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To Mr. Weisberg:

Some people, knowing of the evidence I brought back from Mexico City have brought to me various writings. Recently they brought 3 pages from Whitwash.

The objective of too many people is entertainment — and how entertaining is a glimpse of the real chess-board of life — to watch the knights of crime (or of St. John of Jerusalem) slay the King for the most serious checkmate this nation has ever had.

What I am seeking is facts. I was handed 4 photos and 28 documents in Mexico City showing the "who" and the "why" of the Kennedy killings revealed to me in 1966. I failed in my attempts to warn Robert Kennedy — the CIA intercepted.

I apologise for the poor quality of the enclosed expose'. Soon as I get enough ahead to have my machine fixed I'll send you a better copy.

I wonder if you can imagine the extent government will go to silence me.

If you know anyone writing on this subject who is serious, honorable and courageous, I'd like to know of it with the intention of cooperating every ethical way. I do not seek sensation; I seek facts.

I am being constantly told that the things I have experienced cannot happen, so I am searching for parallel occurrences.

At the present moment I am being subjected to privations and impedances and I'm getting old (71 and crippled from torture) and cannot last much longer.

Your name worries me. Are you jew?

*Did not  
respond*

Thank you



N K Fields

THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION EVIDENCE COMPILED BY MEXICAN INVESTIGATORS PRIOR TO THE ACT

Very briefly, I was courier of this evidence which was stolen by government employees in California. Later the archive copies were stolen by government employees in Florida and are now being unlawfully detained. I am not trying to recover this evidence and suffering reprisal for so doing. To detail this from the beginning would fill several volumes. Much understanding will be lost in brevity. Error and omission may be cured on request.

I am K K Fields, whose Scotch-Irish fathers came to Mexico circa 1741. Born Cincinnati, Ohio 8 Jan 1920, age 64. U. S. Navy, Maritime officer and rare, owner-director of scientific research laboratory listed in National Science Foundation Directory NSF 57-80. In an attempt to silence me, government denies me benefits. A kind and courageous lady is suffering severe reprisal for furnishing shelter and address. This situation is desperate. I am forced to seek food in garbage cans - a painful ordeal in a wheelchair.

Some background is necessary to understand why I was chosen as courier. In 1957 a dear friend, an 84 year old crippled lady came to my lab crying because a lawyer was trying to take away her home and nobody would help her. Investigation revealed that over the years this lawyer had stolen over 100 lots of land in the Costa Mesa-Newport Beach area and was after her three remaining lots. The investigation angered this City Attorney, he kidnaped Mrs. Alice Gage Mullen and had me unlawfully imprisoned for 2 years as a political prisoner in the State "Hospital" at Atascadero, Calif. I was subjected to painful torture to make me to "confess" and to sign untrue statements such as, "Mrs. Mullen does not exist, she is only a figment of my imagination." and "All my testimony about Lawyer Donald Dungan is untrue." etc. I refused to sign such untrue statements and the torture was increased to a point that it disabled me. I was never a "patient" and I refused all attacks at "hospital". As my own attorney I pled 56 major pleadings all the way to the U. S. Supreme Court to obtain Habeas Corpus and freedom in 1965. I tried to locate Mrs. Mullen. My friend warned me the authorities were planning on again imprisoning me - this time in conditions precluding access to paper & pencil and access to any communication to the outside world.

A minister helped me to escape California and defect to Mexico as a political refugee. Entered on 30 day tourist pass (all identification supplied by authorities) on 7 Sept 65 and proceeded to Mexico City. In Dec. 65 a Deputy (Congressman) advised me to go to the offices of Siempre magazine to see a writer named Suarez. I stated the problem to a secretary and was told to return next day to set up an appointment with an aid. As I was leaving a man who had overheard followed and stated that he was very interested and asked me to come to his office. He took several legal size tabloids of notes, and then asked me to contact him in 7 days. Called and he begged for more time. Called again and met in his office with several others. He apologized for the delay saying they uncovered additional information on me which they considered very important. I was questioned for hours. The investigator explained that "Due to your demonstrated courage, to withstand torture without breaking and to remain true to your cause...etc", they wanted me to do a very patriotic thing for my country. They wanted me to take a warning to Senator Robert Kennedy that plans had just been made to kill him if he ran for president. He explained the dangers and explained why people in Mexico had interest in the matter. He revealed that the U. S. Government (CIA) had through bribery and coercion established assassination training centers in Mexico. He explained that a group of conservative businessmen became greatly concerned over the long term effect of killers being trained on Mexican soil. They were concerned over 3 major issues raised: (1) There was proof that the training program needed live human beings to kill for practice. In training assassins (I was told) technique, materiel and incentive were not enough to make an assassin. He must be able to stand face to face with another human being and kill without flinching. Innocent Mexican citizens were being murdered. (2) It could disrupt trade and profits. An assassin of some head-of-state could be traced back to Mexico. It was explained that the Bank of Mexico has survived revolution and political stress because of its integrity throughout the world. He said this is a result of a strict neutral policy to all nations. For Mexico to be involved in a coup, or upheaval, or the killing of a foreign leader could adversely affect Mexico's economy. The conservative businessmen were so greatly concerned that they set up an investigative system to infiltrate the CIA operated assassination training centers to discover who is being sent where to do what - and then to take steps to warn the target nation. He stated, "At this time the United States CIA is trying to start wars in 19 places in this world." (3) The history of

killings and brutality and oppression done by Standard Oil in Mexico is far greater than found in print. President Lopez Mateos used armed force to kick Standard Oil out of Mexico and nationalized the oil industry much to the benefit of the mass of poor people (stove oil one peso per liter - tied to corn one peso per kilo). Standard Oil has tried to have ex Pres. Mateos killed numerous times. He is so greatly loved and respected that should an assassin connected with the CIA kill Mateos, it could cause an uprising and an effective state of war to exist between the United States and Mexico, which would surely destroy Mexico, he said.

Under the principle: "If you are to have faith in me I must have faith in you." this investigator revealed some of the techniques. For instance, a son of a very wealthy businessman with an advanced university degree worked a year in the fields and lived with common workers (he even got a VD, treated at a free govt. clinic) to learn their idiom, to get scars and callouses in the right places, and for his feet to spread out to mimic a lifetime of barefoot poverty - to be employed without suspicion as a gardener at the training center to install listening devices while tending the flowers. Why did a vacancy appear when he applied? The incumbent gardener became suddenly blessed with a host of affluent friends to send him to work drunk and disorderly.

I returned to accept the assignment. My motives were not all patriotic. There was an understanding that help would be available to locate Mrs. Mullen and to seek redress from the crippling torture - but first I must do my part. We went in a taxi and to a parking garage. I was blindfolded (very politely - "con su permiso") and taken in a chauffeured limousine to a large estate, and to a large room with a walk-in safe. I was shown files concerning the training and deployment of assassins to various nations. It was explained that Senator Kennedy gets many death threats, so there will be a credibility problem. Therefore they would furnish me with sufficient documentation to indicate the seriousness of the plans to kill Senator Kennedy. Under proper conditions and safeguards the businessmen would establish a means to authenticate every document in their files.

