana"

or

"Slobovian Irredentism in Action"

Once upon a time there was a politician from lower Slobovia, Biljana by name, who thought it would be a good idea to accompany a group of Slobovian mountain climbers on their way to mount Everest.

They climb and climb and climb when finally, exhausted, they reach the top of Everest, Biljana among them. As the climbers stand there, tired but exultant, Biljana takes out a pistol and shoots dead every one of them!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

She then brandishes her pistol and with a foot on the corpse of one of her victims, exclaims: "This is Slobovia, for wherever a Slobovian has died, there-is-Slo-bo-via!"

The moral of this story: Lower Slobovia produces more history than it can consume locally.

("The Parable of Biljana" was plagiarized from a Serbian joke. God gave me eyes, I plagiarize; but please, try to call it research, won't you? Ever mindful of our current IP regime, Eh?)

And now a copy of an email I sent out a few days ago. Some of you may already have read this.

Apparently now it's "shop 'till the poor-fucker-Amazon-employees drop" (i.e. the ones who work as "associates" in their "fulfillment centers.")

I just canceled my account at Amazon after reading of some of the "exploits" of middle management at some of the Amazon warehouses around the world. There have been strikes recently.

Among other things, in some locations, when the weather gets too hot, they don't install/use air conditioning or slow the pace, no, they have ambulances stationed outside to revive passed-out employees!

A-and the security people they use(d)! In Ger-ma-ny!

Let's hear it for the Stakhanov Shock Brigade! Quota fulfilled and over-fulfilled! *Udarnik Pyatiletky* badges all around! (I have one myself).

In the same vein, read this piece by the former partner of Matt Taibbi when they were in Russia editing the Exile online magazine. His name is Mark Ames. The subject is one Pierre Omidyar, the founder of eBay - which I use/consult almost daily.

<https://www.nsfwcorp.com/dispatch/extraordinary-pierre-omidyar/1354d77a9f0b78854b2fa4c7ddb93c57fc3cae62/>

(signed)

"*Brummkäfer*"

Berg Hawkins, 2626 S. Cochran Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90016 310-866-9489

Feel free to forward as you see fit, taking care to leave my name, email address and text intact. You can unsubscribe at any time, of course.

P.S. After the fifth car accident in less than 2 years (4 of them minor, I'm very pleased to report) I may put the customary sign on the window of my poor car: "Hit me, I need the money."

P.P.S. On second thought, given the sad all-around state of my car, maybe I'll put this up instead: "Don't laugh, my other car is a Nova." You have to know some Spanish to get the pun. It might even improve my reputation in the mostly Hispanic neighborhood I live in. Coño!

Interim #3, sent on 1/12/14

Hi everyone,

I finally got a copy of the police report (it took some doing) from an arrest in the fall of 1988 in Santa Monica in front of the main library in the late afternoon: 1 charge of attempted grand theft and 1 charge of attempted robbery. Both felonies. The charges were reduced, then dropped after some weeks. By then I was in New York.

Judging from the content of a xerox copy I received from the city of Santa Monica recently, the police report does not even rise to the level of a tissue of lies ...

I will soon provide you with the contents of this 2 page report scanned, as text or both.

That is all for now.

Interim #4, sent on 1/18/14

Thanks Melinda, I'll get the package on Sunday around lunch as I will be headed to Santa Monica then.

A-and as far as the New Year is concerned, well, I certainly hope for some improvements on the "Home Front."

For one, my poor car can't take too much more of this ...

By the way, I was in a Russian-frequented store in Hollywood today, buying some real bread (\$4.50 the loaf). I struck up a conversation with the Russian (?) cashier and told her in what could conceivably be interpreted as Russian: "I am a little Frenchman." Just by way of breaking the ice, which seemed to be a bit thick in places just then! She just looked at me, so I pressed home the message by adding (in a HEAVILY RUSSIAN-accented French, rolling my Rs all the while) "*Je ne suis qu'un petit Francais de rien du tout.*" Which means (roughly): "I am just a miserable little Frenchman."

