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Statement of Irene McCormack Jackson

The day that Bob Filner introduced me as his new communications director for the City of San Diego was one of the proudest days of my career. I was thrilled to be given the opportunity to be part of a progressive administration dedicated to improving the lives of the citizens of San Diego. The team that Mayor Filner had put together had many women and I felt that I would be respected for my contributions. I gladly took a pay cut of \$50,000 a year because I believed in what the Mayor stood for and I wanted to be a part of it.

However, the past six months turned out to be the worst time of my entire working life. I had to work and do my job in an atmosphere where women were viewed by Mayor Filner as sexual objects or stupid idiots. I saw him place his hands where they did not belong on numerous women. I was placed in the Filner headlock and moved around as a rag doll while he whispered sexual comments in my ear. We did not have a relationship other than work. That is all I wanted and I never gave him any reason to think otherwise. Nonetheless, he thought that it was acceptable behavior to regularly make sexual comments that were crude and disgusting. I've had a 25-year career in journalism. I was an executive for nine years at the Port of San Diego, serving in my last role there as Vice President of Public Policy.

The day that Mr. Allen Jones resigned as Deputy Chief of Staff was the turning point for me in the Mayor's office. I knew then that Mayor Filner would not change. He refused to listen to someone whom he had known for 35 years and who told him explicitly, during a senior staff meeting, that his behavior with women was terrible and possibly illegal. Mayor Filner laughed it off. After I spoke up in support of Mr. Jones and went to leave the room, Mayor Filner challenged me to give him one example of how his behavior towards me was improper. I pointed out that he had asked me to work without my underwear on. He had no comeback.

His behavior made me feel ashamed, frightened, and violated. I wanted to keep what I experienced hidden and compartmentalized. I felt that I could tough it out. However, my family and close friends noticed my anxiety and how different and uncommunicative I had become while I was working for the Mayor.

I am coming forward today to lay the blame at the feet of the person responsible, Mayor Bob Filner. He is not fit to be the Mayor of our great City. He is not fit to hold any public office. A man who lacks character makes a mockery of his ideas

It is time for him to take responsibility for the harm he caused me and for the damage he caused so many others who believed in him, supported him and elected him.

July 22, 2013