The files were laid out on a big oak table. The John Kennedy file was about 10 inches high. The newly formed Robert Kennedy file was only  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick at that time. He told briefly a bit about a dozen or so other files that were closed. He put away all the files except the two Kennedy cases. He then sat down and told me and showed me documentation on their efforts to warn John Kennedy by sending a doctor and an engineer to personally warn the president. This is a long story so I'll shorten it to the fact that the two Mexican men were killed for attempting to warn President Kennedy that the CIA were planning to kill him.

At that point I was graciously given opportunity to back out and I was warned to not try to contact Senator Kennedy through his office staff because his staff are infiltrated with informers in his local and Washington offices. I asked about the younger brother (I didn't know his name at the time). The investigator responded with a significant gesture: "Ai! Eduardo! El es uno cabron!" This indicated that the young brother cannot be trusted.

Why the investigators devoted so much effort on the Kennedy case is that it had special status and secrecy - at first the investigators suspected it was something aimed at someone in Mexico. The investigator stepped to a table by a grilled window and dumped out an envelope of photographs. This showed the evolutionary growth of the 3 assassination teams sent to kill John Kennedy. After all these years I have forgotten names; but the names Hunt and Hendrix stood out among some latin sounding names. Other names I recall mentioned were Alvarez, Martin, Phillips, and a name like Baker and a name starting with a "D".

Several days later in his downtown office, the investigator furnished me with a packet containing 4 photos and 28 documents. The "West" team (at that time one team had been sent to Miami, the second team of 5 assassins sent to Chicago, and the 3rd team was being formed and they didn't know the precise destination (\* at the time the JFK file was closed when the assassins were dispersed and sent out of Mexico) in the fall of 63, had 5 members but photos of only 4 were available. (the fact of 15 assassins recruited, trained and deployed by the CIA to kill Pres. Kennedy is verified by an Italian news reporter who followed a CIA agent to the Phillipeans for the story)

Photo #1 a small, very poor photo of a person labeled the team leader taken through brick latticework and rose bushes sitting at a table in a garden talking with one labeled Phillips. Photo #2 is of the same subject sitting on a shoeshine stand. At that time I didn't have any knowledge whatsoever of the Warren Commission cover up, so this photo

meant nothing to me. Later when a picture of Howard Hunt came out in the papers, I saw a marked resemblance - the preying mantis face, the thin mouth, receding hairline and all. My archive photos were much poorer than the originals which had been stolen, but still I am 80% certain the photo was of Howard Hunt of the Watergate mess. Photo #3 appears to be Oswald talking to a CIA agent on a traffic island on Paseo de la Reforma. He is shorter and thinner than the agent. All indications are that Oswald was going under a code name at that time. From the data of the investigator, "Oswald" is an after-the-fact addition to the products of the pre-assassination investigation into the assassination training center. Now, Photo #4 is interesting in that the young student who took the photograph was killed after he threw his camera to another. This is a photo of 2 assassins on the West team talking at the front of a car. One is leaning over the hood, the other with foot on front bumper. They are dark and Latin looking - one name I believe is Martin. The photo taken at a considerable upward angle as if the photographer was lying on the ground.

The 28 documents touch both the John Kennedy assassination and also the plans to kill Robert Kennedy. Many of the documents are in Spanish. Two are in handwritten Greek. Some documents come with an outline in English attached. Plans to kill Pres. Kennedy became known in the summer of 1963, but one document reveals that National Security people considered Kennedy an "unknown quantity" and before he became president there were serious speculations to control or dilute his effectiveness because he was a "danger to business interests".

The way it was explained and what some documents show is that serious plans to kill Kennedy existed in the CIA after the failure of the Cuban invasion. Higher authority in the CIA ruled against CIA involvement in any assassination scheme until the Albania coup was disrupted by Pres. Kennedy and his brother. Up to the Albania thing the CIA was to take a passive role and allow Kennedy to be killed by a combination of Batista Cubans and certain organized crime interests. Since the Secret Service is the deciding factor in any successful assassination, the Secret Service offered cooperation only after the CIA decided to become involved. The documents show that the FBI has an agent illegally in Mexico and from intercepted communications, the FBI was fully aware that Kennedy was to be killed by the CIA. The Albania matter is the key and it involves Pres. Kennedy's wife as a principal, but it is so unbelievable that it is best to not disclose it in so brief a paper.

Now about Oswald: Nowhere in the 28 documents is there any indication that Oswald was enrolled in the assassinations training center, or as an assassin otherwise. After-the-fact information from several diverse sources in Mexico shows Oswald as a CIA operative who failed to get into Cuba due to a temper tantrum at the Cuban Consulate. Information is that the Cubans tricked Oswald and penetrated his disguise. Oswald then went begging to his bosses for another chance. The investigator believes Photo #3 is of Oswald and that he was put on the West team as the "expendable" at the last moments. It was explained to me that the pecking order in a criminal or assassination team is a serious matter and those on top know they are to be sacrificed in case of trouble - but the "goats" don't know they are "it". The investigator explained that in older times kings, generals and criminals had cup-bearers to taste the wine for poison. He said, "This one (Photo #3) was probably the 'cup-bearer', largely because there appeared no intention to use him in the role of assassin. The only connection with the assassination training center was that he was seen there, that he was seen several times with the West team leader, was photographed talking to a known agent connected with the training program and who remained in Mexico when the subject of Photo #3 was sent back to the U. S. in the company of a person connected with the training center - and possibly the unphotographed 5th assassin. (described as a smallish swarthy Latin type)

I was given explicit instructions and advice as to how to handle the CIA (they most certainly will follow you). I was warned to not trust newspapers, police, lawyers and government people. I promised that I would not mislead the evidence for selfish purposes (with "proper regard" to not publish any of the evidence; but to deliver to the "proper authority". The evidence was to be used only as credibility to warn Senator Kennedy of a specific threat to his life by the CIA). I was instructed to first offer the evidence to a responsible member of the Kennedy family - preferably Robert Kennedy's wife - to insure seriousness of the matter. If that fails I was to deliver the evidence to someone not in the Executive Branch of government who could confidentially warn Senator Kennedy. If I fail and Sen. Kennedy is killed, I was to turn the evidence over to the proper authority. In 1963, the CIA considered Sen. John Kennedy a threat and to be killed, and likewise the son, John Jr.

asked "why the little boy?" The investigator answered in terms I couldn't understand, so he brought a dictionary and pointed to the word "primogeniture" - the possibility the son might assume the responsibility to even the score and expose his father's killers.

As I was ready to depart, the investigator told me never to try to contact them directly after I leave, and that they would soon move away from their present office. He gave me the name of a newspaper reporter and that under certain specific conditions and safeguards they would stand ready to authenticate every document. I was instructed to keep repeating "65 Morellia" whenever I thought of him or the mission or the evidence in order to imprint that address (which was a phoney but matched a story I was to tell) on my memory so that in the event I was imprisoned and tortured I would not reveal anything important.

The hearing syndrome caused by sound torture in California caused extreme distress because Mexico City is a noisy place at best. I left Mexico promptly and headed West to Guadalajara. The U S State Dept. set up a roadblock at Lake Chapalla to catch me; but the Mexican police warned me and I escaped. I was warned to stay off of public transportation. One old police said in 40 years this is the first time a roadblock has been used to catch a Northamerican saying, "If the U. S. State Dept. want you arrested you must be an honest man."

