

# Луна́я Пра́вда

## (Lunaya Pravda)

Berg's Laundry List #10, started on 10-17-16,  
distributed on

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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 have the time. Criticism and comments welcome.

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### What I am Reading/Buying/Listening to

“No place to hide” by Glenn Greenwald. Of especial interest was the chapter reviewing the general stance of the mainstream media toward Ed Snowden’s revelations.

“And the weak suffer what they must?” by *Yanis Varoufakis*, former economic minister of Greece. He of the \$500 shirts and the populist outlook. An insider’s look at the slow-motion train wreck that is today’s European economy.

“Mrs. Dalloway” by Virginia Woolf.

“The Snows of Yesteryear” by *Gregor von Rezzori*, writer and actor of uncertain nationality. His early life in the far-off land of the Bukovina (wherever that is). Home of the so-called “Transcarpathian Blues,” I believe. Not to be confused with the “Transcaucasian Blues” sometimes also known as, paradoxically enough, the “White Blues.”

“Lancaster: the Second World War’s Greatest Bomber” by Leo McKinstry. One of several books I recently bought on the Lancaster, the Mosquito and the Tempest. Three notable British aircraft of the second world war. Outstanding machines, all.

“*Gekaufte Journalisten*” (Bought journalists) by *Udo Ulfkotte*, formerly assistant editor of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*

*Zeitung*, Germany's flagship (conservative) daily. It is his thesis that most European journalists of any note are funded in part by the CIA.

“Education After Auschwitz” by *Theodor Adorno*. A brief article. *Kommentar überflüssig!*

“UNLEASHED AND UNACCOUNTABLE: The FBI's Unchecked Abuse of Authority” an ACLU report issued September 2013.

*La Rubrique des Tonton Macoutes Améliorés (i.e. FBI or Perhaps that Old Debbil, the CIA; do you Suppose...)*

An open letter to my sister, Irene Sophie Hawkins of Florence, Italy  
(*Mit brennende Sorge*)

1. I have the feeling that much of what you have told me over the last 25 or so years has consisted of lies or does not hold water. What is left unsaid between us is, no doubt, more important than the little you have spoken of to me so I will now say it.
2. Why did you give up a very promising career as an oncology/hematology MD and, so precipitately, leave New York with a man you apparently met at one of the hospitals you were working at?
3. I believe you to have been involved in a sham marriage with *Persio Dello Sbarba* – for purposes unknown. Is this so?
4. When I came to you in New York in 1998, during my first psychotic break after my arrest in Santa Monica, were you then working for the federal government in some capacity? If so, how long had you been working for them at that point?
5. You seemed to suggest to me at one point during my first visit to Italy in 1995 that “they” got to you because of credit card fraud on your part. *A propos* nothing, you once said “Plastic” within earshot of me at the apartment you shared with *Persio Dello Sbarba*.
6. You suggested to me that you were working for the CIA in a Skype conversation of some months ago (I am writing this in the fall of 2016). Is this so or did I misunderstand?
7. Were you aware of my actual predicament vis-a-vis the US government when you invited me to “veg out,” those were your words, at your apartment in Florence in 1995?
8. Did you invite me to your apartment with the purpose of having me stay in Italy permanently from the outset without stating so explicitly?
9. What were the conditions under which *Persio Dello Sbarba* divorced you?
10. During my brief visit to you in New York, you said at one point “I am taking this down to laundry.” Were you going there, declaring your intentions ahead of time, perhaps looking for instructions from someone?
11. During this same visit, you said, sometime during one of our conversations during those difficult days: “What is the available intake?” This seems like an odd statement, what am I to make of it?
12. You have in the last decade, traveled to at least a dozen countries or regions (that I know of). What do you actually do there? Among them:
  - Tunisia
  - South Africa
  - Scotland
  - Sweden
  - India
  - Egypt
  - Croatia
  - Turkey

