

Луна́я Пра́вда

(Lunaya Pravda)

**Berg's Laundry List #5, started on 8-17-14,
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Gentle Reader: Should you find material in these emails which you consider offensive or inaccurate, I encourage you to bring it to my attention. Please be patient with my amateurish efforts; I am sure you realize how new to me this all is.

Acknowledge these emails if you wish. Criticism and comments always welcome.

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Back with another bit of pleasant (at least for me) therapy, writing these occasional few pages.

What I am Reading/Buying/Listening to

“*La vie de Cn. Julius Agricola*” (The Life of Cn. Julius Agricola) by Tacitus, translated by Mirabeau.

“*Le Printemps des Sayanim*” (The Spring of the Sayanim) by Jacob Cohen. A Frenchman on the subject of Israeli political operations in the western world.

“The Vladimir Jabotinsky Story”, volume 2 by Joseph Schechtman.

“Jabotinsky: a life” by Hillel Halkin. Two biographies of a Zionist revisionist (of the Odessa Jabotinskys, not the Dublin Jabotinskys, mind).

A very interesting online piece on the trans-Atlantic alliance by a blogger named Ian Welsh. <http://www.ianwelsh.net/the-beginning-of-an-end-of-the-trans-atlantic-alliance/>

“The low carb high fat cookbook: 100 recipes to lose weight and feel great” by Sten Skaldeman. Borrowed it from the library before finally buying. Since it is well-known that one fights fire with fire, it stands to reason that one should fight fat with fat. Eh?

“Under Drake's Flag” by G.A. Henty. He was quite popular in the late 19th century. Writing often about British Imperialism, Liberal and otherwise. With such lines as (from a dying crusader knight lying in his armor at the foot of the ramparts of a city which has just fallen): “*Ville gagnée, ville gagnée!*” (The city is won, the city is won!).

“Enemies: a history of the FBI” by Tim Weiner, author of the excellent book: “Legacy of ashes: the history of the CIA.”

“Memoirs” by Sir Kingsley Amis. The autobiography of the poor man's Evelyn Waugh. A book about writers who drink or drinkers who write, I am not sure.

“FastExercise: the Simple Secret of High-Intensity Training” by Dr. Michael Mosley. A way to improve general health, stabilize diabetes and help reduce weight through bursts of brief but intense exercise.

“Arc Welding Instructions for the Beginner” by H.A. Sosnin. Of interest to me right now, just bought the book online for not much money. Conceivably of limited interest to some of you, I will readily admit.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=DhHZ4MEW2c8 A very brief (30 seconds) video. The phrase you hear “*Slava Ukraine!*” means “Glory to the Ukraine!” Slogan of the Banderist scum currently infesting parts of that fair land. These fanatics shout this as they assemble in their formations prior to departure for the front. (Where they have apparently been decimated of late). Very funny, not to be missed.

I recently attended a stress management class at Kaiser Permanente and intend to take several more. Also had blood work done, including a test of cortisol level which I

specifically requested. Time average of blood sugar level (A1c) is especially good, record breaking in fact! Cortisol is elevated, though... Am having further tests done.

“*Cono*” and “*Tomorrow*” The music of Salif Keita (relative of Modibo Keita?) an albino singer from Mali. By coincidence, I also like the music of Yellowman, an albino as well, from Jamaica. Except for his “slackness” that is. Deplorable, really.

“*Super Size Me*” A documentary by Morgan Spurlock. He subjected himself to a McDonald's-only diet for thirty days (Yum!); Stakhanovism at its most delectable.

“*Pluie et vent sur Télumée Miracle*” (Rain and Wind over Telumee Miracle) Novel by Simone Schwarz-Bart. I may have read this a long time ago. The life of a woman from Guadeloupe or Martinique, I think.

“*Le Pyjama*” (The Pajama) by Pierre Daninos. The autobiography of a French comic from the 60s. My mother once recommended it to me. Contains a mind-bending political pun related to the Algerian war I still remember more than 40 years later (The pun, that is, not necessarily the war).

Am in the process of slowly (over the next year) making my bungalow smarter, more livable, more energy efficient and less wasteful of resources. To that end, I will:

- Place temperature sensors in the attic, living room, bedroom and outdoors.
- Convert a chest freezer to a low-energy fridge by substituting software and a temperature sensor for the existing thermostat. It will replace the inefficient fridge I've had for 15 years and, perhaps cut energy use by a factor of 5.
- Install two fans in the attic mounted on the vents to the outside. A large fan, called a whole house fan, in the 2'x2' trap door in the ceiling of my walk-in closet which opens into the attic. It will pull air from the windows, through the bungalow, up into the attic and out through the vents under the roof, cooling both spaces.
- Hang large Japanese white paper lantern globes from the ceiling in the living room and outside, over the front steps. Lit by dimmable LED lamps.
- Install one or two solar panels to charge a largish battery pack to run the bungalow at night entirely off-grid (I may disconnect entirely from the power company). Fridge, lighting, computers, etc. to be run from a low voltage 24V circuit or standard 110V provided by an inverter. At least one panel may track the sun for improved performance.
- Install automated, motorized roll-down shades on 4 windows (I have seen some at a customer of mine that looked really nice).
- Have bought all but the batteries, solar panel(s) and fridge from eBay and Craigslist. I just need to find a good, cheap pair of batteries.
- Run the whole thing from a tiny laptop running a primitive operating system

