

Emailed to Council 1. 3/18/11

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Dear sir;

Criticism of waterboarding, a form of torture used by America when questioning terrorists has caused the invention of a new and more efficient form of inquisition which will ultimately lead to the murder of hundreds of millions of people around the world. The new method could be called 'mind reading'.

Here's how it works.

For years it has been possible to point what looks like a rifle at someone a considerable distance away, pull the trigger and hear what the target is saying, however quietly. That device has evolved. Now you can be above the target's ceiling below their floor or on the other side of a wall in another apartment, and pick up their speech clearly.

Side
Ah! but there's more! Everyone mumbles and talks in their sleep — even if they don't snore — even if you can't normally hear it. That talking is extremely slow. A single snore ~~is~~ might express only one or two syllables. People seldom pay attention.

No more!

The modern American agent might acquire an apartment above that of the victim (target), point the listening device about the unseen room below until he locates the head of the victim. The sounds (whispers) of quiet sleep are tremendously amplified — not as sounds, but as silent electronic signals corresponding to the sounds. ~~These~~ These signals are then sped up electronically to normal talking speed, then the words are electronically printed out.

In their deepest sleep people — all people mutter quietly and cogently about their concerns. Thus, the modern American inquisitor can read on his printout machine everything the victim is thinking about — unconsciously — overnight.

No longer will soldiers be able to confidently announce, "I'll only give you my name, rank and serial number." During the night the soldier will unknowingly reveal half of what he knows of his unit's position, ammunition and strategy. The next night he'll reveal half of his remaining military secrets.

How do I know all this? Here's how my (so far) ³⁴ day ordeal began.

I am 78 years old, my wife is 65. A few months ago, my wife went to a doctor to get pain pills for sciatica. Writing out her prescription, the doctor observed that my wife was prediabetic, so he added three more prescriptions: one for high blood pressure, ~~the~~ one for high cholesterol, and one for diabetes.

FOR THE HUMAN RIGHTS COMMISSION

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At home my wife took one of the new pills — and vomited!
 The second pill caused a brain-damaging stroke and permanent loss of equilibrium. Asked to walk, my wife put her arms up like a baby bird trying to fly, and looked up at the sky! Asked, then, to take a step, she would slide one foot forward an inch, still peering at the sky. I feared my wife would spend the rest of her life in a wheel chair. She still toddles like a 2-year old.

She asked me to throw out the new prescription pills. I said OK, but saved them. A week later I offered her the newly prescribed pills again. She again told me to throw them out. I did.

A couple of days later, the friend who'd driven her to the doctor's office called and tried to persuade her to take the poisonous pharmaceuticals. Feeling harrassed, she handed the phone to me. I explained why I'd thrown out the poison pills.

That evening, her "friend" phoned the "elderly abuse" people on a "rat line" (a phone number to be used to report neighbor's behavior to the authorities).

Shortly afterward, we were visited by two successive social workers investigating my seemingly evil behavior.

Satisfied with my explanation, the last social worker said she didn't expect to see us again. But a few weeks later, I received a summons to a court hearing.

Consulting an AARP lawyer, who charged nothing for a 45 minute interview, I was told that my case was based on "big brother sticking his nose in where it was not needed." He also warned me that a lawyer would take every penny we had for his fee — and that family courts are very powerful. They don't just take people's children away, they also separate husbands and wives.

"What if I flee," I asked.

As a lawyer, he could not advise me to do that — but added: "If you do flee, it is unlikely the family court would pursue you."

We decided to flee rather than give our small life's savings to a lawyer. But it took a couple of weeks to pack.

On 10/29 I came home from my usual trip to the public library to notice a strange couple seated near the front door of my apartment building. I said hello. The woman replied, the man did not.

A single elderly lady lived in the apartment above mine. That night they talked on and off all night long. I could faintly understand them. The man knew every detail of the pill incident. And he knew we were going to flee. I kept our destination a secret until one day I blurted it out to my wife. That night the man knew our destination!

The man would talk about what room I was in, what part of the room, where my head was. I thought of covering my head with a box. The man then said he could not make out my words! Sometimes he would say: "Now he's talking about...." I would realize that I'd been 'noiselessly' talking to myself about that very subject. The man was recording everything in our apartment. — 24/7.

The lady who lived there and a man

Another night he ~~he~~ knew about the 12 years my wife and I had taken care of my mother who'd had a stroke. I'd never spoken about that to anyone in the building as it sounded like bragging.

We fled — Texas to San Francisco, my home town. The East Indian who owned the slum hotel where ^{we} stayed initially, was persuaded to use the revolutionary recording machine.

When his wife saw what the machine could do, she screamed, NO! The next night, two tenants abandoned the hotel. One said, "You're trying to turn this into a federal case! I'm getting the hell out of here!" Another said, "That's it! I'm leaving!"

The third morning, the spy handler came in and screamed, "That's not what we want! You've got 130,000 words here, and you say this guy murdered a man when he was 21 by hitting him in the head with a baseball bat! That never happened!"

Indeed, it did not. Had I been dreaming? That's why the C.I.A. rejected this kind of information gathering years ago. Apparently President George W. Bush has brought it back!

I knew the 'Family Court' system could not, or would not, track us from Texas, across New Mexico, Arizona and all the way to San Francisco — and be using a superspy machine on us our first night in town.

It then occurred to me that President George W. Bush's Terrorist program must be responsible. The fools thought I was a potential terrorist because, during the 1960's riots and sit-ins — led by Communists and Socialists, I had become associated with a vociferous opposition group. That group was NEVER on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations. We did nothing but picket and make speeches. We cooperated fully both with the local police and the F.B.I. We reported anyone bringing guns or explosives to our meetings to the authorities. Anyone expressing a desire to harm others was warned, then expelled from the organization.

I left the organization after graduation from the University of California at Berkeley. Then the founder and head of the organization was murdered and I was forever busy raising my family.

Other organizations using the same name came into being — and occasionally fired weapons.

I guess the half-wits in Washington, D.C. thought I'd been in some of the later foolish groups.

Oh, well!

But why was the family court system associated with "W's" ~~that~~ anti-terrorist program? Almost every ~~one~~ defendant in the family court system is poverty stricken and uneducated. They are like the blacks and mentally

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damaged people who, unable to defend themselves, were experimented upon like laboratory rats during World War II in the United States. The anti-terrorist people were experimenting on me and my wife — and countless others — with their superspy machine!

STOP!

Emergency —

On 1 Oct. '79 the man downstairs said he was going to come up here and destroy my letters. I countered that by getting on the phone and reading the first page of this letter to two small local newspapers — reading to their recording machine.

The man downstairs prepared to flee to New Orleans — but his handler snuffed off the threat.

This morning I woke up to hear the downstairs spy recite my entire investment history and say he'd try to get my ATM card and steal all the money in my bank account.

So that's what's going to happen — world-wide. I thought the spy could sell his machine to the Mafia, who could hire hackers to duplicate it — then sell the machines for a million dollars apiece!

He heard my muttering — as I learned upon awakening this morning.

So I said it out loud — "the guy downstairs could sell that machine to the Mafia for a million dollars."

Time is running out. I shall just finish this letter by pasting some final rough draft notes below.

You may not believe what I've written above. I've never seen the machine but consider the consequences of such a device. A Mohammedan terrorist could name comrades who participated in a crime but escaped — or name helpful contacts in the U.S. Or describe a plan he'd been working on.

~~That's~~ — That's good!

But imagine in the future how a South American dictator could put the finger on an enemy before the enemy had a chance to act. And the enemy would name all his co-conspirators. Hundreds of millions could die in China.

I believe the world v to futur will be like the horror described in the decades-old novels "1984"

1984 is upon us!

My wife and I have bin pursued monitored "secretly" (!?) for 31 days straight now with no let up. Some monitors decided we were innocent victims and quit — or were fired! But they were instantly replaced by meaner more callous monitors. One ~~monitor~~ spy-handler and recruiter ~~had~~ had trouble finding a tenant to monitor me and gave my neighbors a horrendous lecture about what a monstrous group I'd once bin a member of. associated with.

I've found that sleeping with a wide soft pillow over my head is the most effective defence against monitoring! But someday tiny electronic monitors will be implanted in pillows and mattresses.

In case you do not believe the above account, I wrote a book entitled, "Gorgon Head and Golden Tongue" which in the National Library of Ireland, the Library of Congress, the NYC Public Library and numerous other libraries in the U.S. The book was finished about 1989. On p 4 I tell how I knew of the possibility of constructing an atomic bomb BEFORE World War II began. I also made a presentation in 1944 about how we were going to the moon in rockets soon.

Not one person believed me when I talked of atomic bombs and travel to the moon. I fear no-one will believe me now!