- Czech Republic
  - France
  - Austria
  - Holland
  - Denmark
  - United States
13. Our Skype conversations are frequently interrupted. Oddly, this does not happen to me with anyone else. Only with you. Do you have any idea as to why this is?
  14. You are very hard to reach by Skype lately (over the last few months), I often spend weeks fruitlessly trying to contact you by voice, text or email. Again, why is this?
  15. What is the nature of your relation to *Alberto Zucconi*? According to *maman*, you met at a dinner party (in Florence?) where, during a heated conversation, you and Alberto had a falling out with your host, left the party and have been together ever since. How did the two of you really meet?
  16. Why did you leave school so abruptly, leaving behind some hundreds of thousands of dollars of debt which you can never hope to repay? You have, as a result, no resume to speak of since the schools you owe money to will not release transcripts without payment.
  17. What transpired between you and *Persio Dello Sbarba* when you made a trip to the desert just days after the two of you came to visit me in Los Angeles in 1991? Just before your permanent departure for Italy. Why did you not visit with me (however briefly) after your side trip to the desert and before your flight to Italy since we were not to see each other for an unknown length of time?
  18. What is your current position regarding this “work” that you do for the US government? Are you trying to stop? Are you able to stop? Would you like to return to the United States permanently? You seem to have hinted at it during one of your visits here.
  19. What is the nature of your relation to *Nilüfer Çagatai* (her maiden name), (professor of economics at the University of Utah?) - of whom I believe you once said “*N’y l’eu fait*” which can be interpreted as a French language pun meaning “Would not have done so either.” Based on this and other statements of yours, it seems to me that she is in the same predicament as you.
  20. On two separate occasions, you tried to get me to commit fraud. What were the reasons and were there ulterior motives? The first when you tried to get me to use a debit card provided by you to provide me with an extra income in addition to my disability moneys. The second when you attempted to get me to take some \$75,000 from the bank account of our father after his move to Los Angeles. Was the latter attempt merely the result of financial desperation on your part? These incidents happened in the mid-to late 90s.
  21. When did you start working for the federal government? Who were you working for initially? The FBI? I now have the impression, from what you have said, that you are now working for the CIA. Domestically – FBI, overseas – CIA. Is this correct?
  22. Have you ever been harassed psychologically in a systematic way? Verbally? Physically? Have you ever been hurt physically? Have you ever done so to others? The reason I mention this is that I recall an incident at an open-air restaurant in La Jolla, California, where a woman at a table nearby threatened you with, unbelievable as it seems to me, a gang rape by as she said - “black men.”
  23. *Alberto Zucconi* tells me that, at times, you cry alone for no apparent reason. Is this true? Are you this way very often? If so, why?
  24. What is the nature of your relation to the journalist *Federico Rampini* who works for *La Repubblica* in Milan, I believe. What did you contact him about and why did you share this information with me? Have you contacted anyone else about your/our predicament? What was the outcome of those discussions?
  25. Why now, after all these years, have you, it seems to me, changed your mind about my proposed lawsuit against the US government? What part if any do you plan to play in it?
  26. It now seems to me that you have never been able to speak to me directly and frankly about my predicament. Neither in New York during my first psychotic break nor afterwards. At most, you have been suggestive and have – sometimes broadly – hinted at things, dark things, I must say. What hold do these people you work for have on you that you must behave this way? Especially toward your own, mentally ill, brother; a man so desperately in need of truth and clarity.
  27. I came to Florence at your suggestion in the spring of 1995, after my business was ruined by some unknown

