

# MEMORANDUM OF INTERVIEW OR ACTIVITY

Title: JOHNSON, CARL		Case Number: 7-9804-0029	
Type of Activity: Personal Interview Telephone Interview Records Review Other	Date:  December 4, 1998	Time:	Conducted by:  Inspector J. GORDON
Description of Interview or Activity: JOHNSON Letters and E-mail with DECLAN MCCULLAGH			Location of Interview or Activity: 1220 S.W. Third Ave Portland, OR 97204

### Subject Matter/Remarks

Handwritten letters from CARL JOHNSON were obtained from Time, Inc reporter DECLAN MCCULLAGH through his attorney, ROBIN BIERSTEDT. MCCULLAGH also provided copies of e-mail messages he had relating to the investigation. Some of the e-mail messages, dated July 31, 1998, were originally encrypted to MCCULLAGH's PGP encryption key. At the request of Inspectors, MCCULLAGH provided a decrypted version of these messages. The e-mails, letters, and a transcription are attached.

Attachment: E-mail, Letters, Transcription.

[FLORENCE NUTLY NEWS - "I'M HERE BECAUSE I believe that the NONTROLLERS are taking actions that create obstacles to the freedom and openness of the InterNet. ~Truth Glaser]

Declan,

Looks like you may be receiving the \*only\* copy of the Florence Nutly News, since I have, up until now, been writing on paper towels and medicine cups, using combinations of blood, sperm and chocolate (two of which are in short supply) for ink, and I will soon be headed to Nutly News Head (pardon the pun) Quarters in Springfield, Missouri, for ReWiring of my Brain Circuitry.

Although I was well-prepared for my arrest - wearing my "Linda Lou & the Drifters" T-shirt, as promised; having spent several days getting Baby Truth Mongrel settled into a family home w/children; grabbing my Evidence Bag and swallowing two condoms of medication after hearing the knock on the door, on the far side of town - I found myself totally unprepared for the experience of being thrown into a KafkaEsque KonsPiracy Theorist's DreamScape.

I will admit to having told a few Whoppers in my time, mostly on fishing trips, but my arms cannot stretch far enough to describe the Immensity of The Plot (TM) to crap on every right and freedom that most Americans 'think' they have, in order to bring me - like a Chained Mad Dog - to a Governmental Pre Destined End at the hands of the American Judicial and Prison System.

Although I have not yet lost my mind (I predict by Thursday at the latest), and I know that the Whole World (TM) is not \*really\* involved in The Plot (TM) against me, everything since my arrest has proceeded as if this were exactly the case.

I shit you not...

A thread on the CPUNX Distrubed Male LISP that I followed with interest had to do with the Ratio of Consciously Conspiring CockSuckers to Robotic Moronic Techtronics in the current Death March to Analog/Digital Battan.

i.e. Hettinga's (?) tagline = "Do not attribute to conspiracy that which can be explained by stupidity..." (~misquote?) As my ^ Pre Destined (<- Cro-Magnon Editing)^ Imprisonment and my March Toward Justice began to unfold, I was at first struck by the banal predictability of the Dehumanizing <-> Brainwashing that takes place as the Identity and Persona of an Individual is "Committed to The Custody Of" the Nontrollers (TM).

I watched as the concerns of Outsiders Becoming Insiders switched from: which Telco offered the best services? -> when am I allowed to use the phone? etc., ad infinitum, until an Inside Lifer being transferred from a different prison asked only a single question upon his arrival - a question which strikes Terror into the hearts and minds of the Outside Lifers, who know that, stripped of the Toys & Trappings (TM) that the Kontrollers "allow" them to have, to distract them from the reality of their true status in life, there is really only a single question that truly matters, whether one is moving to an Insider Feeding Pen or an Outside Feeding Pen: "How is the food?"

Paris or Auchwitz - Danube or Dachau, Just tell me one thing, Fritz - "How is the chow?"

The NONSCIOUSLY KONSPIRING NCRIMINAL element of the TREASURY Agents was just as predictable as the mechanical, fixed cogs of The System Machinery.

- Charging me with a crime that would enable them to put a bug in the ear of every human element of the Judicial & Prison System from the Judge -> the Prison Guard - "This man is using his writing and the InterNet as a weapon to murder government officials and authority figures (such as yourself)."