"1984" is upon us! stupidity

The credit and ~~stupidity~~ of today's system ^{they} will be eliminated and every dictator in the world will use the ^{new} "mind reading" device to kill all his opponents before can organize and take action.

I mailed this letter to the ACLU. The spy handler knew of my intent and had my letter removed from the Post Office before it could leave town.

So the top man monitoring us is high up in the government.

A couple of days ago I told my story by phone to an FBI agent. He said he could not figure out what was happening. But last night I heard the spy downstairs say his big boss had been phoned by an FBI agent!

Oct. 12, '91. This morning I got the idea of using FAXes. The phone book told me of a FAXing service. The Public Library gave me the FAX numbers for the NY Times the Washington Post and ACLU - San Francisco. All 3 FAXes were sent and received. I came home at 3:30 and learned that BIG BOSS had shut down his operation and given the rat downstairs a huge bonus (to keep his mouth shut?).

There was a TV on the front porch with a screen from the rat downstairs to a friend. Was the rat's bonus \$100,000. WAS IT TAX MONEY. Was there presidential approval to harass poor people? W? or Obama? I must now make sure that this case is not forgotten.

POST-SCRIPT/P. 6

The legitimate members of the Terrorist Task Force concluded that we were innocent and were fined about 2 months ago. This is, nevertheless, the 59th day of our harassment.

After I called the FBI and got FAXes thru to the NY Times, the Washington Post and the San Francisco branch of the ACLU, the local boss of the harassment shut down the formal program.

Then he started it up again privately. He offered a big reward to Troy (his chief henchman) if I could be sent to prison. He even provided a 2nd recording (mind-reading) machine to the next door neighbor who got the TV. I'll call him Mr. TV. (At TAXPAYER expense?)

Lately some of the people engaged in this harassment project appear to have grown sympathetic toward me. So the harassment boss — call him Mr. BIG — decided to change their attitude. This morning (23 Oct. '9), Mr. TV played a recording in his room — which sounded like my voice. But it sounded robot-like — like recordings made of me muttering in my sleep (see page one). The recording was a forgery. Any good hacker could produce a robot-like voice in anyone's voice — saying anything.

I could not make out much of what "my" voice was saying, but I got the impression, ~~but I got the impression~~ that it must have been a cross between statements by Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin, Pol Pot and Genghis Khan. Mr. TV kept saying, "Oh, no!", "Oh, my god" and "No-o-o-o!"

A couple of nites ago there was a meeting downstairs during which I heard 3 sentences.

1. Now let's hold the line people!
2. Obama wants this guy put away.
3. (~~So~~ Mr. TV running downstairs, then) Shut up! He's listening!

The FBI agent I spoke to said he could not understand what was happening — but two days later a call from the FBI shut down Mr. BIG's formal operation!

The New York Times, ~~and~~ the Washington Post and the ACLU never replied or printed my letter.

The D.A. said: "Go tell the cops."

The cops said anyone who wants to can stand by your front door and record anything they want to in your apartment — as long as they don't step inside.

So in search of at least some sympathy I mailed the first 5 pages of this letter to the embassies of the Netherlands, France and Germany. Then, since Mr. BIG has been removing both my incoming and outgoing mail from the Post Office, I FAXed those same 5 pages to the ~~Embassies~~ Embassies of the Czech Republic, Poland and Russia.

At the meeting the other nites, Mr. BIG said my letters got through because he was going to do that. "We didn't know"

December 15, 7AM.

The JTTF (Joint Terrorism Task Force) has now concluded ~~that~~ that (contrary to Obama's wish) I cannot be "put away" for a crime. So I did not put a pillow over my head last nite (for the first time in 3 1/2 months). I thought that meant the JTTF agents would close down their surveillance of me and leave this hotel — where rent is partially paid by H.U.D. After all three teams of 2 men each, occupying a single room — none of the men qualifying for HUD help — must pay a fortune to stay here. They've even talked about ways to get us thrown out of the hotel because of that expense.

But I got a shock when I awoke and overheard them talking. They knew I'd gone to the library and looked up the JTTF on Google — which told me that the JTTF is forbidden to operate in Portland, Oregon. And they knew I planned to go there eventually. The JTTF agents upstairs said I must never reach Portland.

"We must keep him from going there," they said. If they read that letter [this one, pp. 1-7] ALL HELL WILL BREAK LOOSE!"

They then began discussing how to keep me in Redding. "We'll have to get him arrested. We'll have to frame him. We can steal something from the hotel and hide it in his room — then say he stole it." "He and his wife will be gone all day today, shopping in Anderson's Wal-Mart. We can get into his room today."

In further conversation they said they'd follow me wherever I went locally — Walgreen's, the Bank of America, the Grocery Outlet, etc. — then steal something and secrete it in my carry-all or on my person.

Another idea was to hire someone to make a false accusation leading to my arrest.

Another idea was to steal something and put it in my wife's bag while she is attending tomorrow's Christmas dinner. Accuse her of theft and have her arrested.

Then they began discussing how I could be prevented from leaving this building — viz the elevator or various staircases.

We've cancelled our plan to go to Anderson today.

Later today I phoned the FBI and told them of the above conversation.

Next day: the criminal crew has been replaced.

After the threat of being framed for a crime by the government agents of the ~~ATF~~ JTTF, my wife became frightened and said, "It's getting dangerous around here. We'd better get away from here."

The only way out of town would normally have been by bus or taxi — with our small personal possessions being mailed to "General Delivery" Portland, OR. But the JTTF had a plan — possibly I trumped up a ruse — to stop us the minute we tried to board a bus leaving town. One day, shortly after Xmas, when all our stuff was ready to mail in 32 boxes, I got an idea. My wife was about to leave for the Methodist Church she then favored. I handed her a note to give to the Pastor. The note proposed that I would make a \$500 contribution to the Methodist Church and provide another \$500 for our driver if the pastor could find someone in his congregation who would drive us AND our boxes, all the way to Portland, OR.

The pastor got my note, made an appointment for an interview, and, ultimately, agreed to the proposition.

At first the JTTF agents were shocked. One commented, "Churches can bite back." But, to my dismay, a couple of nites later, I heard the JTTF agent playing a recording of our interview the interview between me and the pastor. One JTTF agent said, "he (the pastor) is on our side." I decided to go ahead with the deal — and be watchful.

When I became impatient and told the pastor I was considering offering the same deal to the Salvation Army and another group, the pastor acted fast and decided to assign us a 57 year old driver who was studying to become a minister.

I got the \$500 cashier's check at the Bank of America in Salem, OR (the state capital) as it was getting late. The driver got us an apartment at the Palms Motel for \$52.85 a nite (in Portland).

As usual, JTTF agents had the apartment above us by bedtime — the FBI provides them with information. I heard them say that, at 3AM, they would enter our apartments, handcuff us, and take us back to Redding. I left the lites on, slept litchy, and about 3AM I heard metallic clicking at the door. The JTTF agents were picking our lock. I blockaded the door with our hand truck. Peeking thru the peep hole, I could see a slick black car parked in front of our door to hide the kidnapping.

The JTTF did not want to break noisily thru my door as that would attract attention — and Google says JTTF is illegal in Portland. I dialed 911 during this episode — but my phone was dead.

Upstairs, I heard them say they'd grab us in the morning as soon as we stepped out to pay the rent, which was due at 11.

About 20 minutes to 11, I phoned the landlord (surprise! the phone was working) and asked him to have the big black car removed from in front of my door — or come over and escort us to his office. He also pointed out that he could write down the car's tag number.

The car disappeared.

Google had explained that it was mostly pressure from the Palestinians living in Portland that got the JTTF outlawed. So I contacted a Mohammedan Group. It turned out to be black muslim. A representative came to the Palms Motel and received my 7-page letter. The rep's name was Omar Shabazz.

All hell did not break loose!

After my contact with Omar Shabazz, I heard that the JTTF had changed its purpose: They said they were going to break into our apartment at 4 AM and beat us up! They apparently decided they could pick our lock, then jiggle the door relatively quietly open against the hand truck.

So I strengthened my door blockage. The chairs in our room had a rug-like fabric wrapped all the way around the back of their backs — the rug like wrap extended from the top of the back of the chair downward about a foot. I laid a chair on its back on the floor. The rug on the chair interlocked with the rug on the floor so that the chair was nearly impossible to slide across the floor. So I put the bottom of the chair against the wheels of the hand-truck, while the chair's back interlocked with the floor. (The hand truck wheels were upturned — off the floor.)

As soon as the JTTF agent saw how I'd blocked the door, he experimented with a chair and changed his plan: He'd grab us when we paid rent before 11 AM. I phoned the motel manager and asked him to watch me as I came out of my door to pay the rent. He, a Hindu, didn't bother to watch — but the phone call was enough to make the JTTF agents back off.