- party. I now feel that I was not meant to ever return to the US. Yet I managed to come home within seven months. Did you make some kind of a deal on my behalf to make my return to the US possible?
28. When I visited you and *Persio Dello Sbarba* in 1995, you mentioned that you planned to visit Syria alone. At the time, this seemed to me to be rather unusual and I repeatedly cautioned you against going there – until, at some point you apparently changed your mind. Why Syria, why alone and why mention it to me? And did you eventually go there after all?
  29. Maman once related to me how, a few years ago, your longtime friend, *Ayşe Guçer* (her maiden name), would not let you use her empty apartment during a trip you made to Istanbul. You were then forced to stay in a dormitory at a nearby campus. Why was this necessary? I thought you two were the closest of friends, having known each other since the 1970s.
  30. You mentioned once during a conversation with me, that you had tried unsuccessfully to buy an apartment in Rome – you added that you would make appointments to be shown properties only to be told, when you got there, each time – there were apparently several – that they had just been sold. You then shifted focus, returning to Florence where you bought the apartment you now own. This raises some obvious questions and some less obvious ones as well ...
  31. On one of my last trips to Florence, you were leaving a restaurant where you, maman, *Alberto Zucconi* and I had been having lunch. I decided to leave with you. Going up the *via Maggio*, I noticed you would not let me walk side by side with you, preferring to walk very briskly ahead of me. So briskly, in fact, that I could not keep up. As we passed a shop selling antique guns, you said over your shoulder: “Do you want one?” while seeming to answer your own question with a dismissive wave of the hand. What am I to make of this behavior on your part?
  32. Why did *Alberto Zucconi*, several years ago, suddenly and without provocation that I am aware of become unfriendly towards me when, until then, he had always been more than cordial?
  33. Why did you, during a Skype conversation, strongly advise me to not make FOIA (Freedom of Information Act) requests without offering me any explanations.
  34. During a Skype video call between the two of us some years ago, your housekeeper/maman’s caregiver, *Hazna* (last name unknown), a woman of Moroccan origin, was seated near you with your Skype camera positioned so that I could clearly see the both of you at opposite ends of the couch. Suddenly I clearly saw *Hazna* begin making bobbing up and down motions with her head for some time as she held her torso in a crouching position. You made no comment.
  35. During my stay at your apartment in Florence in 1995, you once said, regarding some papers I was tidying up: “Your precious notes may get you killed.” At the time, I said nothing but now believe the seriousness of this statement deserves an explanation.
  36. Before my return to the US during that trip in 1995, you made the following comment: “If they do something to him, I’ll write a letter.” To which your husband at the time, *Persio Dello Sbarba*, replied: “Yes, but will you sign it?” Am I to understand that you felt my life was in serious danger? Yet you made no direct comments to me to that effect.
  37. In the fall of 1988, you spoke with City Attorney Myers of Santa Monica regarding my arrest. Do the details you gleaned from your conversation(s) with him square with the contents of the police report I sent you in one of my earlier “Laundry List” emails?
  38. You once told me that you had carried a piece of artwork to Paris for a Florentine art dealer you were acquainted with. I believe you later mentioned to me that payment was in the form of the plane trip itself so you could visit our mother in Paris. This while you lived with *Persio Dello Sbarba*. Were you smuggling artwork out of Italy? This is a punishable offense, I believe. Have you been involved in other activities of this sort?
  39. A propos a visit you and *Alberto Zucconi* made to India some years ago, you mentioned having met an Indian man who goes by the nickname “Rocketman,” he is apparently the father of Indian rocketry. You meet some interesting people, indeed.
  40. In closing I would like to reflect on the fact that I was the one with a turbulent childhood, mostly by temperament. You were the one who was “*sage comme une image*.” (Good as gold) Who would have thought that our lives, and prospects, would diverge to such an extent!

## Items of Particular Interest Today

I have been asked to come up with a quote for a small solar energy systems for shipment to an American customer with a house in Nigeria. People there frequently have their own power generators running several hours per day and can spend over a dollar per day on gas. It seems the sun is a more reliable source of energy than the local power company. Very exciting. (Update, 12-27-16) I have a signed contract as well as a deposit from the customer. With delivery to occur sometime in 2017. "*Pourvu que ça dure.*"

However, another potential deal with a *Vincent Aniwano*, LA-based accountant originally hailing from Benin regarding what I call the "Village Lighting" project to provide portable solar-powered lanterns to villagers in remote areas of Africa may have come to naught as he has not returned phone calls or text messages since, some weeks ago, asking me for a detailed Powerpoint presentation telling me at the time that the "ball is in my court" and promising me some needed data on the cost of kerosene in his home country. Not only that, but all the documentation I created for this presentation has disappeared from a folder in my computer.