At Guadalajara the U. S. Authorities almost caught me and it is evident that they had followed me and suspected that I had information. I quickly departed on bicycle to Puerto Vallarta and there I was arrested and imprisoned and then transferred to Guadalajara and unlawfully held for 72 days under torture and pain to make me answer questions, "Who are you with?" "Who did you talk to in that building?" "Who are you meeting here?" etc, etc. The strangest thing was that my baggage was never searched.

In custody of the pilot I was transported to Inglewood, California on 9 Sept 1966. There was no customs search because sheriffs were waiting for me. They questioned me beligerantly and then took me to a mental ward of the Los Angeles Metropolitan Hospital with a document from the U. S. Consulate in Guadalajara stating that I was insane. The doctor at Metro. Hospital told the sheriffs that they had no business bringing me there, that I was not insane and there was no reason I should be locked up.

On or about 11 September I mailed a certified letter from Hawthorn, California, to Mrs. Ethel Kennedy, Hickory Hill, McLean, Virginia, asking to establish contact. A few days later I sensed that the authorities were planning something. Documents in California will show that I evaded imprisonment by only 2 hours when a minister (Wood) took me to a bus station and gave me a ticket out of the area. I proceeded to Santa Cruz, Cal. to attend the U of Cal. From Santa Cruz I mailed another certified letter to Mrs. Ethel Kennedy postmarked 20 October 1966, certified No. 763412. 6 days later the CIA wrote me that an agent was coming to see me. This agent wanted to know why I wanted to contact Mrs. Kennedy. I told them I had an important message for Senator Kennedy. In the presence of a minister's wife the agent said arrogantly, "It is impossible to contact Senator Kennedy except through the Agency." (1984 in 1966!)

I was unlawfully evicted wherever I tried to live. I got permission to stay on a man's property out in the farming country and hid behind his barn. Soon a sheriff's plane searched and found me and photographed me. My friend said the authorities were putting "heat" on him and he asked me to leave. I packed up and went to Sacramento and was evicted from 9 consecutive rentals with rent paid. I was falsely arrested around 100 times - sometimes twice and once 4 times in one day. Judge Earl Warren Jr. (son of the Chief Justice) released me on my own recognizance until the authorities threatened to kidnap and mutilate his children. (His wife, Antonette, tearfully admitted this threat over the phone). My disability benefits were illegally cut off in 1971 and I have survived ever since then with no income whatsoever.

I was subjected to numerous burglaries and thefts which police were instructed to not investigate. To date, vehicles have been stolen from me by the authorities on 21 occasions. In 1974 the authorities managed to steal the originals of the Kennedy assassination evidence by boldly sending out a horde of police and FBI types to cut the lock and take everything without court order or any legality whatsoever. I quickly bicycled to court and obtained a restraining order, but the authorities ignored the order, arrested me on false charges, tortured me and rendered it impossible for me to seek relief in court. One time my car

was illegally taken on the charge of "abandoned" while I was sitting in it! Another time I was arrested for disobedience when the cop ordered me out of my vehicle so he could take it on the false charge of "abandoned"! Each car theft my belongings were stolen. I could usually recover my car by court order; but toward the last, arrest and torture rendered me so incapacitated that I couldn't appear as plaintiff to protect my rights. No lawyer would help me because of threats that any lawyer aiding me would lose his license.

After my belongings and privileged documents were stolen, I tried to salvage stray documents and articles left behind in the rush of police theft. I spied an envelope of my documents and went to recover it. an FBI type told the police to stop me and take my papers away from me. The cop arrested me for trespass. A lawyer in the crowd of about a dozen officials advised that a trespass arrest wouldn't stick because my rent was paid and I had never been lawfully evicted. So, one shouted out, "I saw him hit the officer! I saw him hit the officer, etc!" Briefly, I was maliciously prosecuted, convicted on perjured testimony and imprisoned for 4 months on the charge of striking an officer. I walked into jail and came out in a wheelchair. The torture was unbearable. I was denied due process, assistance of counsel, and denied the right to appeal.

I tried to seek the return of my belongings but was met with further arrests and violence. I was warned that a \$2000 contract was out to kill me or damage be enough to silence me. I had made a copy of the Kennedy assassination evidence and archived it in a friend's house. I grabbed the archive copy and departed California to Reno Nevada where I tried to seek an injunction to stop the violence so I could return and recover my property. I was unlawfully barred from entering the U. S. District Court after filing my Petition.

I decided to proceed toward Washington, D. C. - selling my booklets and begging to get gas and oil money. The authorities in California put something in my engine to ruin it and it required a quart of oil every 30 or so miles and a spark plug cleaning every 10 to 15 miles. I stopped in Arizona for a few days to do temporary repairs. A convict stuck a gun in my face but didn't kill me saying, "No. I can't do it. I can't kill a man with balls." He tossed the bullets in the weeds, threw the gun on my front seat and departed saying "Now I'm a hunted man." In this short encounter he claimed 2 detectives came to the prison and asked him if he would kill for his freedom, and he agreed. They took him out, gave him a gun and clothing and furnished an old car and told him if he kills Fields they won't go after him. If he fails to kill Fields he will be classed as an escaped convict and shot on sight. Somehow I believe what he told me because he used terms and accusations I had heard previously in California, he was so nervous his teeth chattered.

Motor trouble detained me for months in Texas. I was falsely arrested and jailed in Louisiana on a false parking charge. Quite a crowd gathered. One of the cops told the crowd, "Its the end of the line for this guy, you'll never see him on the street again." This was a very strange arrest. In jail I overheard a cop call Beloxi, Miss., telling them there was a "hold" on me, etc. Within a couple hours my vehicle-home-office was returned - damaged - and I was ordered to get out of town immediately and to go on down Highway 10 and don't stop till I'm out of Louisiana, which I refused to do. By a strange stroke of fate they had an honorable District Attorney (Tucker) and an assistant (Lee) who made the police write a letter stating there was no charge or hold against me, and made the authorities pay \$140 to repair the damage done to my vehicle by the police. I still don't understand it!

In late July I arrived in North Florida and had several reasons to go down into South Florida. I wanted to get this mission over with so I decided to press North to try to contact a responsible Kennedy at Hickory Hill, and to do my business in Washington before Winter set in. I turned North and got as far as Cordele, Georgia, when the "Bible Belt" viciousness became intolerable. A cop followed me and when I turned into the U. S. Post Office to mail a letter, this cop threatened me with arrest if I didn't immediately get back in my car and get out of town immediately. It was now August 1979 and I sensed that with such police harassment I would surely be arrested before getting to Washington and it would put me in the slush and snow of Wintertime Washington - no place for a wheelchair. So I back-tracked and proceeded South to West Palm Beach arriving middle of September.

In exchange for work and services, I rented space to park my vehicle-home-office until April when I planned to resume my journey to Washington, D. C. In the meantime I hoped to arrange a meeting with a responsible Kennedy to hand over the evidence and be

shed of this whole affair and complete my mission - even though I failed to get the warning to Senator Kennedy. I tried to approach the Kennedy Winter home but police threatened me with arrest. Later I went over the bridge in my wheelchair and to the St. Edwards Church where the Kennedys go. I wanted to talk to the father to see if he would deliver a message. Police were called and I was threatened with arrest "...if you don't scoot back over the bridge." Please note: Police allow well dressed hoodlums to approach the Kennedy home. In one instance in 1982 a maid's dope-using boyfriend took a Kennedy vehicle and abandoned it at the airport. Recent news indicates that dope peddlers may have access to the Kennedys. Yet, a sincere courier trying to turn over vital evidence - without any charge or fee whatsoever - is threatened with arrest. I have written letter after letter - no reply. I could possibly pursue a more vigerous approach; but I don't want to frighten or disturb the mother, Rose. I would prefer a quiet businesslike approach to contact them.