That nite one of the agents phoned his boss to ask why we were to be beaten up. The reply was: "They have committed no crime — we just want to get even!"

The agent resigned in disgust.

Things continued pretty much without change for the next 4 days, except that the JTTF agents considered snatching us off of the island in the middle of North Interstate Avenue where we usually caught the city train.

On the sixth day, the agents received orders to kidnap us, again and bring us back to Redding. If they failed, their boss would send them a rifle to pick us off while walking down Portland's streets.

On the seventh that day they'd noticed that when I phoned the Hindu manager and asked him to watch me — the Hindu paid no attention to me at all.

So they again planned to kidnap us when I came out to pay the rent. I countered by phoning over a half-dozen lawyers to explain what was about to happen. The agents, being classed as criminals in Portland, backed off — we phoned trash haddlers and moved to a cheap downtown hotel.

There the JTTF agents were black — and behaved in a more controlled, civilized manner — surprisingly.

While there for 9 days, my wife and I talked to the police, the information officer at the Portland District Attorney's office, and almost every department at City Hall. We were told three times that we were paranoid schizophrenics, and no-one had heard of Portland's outlawing of the JTTF.

On page one I described a mind-reading machine... Now I shall explain how JTTF agents can see through walls, ceilings and floors.

During World War II a method had to be developed for seeing submarines lurking far down in the ocean on the darkest night. Shining light into the water didn't help much. So SONAR was developed.

With Sonar, a pinging sound was emitted by the surface vessel. The sound of the ping would travel to the botm of the ocean, then bounce back. If that returning sound could be focussed — like a lens focuses lite — then everything on the ocean's botm (or in between) could be seen clearly. Sound passes nicely through water with little dissipation.

Scientists solved the problem of how to focus sound, and SONAR was invented.

As the years passed, a medical application was found, the SONOGRAM. Now a pregnant woman can go to an obstetrician-gynecologist's office and ask to see the unborn baby inside her. High frequency sound is beamed inside her, bounces off the baby, comes back, is focussed — and even turned into a motion picture.

The C.I.A. and F.B.I. have provided the JTTF with similar instrumentation. The JTTF agents can rent a room above or below yours — let's say below.

They produce a humming sound which passes through your floor, bounces off your ceiling, ricochets around the room, striking everything, then passes out of your room in all directions. The sound that goes through your floor is focussed — producing a motion picture of everything in your room.

How do I know all this?

In October, 2009, after moving into the Stardust Motel in Redding, CA, I heard a loud humming sound from my ceiling (the JTTF agents were above me).

Later that week, I was lying in bed one morning listening to the faint sounds of conversation upstairs as 2 JTTF agents made snotty comments about me and my wife. Feeling insulted, I gave them the finger (the 'FUCK YOU' signal). Since the JTTF agents were above me, I put my hand out on top of the bed covers, and gave the agents the finger — holding the finger horizontally, so the agents could have seen it — if they could see through walls — and I assumed they could not.

Suddenly one of the agents said, "HE GAVE US THE FINGER!"

To me, that comment, plus the humming sound, spelled SONAR.

In November, 2009, I awoke, kept my eyes closed for a bit, then opened them. I then heard a JTTF agent say, "HE OPENED HIS EYES."

In December, I heard a JTTF agent say he was going to steal this letter. So I set about hiding it. As I walked about my apartment, I heard an agent say, "Now he's near the bed, now he's near a box, now he went into the other room."

We next moved to our present room in SE Portland. The JTTF agents moved in the day we applied. We were put in a room above or below the agents — a man and a woman.

I heard them say they were going to steal a library book, hide it in our room while we were out, then accuse us of theft. When we came home, they said, the police would be waiting to arrest us. So I told my wife we must never leave the room unoccupied. When my wife was out, I'd stay home, when I went out she'd stay home.

Unable to wait for us to leave our apartment, the JTTF agents called the police on us 3 times in Jan: once for theft of a library book, once for setting fire to their apartment — the police did not believe them. The third time, the police officer said, "I think you are an agent of the Joint Terrorism Task Force. You are operating illegally in the city of Portland. Leave town immediately."

They left in 5 hours — but were instantly replaced by a new couple. My wife had a flare-up of sciatica and found the last of her prescription pain pills. The new agents heard her mention the narcotic and called the police. (Their fourth visit.) I could tell that they were permitting the police officer to hear and view us (in bed) in our room via their spying instruments. So I quietly spoke directly to the policeman — so quietly that even my wife did not hear me. I explained that man he was talking to was a criminal in Portland, which had outlawed the JTTF in 2005. I referred him to the Mayor and Commissioner of Police. The policeman left — to check my statements?

A short time later a police car returned, with sirens turned off to warn the agents to leave town?
 Before dawn, the police were back. There was a loud argument on the sidewalk. The male agent screamed: BUT OBAMA SAID... He never finished the sentence. The police officer said: "This is serious." The agent again shouted, "BUT OBAMA SAID." The agent was inside the car and under arrest.

By sun-up, a new pair of agents was in place. The new agent called the police. They came, they heard, they left. The agent complained: "The police have been called here so often that they don't believe anything we say."

That agent made a mistake when he said to a teenage boy that he would pay the boy to follow us around town and report everything we did back to him. I told my wife I was going to hire a detective to establish the agent's identity, prove that he worked for the JTTF, and establish his relationship with the boy. I explained to my wife that the agent was a criminal on two counts: the JTTF is illegal in Portland unless there is an immediate threat to the city, and by hiring the boy he was introducing him to a life of crime.

The spy heard me say all that via his listening device. I heard a door slam. After mulling over the door slam, I went to my window just in time to see him jump into his car and drive away — never to be seen again.

The last spy's girlfriend stayed behind, but was quickly joined by a new male spy.

Their mistake was being overly friendly with an old lady — who either stole or was given a tape from one of their spy machines. The old lady went around showing it to other tenants. Then she called the police. Aware that the police were coming, the agents climbed two flights of steps and moved quickly from room 204 (below me) to room 404 (above me).

The cops came, interviewed the old lady, then ascended to room 404. They then marched the 2 spies down four flights of steps, and put them in a police car and drove off.

Dates

- 28 DC '9. We arrived in Portland, staying at the Palms Motel.
- 4 JA '10. We moved to the Joyce Hotel.
- 11 JA '10. We moved to SE Portland.
- 23 JA '10 Two spies told to get out of town by police.
- ~~14 JA '10 Spy who hired boy flees~~
- 31 JA '10 Spy arrested.
- 14 FB '10. Spy who hired boy flees.
- 26 FB '10. 2 spies arrested and marched down four flights of steps.
- 27 FB '10 We moved to SW Portland.
- 12 MR '10 I hired a detective to check police records for any of the above events. There was no record!

The detective said records can be "expunged" (disappear) from police records, but the expungement takes much time. I'll bet the FBI can expunge records in 5 minutes.

No building manager will provide any information to me. The JTTF can get any room they want anywhere, any time. I'll bet people think they are JTTF people or FBI agents!!!

29 April 2010. I am now 79 yrs. old, my wife is 66. Altho the FBI has admitted that we have committed no crime, we have been surveilled 24 hours a day, 7 days a week for 8 months.

On 28 FB 2010 we moved from SE Portland to 12th Avenue in SW Portland. Just before our move, the last male JTF agent who spied on us said he did not wish to move to SW Portland. Nonetheless, he received orders to get over to our new residence while we were still moving in and hide a stolen object among our possessions — then call the cops on us before our move was complete.

Ha, ha! ^{Funny} huh?
That plan did not work out because I, my wife, and all our possessions arrived together — and the doors had deadbolt locks!

We had a new spy couple in SW Portland. Because of the deadbolt locks and someone always being in our apartment, things went quietly for a few days. Then, one day, the deadbolt was left unlocked. I heard the spy so he'd hidden a stolen object, provided by the FBI, in our room. I shot his comment over and, next nite, I said I'd found the stolen object. The spy didn't know whether to believe me or not (I'd lied). So he decided he'd better not take a chance on calling the cops.

For a few days he waited for an opportunity to get into our apartment to retrieve the stolen object. On the nite of the 14/15 MR/10 the spy's boss told him on the phone: "Get down into that apartment and get that object back TODAY — and I don't give a damn whos down there when you go in there to get it." The boss's voice was so loud and piercing that I heard his command over the phone through the ceiling of my room.

How could I keep him out? Since he was a criminal in Portland law, I reasoned he'd come in the dark of night — like a night crawler. But if any stranger enters a married couple's darkened bedroom at night, anything can happen, including death. I decided to keep a hammer and pepper spray at hand, and told the night crawler I'd kill him if he came into our darkened bedroom.

