

Rape at San Simeon

Melissa told me when I was in Seattle working at a Piroshky place and I was on a trail when we were hoping I would never have to campaign, having to be put through a plan at this point like a train station with the steel horse sitting there humming on the tracks with this ride on the Capitol Corridor like it was the Starlight Express up the West Coast to Seattle.

She told me on the phone handed over by Wendy that she went out to dinner on a date with some guys and she said went to the restaurant and hotel, but I did not know the details, well I figure one guy was forcing himself on her when the struggle began. The other men taking off belts when she threw a fight and they held her down and raped her but she poked out their eyeballs and there was blood.

It was being covered on the radio and announced to the public and she was deserted and abandoned when they got caught with wounds to their eyeballs because it was done by “more than one guy” and perhaps three or four, and she was abandoned there until my father showed up having heard about it on a radio broadcast, and it was even on television.

“I could not get out of it, and I was forced to go out there for saying you were going to be like Hearst, and I could gather my clothing and there was some blood, and I only waited for a while because their eyeballs were wounded and the cops were coming to check it out, so they did get caught for a violent crime and a rape when they thought they could just get away with it for playing up the sex symbol with one of us, and they did not know you would be a writer some thirty years later because it was back in the 90s. The next Monday I had to be taken out of class because the nurse told me I could not survive there because I had an abortion, and my chances of getting an education were over.”

On this occasion, I had changed my name to Clarence Jennings to take a train ride to the past and in History, and it was to the modern landmarks of Hearst and Steinbeck, and Mr. C.J.. was like an

investigative reporter, but it is only independent research, taking the train due to the car accident with Ukrainian immigrants around the time of the Russian and Ukrainian War. I had been taking bike to bus, pulling down the rack even on busy streets, and could take public transportation easily through San Jose, travelling to Salinas for a whirlwind tour of the National Steinbeck Center as a modern landmark of a writer, and Hearst castle being that of a robber baron.

It was a quick review of the Steinbeck Center, with the illustration of his books, snapping shots with my digital camera. There are mementos from the press and wooden panels with illustrations and quotes and mottoes in the glass and painted up on the panels. From *Tortilla Flat* and WWII's *The Moon is Down* and *Bombs Away* as propaganda for the U.S. Armed forces set up with the Roosevelt administration, when *Grapes of Wrath* was obviously during the Great Depression and *Viva Zapata* a bit later for the Mexican revolution with *A Russian Journal* for international thoughts on a country still mired in civil conflict today long after the fall of Communism, but outside the borders of the European Union, blatantly carrying on warfare.

There was some way of proving rationality on this tour of the Central Coast, as a writer and robber baron of the future, and a rich and famous person of the future. This trip was a response to the movie “Bro” coming out in the LGBTQ community, poking fun at a man who could just decide to be a writer and they could just make the movie simply as public ridicule of myself. Making fun of me on welfare is one way to save a couple dollars and make me a “free” part of the entertainment, when I have had to get nothing and like it, but have taken trips with my mother as a mama's boy with serious problems that just don't exist except for me. And so it's the sex and gender thing with my family in the public, and it's not the Kardashians.

“There's no robber barons who used to be writers – going the other direction from the ethics book is not done – when rich and famous people can participate, but they cannot give campaign contributions like McKinley was persuaded to take to become a president rather than face bankruptcy

and starvation, and make his great triumph over cowardice as the title of Karl Rove's book. The “rat pack” is believed to continue in Hollywood, and now include such filmmakers as Matt Damon, Julia Roberts, and George Clooney.

Interesting to mention is the Sacramento County Courthouse, I requested help from my uncle Chuck and aunt Laurie, who has worked in the courthouse, and knows how to work with people better because she is friends with them as a court recorder for her career and raised sons Alex and Andrew, one to play baseball at the Air Force Academy in Colorado, and the other at Sac State. Their sons have taken the one way ticket out of Sacramento to live elsewhere, like Colorado or Los Angeles.

Chuck is a cool businessman and financial expert of the Plog family, when they haven't sold the house because Grandpa Plog never drew the property lines and they won't let another family live there. The property simply cannot be brought up to specs with the newer real estate that was built right around the Church and the parochial school near Jesuit and the public high school most of the ten children attended.