It is quite evident that federal agencies are inducing local officials to silence me. A comprehensive coverage of all the events would require several volumes. The complication generated by corrupt government activity is beyond comprehension to those who have never met government sponsored crime. I shall therefor touch only some of the salient occurrences.

First we must understand that not all lawyers are honest, not all judges are honorable, and not all cops are against crime. It is not so much as a matter of cash money; it is favor barter - power barter. Sometimes district attorneys enter into barter with criminals to satisfy certain self-serving ends. A criminal behind bars will promise almost anything for freedom. A criminal on probation, however, is the safest tool a corrupt system can use against an honest citizen. This is not speculation - in several instances it has been admitted; "Man, I don't hate you - I got heat on me, I gotta stay outta jail!" And, juvenile attacker doing the bidding of a cop, "He gives us "weed"." and, "I'm on probation, I gotta do what I'm told." and "The officer told me you want suicide and he told me to help you."

Previously a school teacher and known dope user, Henerietta Forbes, was caught selling dope to school children - a felony - yet evaded prison by a \$1000 bribe to the Palm Beach County State Attorney to get on probation. As fate would have it, this teacher lived in a trailer on the same farm where I rented space in the barn. In October 1979 a person in a white pickup bearing a county license plate, partly obscured with a car license plate wired over it, came on the property and gave a narcotic ("dust") to Henerietta Forbes. This drove her to violence and to attack me. These attacks continued for weeks and from the talk it was clear that the authorities were trying to provoke me into some defensive act in order to arrest me. I started preparations to leave. The landlady (who I later learned was part of the conspiracy) begged me to stay and even offered me money to stay. I continued preparations to leave whereupon Forbes threw a shovel at me and damaged the car's electrical system rendering it inoperative. Officers were called who gave Forbes a citation - and 15 minutes after the sheriff departed she attacked me again. The next day more violence. the next day more violence and property damage. I propelled my wheelchair over 1/2 mile of dirt roads to phone for help. The officer arrested Forbes, but she was released and continued the harassment from time to time.

Now it becomes very clear that the authorities were after the Kennedy assassination evidence and were hard pressed for some "legal" excuse to put me behind bars. The landlady, Sally Zinman, who revealed herself as a lesbian, told me I would have to leave if I didn't drop charges against Forbes. She wanted me to leave but to leave my belongings there in her barn, and she was well aware my vehicle was inoperative - and even offered \$250 for repairs. Zinman revealed a curious liaison between Legal Aid Lawyer Hamill, the State Attorney, and a deputy Sheriff "Sergeant Tom" and said, "They want you on public property so they can pick you up."

On 2 January 1980, Deputy Boyce Crowe stated that he was ordered to arrest me for "trespass". I showed him documentary evidence that I was paying rent in-kind by rendering services and evidence of repairing Zinman's car, tractor and other equipment. He talked to Zinman and returned saying Zinman admits the rental agreement was for work and services and that I was "paid up for the season". Deputy Crowe seemed to be in a dilemma and departed.

On 3 January, in the dark of night Deputy Crowe came saying he had orders to arrest me and did arrest me on the false charge of "trespass" with the full knowledge that I was a tenant - stating that he had to follow orders or lose his job. He put me and my wheelchair in the patrol car and hauled me over 15 miles to jail in handcuffs. Concerned people had

made up a bail fund and I was released around midnigt with no transportation, no shelter, and no funds (the \$100 bill was all I had). I hitch hiked in my wheelchair and arrived home at 6:20 AM on 4 Jan 1980. The day before I had borrowed a battery and started my vehicle-home-office. On the morning of 4 Jan the battery was dead so I proceeded to charge it and tried to pack and stow my belongings - but the ordeal of being arrested and having to hitch-hike all night was more than my disabled condition could tolerate and I fell very sick with heart spasms and lay in bed most of the day and evening.

In the dark of night on 4 January I was rousted out of bed and arrested by Sheriff Crowe. I told him I was sick and couldn't take any more cruelty and that there was Civil remedy available in standard eviction proceeding. I notified Crowe that he was trespassing on my rented premises and that he had no warrent and that it is unlawful for him to just barge in and open my vehicle-home-office in the middle of night. I demanded to make a phone call to a lawyer I had recently contacted, which he granted. The lawyer told me to obey the officer, etc. and asked to speak to Crowe. Crowe then contacted a Sgt. and the word "Tom" was uttered several times. Briefly the result was that I was given the choice of leaving the premises or be imprisoned in jail until the hearing on the previous days arrest. Since I was very sick and since my bail fund had not been replenished - and knowing the object of the arrest was to separate me from my belongings, I agreed to leave the premises temporarily. There is much more to this but time and space won't permit detail at this time.

On 23 January the first arrest was dismissed. The lawyer advised me to stay away for one more day to allow the significance to sink in. On 24 January I returned home to find that my utility room had been broken into and my documents overhauled. I had the Kennedy assassination evidence with me in the vehicle-home-office. This explains why Zinman came to me where I was parked in Wellington and tried to sweet-talk me into returning home with promises of money to repair the damage caused by Forbes. Zinman told me I had several letters and she said "...I put them on your table (in the barn)".

In the dark of night on 25 January I was rousted out of bed again and again arrested on the false charge of "trespass" - the third trespass arrest! My wheelchair and I were locked in the patrol car and Deputy Sheriff Comfort gave Zinman explicit instructions to call a certain party and have my vehicle taken away and impounded. Twice he gave the order and added, "Make sure you do it right away, he might bail out and drive it away like last time." Deputy Comfort seemed very nervous and wanted to talk, and in so doing revealed the following:

Comfort asked, "What have you done to cause all this action?" I replied, "What have I done? You should know, you arrested me." Among other statements Comfort said, "Oh well, I was sent out to bring you in - I was told to charge you with trespass." I asked, "Was I in fact trespassing?" Comfort replied, "How do I know. I was pulled off my beat to come out here - the officer out here (Crowe) refused to arrest you, so I was called."

I was hauled over 15 miles to jail and I overheard Comfort talking to a "Sgt. Tom" on the phone and receiving instructions as to what to write on the arrest report. In fact Comfort filled in the papers while listening on the phone - a very odd procedure. I was not permitted to phone. Good people had again furnished me more bail money. The bail was set at \$100. I offered \$100 cash money; but the sheriff refused to release me "...on orders of Sgt. Tom." I heard Comfort talking to the duty Sgt. in the jail explaining that if I were released "he'll go out there and get his car.", etc., etc.

There was a large stack of bedding available; but I was denied bedding and forced to lay on the hard, cold hallway floor. My vulnerability to sound torture was exploited even after I displayed my Medic Alert warning devise No. 173696. I was kicked repeatedly to deny sleep. The greatest punishment was being denied a toilet facility and holding my urine all night caused great distress and sickness. Brutal treatment caused failure of my sphincter muscles causing me to urinate in my wheelchair and clothing. Even in the courthouse I was held alone in a hallway, while the other prisoners were kept in regular holding cells with water and toilet.

