

## **1. Introduction.**

Note to attorneys: Nothing in this document is confidential.

This document is a minor inquiry explained in the following pages. Unless you're a legislator or attorney or news media; in which case, this document is being sent to gauge your interest in the issues involved. Regardless, if you'd like to respond, press the Contact button on the weblog. Links are in part 19.

This is an early draft that will be expanded to perhaps 100 pages. In the end, it'll serve as one book in a series of related works.

This document discusses gag-order legal cases that were intended to stop work on a book. It isn't that book. This would make it a book about itself.

It's an interesting idea. The thought reminds me of "A Song That Sings Itself" by Sparks, a musical group of two brothers that my own brother Ken Kiraly introduced me to 30 years ago. The song goes like this:

"Young fools are we. We think we own the world and own the stars. Yet in fact we barely own our cars. But in moments such as these, there are future memories. You will see."

The original book was planned in 1971. The need for this document wasn't foreseen. It wasn't in the future memories. The events discussed here remain incomprehensible. To make them, in the end, comprehensible is one of the goals.

This is draft 191125. If you have a higher-numbered draft, that one takes precedence and this one should be discarded. This draft is 32 pages long. If you didn't receive that many numbered pages, you're missing some.

The author is Robert Kiraly, also known as OldCoder and BoldCoder. His Twitter feed is named BoldCoder and, for now, he may be read there.

Other website links, including a weblog, are listed in part 19. Discussion of the current matter takes place largely on the weblog as opposed to Twitter.

The short-term plan is to snail-mail expanded copies of this document, perhaps 50 pages in length, to most of the population of Solvang. A residential mailing list has been obtained for this purpose. Deliveries are being made by courier as well.

## **2. About this document.**

This document is licensed under Creative Commons CC BY-NC-ND 4.0. It may be quoted or redistributed under the terms of the license. For the purposes of attribution as required by the license, the rights-holder is Robert Kiraly aka OldCoder.

This document was prepared using LibreOffice 6.3.2 and Laclin, a Linux distro that the author has been working on for 25 years.

### **3. Subjects of inquiry.**

3.1. This iteration of this document is an inquiry related primarily to an elderly couple. The couple are James Kiraly (aka Jim Kiraly) and his wife Grace Kiraly. They’ve lived in Solvang, CA for about a year. Presently, they’re residents of the assisted-living community at 636 Atterdag Road.

The two people are active but aging and in declining health. They were both alive as of Ken Kiraly’s birthday in October 2019. However, it’s possible that either has passed away due to natural causes since then. If this has happened, notification is requested.

3.2. Other parties are involved. They’ll be added to the story as this document expands. For the current list, see part 5. Note: The list doesn’t include the attorneys yet, but they shouldn’t be overlooked and will be added.

3.3. The characters who play the most important roles include:

James Kiraly the elder. V.P. of Transamerica. Age 80s.	Grace Kiraly. Christ Follower. James the elder’s wife. Age 80s.	Tom Kiraly. CFO of Hang-er, Inc. and James the elder’s son. Age 50s.	Ken Kiraly. Designer of the Kindle. V.P. of Amazon Lab 126. James the elder’s son. Age 50s.
Virginia Chang Kiraly. Ken’s wife. Controversial politician in the S.F. Bay Area. Age 50s.	James’s son Scott Kiraly. Might be deceased due to a medical issue. Age 50s.	Riane Kiraly. Tom’s daughter. Age 30s.	James Kiraly. Tom’s son. Works on Amazon Redshift. Ken’s name landed him the job. Age 20s.
George Kerechanko. Lays carpet in Paso Robles, CA. Grace’s cousin. Age 60s.	Sandy or Sandra Kerechanko. George’s wife. Age 60s.	Russell Kerechanko. Deceased of drug overdose at 30. George’s son.	James Kiraly. Ken’s son. Age 20s.
Paul Kiraly, Ken’s son. Age 20s.	Twisted Time. Ron Sidell. IEEE member. Quadriplegic for 2 decades. Age 50s.	Akhil Amar. Sterling Law Professor at Yale University. Age 60s.	Vikram Amar. Former head of U.C. Davis Law School. Age 50s.
Michael Bonetto, attorney. Age 30s.	Maggie Desmond, paralegal. Age 60s.	John Perrott, attorney. Age 40s.	Additional attorneys and legal staff will be added here.

### **4. Legal notes and disclaimers.**

4.1. This inquiry involves multiple contexts. Examples include filial devotion and issues related to past legal cases.

One legal issue is a debt of \$10,000 USD that Jim Kiraly owes the author in connection with Jim’s violation of a signed contract. The contract is related indirectly to spousal abuse and other violence committed by Jim.

4.2. The past legal cases were attempts by Jim Kiraly and his son Tom Kiraly to extort Robert Kiraly's signature on a gag order related to abuse. Robert never signed the gag order and is pleased to talk about the subject. In fact, Robert would like to talk as loudly as possible. Help with increasing the volume is requested.

4.3. Robert Kiraly, the author of this document, has numerous legitimate and reasonable purposes, protected under U.S. laws, related to research and discussion. These are partially documented – the list needs to be updated – on the following webpage:

<https://haggishell.com/infopurposes>

4.4. Statements of Fact Disclaimer: Parties who have, or who claim to have, knowledge related to statements of fact that are made by this document are invited to offer comments, corrections, or clarifications.

This said, the author asserts publicly that Jim Kiraly and Tom Kiraly have committed, directed, or been involved in multiple felonies in recent years. The crimes in question include extortion, abuse of process, threats of violence, and DDoS. The latter crime is a highly prosecutable violation of a law known as CFAA (Computer Fraud and Abuse Act).

The same assertion is made in connection with other crimes that are listed or alluded to in this document.

Attorneys who read this document will understand the significance of the point; i.e., the fact that the author is asserting the existence of the crimes to be a fact as opposed to an opinion.

In simple terms, Robert Kiraly is publicly daring the wife-beater and child abuser Jim Kiraly of 636 Atterdag Road, Solvang, CA and/or Tom Kiraly of 9520 Westminster Glen Avenue, Austin, TX to contest any point.

4.5. The terms “abuse”, “abuser”, and/or “child abuser” are used in this document to refer both to a sexual misconduct incident and to physical violence that a surprise witness offered to testify about in 2012. Robert is relying on Wikipedia's definition of sexual misconduct as it was worded in November 2019.

4.6. Part 5 below alludes to future legal cases. Due to the nature of the anticipated causes of actions, it's believed that no deadlines apply to the future cases.

4.7. The reference to a specific debt of \$10,000 USD doesn't limit Jim Kiraly's – or Tom Kiraly's – total debt or other responsibility to Robert Kiraly in connection with felonies committed by these two parties. The \$10,000 is, in fact, considered to be a minor issue in comparison to the felonies and other types of debt or damages.

## **5. Cast of characters.**

5.1. The story includes a number of characters. Some of them are colorful and interesting. Others, not so much. Each plays a role, regardless.

5.2. There are three people named James in the story: (a) James Kiraly, the elder. (b) James Kiraly, Tom Kiraly's son. (c) James Kiraly, Ken Kiraly's son.

It's interesting to note that two of the older James's sons chose to name one of their own sons after an abuser. Future drafts will comment on the choice of the name.

5.3. Here's a partial list of the cast. The current draft is just a bare start to the story that doesn't get into most of these people. It'll take a while to get this document to the length that is needed to do the story justice.

\* Jim and Grace Kiraly. Residents of Solvang, CA. Biographies are provided in part 6.

\* Robert Kiraly. The author. Foolish autistic child, clumsy and naive, who believed the lies that we tell children just for fun.

Robert is still foolish these days. However, he's slightly more perceptive and communicative.

\* Ken Kiraly. V.P. of Amazon Lab126. One of the lead designers of the Amazon Kindle. The 3rd oldest of 4 surviving Kiraly brothers. Resident of Menlo Park, CA. High IQ and sociopath. Ken is unusual in one other respect that he'd prefer not to be mentioned.

\* Virginia Chang Kiraly. Ken Kiraly's wife and a controversial political figure in the S.F. Bay Area. Virginia is intelligent but ethically challenged. She's threatening and potentially violent as well. It isn't appropriate for her to play a leadership role.

As a side note, Virginia Kiraly uses a 25-year-old photo of herself for publicity purposes. Addressing Virginia: You're the age that your mother used to be. Old Lady. It isn't shady. Embrace it and run free. :-)

\* James and Paul Kiraly. Ken Kiraly's sons. These two young men were involved indirectly in the events of 2012. They're likely to be called as witnesses in future cases related to events of recent years.

\* Harmeet Dhillon. Virginia's past and/or present attorney. As of Fall 2019, Harmeet represents Andy Ngo, the noted terrorist who is involved, directly or indirectly, in multiple murders committed by a group known as Atomwaffen Division.

