

Timeline of Events

2011 & possibly earlier: secret anxiety diagnosis from OHSU

Though I did not know this until receiving OHSU medical notes (dated November 23, 2015), multiple doctors at OHSU Richmond Family Clinic had been diagnosing me with various mental conditions with names like "anxiety state." I do not recall ever being told of this diagnosis at OHSU, and had I been told of it, I would have challenged it.

There was a previous history between 2004 and 2006 where I experienced panic attack symptoms, which I now realize were manufactured by others deliberately subjecting me to a collection of extremely stressful life events paired with direct frequency-based attacks to create specific physiological conditions with regards to my breathing, heart rate, etc. At the time I had no idea that my life was being so carefully and cagily manipulated, and I had no idea it was possible for external sources to manipulate human physiology - breathing, heart rate, even thoughts and feelings. I think there was a fairly elaborate plan and significant funding behind all of this.

Another thing that was going on, and which I now see has been going on my entire life, is people around me deliberately projecting the idea I was somehow mentally ill or otherwise not psychologically normal. This has been done to me since childhood, with an agenda in mind. Now that I have identified this and other gaslighting behaviors, it seems glaringly obvious what was going on. Nonetheless, after being subjected to this kind of thing over my whole life, it's difficult not to sometimes internalize or reflect the negativity being projected, especially when it's also paired with other things, like exclusion from normal social or professional life, and even exclusion from proper medical treatment.

Regardless of their source and purpose, the panic attacks were a temporary state which began at the age of 36, occurred primarily between 2004 and 2006. They are linked to a larger pattern of physical attacks being done to me via this implant network.

July-October 2013

Beginning in late 2010 I had been publishing articles about music on an Australia-based music blog called Collapse Board. In July 2013 I began to research and write an article about my boyfriend's former band, Napalm Beach. In the course of researching and writing this article, I began to notice odd activity in my WordPress account which took the form of edits to my articles disappearing almost instantaneously. This is something which would happen if the account were open in more than one location simultaneously. After confirming that I only had one instance of my account open on my computer, I couldn't figure out why the same problem kept happening.

Later on in the research process I discovered some very disturbing patterns as far as the band, Napalm Beach, being imitated (in terms of sound, recording technique, and even fashion) by other bands, especially Seattle band associated with the "Grunge" scene - and yet completely ignored by the music industry and local press as to their contributions to the geography of Northwest music.

The article on Napalm Beach was published in October 2013.

Fall 2013

I had already seen that the band called Mudhoney and their label, Sub Pop, had taken a great deal of

musical technique from Napalm Beach. About the time that the band Nirvana celebrated the 20 year anniversary of their final album, *In Utero*, I began to understand that the situation was being referenced in Nirvana's lyrics, via coded language.

I began to write about this as well, building up a lexicon of coded words. I was now writing on a personal blog, having split with Collapse Board. Stats told me that my blog was being read by a few people, but I received very little feedback in the form of blog comments, etc.

Tuesday January 7, 2014

In response to an analysis of a music video for a 2013 Alice In Chains song called "The Devil Put Dinosaurs" here I received a comment on my blog reading in part: "You're insane. Stop taking so many drugs and seek therapy to relieve yourself of the poison idea that somehow, your boyfriend is the subject of some bizarre conspiracy. No one buried Chris, except Chris himself. He is a loser and so are you." The commenter reports his (or her) handle as "U_know_who" and email as "press@subpop.com". The IP is 205.232.245.38 (a look-up at the time showed it being linked to Portland).

Friday night, January 17, 2014 (not 100% certain of this date)

Tobi Vail, on her Twitter account, makes a reference to a Wipers video called "The Search." I click on the link and see the video. I notice something strange about the YouTube account associated with it, and then I see it is associated with *my* Google accounts. It has been created from a back door on the my YouTube and/or Google administrative account. I now have to "search" for the backdoor and eliminate it. This, and other things, leads me to believe that Tobi Vail as well as members of the band Mudhoney, are involved in hacking my accounts.

Since all of this occurred, my thoughts about the involvement of Tobi Vail and Mudhoney (Mark Arm and Steve Turner) – have only been confirmed. I don't necessarily think these individuals were personally involved with hacking my accounts, but I believe they either hired them or worked directly with them.