(about all my obsolete programming skills will allow nowadays) to manage the solar power system, solar tracker, appliances, monitor power use, control the cooling fans depending on temperatures of the attic/house/outdoors (the attic gets too hot in summer for me to sleep in my loft bed).

- Make a spreadsheet listing current and expected power consumption of all my appliances (I bought a watt meter for this purpose) to become more energy efficient **before** I begin the switch to solar and to have an estimate of the size of solar panels needed (2x 250W at present).
- Add a low-flow shower head in the bathroom, perhaps more insulation around my water heater, I may also try to cut off the pilot light on the stove and use a lighter instead. I have already added a water bottle to the toilet reservoir to reduce the amount used per flush.
- Goal is to reduce carbon footprint and water consumption, perhaps create a salable product a-and have some fun with it. The monthly saving on my electricity bill will in no way justify the anticipated expense!

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

Unusual Items of Particular Interest

After making a to-do list one evening which included a book on the FBI (mentioned above) and one I had just heard about: “*Le Printemps des Sayanim*”, I thought **I overheard a visitor** at the bungalow across from mine, home of “*Baba Outrom*”, **use the word “Sayanim.”** Curious, for a Hispanic to use a somewhat *recherché* Hebrew word. And **this within minutes of my making the list!** Curiouser and curiouser.

Sporadic **editing of this and other texts as I am working on them** by parties unknown. (The laptop being connected to the internet at the time). I just caught a sprinkle of “1s” spread throughout this piece and several other mysterious insertions and modifications as well. One friend has also reported the same problem.

Thoughts

They say air travel is a privilege, not a right; as I do not feel particularly privileged at the moment, I (reluctantly) believe I will have to forgo air travel for now.

When I had the first of 5 recent car accidents (by which I mean the 10 Fwy. hit-and-run in the “Year of Living Dangerously,” 2012), the first of two big firetrucks showed up within minutes, driver asking if everyone is OK. When I ask if he has seen anything, he replies with an emphatic “No!” After ascertaining no one is hurt, begins chatting and joking with the woman whose car I had been propelled into. Firetruck leaves. A second firetruck materializes sometime later, pauses briefly then leaves without comment. Now, that's service! Would that the police had been so responsive, they took a full hour and a half to appear (the result of a misunderstanding, I was told); by which time the woman had left. One of the last questions the police officer who wrote the accident report asked: “Did you hit that girl?” The answer should have been evident from the extensive damages to my front end (my car was totaled). ¿Que no?

I have read that the law, instead of being a sword in the hands of the powerful, was meant to be a shield in the hands of the weak. Nowadays, the situation is perhaps altogether different. To wit: Crime, instead of occasionally (conceivably) being a shield in the hands of the weak, may have become another sword in the hands of the powerful. ¿Que no?

A fun thought from Theodore Dalrymple, the (conservative) British doctor and writer. He feels that since we of the public must bear the platitudes of our elected leaders, it is

only fair that they be made to relieve the resulting tedium. Namely, by means of a new, mandatory uniform: Frock coat (with or without gold trim), ceremonial sword of office a-and that tarboosh. I could see several well-known leaders of some well-known first-world countries in this getup. No names, please. For an example of the “look,” search Google images for: “Butros Pasha” (grandfather of the former UN head, Butros Butros Ghali) and “Tawfiq Pasha.” By the way, Dalrymple claims, as a youngster, to have been kicked off a soccer team for **READING** a book on the playing field. I'm envious.

“Баба Утром” (Baba Outrom): A Case Study in Harassment

A partial list of some of the behaviors and techniques exhibited by her over the last few years. Frequency of events seems to be increasing. Intensity as well. I would remind you that she lives in the bungalow across from mine, about 15 feet away with her door facing mine. She is rarely away from home.

1. “Synchronization”: Loud or startling vocal sounds made by her, in her bungalow, timed to some movement of mine in my bungalow.
2. Crowding into my personal space when nearby.
3. “Handshaking”: Noticeable, unusual, repetitive sound continued until involuntary physical reaction by me. Then immediately ended. At the time each is in his/her respective bungalow.
4. These effects exhibit:
 - Continuity & duration
 - Repetition
 - Randomness
5. Unusual speech patterns: Frequently loud voice, raspy laugh (of husband), wild voice (of wife), repeated words, use of foreign words, intrusions of non sequiturs in her phone conversations, uninterrupted telephone monologues of ½ hour duration or more, frequent brief snatches of out-of-tune whistling at random times, barely audible speech for extended periods.
6. Mental symptoms exhibited by her: Real? Faked? Exaggerated? As technique?
7. Occasional extremely loud music played with her front door opened for the occasion.
8. Occasional demonstration of “deep knowledge” of my life, i.e. keywords with shock value, names dredged up from my past.
9. Veiled threats of physical or other harm.