The JTF agent was frightened by my determination to kill him if he entered our darkened apartment to such an extent that nothing happened for several days. I heard his excuses to his boss every nite.

On Fri., 26MR'10, my wife broke all my security rules — leaving the apartment, while I was not to attend a birthday party downstairs — and forgetting to lock the deadbolt. The JTF agent got into our room removed the FBI-provided stolen object — and made a new deposit of an FBI-provided stolen object to "frame" myself and my wife for theft.

I came home in the midst of the party, saw my wife there, and became quickly enraged. I warned the managers of the building of what had happened and that the cops would be called on us that nite. The managers looked at me as if I'd lost my mind.

At 11/PM, 26MR'10 the police arrived. They were met on the sidewalk by a nite-crawler. After a half hour's conversation, the police left without talking to me. That nite the nite-crawler crumbled that he could not call the police again (or they would arrest HIM!).

So we were back to square one. The manager and ober-manager of the building heard the conversation between the cop and the nite-crawler and said, "I don't think we should be associated with such people (as the nite-crawlers). Shortly there Minutes later, the managers ordered the nite-crawlers out of the building. The response was loud shouting by a chorus of male voices (!?) The managers backed down.

Every nite the nite-crawler had to make an excuse to his boss for not retrieving the SECOND FBI-provided stolen object — until 7AP'10, when he was fired.

A new nite-crawler took his place on 7AP'10.

The new nite-crawler must have been at least 18-years old, but he was 15 years old mentally.

Rite off the bat I warned him I'd kill him if he entered our room in the dark. I slept in a sleeping bag on the floor near my door, my hammer and pepper spray by my side. Nevertheless, on the nite of 8AP'10, I heard the sound of a screw on bolt slowly turning inside metal. I shouted "SOMEBODY'S TAKING SCREWS OUT OF MY DOOR."

Footsteps ran away.

In the morning, I opened my door and discovered that there were no screws or bolts visible on my door!

'Lock-picking' popped into my mind.

The building manager had assured me when I moved in here that a deadbolt lock was impossible to pick. Nonetheless, I immediately went to the library, got on Google, and typed in "dead bolt" + "lock p

At that point there popped up, directly underneath my typing, the title "deadbolt lock-picking"

I clicked on it, read it, printed it out, took it home and showed it to the building manager.

9AP'10: The new nite crawler stood giggling at the nite side of my door while a young male on his knees was picking my deadbolt lock. I listened a minute or two, hammer and pepper spray in hand, then went back to sleep when it became obvious that the younger guy was incompetent and scared.

On the left side of my door was an apartment into which a black FBI agent had, in my opinion, moved. He was aware of the scene going on on both sides of my door. No doubt sympathizing with the frightened young fellow trying to pick my lock, the black FBI agent dialed 911.

In the wee hours of 10AP'10, the new nite crawler, completely cowed, packed his bags and left town on orders from a police officer. The cop stopped by the FBI agent's door for a few moments before also departing.

11AP'10, The Savage, a new nite crawler, was busily picking my deadbolt lock, when I quietly walked over to the door and tried a moment. The deadbolt lockpicking essay said that process could take an entire afternoon. I'd already been sleeping 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Perhaps The Savage was close to opening my door. So I reached out and, during a moment of silence, I quickly opened and closed the deadbolt lock. Now ~~that~~ the fucker will have to start all over again, from scratch. Sure enuf, we both went to bed.

12AP'10. The Savage made a nasty comment about me, so I made an even nastier one about him. He went into a rage. So I told him if he got into our room I'd bash his skull to bits with my hammer. There'd be blood on the walls, the floor and the ceiling. The Savage raced out of his room, slamming the door, raced downstairs to my door and began furiously and noisily picking my lock. I phoned 911, saying a man was picking the lock on my door, that I had a hammer and pepper spray and that I would kill the man if he got through the door.

Cops came. I emphasized that the man was an agent of the illegal JITE criminal organization.

I believe the Savage was arrested.

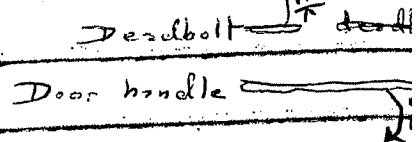
(Backing up 2 bit.)

After I stopped the Savage from picking my ^{deadbolt} lock by quickly unlocking and locking it, he retired to his room and, after some thought, commented, "next time he opens the lock like that, I'll force the door open."

Whether he could succeed at forcing the door open under such circumstances depended on his reaction time. But, in time, he was more and more likely to succeed. I must find a more secure defence.

The indoor handle moved from horizontal to vertical, counter-clockwise, when unlocking the deadbolt. The door handle, inside, opened the door by moving clockwise (see diagram at rite).

I had some Scotch Packaging Tape, 2 inches wide, very sticky, and very strong. What if I taped the two handles together?



I tried it, as at left. I called 911

on the Savage because

I had little confidence in my taping idea.



14AP'10. The new KGB agents, aka Gestapo, aka secret police, aka nite crawlers were three in number: the usual male/female combo PLUS a specialist in lock picking. The first nite, the lock-picker spent the entire nite picking my taped deadbolt lock — without success! He used the Google method

15AP'10. The FBI had provided a hand-operated ratcheted device for picking my taped deadbolt lock to the specialist. The lock-picker would grunt, swear, then there would be a loud metallic clacking sound. Then again. Then again. This went on until the lock picker was afraid to go further for fear of breaking the lock. He struggled for a couple of hours frequently lunging against the door. The tape held.

16AP'10. The FBI now provided the lock-picker with every possible key that could unlock that particular manufacturer's deadbolt. He spent all nite trying all the keys. But the tape held. The man was sure he'd identified the key to my door — but he still could not open the door.

On that date, the radio ~~was~~ announced that a man had confessed to a murder 40 years back. I'm an artist (if you don't think so, examine my book: "Gorgon....") so I impulsively tested my acting skills by repeating, with appropriate pauses, the words, "I killed a man 40 years ago." Suddenly, there was much running around upstairs. I was so into acting that I was almost unaware of the activity upstairs. Then it dawned on me that, every minute of every day I was being monitored by fools who thought I was the Devil incarnate; people who were ready to believe anything bad about me and who had no interest in hearing anything good.

My god! They thought I killed a man 40 years ago! I quickly muttered under my breath that I'd just been acting out a part. Too late!

They'd already called the police. My background was quickly traced back 40 years to Baltimore, MD when I'd been teaching mathematics in a girl's school.

Late at nite a cop arrived to discuss things with the "KGB." He had a simple test: if I fled by morning, I was suspect and they could stay. But if I did not flee, I was innocent and the "Gestapo" would have to get out of town.

17AP'10, the last crew fled — to be replaced by another nite crawler. I don't recall much about this next guy except that he worked ceaselessly at lock-picking, but never succeeded in beating my Scotch tape. I can't recall why, but I dialed 911 on 22AP'10. He hid in room 3001 (next door) for 2 hours, but due to a call from the police, the management expelled the next afternoon.

the

22AP-29AP/10. The tape hold. In the wee hours of 29AP'10 someone got into nite-crawler's room and stole \$10,000 worth of electronic equipment and sprayed water on another \$10,000 worth of electronic stuff (I hope). They got his personal computer and (I hope) his money.
Happy day! 3 cheers. He was fired.

29AP'10 to today (2MY) Since the nite-crawling fools are intellectual puppets—programmed 'to view me as the Devil's child, they assumed I had stolen all that junk. I just let them think so for a day, ~~then~~ then I knew their mind-reading machine would convince them otherwise.

Here's my theory.

Probably in the beginning of April I began delivering a lecture to the female spies. As soon as I heard the clunking sound of the sonar machine being banged down here and there I knew the new female was carrying it. I would then yell at the ceiling of my rooms "The Joint Terrorism Task Force is an out/2w, illegal, criminal organization here in Portland. If a cop finds out you are up there working for the JTTF, you can be arrested, or told to leave Portland and not come back. If you don't believe me, call the cops and ask them!"

I believe the great majority of these women call the police, and, upon learning that my words were true, leave quickly. Of those who depart quickly, several don't even come back for a tiny pay check, especially since it would be issued by a criminal organization.

Put yourself in the woman's place. She's been lied to. She did some work for which she got no pay. Revenge! Many women like "bad boys". She goes to a bar & looks up an old "bad boy" friend. "Give me a hundred dollars and I'll tell you how to steal \$10,000 worth of electronic equipment.

She collects the money, gives him the address, tells how to get in, etc.
Does he sell it to the Mafia? Does the Mafia use it to steal the combination to a rich man's — or a bank's — safe?

Revenge is sweet. It's now 8MY'10. The comedy continues.

I am writing this letter to myself on the morning of 24MY2010.