(quoted almost verbatim)

- Arresting me five minutes after finding out, as a result of an illegal wiretap, that I had made arrangements to renew my medications.

- Telling the prison medical staff things designed to label me as a violent, psychotic pill-freak.

Postmark September 11, 1998

Declan,  
ToTo -> -> Funny Farm

Yours is only address handy

Please fwd -> LJ Dowling -> Judge Fiora  
-> CPUNX List

Thanx

Toto

#65987-196 -> US Magistrate Judge Nancy Fiora

Yo Nancy!

Are you Just As Ignorant As Snot (TM), a Callous Cunt (TM) or a Nonciously Nonspiring Nocksucker (TM)?

If you are Just As Ignorant As Snot (TM), that might explain why you actually went through the motions of giving an order for me to receive proper medical treatment, not understanding that Order From A Skirt (TM) in Arizona apparently don't mean Jack Shit to prison officials.

If this is the case, could you please arrange for a Male Judge to issue the same order, and see if that clears up the problem?

If, on the other hand you have just become a Callous Cunt (TM) over the years, as a result of having to wade through so much Bullshit™ flung from both sides of the Justice System, then either suck it up & get over it, or find a new line of work, rather than subject Defendants, such as myself, to your own version of "I'm just putting your mind and body in the oven. I don't turn on the Gas."

Since the place for sympathy is indeed in the dictionary (between Shit & Syphillus) I will refrain from providing details of the medical mistreatment and criminal abuse I have been subjected to as a result of your publically acknowledged indifference as to the type or quality of medical care you use your power & position to subject citizens to.

Suffice it to say, I have made out my Will, in case I get an ingrown toenail while being held in custody under your orders.

(When a female defendant complains of being sent to a psychiatrist, instead of an obstetrician for her pregnancy, do you just reply "Not \*my\* problem." To that, as well?)

To tell the truth (TM), I find it harder than Rod Stewart does to believe that either of the above could account for the Totally Lame Excuse (TM) for anything Remotely Resembling Rational Justice & Ethics going on within the confines of The United States District Court For The District of Arizona, as I have observed it, thus far.

This leaves me only with the Theory that you are a Consiously Conspiring CockSucker, who never had any intentions of actually allowing me to exercise my rights and legal options as an American Citizen, and, in fact, have criminally conspired, behind my back, to direct my custody, my treatment and my legal options along a course desired by the prosecution and other agencies of the Federal Government, while appointing a Public Defender to usurp my right to self-counsel and Activily Participate as a Co-Conspirator (sometimes spelled without the hyphen) to bring about the Manifestation of a THREAT made 7/3/98 by the United States Secret Service to imprison me in a Mental Institution if I didn't Kiss their Big Hairy Butts (TM) and begin "Thinking Right".

Fresh From The ClueServer (TM): (Illustration #1)

Mental Case

Fuck you morons Rocket Scientist

Anyone in the United States District Court of Arizona who writes the whole lot of you off as -fuck-you-morons (TM), is a lot closer to a Rocket Scientist than a Mental Case.

FRESH FROM THE CLUESERVER #2 (TM):

(You'll have to figure this part out without the picture to help this time - moving your lips while you read might help...)

I write this under the influence of the Drugs given to me by the Physicians in whose care you have placed me.

Some Fucking Improvement (TM), eh?

On our next Date (in court), you might want to choose a wash & wear Robe, since I could be drooling & slobbering a lot.

Love + Kisses,

A Violent Psycho Killer To Be Named Later.  
(aka -#05987-196)

Cover Sheet

Dear

The Good News is that I have a pen to write with, due to the Free Enterprise System being alive & well within the Prison System.

The Bad News is that Microsoft Pen (TM) controls 95% of the market...

I am hoping you can share as much of this communique as possible with the CPUSA, since my chain is constantly getting yanked in different directions, making outside contact sporadic & unreliable.

Feel free to reserve for your own use any of the enclosed information you need for your own journalistic purposes.

I will try to reach you by phone (automated collect-call system requiring touch-tone on your end).

Thanks for the Mugs

C. Parker

p.s. # My prison cell mirror now reads,  
"Chocolate Sketter." (brownie & milk)