I told uncle Chuck on the phone, “I really made the Supreme Court and need to be excused from elections. I cannot just register for elections when I wanted to be a writer and believe this really takes precedence over getting elected, with the First Amendment as a guaranteed right, when being in elections is not.”

“You are recommended not to be in elections,” said uncle Chuck. When an old bar tender could understand the party would be the icing on the cake – most importantly the books and also the company looking at Disneyworld photos Mr. C.J. Called the expensive documents from Florida, from the times of the Mar-a-lago scandal when Trump had documents in his home in Florida. Chuck was a man who had been in jail and had known my father when he was pulled out the Olympics and went to the Plog house. Laurie was a court recorder and I wondered if they had met in court, with Chuck asking her to coffee for conversation about his Plog family when she was from Salinas from an Italian background and her father was a rancher who raised artichokes and asparagus.

The day I went up to Hearst Castle I took the bus from Monterrey to Salinas, and then from Salinas to San Luis Obispo, more on the bus up to San Simeon and a short Uber ride from the San Simeon Lodge. The night before I was on the pier in Monterrey with the tourist attraction of all the seafood places and the elephant seals making a lot of noise in the background. Going by train back in History, I wondered if there was surplus from those fields, with tracks and iron sprinkler frames manned by migrant farmworkers. Of course, Clarence Jennings as Mr. C.J.. here could think of Steinbeck having to go out in those fields and he would prove them right in that countryside. But Jennings also believed 9-1-1 calls were never made in all of Steinbeck's books, with a little drive by from Monterey Police showing the difference with the book *Of Mice and Men* in which the character Lenny kills a rabbit and then a woman, and they shoot him in the back of the head, but the cops were never called. Because he was not involved in politics.

With this kind of thing in the Historical background, all of these years have gone by with Melissa and I both having poor employment records. She had a baby with a man who is a Mormon and former football player, and her daughter Cecilia is now grown up when I had given her rides to her elementary school years back. Melissa is also on Social Security with socio economic problems not fitting our neighborhood and education level. Her daughter Cecilia wants to be a writer and I hoped she could be an English major in those times of having dinners in restaurants with the dark brown tables, actually, when I repeated sayings, sometimes in Spanish. One time about the San Francisco airport and things you can't take on the plane.

Melissa had a few relationships where she made dinner and cleaned the house, until she moved in with Max Tadena, who is half Native American. Emily is their daughter, I believe, and if not it is some kind of lie and they live in an apartment on a busy intersection right behind a second hand store for baby products.

Some violence had occurred with my mother being beaten down on the street with the car driving off with her face showing a swollen black eye. Now a real Crime Against Humanity had been determined to be accurate in this situation in the hearing at the United Nations, with the threat of violence in our neighborhood, and this was registered by a man who made the Olympics and had to get pulled out from being attacked. There is a slight possibility of mass hatred toward my family with the unusual issue of wanting to make it easier to have us assassinated, and this is finally not OK for 9-1-1 calls. It is not like the wheels of the death machine oughtta be greased for efficiency, when I have even been raped and attacked at campgrounds and my father showed up because it was on television without me actually getting dragged behind the car, when once I was run over by a Mack truck on my right hip and this was the time I was bruised up badly at the Coast Guard Academy in New London, Connecticut and my friend Tony actually went. There are men still in prison for these rapes and attacks, and for the Rape At San Simeon.

With Chuck and Laurie going the Sacramento County courthouse, they could check the dockets for men who are actually in prison connected to my sister, brother, and myself, with access in the person of my father and brother in contact.

This time at Hearst Castle, in the dark of the night was when I marched under the cover of darkness as was perhaps said by Nietzsche like an oracle of Truth and filing in order to take my place in this great competition for wealth and power – and it was not the harmony and prosperity of the real Christian values of this country, when faced with someone who could have a crisis at the same time as a greater national and international one, and it is a formula for a great writer to use the “Kraut” philosophy with psychology of the individual in the times, having been in jail during COVID-2019 and facing this kind of “illegal circus” of the media, politicians in Washington, and the fire trucks, police and CHP in my personal situation, heading to Lake Superior on the Wisconsin and Minnesota border, and even to Dublin, Ireland, but not so much to Florida and Disneyworld, just slightly on Royal

Caribbean.