Yesterday the 23rd of May 2010, 2 woman accepted employment with the JTTF (the Joint Terrorism Task Force). As I often do, I waited until after 10 PM — bed time in the building here — called quiet time — then, when I knew the woman was above me in room 410 — where the JTTF was staying — I shouted: "The Joint Terrorism Task Force is an illegal, criminal, organization. If the cops find you up there, they can arrest you or kick you out of town. If you don't believe me, call the cops and ask them. The JTTF was outlawed by the Portland city council in 2005 — CALL THE COPS!"

In numerous other cases the woman did just that and departed, quitting the job that same night or early in the next morning.

But this time I heard the frightened voice of the woman, seemingly pleading.

Next morning 24MY2010 I heard a man and woman talking. The man and woman agreed that she would not charge him with rape. She agreed that she would charge "the man downstairs — me — with rape."

The JTTF is so determined to imprison people on George W. Bush's blacklist that they — with the collusion of the FBI — will commit any crime.

The woman was told to wait several days before filing her claim with the police (so a vaginal swab would not contradict her claim?) My wife was here the whole time so I don't understand how these people think they can pull off this crime.

To: This letter was mailed to the Mayor of Portland on 24MY10 in the afternoon.

From: C T IRWIN
PO BOX 40737
PORTLAND OR 97240-0737
(1125 SW 12th Ave., #310
Portland, OR 97205
My phone: 503-235-0812

The rapist, JTTF agent found out about the letter, phoned the FBI (probably his boss, "Meek") who fished my letter out of the mail by midnite. At one AM 25MY'10, the rapist, Meek and a representative

of the owner of the building either Ms. Quinn or Leah Storer all met in the room above mine

They appear to have agreed to keep their mouths shut.

3 AM, 4 JE '10, Footsteps raced across the ceiling of my room ~~to the~~ the floor of the apartment above me. A man's voice said, "Meek, she's dead, she killed herself." I phoned 911, two police arrived and interviewed me at the door of my building. Then left.

One officer recommended that I contact the Mayor about women being held forcibly and raped in the room above me, ~~HOT COMMODITIES~~ room 410 at 1125

SW 12th St., Portland, OR — a room occupied by an agent of the JTTF — the Joint Terrorism Task Force.

That incident began as follows:

Late on the third of June, a woman went to work with the JTTF agent. I knew she was there because the thumping of their C.I.A.-made listening device was loud and following me about the room here below — women do that gruntwork up there.

I yelled up toward the ceiling: "The Joint Terrorism Task Force is an illegal, criminal outfit. If the cops find you up there, they can arrest you or kick you out of Portland. If you don't believe me, phone the cops!"

I then turned to my wife and commented, "I'm glad she doesn't know a woman was raped up there — I don't know if the woman heard that comment or not."

I believe she phoned the police for confirmation and decided to leave.

Next, I heard her say: "Please, please, please, please, please, please, please, please, please, please — (on and on)."

A couple of hours later I awoke to ^{the} sound of running feet, "Meek" etc. @ 911, the police.

Upon hearing about my letter, one officer recommended that I hand-deliver a copy of the letter to the Mayor. And give my information to the Oregonian newspaper.

Later, in a weakened voice, I heard the woman plead:
"Let me go,
let me go,
let me go,
etc."

PAGE 17

The police never went upstairs.

The evening began the same as before. A woman hired on the same as before — it was I recall, the evening of 3 JE '10. I yelled a warning. A woman tried to leave. The JTTF agent apparently blocked the door.

The woman said, "I want to go home" a couple of times. Then she lost control. Her voice became that of a child about to cry after seeing her dog run over by a car — a long hi-pitched moan or cry as all the air slowly left her lungs.

I heard no more for a couple of hours. Then I awoke to the pleading sound of a woman's voice — weaker now:

"I want to go home. I want to go home. I want to go home etc. The man coldly replied: "It's dark outside. You could be murdered in the street. Stay here."

There was silence. Then suddenly the JTTF agent became violently agitated — and phoned for "MECK" to come.

My theory is that the woman threatened to call the police. Meck arrived and, in a very authoritative voice, told the woman — "You came here and initiated sex with my agent so you could charge him with rape — but you're not going to get away with it — understand?"

I heard no more.

I am following the police officer's advice and hand-delivering this message to a number of authorities.

The Mayor's office,
the office of ~~the~~ 4
City Councillors &
the Oregonian.

Thomas J. [Signature]

13 JE '10.

I awoke at 4AM to the sound of a quiet alarm: dinkdinkdinkdink dinkdinkdinkdinkdinkdinkdinkdinkdinkdinkdink... etc, etc. Something about the sound told me the sound was from within my apartment. When the alarm stopped, I heard a faint voice intoning repeatedly:

- I must kill my husband
- I must kill my husband.
- I must kill my husband.
- I must kill my husband.
- etc. etc. etc.

The sound was coming from the ceiling above my wife's bed: The JTF still occupied the room above us. My wife was sound asleep, but was quietly repeating the sentence

The purpose of the mild alarm was to bring my wife's consciousness up to the point where she could hear the sentence and repeat it.

This is, in my opinion, stupid C.I.A. tactics. — a rejected tactic of limited use. It involves the "power of suggestion"

Last nite I heard U talking in your sleep. U said:

"Why does he doesn't know about me and Obama. He ~~does~~ doesn't know Obama wants me to kill my husband. Obama wants me to poison him. Obama wants me to put poison in his vitamins - and - peanut butter. My husband won't know what happened. They will get him out of here secretly and quickly. I will go to a foreign country. No one will know Y we disappeared.

At left is a blown up copy of a post-it note I wrote a couple of nites later.

Next nite I heard: "When he's out, we'll knock on her door and give her a bottle of poisoned peanut butter."

A couple of nites later I heard an instruction from the room upstairs: "Go downtown, buy a gun and shoot your husband."

I laughed aloud at that suggestion. My wife couldn't fill out the application form, buy ammunition, etc.

Next, the same feminine voice said: "Go downtown and buy a knife and stab your husband to death."

I phoned Wm. Ghiorso, a criminal attorney in Salem and asked what to do about death threats. He said to file a police report. Ask for a copy, and ask to have your 19-page record attached. Give the copy to your wife.

It is now 2 Oct, 2010, ⁱⁿ I've written nothing more ^{threatened} about being harassed since early June because the FBI ~~threatened~~ 2 lock me up without a trial & secret prison. But since then the FBI has declared me not to be a terrorist and has vanished from our lives.

But for about 3 weeks the C.I.A. harassed us, after the FBI departed. The C.I.A. is much more active and vicious than the FBI, but quickly decided I was not a terrorist. So they vanished as well.

Only to be replaced by yet another group of spies. This group of spies claim to work for a half dozen U.S. Senators. ^{their} ~~they~~ purpose is to put me in a secret prison WITHOUT A TRIAL

So to hell with it. I might as well try to get my memories from hell published.

The police officer who investigated the rapes confirmed that they had really happened but that the women involved were too embarrassed to appear in court.

A different police officer, himself a member of the Joint Terrorism Task Force, informed the owner of the building I lived in that no rapes had taken place — so he would not sue the JTTF.

Immediately after I filed the police report on the 3 rapes I overheard a JTTF member say they would wait a week until the judge had finished his work, then they would alter the wording.

I had no idea what they were talking about until I bought a copy of my own police report — which I'd given by phone to a lady, Officer Murray. She had asked me a standard question: do you have mental problems? My answer: No.

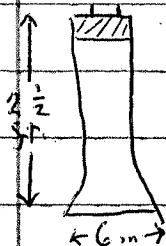
~~Officer Murray~~ ^{Officer Murray} was written by Officer Murray. When I got the final copy of my police report, the words "Has mental problems" had been added!!!

Those 3 words had been added to make a lawsuit against the JTTF by the rape victims or the owner of my building more difficult.

The caretaker of my building even offered a course in mental "help"!!!

1 word or two should be added about beaming words — such as I mentioned on p 19 — down thru someone's ceiling.

Originally ~~before~~ a JTTF agent might have put a bull horn at very low volume against the floor of his room and talked thru it. Or he could have turned on a recording machine with a microphone, put it on playback, put the ~~microphone~~ earphone on the floor at full volume and put a tub over it to guide the sound thru the floor. Then the JTTF got more clever. They manufactured a horn



as diagrammed at left. A tape recorder is in the cross-hatched area. It holds only a short length of tape. One top button is to record — one is to play back. Just record your evil comments, press the play button — and you can leave it on all night — open downward.

Oh! but the JTTF is even more clever than that! Coming home one day I saw a strange sight,

a middle-aged, slightly overweight woman was sitting on the sidewalk, leaning against her car, her ~~feet~~ legs stretched out in front of her. Her legs and lap were underneath a pile of hub caps!!! But upon glancing at the hub caps a couple of times and thinking over what I saw, I realized that the "hub caps" were ~~the~~ loud speakers!