I could not hear what transpired in the courtroom because I had impacted my ears as a defense against the sound torture. Apparently the judge authorized extra punishment before trial of issue to force me to plead guilty. When I was returned to the jail I was twice knocked out of my wheelchair and beaten by Deputy Gruber, a Jew friend of Zinman, Hamill,



Lubin, et al. Gruber stated that this was only a sample and if I didn't keep shut in court, he would kill me. He told me I'd have to plead guilty if I expected to stay alive. The hits on the head have damaged my eyesight in my left eye. I am denied medical care.

At the last beating a good jailer pulled Gruber off of me and quickly released me on the \$100 bond. I was so sick I could barely propell my wheelchair. I finally got across the street and urinated in a parking lot in desperation. My heart was going into spasms and I started sobbing. I still had impactions in my ears and couldn't communicate for help. Finally after an hour of acute suffering and heart trouble I managed to contact a church who paid \$22 taxi fare to take me home.

I arrived home in the afternoon of 26 Jan 80 and found a note on my door telling me that my vehicle-home-office had been taken to Steve's Towing garage. I phoned and was told they knew nothing about it. Later I phoned and they admitted having my vehicle but refused to tell me where it was located - in short I didn't see my vehicle for 19 months!

My Utility room had been ransacked again and my belongings strewn about on the floor. Later that afternoon a sheriff came to arrest me so I got off the premises. I folded up my wheelchair and crawled into an open field and lay there all night sick in a cold driving rain in a 4 inch deep puddle of water. I was weak from hunger and asked a neighbor for food next morning. Out on the road Zimman approached me and apologized for all the trouble, again promised me money and told me to go back to the barn and that I was welcome to stay. I knew it was a trick. I hid in some bushes all night of 27 Jan and watched while sheriff patrol cars searched for me - playing their spotlights over the fields and driving with lights out to suddenly turn them on in the hope they could catch me trying to get away with some documents. This is what taxpayers are getting for their money!

Thanks to our judges, Florida is known as a criminal's paradise. Here dangerous criminals run loose while honest citizens are harassed by their own "public servants". South Florida is made a criminal's paradise by a composite of corrupt judicial decree, legislative trickery, and deliberate executive violations.

Law enforcement consistently refuses to go against the criminal - especially the criminal with portfolio. Yet, in this present case, a tax paid deputy sheriff drives our patrol car down a dangerous sand road about a half mile, turns his lights out and turns around and speeds back with his lights out and flashing them on at the last moment trying to catch a crippled senior citizen in the lawful act of protecting his privileged possessions. (The crotch-oriented deputy doesn't have sense enough to realize that his stop light goes on when he stops to turn around)

On 30 Jan 80 I was told to go to the barn to receive a phone call about getting my vehicle-home-office returned to me. The call was from a Morris Boyd, who I had met - previously and who claimed to be an electrician. Boyd said he was speaking in behalf of Sally Zimman, Henerietta Forbes and David Bludworth (the State Attorney). Boyd said he had just talked to Dave (Bludworth) and that I would get my car returned if I dropped the charges against Henerietta Forbes. Boyd said he would come and pick me up and take me to "Dave's" office to sign the papers and "I will personally guarantee your car will be returned within half an hour." I told him that the State of Florida was prosecuting Forbes for crime and that it was beyond my power and a breach of honor to do anything other than telling the truth. I stated at another point that only the prosecutor (Bludworth) is empowered to drop a charge in a criminal case. Boyd became more insistant and said that "You will be hurt and cut up if you don't drop charges." and "Dave says you won't get out of Florida alive if you don't drop charges." I questioned and Boyd said that Bludworth told him to tell me that if I don't cooperate. Boyd talked for about an hour and uttered other threats about being chained and taken to a certain "bend" or canal or swamp and fed to the aligators. (I realized that this was no idle threat for 2 reasons: (a) I was told an aligator had been killed and a corroded set of handcuffs were found in his stomach; (b) with the kind of judges on the State Bench, it would be impossible to question such a murder - forinstance, after over 4 years none of these issues - not even a single one - has ever been permitted before any judge acting honorably with respect for law and Due Process)

Boyd left me with the fear that Bludworth intended to silence me permanently, and had the power to get away with it. I was desperate and I wanted to salvage my belongings and

get to some safe place to recuperate. I phoned many agencies who advertise that they help people in distress. Most of it is a lie. I did contact Mr. Gonzalez, director of the South County Migrant Council. He promised to come at 10:00 AM Saturday, 2 Feb. to bring food and a van to salvage my belongings stored in my utility room in the barn at 1912 B Road, Loxahatchee. I then called a lawyer who had been recommended to me, Jackson Hassze, and his secretary told me he would be out to see me around 10 Saturday morning to see that there was no trouble.

On Saturday morning I was waiting in my wheelchair alongside the road 30 to 40 feet outside of Zinman's property. Deputy Sheriff Piazza drove past me to Zinman's house, apparently to make a phone call. Then Piazza drove to a trailer where illegal aliens were staying and in his nervousness hit a tree with the patrol car. Then Piazza drove back to where I was waiting 30 to 40 feet away from Zinman's property and placed me under arrest on the charge of "trespass" after being duly notified that I was not on Zinman's property and specifically pointing out the survey markers clearly visible. Zinman drove up and admitted that I was not on her property. Deputy Piazza told Zinman that she would have to sign a paper stating that I was arrested on her property - which she did. Piazza then told Zinman to put locks on the barn so that I couldn't return to get my property out of my utility room. (there was still collateral evidence proving the existence of the 4 photos and 28 documents and circumstances of the theft of the original documents) Then Piazza stated that he would call a judge to have my bail "jacked up to \$500" to prevent me from returning to get my possessions (about half a ton of possessions in utility room).

I was for the third time hauled over 15 miles to jail and not permitted to phone till very late in the afternoon. Piazza did call a judge who, without hearing or due process, unlawfully ordered excessive bail in the sum of \$500 - 5 times normal bail. Since bail is not intended as a punishment, and only to guarantee appearance in court, this was malicious.

Everything I owned, except my wheelchair, had been unlawfully taken away from me - my vehicle-home-office, all my identification and personal papers, all my privileged books, records, evidence and about 300 pounds of legal papers, were in the hands of the enemy. All my clothing, necessities of life, my tools, instruments and equipment, my typewriter and writing materials were stolen and unlawfully detained in violation of our 4th Amendment.