I have been waiting to deliver this line in just such a circumstance and with just the right accent for a long time.

A-and I just love rolling my Rs, it's not like I often get the opportunity, you know.

The moral of this story: All things come to he who waits

Been driving all over creation today, went to La Puente to buy some decent used speakers for my friend, Colette. To Hollywood for some headphones (Sennheiser) from Craigslist for her as well. I also got the bread in Hollywood.

My new main email address is: berghawkins55@fastmail.fm, I will still be checking the Gmail address regularly, of course.

See you later, honey-bunch (Melinda, I mean).

A luta continua!

Interim #5, sent on 1/26/14

Yet another exploit by that irrepressible wag and gadabout!

I was visiting Paul, a friend of Beth's yesterday at his apt. There are both a front and back door. The back door leads to his shop (he is an artist and carpenter). The building is an older 2 story structure subdivided into 4 apartments.

I knock on the outer metal door (the inner door being open), no answer. I knock even harder, only this time I add in a stentorian voice: "*SECURITATE!*" Hearing no answer, I pound again and repeat myself: "*SECURITATE!*"

At this point, some tenants moving in begin to notice that there just might be something odd about this guy pounding on a door and identifying himself by shouting in Romanian.

One of them, a woman in her thirties, says to the other: "He just won't let go of this, will he."

As I later said to Paul when I found him in his shop, I was mor-ti-fied, shy as I am, it's so unlike me to draw attention to myself in this way.

I pledge to repent.

Affection

A luta continua

Interim #6, sent on 1/30/14

On December 18, as most of you know, I had a car accident with a Tiffany Dubay of Utah & Virginia. This occurred on Hauser, a minor though well-traveled artery, in the middle of the day as I was on my way to a customer.

I have decided to reject the \$500+ offered by the young woman's insurance company, Nationwide.

It was a generous settlement offer, though, a-and much appreciated.

The clincher was the 5 accidents I have had in some one and a half years. "*Yesh gvul!*"

"Para luchar en otros frentes."

Comments appreciated.

Affection

In Closing

Factoids

Pop. of Czechoslovakia (circa 1989)	= 15 million
Charter 77 signatories	= about 2000
Number of dissidents	= about 500
Number of core dissidents	= 60

NON credere

NON obedire

NON combattere

Dane-Geld

It is always a temptation to an armed and agile nation

To call upon a neighbour and to say: --

"We invaded you last night--we are quite prepared to fight,
Unless you pay us cash to go away."

And that is called asking for Dane-geld,

And the people who ask it explain

That you've only to pay 'em the Dane-geld

And then you'll get rid of the Dane!

It is always a temptation for a rich and lazy nation,

To puff and look important and to say: --

"Though we know we should defeat you, we have not the time to meet

you.

We will therefore pay you cash to go away."

And that is called paying the Dane-geld;
But we've proved it again and again,
That if once you have paid him the Dane-geld
You never get rid of the Dane.

It is wrong to put temptation in the path of any nation,
For fear they should succumb and go astray;
So when you are requested to pay up or be molested,
You will find it better policy to say: --

"We never pay any-one Dane-geld,
No matter how trifling the cost;
For the end of that game is oppression and shame,
And the nation that pays it is lost!"

Rudyard Kipling

The morbid realities of young black life in America, hidden in plain sight, are not just marginalised: they are disappeared by the very social ills – poor education, incarceration, death and exclusion – that created them. "We who survived the camp are not true witnesses," wrote Primo Levi of his time in Auschwitz. "We, the survivors, are not only a tiny but an anomalous minority. We are those who through prevarication, skill or luck never touched bottom. Those who have, and have seen the face of the Gorgon, did not return, or returned wordless." (from a review of the book: "Men we Reaped" by Jesmyn Ward in the Guardian).

I, Berg Hawkins, would add to the above paragraph that being privileged to glimpse a vile and terrifying world that, while all around us, cannot be readily seen, and since I am lucky enough to, having seen this vile and terrifying world, not be drawn into it; I feel bound to bear witness.

Affection, all.