

# Ron Vara speaks out at last.

*by* stephen hastings-king

He's an empty sock and a non-entity, a thief and a fraud who steals his ideas from my work because he has no ideas but is also not much of a reader so the ideas he does have, which are versions of ideas I had before him, are barely recognizable, which is not great, but I could have lived with it had he not been so careful----so maddeningly and maliciously careful---to cite me as the source of his badly chewed and spit back versions of my work that he presents as his work, work that is always the same and, with that in mind, I would in the past allow myself to think there can't be any more of this who in their right mind would publish even more of it there cannot be any need for even more of it and that, maybe, if there isn't any more of it, I can let time pass and people forget and then walk away from the damage he has done but then yet another version of his book, his one, shitty book, would be published I would be tethered by the footnotes to his hopelessly mangled claims all over again.

This happened like clockwork. Every couple years yet another version of his one shitty book would be published the only one he will ever write but that he will publish over and over because he can.

Sometimes I would think: He's the imaginary one. I projected him or made him up. But why would I do this to myself? Typically, people who project this sort of Persecuting Other do so because of childhood trauma, but mine was in general a happy one.

For many years I was consumed with the desire to kill Peter Navarro. I fashioned all manner of schemes in my mind for how to do it: shoot him, stab him, hire a hit person, tamper with his car, put a bomb under it. For many years I would kill Peter Navarro inwardly like chess players inwardly rehearse famous games.

Peter Navarro is still alive. Now I'm on TV telling this story to the world. But escape from his infernal machine seems too much to hope for.

