

The incident of the evening of 2011 January XX+1 started a day earlier, soon after midnight, January XX.

2011 January XX 1:25 am

A dvd filled up with video feed when I was dozing off. I was too lazy to get up and change it until the monitor flashed white because a CPD SUV hove into view.

I was hopeful about the incident after the officers drove away without ticketing me. I thought they were looking for abandoned vehicles.

My car isn't abandoned but two cars parked east of me at #20 and #22 are. I lost hope, because police didn't ticket the other two cars, either.

The two abandoned Hispanic-owned vehicles are the topic of an mpeg photoessay about double standards.

The incident of January XX+1 has a much longer and complex history, of course. I'll summarize it after the January XX+1 videos as best I can while laboring under the burden of outrage.

2011 January XX+1 8:42 pm

A CPD SUV double parked at #24. An officer got out and took a ticket book out of the trunk.

I don't consider his actions grandstanding, because it was cold and nobody was outside to see. I do consider his actions harassment and intimidation.

The CPD SUV drove away at 8:47 pm without leaving a ticket of any kind.

2011 January XX+1 9:22 pm

A CPD SUV double parked at #24. An officer got out and walked the ticket to my side door.

He didn't bother to knock because he knew I wouldn't answer. We've been through this a lot of times before.

The CPD SUV drove away at 9:28 pm. The gaps between the three parts of the episode indicate that it's a group effort.

I started to process the ticket and cope with the outrage.

1985-1990

I caught two Puerto Rican police officers (city and county) red-handed committing unlawful acts themselves and intimidating white neighbors under color of law, in case the whites were thinking of reporting them.

I reported the two officers to their superiors and they moved away sooner or later.

An attorney friend warned me that Puerto Ricans are dangerous. He lived in the suburbs. I lived and worked in the city.

I'd already driven down alleys in gang neighborhoods where Puerto Rican gangs blocked my way. They always stepped aside and let me through.

They even turned down their stereos if I pulled next to them at stoplights.

But that was 25 years ago.

In my opinion, the most vicious of the Puerto Rican men are p-whipped momma's boys who can't think of any way to prove they're men except pick on white women like their mothers, sisters, wives and girlfriends want them to.

The problem with the malfeasant Puerto Rican officers was the knee-jerk esprit d'corps backup that white police officers gave them.

My family suffered very serious consequences because white cops backed up Hispanic liars instead of protecting the people who pay them.

We also suffered the bad effects of white cops who can't get the paperwork right to save their lives.

They didn't join the force to shuffle papers; and they and the clerks in the back rooms of station houses and courts are careless about filling out forms and filing; if they aren't getting paid under the table to mess up.

2009-2010

I met Officer W 2009 November XX when he called my home and gave me his name.

I saw Officer W 2009 November XX+4 when he abducted me from my front yard and took me to Read Mental Health Center to be stripped and held without my consent for 7 days.

Officer W is one of two middle-aged white male officers who harass and intimidate me for the purpose of damage control.

They act under-color-of-law to protect young white male officers who come at me all wrong, in response to the lies and unfounded complaints of my vicious Hispanic and white bully neighbors.

I already knew that the children of cops are troublemakers. Then in 1989 I heard it straight from the horse's mouth in the station house of another district that police will do everything they have to do to silence witnesses against their children.

I figured that X District middle-aged white cops felt fatherly towards the rookies and were doing for them at my house what they'd do for their own children at somebody else's house.

Officer W is a tall good-looking guy who acts like he has very low self-esteem, as well as a psychopathic personality.

He repeatedly thrust his business card at me and told me to call him. He began to leave messages on my home phone the morning after he dropped me off at Read.

A review of video prior to 2009 November XX+4 shows that Officer W was at my house several times before I knew who he was. I'm not done processing the video after 2009 November XX+11 when I returned home. I can say that Officer W has been at my house more times than I can count.

He has been part of a group of officers who grandstand at my home in a manner that encourages my neighbors to commit wrongs on my property and person.

He has organized field trips to my home for officials in other city departments for the purpose of defaming my character and disparaging my intelligence and sanity.

As I stand up to his barrage I get stronger and saner, in my opinion.

If cops can't intimidate you directly, they go after your children.

Saturday 2009 November XX+12 my estranged son called me because Officer W told him to.

It's possible that Officer W was playing social-worker, but, as I told my son, I doubt it, because everything else he does is bad, even if it doesn't work out as he planned.

In case Officer W was reading over my son's shoulder, I alluded to the fact that I already assumed my son was dead and learned to live with the possible fact, because I hadn't heard from him for 19 years.

In 2010 April, CPD officers issued me 3 tickets for deceptive advertising. Officer W wrote tickets 2 and 3 in 2010 April, but scheduled them for hearings 1 and 3 in the administrative court.

The 2011 January XX+1 ticket is the third that Officer W signed.

I prepared and distributed a lot of pleadings for my defense.

At Hearing 1, the city attorney and administrative judge acted strange. The judge dismissed the case with a ruling that flabbergasted the attorney and made sense if ticket 2 got keyed into the system at the last minute.

At Hearing 2, the city attorney went at me with both barrels. The testimony of the ticketing officer was entirely lacking in clarity and didn't make sense, but the judge treated it as God's own truth.

The judge hemorrhaged denials of my pleadings. The only tourniquet I had handy to save us a trip to the ER was to keep my mouth shut. The judge lip-read the city ordinance involved, as if having a printout of the ordinance and a copy of the ticket in the same room

made the connection that proved the violation.

The argument to gouge taxpayers to finance city jobs is always that impoverished and alienated youth will steal old lady purses if they don't get city jobs.