Saturday January 18, 2014

On January 18 I noticed that YouTube had undergone a sudden and drastic change. Specifically, numerous - maybe hundreds - of new accounts seem to have sprung up out of nowhere, though they also appear to have existed for a very long time. They appear to have existed for a long time, because dates, numbers of plays, and comments make them appear that way. But I have never seen these channels before. There are numerous old television shows (twilight zone, outer limits), full movies, and lots of songs and music. Many of these videos are distinctive in that they feature "hypnotic" features such as glowing points of light, target shapes, pulsing. Another common feature are bright disruptive flashes of lights and color. They seemed designed to create cognitive disruptions. Several of these videos seem to be enticing fearful thought, with images of war, flames, and violence. Several make "suicidal" suggestions.

(The following year, January - March 2015, similar effects occurred, this time on television channels including KGW/NBC and OPB/PBS).

There seems to be intent to entice me (or someone) into watching these new videos and to use these videos to "hypnotize" or otherwise disrupt normal cognitive processes, so I turn off the computer and

stop watching the videos.

I believe it was the same evening (January 18) that I noticed all my facebook accounts (personal accounts, label account, band accounts) had been hacked and altered. Images were re-captioned to make us look ridiculous.

I also saw that my facebook "friends" had altered their personal photos to be weird or disturbing. For example, a girl named Marissa with a local band called "Slutty Hearts" had uploaded a picture of herself making an ugly face and crying red tears. Others had uploaded photos of zombie like faces, one eye closed or obscured, weird eyes, etc.

Because I wasn't sure how or by whom my Facebook accounts had been accessed, and because so many changes had been made to them, I chose to delete my Facebook accounts – personal account and band accounts.


Sunday January 19, 2014

While working in my office I noticed sunlight reflecting off of mirrored lanterns hanging from my neighbor's back porch. It flashed through my window curtains, and was cognitively disrupting. I had never noticed anything like it before. I went next door and asked them to remove the lanterns, which they claimed had been hanging there since the previous summer. If that is the case, I believe that the mirrors which caused the sunlight to reflect and flash through my window, were a new addition.

I noticed that Carrie Brownstein has written a very odd and cryptic essay published in the New York Times entitled "You can tell everyone this is your song." (I believe a few weeks later certain parts of the essay are edited in such a way as to change the semantic meaning, but I've never been able to prove this.)

Monday January 20, 2014 (Martin Luther King Day)

In response to a blog entitled "Red is Seattle, Blue is Olympia" (an early attempt to analyze certain color symbolism I was seeing in local music album covers and music videos) - I receive another comment from (presumably) the same commenter "U_know_who" press@subpop.com, this one beginning: "Wow. At this point, I truly fear for your sanity. I'm afraid that you may become a danger to yourself and others."



U_know_who
press@subpop.com
205.232.244.107

Wow.
At this point, I truly fear for your sanity. I'm afraid that you may become a danger to yourself and others.
I don't know what you are trying to accomplish but the end result is that you are destroying any remaining shreds of credibility that Chris Newman (AKA "The Sun") had left - "everybody's clown"....
Do you honestly think that you've been intentionally "buried" by some kind of industry-wide conspiracy?
You guys had your three or four years of live playing and produced two or three Boo Frog 'albums' but failed to generate any kind of industry buzz or build a decent fan-base.
You had your shot over at Collapse Board but blew it.

2014/01/20 at 10:15 am

In light of the new "hypnotic" YouTube videos, I believe that this comment is intended to be a "suggestion." Since I have no intent of becoming "a danger" to anyone, I ignore the comment/suggestion which is time-stamped 10:15 am.

I believe it was on this morning (or possibly the previous morning) that I noticed the green icon on my gmail camera turning itself on. I would see the icon turn on, and I would turn it off. A few minutes later, it would be on again. The webcam points at my office door which in turn faced the door to the

bathroom shared by myself and my daughter. This is when I covered the camera lens.

Later that day I viewed a video from the band Stephen Malkmus and the Jicks which showed the interior of a home and band practice space that seemed to mirror the interior of my own home and band practice space, as viewed by security cameras. Carrie Brownstein was featured in the video. At one point, Carrie, dressed in a flannel shirt, plays a guitar using a cell phone as a "slide." At this point it hits me like a ton of bricks. I yell, "There are cameras everywhere!" Chris doesn't see or believe it, even when I tell him about the gmail camera turning itself on over and over.