The Kompromat Korner

On 8/19/14, One Berenice by name, teller At Wells Fargo, La Brea branch (store #

0006374 02, Transaction # 005 0007). I'm in line, manager comes out, says: "Yes" to no one in particular. Later, at the teller window, I ask: "Can you check if this bill (\$100) is any good?" Replies: "You don't know? Have you never seen one before?" Me: "I'm not an expert." She: "You're not what?" Me: (Truncated reply) "I'm not a..." Concluded the transaction. As I was leaving, glared at the teller; snarled in a low voice: "*Connasse.*" (She-jerk). *Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*

Venues

The Goodwill Industries outlet on Robertson Blvd. near Cadillac Ave. In particular an employee, black, older, name unknown.

Definitions

Descamisado: n. Literally: a shirtless one in Spanish. In Argentine politics, a supporter of Juan Peron; they were occasionally bussed in from the provinces to Buenos Aires in large quantities to show support for the regime, many parading through the streets while wearing no shirt. The ideology and buttress of Peronism made flesh and blood, as it were.

Vergangenheitsbewältigung: n. German word meaning coming to terms with the past. Quite a mouthful, Eh?

Zugzwang: n. "German chess term beloved by Russian political scientists that signifies a situation in which any move will weaken a player's position." (Alec Luhn, Foreign Policy)

"Increasing the Area of Conscience": A term of art in use by *Osobistsiy*. Technique whereby a target becomes slowly habituated to committing acts of dubious moral worth. As nothing of value is necessarily obtained by the *Osobist* in the early stages, the value is in the increasing estrangement of the target from his own moral compass.

Damages or Perhaps more Appropriately: Lost & Found

I seem to have had another flat tire on my bike, noticed it hours after my last ride.

Found another laptop AC adapter tucked into one of my cloth bags some days ago. A Dell PA-12.

Had a devil of a time installing Ubuntu Linux on a laptop I later sold to a customer. Unusually for me, I had to give the customer the install disk and let him know that, due to repeated sabotage, I could not guarantee the proper functioning of the machine though the hardware appeared to be fine. He bought anyway, bless him! I had in fact done at least one successful previous install only to find the laptop would not reboot properly. Damage likely done over internet.

Quotes

"Fear them not therefore: for there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known. If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Holy Gospel according to Saint Matthew (10:26) and Saint John (8:32)

Doctor: What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman: It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth: Yet here's a spot.

Doctor: Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth: **Out, damn'd spot! out, I say!** (Emphasis mine) —One; two: why, then 'tis time to do't.—Hell is murky.—Fie, my lord, fie, a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our pow'r to accompt?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Macbeth Act 5, scene 1, 26–40

Lady Macbeth, as has become her wont, sleepwalks through the royal castle. As her waiting-woman and her doctor listen in, she mutters fragments of an imaginary conversation that recalls the night she and her husband conspired to murder King Duncan. The hour is two o'clock; she upbraids her husband for his bad conscience; she insists that there will be nothing to fear once they've grabbed the crown; she marvels at how much blood Duncan had to shed. As Lady Macbeth replays this scene for the eavesdroppers, she not only incriminates herself, but also reveals the pangs of conscience she had ridiculed in her husband.

"**Out, damn'd spot**" is a prime example of "Instant Bard," tailor-made for ironic jokes and **marketing schemes**. But the "spot" isn't a coffee stain, it's blood. One motif of Macbeth is **how tough it is to wash, scrub, or soak out nasty bloodstains**. Macbeth had said that even the ocean couldn't wash his hands clean of Duncan's blood; Lady Macbeth, who scorned him then, now finds the blood dyed into her conscience. The king and queen persist in **imagining that physical actions can root out psychological demons**, but the play is an exposition of how wrong they are.

Quote taken from the site: <http://www.enotes.com/shakespeare-quotes/damned-spot>
(In another context entirely, “Spot” can be understood to be a common name for a dog)

“An army of pompous phrases marching across the landscape in search of an idea.”
Said of one of Warren Harding’s addresses. (Is it also true of my stuff? I wonder).

In Closing

It was said the *Securitate*, the former secret police of Romania under *Nicolae Ceaușescu* the communist dictator, recruited its higher level cadres from the among the best students at the best universities. However, the “field hands” or lower level members, were often people who had been raised in orphanages; barren places where children were typically deprived of emotional sustenance during their formative years.

Affection, all
(signed)
el Descamisado