

Connection to various government agencies have been problematic here in Santa Fe and more numerous than needs to be mentioned and I will mention no more than a few. The woman at Lowes said that she heard a buzzing sound upon calling the number for the Albuquerque Police Department. The night before last I was not connected to LOC upon trying to call the technical support department and the gas station shut down at midnight (I thought it was previously open all night) the night before last. The woman at U.S. bank that had talked to my financial advisor (that works next to a Bank of America building (with an Energizer sign on the side of the building not far from the Missouri state highway headquarters). was not confirmed yesterday according to the same woman that helped me. The phone in the motel that I stayed at the night before last "did not work" there was no dial tone after reseating the cord at the telephone (or wall jack) after paying cash (the debit card machine said out of order) and "Mike" did not accept a debit card transaction at that motel. During a previous visit to Santa Fe phone calls would not go through to LOC the same day that a young woman apparently tried to pick pocket me while going into the mens restroom. Officer Craig arrived at that same gas station after a non-emergency call to the police was inconvenient (Numerous vehicles had arrived as I looked for things in my back pack) and the possibility of receiving bad exhaust gases in that situation seemed eminent. One of the automobiles had Texas licence tags drove off the parking lot before officer craig drove his vehicle around the corner. Officers were on a nearby street further down Cerillos after I left "the scene" and a rock band was playing music and a reminder of the night that President Peck sat at the location where I typed a comments (during the previous visit to the tables outside the same building at the University). The phone number that was given by a woman with the same voice of that at the Bank of America near Lomas and Central (that used a different name) when I called from near the Mathematics Learning Center at the University of New Mexico answered the phone from a restaurant (not far from the convenience store

when I called information from a land line phone) and gave the number 827-0667 for the number to the Department of motor vehicles and immediately after talking to her and making a call to the number she gave me the phone was not answered and the employees at the restaurant laughed (A visit to the Montoya center led to a conversation on the second floor with somebody that called me Cheif) and upon changing my address in their system and walking out the smell of human urine was immediately outside the office (a family that was in that office when I entered) had just left). Also phone calls to the FCC were not answered on numerous occasions from a pay phone at another convenience store close to a Dunkin' Donuts not far from the "above mentioned restaurant" although a call was answered from a man that answered "yeah" to the question or you Fafal (SP?) before a tire was flattened after making that call (probably) and was partially removed while talking to the woman at the front desk at the address listed above.

This does no more than scratch the surface of the "body of calls" that hasn't been answered. I will finish the comments with a few remaining comments on the situation that was commented on from outside a building at UNM early in the morning near the end of November of last. One was the burglary that occurred before returning to the room (apparently) when the modem was partially put back to the initial configuration (with the loss or misplacement of one of the screws for one of the mounting brackets for the ethernet cords (the woman at the front desk started "blaming me" for the misconfiguration of the modem and ask what had happened (although the modem was referred to as a router (in the conversation)). The heating unit created a smell similar to a heating unit similar to a smell at a room in a Super 8 on January 27 2010 (possibly tobacco pipe resin). Upon a visit from officer Ortiz? I did not act friendly upon the demand to open the door. The pipe tobacco resin smell was gone from the heating unit upon leaving the room and then returning (the next time). The woman (a large woman with blonde hair (foreign) came called Juan to assist and Juan said that I could not be in the

room with her while she cleaned my room. After bringing my belongings outside the room to the walkway she Marline (an American brunette) and the blonde headed woman cleaned the room with uan initially watching the woman and then walking eastward while I continued to watch the women through the door way. "Jaun" walked eastward on the walkway with the woman going out of his line of sight. Immediatly after the two woman left the room, I walked into the room with part of my belongings going out of m line of sight as I entered them into the room. I closed the door and noticed that the backbacks appeared to have been accessed (I couldn't look down at all of the belongings while watching the woman clean the room). Two covers to razor blades were in the configuration of a cross in the bottom of a planters peanut container that was partially filled (approximatly one third) with water and their was water still on the counter. Somebody entering the room from the doorway during the duration of the two woman leaving the room and me entering the room seemed improbable. Also the new young man that starteed working at the front desk (and acted respectful of me) helped carry my belongings through the double doors in to the condiment area after saying that I couldn't stay there more (approximatly due to the calling of the police) with not all of my belongings staying in my line of sight incurred (probably) a partial opening of one of the back packs. Also upon checking out of the motel and using the cop puter in the lobby. the young man had me walk to the front desk upon not being able to explain the problem with printing a document from the workstaion with my belongings not being in my line of sight when I approached the counter to get the printed document. One of the backpacks appeared to be partially opened as I walked Northward on the east side of the street past the Villiage Inn as a young bicyclist rode his picycle past me and said "Thank you sir". The back pack had also been accessed as a manager of the motel well dressed in a suit visited the lobby during checking in the first night with one of the woman that I had discussed from outside the UNM building early in the morning (while discussing the three hour wait (approximatly) for the successfully ordering the pizza.

Thank You,

J.C.S