I decide to call the Portland Police department and file a report. The results of this decision are detailed in affidavit #1. In summary, the police officer tells me I need to speak with a doctor before he takes a report, making me think this is standard operating procedure for any report or complaint involving allegations of surveillance. The officers says he'll wait for me to speak with the doctor, but what actually happens is he drops me off at an emergency room, allegedly telling the doctor that I need to be evaluated for paranoid delusions. I do not give the doctor any information except very basic medical information and clear communication that I have no intent of hurting myself or anyone else, which is a question that is asked directly, and to my knowledge, is the only question that needs to be answered with regards to holding someone in a hospital involuntarily. In any case, despite all of that, they attempt, briefly, to hold me. When I request my records months later, I discover they include false information, fabricated quotes, and evidence of surveillance *by doctors*.

I now know that both police and doctors are involved – centrally involved - in the surveillance. Therefore, when Officer DeLong asked for me to be evaluated for “paranoid delusions” he did it with full knowledge that I was giving accurate information when I attempted to report surveillance. In addition – when I asked Officer DeLong about his name, he admitted to me that he was the nephew of Kirk DeLong who's band The Makers was signed to Kill Rock Stars, a label for which Tobi Vail and her sister worked for approximately 20 years – Tobi as warehouse manager, and her sister Maggie as Vice President. Therefore I think there is an excellent chance that both Officer DeLong and Adventist Hospital were working directly with, or for, Tobi Vail.

I am able to get the doctors to release me. The whole situation is really bizarre however, and at this point I really don't understand what's going on in that I don't understand that the police are linked to the surveillance and working directly with - or *for* - the individuals I'm calling to complain about. So essentially, it is organized crime (it's organized, and it is crime) with police, first responders, leaders – *my attorney* - and hospital systems on the payroll. This is why they can make up crazy stories and get everyone to pretend the stories are true and that the actions they take based on the stories are justified. Much of the strategy is planned out years, decades, even generations ahead of time. I don't know about any of this – at this time I just thought this was about music and interpersonal conflicts.

The doctor releases me but says I should take Ativan. He gives me a prescription for seven or eight Ativan which I fill, but have no intent of using. The fact that this prescription was given in the first place is questionable and I thought it was weird at the time. I think Ativan was given to me not to help but in hopes of sabotaging me. Ativan is sedating, can affect memory.

Wednesday January 22, 2014

I ask my mother for help purchasing a radio frequency bug detector, and she refuses, pushing me hard to take Ativan tablets and insisting that I call/see my doctor. It seems like I'd just been to the doctor, or to speak with a social worker (the records for this visit include fabrications – by this point, and since

this point, almost every single medical record seems to contain falsifications. It is now January 25, 2020 and the pace and especially the degree of fabrication has only increased since 2014)

At this time I was used to my mom being weird and inconsistent and had given up trying to figure her out – now I understand she was also trying to sabotage me. When I explain why I am concerned about surveillance devices, she says I am "delusional." She, too, knows this is false, and that I'm complaining about something that is really happening, and really a problem.

It may have also been Wednesday when I came home and found my mom, Nathan, and Doug all moving items out of the house. It really isn't clear how this all came about. Chris' memory around this time is faulty, and his behavior was unusual. I found, for example, that my laptop had been removed, and I wasn't able to get it back until the following day. I also found my keys misplaced. Also at this time, all the pens in the house went missing (at least all the ones that were within view).

Thursday/Friday January 23-24, 2014

For the past several days I have been obviously followed by numerous individuals in cars and on foot. There is a lot of subtle but persistent mocking and menacing going on. In addition, it seems clear that my attorney has been dishonest with me about what he knows regarding my situation, as well as about potential conflicts of interest in regards to his other clients including the Vails. I now know I can't trust my attorney, the police, my mother, or community members, so I decide I will try to find unbiased legal help in another region.

At this point I still thought this was a regional conflict related to the music business and centered around Chris. Since there was clearly intrusive surveillance going on in our home, however, it also involved me and my daughter. That's how I saw it at the time.

Saturday/Sunday January 25-26, 2014

I leave for California. Because I know that my internet is not secure, my intent is to find a safe and anonymous place to stay, organize and back up my hard drive, organize the files and items I have collected as potential evidence, and hire an attorney who can help me figure out what the next steps would be.

I leave the house about 7 am. On the way out I notice that my car doors are unlocked (I never leave them unlocked). I also notice that all my neighbors have left their porch lights on, and their mailboxes open.

Within 1/2 mile of leaving my driveway, it is obvious I am being followed, aggressively. I turn my CD player very loud and the first car which tailing me (Chinese gangster looking guy in a sports car) drops away.

As I enter the highway it becomes obvious that I am being followed by many people. It seems clear that there is a tracking device on my car, because no matter where I drive, no matter what turns I take, they are able to follow.