Robert Kiraly, the author, is amused to note that he was threatened in Fall 2019 with death at the hands of Mr. Ngo. Ms. Dhillon has not, as of yet, commented on the matter.

\* Tom Kiraly. Tom is CFO of Hanger, Inc. and a former V.P. of Humana. Resident of Austin, TX though this may be part-time. The 2nd oldest of surviving 4 Kiraly brothers. Tom isn't the sharpest pencil in the drawer.

\* Karen Kiraly aka Karen Washmon. Karen is Tom Kiraly's wife. She's one of two Karen Kiralys.

It's Robert's understanding that the only formal portrait from Tom's and Karen's wedding was taken by Robert. He wonders if Karen has ever admitted this to her children or has ever told them the truth about anything.

*Kiraly gag-order cases inquiry – November 25, 2019*

\* Riane Kiraly and James Kiraly. Tom Kiraly's daughter and oldest son. These two are directly involved in the gag-order cases. They'll be called as witnesses in a future case. Note: "Riane" isn't a typo. Riane's parents wanted her to have a unique name.

\* George Kerechanko. George is a first cousin of Grace Kiraly and father of Russell Kerechanko. He lays carpet in the Paso Robles, CA area.

\* Sandy Kerechanko. Sandy is George Kerechanko's wife. A good deal more will be said about Sandy in future drafts.

\* Russell Kerechanko. Russell was a 2nd cousin of Robert Kiraly, and a drug addict who died, it appears, of an overdose right after the gag-order cases ended.

Russell's de facto suicide is significant as it led to the contract violations for which Jim Kiraly owes Robert Kiraly the sum, agreed to in writing, of \$10,000 USD. The story of Russell's colorful life and death will be included in a future draft.

\* Lisa Kerechanko. Lisa is Russell's sister and Robert's second cousin. A good deal more will be said about Lisa in future drafts.

\* Akhil Amar, the noted attorney and author.

Akhil Amar is a Sterling Professor at Yale Law School. Named as a Supreme Court candidate by one of the lesser Presidential candidates in 2008. Consultant to the "West Wing" TV show. Middling chess player. Schoolmate and chess associate of Robert Kiraly from age 11 or 12 on.

To be a clear, the two were never friends. Most people who knew them in the 1970s would agree that Robert came across as a confused incompetent who happened to get high grades and Akhil came across as a smug and mocking type. It wasn't a match made in Heaven, though it would make for good sitcom material.

In 2012, Akhil was foolish enough to listen to a request from a former romantic partner, Nancy Grabow. Nancy asked Akhil to become involved in the gag-order cases. He agreed to the request. Future drafts will talk about how well that went.

\* Vikram Amar. Vikram is Akhil's little brother and the former head of U.C. Davis Law School. Vikram is shallow and cowardly.

\* Randy Kahrer. Randy is a friend since childhood of Tom Kiraly and, in recent decades, of Ken Kiraly. Randy is an IT person in Contra Costa County, CA. He used to consider himself an authority on abuse. He hasn't said as much since he learned that his friend Tom Kiraly's father is an abuser and that Tom has invested big bucks to cover it up.

\* Twisted Time. Ron Sidell, friend since childhood of Robert Kiraly. IEEE member and quadriplegic. Ron was a witness to a key event in 1975. 37 years later, he was in unimaginable pain. He wasn't able to move. But he didn't hesitate to help Robert pump ejaculations of joy into Jim Kiraly's fundamental assumptions.

Heroes don't wear capes and punch imaginary villains. Twisted Time is a true hero.

\* Lisa Ganio. Lisa is a Forestry professor who was involved in a love triangle that included Twisted Time and Kevin King. Former High School classmate of both men as well as Akhil Amar and others in the cast of characters.

\* Nancy Grabow. Nancy is a well-known German language teacher in the S.F. Bay Area, known locally as “Frau Nancy”. High School classmate of several people on the list. Briefly a romantic partner of Akhil Amar in the years that followed.

To be clear, Nancy Grabow has stated to the author that she and Akhil didn’t click. The relationship is significant only in the context of the story of the gag-order cases.

Twisted Time and Robert Kiraly both considered Nancy to be pompous and obnoxious. Robert took Nancy to see Twisted Time once in the hospital and he told Robert, “never again”.

However, it should be acknowledged that Nancy was the emotional core of the High School group that a number of people in the cast of characters shared. It’s assumed that people remember occasions such as “Hug a Nancy Day”.

The author also hasn’t forgotten that Nancy let him sleep on her family’s couch on one of the multiple occasions that Jim Kiraly physically chased him out of the house.

\* Kevin King. Kevin was the head of the High School group mentioned here. Actually, the group went back to age 9 or before in some cases. Presently, he’s an IT lead at Chevron in the S.F. Bay Area.

Kevin is a notable figure who we’ll come back to in future drafts. Twisted Time considered him to be an \*sshole and the assessment was fair. Kevin had a heart made of stone. However, starting at a young age, Kevin demonstrated a somewhat inconsistent but strong sense of what he considered to be right and wrong.

Think of Kevin as an authoritarian type who holds himself to higher standards than most normals do but is harsh and rigid regardless.

\* Kern King. Kevin King’s little brother. Kern is, or was, a Finance Directory at Stanford University.

\* Roger Ceragioli. Member of the same High School group as many of the others. Early gay activist and astronomer on the run. Roger is an interesting subplot.

Twisted Time fell ill in 2000. He wanted to speak with just a few people from the past. His list included Robert Kiraly, his friend from decades ago; Lisa Ganio, the woman that he considered to be the love of his life; Michael Schoenholz, a more casual friend who went back as far as Robert did; and Roger Ceragioli, with whom he’d been close at one point.

Robert Kiraly visited Twisted Time on multiple occasions. Lisa Ganio refused to speak with Twisted Time despite his condition. Michael Schoenholz agreed at least to phone him. This left just Roger Ceragioli to be settled.

Robert Kiraly tracked Roger down circa 2010 as a favor to Twisted Time. Robert found that Roger had burned every trace of his former life and was hiding out in the woods of Canada.

Robert located Roger by speaking with a family who had encountered a mystery figure while they were camping. Roger, like Lisa, refused to speak with Twisted Time. People, normal people, are such blessings.

Roger didn't seem to be hiding from the Law as he'd returned to Walnut Creek, CA to attend his father's funeral. But he'd sacrificed too much and had hidden himself too well for the issue to be something as simple as a gay love triangle or similar issue. What it was all about remains to be cleared up.

## **6. Jim and Grace Kiraly biographies.**

6.1. For this draft, we'll look mostly at Jim's and Grace's lives, though bits related to other parties will be included.

6.2. Jim was Austrian-Hungarian. He was raised, along with a younger brother named Bill, by his mother Ann, who was single.

Ann had been married to Jim's father, Frank Kiraly. Frank and Ann were both strong-willed and neither was going to allow the other to "dictate" to them. The marriage was loud and violent. In the end, Frank punched Ann through a glass door. This step put a damper on the relationship.

Jim, who was age 4 at the time, never saw his father again. He internalized rage and violence and especially the part where nobody was ever going to "dictate" to him.

6.3. Jim's immediate ancestors had family lives that were as harsh and violent as the marriage of his parents. Jim had an uncle named Joseph. Joseph was an Admiral who had been in charge of security for the Manhattan Project. He said that parts of Jim's family tree going back generations were full of rage, infidelity, and suicide.

6.4. As a young man, Robert Kiraly tracked down his never-discussed paternal grandfather, Frank Kiraly. He reached Frank's 2nd wife by phone on the day, it appeared, that Frank had died.

It was Robert's responsibility to notify Jim Kiraly that Jim's father had died. He did so with trepidation as Jim was violent. Jim didn't look at Robert or acknowledge that Robert had spoken. Instead, he glared at his wife Grace and said, "\*You\* knew about this?"

Jim Kiraly was surely a gift from God sent to lighten spirits everywhere.

6.5. Grace's father was Ivan Kmeta, a boy from a small rural community in Ichnia, Ukraine. Ivan used to sing songs at age 7 that the villagers could hear from town; songs carried, one assumes, by the breeze that found them worth passing along.

Ivan was born in 1901. The Russian Revolution happened when he was a teenager. People came and killed all of his friends. It was a good day to be absent from school.

Ivan was a nihilist after that. He came down with typhoid and nearly died. An officer in what would become the KGB nursed him back to health. The officer was a Christian and so Ivan became a minister.

6.6. In 1923, Ivan fled to Canada with his wife Olga and their little son Anatol. In Canada, a daughter named Grace was born.

The family eventually moved to the U.S. Another son, Eddie, was born, probably after the move. Ivan spent the rest of his life as a minister, poet, and religious writer.