## Thoughts

Being with my best friend, Colette Walczak, is sometimes like walking around with a targeting beacon in my pocket.

In the former Soviet Union they used to turn dissidents into schizophrenics (see the work of *Lunts* and *Morozov* regarding a somewhat fanciful concept known as "sluggish schizophrenia"). Nowadays, the US governments seems to be doing the reverse, namely turning schizophrenics into dissidents!

Thinking back to the fall of 1988, when I was arrested for attempted grand theft and attempted robbery at the Santa Monica main library, I now believe the circumstances around my arrest were meant to depict me as a **spiv**: - **Jobless** (I had lost my job as a programmer with Rob Strmiska's company, Rigel Instrumentation, in Oxnard some weeks before) - **Homeless** (Colette Walczak, a close friend with whom I was living at the time, unaccountably left Santa Monica after my arrest for her home in Indiana while neglecting to leave me a house key) - **Drugged** (see the depiction of my behavior in the police report). None of this was a true depiction yet it seems someone went to great lengths to paint me in this way; consider the set of coincidences involved!

Knowing how little privacy I have, for me to become involved with someone would be akin to copulating in a zoo.

Mediocrity is the saving grace of the psychopath.

## Notable Events

A relative of *Renee Chaba*, a friend of mine, was visiting from Israel. A man in his forties. During his stay I drove him to a couple of places including my bungalow where I showed him my lab. It was then that, surprisingly, he began intimidating me physically by moving very close to me, forcing me to move back. This without saying a word. The incident barely lasted a minutes. The next day, I distinctly overhear "*Baba Outrom*," my Hispanic next door neighbor, says - in French: "*Il est para.*" (He is a paratrooper).

An incident involving two cops parked in a police SUV at the Von's on National and Manning in Cheviot Hills about a week ago around 9PM. (I am writing this on 12-9-16). One, in the passenger-side front seat makes an odd sound as I approach from the front and, as I pass by his open window, the other one, the driver, says: "I smell black." I did not respond. At it's most innocent, this is just good clean fun. But was it really so innocent? I am not convinced.

“Good Soldier Schweik” begs to report yet another car accident. Barely qualifies as a fender bender, really. On 1/9/2017 at the Robertson branch of the Los Angeles public library. The particulars:

- The driver was a Steven J. Weitz of Los Angeles
- Driver license # N0305634
- He was driving a blue 2016 Honda Accord LX with plates # 6GYN089
- His insurance company: Geico, policy # 4418-84-39-02

The circumstances: I parked at the library around 11:30AM near the wall in the area designated for cars with handicapped placards when I saw him walking to his car. We crossed paths. When I returned a few minutes later and got in my car he then backed out of his spot and, in spite of my use of the car horn, hit my my rear door driver-side area causing an infinitesimal amount of damage to both our cars. I asked for and got his particulars. He then stated that he had not hit me though he proceeded to offer me money, which I refused. The accident has been reported to my insurance company, Access General. For those keeping score, this is my ninth accident in some four years. (Update 2-2-17) His insurance company has just settled for the munificent sum of \$660.54.

### The Kompromat Korner

I seem to have neglected to file income taxes for quite a few years. A-and have compounded this problem by shredding, some months ago, relevant documents. I expect there may eventually be a price to be paid for this dishonesty on my part. I have hung myself by my actions.

Sexual misconduct:

1. I was sexually involved with a thirteen year old girl in approximately 1979 while living in Pasadena, California. At the time, she lived in Sierra Madre, California.
2. I made a pass at what I thought was an underage girl on a bus while on my way to work in West Los Angeles in approximately 1981.
3. On a computer not belonging to me, I looked at pictures of underage girls sometime in 1998, approximately.
4. Sometime around 2000, I viewed a picture of an underage girl on my home computer. I then discarded the hard disk of said computer.