While I am in my hotel room is entered while I'm away and my personal items are moved around, my hotel key card is disrupted and has to be re-keyed more than once, and elevators are disrupted using handheld devices. I deal with aggressive drivers who pull in front of me and slow down, trying to force

me to speed in certain areas. I get a lot of aggressive stare-downs from people who appear to be gangsters of various sorts (bikers, bloods, etc). I discover that someone has planted methadone in my laptop bag, which I remove and discard. My car is broken into while parked in the parking lot at Motel 6 (and all the mirrors "adjusted" – this is right before the electrical hijacking theatre). I end up leaving the Motel the night before I intended because of the break in, and because of how the manager responds when I report the break in. When I get into the car to leave, I discover it, too, has been broken into and all the mirrors have been adjusted. I worry about what may have been done to the car but not very much. At this point I thought most of what I was experiencing was gaslighting – psychological warfare.

However, while driving at night it becomes clear that my car's electrical system has been hacked and commandeered, including my headlights, interior lights, radio/CD player, heating system, and shocks. The car does not seem to accelerate normally, either, it feels like there is a "drag" on it. (Thankfully, I don't notice any problems with my brakes.)

Many other strange things were occurring as well, as far as peoples' behavior, drivers' behaviors, and the electrical and communications grid, which I have detailed elsewhere. In any case, it seemed clear that driving at night wasn't safe, and I was now concerned about the safety of hotels as well. That is why I pulled into the parking garage at the Sacramento airport and stayed inside the airport between Sunday night and Monday morning.

Up until the previous night, I believed the situation I was dealing with was almost entirely regional, but I was aware there were also links to major record labels. However as I was working on my computer in the hotel room, I was watching pre-Grammy's coverage and it started to dawn on me that the attention was bigger and more widespread than I had really been aware of. I intended to watch the Grammys on Saturday night, but was flushed out of the hotel instead.

Monday January 27, 2014

Because I don't feel my car is safe to drive, I call an old friend of the family, Julie Brusca, who lives near Sacramento, where I hope to find a helpful attorney. The previous night I'd called my Aunt Marge, who – although I didn't ask – offered to help me financially if I needed it. I later learned that Aunt Marge, a retired nurse (Swedish Hospital System, Seattle), is one of the main controllers in this system, has been covertly involved in manipulating and sabotaging my life, and is almost certainly involved with Tobi Vail. Also unbeknownst to me, Julie has also been involved, and behind the scenes is taking direction from my mother. What I know now, that I didn't know then, is that everyone around us are basically controllers who work for other controllers in the system, and that their relationships are portrayed as covert caretakers of sorts, though in reality their intents are adversarial, and they are forced to stay adversarial through a hierarchical system of control.

Because she had already refused to help me, I had not told my mother that I was leaving, where I was going, or why. I had told Chris everything, however. I had left a note for Chris to give to my parents, and a note for Brook, but he decided not to give out any of the notes. I intended to find help from an attorney and I expected to be back home no later than Wednesday morning.

While I am at Julie's house trying to back up my computer, Julie is in the other room on the phone. I was later told that Julie had called my mother. She doesn't tell me that she does this, so when the police show up at her front door for the first time, I figure they, or someone, had followed me to Julie's house. It isn't until weeks later I learn that Julie and my mom were in contact, and maybe not until a year or

more later that I learned my mother had called the police.

First two male sheriffs arrive at Julie's door. They ask me the usual questions, and I tell them I'm fine, and that my intent is to contact an attorney regarding some personal business.

About 40 minutes later, two female sheriffs deputies arrive at Julie's door, accompanied by about half a dozen firefighters. They are much more assertive, and ask a lot more questions, and though I ask Julie not to let them in, she does. The deputies paw through my luggage (perhaps looking for that planted methadone?) They surround me, and begin to ask Julie leading questions and suggest answers to her. When I point out what they are doing, some of them (including the deputies) take Julie into another room, while others surround me and distract me with small talk. When they all come back into the room Julie looks dazed and intimidated.

They suggest to Julie that she should say she is not able to provide shelter for me while I'm solving this problem, and together the two sheriffs decide this makes me "gravely disabled." Julie then says "I think you should go with them" - even though before this, she had not indicated that she was having any problems helping me out. To me, their behavior is so outrageous, I don't think they are real law enforcement officials. I say I am no danger to myself or anyone, and therefore I won't go with them. So they grab my arms and cuff me. I go limp and they carry me out to their squad car, knocking off one shoe on the way.