I had believed my sister was a rape victim many years with my problems being crushed beneath the decadence of a group like Polo, and using German philosophy now for guidance with the public rumours about our family. There are still men in prison for these crimes against us, and I could not enjoy life and have friends with public hatred that is very unusual, public hatred with abuse like gender akin to my sister's serious problem as a survivor of a violent rape, dealing with serious prison time. Being treated like a "sex symbol" on T.V.. and in society of course makes me not accepted in society and a victim of discrimination without equality, like could be true for my sister on Social Security, when she cannot really see her own daughter and lives in squalid conditions. When she also pulled a false death like my father and old friend Paco. Seeing their own funeral like was done in *Huckleberry Finn*, witnessed by himself when I also saw them in a casket, and gave a piss poor eulogy of my father which was inaccurate from not talking about things.

I have struggled as an author, going to spoken word at a cafe that is dive with real drug addicts finally forcing me to leave there with harassment. I have been thrown in jail, and it was the last time I saw my sister before getting back from Cal Poly, and I could not work with her well and forced to do self-improvement with the issue of insulting people in our family's own house where I live with my mom. I was caught avoiding taking a vacation with my mom when it was returning to the Spanish peninsula, and resulted in a 900 page book on ethics, when it is normal length for philosophical novels, and then on to the novel as an excerpt called *Controversial Times: The World is My Idea (A Debate Over Practical Applications)*.

I had once seen my sister in the county branch of the jail system for a D.U.I.. and questioned her getting pulled over by the cops, but this situation has been seen to boil over with the fire trucks, cops, and CHP all following me around openly, when I do not have a job much less an important position of

responsibility with any government agency. They are like playing a game something like the Pinkerton guards in the case of Lincoln who forced along his political career and said they did not believe in no conspiracy, and the cops seem to be partially trying to protect me but also watching closely to pick me up on something in this game of the double edged sword.

Problems such as the crash with Ukrainian immigrants when I met the wife of JFK at the Polo mansion, and the problem of inappropriate sexuality is the cause of hatred in the community, with the movie "Bro" coming out in the LGBTQ community as kind of public ridicule about me as a writer, when I really have a difficult time getting published, and they can do a movie when I am made fun of on welfare so bad it is the free part of entertainment, and I am a big part of entertainment from movies to television and do not have a job or income to put up with just being ridiculous for public entertainment, and it is public humiliation with the issue of gender and sexuality, and it is far from normal on a bigger scale. Now, it is also to recall the issue of marrying the right woman as if it is some kind of romantic comedy and it will affect booksales when I cannot do the wrong thing and this is a leadership issue to tolerate wrongdoing in the public.

There were things I had seen and heard, like one time on a cell phone call at a social security office, there was major harrassment and of course humiliation for issues of sexuality attributed to us kids of Stephen Grant Johnson and his wife Sheila, who could be from a slightly different ethnic group of Franks who are both German and French. This one occasion at the Social Security office was really loud noise and could have witnesses, in the unmistable hatred thing with a little sweat and pain in the spine but nothing you could really do about it.

I had driven Melissa to clinics to be treated for CREST syndrome, which is not a virus and could be an AIDS-negative medical condition. Now, other women who were in the health care profession were giving her grief about getting assassinated! And it was a woman in my family and not

just myself on the television! These kind of problems are not common in our neighborhood and with our educational background, and it is socioeconomic and financial with my brother being much smarter to be successful in finance. My brother in the meantime with this narrative of myself and my sister, well he had created quite a life for himself in the most prestigious part of town, like a citadel when this was no proper ivory tower of the dystopian realities of the postmodern.