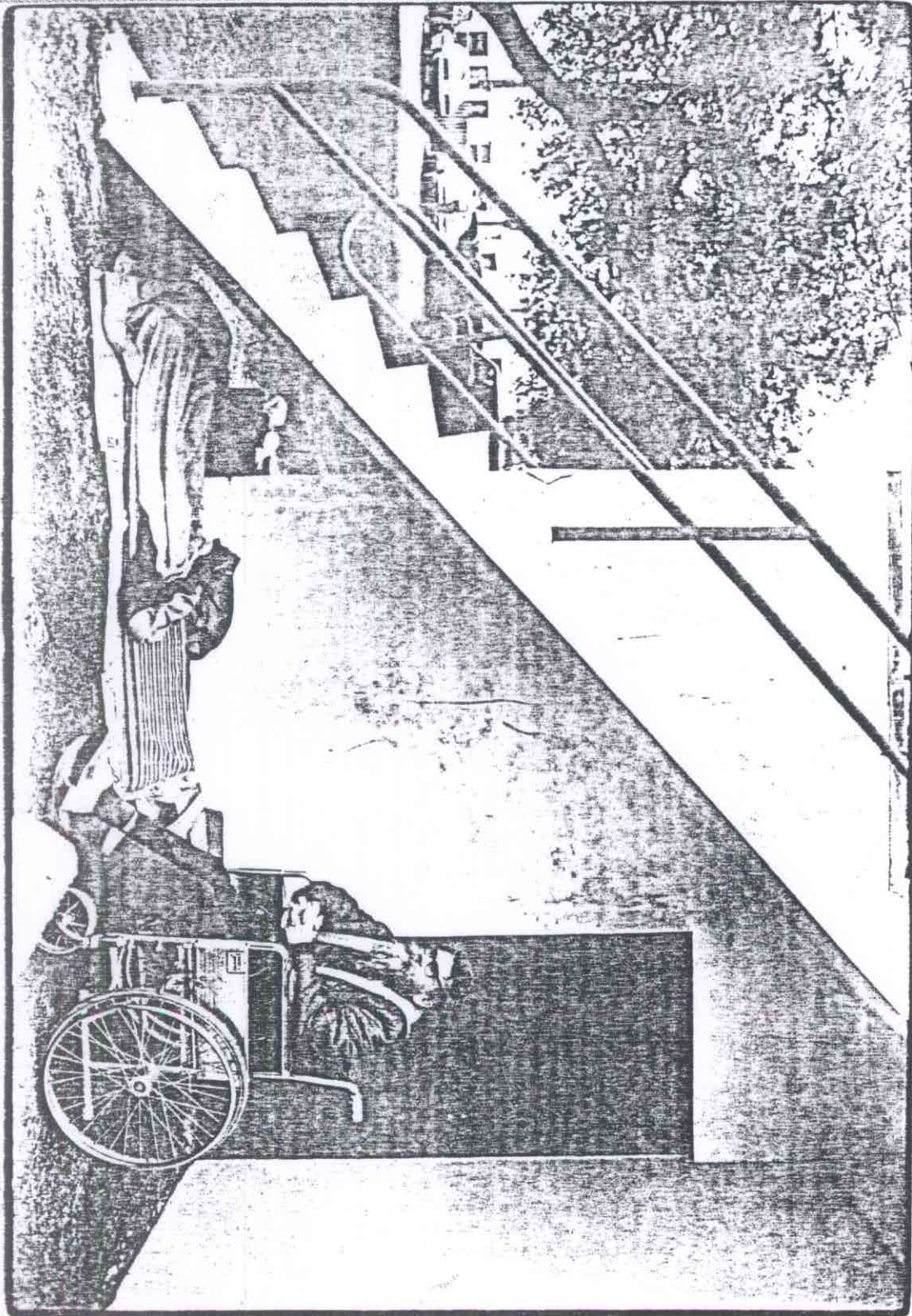
To be without funds, identification and necessities of life while disabled and crippled is a very serious and degrading situation. I obtained permission to lay on the ground in a church parking lot next to a building (see photo next page) with the partial protection of a door of a stairway - which still allowed rain to blow on me. I was forced to seek through garbage for food even though a little food was donated by Ernesto Gonzalez. I petitioned the court for the return of my belongings, and especially the evidence needed in upcoming trials - all my pleadings were either dismissed or ignored. The judges condoned theft!

I was States witness in Florida vs. Forbes, 79-10512 and 79-11007. It is a crime to threaten or tamper with a witness. Several officers and lawyers threatened beatings and death if I didn't change my testimony. Deputy State Attorney Connolly condoned these threats against his own prosecution witness. A motion to dismiss charges against Forbes was to be heard on 4 March 1980. Around noon on 3 March a man warned me to keep shut in court if I wanted to "see tomorrow". That night a shot was fired at me by an agent of Forbes. (have bullet)

Police and police agents attacked me, one hoodlum knocked me out of my wheelchair and left me bloody. The church was pressured to evict me. Police ordered me off the sidewalk and told me I would have to go in the street with the traffick. Life became totally unbearable. In my wheelchair I hitch hiked to Fort Lauderdale and lived in the open behind a house. I borrowed a typewriter and when it wasn't raining I prepared Civil Rights Complaints filed in the USDC circa 15 May 1980 asking for relief from violence and the return of my possessions. My pleadings were dismissed for "failing to state a cause of action". I was denied counsel.

Violence hit me in Ft. Lauderdale and I hitch hiked to Miami to see the U. S. Attorney for protection. I was the wrong color and the wrong nationality, the U. S. Attorney refused to see me. I was so hungry and so sick that I didn't remember how I got back to Ft. Lauderdale. All I know is a prof ex Navy Commander took me into his home, made some phone calls and advised I get out of Florida quickly. A church donated funds for a train to Jessup, Georgia, and from there I hitch hiked to Long Island, New York, to the home of a friend.

Concerning the two criminal charges against me, Florida v. Fields, 80-938 and 80-1238,



It is easy to beat a man in court when he is denied a lawyer, when he has no shelter to keep his documents safe, when he must seek food from garbage and denied the necessities of life...and shot at during the night before a hearing - "death if you fail in court!"

we go back to Feb, Mar, Apr, May of 1980. Public Defender Michael Salnick, a friend of Zinman, Lubin, et al, was appointed to defend me. Salnick stated that he had to cooperate with the State Attorney and insisted that I plead guilty to the charges of "trespass". Salnick became belligerent and told me he didn't have time to subpoena witnesses or to prepare a defense. On 20 March I faced trial on the 3rd arrest. I was denied continuance to prepare my defense, I was denied witnesses and Due Process. Strangely, the judge admitted that I was a tenant; but, without any lawful basis, this very frightened judge made this strange ruling: (a) Fields was a tenant. (b) at second arrest Fields left the premises under duress. (c) The act of leaving the premises constituted abandonment. (d) therefore Fields was trespassing when he returned to get his half ton of belongings. The warped mind of Judge Harrison has no place for honesty, justice or honor. Harrison adjudicated me guilty as charged and ordered me to see the probation people. Knowing that ex post facto dictum could not pass the test of appeal, this crooked judge evaded appeal simply by "withholding adjudication". This crooked judge refuses to pass judgement and sentence to bring an end to this case. This crooked judge is maliciously violating my right to a "speedy trial" which presupposes a speedy conclusion to the criminal matter.

If I had won acquittal, the question of return of my possession taken at arrest would be simple. Upon a judgement and sentence, a new trial would result from appeal, and the assistance of counsel, time to prepare and witnesses would be assured. The true reason that Judge Harrison is unlawfully blocking appeal is the importance of the Kennedy assassination evidence hanging in the balance. By unlawfully holding this case in limbo, this very corrupt judge is delaying the recovery of the Kennedy assassination evidence.

I tried to appeal. One 15th Circuit judge said appeal was premature because the county judge "withheld adjudication" (which is contrary to written law). Another 15th Circuit judge said appeal was available (which is clearly written into the law). I appealed to the Florida 4th Dist. Appeals Court but failed because of lies and deceit and the lack of courage of those judges to face the truth. I can prove by the court's own records that this criminal matter has never been before a jury or an honorable judge under Due Process and Equal Protection. I am trying now to get an injunction in the Federal Court, Fields v. Harrison, 84-8047 to compel the County Court to proceed with the judgement and sentence so that I can appeal from the corruption of the County Court.