The two sheriffs deputies, named Sunseri and Waggoner, ask me what insurance I have. I say I have Oregon Health Plan / Care Oregon. They take me to what they say is an Emergency Room, but it seems more like a haunted house. I am brought in via wheelchair around 1:20 pm, and do not recall speaking with a doctor at all. Three large vials of blood are taken from my arm, and they get urine as well. They ask me to sign paperwork giving permission for a CT scan, which I refuse. They ask me to sign paperwork which is circular and nonsensical. They wheel various "patients" past me who are asked to relate their medical history within my earshot. I am quite certain that these were not patients, but actors.

They then leave me in a gown, on a gurney, in the hallway, with my legs facing a camera, for 12 hours. I am given a blanket.

Tuesday January 28, 2014

At about 1:20 am, an heirloom gold ring is stolen off my finger. I am then placed, alone, in the back of an old ambulance, fastened to the wall by one leg, and driven to a "behavioral health" facility in Stockton, California. The driver is nice, but he drives fast and aggressively and he sniffs like he's been using cocaine.

The experience in Stockton is also quite strange. I began keeping notes in the facility, and wrote a detailed narrative of all these events a few weeks later.

At one point I am given an "EKG Test" but hooked up to a machine which appeared to be non-functional. It seemed to me like more of an opportunity to partially expose my breasts before a camera. However, when I later received my medical records, they included an EKG measurement. I believe this measurement was actually made wirelessly.

There is no confidentiality in the facility. Patients' medical conditions are discussed openly in front of other patients. All the actual doctors seem to be from India.

I am given a drug called Risperdal (risperidone). At night, changes in the heating and noises are used to deliberately disrupt my sleep, especially in the early days. The wrong kind of "talk" is punished by infusing the halls with bad smells, something like burnt chicken, and the food is sometime infused with a horrible flavor like that smell.

At one point I see a counselor named Crystal. When I ask her if she believes that all these things really happened to me, as far as the hidden cameras, she says nothing but silently nods her head "yes."

At another point, in the middle of the night, I hear/see what seems to be one of the deputies who apprehended me examining a piece of potential evidence I had been carrying in my luggage in a paper lunch bag. "Is it bad?" One person says. "It's not good" another says. That piece of evidence would later be missing.

The drug risperidone is very sedating, and on the last day of my stay I also notice that my hands are trembling. Another "patient" snidely remarks that I am feeling the effects of risperidone, but I now realize the trembling was more likely the result of certain electrical frequency-based attacks. I was attacked in this way off and on for months afterward. While waiting for the plane at the Sacramento airport with my dad I was attacked with this type of attack via a man wielding a hand-held device which looked like a black box with an antenna. When I asked him if he was pointing that device at me, he got very defensive, acted angry, and stormed off.

After returning to Portland my mother drove me from the airport straight to another mental health facility run by OHSU and acted like she was going to have me involuntarily committed again. In the following days and weeks she called police and doctors several times, reporting that I wouldn't take my medication, and once even falsely claiming that I had attacked her.

February 3, 2014

I went to OHSU hoping to clear up the misinformation about my mental health. I spoke with a pair of psychologists who proceeded to concoct a report full of lies and misrepresentations (see affidavit #2).

2014-2015

During 2014 and 2015 I experienced a nearly constant state of harassment which I detailed semi-regularly in a journal. My mother made several calls and false claims to my doctor, to mental health facilities, and to police. Police came to our house once during an argument Chris and I were having about this entire topic, separated us, and, I later learned, asked Chris if he would like to have me locked up. They suggested that they have extensive "records" on me, even though my 2014 encounter with Officer DeLong was the only police contact I'd had in the 15 years I'd been in Portland. (An officer did appear at my door on February 2, 2014, the night I arrived home, asked if everything was ok, and then left).

Other forms of harassment included being followed regularly on foot, and in cars, being buzzed by airplanes, being shocked regularly, and being monitored constantly, especially at home, at school, and in the public library. There has been extensive efforts by community members to direct and control everything I do, say, think, feel, and eat. There have been constant insinuations of revenge, mostly electric "shocks" and revenge porn. It was clear that any cell phones we had were, and are, hot mic'ed.

Most upsetting have been the ongoing and frequency-based attacks (increasing, it seems, in severity), ongoing releases of revenge-oriented surveillance materials, much of which were the product of elaborate set-ups and direct frequency-based mind control attacks, and being monitored by hidden cameras. It's now clear to me that there are in fact cameras hidden in lots of places around town where there shouldn't be, including in womens' restrooms, in locker rooms, in schools, in store dressing rooms, and in private homes and apartments.