I've worked up the spreadsheets and evidence that says that if you do give impoverished and alienated youth city jobs, they'll throw you into tax delinquency and steal your whole house under-color-of-law.

I walked away from Hearing 2 feeling like my purse had been snatched.

I had the option to appeal the case to the Illinois Circuit Court, but everyone knows you don't chase a purse-snatcher down a blind alley.

The deceptive advertising ordinance is typical of city council work. People give paintbrushes and canvas to elephants so you can't be too surprised that they let aldermen write law.

A synopsis of my pleadings is that the municipal corporation of Chicago is a private for-profit corporation that the state of Illinois set up and allowed to get away with too much for too long. City courts are exceptionally biased because they're places where city officials judge themselves. State courts aren't competent to judge the issues.

At Hearings 1 and 2, city attorneys told me that Ticket 3 wasn't in their system, yet.

I didn't go to Hearing 3 because I had a hunch that X District officers forgot to log all 3 tickets in the system; but city attorneys and judges pretended they were there to cover the cops' behinds.

When the mailman didn't drop off a copy of the judge's verdict on Ticket 3 at Hearing 3, I queried the city's law department, and an employee confirmed that it wasn't in their system.

Department of Streets and Sanitation workers defaced my car with tow notices in 2009 May and October on the basis of the city's abandoned vehicle ordinance. A CPD towing contractor towed my car in 2009 October.

Officer W issued an abandoned vehicle ticket in 2010 April. The ticket allowed me to contest by mail before CPD towed my car.

The abandoned vehicle ordinance has two parts, Parts A and B.

Part A is all city and refers to vehicles parked on the street more than 7 days without moving, regardless of condition and tagging.

Part B is the city's backup for an Illinois statute that refers to vehicles that are inoperable and wrecked. Owners have to get such a vehicle off the street immediately; and cover it with a tarp when stored in a private yard.

Streets and Sanitation workers had ticketed me for a violation of Part A with the process for Part B. I pointed the fact out to the city's inspector general and other officials the morning Officer W and 4-5 other officers abducted me.

Officer W is to be commended 5 months later for ticketing me for a violation of Part A with the process for Part A.

The administrative judge who processed my mail-in defense declared me innocent of a violation of Part B.

I think Officer W has low self-esteem and seizes every opportunity to hassle me because he didn't do so good in school and I'm a retired or fired special education teacher, depending on how you read that case.

I was an effective special education teacher because I worked under the theory that learning disabilities are really normal responses to stress, and kids get labeled LD in schools because schools are stressful.

I figured the judge mixed up Parts A and B because it stressed her to cover Officer W's behind for not logging the abandoned vehicle ticket into the system; and the contents of my defense stressed her even more.

I think there are four levels of history to the 2011 January deceptive advertising ticket.

Level 1

Level 1 is Officer W's personal history that has made him a stalker of old schoolteachers who live alone.

I deal with Officer W at Level 1 almost as I would if I was getting good pay and benefits and could look forward to a generous pension. There's another retired teacher across the street but I'm the one with a pulse and a functioning brain.

Level 2

Level 2 deals with the sad fact that a white Hispanic woman my age who lives at #20 D Street married the bratty little brother of a Puerto Rican political hack.

Mrs. A.M. is ignorant and corrupt enough to believe that her husband L.M. can and has elevated her to the status of Queen of City Services and Arch-Duchess of D Street.

A lot of unfounded complaints about me that require city servicing originate at #20 and at #22 D Street where jealous A.M. spends a lot of time, partly because she can get at me easier from there.

If you saw how young and middle-aged Hispanic females on the block throw themselves at tall good-looking black mailmen and how young white women chase them down in cars, you would get a feel for how spoiled Officer W and other CPD officers might be.

I'm probably the only woman, young, old, lonely, desperate or otherwise who has not yet taken up offers by police officers and streets and sanitation supervisors to call them.

Call them and say what? In a bad economy, when city officials gouge property owners to create jobs, city workers are the only people with money and they get way too full of themselves.

I thought Level 2 would disappear because one of the primary problems on the block is that very few husbands want to look at or listen to their wives (and vice versa).

I'm pretty sure city workers don't want to talk with them either.

Level 3

Level 3 is the fact that Hispanic females do for each other what cops do for each other. Elected officials are Hispanic females or have Hispanic females on their staffs.

Level 3 includes the fact that white people of my type are scary for Hispanic elected officials who get their offices on the vote of racist compatriots and of city/county/state workers and pensioners of all races.

Level 4

Level 4 is the fact that real estate selling agents and mortgage lenders can't make money in stable neighborhoods.

I try to impede the practice of inflating home values to make real estate agents, mortgage lenders, tax farmers, elected officials, city workers and contractors rich.

There's a major conflict of interest between my interests and the interests of the people who claim to represent and serve me.

Deflation does what I want done.

My signs warn prospective good buyers for the house next door of the trouble I wish somebody had warned me before I bought #24. It warns prospective bad buyers that I'm next door.

When all is said and done, I do the policing that keeps the neighborhood relatively peaceful and stable.

If you get to the mpeg for 2011 January (#29 drinks at #24) you should see how easily and quietly it ends after 6 years of my recorded struggle to stop 12 years of #29 alcoholics from drinking at my house.

I stop all my neighbors as best I can, despite CPD sabotage and terror, from making the block as chaotic as their minds.

CERTIFICATION

I certify that the statements and allegations of this affidavit are true to the best of my knowledge.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Print name \_\_\_\_\_

Organization \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/ state/ zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_