Here's how I imagine 5 loud speakers would be used by spy agencies. All five speakers would emit the same evil subliminal message simultaneously into the apartment below, ~~the~~ placed face-down on the floor of the apartment above. The speakers would be placed as shown at left. The sounds produced by speakers A and C would cancel each other out producing silence. Ditto B and D. Result: ~~only~~ speaker E could be heard in the apartment below AND speaker E could be heard only by the person dozing directly below it. The person sleeping beside the target might hear nothing.

My wife and I went through this same experience in Redding, CA. I heard nothing much until I rolled over a few inches toward my wife.

On p 14 I described a way of taping together the handles controlling the deadbolt lock on my door and the handle opening the door. That technique worked fine for two months and put an end to lock-picking. But if the F.B.I. is stumped, they can call on the C.I.A. for help. The C.I.A. has a scientific laboratory where they solve problems. I believe it was their lab where they came up with a thin wide device which can be shoved between the door and the door frame, and which, operated by a battery driven motor, can roll back the tongues of both the door handle and the deadbolt lock.

I found out about this on 3 Sept. 2010 when something woke me up. I heard plastic-bag rustling, and saw a hand drop something into my "lunch." A bit later I heard Mr. Snot (I call him that) because he drives a car the color of green snot) say he'd call the cops on us at 6AM, because that's when we get up — and blame us for stealing something. I glanced at my watch and saw it was 5 AM. So I jumped out of bed, dressed quickly, went ~~down~~ downstairs, opened up the "lunch" bag and dumped its contents into a puddle of other people's slop and garbage.

You see, ~~me~~ my wife and I jokingly refer to a plastic bag full of trash or garbage as our "lunch" ~~or~~ for when we go out for the day. Mr. Snot, ~~at~~ spying on us with the F.B.I. listening device, thought he was dropping a stolen object into our lunch, but he actually dropped it into the GARBAGE!

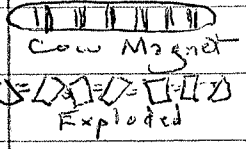
At a later date Mr. Snot actually put something in our ^{to} room to use to call the cops on us. I reasoned that the object had to be flat to hide in a section of my library, which was near the hall door. Flipping thru 50 books, I found it — a phone number written on one of my old bookmarks. I shredded and flushed it!

↑
one

I forgot to mention that, after I threw one of Mr. Snat's "stolen objects" into the garbage ~~down~~ ^{of} downstairs, he spent 30 minutes up to his elbows in a puddle slush and rotten garbage to find it. James Bond indeed!

On Friday, 26 March '10, as I previously explained, a stolen item was hidden in our room. Because I threatened to kill anyone entering our apartment at night, the "stolen object" was still there in June, after the rapes. Meck (short for the Scots name Meckie?) was anxious to get away from the rape site, so he asked the C.I.A. for help.

One morning I awoke to discover my cow magnet "exploded." At age 79 I use a cow magnet — 5 refrigerator magnets on a steel core, separated by steel washers, held together with screws — on steel caps — to kill pain. Put such a magnet over a pain — properly constructed — and hold it there for 90 seconds, and the pain will disappear.



My cow magnet had never exploded overnight before. Listening to the "KGB" agents talking upstairs, I learned that a C.I.A. agent had climbed thru a window on the side of our room, after knocking both me and my wife unconscious with a powerful magnetic field!!! I'd never heard of that. Later, I think I saw the ray-gun, or magnetic gun. The gun looks like a gigantic white plastic pistol carried over his shoulder by one man. Cables attach the gun to a long box, or casket, full of car batteries, carried by 6 men. Aim the gun thru the floor of your room at someone who is already asleep, pull the trigger 6 times and the target will drop into a very deep sleep — permitting an intruder to take whatever he wants.

The window the CIA agent climbed thru is on the 3rd floor. The only possible access would have been a ladder. The repairman who takes care of our building said that there is no way to climb thru the window. But I think the guys at the C.I.A. laboratory have found a way — probably aided by carpenters who install such windows.

Knowing all this, I henceforth protected myself, since I slept on the floor, by placing a chair made with steel tubing over my head. One nite they knocked my wife out, but could not dispatch me. As a test, I yelled out my wife's name. She groggily sat up, unsteadily, and answered.

The powerful magnetic gun causes minimal damage to my nearby estimator and my memory. For 3 days after being magnetically "shot," I could not recall Britney Spears' name!

Most of the year I was surveilled by the F.B.I.'s Joint Terrorism Task Force. But ~~at~~ about August they began to talk about killing me with radiation — they didn't say what kind, but I assumed they'd avoid atomic radiation. Apparently, the idea was to destroy my internal organs by sending radiation up through the floor. After being radiated a few nites they said I'd have difficulty getting up in the morning and one day I'd just keel over dead while walking down the street and no one would be able to figure out the cause of my death.

To be continued.

My name is C Thomas McWIN
This is p 23 of the "diary" I
brought 2 weeks 2 days
ago. Even though JTF plans
to sneak into our apartment

To steal these pages, I made a clean
I will kill one of
them if they

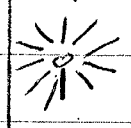
in, so I
felt for the
when I

A note to
the Willamette
Week newspaper 23

You can never tell how much of JTF's horrifying threats are
just bluffing, and how much is real. But when the WKG (George W
Bush's KGB) began talking about radiating me I could feel muscles
twitching on my back and odd sensations on the back of my head. I
decided that, whether the radiation was X-rays, or microwaves or radar
I could protect myself against it with iron shields. So I bought iron pizza
dishes, cookie sheets, then I went to a hardware store and bought old
fashioned screen wire (called 'hardware cloth' in hardware stores).
You can test these things to see if they are iron with a magnet. If
a magnet sticks to a metal, it's iron, or has a lot of iron in it.

I folded the screen wire to four thicknesses and slept on it.
The muscle twitching stopped.

Then I heard a WKG agent say they could not harm me
with radiation (such as X-rays, radar, or microwave, I guess) if I
slept a few inches above the floor.



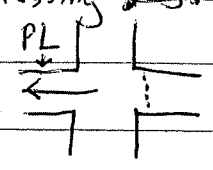
You can see why if you consider the flashlight at
right compared with a light bulb at left. If
these were sources of radiation, the "flashlight"
would kill quicker, but it might kill people on the
3 floors above mine. A source of X-rays,
radar or microwave like the lite bulb at left would
scatter so quickly that it could be considered 'harmless' a few
inches away.



Evidence that killing me with radiation — while leaving no evidence —
was not a bluff is the following. If I moved to a different part of the
floor to nap (at age 19, you need naps) I heard the agents say
they could not move the radiation equipment to irradiate me
while napping because it took too much time and work to move it.
When they came into or left the building, the WKG agents
always used the stairs, never the elevator. When they departed
for the last time, I heard the agents struggling slowly downstairs
carrying extremely heavy equipment. As they moved I heard the sound
of thin metal sheeting — shielding against radiation — bumping
against the sides of their equipment.

A favorite trick of the FBI — WKG is to watch you crossing a
street. If you disobey the traffic lites, you can be arrested, they're fond of
saying.

Once they said, "We'll have to arrange a little traffic accident for him." I
was walking down Main street near where I live a day or so later. I was
crossing a one way street as shown at left. The street I was
crossing was a one-way street with traffic moving in
the direction of the arrow. "PL" designates a parking lot.
The dots show where I was crossing the street. Suddenly, I
heard the roar of a loud car motor in the parking lot.
A car was coming out fast and the driver was looking
straight at me. Had he "accidentally" turned toward
me (wrong way on a one-way street) he could have
"accidentally" killed me. I stored him down and prepared to run. He turned
away.



Regrettably, I must interrupt my narrative to inform you of events last nite (it is now 6:30AM, Sat, 5th of October)

Go back to page 19 of this diary. Read the first few lines where I describe the JTTF playing a recording of the words "I must kill my husband," over and over. A couple of lines after that, I wrote: "my wife was sound asleep, but was quietly repeating the sentence. I did not mention on p 19 that the JTTF also played back a recording of my wife saying that sentence."

Something similar happened last nite. This time I was the victim. The sentence was:

Kill Obama
Kill Obama
Kill Obama
etc. etc. etc.

I woke up in time to hear a recording of my voice repeating those words. One lone JTTF agent is upstairs. He's been on the phone for an hour reading every word of his essay to one of the five U.S. Senators who created what might be called

Obama's personal KGB.

I think they are now going to try to keep their promise to imprison me and my wife — without a trial in one of those secret underground Guantanamo Bay style prisons.