As for the 4th false arrest on 2 Feb 1980, No. 80-1238, this case went beyond the 90 day time period in which to bring the issue to trial. The State Attorney abandoned the case under the letter of the law - but revived the case a year and 10 days later.

When I defected to New York for safety, I mailed each active court a statement as to why I was forced out of the jurisdiction and that I would return to seek justice whenever the violence, false arrests and tortures in jail were stopped. Late in 1980 I received word from the courts indicating justice and due process was available. We returned to West Palm Beach and arrived on 4 Feb 1981. On 11 Feb 81 I filed Notice in each active court of my intention to pursue justice, replevin and redress. Next day, 12 Feb 81, four sheriff deputies arrested me on the 1980 "trespass" charge No. 80-1238, locked me in jail without access to bail. Even after displaying my Medic Alert No. 173696 "HYPERSENSITIVE TO NOISE AND SOUNDS" I was locked in the noisiest place in the whole jail and right under a television so loud the walls vibrated, the inmate in the adjacent cell constantly kicked the wall which caused my bunk to jump about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch.

It is absolutely certain the State Attorney ordered that I be tortured so that I would be ineffective in court - which is what happened. I was brought before Judge Carlisle in extreme distress, pain and nausea from the all night torture. I could not hear what was said in the courtroom because I had my ears impacted as a defense against the sound torture. I spoke out and duly notified the judge of the sound torture, of my vulnerability and my Medic Alert and asked for humane conditions. Apparently Judge Carlisle found my disability quite humorous and I could see him laughing and commenting to his clerks who also laughed. My good friend, Violet Terry, wrote down what the judge said. The gist of the judge's ruling was that if I pleaded guilty I would be released immediately. I stated that I was not guilty and that I wanted a jury trial with due process and asked to be released on my own recognizance. The judge uttered a ruling and I was taken away before Violet could write it down.

I was put back in jail on 13 Feb 81 and the torture was increased. I begged a guard

to do something to relieve the pain. He seemed a rather sympathetic and humane guard and he wrote on a slip of paper: "The judge ordered punishment, he wants you to plead guilty." Then he wrote: "I have no power, but will do what I can." He turned the TV down when others turned up the volume so high it rattled, and he gave cigarettes to the adjacent inmate to get him to quit kicking my wall. It was bedlam!

The authorities made a serious attempt to kill me on 17 Feb 81 in this manner: An insane Bible-freak type of inmate was put in my cell (a very small cell). He stated that he was told to help me commit suicide, that I was having so much pain that he was to help me. He said he was told to not put any marks on me. He said he could do it quickly and without any pain, and that he had helped others out of suffering. He said all he needed was a spoke out of my wheelchair which he would stick behind my eyeball and said he could do it without a drop of blood. He said he ordinarily used a coat hanger; but was told to use a spoke. This insane inmate (or pretending to be insane and babbling Bible) proceeded to stomp on my wheelchair wheel. Very significantly, during all this time the guards were absent. Other inmates heard what was going on and when I shouted for help they raised such a clamor that a guard finally appeared - but did nothing. 4 times guards were called but did nothing. I had no way of telling time during this intense fear and trauma, but it seemed like the inmates had to shout and rattle their doors for over 10 minutes to get a guard to come - and it is not because there aren't enough guards or they are too busy.

This act of attempted murder lasted from late afternoon till the midnight shift of guards came on. The last time a guard was summoned he came immediately, conferred with the new Sgt. and immediately transferred me to a 7 man room where I was treated with respect and decency by the other inmates - but the day and night loud televisions continued to cause pain and distress. I was having heart spasms and the pain became so unbearable that as soon as writing materials became available I wrote to Circuit Judge Williams stating that I would plead guilty in exchange for humane conditions.

In the meantime Violet Terry was being threatened and harassed by the State Attorney's agents to induce her to abandon me. Without funds, Violet, age 70 and crippled, walked miles to borrow \$150 to pay a lawyer to have bail set; then more painful miles to borrow \$210 bail money in order to relieve me of the very painful sound torture. Released 23 Feb 81.

After 2 false arrests on the same pretended "trespass" charge, after abandoning the prosecution in 1980, after torture and attempted murder in jail, don't you think the criminal accusation would have gone to trial? The worst child-killer isn't treated like this! After all this blatant waste of taxpayer's resources, after government employees seriously violated law after law to punish me before trial, this criminal case was nolle prossed. In dropping the case, the State Attorney solicited perjury and entered perjury into the record to cover up the fact of malicious prosecution without a shred of evidence.

So, there must be some other reason for all these false arrests and waste of taxpayer's money. (9 - NINE - false arrests so far in Palm Beach County - no conviction). The other reason is obvious: A review of public records in context will show very clearly that the true reason for all these false arrests, assaults and harassments, is to prevent me from taking the Kennedy assassination evidence to Washington, D. C. If the key evidence is not destroyed by government officials, this is what it would show: State Attorney David Bludworth made a deal with Federal agents, for support in running for higher office (senate \*\*\*) Bludworth was instructed to do whatever was necessary to stop me from taking the archive copies of the Kennedy assassination evidence to Washington, D. C. (government already has the original copies stolen in California). County records will show that Bludworth, using Forbes' probation status for leverage, got her to assault me to induce me into some defensive act which could be used to arrest me. Even after a written <sup>warning</sup> notice to the Sheriff, Richard Wille joined the conspiracy to stop me and assigned "Sgt Tom" to cause me to be arrested. "Sgt. Tom" conspired with Sally Zinman (by her own admission) and with affluent Zinman's free Legal Aid lawyer to set up the arrest and theft of the Kennedy assassination evidence. This Legal Aid Lawyer, Hamill, associated with Legal Aid President, Richard Lubin, also a friend of Sally Zinman, and Zinman's present lawyer, is now deceased... no information...

(\*\*\*) An apt place for thieves and incompetents and bribe takers! Records will reveal as a new State Attorney he lost his first 19 consecutive cases. He is known as a prosecutor who is reluctant to prosecute crimes committed by government people because of his own skeletons rattling in his own closet. -12-

It is significant that all people actively involved in this conspiracy to stop me from taking the Kennedy evidence to Washington are getting government money and are so politically oriented as to be amenable to working within such a conspiracy and covering up for each other. A most devastating tool used against me by this conspiracy is false accusations and slander fed to judges, and also untrue data entered into public records and the compiling of an unlawful dossier in the County Court - a unlawful file aside from regular numbered court files to show to judges or lawyers who would otherwise help me. Several bureaucrats have admitted receiving damaging information and instructions from California on how to "handle" Fields. (You build up a constant accusation of petty crime)

Forinstance, just one example of many: In 1980 as a State's witness in a criminal prosecution, I was entitled to services of the "Victim-Witness Program" operated by David Bludworth. To deny me services (like transportation to court) I was ordered out of the building (a public building where I had every right to conduct business). I continued to enter the building. Police were called and they saw I was doing nothing unlawful and left. Then in the hallway of the courthouse I was loudly accused of stealing a set of keys and that I was an escapee from California, etc. I propelled my wheelchair many blocks and over the hill to ask the police if there was such a charge pending against me. The police never heard of any keys being stolen. Yet the false accusations persisted. I saw and heard a county employee telling Judge Sholtz. In a hearing involving Zinnar and Hamill asking that my privileged belongings and documents be returned to me, Judge Sholtz. He was so angry at me he wouldn't allow me to testify or present evidence and ruled: "If you have anything throw it out on the ground!"; or "...throw his junk out on the ground!"