In the 1950s, Ivan Kmeta founded a religious retreat near Ashford, CT. Paul Newman built his crippled children's camp next door decades later. Ivan spent the last decade of his life, 1987 to 1997, in quiet retirement at the retreat.

6.7. Grace Kmeta was raised in a household that was religious but nothing like the Fundamentalists of today.

Ivan was a case that is now rare; a Christian who believes that the Bible is literally true but is full of humility and awe as opposed to smug superiority, violent rage, hatred of skins that are not White, and impoliteness in general.

6.8. Jim's and Grace's lives intersected in the 1950s. The setting was Philadelphia, PA. Grace had grown up in Philadelphia and Jim was attending college at Drexel University subsequent to completing time in the U.S. Navy.

6.9. Bill was Grace's romantic partner at the time. She hopped from Bill to his older brother Jim largely because she saw Jim as more likely to succeed in business. In other words, Grace was a practical girl.

As things turned out, both Jim and Bill did well in their respective fields. But Jim seemed more serious and so more likely to be financially successful.

Jim's performance in bed sealed the deal. This data point, to be clear, was stated by Grace herself. It's information that was volunteered. It certainly wasn't sought.

The author acknowledges that he should theoretically find knowledge of the quality of Jim's performance in bed to be unsettling. However, at this point, he doesn't give a shitake mushroom one way or the other.

6.10. Grace had multiple miscarriages and/or abortions. Her brother Anatol provided her transportation to doctors on one or more of these occasions.

Ultimately, Robert Kiraly, the oldest of Grace Kiraly's sons, was born. Jim is believed to be his biological father, but there is a possibility that his biological father was Jim's now-deceased younger brother Bill.

6.11. Jim worked his way up to V.P. of Transamerica Corporation; i.e., the company that built the Pyramid building in San Francisco. He retired early, but remained active over the years in organizations of different types including Churches and volunteer groups.

For Church and volunteer work, Jim sought, and was comfortable with, business roles such as business advisor or treasurer.



Jim wasn't a "people person". Women outside of business and Church who encountered him without Grace present thought of him as unsettling. However, he was seen as reliable and trustworthy in those two contexts.

6.12. Church, for Jim, was a special case of business. He preferred Churches that had adopted a legalistic view of doctrine. He took to that atmosphere as a duck takes to water.

This part wasn't something that Jim and Grace shared. She was a "charismatic" Christian. In later years, she described herself as more of a "Christ Follower" than a believer in the doctrines of a particular Church.

Religion per se was no lip-service matter to the couple. They were dedicated Fundamentalists, or "Fundies". But the specifics of such beliefs as existed were vague and of a working-backwards nature. This is a subject for future drafts.

6.13. Jim's success in business was due less to intelligence than to a medical condition known as OCD; i.e., obsessive-compulsive disorder. Grace was the more intelligent partner. However, she lacked Jim's drive and attention to detail.

This was an unusual couple. They were opposite in most respects. They even had Keirse-Meyer-Briggs scores that were completely reversed.

6.14. Grace had no business career. She invested her life primarily in the marriage. She experimented for years with painting but isn't believed to have taken it far. She had few real interests other than reading and going to Church.

Grace did, about 4 decades ago, decide to get an AA degree from a junior college. And, in a fun note, if records are correct, she graduated with her son Tom, who attended the same school and obtained the same type of degree.

6.15. Jim and Grace moved to California circa 1960 and stayed there for the rest of their lives. They spent decades, circa 1965 to 1999, in Walnut Creek. After 1999, they lived in Pismo Beach, Avila Beach, and, from 2018 to 2019, in Solvang.

## **7. Jim was a bit grim.**

7.1. Robert is the oldest of 4 brothers. The next 3 are, in descending order of age, Tom Kiraly (CFO of Hanger, Inc.), Ken Kiraly (a V.P. of Amazon and one of the inventors of the Kindle), and Scott Kiraly (a sales clerk, bank signature checker, and similar roles).

7.2. As a technical note, Scott Kiraly may be deceased due to morbid obesity at an age in the 50s. However, no obituary has been seen.

7.3. Jim Kiraly isn't believed to have physically abused Tom and Ken. Or to have abused Scott at all. Ken was physically undamaged, however, largely because Robert adopted the practice of taking Ken out of the house when violence appeared likely.

On one occasion, Robert felt that Jim was likely to actually kill Ken. Ken would have been in grade school at the time. To forestall this outcome, Robert smashed his own hand in a vehicle's door. This had the effect of creating a distraction.

7.4. Robert could do little for Grace. Except listen to her as she told him, again and again over decades, that she wished to leave Jim. Something that she did do on one occasion, but she had nowhere to go, so she went back.

7.5. Grace's situation wasn't too negative, physically. Jim only broke her nose once. In the Fundamentalist world, this is considered excusable. However, Jim tended to smash things or tear them up. This was disruptive and untidy.

To stop this from happening, Grace spoke with Jim for literally hours at a time. On these occasions, she adopted soothing tones.

This would calm Jim down as long as Grace was careful to use, as she put it, "exactly the right words". "Exactly the right words" meant that Grace needed to use words of submission and promise to do better next time.

7.6. Jim's habit of physical violence diminished over time. However, for decades, Grace was forced to eat meat, which she expressed a profound dislike for, because Jim ate meat. Fish and chicken were all right, but Grace didn't like cow as chow.

Jim used to glare at Grace at mealtimes and say, "Where's your meat?". Grace would smile sweetly and say, "it's in there".

On a more disturbing note, Grace wasn't allowed to go out at night, except for purposes that were approved by Jim, unless Jim accompanied her.

The sign of dysfunction that was most obvious to people outside the family was that Jim controlled as much of Grace's communication with others as possible. Relatives noticed this and considered it unusual and unpleasant.

## **8. Robert's career.**

I'm Robert Kiraly, the Old Coder. Starting at this point, I'll tell the story in my own voice.

8.1. I had a quiet but productive career. I worked, in terms of hours and focus, harder than any other person in my biological family.

I spent 18 years at a single company named IPT. At that company, I often worked 7 days a week and up to 20 hours per day. I'd get to sleep at midnight and my CEO, Steve Carr, would phone a few hours later to demand that I come back in.

8.2. One of my roles, in the early 1980s, was to serve one year as sole software developer for one-half of the U.S. Vote.

For those who like to look things up, see the history and/or records of Computer Election Systems, a former company in the field.

In an odd coincidence, one of my brother Tom Kiraly's companies bought that company years later. Employees told me that they'd commented on me to Tom and that he'd seemed uncomfortable and hadn't wanted to acknowledge that I was his brother.

8.3. IPT folded in the late 1990s. I was sold to a spin-off. For the next 4 years, I worked even longer hours. During one period, I spent multiple weeks at my desk, which was located at the time in a garage without heating or cooling.

I was middle-aged at the time, but still naive. I imagined that such steps would be appreciated and might make a difference.

After the dot-com crash in 2000, I was the sole remaining developer, staff IT person, DBA, and tech writer at the spin-off.

I managed contractors that were flown in from Russia as an alternative to Indians. Two of them didn't speak English. But, when one of those two became frightened of working in a strange land, before he went to the airport, he hugged me and said, "You good man, Bob".

8.4. During this period, the early 2000s, I largely lost my mobility. This issue included physical pain that was significant enough that I needed to focusing on stifling screams at night so that neighbors wouldn't be disturbed.

8.5. In late 2003, I left the spin-off. I made approx. \$900,000 in the stock market in the next six months.

At this point, I considered myself semi-retired. However, from 2004 to 2009, I designed a fighter-jet control system for Northrop Grumman. For those who like to look things up, this was the MILES project.

8.6 In 2008, the stock-market crash wiped out most of my savings. I rebuilt to \$225,000 over the next 3 years. All of that was lost to the gag-order cases in the year that followed. My net worth in Spring 2013, taking debts into account, was negative.

## **9. How tech jobs work.**

This subject is relevant to the current inquiry.

9.1. In the mid-2000s, my level of experience put me roughly at the level of a CTO or V.P. of a typical small tech company. However, I was a "generalist". The word means that I had broad experience in a wide range of software languages, platforms, and types of projects. This type of experience proved to be a liability after 2000.

9.2. In the early decades of modern tech, a company might develop a software product or service in-house or it might "outsource", i.e., delegate, the work to an "outsourcing" firm.

IPT, the firm that I spent 18 years with, was one of the first significant "outsourcing" firms in Silicon Valley. My role was to do whatever was necessary to get a variety of projects done. So, I was a "generalist".

9.3. In projects that I worked on, typically, 2 to 4 people would be involved. For very large projects, there might be a dozen. They were employees of the outsourcing firm. In other words, they were “W2” people.

“W2” means that somebody has a stable job and vacations and medical care. It was more common, at the time, for firms to develop software in-house. The team sizes were similar, regardless, and the developers were, again, employees.