Corrections: on p 21, two kinds of the way down, the date "3 Sept. '10" should've been 3 Aug. '10.

After being knocked unconscious by a magnetic ray gun, I decided to prevent a repetition. I was afraid the steel-framed chain would not protect me from all directions. The JTTF rents 4 apartments here — one above me, one below, and one on each side of my door. So I taped iron plates (such as pizza plates and cookie sheets of iron) on top and on two sides of a heavy cardboard box. I cut one side out for my chest. I sleep under it.

Twice in the last week, I heard the swine of the JTTF say: "We can't shoot him — he has hatchling on his head (in bed). I should try screen wire to lighten the weight of the box."

Yesterday's frightening beginning almost got "vodka red" fired (I call him Vodka Red because his behavior in the morning looks like that of a man who's been drinking Vodka all night long). And he drives a red car. Apparently the little trick he pulled upset the Senator he was talking to.

One year of surveillance by the FBI's Joint Terrorism Task Force on me and my wife ended on 3 Sept. 2010. A hily intelligent lady talked with the manager of my building and explained in detail — point by point in detail — why I can be neither arrested nor prosecuted for anything. Their surveillance was at an end.

During that year I overheard that each month of their surveillance cost \$20,000 — tax dollars — for nothing! So a year of surveillance cost $12 \times \$20,000 = \$240,000$ — Tax dollars. In addition, as I've already joyously reported, \$10,000 worth of the JTTF's equipment was stolen from the room above the room, where I'm writing this, a few months ago. That equipment had to be replaced. So the total cost of my first year of surveillance comes to $\$240,000 + \$10,000 = \$250,000$ — tax dollars. A quarter of a million tax dollars — for nothing!

But next morning we were under surveillance again. I quickly found out (I have good ears as I've always protected my ears from loud noise) by listening to the spies talking. They were C.I.A.!! Their first project was to call the police on me — which led only to the usual result — they were informed that the JTTF was illegal and criminal in Portland.

The C.I.A.-W.K.G.B hereupon decided to get me out of Portland by kidnapping me. To keep my insides from being cooked by radiation, I decided to buy a \$34 cot at Wal-Mart. All night long a C.I.A. hireling talked non-stop at a rate of about 400 words a minute on a microphone — an impossible feat without amphetamine or cocaine. He was quoting my unconscious speech as I slept — using what I call the mind-reading machine — and trying to figure out the route I was going to take to Wal-Mart — which is not far from the edge of town. I had not, in fact, decided on a route.

In the morning I left the house and walked a block south. There was a car two blocks away from our front door, with headlights on, facing me on my side of the street. As I approached, it suddenly crossed the street and parked, lights still on. I turned west, and walked one block between buildings, then turned north, walking against the traffic on a one-way street to Yamhill. There I got on a railway line to Lloyd Center, where I changed to the Clackamas line. I did not get off where they would have expected. I walked unpaved streets, streets with no sidewalks, footpaths, through parking lots, ... I bought my cot. Retraced my route.

It was not until I crossed the Willamette River near home that a young (20-something) American Indian spotted me. Too late! Wal-Mart is near the edge of Portland and the W.K.G.B had failed to kidnap me!

The next project of the CIA-W-KGB was easy to shoot full of holes. They were listening to my every word, so I simply said: "The FBI has already tried that and it won't work." The CIA-W-KGB agent grabbed a phone and questioned the FBI about their plot — and quickly gave it up. He asked many more questions — and they quit — disappeared from my life!

Next morning I was under surveillance by a 3rd group!

I have already described how both the FBI and CIA gave me their OK and vanished. But one little footnote about the FBI-WKGB merits mention.

Just before the end of the FBI-WKGB's stint, my wife developed heart failure. The FBI-WKGB spent all night on the phone begging to be allowed to spy on us a few more days. They argued that, if my wife died, I could be imprisoned for wife neglect. Unfortunately for them, my wife survived and improves constantly. I would argue that being spied on 24/7 for a year caused my wife's heart problem.

The last day they were here, the FBI-WKGB agents considered one last way to send me to prison at the last minute. Kill my wife, then blame me!!!

When the CIA-WKGB departed, I sensed that a new group of spies was monitoring us. Knowing that they could clearly hear every word I said, I stood in the middle of my room and made a speech. I told how my troubles had begun, how the internet at the library said the FBI was murdering people in Ohio and how the government was imprisoning American citizens in secret "Guantanamo's" inside federal prisons.

Ever since I was first spied upon, I've had a reputation for being able to hear the spies talking to each other. Consequently, the spies have tried to be quieter - even silent. By the time I made my speech, I'd not heard a sound from the spies. After my speech, there was dead silence for a while. Then some young spies began wondering why the hell they were monitoring me. Quiet arguments broke out.

Vodka Red began as chief of the FBI-WKGB group spying on me about the first of August. His car occasionally showed up during the CIA-WKGB. Now it seemed Vodka Red was the chief of his new group. I'll just call him VR.

VR told his gang to quiet down - what spies fear most is being spied upon. At first they quieted down, but I woke up later that first night and realized that the arguments had continued - and gotten louder!

VR tried to make me out to be a liar (his favorite word). Then he explained exactly what they were there for. He said I thought there would be a trial, but there would be none. VR explained that if I used the word, "Mohammedan" (in private conversation in my apartment)

he can play the recording for the 5 Senators who had formed a new spy agency - and I'd be imprisoned without a trial. Next morning he explained what I'd heard ~~and~~ to my wife. I said the word 'Mohammedan' was used by every American president from the foundation of our republic to some time in the 1950s when the State

Department asked people not to use the word. I also pointed out that "Mohammedan" is in the dictionary. I also concocted a code word my wife and I could use instead of 'Mohammedan'.

(Mohammedans should be jailed without a trial for calling Christians 'infidels').

Later VR said my use of the word 'Mohammedan' in talking to my wife would be overlooked because of my mention of presidents and the dictionary.

VR said the new spy group was ILLEGAL. For that reason HUD ordered them out of my building. After 10 days of monitoring us ILLEGALLY they became legal through the efforts of the lawyers of the 5 Senators. They're still here! The 5-Senator-WKGB has paid a woman to find me in the library and complain about something (a push?). Every night they plan to steal these pages & delete them and I threaten to kill them if they enter our bedroom at night.

The struggle continues - at a cost of \$280,000 to date (15 Oct).

From the beginning, the 5-Senator - WKGB has indicated that they want me dead by Election Day. By 18 Oct. their determination became so great that I wrote my last will and testament. On the date of 23/24 Oct. I heard the chief spy say my wife must die too as she knows too much!! That did it!

Toward the beginning of November, the 5-Senator JTTF vanished but was immediately replaced by a new JTTF directly under the control of the City of Portland.

Toward the end of November, my wife and I were informed that we must vacate this building we've lived in since 28 Feb. '10. Horrified, I asked my wife to appeal for help from the priest at her Greek Orthodox Church. The priest quickly reversed the decision to eject us from our building. He also had the JTTF agent in apartment 410, above us, arrested.

About that time, a man I took to be Mr. Harsch appeared in the room above ours - but I have since been informed that there is no Mr. Harsch. My building is owned by "Harsch Investment Properties." So let's call the gentleman I'd taken to be Mr. Harsch, Mr. X.

Mr. X mentioned that the reason my wife and I were being expelled from the building was that that was the only way to get rid of the JTTF. The JTTF agents stayed up all night long, every night, loudly talking about picking our locks, killing us, robbing us, invading our apartment, sneaking stolen objects into our rooms, then imprisoning us, poisoning me etc. etc. They had already been arrested a dozen times or more since we moved in - but were always replaced by another agent the next night. So WE MUST GO.

Mr. X further explained that Harsch Investment Properties had lost \$5000 in rent because so many residents of our building had been frightened by the JTTF's night-long ranting, and moved out.

I immediately stood up in the middle of my room and made a speech - it was the wee hours of the morning, there was no traffic or other noise so, just as I heard every word Mr. X said above my ceiling, so could he hear my words.

I said he and his partners could get their \$5000 back by suing the City of Portland. I said that the suit would be settled out of court and never go to trial because the evidence of the evil behavior of the JTTF was in my diary - which would be central to his case. But the FBI has said that under no circumstances is my diary to be presented in court as it contains "all of their secrets."

I added that since my wife's priest had assisted us in not being expelled from the building, his church should perhaps also receive \$5000. I would not ask for a penny. Adding a church to the lawsuit would add to their chances of winning because of the church's prestige and action on my and my wife's behalf.

Mr. X and the lady detective (?) accompanying him said my idea sounded good. So Mr. X ordered the lady to pick up my diary before I left the building next morning.