### Venues

“Baba Outrom”, or “Lady Baba” as my friend *Katsumasa Kozono* calls her (in Japanese, *baba* is a bad word) has been very quiet of late (she lives across from my bungalow, not twenty feet from me), with a few notable exceptions. As has her husband, “Papa Outrom?” (Update, 2/5/17) I believe she died of natural causes sometime in February of this year (2017).

### Definitions

Martha Mitchell effect: The Martha Mitchell effect is the process by which a psychiatrist, psychologist, or other mental health clinician labels the patient's accurate perception of real events as delusional and misdiagnoses accordingly (from Wikipedia). Taken from the name of the wife of Nixon's Attorney General, John Mitchell who was not taken seriously when she began relating to friends and reporters some of the suspicious goings-on at the White House before and during Watergate.

Gaslighting: When one or more individuals make a concerted effort to drive a person to the breaking point through psychological manipulation, all the while disregarding that person's repeated attempts at confirming there is

something untoward going on. This leading the victim to question his sanity. For an example of this, see the film “Gaslight” with Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. Closer to home, I believe I have endured over twenty five years of a similar treatment at the hands of Colette Walczak, my closest friend, as well as many others, including my sister.

**Psychological torture:** A type of torture that relies primarily on psychological effects, and only secondarily on any physical harm inflicted. Although not all psychological torture involves the use of physical violence, there is a continuum between psychological torture and physical torture. The two are often used in conjunction with one another, and often overlap in practice, with the fear and pain induced by physical torture often resulting in long-term psychological effects, and many forms of psychological torture involving some form of pain or coercion. (from Wikipedia)

**Zersetzung:** (German; variously translated as decomposition, corrosion, undermining, biodegradation or dissolution) is a psychological technique originally devised and used by the East German secret police, the *Stasi*, to silence political opponents. The "measures of *Zersetzung*", defined in the framework of a directive on police procedures in 1976 were used in the context of so-called "operational procedures" (in German *Operative Vorgänge* or OV). They replaced the overt terror of the *Ulbricht* era...

The practice of repression in *Zersetzung* comprised extensive and secret methods of control and psychological manipulation, including personal relationships of the target, for which the *Stasi* relied on its network of informal collaborators, (in German *inoffizielle Mitarbeiter* or IM), the State's power over institutions, and on operational psychology. Using targeted psychological attacks the *Stasi* tried to deprive a dissident of any chance of a "hostile action." (from Wikipedia)...

One great advantage of the harassment perpetrated under *Zersetzung* was that its subtle nature meant that it was able to be plausibly denied.

**Stockholm syndrome:** When the victim of, say, a kidnapping begins to identify with the point of view of his oppressors and even espouse their cause. I sometimes see this among the poor devils who have been made to “work” for the government. They say things like: “I’m alright with it.” (Their predicament, I assume)

**Coup d’etat/Coup de Ta-ta:** A play on words familiar to English-speaking South Africans. Highlighting their serious dilemma in an amusing and clever way – as is so often their wont. “Coup de Ta-ta” refers to the phrase, in use in British English: “Ta-ta;” meaning goodbye.

**Schakhtyite-Kondratievist:** A term of art dating back to Soviet times – the days of the show trials, to be precise. A wrecker of industry, e.g. me (glance at my resume if you don’t believe).

## Oddbins

Having dinner at the PF Chang restaurant on La Cienega some years back with Mari Berg, a friend. At some point during our dinner (there were just the two of us), Mari, whom I had at that point known for perhaps a year, began questioning me rather closely about my past drug use. What, where, when, etc., etc., etc. Somewhat disconcerted, I did my best to answer fully. Still, I was somewhat puzzled as this was out of character for her. Later in the evening, she began talking about recording someone’s phone conversation. I replied that it was probably illegal unless there was a warning tone issued during the recording. Days later, while on the phone with her, I began hearing what I thought was just such a sound coming through the receiver. It continued for some time, until, puzzled and worried, I said goodnight and hung up. I never spoke to Mari again, in part due to these events.

## Damages or Perhaps more Appropriately: Lost & Found

I must report the end of the “Conservation of Pens” principle, alas! It seems now that missing pens stay missing.

Found my missing solar bike headlight behind my car seat. Don't know how it got there.