9.4. In the dot-com era, especially after the crash in 2000, some firms started to approach software development differently. These firms wanted to cut staff and to keep headcount low. So, software developers were treated as temporary hires to be disposed of as quickly as possible.

This meant that more software developers were “1099” workers. “1099” means that they had no stable positions. No vacations or medical care, either.

9.5. And, ideally – this is a key point – employers wanted each developer to be able to do the work of an entire team of the old type. For this to be possible, developers needed to be specialists. People who worked in one narrow area.

9.6. Some firms continued the practice of hiring developers as W2s and bringing them up to speed. But many of these firms focused on 23-year-olds who were “fresh out of school” so that they’d be able to “mold” the hires.

This is age discrimination. It was, and remains, illegal. But it is what it is.

9.7. These trends became rules as the years passed. W2 jobs, especially for generalists, even experienced people, were more difficult to obtain.

Such jobs were available at some companies. But to get them at others, you had to know somebody. I conducted a survey of developers circa 2014. I don’t remember talking to a single person who’d obtained a W2 job without knowing somebody.

9.8. Some W2 jobs were never listed because they were filled with people who knew people. Those who got the jobs without knowing people needed to be specialists. In most cases, they needed to be young as well.

The era when experience mattered – experience in a wide range of projects as opposed to a specialty – had ended. W2 jobs were now a scarce commodity for generalists without connections. Especially those over age 40.

These trends are now well-established.

9.9. One of my brothers, Ken Kiraly is a V.P. of Amazon. A nephew of ours graduated college in Texas and was promptly hired for Amazon’s Redshift project. It was due to the fact that his uncle was a V.P. of the company.

This is how it works.

9.10. I myself applied in 2018, at a friend's suggestion, for a job in Germany. I was qualified for the job 10 times over and passed the test with flying colors.

But it turned out that the job listing wasn't real. The higher-ups were told that nobody qualified had applied. My friend, who was familiar with the group involved, asked around. He learned that a fake listing had been posted so that people could pretend to conduct a search and then hire the party that they'd already selected.

This is also how it works.

## **10. Mid-2011.**

10.1. In mid-2011, I lost my mobility entirely. I spent 2 weeks on my living room floor.

I was able to obtain water by dragging myself to the kitchen faucet and pulling myself up. The round trip took an hour, and I needed to invest energy in stifling screams of pain, but it was undoubtedly good exercise for my arms.

I lined up the food that remained and made it last as long as possible.

10.2. I lived in a unit on the 3rd floor of an apartment complex. The manager was in the hospital with the cancer that would later kill him.

I phoned temporary managers and asked them for the phone key sequence that would allow me to buzz people into the building by phone. They didn't know and didn't want to talk.

They told me to call 911 and hung up. But I wouldn't have been able to buzz 911 in either. And if 911 had smashed its way in, I'd have been evicted.

Additionally, it wasn't really an "emergency" situation. Mostly, I needed food and help getting to the toilet. Painkillers might have been nice.

10.3. Eventually, a temporary manager entered my unit and found me in a nest of clothes on the floor. I'll never forget his expression. I was probably a bit of a sight.

I was given food and a wheelchair. But I didn't receive a formal diagnosis or disability payments. I was simply left to recover. It took 6 months.

I went outside too soon on two occasions. I wasn't able to make it back. On one occasion, a young Christian transported me. On another, I made it back on foot to within 100 yards of home. I leaned on my crutches and looked at it. Home was right there, but I couldn't go in. I don't know what happened after that.

10.4. I thought about life. During the second half of the year in question, 2011, I spoke by phone more often with my parents Jim and Grace.

I asked them for nothing during this period, except for two things. I asked my mother to pass requests to Ken Kiraly and Jim Kiraly to the effect that I'd like either of them to act as job references or to offer job referrals.

Grace rejected both requests.

## **11. Ken Kiraly.**

11.1. The thought that Ken Kiraly should, and, act as a job reference was reasonable. And, as he was a V.P. of Amazon and one of the lead developers of the Amazon Kindle, his word would have carried weight.

I'd gotten Ken his first job. This was at IPT in the early 1980s. Ken was afraid of differential equations in college. So, he dropped out of school and moved in with me. I let him live with me rent-free for 2 years, got him the job, and taught him the 'C' programming language.

11.2. Ken repaid me for my assistance in a colorful way.

He cursed at me most of the time as he ate the food that I'd purchased for him. I remember one occasion, in a supermarket, where a Hispanic woman stared at us as Ken cursed at me as I bought more food for him.

Looking back, it was an odd living arrangement. Sitcom, again.

11.3. On one occasion, I accidentally sliced open one of my thumbs. Ken declined to offer assistance of any type as I recovered.

He stayed with me, rent-free regardless, until, after 2 years, I asked him to contribute rent. He cursed at me and moved in with our parents. This was circa 1983.

Ken is a highly self-reliant man. One who sponged off of family members until he was 26 years old. I'm in awe of this part of my brother's history.

11.4. In the mid-1980s, I invested more in Ken's startup, Multiscope, than he'd invested initially himself. I did this to show confidence in Ken. He expressed amusement and said that he had to increase his investment so that he'd look sufficiently confident himself.

I continued to support Ken to the extent that it was possible. When we met, however, he usually displayed anger for unspecified reasons.

11.5. On one occasion, Ken visited IPT. I was supposed to get into his car and go somewhere with him. I moved too slowly and he was furious. He slammed his foot down on the accelerator and sped off, dragging me, halfway into the car, as he went.

11.6. Towards the end of the 1980s, Ken's startup Multiscope failed, as startups do. Ken and I took a walk and he told me that the money was gone.

"That's fine", I said. I offered Ken such reassurance as was possible. A few weeks later, buyout offers came in from Symantec and Microsoft. The startup wasn't dead after all.

Ken wanted to go with Microsoft, but the Symantec offer had come in first. So, Symantec it was.

Ken became rich and successful. And, as he needed nothing further from me, that was the last time that he spoke with me voluntarily.

11.7. I saw and/or spoke with Ken Kiraly a few times more that I recall.

Ken became engaged to a Chinese woman named Virginia Chang. This was the same Virginia Chang who later became the politician Virginia Chang Kiraly.

I either met Virginia in person or offered to do so. I don't recall. Ken phoned me and raged and raged about the fact that I hadn't followed some protocol about not phoning Virginia without Ken's permission. A protocol that Ken hadn't mentioned.

11.8. At one point, I phoned Ken and offered to drop off a present for him at his office. I'm not sure if this was a wedding present or gift for a birthday or other occasion.

Ken said that he was too busy to come downstairs and that I should give the present to a security guard.

11.9. Ken Kiraly was full of this type of warmth. He radiated the pure kindness that you'll find in most species of snakes.

I watched a YouTube video of a snake this year. It was large, but it felt that it was above personal conflict. So, instead of eating animals that were able to fight back, it suffocated baby rabbits in their nests and ate them.

The baby rabbits were naive and didn't understand what was happening. They raised no objection. This is what both types of animals are and what they do.

A mother rabbit was annoyed by the video snake's actions. She beat up the snake, which was much bigger than her, and chased it 100 yards. This isn't the usual scenario.

Ken is the quiet destruction type. The type where your back is something that you need to watch though it's not clear how this is anatomically possible.

I don't believe that Ken was behind the murder of his partner Mansour Safai. But the possibility that this was the case did cross my mind when Mansour – a nice man who I'd have been proud to call a brother – was offed.

11.10. As Ken's wedding approached, there was a bachelor party. My co-worker Monty Swaiss, who knew Ken slightly, drove me to the party.

Ken didn't speak to me or acknowledge my presence. When he looked in my direction, he focused his eyes on the walls behind me. Literally focused them so that I wasn't visible. It was odd.

I was in my 30s at the time but still naive. However, it was clear even to one such as I that something was off-kilter. Or nuts.

I told my mother Grace that I didn't feel I'd be welcome at Ken's and Virginia's wedding. Grace said that this was nonsense.

Grace, like most normals, never thought before she spoke. Normals open their mouths and noise comes out. If facts are inconvenient, they play no role in the process.

11.11. I didn't attend the wedding. Ken and I did meet on one or two more occasions.

One was in the mid-1990s. Tom's children Riane and James had shoved our mother Grace Kiraly into a brick fireplace and shattered her arm into pieces.

The two children weren't demon seeds. But they were boisterous and did manage to nearly kill Grace. She went to the hospital. Jim was out on an errand and didn't know what had happened until hours later.

Ken, Virginia, Scott, and I were present. We took the children to McDonalds. There wasn't much choice as little James, Tom's son, would only eat McNuggets.

The McNuggets issue was a long-term problem. In an amusing note, Grace wasn't pleased about the issue and wanted to lecture little James's mother, Karen Kiraly, about it. Jim wouldn't let her do this because "then they won't bring the grandchildren to visit". The story shows a rare side of Jim Kiraly that isn't ugly.