Now, my brother is a director of investment at Wells Fargo, and so employees at branches and stuff trying to tell him what to do is real insubordination, and he is protected by laws for assassinations in finance, as a man with valuable connections and contracts with State Governments across the nation, and an indispensable man for the company. This serious problem of the “assassination scare” is judged to meet criteria for a real Crime Against Humanity in the United Nations. I wrote about 900 letters to academic professors, politicians, and libraries about the plan to make us something in History when my father could not tell lies about the future as a soothsayer of an author in earlier years, and I have to say the behavior of Barack Obama is totally abnormal in this unusual case of an “assassination scare” when we all will not be allowed to get elected. It is an unusual and abnormal situation with people talking about me on T.V. and radio, but of course they are supporting it so much it is still against the law when I have tried to create a kind of battle between books and print media versus television and radio, like it was “War of the Worlds” by Orson Welles as a story going down in textbooks, and it is the television and radio in times of a pandemic, recorded in this two volume set with *Controversial Times* separated out like Plato's *Republic* from the rest of the dialogues.

On the train ride back in time with the investigation of Clarence Jennings in this chapter, I as dropped off at a San Simeon hotel when I took Uber on the short ride up the coast, and walked right in for the tour for the architect, Julia Morgan. When I could not get a taxi back to the bus, and tried calling from my cell phone plugged into the wall, it was almost standard to have to get a ride back to town, making calls to Yellow Taxi, Surf Taxi, or one guy at Paso Robles said they could pick me up at 8

o'clock but they would really never come. Finally, a couple California State Parks officers suggested I go across the street when they had to close the gates, and I made the six mile walk in the dark to San Simeon, asking if I could charge my cell phone and overhearing some women speaking French.

“Est-ce que toute le monde parle Francais?”

“You're not a native speaker,” she said. “No we don't want people to have problems with Espanol.”

I ordered a pasta dish with chicken as men in the kitchen were moaning and stuff about not what they liked. I really decided to leave because they were showing disrespect. When I left the restaurant, I remarked to a group, “Those writers and robber barons are in my imagination.. “

Someone said, “Those dreams are only in your head,” and it was a quote from Bob Dylan. But as for saving \$100 dollars or spending it, I made my way to the Sea Breeze Inn, and had to wait for the bus in the morning, having breakfast at a nicer diner and looking out at the ocean with the tundra and and some kelp washed up on the sand of the beach, with surfers out there in their wet suits.

That morning I took the bus, and told people I was not only a writer, but a robber baron of the future, and a rich and famous person of the future. I walked right through San Luis Obispo, straight to the Amtrak station, and the attendant gave me credit for the purchase and marked hardship just to get me on the train back home, transferring at San Jose for the Capitol Corridor, and transportation workers started telling me that my sister had been raped with such brutality and violence the men were still in prison with their eyes gouged out of their sockets, with these rumours in the public I should not go out where people are having a good time and partying.

Even going on a short walk in my neighborhood, people have witnessed these incidents, and they are a serious socio economic problem that does not fit to have welfare queens in this area with our education. I have witnessed my sister surviving through troubles of alcoholism as a violent rape

survivor, and she said we are both survivors of violence that seems out of character. She said people won't like you since you are not getting elected, and it's a problem for having a job. Her rapists thought it was allowed to play up the sex symbol is why they did it with violence, and I hear tell they have not gotten out of prison for their own lives to be continued.

The next night, well it was just last night my father appeared like the ghost in *Hamlet* by the central apple tree in our yard as a symbol of the Garden of Eden. He said, "You ain't gonna do better as a Democrat because they demand you play up the sex symbol, and we all know it's the wrong thing to do is why you're not getting a job. They are not going to employ you because people are talking to you, not just about you on every television. We know you ain't really on the program, and you are not allowed on there special. They're so mad they are not enjoying it. There are so many witnesses to these incidents it is a scandal known about by the public, and so out come the books because it's going to be a best seller, and it matters what you say and do. People cannot talk to you because of how bad they disagree with you because they wanted you to be a Democrat, but you will not be picked up by the cops when it affects their jobs with disciplinary actions for other behavior. They are the bad cops that try to get to you."

"People still want all of us assassinated. It is known as the great assassination scare and a significant problem is why your sister got raped. So bad. We all will never get elected because we won't be registering or applying for elections when they won't use force. They respect you more for writing your letters to complain about it, but they are retaliating before something can be done.. It is like rebelling against yourself. Not me on this one..The damage is done."