Also found, a random USB cable that I noticed one evening, while leaning down to plug something into a power strip in the living room.

Missing printed circuit board I made some months ago using *Janusz Hetman's* CNC machine (for my solar house project), from my lab. Perhaps I misplaced it. Perhaps.

Missing: A fairly large, 25lb. Gel Cell battery (to be used for one of my solar projects). From my lab. I have since bought five more, though.

More hacking of a customer's computer. Late in the fall of 2016, I worked on *Lena Simovic's* laptop for a couple of days, having had some problems making a simple backup of her data to a USB flash drive, problems of a odd nature. The USB drive in question having been made almost unusable through some unknown process, I was forced to buy her an external drive to complete the backup. Some days later, Lena calls me announcing that someone has logged into her Facebook account with a Firefox browser from a Linux machine. Exactly what I use at home. She wondered, not unreasonably, if I were the author of the break-in. I replied that I was not and later called her back to give her my computer's IP address so she could verify what I had told her. Needless to say, there has been no further business from that quarter.

I have twice noticed a peculiar and troubling set of events. Customers I am doing business with, seems to possibly have computer equipment of mine I did not sell them. In one case, a laptop, missing from my inventory turns up at the house of a customer who had already bought others. In another case, a Logitech webcam just like one missing from one of my computers is brought to me by a neighbor. She asks me to sell it. I said nothing in either case, not wishing to jump to conclusions. But could this be part of an effort to sour relations then fish in troubled waters?

A 12 volt power adapter for one of my external backup drives, on the floor by the shredder in the bedroom. (Update 11-30-16) Found, by God! Although another of my backup drive power adapters (I have three such drives) has gone missing.

Missing: a library book I was just reading yesterday evening. (This written on 11/24/16 at about 9PM). Moments later, my friend, Colette Walczak, comes by for a visit. She leaves abruptly after a brief argument. Soon after this, I go out for a drive in my car. When I return, I find the book on the pillow on my sofa covered by a blanket. I had been gone for maybe ten minutes. It is unlikely that it had been on the pillow when I left as I had been resting there much of the day. Conclusion: someone came in and put the book there between the time I noticed it was missing and my return. Could it have been my friend, Colette Walczak? It would not be the first time Colette was involved in something like this. Curious. One thing is certain, someone came in during the previous night and took the book in the first place.

Also missing, a small graphical LCD display I am hoping to convert to general use and sell on eBay. I have some 500 of them left. (Update 11-27-16) Found the LCD display in a bin where I had recently looked. It seems things go missing and reappear in near real-time around here! My bungalow is truly "Grand Central Station" as I sometimes call it.

Missing as well, a couple of LED strips I am hoping to convert to LED lamps for one of my solar energy customers. Also missing, some square printed circuit boards containing LEDs for lighting. I had recently demonstrated one of them to my friend, *Katsumasa Kozono*, via Skype.

Also missing, a nice cashmere scarf I sometimes wear in winter.

## Quotes

“Be yourself. Everybody else is taken.” (Oscar Wilde, quoted in a greeting card sent me by my sister, Irene Hawkins). I’m still puzzling this one out.

“Power is mostly the illusion of power.” (Julian Assange, from an interview)

“My conclusion is that most power structures are deeply incompetent, staffed by people who don’t really believe in their institutions and that most power is the projection of the perception of power. And the more secretively it works, the more incompetent it is, because secrecy breeds incompetence, while openness breeds competence, because one can see and can compare actions and see which one is more competent.” (Julian Assange, from an interview)

## Heard on the street

Today, November 3, 2016, was at Costco, Culver City and the Tehran Market in Santa Monica. *Tonton* was there! (As well, I think, stationed on the street, in front of my bungalow from about 10PM to 10:30PM – talking on a cell phone on a bicycle, yet.

A fellow who often visits a neighbor of mine, and goes by the name of James (last name unknown), with a bovine and lupine look about him; as he walks by me on the street some months ago (5-20-16): We exchange a few innocuous words of greeting, then, as he walks away, I distinctly hear the word “Jew.”