Little James was a big fan of dinosaurs. So, during this visit, I gave him a "Dinotopia" book. I was told later that he liked to sleep with the book.

11.12. The last time that I spoke directly with Ken Kiraly, head of Amazon Lab126, came in the late 1990s. His second son had been born and I hadn't received an announcement. When I asked Ken about this, he said that he was busy. Such family.

11.13. So, Ken was a "countryman". Put the accent on the first syllable. Drop the other syllables. However, he had obligations to me. I believed, like a fool, that this mattered.

I'd been the one who'd taught Ken to drive. As a young adult, he'd denied this, for reasons that weren't clear, until I produced a photo to prove it. But, still.

I'd taught Ken to walk as a baby. I'd protected him from Jim Kiraly's rages and smashed one of my hands in the process.

On the occasions that Grace Kiraly lay drunk on the couch, passed out from a bottle of gin, this was the brother that I'd looked after.

I'd let Ken live with me rent-free for two years. I'd gotten him his first job. I'd shrugged when he'd told me that he'd lost my investment in his startup.

Yes, a job reference, one of the few things I'd requested in decades of deference to this often enraged creature, might have been appropriate. But Grace Kiraly refused to pass along the request. She didn't want to disturb Ken's composure. And, looking back, her assessment of Ken's position on the subject was accurate.

## **12. Phone calls in 2011.**



12.1. Jim Kiraly seemed happy, throughout 2011, to hear from me. I don't believe that I ever even mentioned what had happened to me; the fact that I was immobilized. Instead, Jim and I discussed primarily his projects.

Jim was going to paint his house. He was organizing his PC. He was proud of his ongoing business projects. If the subject was Jim Kiraly, Jim Kiraly was pleased to talk.

One year later, Jim Kiraly tried to use the calls in which he boasted of his accomplishments to extort my signature on a gag order.

12.2. I spoke with Grace Kiraly throughout 2011 as well. These calls were less pleasant.

12.3. I asked Grace to comment on things that had happened to me at school. I wanted to know what she recalled and could tell me.

Not just about the time that I was sliced open with a knife and my blood puddled on the floor. The blood was blue and not red. The boy thought, as he watched the puddle grow, wasn't it supposed to be red?

The times, too, that I was knocked unconscious, pelted with rocks, and chased by small mobs. And the time that a boy put my hand in a doorway, slammed a heavy metal door shut on my hand, smashed my fingers, and laughed and laughed.

The significant aspect of the doorway story is that Grace seemed to panic upon the telling. She said that no such thing had happened. I remarked that I'd worn a cast for weeks and she must remember that. She responded that it wasn't really a cast.

What the Hell? Why would the woman feel the need to minimize the significance of an incident as serious as this one?

The answer was obvious, but somehow it came as a surprise. Grace Kiraly wasn't responsible for the injury at school. There was no need to minimize it to preserve her self-image. But she needed to deprecate anything negative that had been done to me as not important, or as my fault, so that she wouldn't need to feel bad.

Grace had used me as a dumping ground for her feelings about the others for decades. All of them; Jim, Tom, Ken, and Scott. Even Anatol, her brother, whose feet she should have kissed for being part of such a kind man. But it was presumptuous of me to suppose that my patience entitled me to exist. I was supposed to be a wastebasket.

12.4. Grace Kiraly had refused to pass a message to my brother Ken Kiraly, a V.P. of Amazon, requesting a job reference. I asked her if she'd ask her husband, Jim Kiraly – a former V.P. as well – if he'd be able to comment on associates who might be interested in speaking to somebody with CTO-level experience.

Grace expressed shock at the question. How dare such a request even be made?

Jim and Grace had never hesitated to offer assistance of all possible types to my three brothers. Surely, though, I should have understood that this was for my brothers alone and that a request for a job reference or referral – the only significant request that I'd made in decades – was beyond the pale and offensive.

“Hey, I need to work. I haven't had a long-term job for years”, I told Grace. “Whose fault is *\*that\** ?” she snapped instantly.

I'd worked harder than anybody else in the family. To this day, I don't understand where the conclusions that Grace had reached came from. I do know how I felt when Grace said that. I'd worked day and night, remember, for decades.

The existence of people like Jim and Grace Kiraly disproves God more than the existence of people like Ivan and Anatol Kmeta proves Him. He's simply a cardboard cutout of a shield, a shield that those who hate the light of the truth use to ward off the horror of its sight.

12.5. The subject of violent abuse by Jim was a non-starter for Grace. On one of the few occasions that I alluded to Jim's rages and all of the times that he'd smashed things, Grace shouted “My husband is not a brute!”.

Um. Of course Jim was a “brute”. One that Grace tried to leave for decades. She'd phoned me dozens of times to rant about leaving Jim. But, to people like Grace, to most normals, facts don't matter. It's not clear how society functions at all.

I'd mentioned a simple physical fact. Grace had responded with a vague value judgment. What is somebody supposed to do with that?

12.6. I mentioned the time that Jim chased me out of the house half-dressed. Grace snapped, “You had clothes on!”

Yeah. I'll add that story to future drafts. It's my hope that, years after this document is finished, at least one boy who is being chased by an enraged 250-pound mad bull will have read about the regrets that I feel about my cowardice in 1975; that he'll pause in his flight, grab a hammer, and use it to drop the startled abuser in its tracks.

It's a legitimate and reasonable thought.

12.7. Grace Kiraly and I remained on a civil basis. She'd say terrible things, things that would come out of a sick mind, but then she'd forget that she'd said them. And Jim Kiraly never expressed anything but pleasure at receiving a call.

Discussion was at least possible. So, by Thanksgiving 2011, I felt confident enough to ask my parents to work with me on a book.

I'd conceived the book in 1971. I was standing, at the time, in my sneakers on the schoolyard. I'd never really put the idea aside. 40 years later, to the year, it was time to make progress. I wasn't prepared to be told, instantly, that Jim was going to phone “the police” if I ever communicated with him or Grace again.

I didn't understand what was happening until months later. But Jim had instantly assumed that the book was going to be about the time that he broke Grace's nose and the abuse of other types that had occurred for decades.

### **13. Scott Kiraly.**

13.1. Scott is one of the elephants in the room. Literally, in terms of size. That isn't deprecation of people with weight issues. I've been up and down the scale myself. But Scott, as a total package, was unusual.

13.2. Scott was severely disabled. As part of this, he'd inherited Jim's OCD and the damaged part of Jim's mind. In short, Scott was Jim to the next level. He didn't have Jim's rage, but he was dangerous regardless.

It's amazing that Grace was able to deal with an abusive and controlling husband, Jim, on one side and a severely disabled son, Scott, on the other. She was as artificial as diet cola and as shallow as a puddle, but she made a nightmare work. With my help in my role as the emotional wastebasket for decades, but whatever.

13.3. Scott was eventually able to speak. He was mainstreamed, in the end, and he was able to hold jobs as an adult. But, if you talked to him, you knew that there was nothing there.

I'm not referring to intelligence. It's about the ability to reflect. This is what separates animals from people. My family members were animals in a neurological sense. Scott was simply an extreme case.

13.4. I remember one time that we had to ask the police to come. If Scott had been Black, they'd have shot him. But that wasn't the case, and the house conveyed the impression of wealth as well. So, there wasn't a major problem.

13.5. In the mid-1980s, Jim and Grace believed that Scott might kill his next older brother Ken. So, Ken was sent to stay with me while Jim and Grace had Scott shipped off to a Christian prison. I was the only one of Scott's brothers to visit him there.

13.6. I was different, neurologically, myself. There were things normals could do that I couldn't do. And I had abilities of my own, minor but unique, that I didn't acknowledge or use until half a century later.

The differences didn't matter in preschool or kindergarten. However, we moved to a new city, Walnut Creek, when I was about 6 and a half. It didn't go well. I withdrew, for at least 2 years, into an isolated state.

I obtained high grades regardless. My IQ was unusually high and this simplified things. Grace suspected that there were problems at school, but she didn't actually want to know. My report cards, she told a relative, proved that everything was all right.

So, sure, f\*ck Bob.

13.7. At the age of 11, I felt periodically that my life was at risk due to an inability to breathe. No medical care for the issue was offered.

I rode my red bicycle to town and purchased, with my allowance, a drug that children can't buy today. I believe that it was pseudoephedrine. In high doses, the drug made it possible for me to breathe. I wonder what happens to those who are like I was in similar situations today. Not able to get medicine themselves and nobody will do it for them.

13.8. During one period, Scott was under the control of a mentally ill young man his age. The youth in question ordered Scott to phone a radio show and talk about "n\*ggers". Scott obeyed and the two were pleased by reactions to the call.

13.9. In the decades that followed, Scott's life faded to a dull grey. I continued to be supportive of him. It remained pointless. He wasn't able to understand that I existed.