Here is the strange part: Why didn't the judge check up, or do something when the county employee told the judge, "He stole a set of keys and can get into the building and he is dangerous to everybody!" Why didn't the judge call the police to see if any keys were reported stolen? Then why didn't he call up the county employee and find out why, if in fact keys were stolen, such theft was not reported to the police. It is very crystal clear that the key theft accusation was a way of damaging my attempt to recover my papers and documents, including the Kennedy assassination evidence - and I believe Sholtz knew it.

Most of the 100 arrests in this matter were dismissed out of hand. In California there were a few judges wise enough to know what was going on. Here is an example: "There are several ways to deny jurisdiction for redress - one is to force the victim out of the jurisdiction. Police were constantly harassing me in California and I was in court on a parking charge while I was lawfully parked. From memory the transcript went: (Fields acting as his own attorney questioned witness police officer) FIELDS: Were there any other officers present? WITNESS: Yes. FIELDS: How many were present? WITNESS: Four besides me. FIELDS: Was there a lieutenant present? WITNESS: Yes. FIELDS: How long were you there giving me the parking ticket? WITNESS: About a half an hour. JUDGE: Am I hearing correctly? Are you telling me it took 5 police officers, and a lieutenant, a half hour to give this man a parking ticket!? WITNESS: Er..., well, Your Honor... JUDGE: Acquitted! (case 183717)

Never have any issues touching the theft of documents and evidence, or any arrests, ever been brought to trial while I had shelter, food and necessities of life. When I did have shelter (from 1968 to 1971, and after 1981) the authorities would not permit me to have a trial of issue - cases were dismissed. Arrests both in California and Florida were mainly to facilitate burglary and theft of documents. The unlawful acts of government against me embraces 4 thrusts: (1) to steal the Kennedy assassination evidence and all collateral evidence which could indicate the existence of the 4 photos and 26 supporting documents; (2) to stop me from having jurisdiction to recover any of this evidence; (3) to inflict violence to maim and disable me, deny me relief due me in law, deny me income, deny me shelter, food, necessities, transportation and a means of communication, to degrade me and damage credibility, and to silence me physically if necessary; (4) to inflict threats, coercion and punishment on anyone with the courage to assist me in trying to seek the return of the stolen documents.

I am rushing to finish this to get it into the mail, so I'll leave out much that should be considered. I will, however, reveal the threats and damage to Violet Terry because she is lending me shelter and an address as a base from which to seek replevin of the stolen documents. Violet advised this case and public records before consenting to help. When I was beginning to be effective, Bludworth induced the WFB City Manager to run me out of town. It is difficult to run a man out of town when he is standing securely on private property.

But, the hoodlums who in hoodlums were sent to our house to cause a disturbance. Police were called to break on the "disturbance". An agent of Bludworth hailed the police and programmed them before they got to our house. I was standing on my crutches alongside Violet near our front porch when the police approached. The Bludworth agent told the police, "There he is! He's trespassing on her property and causing trouble to Mrs. Terry and he's a danger to her, etc, etc." Without a second thought, or without asking Violet anything, police arrested me and hauled me to jail. Violet took a taxi to jail and set them straight and after an hour or so they released me. Then this Bludworth agent threatened Violet's life and caused her sickness and distress. A burglar was sent to break in and go through Violet's papers - police did nothing. There were many other harassments and threats.

In Nov. 1961 a City official was sent out to threaten Violet to induce her to evict me. This official stated, "I'm gonna call the building inspector down on you if you don't get rid of him." (pointing to Fields) Then this Official said many other things, including: "I'm gonna pull your house down piece by piece..."; "The City will lay off and stop harassing you if you do as you're told and get rid of him." (Yes, this official actually used the word "harassing") Through corruption the City now has a lien against Violet's home and it appears that she will have her home taken from her - she has lived here over 50 years.

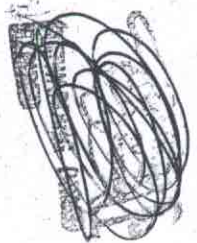
We are trying to salvage her home by a Civil Rights action in the Federal Court in action 84-8096 - but we are losing because no lawyer will help us. A very corrupt judge would not let Violet appeal an unlawful decision of a "Codes Enforcement Board" who told Violet to "shut up" and would not let her enter a defense. Here is just some of the corruption used: The City accused Violet of building a carport without a permit; then the City would not allow Violet to see the building permit file because the City mutilated the file and removed the building permits we later discovered. But, in their zeal to harass Violet, the City neglected to also remove the application for the building permit which was issued as No. 5768 to Ira B. Terry (her late husband) on 7 December 1946 - 36 years ago!!!

The corrupt Board would not allow a witness to testify that he witnessed the old carport being torn down and this new one being built in 1946. The Board ruled that the permit No. 5768 was not used to construct the carport, but used on "some other structure on the premises." without identifying such a structure (because there is no other structure!) The City's testimony was laced with perjury. They claimed Violet's home is in R4 zone, when it is actually a C1 zone where R4 rules do not apply. What is so important about the carport? If they can destroy Violet's carport, they can also destroy her home by the same method because it, like all the other homes on this block, do not conform to the new regulations. The others enjoy the "grandfather clause" which is denied to Violet.

Now, would the government go to all this trouble throughout all these years and would bureaucrats gamble their future by committing perjury, law violations and crimes, unless there was something behind it bigger than the apparently petty issues presented? Would a government steal from me all my life's data unless there was something mighty important in those things? Would a government spend only \$1000 on 21 separate cars which were something more valuable than the cars was involved? (All cars operative and licensed. Sold to me at low cost because of my need, value of cars stolen: \$250, \$250, \$25, \$25, etc, etc)

Last year I filed a Complaint to recover the Kennedy Bribe. I did not have enough money to make copies or stamps to send the copies to the defendants, so a very corrupt judge dismissed my Complaint "with prejudice". I filed a motion to disqualify this judge and he retaliated by holding me in contempt, as prosecutor, judge and jury this judge found me guilty and the matter is now on appeal. I wish I could send you the whole transcript of the "trial" on the contempt charge. It is the same perjury which is the mentality of our judicial system today. (Judge J. W. ... speaking) "It went on and on through everything here. So, when you say what does this case present, I think it presents, in my judgment, an imminent threat to the judicial system of this country and in my opinion, a man like that left free would self destruct the system. The system would never survive. So, this is a very serious matter, and Mr. Fields has to understand it is one thing to file a suit where there is some merit; it's another to harass and attack this County and all of its employees the way he has done." Here is a judge who rules on a case before any evidence is presented. I named 5 county defendants in my Complaint. There are several thousand county employees, so the judge is wrong in saying I am going against "all" county employees. "Self Destruct"? As a citizen I am concerned over a situation where a CIA trained assassin can negate the vote of half of the American citizens. Finished 22 May 1984 -14- N K Fields

*Mc Fields*



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