An hour or two after Mr. X left, a representative of the JTTF entered the room and told the lady to give him my diary and tell Mr. X I'd changed my mind. She realized I was listening and both left.

I called the legal department of Harsch Investment Properties and asked for Mr. X's name. Jeff Needleman answered the phone and disclaimed any knowledge of Mr. X. I believe the lady and Jeff Needleman are double agents.

The final decision of Harsch Investment Properties was not to sue Portland for their \$5000 loss because such a lawsuit might interfere with the good relations they have with the city.

The Greek Church likewise rejected a lawsuit, possibly due to a lack of understanding of the issues.

The P-JTTF (Portland Joint Terrorism Task Force) currently making our lives miserable is doubly illegal. Not only did the city ordinance of 2005 criminalize JTTF operating in this city, but it only authorized one exception: The Mayor and Commissioner of Police may form their own P-JTTF ONLY if the FBI informs them that the city is under an immediate threat of a terrorist attack. My wife and I have been cleared of terrorist activities or interests both by the FBI and the CIA.

Apparently the Mayor and Commissioner of Police of Portland think their judgment is superior to either the FBI or the CIA!?!?

~~Their first attack on~~

Their first attack on us — different from the usual — came when the P-JTTF put a noxious chemical in the "vent" of our unused air conditioning system. That chemical, through evaporation, filled our apartment causing an asthma attack in my wife. Word of this nastiness reached the manager of our building and the culprits were stopped.

The P-JTTF's next evil trick was to sneak into our room in the dark of night and place infectious bacteria on the handles of our milk jugs in the refrigerator — or possibly the bacteria went directly into our milk. These bacteria caused an effect much like food poisoning in my wife: vomiting, diarrhea, exhaustion and lack of appetite. She drank nothing for the entire day she was sick. The interior of her left nostril was also damaged by burning mucus.

~~Next~~ I was fortunate in that my only symptom was damage to the left nostril. But the damage was much worse in my ~~case~~ case — a month has passed and the scarring has not yet cleared.

The culprits were chewed out by the building manager for doing that.

The C.I.A. has again found a way to enter our room at night through the north window. So I decided I'd have to stay up all night and sleep all day to guard against such entry. The building management has said to others that staying up all night generates noise and is unacceptable. Maybe we'll be kicked out.

The first night I stayed up I was knocked unconscious by the magnetic ray gun while writing the first half of this page.

Next morning I heard an agent upstairs bragging about how he had put

STOP

My wife died 6 Jan. 2011. The Medical Examiner declined to investigate the cause of her death.

All Mohammedan terrorists in this country have been caught by the FBI or "by accident". The sole purpose of all other branches of the JTTF is to harass poor people who can't afford a lawyer UNTIL THEY LOSE THEIR MINDS AND SET A FIRE, SET OFF A BOMB OR KILL SOMEONE IN DESPERATION. The JTTF MANUFACTURES TERRORISTS!

Moore-Love, Karla

From: Commissioner Fritz
Sent: Tuesday, December 28, 2010 11:23 PM
To: 'Andrea Meyer'; Commissioner Saltzman; Commissioner Fish; Leonard, Randy; Adams, Sam
Cc: Osoinach, Ellen; Edwards, Antoinette; Bizeau, Tom; Jimenez, Warren; Moore-Love, Karla
Subject: RE: ACLU Concerns About Town Hall Forum on JTTF

Dear Andrea,

Thank you for your message. Although I am on vacation, I continue to monitor email for urgent messages including yours. In answer to your concerns:

1. Many share your view that the first week of January is too soon to get the word out about the Town Hall meeting. My understanding is that it has been rescheduled for January 13, hopefully at Kaiser Town Hall.
2. The Town Hall will help further round out the range of concerns and public opinion to be discussed in the process leading to the Council voting on whether or not to join the JTTF. It is not intended to review what may have happened on November 26 or in the previous five years. It is intended to be welcoming to Portlanders with general interest, as well as experts such as the ACLU.
3. One of the goals of the Town Hall is to have respectful discussions between people who may come with different viewpoints, so this decision-making process is more of a community dialogue and less a series of position statements and lobbying. My colleagues on the Council and I recognize this is a different approach to decision-making. There are still many opportunities for traditional lobbying in the rest of the process, also all comments at the Town Hall will be recorded and posted so all input is open and transparent with opportunities for rebuttal/counter-arguments in writing. We hope this Town Hall discussion approach will lead to a more collaborative community decision-making process, rather than the traditional, often adversarial lining up of three votes on the Council.
 - i) The questions suggested in the work plan were labeled "Possible questions". They are examples, not the final list. Thank you for your suggestions on other questions to ask, or different phrasing for the questions. Your example of "what does 'working with' mean?", is something that could be discussed in the table groups. The questions are intentionally broad, to give participants opportunities to talk about what is most important to them. And to listen to what others in the group find most important.
 - ii) Asking the question "what do you think of when you think of Terrorism in the City of Portland?" does not require a shared definition of terrorism. It asks for participants' perceptions. Which can then lead to discussion of how concerned Portlanders are about their perception of terrorism in Portland. FDR said there is nothing to fear but fear itself. I want to know what Portlanders are afraid of, with regard to terrorism.

Two informational forum worksessions are scheduled in January, including one with the ACLU, to get the facts as participants see them on the table and on the record. There will then be close to a month for written public comment before the Public Hearing

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before Council on February 24 in the evening. I believe this provides ample opportunity for input from citizens into this important decision. I support the Mayor's choice to have a public Town Hall for discussion early in the process, as well as the public hearing at the end and the forum worksessions in between.

Sincerely,

Amanda

Amanda Fritz
Commissioner, City of Portland

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From: Andrea Meyer [mailto:ameyer@aclu-or.org]
Sent: Tuesday, December 28, 2010 10:25 AM
To: Commissioner Saltzman; Commissioner Fritz; Commissioner Fish; Leonard, Randy; Adams, Sam
Cc: Osoinach, Ellen
Subject: ACLU Concerns About Town Hall Forum on JTTF

December 28, 2010

Dear Mayor Adams and Council members:

On behalf of the ACLU of Oregon, I want to express our concerns about the recently announced town hall forum scheduled in the first week of January to discuss the FBI JTTF.

We have a number of concerns about this proposal:

1. Timing: setting something the first week of the new year gives little opportunity for folks to schedule and participate.
2. Premature: Setting a town hall public forum for discussion on the issues outlined in the release by Mayor Adams prior to addressing the many questions and issues set forth in the work plan is premature. Community members cannot meaningful dialogue and discuss concerns about re-joining the JTTF or not (two of the questions) before we know what did and did not happen with the Pioneer Square incident as well as the last 5 years during which Portland was to work on case-by-case basis with the FBI.

The ACLU of Oregon commented on the work plan, specifically we urged that the information being gathered and presented to Council be presented to everyone prior to public testimony and hearings. Just like members of Council want to have complete information before making a decision, so too does the public before they come and testify and present their perspective.

3. Unclear Goal: We are not clear on the goal for the public forum. The specific questions posed seem troubling and not particularly clear on what information Council hopes to collect from this forum.

First, the questions are not balanced. While asking "What do you perceive as being good about working with the Federal Government on Terrorism" there is no complementary question as to what do you perceive as not being good about working the federal government on terrorism. (It is also relevant to point out that this question is confusing -- what part of the federal government and what does "working with" mean?).

Second, we would be concerned about what Council hopes to gain from asking "What do you think of when you think of Terrorism

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in the City of Portland?" Since there is no shared definition of "terrorism" it is hard to have a conversation of what one thinks of it in the City of Portland and we would have concerns about the direction of this conversation.

ACLU Recommendation: Before these questions can be answered, it seems community members need more information on Portland's role in the last 5 years with any joint efforts in investigating criminal activity in Portland. How can we know what the concerns are about joining or not joining the Task Force (which are known as FBI Joint Terrorism Task Forces) if we do not have information about the last 5 years.

We urge you to reconsider the public forum format for the purpose of discussing Portland's participation in the FBI JTTF. Instead, we urge a public session where information is given to the public based on the information being gathered by the City. Indeed, that would be an incredibly valuable contribution by the City to ensure public understanding and transparency in the process of Council's decision as to whether or not to rejoin the FBI JTTF.

We anticipate that a forum sharing information to the community cannot happen the first week of January but this is such an important issue that we think it is worth waiting and making sure that the process works. We want to reiterate our appreciation at the general process the Mayor has outlined to engage with the public and provide information on the last 5 years. We think to do this effectively the next step should be a public forum providing the public information to the questions raised in the Mayor's work plan. From there, the public and Council can meaningfully engage in a discussion.

Thank you,

Andrea

Andrea Meyer
Legislative Director/Counsel
ACLU of Oregon
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join www.aclu-or.org