Scott ballooned to 300 to 400 pounds in weight. I discussed the problem with the one female friend that he had. No solutions were found. Unless the situation has improved, Scott is mathematically supposed to be deceased now. People in that weight range usually kick the bucket in their 50s (assuming that they make it that far).

If Scott is still alive, I bear him no ill will. But I've reached the stage where I talk frankly. And, frankly, the world would have been better off without Scott in it. A nicer place. But that is true of other people as well.

#### **14. Racial issues.**

14.1. I should explain that Scott's parents, Jim and Grace Kiraly, would never use the word "n\*gger".

Fundamentalists of the middle-class and wealthy types in California don't talk that way. However, they do feel that Blacks are lazy and were better off under slavery because they (quote) "ate better than their masters". This was the view that books in the Kiraly household espoused.

14.2. We lived in Walnut Creek, CA. It's a megapolis now, but it used to be a small town. In the 1960s, the small town was lily-white.

I didn't meet my first Black person until I was age 10. A Church field trip took a Sunday School class far away and there I talked to a Black boy my own age. Yes, the area was that White.

Akhil Amar, discussed in the Cast of Characters list, was the first non-White person that I ever talked to on a regular basis. It's odd to think that his family must have been one of the first to break the color barrier in the area.

The only other non-White person that I remember being in my Walnut Creek school classes was a Filipino boy. He was a bully and I wanted nothing to do with him. Akhil was different. He was a peer and somebody that I could test myself against.

14.3. The most interesting lesson that I remember about Black people is that my parents used to say "There are good Black people as well as bad Black people".

What I wondered, as I was a literal and naive child, was, why didn't they ever say, "There are good White people as well as bad White people" ?

## **15. The gag-order cases.**

15.1. I asked my parents to work with me on a book. My father immediately threatened me with “the police” and hung up the phone.

I called Jim back and said “What the Hell?” or words to that effect. Jim hung up the phone again. We repeated this process a number of times. This was the only occasion in 2011 where non-consensual phone calls took place.

15.2. I shrugged and went about my business. About two months later, Grace Kiraly showed up unexpectedly in the lobby of my apartment building. She hadn’t called or asked permission to visit.

We ate at the local Olive Garden restaurant. Nothing was settled, but Grace commenced a series of phone calls to me. As I proved later in Court, the calls were from her residence to mine. Future drafts will discuss the calls.

15.3. I proceeded with a book. I asked Grace Kiraly, as part of this, if she’d object to me interviewing her pastor about the nature of a “Christ Follower”. Grace said that that would be fine.

I made an appointment with Grace’s pastor. I waited a week, and had a pleasant chat with him. Jim learned about the call and was enraged. In Court, subsequently, he implied that I’d called the pastor to rant about the abuse. This was never stated, it was just implied. It was like that with everything to do with the cases.

15.4. These days, of course, I mass-mail hundreds of people at a time to tell this story. One of my greatest concerns is that Jim might pass away before I’ve saturated the entire city of Solvang, CA – for legitimate and reasonable purposes that are protected under U.S. laws – with expanded versions of this draft.

I’d hoped to grow old quietly in my home. The apartment wasn’t in good shape, it was very small, and one of the owners was deranged. But I’d been there 25 years. If I was going to leave, it should have happened differently. These people had no right to take all I had to protect lies that weren’t even needed.

It hadn’t even occurred to me to talk about Jim Kiraly’s past. Jim’s senile delusions conjured what was apparently his greatest nightmare out of thin air. But to talk about everything is the only thing that matters now. It’s the only way to impart meaning to the loss of what amounts to a lifetime. The ironies are abundant.

15.5. Jim started to contact relatives. He said things like this: “Don’t be afraid to give me something to prosecute Bob”. How sweet.

15.6. Jim also phoned doctors in his area and tried to get them to write a note which was to say, based solely on Jim’s demands, that I was dangerous and should be locked up so that I’d be unable to talk about Jim.

15.7. A cousin leaked to me that Jim and my brother Tom, now CFO of Hanger, Inc. in Austin, TX, were talking about the possibility that they could have me prosecuted for extortion. Extortion for what wasn't clear as I'd asked them for nothing.

I revealed publicly that I was aware of the "extortion" discussions. Jim and Tom assumed that I must have "hacked" their Gmail accounts. They made the "hacking" allegation part of the legal cases that ultimately came.

15.8. In the Spring of 2012, I tried to phone my brothers Ken and Tom to ask what was going on in Jim's head.

It was fair to assume that Ken and Tom would explain what was happening. But neither of them answered the phone. It took me months to understand that this was intentional.

When I figured it out, I left mocking voicemails. I don't recall using obscenities. And the closest that I came to making a "threat" was to state that I'd "take Jim apart on the witness stand" – or similar wording – if Jim didn't stop his threats.

15.9. During this period, my right hand turned blue and swelled up. The pain was excruciating. I was afraid that I'd lose the hand.

But I had to deal with Jim's threats and there was no way to make him stop.

15.10. I phoned the Pismo Beach police and told them I planned to send Jim postcards advising him that he needed to stop threatening me. They said, "Sure, that isn't inappropriate". So, I sent Jim postcards which said "You cannot stop the book".

In Court, later on, the postcards were submitted as "evidence". Evidence of what was never stated.

15.11. In May 2012, I worked up my courage and phoned Jim for the first time that year. I told him, "You can't hurt me any longer, Jimmy. Wife-beater. Child abuser."

Jim hung up. But of course he had to have the last word. My understanding is that he initiated Court actions 1 to 2 weeks later. The filing was abuse of process; we'll come back to that. The key points up front are that I was never asked to communicate, or not to communicate, or to do anything at all as an alternative to litigation.

And I wasn't informed of a Court action.

15.12. On or circa my birthday a month later, in June 2012, I left a number of people mocking but polite "Goodbye Forever" voicemail messages. I don't remember if Jim and Grace got one or not. But Ken Kiraly received a special message.

Ken was the brother that I'd done the most for. And he wasn't picking up the phone. I had the right to be sure that my little brother would receive a Goodbye Forever message. :-)

So, I left Ken Kiraly a voicemail at Amazon.

At the time, Amazon had a generous 10-minute time limit for voicemail. I composed a 10-minute message. It talked about the good times. Grace lying drunk on the couch, Jim's physical violence, me smashing my hand in the car door to save Ken, the years that Ken had lived with me rent-free, the part about me supporting him when Multiscope failed, everything.

I thanked Ken for all that he'd done to repay his debts to me. Which was, of course, nothing.

It was a nice message. I sent it to Ken. As an afterthought, I sent it to perhaps 400 to 500 people at Amazon as well.

I like to think that Ken got the message.

15.13. Amazon has changed the way that its voicemail system works. It's probably a coincidence. Surely a matter as minor as this one would be of little concern to a huge corporation. I did receive death threats. But it's not clear how far up the ladder they went.

I was told that Amazon was going to "grease" my "ass". But, 7 years later, the promised lubrication hasn't arrived. My "ass" is regretful as it's old and probably needs maintenance.

There were death threats of other types. But the most dramatic one was probably from Ken Kiraly himself as opposed to Amazon per se.

15.14. I was never lawfully served. But I learned a few days after my birthday that Court was less than a week later. And I had no attorney.

I tried frantically to obtain an attorney. In the process, I forgot to drink water. The day before Court, I nearly died.

15.15. I met the actual Angel of Death. It's not a metaphor. We're talking about a tall fellow, white wings, not a big talker. Don't let the wings brush up against you. They're soft, but they leave marks as they pass.

It was, of course, what the Indians used to refer to as a Spirit Quest. There was no objective reality involved. But if I'd handled the meeting differently, I wouldn't be here today. That much was quite genuine.

I went to the hospital. I didn't make it on the first attempt. The story is for later drafts of this document. I made it to the E.R. in the end and stayed there for the day.

The next day, I went to Court and obtained a continuance.

I couldn't quite walk, but I had to take the bus and make it there regardless. Halfway there, a mentally ill passenger panicked and the bus had to stop. I should have been irritated, but I was mostly glad that the police didn't come to kill him. The point isn't intended to be disrespectful to the police; it's just that that's what they do.

Jim was seeking a gag order. Which I was never going to sign and I never did. So, I spent the next 11 months watching what was left of my life savings evaporate.

## **16. Abuse of process.**

16.1. Jim Kiraly's Pleadings included no actual allegations except for one. And that allegation didn't support the type of litigation that was initiated.

This is known as abuse of process. It's a crime, but not a death-penalty crime. Reasonable people would agree with reclassification.

16.2. I'd never made a non-consensual phone call to Jim, ever that I recall, except for one day. This was right after Thanksgiving 2011 when Jim threatened me with "the police" and hung up. I called him back and said "What the Hell". He hung up and I called him back to reiterate the point.