He introduced himself to me as “Roy” (last name unknown), possibly known to others in my neighborhood as “Kenny”, drives a black SUV with license plate # 81603D1. Has brought me computer work several times. On one occasion, a cell phone containing some pictures of a delicate nature to be transferred. Another time, he brings me a cell phone with, he says, more pictures to be moved. I look for them but not finding anything, return the phone to him. He then replies they must be in his other phone. Never returned with that other phone.

Comment by my neighbor during a visit by him regarding some computer work. Shawn, possibly known to others as “Rock,” who had been helping me get customers says: “I want to rape you.” Quickly amended to: “I want to rip it.” Said of a disk he wanted to copy. Could I have misheard?

Joe Garfinkel a sometime customer from Beverly Hills, upon hearing a comment of mine to the effect that publicizing the peculiar events in my life will be all that I have accomplished retorts something to the effect that I am pretty stupid in the way I handle my tax problems. Now, I ask you, how could he possibly know? Also, during an earlier visit to his house, seemed to take an interest in whether I knew anyone whose father was founder of a large corporation. I, of course, mentioned Alexander Lidow (formerly?) VP of International Rectifier in El Segundo, CA whom I have written about elsewhere in my autobiography.

“Give me my bread, *cafone!*” This from my sister Irene Hawkins, while at an Indian restaurant, tussling with me over a piece of *naan*. Funny in some of its implications. A *cafone* is an Italian word meaning hillbilly; in American English, though, a *cafone* is more of a low-life.

A friend of mine, Dennis Allard, whom I have known for about 6 years – first meeting him through a Google search for some software tools, seems to know a great deal more about me than I ever told him. Some years ago, during a visit, I thought I heard him make several implied threats about revealing embarrassing, archived emails from previous ISPs of mine. In particular, PC Magic was explicitly mentioned by Dennis when I proved reluctant to budge and be “more realistic” about my stance. Dennis explicitly mentioned my “idealism” as being a problem. Comments that “they” will eventually get me when I make some mistake, and that it is only a matter of time. Did not elaborate on

who “they” were or what my “stance” is. These are direct comments made at his house. Perhaps I misunderstood? Perhaps another gloss can be put on these and several other comments of his?

Dennis once also made a statement regarding former President Obama during one of my visits to his house sometime in 2013-2014. “He is a house nigger” were his words.

Some months later, I go to a customer's house after he calls me requesting some computer help – a noticeable nervous tremor in his voice, I remember. *Emmanuel Okolo* is his name, of Fontana. After I have worked on his PC for some hours, he asks: “Are you interested in politics, do you like politics?” I took the bait, whole. We start talking, eventually the conversation shifts to the president. I make the following comment, spontaneously, in response to *Okolo's* remark that he likes Obama. “He is a regular house nigger” I say to him. I then give Mr. *Okolo* the definition of the phrase “affinity scam.” He then pretty much clams up, saying very little for the rest of the time I am at his house.

Shortly after the above conversation, I began to discern a series of possibly connected events, namely:

1. A new black customer (somewhat unusual for my business as most of my customers are white and Jewish)
2. Another new black customer, from my neighborhood. Also unusual as up to that time (having been at this location for some years) I had had few, if any, local customers.
3. A potentially unpleasant incident at Von's market on National Blvd. involving a black employee and unidentified third person, a man.
4. A potentially unpleasant incident inside a Von's on Lincoln involving a handicapped, fairly young black man with a prosthetic leg. He walked ahead close to me and, abruptly stopping at a checkout stand, I was forced to suddenly veer around him to avoid running into him.
5. A new customer, of Nigerian descent, by the name of “Chief” *Onyelukachukwu*, who, after giving me a substantial amount of computer work, asks for a full refund some months later claiming, this is an approximate quote: “that the work was not to his liking.” I then gave him a full refund of over \$300, more than I have ever had to give to anyone.
6. A potentially unpleasant incident involving a black woman at an Albertson's market on Venice Blvd. as I am waiting at a stop light while about to drive out of the parking lot. She pushes! Pushes my car as I am waiting for the light after getting out of her car and trying to get me to move mine forward.
7. Sometime in the year 2015, I slowly begin getting an additional stream of new customers from my immediate neighborhood as well as from elsewhere in Los Angeles. The majority of them either black or Hispanic.