I called Jim again in May 2012 and told him off as I mentioned in part 15.11. That wasn't a non-consensual call, as my mother had ended the order not to communicate months before.

Jim never asked me in 2012 not to communicate. He could have sought a restraining order, regardless, but his attorneys figured that he had a weak case. Actually, no case, since the "Jim never asked me" part contradicts the entire point of a restraining order.

Michael Bonetto, Jim's attorney, refers to that as a "claim". It's odd, but I can't seem to recall any claim to the effect that I *\*was\** asked. In a year of litigation that was initiated without a single relevant allegation. We'll come back to Michael in future drafts.

At any rate, Bonetto went for broke and tried for, not a regular restraining order, but an emergency restraining order. He figured that the "emergency" part would make the process easier. For those who like to look things up, this was a CLETS action.

16.3. The problem with Jim's CLETS case was that it was supposed to involve physical violence or threats of physical violence.

Actually, for CLETS, you're supposed to go to Court with photographs of bruises. Jim just had his own record as a violent abuser. Which he didn't tell his attorneys about. I imagine that they were overjoyed to hear that they'd agreed to help a violent abuser try for a gag-order to silence one of his victims in a wheelchair.

It's a prosecutable crime to initiate a case of this type. But attorneys know that their clients, if sufficiently wealthy, will never face a penalty for this crime.

And Jim Kiraly and Tom Kiraly – who was also involved, we'll come back to him – are probably worth 25 to 50 million dollars in total assets, counting the assets that they've hidden and tax dodges of different types.

I like to collect trivia. Here's a fun bit: Tom's kids were registered as a corporation before they were old enough to vote. But surely any citizen, no matter how high or low, has the option of doing this to get around taxes.

16.4. Jim looked at his caller ID, added up the number of calls I'd made to his residence in 2011, and said that the calls were non-consensual. This is the only specific allegation that I recall seeing in Jim's Pleadings.



The paperwork implied that I was threatening to to accuse Jim of physical and/or sexual abuse but didn't state this as a fact.

The paperwork implied that I was threatening to accuse one or more brothers of sexual abuse but didn't state this as a fact.

The paperwork implied that I'd hacked into Jim's and/or Tom's computers but didn't state this as a fact.

16.5. Nothing in Jim's paperwork had anything to do with physical violence, which was the entire point of the type of litigation that had been initiated. And there were no specific allegations except for one of non-consensual phone calls a year before.

When I eventually obtained an attorney, I asked him, "What is this? How is this legal?"

My attorney responded that it wasn't legal. It was abuse of process and I should hire a torts specialist to counter-sue for \$350,000 to \$500,000. He did nothing about the abuse of process himself. Later on, I learned that he was supposed to do so.

Gee, thanks, John Perrott. By the way, in a legitimate and reasonable sense that is protected under U.S. laws, you belong to me. We'll come back to you in future drafts.

16.6. Jim's paperwork added, "Bob is a danger to himself and others".

Um, right back at you, Chuckles. You're the one who beat up my mother – Grace Kiraly of 636 Atterdag Road – brutalized me as well, and left me with the memory of a sexual incident that has never faded.

And I did... what, exactly? Speak, respected paterfamilias, before your soul dissolves and washes down the gutters to Hell.

16.7. The point of the litigation was clear from the start.

Jim Kiraly was trying to extort my signature on a gag order. This was explicitly spelled out in one of the case documents. The document said that I should go to jail – and pay \$5,000 – if I ever "discussed" my father with anybody. The exact word "discussed" was used.

A few months into the cases, I voluntarily signed a stipulation that gave Jim everything but the gag order. The stipulation was ignored.

Every offer of settlement was ignored. Jim wasn't going to go away unless I signed the gag order. Which I was never going to do.

My life savings drained at the rate of thousands of dollars per month. This was the plan. I was supposed to crack and sign instead of becoming homeless. But I never signed. And, in the end, I lost my home of 25 years.

16.8. Jim Kiraly persuaded my brother Tom Kiraly, a V.P. of Humana, to file for an emergency anti-violence restraining order as well.

The gag order that Jim hoped for factored into Tom's decision.

Jim told Tom that I was planning to accuse Tom of sexual abuse of Tom's children. At the time, Tom was planning to move from V.P. at one company to CFO at another. He didn't want any publicity that might affect his career change.

So, Tom agreed to try to force me to sign the gag order.

16.9. Tom had absolutely nothing to work with. So, his paperwork included the following allegations:

\* Tom said that I'd started "stalking" him in January 2012. In fact, I'd made an appointment with Tom's secretary for me to call Tom and wish him Happy Birthday, he'd taken the call with evident pleasure, and he'd invited me to call back subsequently.

\* After Thanksgiving 2011, Jim did go ahead and call "the police" to try to pressure them to stop my book. The police dismissed him as a crank. They never contacted me. I spoke with them only when I called them myself.

Jim and Tom didn't know whether or not the police had phoned me in response to Jim's rant to a desk sergeant. But Tom's Pleadings – I think that it was Tom's Pleadings as opposed to Jim's – included a long story that went like this:

"The police probably called Bob, though we are not actually saying that they did, and most likely warned him that it is bad to harass people, though it is speculation that anything was said and we are not making any specific allegations."

The story continued in that vein.

It wasn't clear to me how the story of a call that wasn't even formally alleged to have taken place was suitable as the basis for demands for emergency restraining orders. The story didn't even involve Tom. WTH.

But Jim and Tom were, after all, White and incredibly wealthy. So, more fool I for expressing confusion about the point.

\* My favorite part of Tom Kiraly's Pleadings had to do with books of religious poetry.

My maternal grandfather, Ivan Kmeta, was a minister and religious writer for about 65 years. I inherited some of the books that he'd written.

The books were mostly of religious poetry, though there was one unique novel named "Year 2000", set in the far future of that year, that speculated about the possibility of a religious awakening.

I was an idiot when I was younger. So, naturally, I assumed that the fact Grace was Ivan's daughter meant that she'd value the books and put them in a safe place. But the tuna-for-brains lost them almost immediately.

She most likely gave them to Goodwill. It was a lovely disposition of something precious and irreplaceable.

I understood that Tom was to be the executor of the family estate. My parents had asked me to serve in this capacity, but I'd demurred.

So, I decided to leave the books that remained to Tom in my Will. In Spring 2012, I left Tom a voice-mail message to this effect. It was interesting to find the following point subsequently in Tom's Pleadings:

"I feel that the message about the books was in some manner a threat to harm me or my livelihood."

This is a paraphrase, but it's pretty close to the original. I'll review the original paperwork as work on this document continues.

Reasonable people who review the gag-order cases will agree that Tom belongs in prison. He'll outlive Jim by decades, so it's possible. But it'll be satisfactory to me if the story of the actions of these parties serves to improve society; perhaps by the passing of legislation that makes abuse of process a capital offense.

## **17. How the gag-order cases proceeded.**

I've written this part in the past, but I'll need to try again. It'll take a while. The year of the cases was phantasmagorical and it's difficult to make that come across. For this draft, it's just glimpses of a nightmare.

17.1. So, a wife beater and child abuser tried to use an emergency anti-violence measure to force his victim in a wheelchair to sign a gag order.

17.2. One of the Plaintiffs lived 200 miles from Respondent. The other lived 3,000 miles away. Respondent couldn't stand or walk reliably, didn't own a car, had lost the use of his right hand, and hadn't been asked to do, or not do, anything at all as an alternative to litigation.

The only physical violence or threats of violence were from both of the Plaintiffs towards Respondent.

Neither Plaintiff had allegations – not even false allegations – that supported CLETS. Additionally, lead Plaintiff was an actual wife-beater and actual child abuser. The sole point to litigation was to force Respondent to sign a gag order.

Respondent wasn't even served. He nearly died in a frantic effort to find an attorney in days. Sure, that's going to happen. But nobody stopped these people. Nobody sent them to jail. They're still worth millions of dollars and they laugh.

17.3. I told my attorney, John Perrott, to file a \$150 Motion to Limit Scope. He ignored the order. Eventually, he said that I should pay him thousand of dollars to write a magic document instead. The Court would look at the magic document and grant me attorney fees paid in advance.

I agreed. John billed me about \$3,500 to write a document. It didn't say much about fees paid in advance. The Court admonished John for submitting a piece of sh\*t. He looked like a deer caught in the headlights.

Afterwards, John told me that the admonishment had been a great victory for our side. When I questioned this assessment, he said, "You're depressive". :-)

17.4. I attended a deposition as a Pro-Per. The cases were supposed to be about physical violence. I was asked, "Do you know how to hack Gmail" ?

After that, I was asked to speculate on my attorney's legal strategy. No, none of this was legal.

17.5. Opposing Counsel, Michael Bonetto, had no specific and relevant allegations to work with. The Court warned him that he needed to come up with something related to physical violence. Bonetto decided that I should be filmed so that my autistic manner of speaking could be characterized as physically frightening. Yay.

Jim and Grace are in Solvang, CA, waiting to die of natural causes quietly and with honor. The "with honor" part isn't going to happen. It isn't appropriate. I'm speaking, of course, in a legitimate and reasonable sense that is protected under U.S. laws.

17.6. My attorney, John Perrott, and Jim Kiraly's and Tom Kiraly's attorney, Michael Bonetto cut a deal that was supposed to defraud Michael's clients. John asked me to go along with it.

Jim and Tom were pouring money into a law firm that was stealing from them. Say, Jim, you know that I'm telling the truth. How do you like them apples?

I didn't give a quacking duck about my abuser's wallet. But this sort of thing isn't how I roll. I'll comment on this stage later.

17.7. Ken Kiraly didn't file for CLETS. However, the paperwork included a statement by him that contained, once again, speculation as opposed to specific allegations. I asked my attorney, "Is it legal for Ken's statement to be included?" My attorney said, no, it wasn't legal. However, he refused to file a motion to have Ken's statement removed.

He said that such a motion would annoy the Court and make it more inclined to rule against me. The rules didn't matter.

17.8. Jim and Tom sent a demand for my medical records dating back to birth. This type of demand is illegal. I ordered John Perrott to respond as follows: "Look in my diapers, b\*tches." I think that he disobeyed me on this occasion.

17.9. Things turned more surreal in 2013. The other side stopped even pretending that this was about more than waiting for me to run out of money.

I kept offering everything but the gag order. The offers were ignored. Opposing Counsel refused even to hold a settlement conference. I understand now that the Kiralys had ordered him to do nothing that would cost money. The settlement conference fell under that.

Towards the end, my side received a form that was intended for use in traffic-accident cases. To save money, Jim and Tom had printed out some sort of do-it-yourself legal webpage themselves and told Michael Bonetto to send it to us. I instructed John Perrott to sh\*t on it. I think that he obeyed me in this instance.

17.10. One of the paralegals in my attorney's law office, Lisi Zhang, told me "Get out of the cases any way that you can. John isn't going to do anything."

The last part was true. By this point, I'd realized that John was ignoring orders and stealing me blind. But Lisi didn't offer an explanation of what to do. Of course, she meant, sign the gag order. The one thing that I couldn't do.

17.11. I was frightened by all of this at the time. These days, it pleases me to tell attorneys who cross the line: "You're a crunchy and delicious part of a nutritious breakfast".

If you can't back that up, it's posturing to say it. But I'm pleased to report that, in the years since 2013, one General Counsel quit her job after I made a friendly observation related to her trajectory towards prison, one head of a Law Firm retired after failing to take down my websites, and several others sh\*t their pants as they ran. The stories are fun. Future drafts of this document will name names and provide details.

You can't touch attorneys who are on solid ground and don't cross the line. Additionally, if attorneys do cross the line, the usual outcome is that State Bar performs fellatio on them while stating "Don't do that again or you'll get more of this".

That is how the grand majesty of enforcement works for most professions that are allowed to judge their own members.

But some attorneys are overconfident and consider lay-people to be dimwits. They don't hesitate to cross the line to the point where, in a legitimate and reasonable sense that is protected under U.S. laws, they're your property.

17.12. 11 months into the cases, Jim Kiraly and Tom Kiraly lost. John Perrott said that they'd probably spent in the six figures. However, they got far less, for their trouble, than I'd offered repeatedly from the start.

And I got their signatures on a contract in which I promised to talk about them to tens of thousands of people. When I need to boost my mood, I imagine Jim's expression, in particular, at the moment he realized what was in the contract.

I don't think that Jim Kiraly signed the contract directly. His signature appeared to be a digital fake. I pointed this out to John Perrott. He said, "Do you really want to look closely at this?"

Jim probably authorized his attorney, Michael Bonetto, to use the fake. But Bonetto and Perrott both wanted out at this point. It's possible that Bonetto just said "F\*ck you" and filed the contract without Jim's consent.

If that's the case, it's even funnier.

The contract wasn't a settlement per se. The Court knew from the start that the cases were egregious abuse of process. It refused, at the end, to be involved at all. It would have been nice if that decision could have been made before I lost my home of 25 years.

I "won". But my net worth hit zero. I lost my home, my community, and most of my possessions, including hundreds of the books that the boy had loved. I lost even the "Universal Anthology" that Ivan Kmeta had owned as a youth 100 years before.

17.13. My life was sacrificed on an altar half a century tall. An altar made of wealth and abuse of process. The sacrifice needs to be useful.

My life expectancy might be shorter now than it would have been otherwise. I might not be able to finish much.

But, even if Jim and Grace pass away, I'll have the others who were involved in the gag-order cases to use as part of a legitimate and reasonable research project, one protected under U.S. laws, that promotes positive social goals.

We'll see what makes sense. What, in legitimate and reasonable contexts that are protected under U.S. laws, is possible.

## **18. The questions.**

To contact the author, use the Contact button on the Haggis Hell weblog. The list of Legitimate and Reasonable Purposes is on the weblog as well. Links are in part 19 below.

Note to attorneys: There's no such thing as registered email. Attorneys who try to use it risk embarrassment.

Answer such questions as you're able to answer. In some cases, cash will be paid, for legitimate and reasonable purposes that are protected under U.S. laws, for information. Note to attorneys: Don't even try to ellipse the middle part.

First, questions related directly to Jim, Grace, Tom, and Ken Kiraly. If you don't know these people, skip this part.

18.1. Filial devotion demands that the question be asked: Is Jim Kiraly in his right mind or have we reached the point where he's a danger to himself as well as to others?

18.2. Are Jim Kiraly and Grace Kiraly still residents of 636 Atterdag Road? They were in unit 11A in the Spring. They moved to 21B in the Summer, possibly to be closer to medical care or some other resource. But they may have moved again.

18.3. Has either person talked about moving to Menlo Park, CA or Austin, TX?

18.4. Do Jim and Grace rely on the on-grounds chaplain for religious support or do they attend Church services at one of the many fine nearby religious institutions?

18.5. I'd like to sue Jim, Tom, and/or Ken Kiraly. If any of these parties has made statements regarding me, and I'm not yet aware of the statements, I may be able to use them in defamation actions regardless of time that has passed. So, spill. Note to attorneys: Protected Action doesn't apply to statements made subsequent to a case.

Next, questions for anybody who'd like to answer:

18.6. Does Solvang, CA include anti-abuse groups that I might contact in connection with anti-abuse publicity and activities?

18.7. Is there an attorney in Solvang, CA or the area who I might talk to? I should add that Jim and his son Tom, who is vulnerable in litigation contexts as well, are plump and delicious financial targets. We're talking about tens of millions of dollars plump and delicious.

In 2011, I wanted nothing from these people. At this point, with my life destroyed, I figure that I'm due figures totaling in the millions. Yes, in a world where abuse of process is winked at, that's unrealistic. But I'll give as much as 75% of whatever can be obtained to an attorney who demonstrates that he or she has teeth and will use them.

18.8. Are you a political figure? If so, are you able to refer me to legislators or groups or agencies that would be willing to discuss abuse of process?

18.9. There's only one P.I. listed close to Solvang, CA and he's not to be trusted. I'm referring to John Taylor, P.I. You can read more about Mr. Taylor, fraud extraordinaire, at:

<https://haggishell.com/pi/johntaylor.html>

Are you able to share contact information for other P.I.s who are located nearby and less inclined to steal from unwary clients?

18.10. Are you able to update me in connection with any of the parties listed in part 3 or part 5?

18.11. What other information would you like to offer or sell? Note: Don't waste our mutual time. It's pointless to troll me.

## **19. Main web links.**

OldCoder's weblog: <https://haggishell.com/>

OldCoder's Twitter feed: <https://twitter.com/BoldCoder>

Christmas video related to OldCoder: <https://haggishell.com/xmas>

Legitimate and Reasonable Purposes: <https://haggishell.com/infopurposes>

(concluded on next page)

**20. A Family Tree is here to see.**

```
Frank Kiraly
  +-----+---- Bill Kiraly      +--- Robert Kiraly
Anna Varsa   |
              +---- James Kiraly  |
              +-----+---- Tom Kiraly
Ivan Kmeta   |                    +-----+---- Riane Kiraly
              +---- Grace Kmeta   |                    Karen Washmon |
              +-----+---- Anatol Kmeta |                    +---- James Kiraly
Olga Kmeta   |                    +---- Ken Kiraly
              +---- Eddie Kmeta   |                    +-----+---- James Kiraly
              |                    |                    Virginia Chang |
              |                    |                    +---- Paul Kiraly
              |                    +---- Scott Kiraly
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