This set of events could conceivably be explained thusly: are there two sides at work here, with both trying to establish a pattern? One favorable to me, the other unfavorable?

During my hospitalization in 1998 or so when, after a psychotic break during which I attempted suicide and was brought to UCLA medical center by ambulance with broken feet, a broken back and in the throes of psychosis, the following happened:

1. In the several days during which I was operated on and put in a recovery room prior to being transported to Harbor-UCLA medical center and elsewhere for further treatment, I once raised my arm to get the attention of the attendant, holding my arm in this position for some time while the attendant stood in front of my bed.
2. I promptly forgot about it. Until reminded of it by my friend Dennis Allard in 2011 or thereabouts when he alluded to this incident during a conversation at his house and to my surprise, duplicates the gesture I had made while hospitalized by raising his arm in the same manner, imitating the Nazi salute.
3. Quite some time later, leaving a UCLA theater where I have been watching a performance of Ionesco's “Rhinoceros.” There was the following behavior by some of the audience in my immediate vicinity:
  - A woman seated next to me on my left extends her hand below the level of the seat backs in front of us and makes the sign of a gun by extending two fingers and cocking back her thumb. She does this once

- saying nothing whatever. This just before the play begins.
- On leaving the theater, a woman walking just ahead of me silently raises and extends her arm in the Nazi salute
4. On perhaps one or two other occasions:
    - A man standing by himself on a sidewalk in West LA as I drive by on my way to customer, extends his arm in the same way as the woman mentioned above as I pass by in my car.
  5. Colette Walczak on a visit to my bungalow in 2014 notices the framed photograph of a German officer taken during WWII (*Ewald-Heinrich von Kleist-Schmenzin*), a picture on my dinner table; she then asks if this is a picture of an SS (in over thirty years of knowing her this is the first time that I have heard her refer to such things, I had no idea that she knew what an SS was or even took an interest in the subject).
  6. Gestures and comments from two friends:
    - *Seweryn Skrybinski*, a longtime friend, on seeing me at the back door of the building where he lived in Whittier, greets me with the words: “*Sieg Hi*,” something he has never done before. This sometime in 2014.
    - From *Janusz Hetman*, another longtime friend, living in the same building as *Seweryn*: “*Sieg Hi*.” At about the same time as the incident above.
    - On another occasion, a raised arm in the Nazi manner from *Janusz Hetman* on 3-19-15, in his lab, at the Haendiges building in Whittier, CA.
    - And again just before his (*Janusz Hetman*'s) departure for his yearly vacation in Poland in May of 2015
    - Once again, a couple of instances of “*Sieg Hi*” by *Janusz Hetman* on his return from Poland in the fall of 2016. *Décidément!*

What is most peculiar here is that I remember having mumbled this phrase to myself several times while half asleep in bed! Any single manifestation of all this could be put down to random chance or perhaps a bad joke. This, however, establishes a pattern. Moreover, a pattern involving several distantly connected individuals. Someone is evidently attempting to associate me with Nazi symbolism.

I should add that my good friend, *Janusz Hetman*, a member of the Solidarity movement during his youth, was able to resist the threats and blandishments of the Polish secret police during the years Solidarity operated underground though he eventually paid the price for it. It seems the Americans were more persuasive...

### In Closing

“I have been to the darkest corners of government and what they fear is light.” - Edward Snowden

“*Pour être libre, il faut supporter n’importe quelle humiliation.*” - *Emil Cioran* (To be free, one must put up with any humiliation)

“Write books only if you are going to say in them the things you would never dare confide to anyone.” - *Emil Cioran*

Affection, all  
(signed)  
*Hawkins y Cabeza de Vaca*

Furthermore, consider that they “got” my sister, Irene Hawkins.